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# British American Presbyterian.

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## Contributors & Correspondents.

### CONVERTS FROM ROMANISM.

ST. ANNE KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS, U.S.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—Please put my name among the readers of the B. A. P., and take enclosed for my first six months.

If you think that it will serve the cause of the Good Master to publish the abjuration from the errors of Rome which is here enclosed, please give it to your readers. Many of them have helped me to support these interesting missions, and they will surely bless the Lord when they will see that their sacrifices have not been made in vain. This is the second lot of Roman Catholics who bravely send the public declaration of their abjuration to the priests of Rome since the first of January, and I hope, before long, many more will follow. Since the week of prayer, a most remarkable shower of graces has fallen upon the Roman Catholics, in the midst of whom it is my duty to work, and a great many of them still are crying, "What must I do to be saved." Let all the disciples of the gospel, in Canada, help me to bless the Lord for his mercies, and let them not forsake this so blessed missionary field, which the Good Shepherd has trusted to them.

Yours truly,  
C. CHINQUY.

To the Right Rev. Folley, Roman Catholic Bishop Chicago.

My Lord,—We inform you, that by the great mercy of God, we have left the errors of Rome to follow the gospel of Christ, and we take liberty of giving you a few reasons of our change.

1st. You pretend that Christ had given only to his apostles, and to the priests of Rome, as their so-called successors, the power of forgiving the sins. But it is evident that he addresses himself to all those who would believe on him, when he says, "Whosoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." (Matt. xviii 18). For, a few verses before explains his mind, by saying, "If thy brother shall trespass against thee," (V 15) and, in the following verse, (19) he says, "again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth, touching anything, that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my father which is in heaven." For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." (V 19, 20).

You will never pretend that the promise made in the 19th and 20th verses, were made only to the apostles and their so-called successor. You must publicly acknowledge, that those promises were made to all his disciples—men and women—priests and laymen! But please, read again these words, and pay attention to the *you* of the verse 19th, and you will see it refers to the same *you* of the verse 18th, and you will then see the connection of Rome. We have the evidence that, having given the *order*, must have given the *power* of forgiving, to every one of his disciples. In the question put by Peter: "How often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him?"

Another proof of your error is in the admirable answer of our Saviour, which ends with these words: "So likewise shall my heavenly Father do unto you, if you, from your heart, forgive not every one, his brothers their transgressions." (Matt. xviii, 21, 35).

2nd. You say that, after our death, we must pass through the fires of a purgatory to be refined. But the gospel says that, "the blood of Christ alone cleanseth us from our sins." (1st John, 1, 9.)

3rd. You say that in your mass, you renew the sacrifice of Calvary, and that you offer again the same Saviour, as the victim of our sins, but the gospel gives us the assurance that that sacrifice, "Once made could not be renewed," nor yet that he could offer himself often for them must He have suffered often since the foundation of the world. But now, once, in the end of the world, hath he appeared to put away sin, by his sacrifice of himself, and as it is appointed unto men, once to die, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many. (Heb. ix, 25, 28.)

"By which will, we are sanctified through the blood of Jesus Christ, once for all, and every priest standing daily ministering and offering daily and offering often times, the same sacrifices,

which can not take away sins. But this man, after he had offered *one* sacrifice for sins, forever sat down on the right hand of God, for by *one* offering, he hath perfected them that are sanctified." (Heb. x, 10, 11.) Besides that, the sacrifice of Christ was a free gift to men; his body and blood could not be sold, nor purchased with money; but your masses are sold. Like Simon the magician, you make a public trade of the gift of God. It is, then, on the Pope and his priests that the terrible curses fall. "Thy money perish with thee; for thou hast thought that the gift of God could be purchased with money. . . . Thy heart is not right in the sight of God." (Acts, viii. 20-21.)

4th. Your infallibility of the Pope is a monstrous blasphemy; for it is written—"Let God be true, but every man a liar." (Rom. iii. 4.)

5th. Your Immaculate Conception of Mary is also a most unscriptural and blasphemous doctrine; for it is written—"All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Rom. ii. 28.)

May the Merciful God who has opened our eyes and taken us from the feet of the idols of Rome, to the Lamb whose atoning blood has given us pardon and peace and eternal life, grant you the same favour.

(Signed)

Andre Renaud, Adee Renaud, Julia Renaud, Lucy Ducros, (wife of) Anthony Sirois, Louis Willard, Louis Corriveau, (wife of) Fabien Gondreau, Ezilva Guertin, (wife of) Joseph Morais, Alfred Roy, Elmas Landry, Michael Tremblay, Elenore Mullin, (wife of) Narcisse Morais, Artimise Lainez, (wife of) Exupert Laliberty, Louis Durand.

C. CHINQUY, witness.

### THE FIRST SABBATH-SCHOOL IN CANADA.

The following interesting letter from the Rev. Wm. Smart has recently been published in the Brockville Recorder. It seems to establish conclusively that Mr. Smart was the first who established a Sabbath school in Canada, and that Sheriff Sherwood, now upwards of 90 years of age, was the first teacher. What a change those two worthy gentlemen must be able to mark in this Canada of ours since they began their labour of love some sixty years ago! Very few of their contemporaries now survive; but the men of the present will look upon them only with the greater interest and respect, and will honour them heartily as having so long and so steadily "borne the burden and heat of the day,"—continuing faithful to the end:—

A question has been raised, and a considerable controversy is now carried on in the United States, as to who is the father of Sunday schools in America? And when, and where they were commenced on this continent?

In addition to solving this question, in which no doubt your readers are interested, I hope you will allow a few words on the importance of Sabbath schools to appear in the columns of the Recorder.

It is not to be wondered at that the subject of Sunday schools should take a deep hold on the public, and the religious mind in particular, and excite a very general interest, when we consider what a wide spread institution the school of the Sabbath now is. Not only in its rise but in its amazing progress, the astonishing results accomplished, and what it is likely to achieve in the Church and in the world, in its future career of usefulness to the best interests of society in every point of view.

For Sabbath schools are like leaven, they work in the whole mass of the community, to raise and elevate it in intelligence and Christian character, and thus promoting the good of man and the glory of God.

The establishment of Sunday schools has given an impetus to education throughout the world, and awakened energy and improvement in every department of life.

From these institutions have been drawn the most active, learned, devoted, and successful missionaries and ministers of our Churches, and I believe if the inquiry could be made, it would be found that even many of our practical engineers and men of science and skill in the various professions were first introduced into intellectual light in the Sunday school. Nor would it be too

much to say that even the civil constitution and laws of our country, as well as its municipal institutions, have been improved by the universal formation of Sunday schools.

I only speak of what I know and have seen with my own eyes in my native country, that the lower orders of the people, the peasantry, the workmen in the factories, and miners in the coalpits, were generally without education, and in a very low and debased condition, 60 years ago, before I left England.

Now, it should be borne in mind, that Sunday schools, at their first establishment, were designed to change this state of things, by teaching the first rudiments of education to the children and youths of those families that could not attend the day school, either from poverty or from being employed on the week-day. I may mention here the historical fact, that the first institution of Sunday schools originated in the defeat of Mr. Brougham's Bill in the House of Commons to appropriate a small sum for the education of the masses of the people. The failure of this benevolent and enlightened measure opened the eyes of the Christian public. The Churches took the business in hand, thousands of pious men and women came forward and gratuitously taught the population on the Sabbath; the result we all know.

In this country, from our excellent system of public common schools, where all, however poor, can receive an education, the Sabbath school has grown into an institution of religious instruction. In this point of view, their importance cannot be too highly estimated by every well constituted Christian mind, as these schools have in a great measure taken the place of family and parental instruction. On this account great conscientiousness and a sense of responsibility should rest on the minds of superintendents and teachers of Sabbath schools.

I may further be permitted to remark that the reception of knowledge, and especially of religious instruction, if drawn from a right source, creates independence of mind and thought; and bringing as we do into the Sabbath school the rich and the poor, the children of every class sit together on the same form, learn the same blessed lessons from the same blessed book, uniting in singing the same beautiful hymn. And as the discipline of the Sunday school is confined to love gentleness and kindness, administered with loving hearts and smiling faces.

It is in this way we break down the prejudice of ignorance and ill-feeling, and thus a way is opened for the reception of Divine light to illuminate the mind, and Divine grace to change the heart, to save the soul from sin, and to qualify the redeemed sinner by Christ for eternal happiness in heaven.

In this way parents and children, neighbourhoods, and future generations may be blessed by the successful operations of one Sunday school.

Who can calculate the influence of Sabbath schools, either to the world, or to the Church of God? The Sabbath school children returning home with books of the well-selected library in their hands, are like so many John the Baptists, carrying the awful and interesting news to all their homes and households, "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

As Sabbath schools were unknown in Canada (and, by the New York *Freeman*, unknown in any part of America) on my arrival (1811), their astonishing increase forms one of those green and bright spots in my retrospect of now 60 years of labour and travel in this and various parts of Canada. And now at the advanced age of 88 years now, I look forward,—O, I lift the veil!—Heaven opens! and behold I see a great multitude before the throne, that no man can number, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands, and crowns on their heads, and with harps sweetly strung they sing the praise of Him who loved them, and washed them in his own blood, and made them kings and priests unto God.

I see a vision of my faith, a world redeemed, for the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and Christ for ever!

"Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

Am I to be charged with wildness of thought, that when this multitude unite in their song of praise to Him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb, the voices of Sunday school children will swell the volume and pathos of their praise, "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of great thunder."

Pleased thought! That God our Redeemer so largely employs Sabbath schools as one of the important Agents to people his kingdom, and to exalt his praise.

But, to return to the question, where was the first Sabbath school in America? and who formed it?

It will be no doubt gratifying to your readers, Mr. Editor, to learn that you can settle the question now agitating the Christian public in the United States.

The New York *Evangelist* says:—"Doubtless the honour belongs to the Rev. Burr Baldwin, of Montrose, Pennsylvania. He commenced his school on the first Sabbath in May, 1815, in the old Newark Academy, New Jersey. Mr. Baldwin, it appears, is still living, and in the 80th year of his age."

Now, sir, I came here, sent by the London Missionary Society, and arrived in what is now called Brockville, and preached my first sermon in the old court house, on the 1st Sabbath in October, 1811, and organized the first Sabbath school in Canada, the last Sabbath in October, 1811, in the old court house. Adriel Sherwood, Esq., who is still living, was the first teacher.

The school continues to this day, and is now under the superintendency of D. Wylie, Esq., editor of the *Recorder*, and is in a flourishing state.

From this Sabbath school in Brockville, have gone into the world some of our highest officers in the Administration of the Government of Canada, as also several missionaries and ministers of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, some in the Province, some in the United States, and some in foreign countries. Some have gone to their everlasting rest and reward in heaven, and some are still faithfully labouring in the vineyard of the Lord.

I am now within a few months of the 88th year of my age, and the 63rd year of my ministry in preaching Christ as the only way of salvation; and was 87 years pastor of the first Presbyterian Church in Brockville.

My labours, however, are now pretty nearly finished, and I am only waiting to join my beloved ones in heaven.

### THE LOSS OF THE ARMADA.

How much was included and decided in that event, Frode recites in his closing history:—"The years which followed the defeat of the Armada were rich in events of profound national importance. They were years of splendour and triumph. The flag of England became supreme on the seas; English commerce penetrated to the farthest corners of the Old World, and English colonies rooted themselves on the shores of the New. The national intellect, stung by the excitement of sixty years, took shape in a literature which is an eternal possession to mankind, while the incipient struggles of the two parties in the Anglican Church prepared the way for the conflicts of the coming century, and the second act of the Reformation. The transition from the Catholic England with which the century opened, the England of a dominant Church and monasteries and pilgrimages, into the England of a progressive intelligence; and the question whether the nation was to pass a second time through the farce of a reconciliation with Rome, was answered once and for ever by the cannon of Sir Francis Drake. The action before Gravelines of the 30th of July 1588, decided the largest problems ever submitted in the history of mankind to the arbitrament of force. Beyond and beside the immediate fate of England, it decided that Philip's revolted Provinces should never be re-annexed to the Spanish crown. It broke the back of Spain, sealed the fate of the Duke of Guise, and though it could not prevent the civil war, it assured the ultimate accession of the King of Navarre. In its remoter consequences it determined the fate of the Reformation in Germany; for had Philip been victorious, the League must have been immediately triumphant; the power of France would have been on the side of Spain and the Jesuits, and the Thirty Years' War would either have never begun, or would have been brought to a swift conclusion. It furnished James of Scotland with conclusive reasons for remaining a Protestant, and for eschewing for ever the forbidden fruit of Popery; and thus it secured his tranquil accession to the throne of England when Elizabeth passed away. Finally, it was the sermon which completed the conversion of the English nation, and transformed the Catholics into Anglicans."

## Scientific and Useful.

CURE FOR A FELON.—There is a scientific cure for a felon always safe, always efficacious, and relieving instantaneously and always. Get a physician to plunge his lancet down to the bone. A felon is a boil, between the bone and the sinew, or "fascia," as doctors love to talk. When a boil is under the skin only, it is painful enough until it "breaks," that is, until the skin divides, or bursts and lets out the yellow matter; but when it is remembered that the sinew is as much tougher than the skin as a beef hide is tougher than paper, it is easy to see that the pain of a boil under the sinew is more terrible than one under the thin skin, and that it must take longer to make its way through the fascia than through the skin; hence, instead of passing many sleepless nights and agonizing days in waiting for the matter to be absorbed or make its way through the tough tendon, the educated surgeon advises the use of the lancet as above; for the cure is just as certain, and the relief from the agonizing pain is just as instantaneous, as in the case of the extraction of an aching tooth.

CLOVES.—Cloves are the unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel or bay. It is a native of the Molucca or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all parts of the world, and it is now cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers, in clusters, to the very end of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened, and while they are still green. After being gathered they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts—one of a round head, which is the four petals, or leaves, or flowers rolled up, including a number of small stalks of filaments; the other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower of the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly seen if a few cloves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flowers soften, and readily unroll. Both the taste and the smell of cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste are in consequence much weakened.

A REMARKABLE STORY.—The Veteran Agassiz sends a wonderful story from the sea. But for his acknowledged mastery of the secrets of science, and his prudence in announcing the results of his voyages of discovery, there might be some degree of hesitation in believing this new tale of a traveller. So much for having a good reputation! The story runs that a fish known to naturalists by the pleasing name of *Chironectes Pictus*, uses its hand-like fins to build a floating cradle for its young, which cradle, rocking upon the deep ocean, is "carried along (says Agassiz) as an undying arbor, affording protection, and afterwards food for its living freight." To outward seeming, this curious nest or cradle is but a floating bunch of seaweed, but on examination it proves to be a mass of branches and leaves, as big as too human fists, tightly knit together by elastic threads of seaweed "tending in every direction," each thread headed with eggs the size of a pins head. The maternal fish possessing fins like hands with prolonged wrist-like appendages. Agassiz concludes that its rude fishy fingers are used in the building of this floating ark. It is easy to gather from his simple narrative that the enthusiastic veteran was inspired with a feeling of unutterable joy when this tangled and threaded bunch of weeds was laid before him on the deck of the *Hussler*. The ship rocked and his microscope was unsteady, but he unravelled the mystery, and transferred the little eggs to a private hatching machine, in which lively embryos presently began to kick and squirm, missing the comforts of their cradle doubtless, but happy enough, it is supposed, under the care of their distinguished patron. Agassiz quaintly attributes this success to the effects of a lecture he delivered "to all on board," in which he stated "all he knew," and what he wanted to ascertain, and he adds, with becoming gratitude, that officers and men instantly engaged in lively emulation to gratify him. From the day of that lecture "not a patch of seaweed" passed the ship that was not carefully looked at, and hauled up and the first result of the expedition is this account of a fish with hands, which sews seaweed into balls, and floats a perfect and nutritious cradle out upon the currents of the sea.

## "ONE OF THE SWEET OLD CHAPTERS."

One of the sweet old chapters,  
After a day like this;  
The day brought tears and trouble,  
The evening brought no bliss.

No rest in the sties I loag for—  
To eat, and refuge, and home;  
Grieved, and lonely, and weary;  
Unto the Book I come.

One of the sweet old chapters—  
The love that blossoms through  
His care of the birds and lilies,  
Out in the meadow-dew.

His evening lies soft around them;  
Their faith is simply to be.  
O hushed by the tender lesson,  
My God, let me rest in thee!

## TWO STRONG HIGHLANDERS.

BY THE REV. NORMAN MACFARLANE, D.D.

You boys—I don't mean Highland boys, but English boys, Scotch boys, and even Irish boys—can know little or nothing about the Highlanders. Some of you have possibly been in the Highlands, and seen the great mountains, and have been sick, perhaps, in the Highland steamers, and have fished in Highland rivers and lochs, to the amusement of the fish, though you are "awful" lucky fishers, or shot on the Highland moors with your uncles, to the amusement of the grouse, though you are "awful" lucky sportsmen, and you have had "Highland fellows" to act as guides or keepers to you. But yet you must excuse me hazarding the opinion, founded on sundry observations, that you do not know the Highlanders a bit—no more than the shoals of herring in their lochs, or the red deer on their mountains.

"And, pray, what loss is there to us if we are ignorant of those tartan-kilted, baro-kneed, bag-pipe-blowing, reel-of-Tulloch-dancing, tobacco-smoking, and snuff-taking savages?" exclaims young Hopewell from his form in a high-class English school. Easy, my dear fellow! I have almost as much admiration as you have yourself for your batting, bowling, and fielding, for your foot-ball playing, and your knowledge of society—nay, don't be over modest!—for your knowledge of everything worthy of the attention of so distinguished a gentleman. But yet I feel, with all due respect, that it would be a gain to you if you knew something about that portion of your fellow-subjects inhabiting even the Highlands, for, between us, the people are worth knowing who inhabit those wild mountains, and long gleens, and scattered islands in the north, and who battle with their fierce wintry storms, and encounter their fierce wintry seas, and know many things you know not, although they don't know Greek or Latin, even as you don't know Gaelic, and although they never dined at Spiers and Ponds, or even at the Rugby Junction. The fact is, you English boys, even when you have grown to be English men, great and good though you be, or may become, are far too apt to see everything through English spectacles, and to judge of things by an English standard. Why, you ask, should two hundred millions in Hindostan refuse to wear shoes and stockings and prefer to walk on naked feet? Why should half the world prefer turbans to hats! Why should not the Arabs have Hansom cabs instead of camels and dromedaries? What a slow coach an elephant is in comparison with a bus! Why should Esquimaux prefer walrus to Welsh mutton? and a Highlander a kilt and hose to trousers? Oh that the whole world was educated in London! "No, no," says the Scotch boy, "not London, but Edinburgh!" "What a set of prejudiced ruffians!" says the Irish boy—"Cork forever!"

Now, lads, be sensible. Every nation has its own good ways and its own evil ways, because each is in God's school, and each on its own "form," learning from its own school-books, "and we are all brethren." Hence we are very vain, and do not learn as we should do, unless we inquire with interest, humility, and charity, how our brethren have been taught, and what lessons they have learned in rougher and less advanced schools. And we must do all this with such thorough sympathy, as will make us enter into all their home ways, their stories, their prejudices, and their superstitions. In every part of the world I have always found something to learn from other people, something they had far superior to what I had, and something, too, which I may have had taught me superior to anything they possessed, and which, therefore, I was bound to share with them if I could. Anyhow, I have learned to like the inhabitants of other countries in many ways; and to like anything in a man worth liking is a great gain to ourselves. So, my lads, put away this self-conceit, and wherever you go try to respect your fellow-men, to seek for good in them, and to have kind consideration for their defects. And please don't judge Hindoos, or Chinese, by cocking up your chin, and with a contemptuous smile, saying, "This is not what we do in London," or "in Edinburgh," or "in Cork."

But I must begin my tale! I was one evening fishing cod. It was just such an evening as made one feel the

fish at the end of the lines before they were caught. The tide suited perfectly; there was a calm, with now and then a slight warm breeze to ruffle the water, and a gentle rain or *smirr* to cloud its surface. We had abundance of the best of bait.

"There'll be two or three whoppers sleepin' in the boat the night that are lively enough the noo, I'm thinkin'," said Peter McTavish, my stand-by on all fishing excursions, as he baited the lines with such mussels as might tempt an alderman if set down to him at a Guildhall dinner. And so it proved. For no sooner had we anchored near the old buoy, than one felt the "gibble, gabble, gobble," sharp and fast at the hook, and up they came with the delightful strain indicating the wisdom of the big fish, who with authority and power kept off the small fish that they might have the whole magnificent bait to themselves. What right had those small, vulgar, half-grown codfish boys to appropriate to themselves a bait which was evidently intended for their elders? "Be off with you! every one of you! Don't you know who I am? you!" And so they got their will and we got ours, and gave them a hearty welcome into the boat. Had the young fish only known! But they did not know, and so, poor fellows, they were sulky and their gills grew extra red, and their fins fluttered, and their air-bladders became swollen, and they swam home complaining to their parents about the ill-usage they had received, and of the tyranny of the big cods—vowing they would join the "International," and insist on equality in regard to the food as well as everything else. "They would be hanged," they said, unless— But it was not until the next fishing that we ascertained what success they had in their rebellion. And then we saw from the haul of small cod that they had had their own way, to their destruction.

During a pause in the fishing, when the tide was about to turn, and we began to count the scores we had got, Peter McTavish became meditative, as was his wont sometimes when idle. Breaking the silence, so intense when hauling in, he remarked, as if speaking to a large cod he was taking off the hook, "I like a strong man, I do indeed."

"That is," said I, "a man who can drink any amount of strong drink, or put the hammer very far, or dance Gillie Callum for an hour, or blow the bagpipes till he has nearly blown his brains out, or lick the—"

"No, no," said Peter, gently, but firmly interrupting me, "not at all, not at all, although such a man is both a great and a strong man, no doot, no doot, of course; but I call a strong man, a firm man."

"A man," I continued, "who is firm in good? I agree with you, Peter. Such men are scarce."

"Scarce! There's none such! none; for we're all wicked, so the minister says, and for my part, judging from myself, it's true."

"Then what do you mean?"

"I mean," said Peter, "a man that will never give in, never; but will hold on to what he says, like a terrier to an otter, or to a wild cat's throat. Ha! ha! that's the man I like. Yes, yes!"

"But supposing the man to be wrong, and yet strong!"

"That's what I like. I like him if he is strong, especially when he's wrong. Any man can be strong when he is right, but give me the man who can defend himself, and fight the world, when he knows he's wrong, and when no man will stand by him. There's John McDonald, for example. He—"

"You mean the man that was sent last month to jail? But he was right, and you are a fool, Peter, to admire a man who is a mere obstinate mule when he is wrong. I would as soon admire Satan!"

"That may be," replied Peter, as if he had a lurking admiration for that villain spirit of all wickedness; "but," he continued, "I like a man with the speerit of John McDonald."

I interpreted the remarks of Peter with some charity as I thought I understood what his real feelings were better than he himself did. For this John McDonald of whom he spoke was a man who had really great pluck. I may here diverge a little, and remark that in some respects the Highlanders are great cowards. They are always so in cases of infectious disease; in all cases, indeed, in which danger is impalpable, undefined, intangible, proceeding from causes they cannot comprehend, and not to be met or overcome by any means in their power. These affect their fancy and imaginative powers, which are strong. They can face whom they can see—charge serried ranks, march up to a battery, meet steel with steel—but an unseen, mysterious thing, like ghost or goblin, or the supposed power of witch, charm, or magic, quite unnerves them, and makes them generally act what to a Southerner would be a most base and cowardly part. This presents a great and striking contrast to what I have observed among

the ordinary working-class population in a city. For example, not long ago, a mother of a large family cheerfully ministered to a neighbor whose children were stricken with scarlet fever of the worst type, saying, "Some one must help her, and why not I?" This was truest heroism, and in striking contrast to the case of a Highlander who presented himself with a severe but curable disease, and who, when asked to go to the hospital, protested strongly, saying, "Och, och, no! They tell me that other sick people are there, and they wad make me worse; and they tell me the doctors kill folk to make medicines out o' their heart, and liver, and bones! Och! och! I'll never enter the awn' place. Heaven defend me! No, no!" But when assured of protection, the trembling patient consented to endure the ordeal. He recovered, and when the time came for his removal he had experienced such kindness, enjoyed such good food and lodgings, paying nothing for them, that he in great confidence requested the friend who had almost forced him to enter the hospital, to use his influence to get him permitted to remain there "till the next term at least," as he had no rent to pay, and never enjoyed himself, poor fellow! so much in his life!

But to return. The case referred to by my friend McTavish as an illustration of "strength" was, I must confess very characteristic of another kind of courage common among the Celts. McDonald—I conceal his real name as he still lives, and is a most respectable man—had been attacked one night by three or four men, who determined in the most cowardly manner to revenge themselves for some supposed insult, connected with a love affair, I believe. They were all beaten off—receiving severe punishment. They prosecuted McDonald for assault, and by some perversion of justice arising from unprincipled evidence, got him condemned to four days' imprisonment. He protested his innocence, and told what he declared to be true, and which was afterwards proved to be so. "I go to jail," he said, "in obedience to the laws of my country but no law can compel me to partake of your jail food, and not one morsel of it shall I eat!" And he kept his word. The jailer, an acquaintance of his own, and a kind man, brought the prescribed food, which was excellent, each day at the right hour, and implored him to eat. But no! *Not one bit was eaten during these four days;* and when he left the prison he cracked his fingers, sang a snatch of a song, and said, "I owe you nothing, and if those rascals dare insult me, I'll lick them again!" It was of this man Peter McTavish spoke when he remarked, "I like a strong man!" In such a case I think we shall all agree with Peter.

There were many other feats performed by McDonald equally remarkable. For example, he was summoned as a witness in connection with a trial which took place at Edinburgh. Without a halt, he journeyed on foot ninety miles, reaching Glasgow on a Saturday night. He had to appear in Edinburgh on Monday morning. He could, as far as his strength and pluck were concerned, have continued a part, at least, of his journey on Sunday. But like a good man, he deemed it his duty to rest the whole of that day. At twelve o'clock on Sunday night, he started again and walked forty miles in ten hours, arriving at Edinburgh in full time to stand, on Monday morning, in the witness box and give his evidence.

I must now tell a story of another kind of strength, viz., moral strength, which is equally true, and even better worth recording than the feats of McDonald. There was an old man, Malcolm Cameron, who had a small "croft" on the banks of a Highland loch. He had an only son, a thoughtless, daring, powerful young fellow, who was given to fighting, poaching, smuggling, and all kinds of things which required strength and courage, and which fed his love for excitement. His father with a weakness such as David had for Absalom, clung to him the more he was spoken against; for, like Absalom, Allister was very handsome, and, unlike him, had a passionate attachment for his father and mother. Neither of them could therefore believe that their son Allister was the sort of man he was judged to be by the whole country side. Allister became involved in some love affair; and it so happened that his rival, who excelled him in riches, and alas! in character also, was found murdered, but not robbed, on a lonely moor. Such grave suspicions were excited against Allister that a warrant for his apprehension was issued. The poor father heard the sad intelligence, and Allister fled from his home, and betook himself to a cave far up among the huge rocks of a wild long corry. The officers of justice discovered his retreat; but when approaching it they were told by Allister that he had a double-barrelled gun; that he never missed even a deer; that, as he was an innocent man, he would not disgrace his family by being brought to trial, and that he would sacrifice two lives ere his own was taken. The horror of blood felt by Highlanders, induced them to delay their attempt to seize him until they communicated with his father.

When the old man heard the news, he was bowed down with great agony. But recovering himself, he said, "Guilty or not guilty, he will be brought to trial, even over my dead body." He asked the officers of justice to accompany him as slowly and silently as he ascended the mountain and reached the cave—a wonderful stronghold for defence, as it penetrated deep into the mountain, and was hid by masses of fallen rock. He asked the officers of justice to remain near while he went in alone. "Allister, my son!" shouted the old man as he entered the cavern. "There was no reply. He went tottering on from the light at the entrance into twilight, which was rapidly leading into darkness, ever and anon repeating the name of his son with some endearing Highland epithet attached to it—"Allister, calf of my heart, hear me!" Allister, son of my old age hear your father!"

At last a faint cry was heard from a dark recess as of one moaning in sorrow—"I am hear father." Soon the old man stumbled to the spot whence the voice proceeded, and fondly put his arms around his son's neck, drawing his head to his breast. "What want you with me father? I am hunted like a fox."

"You know, you know, my boy, what your enemies say of you; and if it's true—if it's—but no, it cannot be that my Allister shed the blood of man!" the son trembled—"but they must prove it and you must be tried. This foul curse and disgrace must be taken of your name and mine."

"What do you want?" asked Allister uneasily.

"To give yourself up to justice Allister."

"Never!" said the young man, starting up. "I'll die first."

"No you won't; for I will die first if you don't yield," said his father.

"I have this gun," said Allister. "I'll shoot the first, ay, and the second to, if they dare to come near me."

"You speak, indeed, as I never heard you speak before, and as I never believed you could speak. You speak as a man who loves blood more than justice, the death of others more than your honor and mine! It was not my Allister that spoke, but some devil in him!"

"What do you want—what do you want father?" he asked impetuously. "I am sick and faint. My heart is breaking. I have had no meat for three days—my strength is gone."

"Calf of my heart, you are strong enough for doing what is right. Come with me—come, if we live we live; if you die, I die."

"Where are you bringing me to father?"

"Give me your gun, my son."

"I see it all," replied Allister. "The king's officers are watching, and they have sent you to bring your boy to the gallows. Fine work indeed for them and you! If you want to hang me, why should I care for life? I suppose my mother will be spinning the flax for the rope."

The old man groaned in agony. "God help me! have mercy on me! pity me! kill me!" were some of his low muttered exclamations or prayers. "The gun, my son."

"There it is: to you; father."

But before handing it to him he fired of both barrels, and the thunder roared through the cavern and attracted the attention of the officers of justice, who were eagerly watching near the entrance. Fearing some terrible result they rushed up.

"I was afraid," remarked Allister, "that I might be tempted. Now do as you like."

As they came into daylight they met the officers, who were about to rush on Allister, when old Malcolm, with his noble figure and white hair, stepped forward and said—

"I command you to stand back and listen. There he is," he continued with trembling voice; "there he is—my first-born. I give him up—he gives himself up, that the truth may be known and all suspicion taken of our honest family, who never did a deed of dishonor."

"Cowardly fellows!" said Allister. "I don't give myself up to you nor a dozen better men! You dared not have seized me! Even now, weak though I am, I would fight the three of you, I would defy you to catch me if I now fled, or even to shoot me, for you could never hit a house, I give myself up to him," he said, pointing to his father.

"And I in God's name, give him up to you," said the old man; but bind him not, hand or foot, touch him not, for he has given me his word, and he never did nor will."

As he spoke, he wiped his eyes with a corner of his tartan plaid, and waving his hand to Allister, disappeared among the rocks to join his wife in their lonely and sorrowing home.

To finish my story—Allister was tried. The jury returned a verdict of "not proven."

Allister never returned to his home; but about a year after the trial, was killed by the explosion of a "blast," while working in a quarry in Fifeshire.

Very soon after old Malcolm and his wife were sleeping together in the picturesque burying-place in the glen, where standing by their graves, I heard this story more than a quarter of a century ago.

This is all I have to tell you at present about the Highlanders. The only advice I leave with you is, to become imbued with the heroic sense of justice which was possessed by old Malcolm Cameron, who was verily 'a strong man.'—*Good Words.*

## THE MOTHER OF NEWMAN HALL.

Mrs. John Vane Hall, the mother of six sons who have all attained distinction—some of them renown—died a few weeks since at the age of eighty-four. The funeral was remarkable for the absence of pomp. There were no plumes, no mourning cloaks, no empty carriages, and no pall. The coffin was simply adorned with ivy and flowers. After the conclusion of the burial service, the R. V. Newman Hall, paid a beautiful tribute to the love and fidelity of his pious mother in the following words:—

"The tears we shed this day are tears of love, not anguish; of gratitude, not regret. We bless our mother's God for the best inheritance of a holy example, and a life of earnest prayer. We bless the God of all consolation, for memories beautiful with earthly love, and hopes radiant with heavenly glory. We bless the Lord of the harvest, for gathering in this shock of corn fully ripe. We bless the Lord of the way, for so peaceful a close to so long a pilgrimage. We bless him who has abolished death and holds the keys of the unseen world, for so lovely an end to so lovely a life. An end! Not so! End of sorrow—beginning of bliss; end of the pilgrimage—entrance to home; end of death—dawn of life. Best and dearest of mothers! Thou livest still! In our memories, which will ever enshrine thee. In our hearts, which will ever embrace thee. And will not thy spirit, though unseen, sometimes minister to us, as we travel on after thee? Thou livest still, thou art not in this cold grave! Thou hast rejoined our sainted father, the husband who adored thee as the angel guardian of his life. Thou hast embraced the little ones whom Jesus took from thy reluctant bosom to train in the nursery of heaven. Thou hast been welcomed by friends gone before, who have long been waiting for thee to rejoin them; by many of the Lord's servants, whom it was so great a joy to thee to receive under thy roof, multitudes of the Lord's poor, whom it was thy privilege and delight to succor and console; by very many rescued from sin, and led to the Saviour, through thy loving counsel and fervent prayers. Thou hast been welcomed by the glorious company of heaven, for whose congenial society thou wast made so meek; and by thy gracious Saviour, whom, like the Mary of Bethany, thou didst so reverentially and ardently love. And now thou wilt be ready to welcome us, when we also are called to cross the narrow stream. Yes! we will not disappoint thee! Thou shalt embrace us again and forever! We, thy children and children's children, standing around this open grave where there ashes repose, swear by the God of our father and mother that we will walk worthy of your prayers! we will imitate your example! we will serve your Saviour! we will join you in your home! Dear mother! we will not leave thee, nor return from following after thee; for whether thou goest we will go, and where thou dwellest we will dwell; thy people shall be our people, and thy God our God."

## THE POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST.

To the honor of God alone I will say a little of my own experience in this matter. I was powerfully converted on the morning of the 10th of October. In the evening of the same day, and on the morning of the following day, I received overwhelming baptisms of the Holy Ghost, that went through me, as it seemed to me, body and soul. I immediately found myself endued with such power from on high that a few words dropped here and there to individuals, were the means of their immediate conversion. My words seemed to fasten like barbed arrows in the souls of men. They cut like a sword. They broke the heart like a hammer. Multitudes can attest to this. Often-times a word dropped, without my remembering it, would fasten conviction, and often result in immediate conversion. Sometimes I would find myself, in a great measure, empty of this power. I would go out and visit, and find that I made no saving impression. I would exhort and pray, with the same result. I would then set apart a day for private fasting and prayer, fearing that this power had departed from me, and inquire anxiously after the reason of this apparent emptiness. After humbling myself, and calling out for help, the power would return upon me with all its freshness. This has been the experience of my life.—*Charles G. Finney, in the Independent.*

A heart full of the world, is a heart full of wants.

## A NAMELESS HERO.

A STORY OF FACT.

The sea wind went booming and thrilling across the barren and rock-bound coast of Labrador. There was snow on the ground, and the cold was bitter. Mingled with the terrible song of the storm were the groaning crack of a good ship's timbers and the wild cries of her crew. When these had fallen into awful silence, another sound arose, still sadder in that dreary waste—the wailing of a very little child.

Round a point of rock on a path above the cliffs came three small fluttering figures. How they had escaped the wreck, or made their way to that place, they could not have told. Two were mere babies. It was the older of those who made that shrill cry; the youngest lay numbed and huddled up in the arms of his sister, herself far too weak for the burden. She had that power of endurance in a sudden strait which God gives to some by no means the strongest of his creatures. Her childish eyes anxiously peered out into the obscurity in search of a friendly face.

The sound of feet clambering up the cliffs, sending down showers of pebbles, and sometimes slipping back, brought the children to a stand. Was it a friend or foe? Perhaps there were strange, fierce animals abroad in this freezing place, where all were strange, or those nameless horrors of night which children dread.

The figure of a lad stepped on to the path. The little girl advanced.

'O, sir!' She could not say a word more, but broke down in sobs.

When the stranger drew near, the boy's terror, too, broke out afresh; he screamed aloud for his mother, and hid his face in his sister's gown.

'Mother will come soon,' said the lad. The girl looked up eagerly.

'Will she, sir? And father, too?'

'Yes, we shall find them; never fear. Why, my man, what is it? Look up, and never cry.'

He knelt down before the child, and at last mounted him on his shoulders.

'I can carry baby, too,' he said.

'O, sir, he is so heavy.'

'Lighter for me than for you, my dear. Now, what shall we do next?'

The boy began to whine again.

'So cold, so cold! want to go to bed!'

'And we are very hungry, too, sir,' added the little girl, in a pitifully patient tone.

'Well, then, we will find a bed at once. And I think I have some supper in my pocket.'

Little pick-a-back gave tokens of a desire to have his supper forthwith.

'No; not till you are in bed. We will find a nice warm place. Come, little woman, hold my jacket. That will help you.'

The children laboured on with the cheery guide, who was but a poor, weakly lad, and at last felt his strength failing under the pressure of the wind and the children's weight, and yet there was no sigh of human help. Suddenly the fitful moonlight showed a rent in the rocky wall beside their path. Within, at the further end, he found a small dry space, with a pile of withered moss heaped against the side. The lad thanked God for it, and framed and smothered it into a pallet, on which he carefully laid the little ones.

'Will you lie down, too, sir?' asked the courteous, courageous little girl.

'I want my supper,' wailed the boy; and the tiniest began to raise a feeble cry.

The lad took from his pocket some hard biscuit soaked with sea-water—nauseous enough; but the children were too hungry to be nice. There was not much, and he divided it all between them.

'Will you not have some of it, sir?'

'I? O, no, my dear. I had my supper long ago.'

So the biscuit was all eaten, and the little fellow stopped crying.

'Now you must say your prayers,' said their protector.

The poor little lass began dutifully tumbling out of her moss-bed.

'You can lie still, dear; I will pray, and you shall say Amen.'

'Will God listen when we are lying down?'

'Yes, to-night He will.'

Then, kneeling beside the brave child, he uttered a reverend petition.

'We thank thee, dear Lord, for having saved us from great danger, and pray thee to make our lives worthy of being saved.'

This was the simple burden of his prayer, ending with the omnipotent, 'Our Father.'

Then he sat down to wait until the children should fall asleep. He would then, he thought, slip away to find their parents and the other survivors, should there be any, and perhaps to get the rest and refreshment he so sorely needed. But the unconscious childish selfishness, was not yet satisfied.

'So cold!' wailed the boy; and a piteous little cry, 'Baby cold,' joined in chorus.

It was in vain to pile the moss around them.

'I want my blanket,' was the clear demand.

At last the kind lad, stripping off his jacket, spread it over them and tucked it in, and then they were satisfied. Shivering as with ague, he crouched down beside his trusty little friend, as he somehow felt the little girl to be, trying to get warm. It would not be long, he thought, before the children would fall asleep, and then he would warm himself with exercise, and find help at last. Once, when all was still, he ventured to move; but this time it was his patient little friend who pleaded in a very wakeful voice,—

'Please, sir, don't go away. I cannot get to sleep, I am so frightened.'

So he stayed.

It was like a dream to him, that wierd, dark hole in the hill side, looking forth on a patch of cloud-swept sky.

And here and there  
A wild star swimming in the lurid sky.

It seemed that he must suddenly wake, and find himself in his own berth in the good ship soon to sail fairly into harbor. Yet withal there was a clear consciousness of the children's steady breathing, of the fact that cold, and hunger, and weakness like murderous reptiles, were sucking away his very life. Then came a vision of his passage in that ship.

A scene on deck; a fragile woman with a gentle, holy face, and he, her son, supporting her; before them a very glorious sunset, with that strangely, sweetly clear mellow light banding the horizon, which makes us fear, that heaven opens there. The two are talking with the vivid sounds of dreams.

'It grows cold, mother, you must go below.'

'Stay a moment, love, I shall soon be where sun never set. I feel so peaceful to-night! I know that all is well. When you meet your father, tell him to wait patiently till God shall call him to join me in that happy place. And you, my boy, will keep the same hope in your heart, will you not? But pray that before you die, He will grant you to have lived so that some poor souls may bless you.'

The vision changed—a shotted ham-mock tumbled into the sea, and a boy, thrown prone upon the deck, crying—

'Mother, mother, how can I live all alone?'

He did not shed one tear now. There was rather a smile on his face as he murmured, 'Thank God she went before this night.'

He prayed again the prayer she had enjoined upon him, and added this, that his father might be comforted.

One of the children awoke and began to cry, 'Mother!' He roused himself again, though numbing frost seemed soaking into all his frame. He soothed the child, and even sought to lull it off with a little story; but the words ran one into another, and that effort came to naught.

So passed the weary night. At length when dawn had taken the horror from their sleeping-place, he told the children to lie still, for he would go to find their parents, and so he left them with a kiss.

And he staggered on as in a dream, seeming to see through a mist, with a dim sense of sickness and feebleness.

When or how, he hardly knew, he desisted two haggard figures hastening towards him through the snow. They hurried faster on seeing him, and came up with eager, woful faces.

'Our children—our three little children—have you seen them? We think that they were saved.'

He told them where to go, though, as he spoke, his voice sounded thin and small in his own ears, as if it came from afar. Thanking him with deep gratitude, they hurried by. He was alone again. As he walked his breath came sobbing, like that of one plunging into icy water. Short, voiceless prayers arose in his mind.

'O God! O God!' was all he could say, and he kept repeating that like the burden of a song.

At last the air seemed to grow warm, and there was a swirling in his brain like the eddy of musical waters.

Why am I walking on when here is a soft bed for me? So he said to himself, and laughed, perhaps aloud, 'I am so sleepy, I will lie down. There! O how good it is to rest! Mother, come and bid me good-night. Mother, how beautiful you look! And there is father, too; I thought he was far away. He wears the same strange, happy look that I see on your face, mother—the look which I always fancied on angel's faces. Put your arm around me. Ah! that is nice and warm. Why are you lifting me up so high? Good-night.'

When the parents were returning with their little ones, they found their brave benefactor asleep in death, with the snow for his winding sheet.

If the day of mercy leaves us graceless, the day of judgment will find us speechless.

## HEALTH OF MINISTERS.

Health is unquestionably one of the greatest earthly blessings. To no class can it possibly be of more value than to the gospel ministers of our country. The great work for them to do, no less than the divine call, indicates this. If there is anything to be earnestly coveted in this world it is a sound mind and a sound body. There are no doubt many ministers of the present day who are laid aside and out of the work who would be glad to be and ought to be in the effective ranks. Broken-down constitutions and poor health among the clergy are depriving the church and the world of much fine and valuable ministerial talent. The whole life of a minister should, if possible, be an effective life. We should calculate on scores of years of ministerial service, and not be in a hurry to get to the state and enjoyment of final reward. "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world," says the blessed Jesus. And Paul says to his brethren, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better: nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful to you." There are some things to which we may now refer that are requisite and conducive to the enjoyment of good health.

**Exercise.**—Proper exercise as to both amount and duration. Proper exercise of both body and mind is decidedly beneficial and healthful. All the organs, muscles, nerves, and functions of the human body must be duly and properly exercised in order to be vigorous and healthy. Hence the arm of the blacksmith is much larger and stronger than that of the mere student. The brain becomes much stronger and more capable by right use. Walking, sawing wood, and gardening would promote ministerial health.

**Rest.**—Rest, no less than activity, is an established law of nature. The body needs rest. Keep the machine, or organism, in constant, incessant action, and it will wear out the sooner. Overwork, as well as idleness, is injurious. The great Master had his seasons of rest. Ministers should have their recreations and take their rest before their physical strength is exhausted, and they are prostrated and rendered incapable of service. Frequently it is the case that a little suitable and timely rest would preserve both life and health. But always be careful and not go too far before you rest.

**Dress.**—What we wear has to do with our health as well as our looks or appearance. Attention should be given both to the material and the make of our clothing. It is very important that our dress should be comfortable and warm. Flannel under-garments are excellent, and healthy in summer as well as winter for some constitutions. The neck of every public speaker should be dressed quite loose and cool. An outside coat or shawl should always be put on after speaking. Dress suitably to the season and dress comfortably. Thereby many colds, and head, throat, and lung difficulties, might be avoided.

**Cleanliness.**—Wesley claimed that cleanliness was next to godliness. As a health-promoter it is certainly so. Ab-lutions were extensively practiced among the Jews. The modern bath promotes both cleanliness and health. Frequent bathing, either in cold or warm water, should be practiced in summer and winter. The pores of the skin must be kept open, and thus perspiration must be natural and unobstructed in order to enjoy good health. Filthy garments and filthy habits are no more offensive to the pure and cultivated than they are hurtful and ruinous to the body. Tobacco smoke and tobacco juice do not promote either ministerial dignity or bodily health.

**Diet.**—The right kind of food, suitably prepared and in proper quantities, should be taken at regular hours. Graham bread with eggs are excellent to sustain and strengthen the system and develop brain power. No food should be taken into the stomach for an hour before or after speaking.

**Vocal Culture.**—Do not speak too long, too low, or too loud. Do not speak on a dead level. Any thing but monotony. Cultivate the voice; stand straight, elevate the chin, open the mouth, and speak. Speak naturally, easily, and powerfully. Vocal culture strengthens the voice, the throat, and the lungs.

**Temperance in all Things.**—This is to be the motto and the habit. "He that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things; that he may please Him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." "Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity." Temperance promotes health and longevity.—*Presbyterian.*

We once in a while hear a farmer say, he cannot afford to take a paper. Cannot afford two or three dollars for that which would come to his home fifty-two times a year, laden with choice reading, and valuable information for young and old. Better do without a great many other things, than refuse to take a good paper.

## CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN ROME.

Yesterday, I believe, we held, in connection with the Church of Scotland, the first authorized public service ever held in the English language within the walls of Rome. Merely as an historical fact, this is of deep interest; but a thousand times more important is it, as indicating a new spirit arising in the principles of Roman government. Such services have frequently before been held, but they were strictly illegal, and could not be publicly advertised, and might have been suppressed at any moment. Up to this time all the Protestant Churches, holding service in the English language, have been outside the gates of the City. When the "Continental Chaplains Committee" requested me to take charge of our services at Rome for a short time, I resolved, if possible, to hold these services inside the walls of the Eternal City. I found our former place of meeting most inconveniently situated, and with very great difficulty have now hired a room in the immediate vicinity of what is here called the English district of Rome. In conducting the services yesterday, it was impossible to prevent one's mind wandering back over the past, and conjuring up the penalties with which, but so recently, such a public act would have been visited by the papal authorities; and equally impossible was it to avoid looking with deepest hopefulness to the future of a land so rich in historical associations, which, by the recognition of religious liberty, seems to be awakening from that long death-sleep in which it has been so sadly sunk. May we not look upon this new era rather as a resurrection than a mere awakening from sleep? Not to the services in the English language, however, are we to look as the hope of Rome and of Italy, but to those religious services and those religious influences which touch and affect the Italian population proper. The Church influence over the thought and the intelligence of Italy has gone. We find magnificent and beautiful churches giving outward expression to the religious sentiment of humanity; we find a priesthood, and the daily routine of religious duties, which stand as a relic of a religious life of days gone by. But the spirit of highest religious life, which should influence the thinking minds of the present time, we look for in vain. And any Church, or any institution, that has merely an historical existence in the past, without a living power in the present, has but one inevitable end. It perishes by that same divine right which at first called it into existence to perform divine functions. A Church may stand still or go backwards. The tide of humanity does not; and neither papal power nor priestly authority can turn back the wheels of time. A Church government, which, instead of leading the van in thought and liberty, seeks to crush out individuality of thought and freedom of inquiry, is finding in Rome, as it will even find in all history, that there are higher powers than a mere appeal to a long historical and traditional life—higher powers than even an appeal to an apostolic succession. Those sacred duties which the Church ought to have done, Victor Emmanuel and his Government are in some form endeavouring to do. From a most intelligent gentleman, who has the best means of gaining information, I am led to understand that, among the more thoughtful and intelligent even of the men who guide the affairs of state, religious profession, in the ordinary acceptation of that term, there is little or none. Religion, as it has been taught to them by their Church, has become an unreality; and yet, though they may profess no positive creed, may they not even be regarded as more truly religious than those who, through mere dread of the Church's anathemas, abide by its communion; or than those who have never taken the trouble to think, and are the devoted adherents of a system which, at least in Rome, exerts its greatest influence only over the ignorant and the credulous? On the 27th day of November, 1871, the King opened the first Italian Parliament in Rome. As the procession passed from the palace to the parliament-house, amid the congratulations of united Italy, far in the depths of that clear blue sky, known only here, there shone down at bright mid-day the morning star; seeming almost to tell of a bright star of hope arising on Italy, in this her morning of a new day of future life and greatness. Long years, almost centuries, it may take to stimulate that deepest thought and that highest activity which a Church has tended to crush out and destroy. Yet with liberty of thought, and with greater earnestness in religious life, may we not look for days in the time to come which may find Italy as great among nations, and as noble in spiritual activities, as she has been renowned in the past for her victories in the field of conquest, for her triumphs in literature, and for her attainments in art?—*Correspondence London (Eng.) Record.*

Do the best you can where you are; and when that is done you will see an opening for something better.

## DEAN STANLEY AND PROFESSOR JOWETT IN SCOTLAND.

The late appearances of Dean Stanley and Professor Jowett in Scotland have naturally excited some interest. Their having preached for Dr. Wallace in the old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, is regarded by many as part of that insidious but effective process of rationalizing which has been quietly going on for years past in a few quarters in the Established Church of Scotland, although it finds little sympathy amongst the great mass of the ministers or people. How any of the ministers of that Church, all of whom have, as the condition of holding office, solemnly declared their adherence to the whole doctrines of the Westminster Confession of Faith, their determination to assert and maintain these doctrines, and to renounce all doctrines, tenets, or opinions howsoever contrary to or inconsistent with them, can fraternize with Broad Church theologians of the Stanley and Jowett stamp may well excite surprise. The Broad Churchmen of Scotland, although few in number, have managed their affairs with much address. We shall not intrude upon the sacredness of royalty at this eventful crisis, by referring to the undue influence which they are supposed to exert even at Balmoral, but their efforts at Edinburgh and Glasgow are patent to all. At Glasgow, where Professor Jowett was allowed to preach in the chapel of the University, a great change has lately taken place. The old venerable University buildings, after doing service for centuries, have been superseded by a very splendid and noble pile in the west end of Glasgow, which cost about £400,000, and to which the merchant princes liberally contributed. The pulpit of the old University chapel was occupied by ministers of the Established Church; but the professedly "liberal" influence, which has lately sprung up and is adroitly managed at Glasgow by a few Broad Church professors, has led to the resolution to ask all sorts of ministers to preach to the students. The men in Scotland who take an interest in such matters are now every day expecting when the Unitarian minister and the Romish priest shall be found ventilating their respective dogmas before the rising youth of the west of Scotland, whose parents have entrusted their education to the care of the University authorities. This is very offensive; but these proceedings have excited a natural alarm amongst many of the Christian parents, and this alarm will probably either lead to a change of system, or to the serious injury of the University.

Perhaps the greatest mistake which the Dean made was in regard to the circumstances in which he preached at Edinburgh. He said, "On this spot, where a vast congregation of every age and rank pledged themselves to the death to extirpate every form and shred of prelacy, the Scottish Church, in these later days has had the courage to revive ancient forms of liturgical worship," and to welcome the ministrations of Episcopal clergymen. These contrasts are themselves sufficient to remind us how transitory are the feuds which have in former days rent asunder the Churches of these islands, how eternal are the bonds which unite them, when viewed in the light of history and before the judgment of a better world." Between the true Christians in the Churches of England and Scotland there should be and there is no spiritual antagonism, but every one in Scotland knows that the Dean's latter statement embodies a pure misunderstanding and misrepresentation. The "Scottish Church" has made no such change as he alleges, and can make no such change without abandoning the Revolution Settlement. The change has been made in the single congregation in which he preached, and only by the unauthorized action of one minister. The Dean, therefore, instead of doing a laudable thing, even on his own principles, was simply conniving, either unconsciously or otherwise, at an act of ecclesiastical revolt.

There was, certainly, one suggestive thing connected with the service. The "organ voluntary," we are told, was "Ave Maria," which seems to herald the approach of the Virgin worship of the Church of Rome. Broad Churchism is as certainly preparing the way for Popery as the cold fit paves the way for the hot in fever and ague. Man must have a positive belief. In the time of health and prosperity negative theology may, perhaps, do; but when sickness or trial come, man desires something stronger and more definite on which to rest. If he is not better informed, he flies to Popery, as the nearest and most promising asylum. Broad Churchmen are only the pioneers of Rome.—*The Rock.*

A straw will make an impression on the virgin snow; let it remain there but a short time, and a horse's hoof can scarcely penetrate it. So it is with the youthful mind. A trifling word may make an impression on it; but after a few years the most powerful appeals cease to influence. Think of this ye who have the training of the infant mind, and leave such impressions thereon as will be safe for it to carry amid the follies and temptations of the world.

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PROSPECTUS

"British American Presbyterian"

The want of a journal devoted to the interests of the Canadian Presbyterian Church—in the columns of which, at the same time the sister Presbyterian Churches of the Dominion could meet with us, as upon a common platform, for the discussion of questions in which all have a mutual interest, and for the free interchange of doctrinal and practical views, has long been felt. To supply this deficiency the undersigned has been induced by the encouragement received from many kind friends—lay and clerical—to undertake the work.

Preferring to be judged by what we may be able to accomplish rather than profusions of promise, the correspondents, statistics of denominational progress, a carefully prepared summary of the news of the day; market quotations at the principal trade centres; and able articles on Church, Religious, Literary and Social questions.

The "BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN" will contain full reports of the proceedings of Church Courts; a complete digest of Ecclesiastical Intelligence—home and foreign—especially furnished by correspondents in the various denominational progress; a carefully prepared summary of the news of the day; market quotations at the principal trade centres; and able articles on Church, Religious, Literary and Social questions.

The movement for Presbyterian Union, already so auspiciously inaugurated, shall be warmly and persistently supported; and every effort will be made to remove all obstacles to the early consummation of so desirable a project.

In a word we shall spare no effort to produce a paper which will be noted for the variety, purity and comprehensiveness of its contents; which will be useful to the people, an aid to the Pastor, and a welcome visitor in the homes of the Christian household.

The "BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN" will be an Eight-page Paper, published every Thursday, at \$2 00 per annum, invariably in advance; and immediately after the appearance of the first number, a thorough canvass of the country, from Winnipeg to Halifax, will be made; and we venture to ask, on behalf of our aged friends, for subscription from Presbyterians throughout the Dominion.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher and Proprietor.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

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

All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, otherwise they will not be inserted. Letters for this office should be addressed simply BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN, Box 660, Toronto, Canada.

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

We invite the active co-operation of friends in every section of the Dominion, in order to secure a large circulation, for the BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN; and the undersigned, in return, will furnish by furnishing early intelligence of Church, Missionary and Presbyterian news suitable for our columns.

British American Presbyterian.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1872.

DIVERSITY IN ORDER OF WORSHIP.

We cannot expect uniformity in practice to exist among worshippers who have been brought up in different lands and very different associations. Every man clings, with a tenacity proportioned to the strength of his religious nature, to the forms and usages to which in early life he was accustomed. We do not wonder then that such a diversity exists among Presbyterians in Canada. Still a Canadian generation is rising to be the heads of families, and the elders, deacons and managers of our congregations, and Canadian trained men are gradually becoming the majority of our ministers; and it may be well to enquire whether, an order of worship can not be established among us which may meet the tastes and circumstances of our new and growing Church. We do not ask for any departure from the spirit of the Westminster Directory; nay, we plead to carry out that spirit and to take such steps as may be necessary to secure a more perfect adaptation of our worship to times and circumstances than it suggests. We may have something to say in Liturgies at another time, enough now to state that we do not wish any such innovation, nor any interference with the perfect freedom of ministers and congregations. We need however, only suggest one or two particulars in order to show how far the Westminster Directory is from meeting the wants or regulating the practice of our Church in Canada. It provides "that ordinarily one chapter of each Testament be read at every meeting" says "It is requisite that all the canonical works be read over in order" &c., and adds that expounding of any part that is read shall not take place "until the whole chapter or psalm be ended." Then in giving direction as to prayer it requires prayer to be made "for the deliverance of the distressed churches abroad from the tyranny of the anti-Christian fashion and form the cruel oppressions and

blasphemies of the Turks; for the blessing of God upon the reformed Churches, especially upon the Churches and kingdoms of Scotland, England and Ireland, now more strictly and religiously united in the solemn league and covenant, and for our plantations in the remote parts of the world &c." It is unnecessary to make any further quotation to convince a candid reader that compliance with the letter of the Directory is not possible; or if obtained would make our worship in this country and time simply ridiculous.

But if we are to depart from this Directory, what guide are we to follow? How shall such a divergence and difference be promoted as may prove offensive to none of our people. The American Church has felt this difficulty and has wisely provided a Directory for themselves. Some intelligent friends of our Church here also complain, and some have rather gone to a Liturgical Church than be subjected to all the consequences of an unchecked, unguided liberty of worship. The preparation of a Directory such as we need and suited to our times and circumstances, is a work of great importance not to be set about lightly or hastily. Still we think there is a call for such a Directory, and we are sure that such a Directory can be prepared among us and would be welcomed.

A little reflection on the varying practices which obtain among us may help to clear the way for such an undertaking.

For example, we find some congregations begin with a short prayer of invocation, some with singing; some stand in singing and in prayer, others sit in singing and stand in prayer, and others still stand in singing and sit in prayer. Some read two lessons, some one; some expound the chapter and psalms read, others do not; some sing psalms only, some Psalms and Paraphrases; while the United Presbyterians, and the English Presbyterian Church hymn book are used by others. Some have instrumental music, choirs, &c.; others have seldom a Psalm sung for want of a leader.

Again, some lay vows on the parents in baptism and bind them to the confession of faith, while others satisfy themselves with a few exhortations of a general kind before administering the ordinance. At the Lord's supper some fence the tables, others do not; some have long addresses, others simply dispense the elements; some give thanks only once, others before both bread and wine.

At funerals again, prayer is generally offered at the grave, although the Westminster Directory expressly says that "praying, reading, and singing, both in going to and at the grave \* \* \* and all such things be laid aside." And at marriages also a difference of rite obtains.

We might numerate other things which call for regulation but the above will suggest many respects in which we may seek more order and uniformity.

We are of opinion that this matter can be dealt with only by the Supreme Court. So long as no authoritative guide exists, every man will seek to improve for himself, and with the best intentions we shall have practices introduced among us which are far from commendable. If our General Assembly were to prepare a guide and recommend it for use there can be little doubt that the majority of our best people would at once adopt it. Besides, improvements are needed, and congregations otherwise slow to move would be influenced by the weight and authority of the supreme court, and adapt their worship to the habits and tastes of our day.

Nor can we heed the timid cry of those who fear to tamper with our standards. Did not the men of 1648 boldly relinquish their own confession, liturgy, and discipline for those which the Westminster divines had prepared; and that simply because these latter were better suited to the times and circumstances? In holding on then to what has waxed old and cannot be reduced to practice, and refusing to adapt ourselves to our age and country, we do not follow the example of our fathers either of the First or Second Reformation, but of those who opposed them when they made changes. They are true to the Reformers' spirit who refuse to be bound by shackles just because they are old, and to bow to the ordinances of men, when their purpose has

been served and the advance of the Church requires that new steps be taken and new forms adopted. Have we no faith in our Head? Was the Holy Spirit present with those holy men at Westminster, according to his promise, and yet will He not deign to guide us in Canada in our day and circumstances? We must be alive. So long as the Church has an outward form, she must have outward ordinances of worship; but as to the external administration thereof there are "circumstances concerning the worship of God which are to be ordered by the light of nature and Christian prudence, according to the general rules of the Word, which are always to be observed." Conf. I. 6.

FRIENDLY TALKS WITH PRESBYTERIANS.

We like to be on the most friendly and confidential footing with our readers; to tell them what we think and how we feel on almost every subject, and to have them doing the same thing with us in return. This answers all purposes best, so we mean to follow it, and expect in this, as in other things, a reciprocity of kind favours.

These readers of ours are not yet so numerous as we should like them to be, nor as we expect very soon to see them. Still they are increasing as rapidly as in reason we could expect, and while we thank them for their kindness, we can't help asking, if, in this newspaper venture, they think they have done all their duty when they have individually handed in the yearly subscription, or paid their five cents of a Friday evening for the PRESBYTERIAN. We don't think they have; yet we ask very little more at their hands. Something more we do ask; something more we think we have a right to expect.

In the matter of newspapers, as in many other things, the children of this world are wiser and more practical than the children of light. Recognizing the need of some means for disseminating their principles and defending their practice, the members of a political party will be found every now and then embarking considerable sums in the establishment of an organ, and showing a hearty personal interest in its prosperity and success. What influence they possess they will exert freely to secure subscribers and advertisements, and when they can do nothing else they will at any rate be hearty in their commendations and prompt in remitting their own subscriptions.

A good many enterprizes that looked feeble and weakly at first have in this way been nursed into strength, and have far more than repaid all the expenditure of time and means bestowed upon them.

Now isn't it too often the case that Christian people act a very different part in their treatment of what is called the religious press? There is nothing, for instance, which is more generally acknowledged among the Presbyterians of Canada, and has been for years past, than the need of a good Presbyterian newspaper, which might handle secular matters in a somewhat religious spirit, and afford means for the members of that denomination throughout Canada communicating with each, and discussing various matters which as Christians and Presbyterians they are deeply interested in. Yet what effort worth while has ever been made to have this need supplied? Scarcely any; while all that has been attempted has been by individual enterprize, and at individual risk, with but little sympathy and encouragement from the denomination in general.

If success could only have been achieved, many would before this been very glad, but little in the way of assistance, let us frankly say, has been done to make that success a certainty for those who have tried the work before us. It has been thought a kind of charity to subscribe to such a paper—a thing to be reckoned as a condescension and a merit by and by.

The weekly or the daily paper from the city comes as a matter of course, and must be taken however much it may ignore or even outrage all the religious side of a man's sympathies and interests. It may be of the earth earthy, may be foul with all the violent and unscrupulous insolence of party warfare, but that does not matter. It has become a necessity let it say almost what it likes.

Then the local paper must be taken also as a matter of course. It gives the local gossip, and tells what the neighbours are doing in the way of advertising.

After these is there room for anything more? Scarcely. The religious or denominational newspaper is looked upon as a superfluity, perhaps even an impertinence, and a couple of dollars a year spent on it may often be thought little better than thrown away.

Cautiously men wait till they see whether or not it is going to live, and their caution very effectually helps it to die.

We quite grant that it is only a newspaper that is worth supporting that will in the long run be supported, or ought to be, but the misery is that the "religious newspaper" very often does not get a chance for its life.

It is not such a terrible thing, even though one does risk a couple of dollars as a subscription for such an enterprize with the possibility of not getting pennyworths for one's money. Everywhere in other matters this is done every day without a thought. But with many professedly religious men it is a rather formidable enterprize when the question is the life and death of a religious newspaper.

People say, "We shall wait and see," when prompt action and hearty co-operation would give the very strength and stability the absence of which may be complained of, and be urged as a reason for hesitation.

Now is such a kind of procedure right? Is it manly? Is it business-like? Individually we have no reason to complain; and we are not complaining. But how many who ought to be hearty kind friends, and willing and energetic co-operators, are shaking their heads in doubt about us and our venture, recalling how other such undertakings have fared in the past, and are waiting helplessly to see what will become of us and our little sheet, when a little zeal and active effort would settle that question once and for all, and in the right way.

We don't ask for charity. We feel in no need of pitying forbearance. We ask no man's pardon for the misfortune of being in existence. But, risking a good deal in order to supply a generally felt want, we think we have a right to look for a kind word and a little friendly assistance.

We have not come with the sound of trumpets, nor have we indulged in boastful promises. We leave our work to be judged of as it is; but we whisper, at the same time, that what our paper is now can give but a very faint idea of what it may speedily become, if subscribers are numerous and prompt, and if the general support and encouragement of Presbyterians be anything like what it ought to be.

We have already secured many kind friends; the number of subscribers received is encouraging; friendly words and friendly acts have not been wanting.

Credit we can't risk. It is the high road to ruin, so that subscriptions must all be in advance. It is an easy thing for us to make the paper larger when adequate means are supplied. We pledge ourselves to do this whenever our subscription list will warrant it. Meanwhile we confidently cast ourselves upon the support of the numerous, well-to-do, and intelligent Presbyterians of this Dominion, and fully reckon upon their ready and active co-operation in the establishment on a firm basis of a periodical which may week by week be cordially welcomed to their homes, and may help to advance effectively the best interests of the Church and community in "this Canada of ours."

Grace, through a beautiful child, is but a child that must be upheld by the father's arms.

Dr. Holland, in "Bitter Sweet," sings:

"Life overborn is fed by death In earth and sea and sky, And that a rose may breathe its breath, Something must die."

The doctrine finds exemplification in the history of his magazine, Scribner's Monthly. It has now swallowed up its fourth magazine. Hours at Home, Putnam's Magazine, and the Riverside, gave up the ghost in its fourth year; and a Southern periodical, the Mosaic, published at Nashville, Tenn., has followed in the path of its greater "absorbed sisters."

THE POWER OF TRUE GODLINESS.

S was the son of a very worthy Christian man of humble life in Scotland. When a grown lad he went south to push his way in life. Soon he found himself among the busy scenes of a manufacturing city in England, where religious influence was unfelt, and profanity and infidelity were life. The shafts of ridicule hurled at him and the communications which of necessity he had with irreligious men had their effect. S— became careless, prayerless, churchless and Bible-less.—With a conscience far from sacred he could not rest; with an intellect powerful and inquiring, which was supplied with stimulating reading, he grew in pride of reason and began to think that the forms of religion to which he had been accustomed were all a matter of prejudice, the results of an old-fashioned, priest ridden faith, which only kept down the poor and served the rich; which with the advancing light and liberty of this nineteenth century, all thinking men should cast off as shackles upon fine thought and chains for the working-men. He had agreeable companions too, men who seemed to wish for his happiness and to be prospering themselves and they had no religion. In this state of mind he came to the great commercial metropolis of the United States. Freedom pleased him much, and the utter indifference to all religious denominations by the great proportion of those he met with, as well as the insincere, light and flippant character of the religion he witnessed, when compared with his own early experience strengthened his doubts and confirmed his irreligious tendencies. Still God's Spirit had not forsaken him; good wrestled with the evil in his inner man, and ever and anon in his serious moments of retirement, hallowed memories would come over him, and restless and yearnings after rest. He left the city and went into newer settlements, a sceptic indeed, but not without misgivings as to his now want of faith, for some things had presented themselves to his reflecting mind as the natural result of the want of religion which he saw around him; things which manifestly forboded no good but only evil to the individual and the community. He thought and struggled but prayed not. In the course of his journeyings, he was spending the night at a tavern far in the back-woods. He supped and was sitting reading when two young men entered and cutting for the necessary concomitants of a social meeting sat down to drink and smoke and enjoy themselves. He overheard their conversation. At last it drifted towards religion. Many sentences were uttered similar to those which he had silently cherished in his own bosom, but he had never seen or heard them put in language before. They startled him. A fine handling of Scripture with Scoff and Hunter followed, and our two youth ploughed at Christians, and religion, and boasted that they feared neither God nor man; they would enjoy the world and let heaven and hell alone. While thus they uttered profanity and blasphemy the soul of S— was stirred to its depths. His heart was hot within him. At length one said, "It is all hypocrisy, I don't believe any Christian is what he pretends to be." "That's so," replied his companion with a coarse oath that made the flesh of S— creep. "There's no such thing as religion, it's all a sham; and our Christians are all a pack of knaves and scoundrels." S— could bear it no longer, dropping the magazine he held in his hand, he looked across and said, "See here, my lads, I have heard all your talk; I am no Christian myself; but I tell you you are wrong. There is such a thing as religion, and Christians who are what they profess to be. I know it, for my father was a Christian, and I know he was a good man." He rose and left the scorners, a wiser man. From that day forth better thoughts got the mastery; and though the conflict was long and cruel; though to his dying day, he may carry spiritual scars showing where infidelity wounded him, yet he has been for years a consistent member of the Church of Christ. In all his doubts and strays, all unknown to himself, his heart was held by a father's love; his conscience influenced by a holy life; and his understanding convinced by the living illustration of godliness which a just and devout father had afforded.

A little sin may at once bar the door of heaven, and open the door of hell.

A man has not risen very high who expends his energy only in scorning and contempt for the evil. The ox will not grow very fat and strong which spends its hours in the pasture field homing and scraping up the thistles, to the neglect of filling his stomach with sweet and nutritious grass. And so in the church, the men who boast they can scent out heresy in the very hair of a man's head, or in the cut of his clothes, are very lean and miserable saints for the most part.

Jews of the Week.

CANADIAN.

There were 12 deaths from small-pox during the past week. Rev. John Jones, of Montreal, has been called to preside over Chalmers' Church at the Mills End. 17,508 registered letters were received, and 8,291 despatched from the Montreal post-office in January last. It is now understood in Ottawa that Parliament is announced for the dispatch of business on the 4th of April. The Grand Trunk railway has just closed a contract with the Portland Engine Company, for the manufacture of twenty-four new locomotives. It is expected that the prorogation of the Provincial Parliament will take place about the last day of this month. Mr. Ross, M. P., has formally accepted the nomination of the Reform Convention of Centre Wellington for the House of Commons. A new locomotive has been ordered for the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway, to be named Lucy Dalton, as a mark of respect to Lady Lisgar's niece. The Directors of the Wellington, Grey and Bruce Railway met at Hamilton on the 16th inst., to open the tenders for the construction of the line from Listowel to Lucknow. A Board of Trade has been organized in Walkerton, and Mr. Stephen Noxon is elected President, and Mr. Jabez Stephens is Secretary. The increase of business rendered the step taken absolutely necessary. At a meeting of the congregation of the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, formerly Dr. Ormiston's, it was decided to extend a call to the Rev. Mr. McCall, of Dundas, at a salary of \$2,400, with free manse. The first instalment of the new Canadian silver coin, being \$50,000 in half and quarter dollars, has been received in Montreal. The smaller denominations have been delayed by the breakage of dies, but will not be long behind. It is rumoured that the Militia Department have in contemplation the organization of a new corps, to act on special Government occasions as a guard of honour. The uniform of this projected addition to the "Canadian army," it is said, will be strictly *costume de rigueur*. A Strathroy exchange states that arrangements are now in progress for the grand concert, under the auspices of the St. Andrew's Society, on the evening of the 4th of March next. Mr. Burns, the "Kennedy" of Canada, well known as a humourist and singer, has been engaged for the occasion. On the evening of the 16th inst. a large and influential meeting was held in the Town Hall, Collingwood, in connection with the Hamilton and Hog Bay Railway scheme. It was unanimously resolved to ask the projectors of that railway to fix their northern terminus at Collingwood instead of Hog Bay. The total exports for the year from the port of Port Garry reached about \$80,000; the imports during the same period reached about \$1,000,000. Of course, this leaves out of the account, imports and exports *via* York Factory. Merchants feel severely the grinding system which draws immense sums out of the country by American lines. On Saturday week a terrible tragedy occurred in Prince Edward Island. Two boys, named Melsac and Ellis, belonging to Tracadie Sandhills, found a bottle on the roadside containing what they supposed to be brandy. They drank some; Ellis took the bottle home, and told his mother it contained brandy. She drank some and gave a little to her child. In less than a quarter of an hour Mrs. Ellis, her son, and Melsac were dead. At the latest account the child was alive. It is supposed the bottle contained poison. On Wednesday, the 14th inst., a great and destructive fire broke out in the Iron Block, Front street, Toronto. It was the most calamitous that visited the city for some time. There were eleven stores burned, creating a loss in all of about \$400,000. The following are the names of the principal sufferers:—M. Staunton, room-paper dealer; M. Fisher, dry goods; John Robertson, Son & Co., dry goods; Brunell & Russell, John Charlesworth & Co., dry goods; Barclay & Evans, boots and shoes; Livingston, Johnston & Co., dry goods; Thomas Walls & Co., dry goods, Jennings & Braudon, dry goods; Dobbie & Carrio, dry goods. The Pacific Railway authorities at Ottawa are of opinion that the rumoured loss of McNab's surveying party on Lake Superior should be received with caution. He was last heard from on the 22nd of January, and was then leaving Grand Marais with the view of coasting along the edges of the ice to make Fort William, Silver Islet, or, perhaps, Thunder Cape. In either case, the west end of the Isle Royale, where the last newspaper accounts place him, was a long way out of his intended course; and as the reported storm was on the night of the 24th of January, in all probability he has made one or other of these places before the storm overtook him. If Mr. Nab has reached any of points indicated, it will be some time before he can be heard from. His party was composed of about twenty persons, mainly from Collingwood and that neighbourhood. One or two were from Toronto. The "nine hours' movement" is likely to be a subject of contention in this Province for some time to come. The agitation commenced in Hamilton, and is extending to other places. The following protest, signed by 150 manufacturers, builders, and traders of Hamilton, has been published, against the introduction of the nine hours' system:—"Whereas, certain of the mechanics and workmen of Hamilton purpose to initiate the nine hours' system into this city, and as the introduction of such a system would be most disastrous, alike to employers and employees, by retarding our manufacturing and commercial advancement, giving competitors throughout the Dominion an advantage over us, so that Hamilton would lose her now proud position as the first manufacturing city in Ontario, thereby inevitably crippling our industries. Therefore, be it resolved: That we, the manufacturers, builders, and other tradesmen of the city of Hamilton, feel it our duty to oppose this movement, and not to lessen in any wise the number of hours now constituting a day's work, attaching our signatures in confirmation."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Prince Herlick Charles has gone on a visit to Egypt. The Emperor and Empress of Brazil are now at Madrid. The funeral of the late Governor-General of India, Earl Mayo, took place on Saturday last. A thanksgiving service will be held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Dublin, on the 27th ult. Three thousand journeymen in the shipyards of Farrow, on the Tyne, have struck work. The Prince of Wales intends to go to Yarmouth to recuperate, so says the *Court Circular*. The Presbyterian Synod of Northern India design establishing a theological seminary at Allahabad. Robert Collogo, Constantinople, which was opened in 1863, has become self-sustaining, and has in attendance 250 students. Nearly 90,000 Germans have emigrated from Fatherland during the past year. A great majority have gone to the United States. It is reported in London that Viscount Monk, who was Governor-General of Canada from 1861 to 1863, will be appointed viceroy of India. The wheat crop in England last year is estimated at 76,000,000 bushels, a falling off of about 21,000,000 bushels from the year previous. The London Rowing Club has accepted the challenge of the Atlantic Club, of New York, to row a race with four-oared boats on the Thames in June. Chief Justice Cockburn, the British member of the Geneva Board, approves of the Government's refusal to admit claims for indirect damages. Generals Von Moltke and Von Roon have been created life Peers by Royal decree, and will take their seats in the Upper Chamber of the Prussian Diet. Baron Napier, Governor of the Madras Presidency, who succeeds to the Governor-Generalship of India, *pro tem.* is expected to arrive at Calcutta on the 20th. Mr. John Bright is about to receive a handsome ebony cabinet containing a collection of the finest art pottery, from his admirers in the Staffordshire Potteries. The Consuls and other representatives at Bucharest have united in making formal demands on Prince Charles for the protection of the Jews in principalities. The Regius Professorship of Physic at Cambridge University, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Bond, has been accepted by Dr. Paget, brother of Sir James Paget, Bart. Sonor Sagasta has been entrusted with the duty of forming a new Ministry, which will be composed partly of his own adherents and partly of members of the Unionist party. A London despatch from St. Helen's Laneshire, reports a most serious calamity in that town this morning. The boiler of a factory exploded, killing and injuring many persons. The Emperor of Germany, who is in his 75th year, is indisposed, and Queen Dowager Elizabeth, who is in the 71st year of her age, is also ill, and fears are entertained of a serious result. The Right Hon. Edward Cardwell, Secretary of State for War, has submitted to Parliament his annual estimate for the expenses of the army during the year. The figures show a reduction of a million pounds from the estimates of last year. A Constantinople telegram states that the first railway train connecting Turkey with Europe, and skirting the Sea of Marmora entered Stamboul on the 23rd ult., crossing the old Seraglio and stopping at the terminus near the custom house. It is reported that the Pope, on Sunday last, signed a decree recalling the Ecumenical Council to meet either in the Island of Malta or the Tyrol, as shall be hereafter determined. It is said that when the Council meets the Pope will leave Rome. It is understood that the Chancellor of the Exchequer contemplates the abolition of the office of Paymaster-General. The proposal is strongly opposed in all the departments which will be affected by the change, but Mr. Lowe, it is said, is resolute. Correspondence has taken place between several committees of London Dissenters and Mr. Gladstone in regard to the rumored intention of the Government to endow a Roman Catholic University in Ireland. The Premier, however, assures them that there is no foundation for this report. The *Times* in its issue of Tuesday last, says the companies operating the existing cables between Europe and America have agreed upon a basis whereby the French company will proceed to lay another cable. The article hints that a modification of the present tariff upon cable despatches may be expected. The *Scots Times* has the following from Bas Unterwald:—"Strikes are becoming the fashion in the higher circles of society. The physicians of this peaceful Arcadia have united and struck work, demanding an increase in their work. The Landrath, however, refuses to entertain their claims, and advises a strike of the patients as the best answer to the physicians' demands. Mr. Gladstone has written a letter explaining the position of Her Majesty's Government in relation to the Washington Treaty, and denying the utterance of the offensive language recently attributed to him. The letter was declared to be genuine by Gladstone from his place in the House of Commons. It is said to create a profound sensation in England. William Fowler, M. P., for Cambridge, in addressing his constituents a few days ago, dwelt at some length on the "Alabama" Claims case. In alluding to the claims of the United States for indirect damages, he said, "England should not bluster, nor should she submit to be bullied." He believed the country, "to a man," had made up its mind if its American Cousins wanted money they would have to "come and take it." A Bonapartist conspiracy has been discovered in France. The intention was to disperse the Assembly, and take possession of the Government. The Generals under the late Emperor were to be the leaders, and were to be supported by a large number of ex-officers and soldiers from the north. The Government is taking extraordinary precautions to guard against the danger, in Paris and Versailles the police force has been doubled, and troops have received orders to remain in their barracks ready for action. THE QUEEN AND THE INDIAN ARMY.—The Queen has sent, through His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief, the following gracious reply to Lord Napier's expression, on behalf of the army, of sympathy for the Queen's anxiety, and congratulation on the improvement of the Prince's health:—"The Queen desires to express to you her gratitude for the kind feeling shown by yourself and the army in India towards Her Majesty at this trying time. The latest intelligence of the Prince is most satisfactory."—*Romby Gazette.*

The redoubtable Sir Charles Dilke is still in the field; he addressed his constituents at Chelsea on Saturday evening last. The meeting was crowded and at the outset was slightly disorderly. Ample precautions, however, had been taken against trouble. The platform was raised so high that it could not be scaled. The seats were nailed to the floor, and the police were on hand in force. Sir Charles delivered a long and powerful speech. He protested against the effort to suppress the free discussion of the moral principle. He had attacked monarchism because of the evils it engendered. Never did the rich less understand the wants of the poor, and should they continue to ignore them grave results would follow. He warned his opponents to beware, or they might push people to far. Alluding to the relations of England and the United States, he attributed the existing state of ill-feeling to the ignorance which prevailed in aristocratic circles of American institutions. At the beginning and close of his address the orator was cheered.

UNITED STATES.

General Sherman will be in Egypt from the 16th to the 20th March. Mayor Hall's trial has been postponed till next Monday, when it is said it will positively proceed. Secretary Boutwell has issued the usual annual order closing the Treasury Department on Washington's birthday. In the Senate a resolution was adopted to print 25,000 copies of the case of the United States against Great Britain. The Grand Ducal party left New Orleans on Sunday by rail for Pensacola, via Mobile, where the Russian fleet awaits them. California now presents an appearance as advanced as the Western States in June, and the contrast with their late experience in snow delights the new comers beyond measure. David Leith, of St. Louis, has instituted suit in the Circuit Court against Henry Dausman to recover \$100,000 damages for the loss of his wife's love, society, service, assistance and comfort, through the machinations of the defendant. The grand international musical festival, projected by P. S. Gilmore, to take place at Boston next June, has assumed every indication of success. The required amount for the building, \$200,000, has been subscribed, and various committees appointed, embracing a large number of wealthy and energetic citizens. Contracts for the building will be immediately made. The execution of Isaac Van Wart Buckhart, the Sleepy-Hollow murderer, took place on the 16th inst., in the presence of about 300 spectators. The almost incomprehensible firmness displayed by the wretched man since the sentence of death was passed upon him, he still evinced during the trying hours preceding his execution. Mike Madjin, alias Curly, one of the rioters at Los Angeles, who shot many times in Chinese houses, is convicted of manslaughter. It is thought there will be several other similar convictions. The committee of the city council of Los Angeles, to whom was referred the petition of the Chinese for compensation for destruction of property, have reported against allowing their claims. The Virginia Superintendent of Public Instruction, in his first annual report, tells of a rather striking instance of double magnanimity. In one of the districts of Henrico County, the negroes were largely in the majority as voters, while the whites owned all the taxable property. When the question of providing for public schools by local taxation was submitted to the voters, the negroes unanimously declined to vote, on the ground that though they would be more largely benefited than the whites by the establishment of schools, they did not feel that it would be right for them as non-taxpayers to vote the tax. The white people, determined not to be outdone in magnanimity, voted to a man for the tax; and so they have a curious kind of conflict between the two races in that part of Henrico county, which promises to result in the utter extermination of all ill-feeling between them.

A CHRISTIAN WARRIOR RETIRING TO REST IN DEATH.

BY THE REV. W. ROSS, LOCHIEL. Well done, brave warrior, well done, Thou hast thy course of duty run, Rest now on high, Above the sky— Thy warfare's o'er, For evermore. Strong were thy foes without, within, Malignant, subtle and unseen; But thou for them a match hast been, Through thy dear Lord, By saints adored, Who gave thee power In the evil hour, To stand, and fight, and win the day, Who gave thee strength thy foes to slay, And in the dust them low to lay. When cares o'erwhelm and hardships pressed, When pinching want reared up her crest, When foes come fast Thy joys to blast, Day after day, In life's rough way, Then He who stilleth the raging sea, The tracheous waves of Gallée And made the storm a calm to be, Dispersed thy fears, And dried thy tears; And said believe, My peace I give; All power is mine, beneath, above, To thee I proved, and still will prove, The freeness of my boundless love. A prince in Israel fell when thou In death's embrace didst lowly bow. And now we mourn, Because thou torn Art from our side Across the tide— The cold, the dark, the hazy stream On which no earthly light can gleam; But still on which a ray does beam From yonder shore— You peaceful shore— Where all is light Without a night, Where wintry storms are quite unknown— Where Jesus sits upon the throne— And where from us thou now art gone. Now on the bright celestial shore, God's praise set forth for evermore. The prize thou hast— All danger's past— Through Christ alone, Through Christ alone, No battle's roar— no din of arms— No painful throes no false alarms— No enemy with beguiling charms— Will e'er be known Where thou hast gone, To smother thy bliss, Or spoil thy peace. But pleasures there in tides shall swell, And joys which none on earth can tell She'll in thy bosom ever dwell.

Ecclesiastical.

The Annual Synod of the C. P. Church, Whitby, was held in the Mechanics' Hall on the evening of Thursday, the 16th inst., and as the evening was fine, a large number assembled. Tea was served in excellent style. Tables being cleared, effective addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs Sanderson, of the Methodist Church, Whitby; Donald, of Port Hope, R. McLennan, formerly Kirk minister in the place, and Rev. D. Thorton, Oshawa. These speeches were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music of the best kind, furnished, with one exception, by those connected with the Church. The meeting was one of the most successful of the kind which has been held, and broke up at a good hour, all well pleased. The proceeds go toward liquidating the debt of the Church.

FAREWELL MEETING.—A farewell meeting was held on the 23rd of January, in the Presbyterian Church, Warkworth, as a mark of respect to the Rev. Thomas Alexander, on the eve of his removal from Percy. After a lecture by a neighbouring minister, three addresses were presented to Mr. Alexander, 1. By the congregation; 2. by his female Bible class, and 3. by the community. The several addresses gave expression to the respect and esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Alexander have been held during their residence of nearly 14 years in Percy, and the sincere regret of all classes of the community at their contemplated departure. Accompanied with the addresses there was presented to Mr. Alexander a purse of \$110, and another to Mrs. Alexander of \$70—making in all \$180, which has, since the meeting, been raised to \$200 by kind friends in Hastings. Mr. Alexander preached his farewell sermon on 21st of January. The church was densely filled. The services were very solemn, especially when he drew near the close, and pronounced the significant word *farewell*.—*Com.*

AILSA CRAIG—CHURCH OPENING.—The thriving village of Ailsa Craig is prettily situated on the banks of the Soulo River at the point where the Grand Trunk Railway crosses that stream, and is surrounded by one of the finest agricultural districts of Ontario. During the past eighteen months it has witnessed the erection of three new churches, Episcopal, Baptist and Presbyterian. The last named was opened for public worship on the 21st of January. Appropriate and eloquent discourses were preached on the occasion by the Rev. J. Goldsmith, of Seaford, and the Rev. Jas. Malcolm of English Settlement. On Monday evening a soiree was held when addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs Goldsmith, Malcolm, Davis, (Episcopalian), Smiley, (Wesleyan), &c. The proceeds of collections on Sabbath were \$160 33, and of soiree on Monday, \$169 80, total \$330 13, which along with the amount subscribed and partly paid will meet the entire cost of the building. The church is of white brick, and is ornamented with a neat spire. It seats 250 persons, and cost \$2,230. Until two years ago the Presbyterian families at Ailsa Craig formed part of the congregation at Carlisle, long under the charge of the Rev. W. Fletcher, now of Manitoba. They have since been erected into a district organization, though still in connection with Carlisle, (now under the pastorate of the Rev. John Rennie) though few in numbers (only some twenty families), they have put their shoulders strongly to the wheel, and with God's blessing their efforts have been crowned with far greater success than the most sanguine had ventured to hope for. Though comparatively weak the cause here is steadily advancing with hopeful prospects in the future.

THE PRESBYTERY OF STRATFORD.

This Presbytery met at St. Mary's on the 6th inst., Rev. Allan Findlay, moderator. Out of fifteen ministers eleven were present, together with six elders. A call from the congregation of Hibbert to Mr. Peter Scott, was sustained. Mr. Scott, by telegram, intimated his acceptance of it, and his trials for ordination were appointed to be heard on the 20th instant. The congregation were instructed through their commissioners to report before Mr. Scott's ordination that they had considered and decided in regard to the rule of paying their minister's salary quarterly or half-yearly in advance. Mr. Mitchell, as convener of the committee appointed to make arrangements for the expected delegates from the Foreign Mission Committee, reported that no such delegates had or might be expected to come forward. His conduct in making arrangements was sustained, and it was agreed to notify the convener of the Foreign Mission Committee of the fact now stated. Deputations to missionary meetings reported. Mr. A. Y. Hartley delivered a lecture on Rom. 5: 1-2, which was approved, and Mr. H. encouraged to proceed in his studies. He was further instructed to deliver at next ordinary meeting of Presbytery a lecture on Heb. 1: 1-3. The records of the session of Elma Centre were examined and attested, and records not produced as yet were again ordered for next meeting. Dr. Waters reported that he had communicated with the convener of the committee on the Fund for aged and infirm ministers, as instructed, but had as yet received no answer; and he was instructed further to prosecute the application. The principle of appointing alternates to commissioners to the General Assembly was approved. Mr. Hamilton read an essay on the benefits which may arise from presbyterial conferences on subjects connected with the work of the Gospel ministry, and the Presbytery had conference on that subject. On motion of Mr. Macpherson, seconded by Dr. Waters, a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Hamilton for his excellent essay. It was agreed to have a conference on "Difficulties in Ministerial Work" at next ordinary meeting, in the evening.—Mr. Macpherson to introduce the subject. The As-

sembly's remit on instrumental music was taken up, when Dr. Waters moved in effect that the subject be left to sessions under presbyterial supervision. Mr. Macpherson moved in amendment to the effect that the Assembly pass no sanction, but allow liberty of conscience in all such matters. The moderator's casting vote was given in favour of the motion of Dr. Waters. At Mr. Gordon's request, his dissent was recorded. Answers to questions on the state of religion were ordered to be sent to Mr. Boyd, Crosshill, before the 15th of March. The Presbytery agreed that no further steps in regard to union should be taken until the Supreme Courts of the negotiating Churches have taken action on the basis of union. It was agreed that the expenses of presbyterial deputations visiting congregations should be paid out of the Presbyterial Fund. Presbytery adjourned, to meet for ordinary business at Stratford on the 20th inst., at 2 o'clock p.m.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT METIS, QUEBEC.

A thanksgiving meeting was held on the first day of the year in the C. P. Mause, Metis, Q. The weather was favourable, and the attendance what, in these circumstances, it should have been. After the devotional exercises were over, all present withdrew into another part of the Manso. Of the things there provided for their entertainment and instruction, I shall now give a sketch. On the wall of the principle room, opposite the door by which the visitors entered, was a long, broad, red scroll with the inscription, "1872, A Happy New Year to you all." At one end of it was a blue flag with the coat-of-arms of the Presbyterian Church, the burning bush, and the motto "Nec tamen consume fatur," (Yet it was not consumed). At the other end was another blue flag on which were the words, "For Christ's Crown and the Covenant." The latter reminded the student of Scottish Church History of the times of the Covenanters, "these ages of darkness and blood, when the ministers home was the mountain and wood." In other parts of the room were several flags of different colours. Four of these bore respectfully, the names of Knox, Calvin, Luther, and Wyclif. On another was the inscription "Honore ton pere et ta mere," (Honour thy father and thy mother). The walls were also decorated with pictures. Some of these were missionary ones. Among the others, were a representation of the marriage of the Marquis of Lorne, and H.R.H. the Princess Louise, and portraits of the bridegroom and bride, the bridesmaids, the present Duke of Argyll, and the Marquis of the same name whose memory is still dear to all Scotch Presbyterians. A large medallion of Calvin which was also on the wall, was encircled with evergreens. The principle object of attraction, however, was on the table in the centre. It consisted of an eight-sided three-storey monument, surmounted with a small spire. On one of the panels of the lowest storey was an inscription stating that the monument was in memory of the confessors and martyrs in Britain. On alternate panels were others corresponding thereto. On the second storey were four imitations of sculpture. One represented a full-length statue of Knox. Another represented a covenanter leaning against a tree and reading his Bible. Another represented a woman fastened to a stake and about to be overwhelmed by the rising tide. This was a reference to the story of the Winton martyrs. Another represented a man who burned at the stake. The base was formed of three flight of steps. The whole was four feet high. The colours used, were yellowish buff, light blue, rose, and white. The monument was represented as standing in the midst of a grass plot. Around it was a mimic gravel walk. At the outside trees appeared to be growing. From the four corners sprang two arches of evergreens, intersecting each other, which were decorated with the flags of 36 nations, the highest of which was, I need hardly say, the twin-cross one of Britain. The whole was the work of the Pastor. An adjoining room was, for the occasion, turned in a picture gallery. The pictures in both rooms were about 300, with only one or two exceptions, all different from those which were exhibited at last New Year's Festival. The picture gallery was also decorated with 17 flags, comprising the British Royal standard, the Union Jack, and those of the United States, France, Prussia, Holland, Italy, Chili, Norway, Sweden, China, Turkey, Egypt, and Tripoli. Books in fifteen languages, and some specimens of fancy work contributed by friends in Toronto and neighbourhood, for a bazaar, were also exhibited in it. After the visitors were all assembled, refreshments were handed round among them. The pastor next made a few explanatory remarks on the movement, and some other objects of interest. This was followed by the reading of an original poem on the transfer of the fortress of Quebec from the Imperial to the Dominion Government. A portion of the National Anthem was then sung with two verses relating to the Prince of Wales, written for the occasion, after which the meeting broke up.

THE CONFESSIONAL.—Another rude shock will be felt by those hankers after the Confessional, as practiced in the Church of Rome, by the revelation of a scandalous case which will now obtain world wide notoriety through the columns of the leading journal. It is the old, old story. Up to last autumn a modest, cheerful, blooming girl earned enough by her labors, as a skillful dress-maker, to support herself and her mother decently; but in an evil hour she was persuaded to go to "general confession," to a Father Gabriel, of the order of the Carmelite Brethren. "Decency (say the mother) does not permit me to say what he did there with my daughter or to repeat the speeches which he addressed to her." Now the daughter is a wreck—the inmate of a lunatic asylum, and the desolate mother has made the case public in a letter to a newspaper as a warning to others." The details of the case are given by the Austrian correspondent of the *Times*, who states that the letter promises to become the subject of a cause, *celebre* of far-reaching effect.—*Exchange.*

## Sabbath School Teacher.

## TELLING AND ACTING A LIE.

One of the teachers in Mt. Holyoke Seminary, on reading Jacob Abbot's last book, entitled "Gentle Measures," expressed surprise at the distinction which he makes in one of the chapters between *telling* and *acting* a lie, and raised the question whether it is ever right to act a lie. On learning the view which she took of the matter Mr. Abbot sends us a letter for her, explaining his views more fully, from which we take the following passage:—

I made two distinctions in question, in my book, under the impression that when in our instructions to young persons we put two unequal sins on a par, with a view of deterring them more effectually from the commission of the lesser one, we are in great danger of weakening their abhorrence of the greater one. If you have had time, since writing your note, to examine the chapter more fully, I should like to know what view you take of the illustration I give, that there would be a difference between having a wooden leg made with a view, on the part of the wearer, of making people think it was a living one, and telling an absolute falsehood about it, by saying in so many words that it was really a living one. Or, if a boy recovering from a sickness were to be left seated near a window with a cup of medicine in his hands, and were to throw the medicine out of the window with a view of deceiving his mother, and leading her to think that he had taken it, we should both agree, no doubt, that he would be so doing commit a great sin; but suppose that when his mother came in he were to look her in the face and say in words that *he had taken it*, would or would not this be a somewhat different and somewhat greater and more aggravating form of the sin? If you will write to me informing me how the question strikes your mind in respect to these points, I will reconsider the subject, in view of the suggestions that you make.

And as to the effect of teaching this doctrine, supposing it to be true, I have been accustomed to consider it a sound principle that in general whatever is actually true in morals may be safely taught; but it is undoubtedly true that a principle which is generally sound may be subject to exceptions in the application of it.

## TRY IT.

Brother Superintendents:—It is wrong and wicked for us to feel that because we have not all the qualifications of some others, that because we cannot teach or pray, or sing as well as they, that we may not do noble work for the master.

One of the best superintendents I know of to-day in our State, is a man who can hardly read his lesson correctly. A man whose advantages have been so limited that if any man could be well excused he could. He is so conscious of his own inability, that he reads his next Sabbath's lesson each morning through the weak at family worship, and then as they have preaching but one Sabbath in the month, he has a prayer-meeting each Sabbath morning before the school opens, when the lesson is again read and prayed over; then at the opening of the school this man reads it again, and by this time, though not always free from mistakes, it's the most eloquent reading I ever listened to, for they are words spoken by one whose heart is on fire with them. And through this man's influence, and principally the reading of our lesson series of the past year, twenty-six souls have found the way to Christ. Then do not let us feel that because we cannot do all that others can, that we can do work that shall fill our crown with the diadem of redeemed souls in the day that Jesus shall say, "Come, ye blessed of my father."

## PREPARING A LESSON.

To the question, "How to prepare a Bible lesson," the following answers were given at a recent Sabbath-school Convention. They are brief, but illustrate well the different methods by which a variety of teachers endeavour to achieve the same great result, a wise and forcible representation of God's word.

1. Realize that all true spiritual light comes from God, and pray for the Spirit's help. 2. Read carefully the passage itself, without helps, to get out of it what you can. What is thus gotten is your own, awakens you, and will awaken others. 3. Then consult commentaries—a good brief, suggestive one, if possible; and thus get the light of other minds to aid your own. 4. Spend what time is possible in searching for, and laying up illustrations and apt anecdotes to illuminate and fix the truth in the mind.

Study every word closely and carefully endeavouring to grasp the idea of the passage. If anything is likely to be beyond the reach of the scholars, consider carefully how to make it clear to them by illustration, etc. Use commentaries, if anything seems obscure.

After prayer, read the Scripture, then study it with the help of commentaries, and then talk it over alone in your room just as though you had your class before you. Drill yourself first.

1. Ascertain what the passage is designed to teach. 2. Arrange the thoughts according to their importance. 3. Seek for illustrations of the various points. 4. Obtain what other light I can from commentators and others. 5. Pray that my own mind may be properly impressed with it, that I may speak with the spirit and the understanding.

1. Get a thorough knowledge of the scope of the whole lesson and context. 2. Compare all parallel passages. 3. Study all allusions to places, people, and manners or customs. 4. After thorough thinking of the whole subject alone, ascertain what commentaries say about it.

1. Give myself anew to God, and ask divine illumination. 2. Seek the mind of God on the passage. 3. Study the lesson with all helps I can command from human sources. 4. Remember the peculiar mental habits and modes of my class, that I may follow the law of adaptation. 5. Get full of the subject—brimful, running over.

1. Commit the lesson to memory. 2. Pray for light. 3. Note thoughts upon the same. 3. Collect and arrange best thoughts. 5. Consult authorities. 6. Arrange as follows: Persons, Places, Dates, Doings, Doctrines, Duties.

Study the lesson faithfully from my Bible, and then apply to my commentators after I have exhausted my own powers. This gives me fresh biblical thoughts for my scholars.

## THE BEST TEACHERS.

Dean Stanley said in a recent address, that the solution of all educational difficulties was to find really capable teachers. He wished to impress those who had to go out to commence the work of teaching, that it depended on their exertions—on the amount of heart and soul which they could throw into their work, and on the amount of energy and the power of imparting energy, which they could bring to bear—whether the education of the children in their hands should be a complete success or a total failure. The solution of educational difficulties depended not so much upon the question talked about, as upon the character of the teachers that institutions were able to turn out. The deepest impressions carried from childhood into manhood, were impressions not only of what had been thought, but of the manner in which the instruction had been given.

## THE HARVEST HOUR.

We are at this moment probably near the height of the harvest season of souls. The winter frivolities to which the Church too much gives heed, is past; fairs and festivals, with their questionable additions, are gone. The little money they give is spent, though the large demoralization they effect is yet unspent. The Lyceum, another drawback on the Church's prosperity, is about 'run out.' There is a little corner in which can be put a little work directly for God and souls. It is too little to deserve much reward, as the minister pungently tells the sinner how mean he is if he uses all his life for the world, and only gives his dying moments to God.

Much more is the Church mean and stingy that appropriates ten months of the year to idleness or vanity, or means to pay debts, and support its minister, and only pretends to give a month or two to saving souls. Yet some churches hardly do that. But God who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith He hath loved us, is still willing to favor Zion under such miserly unfaithfulness, and especially willing to favor that Zion which has kept pressing at the mercy-seat. This is His favorite season. Long evenings, brisk atmospheres, leisure hours in both town and country, are the favoring circumstances. The Holy Spirit descends on souls now as the ethereal influence will soon,—

—*in a shower of staid roses, on our plain descend.*  
Will the Church avail itself of this promise? If the husbandman sits idly by while the April showers and May sun break up and warm up the soil, the whole community call him a loafer. How much more is that minister and Church thus justly branded who let this season of grace pass unimpaired.

Be up and doing. Plough, sow, harvest all at once. Have extra meetings. Hold on to them! Get extra help! Don't be afraid of anybody who can bring souls to Christ, brother or sister, black or white, young or old. Call upon them. Does the busy farmer query as to help? He puts all that come into the field, and pays for the work done. So press all you can into your help. Get the praying bands, blessed institution, to help you. Hold on when you start. Don't be scared off, or driven off, or tired off. The last is the chief test. Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not. Many fruits are being gathered. Great revivals are setting the land a flame. Be equally faithful, and a like reward is yours.—*Zion's Herald.*

## Our Young Folks.

## GETTING UP STAIRS.

Ill! the baby is getting up stairs  
One step, two steps, three steps, slow.  
Down she comes with a thump, thump, thump,  
Mamma kisses the little blue bump.  
Higher next time will the baby go,  
Mother love watches her, high or low.

Life's a continual climbing of stairs:  
What if too eager ones tumble and fall?  
Up again, try again, visit each time,  
Safely at last shall the brave feet climb.  
Fear not to love the rallying call,  
God's dear love watches over us all.

## FOUR YEARS OLD.

I am four years old to-day;  
Just as big as I can be!  
Tom is coming here to play—  
Tom and Joe and Jimmy Leo,  
Mamma baked a cake so tall!  
So! the top is white as snow,  
What if I should eat it all?  
Toll me, would it make me grow?  
We shall have a lot of fun—  
Tom and Joe and Jim and me;  
We'll be horses; and we'll run  
Just like fury—whoa! howl! gee!  
Come in boys, don't be afraid,  
I am four years old you know.  
See my cake, that mamma made!  
Look! it's just as white as snow.  
Fanny, reach me down my cap;  
Find my hoo—we want to dig.  
Baby sits in mamma's lap—  
She can't hold me, I'm so big!  
Stay and help us harness, please;  
Get a string that's good to hold,  
Come out doors, now, we shan't freeze;  
We're big boys—we're four years old!

Young friends, education is to you what polish and refinement is to the true diamond. In its rude state the diamond resembles a stone, or piece of charcoal; but when cut and manufactured it comes out a bright and beautiful diamond, and is sold at a great price. so it is with you. Education calls forth the hidden treasures and latent brilliancies of your minds, which previously lie dormant and inactive, or, in other words asleep. It cultivates and develops your understandings, and fits and prepares you for the duties and responsibilities of coming years, which we trust will be years of usefulness, useful to yourselves, to your associates, and society at large.

## "FOLLOW MY LEADER."

In all sheep-grazing countries you will find the land all crossed over with little, narrow, well-beaten paths, formed by the sheep as they follow each other in regular order. It is one of the peculiarities of this animal to always follow a leader, and one of great advantage to those who have them to drive. It would be a difficult matter for the shepherd to collect his scattered flock at night-fall, if it were not for this trait. Once start them on the right road, and all is well.

But there is one difficulty about this blind way they have of always following the leader. It sometimes happens that the leader falls over a precipice, or makes some foolish and dangerous move. But his example is not heeded by the silly sheep. They all press onward, and do as their leader did. If he leaps, in a moment of fright, from a high bridge, all the rest are quite likely to do the same, unless some one can reach the spot, and by force turn them aside.

Boys are fond of playing "Follow my leader," and often the play or the reality goes on when they least think of it. There are boy-leaders in every school and neighbourhood, and as their leaders are, so are, in a large measure, the boys that follow them. Where the boy-leader is a noble, manly lad, with high principles, he is a blessing, indeed, to the little circle. But where his character is the reverse of all these, woe to the poor lads who follow his lead. Not more disastrous is the fate of the poor sheep who heedlessly follow their leader over the dreadful precipice, to be dashed to pieces on the cruel rocks.

Do not follow the boy who uses bad language, speaks slightly of his mother's authority, goes rambling off in the woods on the Sabbath day, and is ready to fight any smaller boy who offends him. To go in his paths is to walk in the ways of death. The noble Christian boy, who loves his mother's fireside and reveres her name, is a far safer associate and guide. After all, there is no perfect human guide; but God has given us in His word an example that is perfect. It is the Lord Jesus Christ, whose example is spotless, and who will help us to grow more and more like Him, if we will but yield ourselves to His guidance.—*Presbyterian.*

## REMEMBERING.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Hugh, "I can't remember this long, hard lesson;" and throwing down his book impatiently, he gazed longingly out of the window at Harry Seaton and Will Garson playing ball across the street.

"You can remember ever so many errands when your mother sends you down town," said Cousin Ethel, quietly.  
"Oh, yes," replied Hugh, his face suddenly brightening up; "but that's different from learning a geography lesson."

"What is your lesson about?" asked Cousin Ethel, after a little pause.

Hugh was so much interested in the game going on across the street that he did not hear the question until it was asked the second time.

"Here it is," he replied at last, handing her the book; "all of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. I've read it over twice, and can't recite a bit of it."

"If your mother should send you down the street after a spool of thread, a pound of pepper, a package of envelopes, a bar of soap, a paper of pins, and some note paper, do you think you could remember all of them?"

"But mamma would not give me errands in that way," said Hugh, laughing.

"Why not?" asked Cousin Ethel, "you know how to buy all these things."

"Yes; but she would tell me to go to a grocery store and get the pepper and—what next, Cousin Ethel?"

"A bar of soap."

"Oh, yes; then go to a trimming store for the thread and pins, and come back by a stationery store for the—I've forgot already."

"Envelopes and paper," continued Cousin Ethel, smiling. "So it is because all these errands are arranged, or told you in order, that you can remember them, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Hugh, wondering what this would have to do with his lesson.

"Now suppose you try to straighten out your geography lesson in the same way. Take Ohio first, study the large print, what is said of soil and climate; then learn about the rivers, towns, and so on, till you get to the end of that part of the lesson; don't you think you can do that much?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Hugh, beginning to get quite interested; "but I have to learn it all."

"Suppose you stand at the bottom of the school-house stairs, and say, 'I can't reach the top in one step or two, or three—no use in trying.'"

"That would be very foolish," replied Hugh, laughing; "so I am to take one step at a time in my lesson, am I, and keep it straight in my mind, as mamma does the errands?"

"Yes, that's the way," said Cousin Ethel; "but one thing more—suppose while your mother is telling you where to go, and what to buy, you are trying about half the time to count the marbles in your bag."

"I see," exclaimed Hugh, interrupting her; "I must pay attention, as mamma says."

"Yes; get it straight in your head, what you want to learn; take one step at a time, and give your whole attention to it, and see if your hard geography will not grow easier."

"I'll try this way of remembering," replied Hugh.

"And if you keep on doing so, faithfully, year after year, your memory will improve more than you now imagine."  
—*National Baptist.*

## THE ARITHMETIC LESSON.

"If Nellie makes her mother happy four times every day, how many times will she make her happy in a year?"

Nellie's father had brought home a new slate for her, and as she was so much interested in arithmetic, she had asked her mother to give her a "sum to do." This was the question her mother had proposed.

"Nellie said to herself, 'If I make mother happy four times a day, then, as there are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, I shall make her happy three hundred and sixty-five times four.'"

As she thought it would be more convenient in multiplying she put down three hundred and sixty-five first on her slate, and four under it, and found the answer to be one thousand four hundred and sixty.

"One thousand four hundred and sixty times. O, mother, only think of that! I mean to begin to-day, and perhaps, if I try, I can make her happy more than four times a day. Perhaps I might two thousand times a year."

"But there are others in the family, Nellie. Think of your father and little brother, and Cousin Alice, who comes to see us sometimes. Think of all your friends! It may be in your power to make somebody else happy twenty times every day, and that would be many thousands in a year! and do not forget that this arithmetic will give just as true an account of the unhappiness you cause. How sad to think you might make somebody unhappy many thousand times every year!"

Little boy, how many times a day do you show an unkind or disobedient spirit? Somebody is always made unhappy by it. Think of the multiplication table, and see how much sorrow or how much happiness you may cause your dear mother or your dear friends in a year. Oh, I do hope, as you think of this, you will ask Jesus to make you like Him, and help you give some one cause for joy every day.

## THE GRACE THAT PINCHES.

BY THEO. L. OUYER, D. D.

The prevailing sin of the day is *self-indulgence*. It is eating like a canker into the life of many of our churches. It leaves Christ's ministers to address empty pews on unpleasant Sabbaths. It robs Christ's treasury to keep up a showy "turn-out." If it hangs a bough of profession over on the churchside of the dividing wall, yet its roots are deep down in the soil of the world. It is often ready to deny Christ, but seldom ready to deny itself.

The most unpopular doctrine to preach in these times, and the hardest one to practice, is the old-fashioned apostolic doctrine of *self-denial*. This is the grace that pinches.

The daily battle of Christian principle is with that artful, subtle, greedy sinner, self. And the highest victory of our religion is to follow Jesus over the rugged path of self-denial. This is mainly to be done in the little every-day acts of life. The great occasions that demand sublime sacrifice are few and rare.

The Christian who suppresses a jest or a witticism, because it would burlesque his religion, practices self-denial. When he speaks out a bold but unpopular word for the right—m "fashionable society"—he is really taking up a cross for his Master. All genuine acts of philanthropy are born of the noble principle to deny self, and to honour Christ in the persons of these for whom Christ suffered.

The mission school teacher who sallies off in the driving storm to carry his Gospel loaf to a group of hungry children, is an example of this. "Why should I sit by the warm fire on my sofa to-day? Christ will look for me among my class." The seamstress who drops her hard-earned dollar into the Memorial Fund collection is really enthroning her Saviour above herself. Those educated Northern girls who went South to teach ragged freedmen their alphabet and the Bible are truer ladies in God's sight than all the self-pampering belles who air their fineries on Fifth or Wash Avenue.

We can not emphasize too strongly this grace which pinches selfishness. I care not how orthodox is a man's creed, or eloquent may be his prayers in public, if he has never learned to say "no" to the demands of fashion, and pride, and luxury, he is but a sorry specimen of the Christ-man.

What a touching lesson of self-denial we behold in every crutch and in every "empty sleeve" of those heroes in blue whom we meet yet on all our public thoroughfares! These noble men counted not their limbs dear, if only the nation might be saved, and freedom might triumph. Yet there are thousands of professed Christians who are unwilling to deny themselves the paltry gratification of a glass of wine or ale in order to help the sentiment of total abstinence to become popular, or to aid in saving the "weak brother who stumbleth." They know they are setting a bad example when they use or offer the poison-cup. They know that they are throwing their influence on the side of the tipplers. Yet, because it is "genteel" to partake of wine or punch, they do not hesitate to "take a drop" in the social circle. Perhaps they thrust the decanter before some weak, temptable friend, to his everlasting damnation! If the drunkard shall "not inherit the kingdom of heaven," what right has a professed Christian to ask to be admitted to heaven if he has helped to make a drunkard of his neighbour? I fear that God will say to the "pious" tempter, "That man's blood will I require at thy hands." Paul acted with a truer spirit of Christ when he uttered the noble precept, "It is good not to drink wine whereby my brother stumbleth."

Brother! let us pray for the grace that pinches. "If it goes against the grain," all the better. If it wounds our pride, so much the better. If it makes us look "singular," let us remember that we are commanded to be a "peculiar people," and not to look like the votaries of Satan. Brave old Doctor Wisner—who went home the other day to glory—was once the most singular man in the village of Ithaca. He dared to stand alone. He was ever ready to testify on the Lord's side, on which he had planted himself so valiantly.

Oh, for a new baptism of self-denial! Oh, for a new training in that lesson which our Master taught us, which apostles and martyrs echoed from the prison cells and kindled stakes—the sublime lesson that,

"Not to ourselves alone,  
Not to the flesh we'll live;  
Not to the world henceforth shall we  
Our strength and being give!"

No longer be our life  
A selfish thing, or vain;  
For us, even here, to live be Christ,  
For us to die is gain!"

—*Christian World.*

We never so effectually repel Satan's temptations as when we fasten on a gracious promise, and with it contend against him.

OUR PRAYER MEETING.

- I. I purpose to be thorough and punctually.
II. I will endeavor to draw others to the meeting.
III. Before entering the place of prayer I will ask the Saviour's presence.
IV. I will not, unless it is necessary, occupy a back seat.
V. I will not so want myself as to hinder others from occupying the same seats with me.
VI. I will refrain from facial-fuiling, and will not indulge a censorious spirit.
VII. I will not expressly dissent from one who has spoken, and will avoid giving the impression of variance of feeling.
VIII. So far as is consistent, I will react actively in the exercises, by testifying to the love of Christ by exhortation, by a passage of Scripture, a hymn, a stanza, or otherwise.
IX. I will not decline to lead in prayer, and in offering prayer will begin with the subject in hand, and in aid of what has just been said.
X. If I offer the first prayer, it shall be chiefly an invocation, asking the Saviour's special presence and aid.
XI. My prayers and remarks shall not be long.
XII. I will not seem to harangue or teach in prayer, as though I were thinking of man more than of God.
XIII. I will not speak merely to fill a vacancy, but will rather offer prayer during pauses in the meeting.
XIV. I will not needlessly expose any want of faith, and discouragements.
XV. I will cultivate enlargement of faith and desires.
XVI. On leaving the place I will endeavor to maintain a devout frame of mind.
XVII. I will endeavor to use all means and ways to secure the blessing for which I have prayed.
XVIII. Faith without works is dead also.
American Tract Society.

British American Presbyterian.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We are indebted to our brethren of the Press for numerous kindly notices, from among which we select the following:
The paper is a most creditable one with a healthy support.
It is a good looking sheet and well adapted for its large circulation.
The paper is well printed, carefully edited, and ought to find a wide and successful circulation.

Travellers' Guide.

Table with columns for Grand Trunk East, Grand Trunk West, and Great Western Railway, listing departure and arrival times for various routes.

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PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY FOR 1872.

Among the fruits of the reunion of the Presbyterians there, we are happy to announce the publication of the American Presbyterian and the Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review.

MASSACRE OF WHITE MEN.

Advices from San Francisco to the 5th inst. report that Inter advices had been received from the Fiji Islands, giving particulars of another massacre of white men on one of the Fiji Islands by the natives, a large number of whom had been kidnapped from Salomon Island.

MASSACRE OF WHITE MEN.

The Presbyterian, we believe, are at present without a special organ in Ontario, and when we consider that other religious denominations have long since had their own organs, it is not surprising that this new journal of the Presbyterian Church, the Ontario News, should have been so long in coming into existence.

ALEX. GEMMELL BOOTMAKER.

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NEW NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR CANADA.

Prospectus of the CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW. A feeling has long prevailed that the intellectual and moral condition of the Dominion ought to have some support in the form of a good periodical.

In some measure they have been preliminary, but it is believed that their future has been secured by the success of the first number.

The literary and material requisites for the success of the magazine have been secured by the success of the first number.

Religious questions, if they form the subject of any paper, will be treated with a similar aim.

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Has passed a resolution approved by only one religious body in the Dominion, and that one over twenty-five years ago.

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