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I did not feel any relief until I had taken four five bottles; then I began to feel better. I truly hope anyone else who is suffering from Rheumatism will give your Rheumatine a fair trial, for I was very bad and it cured me. Do as you see fit with this letter and believe me to remain,

Most gratefully yours,

(Signed) ROSA NEEDHAM.

P.S.—I am living at the Rev. Dr. Williams, St. Catharines. Any reference to him will prove that the above is true. (Signed) ROSA NEEDHAM.

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SPANISH FRITTERS.—Cut some slices of bread into any shape you like, pour a very little brandy on each piece; mix two eggs with two spoonfuls of flour and a little milk; cover the pieces of bread with this batter, let them rest for half an hour, then fry in lard or butter, and serve hot with a little preserve on each fritter.

TORONTO PUDDING.—One cup each of raisins, suet, molasses, and sweet milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoon of soda, one of allspice, one of cloves, one of cinnamon, half teaspoon of salt; pour into a pan, set in a steamer, steam four hours. Send to the stable steaming hot; on each slice put a large spoonful of white sugar and butter, beaten very light.

LENTIL SOUP.—Mix a tablespoonful of lentil flour and a teaspoonful of corn flour with a little milk till as thick as cream. Boil three-quarters of a pint of milk sweetened a little and flavoured to taste; pour this slowly on the flour and milk, stirring meanwhile. Boil all together for ten minutes still stirring. Add a whipped egg. This is a most nourishing albuminous food and a good substitute for beef tea.

OLD TIME PORK AND BEANS.—Take two pounds of moderately lean side pork, to two quarts of marrow fat or other beans. Put the beans to soak over night. In the morning after breakfast scald and scrape the rind of the pork and put on to boil an hour before putting in the beans. Set the beans to boil in a separate pot, in half-warm water. If the water used is of hard limestone use a teaspoonful of soda to the first water. After boiling a short time, drain through a colander and put on fresh water and let it boil until quite tender. Then add the pork to the beans and let simmer until nearly as stiff as mashed potatoes. Then put into a baking dish; score the pork and place in the centre; brown in the oven one hour. Great care should be taken not to let the beans scorch when they are boiling.

TAPIoca PUDDING.—Soak all night one teacup of tapioca in two teacups of water. In the morning beat the yolks of four eggs with less than a cup of sugar and a teaspoon of butter, or a very little salt. Have a pint of new milk in a tin-bucket (if you have no farina-kettle.) Pour in your tapioca, water and all, and set the bucket in a pot of boiling water. As soon as the milk begins to boil, stir in your eggs and sugar and flavour as you like (I use vanilla.) When it thickens pour it into the dish you intend to set on the table. Have the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth and flavoured and sweetened, spread over the top of your pudding, set in the oven & bake to brown. If you prefer it, you can spread on a layer of cranberry or other tart sauce or jelly, before you spread on the frosting. To be eaten cold, served with cream. Excellent puddings may be made by this recipe, using bread-crumbs, rolled crackers, boiled rice, cocoanut, chocolate, or ground pop-corn, in place of the tapioca.

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Fifth Prize.—Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retailed about \$14.

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Remember these prizes are only given you in order to get you to take an interest in the Ladies' Journal, and also to get you to study the Bible. You will get extra good value for your half dollar investment even if you don't secure one of these valuable prizes. The following are the questions, and they are really not so very difficult if you know anything at all about the Bible:—

No. 1.—How many letters are there in the Bible?

No. 2.—How many words?

No. 3.—What verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet, counting I and J as one?

The Old and New Testament are included in the term Bible, but not the Apocrypha.

The Ladies' Journal is the best value for fifty cents to be found anywhere among ladies' fashion publications. It consists of twenty pages each issue, and contains the sum and substance of all the high-priced American fashion publications, with large full page illustrations of all the latest fashions, with two full pages of the newest music, a short or serial story, household hints, and a lot of other very interesting matters for ladies. This competition will remain open only till the 30th January next. The names and addresses of prize-winners in this competition will be given in the February issue. In the January issue of the Ladies' Journal, just published, will be found the names and addresses of the successful prize-winners in Competition No. 1, just closed. The annual subscription to the Ladies' Journal is fifty cents. Single copies, five cents. Address,

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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL 11.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26th, 1883.

No. 52.



OF NOBLE BIRTH & REVEREND



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

### ANOTHER YEAR.

BY M. A. NICHOLL.

Another year has wellnigh passed,  
With all its smiles and tears;  
Its joys and sorrows that are cast.  
In Time's great stream, whose waters vast,  
Roll to the ocean of the past  
Bearing our hopes and fears,  
Where 'neath its waves they mingle fast  
With all our vanished years.

Another year! A span of time,  
That tells of life work done,  
A book, some pages dark with crime,  
Some grand, and holy and sublime,  
A trumpet, telling every clime  
Of battles lost and won,  
A knell of woe, a joy bells chime,  
Hope dead, and bliss begun!

Another year! In Spring's sweet hours,  
What blissful dreams we knew  
What hopes that came with opening flowers  
What visions nursed in leaf-wreathed bowers,  
When fancy lent her magic powers,  
To trace, in brilliant hue  
Castles of air, and dream-built towers  
Too soon to melt from view

Another year! And I can trace  
Footprints o'er summer's way,  
Where once I met a cherished face,  
But now I find a vacant place,  
And miss that well-loved form of grace,  
Now passed from earth away.  
This year the goal of his long race,  
The close of his bright day

Autumn is dead, the year is old,  
The dull December days are chill,  
The northern blast blows keen and cold  
O'er bare woods, dreary to behold,  
And sobs o'er prairie, glen, and wold;  
O'er valley and o'er hill,  
And in its moan are requiems old  
For true hearts dead and still

So must it be; each passing year  
Still bears some joy away.  
Some darling treasure held so dear,  
In trembling bliss, in hope and fear.  
Which we would fancy safe and near  
Departs, and seems to say,  
"We own no lasting city here—  
• Earth's life is but a day!"

But Christmas coming round again  
Hath brought his wonted cheer;  
And pleasure, in his jovial train,  
With rosy mirth, held gleeful reign,  
And half-pelled the thoughts of pain  
That haunt the dying year,  
And many a heart that cup did drain  
Of "peace and goodwill here."

Mecymin, N.W.T.

### "APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION"

BY REV. ROBERT F. BURNS, D.D., HALIFAX.

The Rev. Dr. Burns gave the first of his course of winter lectures in Fort Massey Church on a recent evening, on Apostolic Succession with an answer to "C's" letter on "Confession and Absolution." The audience was a large one, and the utterances of the speaker were attentively listened to.

During my ministerial life I have declined notifying letters that have not the name of the writer. When your contention is on the public arena with "open face," you are placed at a manifest disadvantage when your opponent skulks into an ambush, or fights behind a mask. It is beneath dignity to notice every anonymous scribble, and, amid the pressure of other duties, a city minister has not the time, even if he had the taste, for bush and guerrilla warfare. But there are exceptions to every rule. The long letter which has appeared simultaneously, during the past week in two of our local journals, over the signature "C," bears such marks of responsibility and respectability as to deserve and demand notice. We like its calm and courteous tone, while differing entirely from its conclusions. We desiderate more of that style of writing on both sides in the present controversy and if we can only avoid that "wraith of man which worketh not the righteousness of God," it will accomplish much good. Why should we not all endeavour to cultivate the charity that "suffereth long and is kind"—that is not "easily provoked, and thinketh no evil," and so earn the character indicated by the illustrious Dr. Chalmers, in a letter upon a cognate theme, to a near and dear relation of my own? "I rest assured that your whole performance is characterized by that spirit of

the Gospel, which, if infused (and why should it not?) into our every difference, would disarm controversy of its sting, and reduce it to a calm and profitable contest of the understanding."

It is noticeable at the outset in the communication of "C," that it leaves the open field of the Word, and plunges into the braky thicket of the fathers. I respectfully decline being drawn into such a wilderness. I infinitely prefer the *Grandfathers* and the *Great Grandfathers*. I entrench myself within the stronghold of the Bible from which dislodgment on this question is impossible. Even the Douay version (A.D. 1609), which "C" must accept, gives me this counsel:—"Should not the people seek of their God, for the living to the dead? To the law rather and to the testimony. And if they speak not according to this Word they shall not have the morning light." (Isaiah viii. 19 20) Better far, according to this, to have the "morning light" of the "true word"—"the light shining in a dark place," than the "gloamin'," or "the dim religious light" of the fathers. Hence, in my discourse of an hour, filling forty-three pages of foolscap, I devoted scarcely two minutes of time and barely half a page of space to the fathers, and for a very plain reason. They, though some of them noble men, are liable to err, and did err, on many points, speaking "the words which man's wisdom teacheth." While the Scripture writers spake "what the Holy Ghost teacheth," spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. Unlike the writings of the fathers, even a child can understand these, as the Roman Catholic version of the New Testament (A.D. 1582) says of Timothy (2 Tim. iii. 15, 16): "Because from thy infancy thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which can instruct thee to salvation by the faith which is in Christ Jesus. All Scripture inspired of God," etc. It is singular that, when you pass from this "All Scripture," even to those fathers that bordered on the apostolic age, and were brought up at the feet of the apostles, you at once perceive the difference in spirit and style between the inspired and uninspired. In the writings of the apostolic fathers there is much useful reading. They had the best opportunities of knowing the mind of Christ and the apostles, three of them having been (it is said), pupils of Paul, viz., Barnabas, Clemens Romanus and Hermas, and three of them disciples of John, viz., Ignatius, Polycarp and Papias. Ominously enough, "C" makes not a solitary quotation from one of them. For a manifest reason; they do not favour his view of confession. They are against it. Take Clemens Romanus, for example, whom Irenæus (quoted by "C") puts third from Peter of Rome (Haer. iii. 3, 3) who acted as chief presbyter of the Roman congregation, and whom Jerome (de Vir III) identifies with the "Clement also," mentioned by Paul in Phil. iv. 3. Clement's First Epistle to the Corinthians is pronounced by competent judges one of the most important documents of Christian antiquity extant. It was preserved with singular care in the Alexandrian Manuscript of the New Testament, known as Codex A., and donated in A.D. 1628 to Charles I. by Cyril, Patriarch of Constantinople, and is now deposited in the British Museum. This disciple of Paul says: "Blessed are we, beloved, if we keep the Commandments of God in the harmony of love, that so through love our sins may be forgiven us, for it is written, 'Blessed are they whose transgressions are forgiven and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man whose sin the Lord will not impute to him.' This blessedness cometh upon those who have been chosen by God through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom be glory for ever and ever, amen. Let us therefore implore forgiveness for all these transgressions, which through any suggestion of the adversary, we have committed. For it is better that a man should acknowledge his transgressions than that he should harden his heart. The Lord desireth nothing of anyone except that confession be made to Him, for says the elect David: 'I will confess unto the Lord,' and 'Thou forgiveest the iniquity of my sin' quoting two passages of Scripture in proof. Clement, whose writings were, in many places, read for edification at Divine service in the ancient Church, says not a word of any confessing, save unto God, the only Saviour.

Ex uno, discit omnes (from one learn all). How full these apostolic fathers are of Scripture, in the appealing to which, as the sole and supreme standard, the later ones sadly lacked! It is to these last "C" is so partial, and so prolific in quotations. The passages

quoted from Irenæus, Augustine, and partly from Chrysostom, refer to a kind of confessing of which we cordially approve. The more of this public confessing of sin—of the closet confessing to the "Father in secret," and of burdened souls repairing to their pastors for advice and consolation—the better. Much of the confessing referred to by "C" and others in their quotations from the fathers is of this wholesome kind, as different as can be from what is known as auricular confession. What it is otherwise, as in portions of the writings of the others quoted, Origen, Tertullian, Gregory of Nyssa, Cyprian and Basil, we have the germs as we have always said, of that very system which "C" defends. Augustine is with us, of whom one of the greatest of modern English theologians (Mezey) says: "One such writer is himself a whole age, and more than an age of authorship; a complete school, and more than a school of Divinity." What does Augustine say? (b. A.D. 353. d. 430.) He indignantly asks: "What have I to do with men that they should hear my confession, as though they could heal my disease." The paucity of passages in Augustine against confession and kindred dogmas may be explained by the fact noted in the preface to the Venice Edition. "We have taken care that all those things which could affect the minds of the faithful with heretical pravity, or would cause them to deviate from the Catholic Orthodox Faith, be taken away." (*Cyrillus removeri illa omnia quæ fidelium mentes hæretica pravitate possent inficere, aut a Catholica orthodoxa fide deviare.* Passages from Chrysostom (b. 347 d. 407 A.D.) have also been taken out, because bearing against their favourite principles and practices. In the edition of his work printed at Basle, the Inquisitors of the Expurgatory Index have made quite a number of erasures. For example, from his first Homily on Joan, they have blotted out these words: "The church is not built on the man, but the faith." From his sermon on Pentecost they have deleted: "There is no merit but what is given us by Christ." Many erasures are made from different Fathers. Jehoiakim's pen-knife has been often used in after times, too.

I am fully aware that Chrysostom extols the hierarchy, and that the passage quoted by "C" seems to lean to absolution, but it does not countenance confession as it is now contended for, nor is it inconsistent with language used by him elsewhere, as when he says: "Review and lay open your conscience before God. Show your wounds to the Lord, the best of physicians, and seek medicine from Him. Show to Him who upbraided not, but cures most kindly."

I cannot, therefore, admit the statement of "C." which is in questionable taste: "Dr. Burns was most unfortunate in asserting that St. Augustine and St. John Chrysostom were with him. Surely he never read them." And again, at the beginning of the letter: "It is a matter of surprise, that men laying pretensions to scholarship, should adduce St. Augustine and St. Chrysostom as witnesses against confession. Honesty is one of the first requisites in a teacher; knowledge one of his first equipments." Our position was based upon and buttressed by Scripture. Hence ninety nine out of the hundred parts of our discourse were scriptural, and the remaining fraction, patristic. The Bible is a solid rock. The fathers are shifting sand. We would be like the wise man, "He that heareth these words and doeth them," etc. (Rhemish vers. of Mat. vii. 24.) Why should "C" seek the living among the dead, and not take the advice of his own Bible already quoted: "For the living to the dead. To the law rather and to the testimony."

Considering the many infallible proofs given by me from Joshua, Hezekiah, Ezra, David and Daniel, in the Old Testament, and from Peter, Paul, John, and best of all, from Jesus, in the New Testament, in favour of our Protestant position, which "C" has never touched or come within sight of: not to speak of the unambiguous testimony of the most reliable of those fathers who lived in the very days of the apostles. I may repeat his exultant question: "Candid reader, who has antiquity on his side?"

As so small a portion of "C's" communication is devoted to the Scripture argument, it becomes us attentively to consider the passages that are quoted. The first is St. John, xx. 21, et seq.: "As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. When he had said this, He breathed on them and He said to them, receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." This, "C" says, "gave

power to remit sin." The argument is that this power was given to the apostles, and transmitted through them to their successors. But (1) as we have already shown by incontrovertible evidence, in the first part of the lecture, devoted entirely to it, the apostles had not, and could not, in the nature of things have any successors. The missing links, too, are so many as to spoil the chain. (2) In point of fact, other powers vested in the apostles were not transmitted. Who of their so-called successors can raise the dead or cure deadly diseases as the original apostles did? No proof is furnished that the pardoning power was transmitted or ever exercised. (3) We know that when Peter was besought to remit he positively refused, saying, "Pray to God if perhaps this thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee." (Acts viii. 22.) Nor do we ever read of Paul, or John, or James, or Jude, any more than Peter, confessing or absolving a single soul. (4) This power here described was not limited to the apostles, but was given to the "disciples" as well, and the mixed company gathered in the upper room, corresponding, perhaps, with the 120 disciples of Acts i. 15. Jesus stands in the midst, not of the "eleven" only, but "of those that were with them" (Luke xxiv. 33), "all the rest" of verse nine. Breathing on them He said, "receive ye, etc. On clergy and laity alike, thus the same power was conferred. This conclusively shows that the power thus given was not judicial, but simply declaratory, not magisterial, but ministerial, like the priests in cases of leprosy, who six times over in Levit. xiii. are said simply to pronounce unclean or clean. In like manner these New Testament passages intimate the terms and method of pardon, as we find "Peter and the apostles" doing in Acts v. 31, where they say, "Him (Jesus) hath God exalted to give repentance and remission of sins," and Paul in Acts xiii. 38: "Be it known, therefore, to you that through Him forgiveness of sins is preached to you"; and in Acts xxvi. 18. "That they may receive forgiveness of sins and a lot among the saints through faith that is in me." Along with his declaring there was vested in the Church and its representatives the disciplinary power, the prerogative, in cases of wrong doing, of putting away from among them wicked persons, when they sinned, and receiving them back again to their former standing in the Church when they showed signs of sincere repentance. This, as we shall hereafter see, was a prominent part of the Key Power, or the "remitting" and "retaining," the "binding and loosing." All this is in perfect harmony with those passages of the Word that send us to the Divine Confessional, as where in "C's" own New Testament it is written: "The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all iniquity." (1 St. John, i, 7-9)

2. The second passage quoted by "C" is Acts xix. 18, telling us "how the fanbul acted at Ephesus when Paul was there"; "Many of those who believed came confessing and declaring their deeds." "It is simply (says "C") a groundless supposition to refer this passage to a general public declaration of sin." "The words themselves preclude such an interpretation." The conclusion is, that this was a private and particular confession to Paul as to a priest. To us the words themselves plainly teach the very opposite of what "C" indicates. The many came "publicly," confessed their sins publicly, declared their views publicly. In the verse following (the 19th) it is mentioned "they brought together their books and burnt them before all." The whole scene is laid, not privately, but before all.

3. "C" next quotes 2 Cor. v. 18, that "Christ has given to us the ministry of reconciliation," and verse 19th, "He has placed in us the word of reconciliation."

"What word of reconciliation (asks he) except the absolving from sin?" Yet, strange to say, the judicial "absolving from sin" on the part of any man or body of men is not even hinted at in the passage. What is the "ministry of reconciliation" spoken of in the second part of verse 18? Simply the instrumentality divinely appointed for spreading abroad the precious message contained in the first part, to wit: "that all things are of God who hath reconciled us to Himself by Christ, and hath given unto His Church this ministry." And what is the "Word of reconciliation" at the close of the 19th verse, but just the substance of the blessed message as given at the beginning, which is but the following up of what goes before "for God indeed was in Christ reconciling the world to Himself, not imputing to men their sins."

What post, then, do the members of this "ministry" or service fill? Not certainly that of "priests," for they are ministers or servants; not sovereigns or judges, but simply the "messengers of the churches" and delegates of Christ. "Ministers of His to do His pleasure." Hence, verse 20th goes on to say: *For Christ, therefore, we are ambassadors.* Now, the ambassador of a sovereign does not make peace, but announces it; does not grant pardon, but as a herald makes it known. He, if the carrier of the amnesty, the communicator of the terms of reconciliation. How utterly opposed, therefore, is this Pauline statement to that of "C"—the power of the priesthood does not consist in merely declaring sins to be remitted, but in remitting them. Since they were to remit or to retain, it must have been intended that they should act, in a judicial capacity." This is the very point to be proved which our critic takes for granted and which the very passage quoted by him effectually disproves.

4. I have hitherto quoted exclusively from the Roman Catholic translation of the Holy Scriptures, published under the highest authority, as doubtless more acceptable to "C" than our own, but in his last Scriptural quotation (Titus i. 5), I must take issue with him, and decline receiving the Rheims rendering priests instead of presbyters. "For this cause I left thee in Crete, that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, and shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee." I know what is said about priest being a corruption of presbyter, or elder, and, if so understood, it is innocent enough. But the general idea of priest involves the presentation of a sacrifice, which "all Scripture" forbids. Without sacrifice (and where is there another since our great High Priest said on the Cross, "It is finished") the priest's "occupation is gone." Our authorized version, which reflects the scholarship of the past, the revised version, on which has been expended the most advanced scholarship of the present age, agree in inserting "Presbyters"—not "Hieruus", elders or presbyters, not priests, as the word used here. We are not aware of one solitary manuscript out of the multitude collated and compared, which sanctions the Rheims rendering. Even of Christ Himself the Rheims revision says, in Hebrews viii. 4: "If He were on earth He would not be a Priest," much less than His ministers, who cannot be priests in the ordinarily received sense as distinguished from the spiritual priesthood of believers, without impugning the perfection of "the High Priest of our Confession, Jesus" (Heb. iii. 1), and impairing the completeness of His finished sacrifice. The doctrine enunciated by "C" is certainly, as he declares, "the same as that preached in St. Mary's, but strangely unlike that of Fort Massey Church." True, perfectly true, my good friend, and may it ever continue so!

"C" further writes. "Dr. Burns says private confession began with Leo the Great. This Pope lived late in the fifth century. we have conclusively shown that it existed from the beginning." Very far from it. We say it with the utmost respect and deference. Your mistake arises from confounding private with public confession. We have always said that the latter was practised in the primitive Church. Christ brings this out when describing (Mat. xviii. 15-17) the mode of dealing with an offending brother. First, the offended one to deal with him, then two or three, and lastly, the whole church. "If he will not hear them tell the church." 1 Cor. v. illustrates the mode of dealing with a loose-living member, and any confessing or disciplining is not private, but, "before all." Paul had no dealings with the party in question, far less privately confessing and absolving him. He was absent, but the Spirit of God was present to guide, (1 Cor. v. 4). In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, you being gathered together and my spirit too. If the case of discipline issued in forgiving the party accused, the apostle, though away, endorsed the pardon—thus, 2 Cor. ii. 10. "To whom ye have pardoned; I also." When it ended in rebuke or expulsion, it was, like the confession, done publicly. Thus, Cor. 2. 6. "To him that is such an one this rebuke is sufficient that is given by many," not by one as if it were a private confessing. Nay, in 1 Tim. v. 20, far from favouring such secret confessing, the apostle says: "Them that sin reprove before all, that the rest also may have fear." All these latter passages also have been copied from the Roman Catholic edition of the Scriptures, to prevent anyone asserting that I had put a Protestant construction upon them. Private con-

fession was monastic in its origin—Jerome, de Regul Monachar, in Op. VI. 499, and Basil, Regul Brov in Op. II. 492. Wealthy and influential sinners, not relishing a public exposure got an indulgence, and might confess privately. For a good while the clergy outside monastic walls keenly opposed private confessing. A demand was made by the Bishops of Campania and Apulia to the effect that public notice be given to the congregation of sins confessed in private. This led Leo the Great officially to sanction private confession, and so to legalize what for a time had been connived at. See Opera Leonis, M. Fd.; Hallerini, Ep. 168. In Canon 31 of the Lateran Council of A.D. 1215 the custom is confirmed. It was not till the 13th century that the formula of absolution was altered from "Dominus te absolvat"—"May the Lord absolve thee" to Ego te absolvo—"I absolve thee."

"C" closes with this remark: "The early heretics, such as Arians, Copts, Monophysites and others, who fell away from the Church before St. Leo's time, all teach and practice in the present day auricular confession." We are not aware that they do; but if so, we are rather glad to be clear of their company, and to be associated as we have seen ourselves to be, with the "goodly company of the prophets, the holy fellowship of the apostles, and the noble army of martyrs," "with God, the Judge of all, and Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant." It was not originally intended, and shows things have got considerably mixed, that when I opened fire on a fortress near us that had hung out delusive colours, the shells showered from Fort Massey should have fallen within another entrenchment a little way farther off, and that the watchful sentinel mounting guard there, with whom we have been having this friendly tilt, should have now championed the flag so strangely taken from his own and transferred to the other citadel.

And now, with the best of feeling I bid good bye to "C," adding that although I have made an exception in his case in noticing an anonymous communication couched in, on the whole, a kindly tone and coming from an apparently authoritative source, I shall not promise to continue the discussion on this unequal footing (for the reason assigned at the outset) much less to notice those of inferior calibre who have neither "C's" talent nor taste.

I have purposely avoided seeking to excite prejudice and passion by any reference to the corruptions of the Confessional, its social and domestic influences, or glancing at any side issues, or collateral topics of discussion, out of which "points" might have been made that would have probably irritated rather than convinced.

TRUTH TELLS.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me to express my approval of the editorials and letters in defence of Calvinism and Presbyterianism in opposition to the "Christian Guardian." They were both timely and appropriate. We shall probably hear less from that quarter about alleged "revolts" from the Calvinistic theology. I have read the "Guardian" for some years and have often been grieved and offended by its persistent and grossly unfair attempts to discredit our doctrines by its misrepresentations. These are taken up by many of the circuit preachers, and repeated with offensive iteration, as I have had occasion to hear again and again. It was time they should be set right in this matter. Our doctrines are eminently scriptural. They need assertion, not apology. VINCE.

It is sometimes hinted that the occupants of choir seats are not always the gravest and most decorous portion of a congregation. We have heard it asserted that mild flirtations are carried on by means of little notes—not necessarily musical winks and giggles. It all looks very silly and incongruous. We hope the habit is all but unknown in Presbyterian choirs; if it isn't, it should be. Matters are blacker still among our American friends as the following from an exchange will show.—Wood Granger was fined \$30 for disturbing public worship in a little church near Middleton, Ky., notwithstanding Robert Andrew Higgins' testimony in his behalf, as follows:—"Wood Granger, in my opinion, was no wuss in his behavior den some of de res'. I tole you dar's no behavior den dat church whatsomever. Dey all cuts up dar. I've done seen 'em rollin' dese yer little round dice in de pews while de preacher war a prayin' fur the salvation of dese souls. What I means by behaviour is, dar wuz no real good, genteel behaviour."

## CHRISTMAS GREETING.

Dear Christian friends, we send you greeting,  
The holidays are here,  
And kindly interchange of feeling,  
Becomes the time of year

'Twas peace on earth, good will to men,  
The angels sang that day:  
When Christ was born in Bethlehem,  
And in a manger lay.

The music of that sacred song  
Rolls on through ages all  
'Tis heard in every Christian home,  
In cottage, hut, and hall

The time has come when friends return,  
Who from their homes did sever;  
With joyful face, they take their place;  
But some have gone forever.

We miss their forms, we miss their voice,  
Their sympathy and love,  
But those who loved the Saviour here,  
Have gone to heaven above.

And now they mingle with the blest,  
And sing redeeming grace,  
To Him who loved and brought them home,  
To such a glorious place.

Then let our souls fresh courage take,  
And banish every fear;  
And patiently we'll bear the cross  
'Till we receive the crown.

St. Mary's, Dec., 1883.

MARGARET MOSCHIS.

## THE DUNCE OF THE FAMILY.

## CHAPTER I.

"Miss Bailey, my dear, will you be so kind as to let the children have a holiday this afternoon? It is my birthday, you know, and my father is coming to dinner at three o'clock. Mr. Wilkinson promised to be home between one and two to take them down to the Docks; so perhaps you will be so very kind as to see that they put on their polishes properly. Nurse has her hands quite full with the three boys, and I want to get the dessert put out and see to the table."

The speaker was a rather tall, fair lady on the sunny side of forty; a very comely lady, though as she spoke these words she was rather flushed and anxious with maternal household cares; her voice was clear and very sweet and the look with which she urged her request seemed to suggest that she stood rather in awe of the governess, a slightly severe young person, with very erect figure, thin brown hair, and small but pronounced features, who was superintending the studies of her three little girls, Cicely, Rosalind, and Flora, aged respectively twelve, ten, and eight, whose blue eyes were turned with most eager interest on their mother while she preferred her request and when she turned from the room.

"Now, young ladies!" said Miss Bailey tapping the table sharply with her thumb to recall their wandering thoughts, "attention, if you please. You have heard your mother's wishes. It is now half-past eleven in one hour, when the longer hand of the timepiece shall have made the circuit of the dial, we shall lay aside our books for the day."

"Do you mean, Miss Bailey dear, that we are to put by at half-past twelve?" said Rosalind, a very pretty child, her father's favourite, who was just a little inclined to be flip-pant.

"Such is my meaning, Rosalind. Now be good enough to put all sorts of play out of your head and tell me why King Henry the Eighth wished to marry Anne Boleyn."

"Because she was so pretty," promptly replied Rose.

"That is quite a mistake, Rose," said Miss Bailey severely. "Cicely would not have given me such an answer she knows that such a fleeting and perishable thing as beauty cannot enter into the calculations of kings and princes."

"But was not Anne Boleyn very pretty?" persisted Rosalind. "Father said she was and so was Helen, and so was Mary Queen of Scots—perfectly lovely."

"But, Rose," interrupted Cicely, "father said that beauty was only skin deep don't you remember and he showed us that poor Miss Martin in church. He says she was lovely, with a skin like satin, and cheeks like roses before she had that horrid small-pox, and mother says she can hardly help crying when she looks at her the very shape of her face is so altered."

"Yes," said Rose, "it was that that made them have us inoculated. Oh, yes, I beg your pardon, Miss Bailey, it was about Henry the Eighth, and why he married Anne Boleyn. It wasn't because she was pretty, was it because she was so clever?"

"Luo was clever and she was a Protestant, and Henry felt that there had never been a blessing on his union with Catherine of Aragon, who was a Spaniard and a Papist."

"But he was a Papist, too when he married her, wasn't he?" inquired Cicely, looking sorely perplexed.

"If he was, he came to see the error of his ways. Happily for you, my dear, you are born in quiet times, and your parents hold sound religious views, so that you have the inestimable advantage of good early training. Flo, can you say your poetry yet?"

Little Flo was sitting on a low stool near the fire, with a book on her knees, into which she had not once looked since her mother came into the room. She started at Miss Bailey's question, and blushed, but she did not attempt to answer.

"Flora did you hear me speak to you?"

"Yes, Miss Bailey dear," said a soft tremulous voice, and the rosy cheeks became pale.

"Can you repeat the verse I set you?" inquired Miss Bailey, with increasing severity.

As little Flo had not learnt to read the verse in question, far less to attach any meaning to it, it followed as a matter of course that she was quite unable to repeat it.

"It is just as I expected, Flora," said Miss Bailey, laying down the book with an air of meek endurance. "You have made no attempt to learn the lines, though both your sisters committed them to memory in less than a quarter of an hour, the first time I set them. I doubt if there is one department of your studies in which I could rely on your doing me justice—ordinary justice."

Flora glanced helplessly at her sisters, then stood hopeless before her instructors, devoutly believing, as far as she was conscious of any belief in the matter, that she was very guilty, and that Miss Bailey had in no way overstated the case.

"Poor little Flo!" whispered Rosalind to Cicely, "it's no use trying to make her learn, it isn't her fault that she isn't quick. Father says it isn't everybody that can learn."

"The poetry must go for to-day, I suppose," said Miss Bailey, with an air of resignation. "Perhaps now you will be able to say the sixth line of the multiplication table."

Flo's face brightened; she thought she did know the sixth line; she had said it to herself after her prayers last night, and to her mother this morning before breakfast, so she started cheerily—

"Six times one is six," and had happily made the statement that "six times six is thirty-six," when there came into the schoolroom through the closed door from the dining-room a sharp, shrill cry from an infant in pain.

Little Flo flushed rosy red, turned her eyes towards the door, then appealingly to Miss Bailey, but the governess took no heed of the interruption, and only repeated in a firm tone—

"Six times seven?"

"Baby has hurt himself!" cried the tender, tremulous voice.

"There are plenty of people to take care of baby. Six times seven?"

"Six times seven is eighty-four, no—no—six times seven is twenty-one."

"Six times seven is forty-two. Six times eight?"

"Six times eight is one hundred and forty-four."

"Count it on your fingers, child. Was there ever such a little dunce?"

Flo did as she was bid, she counted the numbers on her fingers after her governess, but the moment Miss Bailey left her to herself she relapsed into incompetence; she had ceased to be able to connect any idea with the sounds she uttered; that baby's cry had put all her little stock of wits to the rout.

But meanwhile the hour had been passing, and the hand on the clock was approaching half-past twelve. Miss Bailey, who was as much on the watch for this event as either of her elder pupils, brought their studies to a close and dismissed them for the day.

Cicely had put up her books and was going towards the door, when she turned and beheld her little sister, looking blank and scared, with her unlearned poetry still in her hand.

"Please, Miss Bailey, may not Flo come too?" said the elder sister, compassionately.

"Flora has neither learnt her poetry nor said her multiplication table," said Miss Bailey, severely.

"But it's mother's birthday," urged Rosalind, in her sweetest tones; "the fifth of November—only once a year."

"That should have been a reason for her exerting herself, Rosalind. If Flora loved her mother as a little girl should, she would take care not to neglect her studies on her birthday."

At the words "if Flora loved her mother as a little girl should," little Flo flushed rosy red, for her mother was the creature whom she loved better than anything on this earth; then there came a rush at her heart, tears rained from her eyelids, and she broke into piteous sobs.

"But you will let her come and dress now?" persisted Cicely. "Father will be home by half past one, and he said he would take us round to see the lions if there was time."

"I should be sorry that Mr. Wilkinson should be disappointed, Cicely, but Flora must leave of crying. It is a pity a child can't be spoken to without giving way to temper," said Miss Bailey, as she swept up the hearth.

Cicely and Rosalind hurried away, Flo still sobbing. They washed her face with plenty of water, made her drink half a tumblerful, brushed and curled her pretty shining ringlets, and put upon her the new dress of soft brown woollen cloth, trimmed with velvet exactly like their own, which had been prepared for the day; but poor Flo's heart had been wounded, and every now and then a sob broke out.

Before they were quite ready, their father's voice was heard in the hall.

"Now, girls, whose ready for a walk? I'm ready, everybody ready?"

And Miss Bailey came up to help them on with their polishes, and to see that everything was in order.

It was the fifth of November, the nineteenth century was in its infancy, and the material conditions of life were very different from what they are now. A narrow-wayed confined city, with great buildings crushed in his heart, so that their beauty and even their size was hardly suspected; no gas, no steam, only the great heart of England pulsing healthily, kept strong and brave by the virtues which had been kindled in it by centuries of manly effort and truth-loving, God-fearing lives.

This particular fifth of November chanced to be a bright, clear day, no fog on the river, but a bright sun shining on the white sails of the merchant ships as they sailed leisurely on the river's broad bosom.

Mr. Wilkinson was the manager of a large East Indian

firm, and he lived on Tower Hill for the convenience of being near the Docks.

The greatest treat his little girls had was when he gave himself a half-holiday and took them for a walk by the riverside to see the shipping, or to the tower to see the horse armoury, and tremble at the mighty beasts maintained, like many other illustrious and terrible exiles, by the bounty of King George III. of blessed memory.

Like his wife, Mr. Wilkinson was very comely, and his comeliness, like hers, was of the florid type. Light blue eyes, which had more brightness than depth, were set off by a bright complexion, and by brown hair of an auburn tinge, carefully curled and cut short in front, and gathered into a neat queue behind. He wore a rich mulberry suit, with a large flapped waistcoat richly embroidered in the same colour, black silk stockings, shoes with large jet buckles, a small three-cornered hat lightly lacod, and a gold-headed malacca cane with a cord and tassel completed his costume.

Mrs. Wilkinson was to have been of the party, the holiday being entirely in her honour, but her anxiety as to the perfection of certain culinary arrangements, and her desire to be at home to receive her father in case he might arrive early, induced her to beg to be excused.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, the walk was a great success. In the first place there were the guys—not miserable apologies for guys, such as disfigure the streets of this overgrown city, but genuine travesties of the arch-traitor, stuffed with straw and gunpowder, and destined to be carted into some eminence, and there exploded to the everlasting disgrace of the Papists and the honour and glory of all true Protestants; terrible creations with masks, that made little Flo shudder and cling to her father's left hand. Then there were the numerous acquaintances with whom Mr. Wilkinson had to interchange greetings, who were not chary of their compliments on his own good looks or on the beauty of his little girls. Then the river was so bright and so full of shipping, and Rosalind was so full of merry talk, and Cicely so anxious to know all about everything, that it seemed quite natural that little Flo should trot along in silence, happy enough to feel that she belonged to so gay a party.

I was five minutes to three when they reached home. As they turned the corner they saw their grandfather, good Sheriff Harrison, step from his big coach, and were in time to interchange greetings with the scarcely less portly coachman and footman as the equipage drove slowly away.

Grandfather was a person of whom even Rosalind stood a little in awe—not on account of anything ungracious in him; but simply on account of his magnificent belongings, his stately manners, and the knowledge that he might any year be Lord Mayor of London.

Mrs. Wilkinson was Sheriff Harrison's only daughter, and it had been generally felt by her friends and acquaintances that Kitty Harrison might have married better, i.e., into better circumstances. But it had been a love match, and the sheriff had given his consent rather than see his dear Kitty unhappy, much to the indignation of his son Josiah, Kitty's half brother, who for reasons of his own entertained a profound dislike to Edward Wilkinson.

But on this fifth of November, 1866, no one thought of Josiah. The dinner was all that could be wished; Mrs. Wilkinson had outdone herself in the jugged hare and the rice pudding. Sheriff Harrison's special delight, was declared by him to be the very perfection of a rice pudding; so that when the dessert and filberts were put on the shining mahogany table, flanked by piles of rosy apples and golden oranges, with costly Indian preserves in rare dishes, and when the short twilight gave an excuse for drawing the crimson curtains and lighting all the waxen tapers, it would not have been easy to look into a room more full of light and comfort.

Presently there was a sound of feet outside, the door-handle was turned, and in came nurse, carrying baby, newly washed and set in lace and blue ribbons, while two little trechins hung on her skirts, and a third, who might be six years old, and who felt quite patriarchal, preceded her to the table, stopping beside his grandfather, who greeted him with a slap on the shoulders, and looked at him as if he loved him.

"Well, Master Ted, and how many guys have you seen?" a question which, at once set Ted's tongue going, and drew the two younger boys to their grandfather's other side.

Miss Bailey and the girls had dined with their father and mother, and Cicely and Rose were busy cracking filberts, peeling apples, and preparing oranges. Little Flo, who sat in a high chair beside her mother, not to disturb the symmetry of the table, had eaten her dinner in perfect silence, still sighing softly now and then from a recollection of her morning's trouble, much dazzled by the display of plate and glass, and supremely happy to be so close to her mother, that she could occasionally touch her soft grey satin dress, and lift an admiring glance to the soft folds of her turban.

Baby being safely deposited in his mother's arms, Nurse, with a beaming face and an apronful of dessert, retired.

"Father, baby wants to give you a bit of his biscuit," said Mrs. Wilkinson.

"He's a gentleman. Why, Wilkinson, what a fine lot of boys you have. It is to be hoped Mr. Boney will get a trouncing soon, and the price of bread come down, or you'll have to ship off some of these youngsters to the Indies."

"Don't talk of it yet, father dear," said Mrs. Wilkinson, clasping her baby very tight. "Wouldn't you like to hear Cicely and Rose play their duett presently—they have been practicing it?"

"Certainly, my dear, by all manner of means, and Flora too, what can she do?"

Poor Flo! All her peace of mind was shattered by this kindly-meant inquiry. She glanced apprehensively at Miss Bailey, and flushed painfully.

"O, Flo is only just beginning, father," said Mrs. Wilkinson, covering her distress. "She does not show much taste at present, but Cicely has a pretty touch; and father, you must see Ted dance his hornpipes. Mr. Delville is



quite proud of him. Come, girls, we will go and see how the fire's burning, and father and grandfather will come presently."

And Mrs. Wilkinson rose from the table, not forgetting to give Flo a special charge to bring her reticule, for she had seen her little girl's look.

In the drawing-room the fire was burning brightly, and presently came tea, and with it the gentlemen. Then Cicely and Rose played their duet with much applause, and the mother sang in her sweet plaintive voice. Ned danced his hornpipe, and was sent to bed happy in the possession of a new half-crown.

Then Mr. Wilkinson brought out a volume of his Malone's Shakespeare, and read some scenes out of the "Winter's Tale"—a play he chose, he said, because it was November, and because Queen Hermione was a perfect wife.

Cicely and Rosalind sat and listened with laudable attention, and Flo managed to keep her eyes open while he read about Autolycus and his wares, and her eyes sparkled at the "ribands of all the colours of the rainbow," at the "gloves as sweet as damask roses;" but when at length Mr. Wilkinson closed the book, and his auditors had leisure to look about them, it was discovered that little Flo was quite unconsciously, being rolled up fast asleep in a corner of the sofa.

Mr. Wilkinson took her up in his arms and carried her to the nursery, where Nurse took her in charge and put her to bed almost as if she had been still an infant. She was sound asleep, and though she mechanically assisted in the process of undressing, and stammered through her baby prayers, she was fast asleep before her head was on the pillow, and Nurse drew the clothes over her, muttering as she kissed the flushed cheek—

"Poor lamb! what's the use of botherin' her little head with poetry; she'll never take it in, bless her!"

CHAPTER II.

It is five years since Mrs. Wilkinson kept her birthday, and little Flo fell asleep during the reading of the "Winter's Tale" years of great and stirring interest to the world at large, years which have strained the resources and energy of England, for she has been engaged almost single-handed in stemming the tide of French aggression, and vindicating the liberties of Europe.

War, the genius and the glory of the Gallic race, which has stripped her of the flower of her manhood, still rages in Spain; the threatened coalition between the despots of Franco and Russia has happily come to nothing; and Napoleon, holding through his tributary kings, Italy, Holland, Sweden, and Westphalia, is gathering his forces for that supreme effort which is to sweep away his greatest Continental enemy, and leave him at leisure to chastise those *betes d'Anglais* who have been continually a thorn in his side.

England still maintained her courage; but, crippled in her trade, mulcted of her sons by the press-gang, and fettered by the protection which forbade the introduction of foreign grain, and kept the necessaries of life at starvation prices—the quarter loaf being for some time as high as 2s. 6d.—it was no wonder if the Wilkinsons, in common with others of the middle class, felt painfully the pressure of the times.

Private troubles also were added to public burdens. The house in which Mr. Wilkinson was a junior partner had been almost ruined by over-speculation. Good Sheriff Harrison had died suddenly, leaving no will, so that his large property went to his son, who not only declined to give any share to his sister—pretending that the £1,000 she had received as her dowry was all her father intended her to have—but refused her even such small personal trifles as she begged for as mementoes of her father.

The children meanwhile had been growing apace. Cicely was a comely young woman of seventeen her mother's right hand, and Rosalind had blossomed out into a beauty, with charming chestnut curls, eyes of deepest blue, a colour like Hebe's own, and a voice and gesture which made everyone her slave, from her father to the baby brother whose cries were changed into laughter at the sound of her voice. Rosalind was one of those delightful rarities, an unquestioned and unquestionable beauty, her inborn amonies making her charming at home and abroad. She had a voice sweet as that of a woodlark, and though she had no pretension to much musical culture, she sang ballads in a way that delighted old and young, for her voice vibrated with every emotion which the song described.

Cicely was a better scholar, a better housekeeper, and ten times as unselfish as Rose. But even their mother, who strove to be in all respects just to her good elder daughter, could not always help putting Rose first; and Mr. Wilkinson, who had an ardent childish admiration for beauty, distinctly accepted it as a compliment to himself, that his daughter was lovely, and considered that it became the family to sacrifice themselves for the glory of this masterpiece of womanhood. Mrs. Wilkinson was at this time in delicate health, partly from the anxieties of an increasing family and narrowing means, partly from grief at the death of her father and the estrangement of her brother; so that when she and Mr. Wilkinson were invited out it frequently happened that she preferred to stay at home. Cicely was asked, as a matter of form, to take her place, but Cicely had many domestic cares and very few superfluities of toilette, so it generally ended in father trotting off with Rose upon his arm, who never thought of not going, and who always looked perfection, though her toilette were of the simplest.

Little Flo meanwhile has grown thin and angular, though not very tall; her large blue eyes and abundant auburn hair redeem her countenance from plainness, but she lacks the steady dignity of Cicely, no less than the beauty of Rosalind. She has had the advantage of a steady education for five years; she has learnt the geography of the habitable globe five lines at a time, and is convinced that there are four quarters to it, the fact having been perseveringly demonstrated to her by her brothers Edward and Tom, both with apples and oranges, the latter choice fruit

being familiar to the young Wilkinsons, through their father's connection with the East India trade, and the fact had been further impressed upon her by her having Africa devoted to her, while Tom and Fred disposed of Europe and Asia, and divided America between them. She knew that India was a place from which pretty shawls, muslins, and preserves came, and was convinced that it was a very long way off, for dear Ned was to go there as soon as he was thirteen, in one of the great East Indiamen which came to unload at the Docks, and the captain, whom she had anxiously questioned, had confessed to her that it would take all the time from midsummer to Christmas to make the voyage; but of the relative positions of the great cities of Europe, except perhaps, Paris, London, Dublin and Edinburgh, no young person in the dominions of His Most Sacred Majesty, King George III., was more happily ignorant. Nor was she clearer about figures, the multiplication table, indeed, at one time, she did know perfectly, by dint of hearing her little brothers say it day after day, but once after another they spun ahead of her, and to the last little Flo's forehead wrinkled with perplexity if any cruel person asked her to explain the simplest rule.

An adventurous young master whom Mr. Wilkinson engaged to give his daughters lessons in arithmetic and composition, did, indeed, by dint of energy and a most charming manner of teaching, carry her triumphantly through the first four rules, so that she had a sort of fugitive comprehension of them, but, when in an unlucky hour he started the subject of vulgar fractions, little Flo shrank back in dismay, her big blue eyes were fixed in amazement on Mr. Matthews, and she whispered in horror the word "vulgar." In vain Mr. Matthews explained. With all her faults and all her weaknesses, Flo was her mother's daughter and a lady, and the cruel adjective killed for ever the little germ of knowledge that had been planted in her heart rather than in her mind, and Mr. Matthews at last sorrowfully acknowledged that "Miss Flora did not seem to possess the faculty of number with which both her sisters were so admirably endowed."

In history Flo found very little to her taste. She read assiduously, both by herself and with Cicely in Goldsmith's histories; but if ever any one were mischievous enough to misplace her marker, she would go over the old ground without discovering that she had read it before. It seemed to her that somebody was always fighting with somebody, that somebody was killed, and somebody else was made king, and that in the end it didn't much matter what had happened, for Tower Hill was always Tower Hill, and no one was ever beheaded on the green now, and it was a very nice place to live in, and she hoped she would live there all her life.

The story of good Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from her husband's wound did indeed make an impression on her. She wondered very much how it tasted, and tried on little Charlie's arm one day when he scratched himself with a pin, only she sucked so hard that she made Charlie cry, and left a red mark as if someone had begun to nip him; but as to remembering whose wife Eleanor was, it was out of the question, nor did it matter very much, she consoled herself by thinking, for it happened so long ago, but Flo christened her biggest doll Eleanor, and the lovely one with blue eyes and flaxen hair was Mary, after the unhappy queen at whose fate the little girl shed floods of tears, solacing herself by belabouring a wooden doll of severe countenance, whom she called that horrid old thing, Queen Elizabeth.

French and music were the subjects to which little Flo did "most seriously incline." She grew pale, indeed, and her hair stood on end, over the irregular verbs, which she spent hours in committing to memory, and forgot almost as soon as she had learnt them. She might perhaps have done better if school-books then had been what school-books are now, but grammar was pure, unmitigated grammar then, and the mastering all its idiosyncrasies was looked upon as a *sine qua non* before attempting to write, read, or speak the decidedly irregular language of our neighbours.

Certain fables of La Fontaine Flo did manage to enunciate with a very fair accent, and she pored with dutiful attention over her Charles XII., but when she was launched on the weary pages of Télémaque, the poor girl was fairly bewildered, and, thoroughly convinced of her own iniquity in not appreciating so good a book, hid her head once more in the pages of her grammar as the more interesting study of the two.

She also studied music under Cicely's supervision, practicing on her mother's pianoforte, a lovely piece of furniture, the top of which was a cupboard, and the keyboard about three inches wide, the harmonious rattling of whose notes when set in motion either by her mother or by Cicely, Flo secretly adored, and she laboured at it with such indefatigable perseverance that in time she came to be a very creditable performer.

Apart from her studies, Flo was by no means an unuseful person in the house. If possible, she loved her mother more as she grew to be a woman, than when inattention to her lessons had been imputed to want of love to that mother; and to wait upon her, to serve her in any way was Flo's greatest happiness. Her father she also loved and admired, and her love to her parents was reflected back on her little brothers, whom she loved and tended with a proud and tender care, always ready to sympathize in their troubles or further their wishes, never spoiling or misguiding them, for, simple as she was, Flo was the soul of honour, and never told a lie or acted a deceit in all her life. Rosalind once said, not without a touch of irony, that "Flo hadn't imagination enough to tell a story," which may have been true, but it was a blessed want, and kept the simple girl always respectable and respected.

The lessons which Flo had found such cruel enemies when she was herself a student, were a little kinder to her when she laboured at them for the sake of Charlie or little Matthew, for she quite recognized the necessity of the boys knowing all about the three R's, and was very proud of Edward, who was in the sixth form at St. Paul's School, and never failed to let her friends know that Tom might

have been a Grecian, if his career in the Bluecoat School had not been cut short by an accident which introduced him favourably to one of Nelson's captains, and induced the gallant officer to take him as a midship in his ship, to Tom's enormous delight, and to the satisfaction of the whole family except Mrs. Wilkinson, who could not refrain from secret tears at losing her apple-cheeked boy, and at the thought of the dangers and privations of a sailor's life, the rather that the anxious state of his circumstances had induced Mr. Wilkinson to send his eldest son on board an East Indiaman, but his calling was peaceful and there was a probability that before many years he might be a wealthy merchant.

The pleasure of seeing Tom, with his chubby cheeks and plump little figure, in his Majesty's uniform checked the sorrow of his sisters, and sent a wintry smile into the face of his mother, while the boy himself was sadly distracted between a desire to cry like the child he was, and a sense of the dignity of wearing a dirk and being in His Majesty's service.

It might have appeared that the family circle having been relieved of the two older boys unquestionably the best appetites things might have gone more prosperously; but times were bad and did not seem likely to mend, and in addition to the public troubles which affected all England alike, there seemed to be a fate which blighted all Mr. Wilkinson's efforts to reinstate himself. The house for which he had worked having failed, he would not enter into engagements of a similar character with any other house. At that time he had a considerable sum of money laid by, and though much disappointed at receiving no share of his father in law's fortune, his circumstances were such as to cause him to be looked upon as fortunate by his acquaintances, and to dispose him to congratulate himself. If he had kept steadily in the line of commerce which he understood, no doubt he would have done very well in spite of the times, but unfortunately Mr. Wilkinson was a favourite with society, his handsome person and genial temper caused him to be much sought after; and in spite of much natural sagacity, he more than once fell a prey to designing speculators, who promised him a golden harvest for his money.

The indulgent life he led and the absence of regular employment were not slow to tell on his character. His sweet temper degenerated into carelessness, his good nature into indifference to the moral qualities of his acquaintances and Mrs. Wilkinson, though she would not acknowledge the deterioration, could not help occasionally being distressed at the sort of people that "got hold of Edward"—people of easy manners and ready wit, but in whose talk there was a tone which jarred on the ear of their pure-minded hostess, marred as with the trail of a serpent the brightness and beauty of their intellects.

The presence of such guests reconciled the mother to the frequent absence from home of Rosalind, who now spent much of her time with her godmother, an old friend of Mrs. Wilkinson, who had no child of her own. Cicely, she knew, had a heart and mind too full to be much affected such company, and as to Flo, an occasional wide opening of her blue eyes showed that she wondered at some daring sentiment, and sometimes a burst of amazed laughter drew attention to her, but Flo would have remained innocent and unconscious in society ten times as bad.

The straitened circumstances of the family at length rendered a move imperative, and Mrs. Wilkinson's weakened health and the delicacy of little Matthew formed an excuse for a removal, first to lodgings at Islington, then to a pretty cottage in the midst of a large garden in the rural district of Marylebone. Much as the girls missed the river, and the shipping, and the old buildings, the Tower, St. Paul's, and Westminster, it was a great delight to have a garden all about the house, to see the apple and pear trees in blossom, to sit under the shade of their own mulberry tree, with clumps of roses, tall hollyhocks, Michaelmas daisies, and fragrant clematis, to walk for miles in the direction of Hampstead, under the shade of huge elms, which cast ghostly shadows in the moonlight; to gather daisies in the Harcourt fields, and to find some compensation for the loss of the grand old river in pleasant walks along the Regent's Canal, besides which hedges of wild roses and hawthorn divided rich pasture lands, where the sedate cows lay chomping the end of soft grass, starred with daisies, buttercups, and the deep red of abundant vetches.

Fields—fields everywhere, and endless charming picnics for Cicely, Flo, James, and Charlie when father had a day at liberty. Sometimes they hired a little pony-carriage from Mr. Martin, the milkman, and father drove mother and little Matthew right up to Hampstead, or to Kilburn, where the pretty brook cut its way through the rich pasture, where the air was always soft, the milk and the eggs rich, and the flowers abundant.

Primrose Hill, too, was within an easy walk. What delicious air on its breezy heights; what walks, ankle deep in primroses, and what views of the great city, where they had lived so long and been so happy!

Nor were they altogether shut out from the great world. Hyde Park, St. James', and Pall Mall were quite within walking distance for the girls and their father, who loved to sun himself in the smiles of royalty. The majesties of those days were wont to see and to be seen. London had its limits then, and was not overwhelming in its population; a genial king, a sprightly if rather severe queen, and abundant princes and princesses, held the affections of the people by the strong bond of family life.

The king was a word of power in those days—the first Englishman who had sat on the throne for a century; and his fair kindly face, familiar on our coins for upwards of fifty years, was not devoid the impress of a man of great intellectual endowment, but it was the impress of a good man, who strove to do his duty in hard times, and who by his truth and love always had a firm hold on the affections of his people, and perhaps it was not without its symbolism of the people over whom he ruled, amid perplexities and troubles, often amid blindness and error, have striven to hold fast by the laws of truth and love, and who by faith in God and in the world He has created, have



weathered many a storm which has wrecked states claiming higher intellectual endowment, more abundant in resources, and, to all appearance, born to empire.

In the days when Flo Wilkinson was growing into a young woman the king was a real presence among his people at church, at the concerts, in the park he was among them, sharing their occupations and their emotions, all that concerned him concerned them, to have seen the king was a real pleasure, to have been spoken to by him was felt to be a reward for the highest virtue.

## CHAPTER III.

"Flo, you won't forget mother's egg beaten up at eleven, and be sure Charlie and Matthew are at school in time; they ought to be ready now, and see that Sally takes James's shoes to Farrer's to be re-soled. He would have gone out in them this morning damp as it is, especially across the fields, if I hadn't seen them, and perhaps got his death of cold. I'll try and go round by Tottenham Court Road, and bring in some buttons for Charlie's jacket."

"No, Cicely, I can do that. I want a bit of ribbon to do up mother's cap."

"Very well, Flo, but you must be sure not to leave mother too long."

"Never fear, Cis, you think that no one can take care of mother but yourself. I'm sure if father looks pleased when he comes home it does her more good than half-a-dozen eggs beaten up; horrid things, they make me shiver, and father always notices if she has a new cap."

"That's quite true, Flo; father has a great eye for dress. You won't forget to make Sally iron our white muslins? But I must run, or I shall be late. Good-bye, dear, take care of yourself. Mrs. Bracebridge is sure to ask if our time is slow."

"Why don't you ask her if their time isn't fast?" laughed Flo, having given her sister a hearty embrace.

Busy Cicely sped across the fields to a stately mansion in what is now the Regent's Park, but what was then a pleasant rural region, where she was permitted to teach two young ladies of the ages of ten and twelve such subjects as she herself knew, and walk with them and to be their "guide, philosopher and friend," from ten in the morning until six in the evening, for the annual stipend of £40, paid quarterly, out of which sum Cicely managed to clothe herself and Flo, and to purchase many a delicacy for the dear mother who never complained, but who, alas! grew thinner and paler year by year—at least so Cicely thought, with many a tender sigh that she could do so little to comfort her.

Rosalind, beautiful as ever, was married not too happily to a young man who was disposed to look down upon city connections, being himself the fifth cousin to an earl, whose ancestor had won his title, not by commerce, but by the sacking of cities, but he was a rising barrister, who would probably be well off in a few years. These few years, however, must be years of struggle, and the wife who had brought no dowry must be patient and economical, virtues difficult to practise for a beauty of two-and-twenty. But Rose was mastering them, being much assisted in the study by a young philosopher at present engaged in the difficult problem of cutting his teeth, who had convinced her that there are phases of society which offer better chances of enjoyment than are open to ladies and gentlemen in spare and uncomfortable apparel in crowded rooms, with the uncertain chances of scant and unnatural food.

Whenever she could, Rose brought her boy to see her mother, and the little fellow showed a proper appreciation of the garden, of grandmamma's skilled nursing of Aunt Flo's pretty curls, and above all, of little Uncle Matthew, who had just begun to go to school.

But the days which Rose and her baby spent in Lisson Grove were gala days, there were many dull and dreary days when no one rang at the bell except the milkman, that beneficent dispenser of Nature's purest gift whose visits are accepted as a matter of course from their very regularity. On these days Flo's time would have hung heavy on her hands if she had not made the acquaintance of their next door neighbour, Madame Labalastrière.

As her name implies, Madame was a Frenchwoman, and she came to occupy the cottage next door about nine months after the Wilkinsons had settled down in Lisson Grove. She furnished her little cottage in the most perfect French taste, and made her quarter of an acre of garden an epitome of all that can grow in English soil. A row of apple trees trained laterally screened the *jardin potager* from the drawing-room windows, and behind this screen grew rows of beans, peas, scarlet runners, and cabbage, the hardier plants, such as stocks, mignonette, gilliflowers, and pinks, made the air fragrant all the summer-time; while the inside of the house was gay even in winter-time with a thousand inexpensive but elegant devices, which set off to advantage Madame's elegant *café-tire* and *chaise* china.

... and Mrs. Wilkinson were rather shy at first in responding to Madame Labalastrière's friendly overtures. The Peninsular war was still raging, Tom was an officer in the British fleet, burning for an opportunity to fight any number of Frenchmen, and it is not wonderful if Englishmen at that time had little sympathy with anyone of that nation, but it chanced that little Matthew had a bad attack of whooping-cough, the sound of which penetrated to Madame's house, and she prepared with her own hands a "*manne*," which gave him great and immediate relief. After this Mrs. Wilkinson could do no less than call upon her, and she found her so charming, so loveness as it were with a sweet melancholy, that she came back quite delighted. Madame, it appeared, was the widow of an officer who had maintained the royal cause in La Vendée, and had finally lost his life there. Madame had but one son, a youth of seventeen, and to avoid the conscription she had fled with him to England, where, by the recommendation of friends, he had been received as foreign clerk in a merchant's office.

At first they had resided in the heart of the city, but Madame fancied that her Auguste's health suffered for want of the fresh air to which he had been accustomed from infancy, and she thought herself very fortunate in being able to secure a pretty cottage within an easy walk of his place of business. All this she communicated frankly almost volubly, to Mrs. Wilkinson; but that good lady would have been glad if her confidence had gone a little further, for Madame did not explain why she trudged out herself every morning, wet or dry, leaving her *bonnet*, Emilie, to keep house and to do the thousand-and-one things indoors and out to which a Frenchwoman of the good old type can turn her hand.

Mrs. Wilkinson communicated to her husband and her daughters her conviction that Madame was a lady, and she felt drawn to her by the sympathy which is naturally excited by one who suffers meekly, and whose affections have been quickened and disciplined by sorrows. It was clear to her motherly heart that Madame lived for her son, the swarthy and rather ungainly youth who worked indefatigably morning and evening in the garden, and who sat so contentedly at the little table opposite his mother in the summer-time, enjoying their *à fresco* supper.

Auguste was a good son: his mother had testified with tears in her sweet brown eyes "she could not desire a better" he had a noble heart, the heart of his father, and of the old *regime*, but alas! they were poor, it was necessary that he should work to gain his living, and he did work with a will, poor boy. Doubtless it was sometimes dull in this England, where they make no fête on the Sunday, but in fine there was peace and rest, and he would not be torn from the arms of his mother to water with his blood the furrows of the enemies of France."

"That is all very true," meditated Mrs. Wilkinson, when, removed from the glamour of Madame's sympathetic presence, she turned over in her own mind the details of her visit: "but that does not explain where she goes every day herself. I should like to know, not that it is any business of mine, but living next door it is impossible to avoid a sort of intimacy, and Madame is so charming that I should like the girls to know her; besides, the practise would be so good for Cicely's French. But one does not like to be precipitate, and it is strange that she goes out every morning, wet or dry, before the clock strikes the quarter-past eight."

Time threw no light on the matter. Madame continued to be away from home from a quarter-past eight a.m. till five, and sometimes seven o'clock in the evening, but her house was kept with such beautiful regularity, and she was so good a neighbour when she was at home, that the feeling of friendship gradually increased; and the young people especially were glad to have a chat with the graceful widow, who seemed to have abundance of indulgence for all young people.

To Flo she was especially kind, never seeming to suspect that she was the duce of the family, for as Flo herself said, she could *parler Français* almost as well as Cicely, and Madame could not tell that she didn't know her verbs, and couldn't write an exercise without a hundred blunders.

Certain it is that Madame was very kind to Flo; that she seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of anything that was wrong at Ivy Cottage, as, alas! can be more and more frequently the case. Many a dainty omelette or delicately-prepared dish of chicken was passed over the low garden wall by Madame's order, to tempt the mother's falling appetite; and as to Charlie and little Matthew, whose rosy cheeks she loved to kiss, Madame ruled them with *bitons of sucre de cerise*, or by huge emperors in *rain d'épice*.

M. Auguste, as Emilie always defforantly called him, remained a spectator rather than an actor in these friendly overtures. He was at that rather awkward age when the boy is passing into the man, and all is still chaotic and confused in mind and person. It may be that he was not so unconscious as he appeared, that little Flo had eyes of "most celestial blue," that the hair which curled in soft ringlets round head was just of that rich shade of auburn which can neither be taken for brown or red, and yet has a touch of both; that her cheeks, though, perhaps a little too thin, were delightfully fresh and rosy, her brow and throat of the palest pink, and that she had the most joyous laugh, which, like her tears, was ever close at hand, and which caused her to display a shining row of strong white teeth which, by the way, she shamefully misused, little dunce that she was, by cracking hard nuts, biting thread, and a hundred other injurious practices. But if M. Auguste were aware of those personal advantages possessed by his neighbour he conducted himself like a prudent young person who was aware that his present business in life was to learn how to keep accounts, conduct foreign correspondents, and do his best to console his dear mamma.

It is not to be supposed that a household containing so many young persons as that of the Wilkinsons should be so culpably deficient in interest and curiosity as not to endeavour to unravel the mystery of Madame's daily absence from home.

"Oh, Madame!" cried Flo on one occasion, when Madame looked weary and complained of headache, "why can you not rest a day or two? Why cannot M. Auguste go for you?"

"That is impossible, *cherie*," replied Madame, quietly. "each one must attend his own affairs. I cannot go for my son, my son cannot go for me. Ah, *petite*," she continued with a smile, "you want to know all about my affairs; is it not so? But I do not want to tell you; *waité tout*!"

"I don't think I want to know very much," said Flo, blushing, "only people talk, and I'm quite sure there is no harm; I'm quite sure there is something that is altogether good if one only knew, but people say it is so strange."

"Alas! my child, and is not life made up of things that are strange, things that rouse our curiosity, but which we can know nothing about? Be satisfied to be ignorant. Knowledge comes soon enough."

Auguste was assailed by James and Charles, but Auguste had a singular want of facility in the English language, considering that he was a corresponding clerk, and he never understood what was said to him unless he wished to understand; and the attempt to pump Emilie was a signal failure. "Did not Madame say that was Madame's affair? Her affair to her Emilie was to make the soup and sweep the house."

So the days passed, summer darkened into winter, and winter was gone and the gardens were once more full of leaves and flowers; it was a pleasure merely to breathe the air. Beside the garden of Madame Labalastrière, the garden of Ivy Cottage look like a wilderness. Mr. Wilkinson had no knowledge of horticulture, and though he occasionally appeared with a spade in his hand or a rake over his shoulder, his efforts were too desultory to produce much effect. The boys and Cicely went out all day, and it was part of Flo's nature that if she undertook the care of flowers or animals she managed to kill them, or reduce them to the last stage of misery, generally by the misdirected intention of magnifying their happiness.

It must be confessed that Madame spent a great deal more money on her plot of ground than the Wilkinsons could afford. It was not only that Auguste was indefatigable, sometimes being at work by five in the morning, sometimes arranging his *parterres* by the rising light of the summer moon, but he and his mother brought home choice plants and seeds, and not unfrequently invoked the aid of the professional gardener to further their designs with manures, cunningly mingled moulds, judicious training, and what not. In fact, it was becoming clear that Madame's circumstances were improving, that as the pressure of necessity tightened about the Wilkinsons, choking all pleasant outgrowths of ornament and decoration, and making it continually more difficult to supply the pressing wants of the seven who now formed the family, Madame Labalastrière and her son were now growing easy. A certain elegance began to show itself in the household, and Madame's toilet, which had always been becoming and elegant, assumed a richness which had hitherto been quite strange to it. But this improvement induced a change in their habits; both were away for the whole day, and almost always at home in the evening.

Mr. Wilkinson, it must be confessed, had not improved since the days when he and his little daughters watched the ships from Tower Hill, he had had no settled occupation for nearly ten years, and was sinking into the shabby genteel stage which is so distressing to the eyes and heart of a loving wife. Mrs. Wilkinson scarcely cast a thought on the defects of her own wardrobe—the shiny look of her black silk, or the flabbiness of her velvet mantle. It was not necessary that she should go into society—her health formed a plausible excuse, but it cut her to the quick to see her husband blacking the whitening seams of his coat, or endeavouring to blow up the worn nap of his beaver hat. Wilkinson never complained—in fact, he was buoyed up by and ever-renewed confidence that some brilliant piece of good fortune was on the eve of befalling him, and he was in the last degree anxious that his wife and daughters should maintain their position as belonging to the moneyed class. Edward and Tom were well started, neither of them, it was true, could do anything for the family for years to come, even if they should be so unselfish as not to form ties of their own, but when Edward should be captain of an East Indianman, wealth would flow in upon him and it would be in his power to do something for his sisters and brothers. Rose, of course, ought to have made a better match, but Scarfield would do well enough by and by. It was a thousand pities that Cicely had not more go; she was a good girl, very, no one knew that better than her father. But governingness was a miserable calling, nothing to be made of it—a pity she had never taken it. And then Flo—what was to be done with Flo?—a good little girl as ever lived, but without a second idea.

"Madame Labalastrière will have it, Edward," pleaded Mrs. Wilkinson, who did not like to hear her daughters so disposed of, "that poor Flo is not without talent. I am sure I don't know what we would do without her, see how tidy she keeps us all."

"I wish with all my heart that Madame or anyone else could turn Flo's talent to some account."

"So she would, Edward, if we would permit her," said Mrs. Wilkinson eagerly, "but I was afraid to mention the subject to you, lest you should be angry."

"If I cannot provide for the girl," said Mr. Wilkinson, with a touch of inconsistency, "it does not seem fair to stand in the way of her providing for herself, or you either, Kate."

"That is just what I think, Edward," chimed in Mrs. Wilkinson.

"Well, if you will tell me how Flo can develop a talent which may be of use to her and her family I shall say, Kate, that you are what I have always thought you, a very clever woman."

"Come, then, Edward, let us take a stroll, and I will tell you what Madame told me last night about herself and about our little Flora."

Mr. Wilkinson readily assented. To do him justice, though he often went into society without her, he retained much of his tenderness with which he had regarded his wife when he had won from many competitors the beautiful and only daughter of wealthy Sheriff Harrison, and perhaps it would have been better for both of them if she had been able to be his companion more frequently. On the evening in question they strolled a long way beside the then picturesque banks of the Regent's Canal, talking much and eagerly, Mrs. Wilkinson urging something which at first appeared altogether distasteful to her husband, and they sat for a good hour on the grassy bank. The moon was riding high and clear when they reached home, but Mr. Wilkinson had given his consent under certain conditions, that his daughter Flora should be entrusted to Madame Labalastrière, to develop the talent that was in her, and, if possible, do something toward relieving the pressure of family wants.

"At least," said Mrs. Wilkinson, as they entered the

gate, "she will not have to work as hard as poor Cicely, for so little."

CHAPTER IV.

"Madame has determined to buy a property at St. Cloud; she says it is charming, and she wishes Auguste to be a proprietor. I'm sure Madame thinks he'll be at the top of society directly. Poor Auguste! I think he will often lament Liaison Grise and his pretty garden."

"What is become of the *magasin*, Flo?" inquired Mrs. Wilkinson, with some anxiety.

Ten years have elapsed since our last chapter, when little Flo received the paternal permission to develop her talent, and Flo is grown into a very pretty little woman, still on the sunny side of thirty, extremely well dressed, and bearing a look of ease and comfort that are a very pleasant advance upon her girlish state.

Mrs. Wilkinson, too, is handsomely and solidly dressed, and the bare scantiness of Ivy Cottage has been replaced by competence, and elegant if somewhat bright furniture.

"What is to become of the *magasin*, Flo?"

"Do not be afraid, mother," exclaimed Flo, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, and kissing her demurely, lively. "Madame will not forget the *magasin*, never fear you, nor me, nor any of her friends in England. And what do you think, mammy? the *magasin* is to be mine, my very own in five years, and meantime I am to have all I can make, only paying Madame £500 a year rent for it."

"You pay Madame £500 a year rent."

"Oh, we shall easily do that. Don't be frightened, mother, I have nothing to do with figures. Cicely knows all about them; she has managed them for the last three years, you know, for Madame. All I have to do will be to design the toilettes and arrange the coiffures, and Madame herself will choose the very loveliest materials that Paris can supply. Only think, the softest and loveliest gauzes and tissues, and all that has to be done to make them up in the most becoming costumes!"

Flo spoke with the enthusiasm of a genuine artist, and seemed at the moment too much wrapt in the contemplation of her future triumphs to be able to inform her mother sedately of the change that was in contemplation.

Madame Labalastriere, who had conducted what she called a *magasin de toilettes* in a quiet street in Mayfair for something like ten years, had now realized what she considered a fortune, and was anxious to establish her son as a *proprietaire* in his native land. It is doubtful, perhaps, whether M. Auguste himself quite shared his mother's anxiety on this subject. His recollections of his country were recollections of trouble and sorrow; he had grown accustomed to the English life and to the English climate, and he had grown accustomed also to his mother's brisk little *collaboratrice*, who considered it a duty to seize every opportunity of conversing in French, and who never got beyond her grotesque blunders or lost her very English pronunciation.

But if Auguste heaved a gentle sigh as he thought of these things, he was much too well disciplined to raise any objection; and if Mademoiselle Flore, as she was called at the *magasin*, took pleasure in discouraging with her brown-eyed neighbour, she felt nothing for him but the purest friendship, for he was not a foreigner.

In due course the Labalastriere's pretty cottage was let to a fresh tenant, and M. Auguste had started as French citizen; but he had found a country life very little to his taste, and before many years wore over his head he contrived to establish business relations with certain mercantile houses in Paris and in London, which not only gave him occupation, but which largely increased his income; so that when at length Madame la mere considered that the time had come for him to enter into the holy state of matrimony, she felt herself in a position to make overtures for the daughter of a wealthy banker—overtures which were received with satisfaction both by the parents of the lady and by the lady herself. As time went on and France rested from her troubles, finding at least a temporary peace under her citizen king, M. le Vicomte de Labalastriere was a well known and extremely useful person in his simple court, highly esteemed by the king for his integrity and knowledge of European affairs, and honourably distinguished by the profound respect with which he always treated the noble-looking lady, his mother, who gave dignity to his *salon*, and who was generally regarded by those who honoured his *reunions* as a true relic of the old noblesse.

Meanwhile, Flora Wilkinson, with the help of her sister Cicely, conducted the *magasin de toilettes*, and notably increased the clientele. Madame Labalastriere had shown her discrimination when she recognized Flo's latent genius for costume; it was the one genius she possessed—the talent which raised her above the common folk. Flo was indeed in all other respects the simplest creature that ever breathed. Animated by devoted affection for her own family, and by unqualified admiration of all the members of it, from her father to little Matthew, beyond this she might be said to have no feeling. She was kind to everyone, but with a kindness of indifference; and the whole world of the intellect was to her as a sealed book; the sweetest lines that poet ever framed awakened nothing beyond a passing enjoyment, and she would fall asleep even over the sorrows of the Bride of Lammermoor.

But to see her in her workroom, surrounded by the materials with which she wrought her wonders, no wrapt herself was ever more etherealized. The boxes which held her stuffs were to her what the stops are to the musician, what the voices of nature are to the poet. Her whole face and form assumed a new expression, working by an inner law of harmony, of which she was only vaguely conscious; she created beauty, and tasted the pleasure of the true artist.

That she produced wonderful effects, and knew so well how to set off the persons of her clients that the work of inferior *modistes* became insupportable, need hardly be said. To be in her workroom was positive pleasure to her, and she had a faculty for attracting to herself young women of kindred talent, over whom her earnest and simple character

coupled with her matchless superiority in her art, gave her great authority. She was an *artiste* happy in her art, but nevertheless she had a very real and material enjoyment of her home, and of the honour in which she could not fail to be held there.

Ivy Cottage had enlarged its borders. A pretty low drawing-room opened on to a mossy lawn, and new bedrooms had been added, though, to say the truth, there were not so many living in it as when the four bedrooms had lodged them all, for Cicely at last made up her mind to reward the faithful attachment of Mr. Matthews, who in the old days had found it so impossible to interest Flo in vulgar fractions. James had started as a doctor, and had a fine house in Saville Row. Charlie, whose health was rather delicate, and who was of a domestic turn, had succeeded Cicely as Flo's bookkeeper, and Flora did her best to control her exultations when Matthew, now a bright young fellow of three-and-twenty, brought home his prizes and laid them in her lap. Matthew was the scholar of the family, the sweet-natured, gentle boy to whom learning came like grateful food, and who would, the mother and sister fondly hoped, be a clergyman before many more years were gone.

Lovely Rosalind, who will be lovely till her dying day, had now lighted on easier times, her husband was a Q.C. and a Recorder, title suggestive of flutes and dulcimers, and other harmonious creations to the uninitiated. Her boys and girls were as tall as herself, the said boys and girls, by the way, generally contrived to let Aunt Flo know when they wanted anything; not that one among them had the slightest idea whence Aunt Flo's Fortin's purse was kept, so well filled. Indeed, it is to be feared that they might have been shocked, and even disposed to feel aggrieved, if they had connected it or her with trade, though their maternal grandfather had been in the hard ware line in Birmingham. It was Flo's will as well as their parents that they should remain ignorant of the fact that she was a working woman. Was she the only working woman who had shrunk from the hard criticism of inexperienced youth, and been content to lavish on it the earnings of an industry it would despise? It is difficult for the wisest to see things as they are in this world, with its golden mists and sullen vapours; perhaps it is well that we should be over-gentle to the young ones who have the assurance of those to whom little is known.

It came to Flora Wilkinson, not once, but many times, to have the option of marriage, and more than once Flo had been tempted to follow the example of her mother and sisters; but it must be confessed that she never either felt or inspired a great passion, the men who were anxious to marry her had all a full appreciation of the commercial value of her talent, and this Flo was slow enough to perceive. She decided that it would be safer not to admit a partner who might derange the comfort of her father and mother, or interfere with her relations with her brothers and sisters. To be Madame ———. Yes, it would be nice to have someone with whom to sit *à table* at dinner, but they would not a *table-à-tête* dinner be rather solitary after the full table at home? Then to order the dinner, to superintend the house; of course she would have to have another house. No, Flora concluded, the disadvantages were greater than the advantages. Miss Wilkinson she had been, and Miss Wilkinson she would and did remain. And no one who saw the sprightly little lady stepping from the pavement in front of Ivy Cottage into her pretty little carriage—no one but herself over-recollected that this was little Flo—the "Dunce of the Family."

CHRISTMAS AND THE SATURNALIA.

No one who celebrates Christmas should be disturbed by the fact that not even the month in which Jesus Christ was born, much less the day, has been ascertained. The festival of the Nativity has been celebrated in January, May, September, October, and December. No historian pretends to fix the date at which Christmas became a general festival. About all that is known is, that during the fourth century the Feast of the Nativity was observed by the Western churches, and that in the sixth century Eastern and Western Christians united in celebrating it on the 25th day of December. It is well known that certain Christmas customs originated in the pagan rites of the ancient Druids and Romans.

From the Druids came that hanging up of the mistletoe, which still retains its hold in England. The grim old Saxons who burn huge bonfires to Thor, transmitted to our English ancestors the ceremony of burning the Yule log. And from ancient Greeks and Romans came the custom of interchanging presents and making entertainments, which marks our observances of Christmas.

In ancient Greece the whole people, during the last days of December, gave themselves up to fun and frolic. It was the Harvest Home of vine-growers, which they called the Festival of Bacchus. It was a time of universal, if not of riotous, gayety, and some of our own Christmas customs may be traced to December games and usages of the Greeks that were old when Socrates was young.

In Rome, long before the Christian era, we find the originals of certain Christmas customs. Some readers may remember short poems of the Rome satirist Martial, descriptive of the "December Liberty," which distinguished the observance of the Saturnalia, eighteen hundred years ago.

It was a time of universal present-making, as it is with us. On one occasion, Martial sent to a friend a copy of his own poems, and with it he sent a few lines of poetical apology for the meagreness of his present. Now, mark what he says:

"I may seem to you stingy or impolite, since in this month of December, when napkins, elegant shoe-fasteners, wax tapers, tablets and tapering vases filled with Damascus plums fly about in all directions, I have sent you nothing but my own little books."

A custom of the Roman Saturnalia, which came unchanged to our time, is familiar to us all. We mean the three days' holiday given to the slaves. The slaves in our Southern States, down to the close of the war, enjoyed this privilege.

Throughout the Roman Empire slaves went about bare-headed, except on the three great days of the Saturnalia, when all were permitted to wear the cap of familiar shape, which still figures as the Liberty Cap upon the tops of liberty poles.

Schools and colleges all had a vacation during the Roman Saturnalia. There were particular kinds of toys made of earthen-ware which were sold only during this festival. Families came together, just as they now do, to the unbounded joy of the children; and there was the great family dinner at which the children were present, if never again during the year.

How are we to account for those coincidences? The explanation is not difficult. When Christianity was first preached in the Roman Empire, it was a message of hope and comfort to the poor and the oppressed, and above all to the great multitude of slaves whose labours sustained the Roman world. We can dimly perceive, in the letters of Pliny the Younger, and elsewhere, the slaves gathering on a hilltop at the dawn of day to hear the Christian tidings, and to partake of the communion, then separating for the labours of the field and household.

The first Christian congregations in Italy were largely composed of slaves and of the common people, though among them were found educated and highly gifted persons. The early Christian teachers had the greatest difficulty to keep their converts from joining in the pagan festivals, to which they had been accustomed, and which were even needful to ameliorate their hard lot and monotonous life. When the Saturnalia came round, the Christian slave or freedman found himself struggling between the habits of his old life and the claims of his new faith. If he withstood the old, he missed the only holiday which would be his during twelve months of labour. If he yielded, his religious life might be injured by contact with idolatrous rites.

Christian pastors, seeing the strife of habit with conscience, would seek for the golden mean between license and prohibition. They acted upon the principle, that though there must be unity in essentials, there should be liberty in non-essentials, and love in all things. They took what was good in the Roman holidays and associated it with the birthday festival of Him who came to bring peace on earth and good will to men.

Our pilgrim ancestors thought they were doing God's service in trying to kill Christmas. Being learned in Roman antiquities, they stigmatized the festival as the survival of a pagan holiday. The first Christmas occurred just after their landing at Plymouth. December twenty-fourth was Sabbath, and busy as they were, not a hand was lifted to work. The next day was Christmas, and Governor Bradford had a grim pleasure in recording that no man rested on that day.

They appointed a Thanksgiving day at the end of November, which soon became the Puritan Christmas, a day of family gatherings and unusual merriment. Gradually, too, old Christmas revived, and thus it came too pass that this country is favoured with two festivals a month apart—one the Harvest Home, and the other the nativity of the Saviour. — Youth's Companion.

GARDENS OF THE SEA.

Among the many curious analogies born of modern investigation, none are more interesting than those showing striking cases of parallelism in the habits and customs of animals whose environments are totally dissimilar. The ocean bed seems peopled with forms so resembling those of land that a modification of structure to conform with their surroundings alone appears to be the point of difference. In drifting over the reefs of our Southern border this resemblance between the creatures of land and sea is extremely striking. The gardens of the lower world abound in lavish growth; trees, shrubs, waving vines, are all reproduced in the wondrous forms of the sea. Here a forest of coral branches (*Madrepora*) raise their myriads of bristling points, each flower by a delicate polyp and presenting a rich olive-green tint in contrast to the deep blue of the channel upon whose banks they grow. Pure as crystal the water seems to intensify the beauty of the objects, even in the greater depths; gaily bedecked fishes move lazily about, rising and falling among the living branches, posing, perhaps, to pluck some morsels from a limb, in all their motions reminding us of the birds of the shore. These gorgeous parrot-fishes are the sun-birds of the sea; wondrous tints—azure-blue, golden yellow, and red—mark them. Some appear iridescent and bathed in metallic tints, as if encased in burnished armours, while many more in modest garb, found in our colder waters of the North, call to mind the robin and thrush, those welcome harbingers of spring. But it is not in their colour alone that the fishes resemble the birds; it is in the home-life and love of offspring that we find a close resemblance. Many are nest builders, erecting structures as complicated as those of the birds, and equalling them in design and finish.

THE London Lord Mayor's resolve to stop the Sunday church parades is said to have given great offence to some of the city clergy.

THE Rev. A. C. Turberville, son of the late Mr. Turberville, editor of the "English Independent," has been appointed assistant to Rev. W. Paisford, D.D., Glasgow.

DR. SIMON, principal of Springhill College, Birmingham, has accepted the principalship of the Scottish Congregational theological hall, in room of Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander.

AT Stornoway a meeting has been held at which the speakers' denunciations of Sabbath desecration was enthusiastically responded to by a crowded audience of 2,000. All the proceedings were conducted in Gaelic.

THE Rev. A. Mearns, author of "The Bitter Cry," contributes a paper on "Outcast London" to the December "Contemporary." Mr. Mearns was educated for the ministry in the United Presbyterian Hall. He afterwards became a Congregationalist, and is now the secretary of the Congregational Board of London Ministers.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1883.

SEVERAL long-time subscribers have favoured us with subscriptions on behalf of distant relatives and friends to whom they desire THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN to be sent. An excellent and useful way of benefiting absent friends, and about as timely and valuable a New Year's gift as can be devised.

DIO. LEWIS, M.D., is writing a series of papers for the "Homiletic Monthly," on "How Clergymen May Secure Health." One recipe is to walk two miles and call upon "the crossiest and most disagreeable of parishioners." Another is to call upon the sick and weary. Visits to the sick he says, are "particularly health giving." If the remaining papers are like the one already published they may perhaps furnish a fairly good illustration of how foolishly a man can write and still be considered sane. Every minister knows by experience that visiting cross and disagreeable parishioners is not health-giving work. Pastors also know that visiting the sick and passing through scenes of suffering and bereavement make very heavy claims on their nervous systems and are the reverse of health-giving. A man who feels that his health is improved by looking at others suffering must be constructed on a very strange principle. We would not care to have him for a pastor.

A COURSE of lectures on the lives of eminent missionaries has been inaugurated under the auspices of the Belfast Presbytery. The lecturers have been selected from among the younger pastors of the Church. The movement is undoubtedly a good one and cannot fail to foster a missionary spirit in the Church. It will also do much good to the gentlemen who prepare the lectures. Would it not be a good thing to have a similar course in each of our Theological Halls? We would not confine the lectures to Foreign Missionaries. The men who planted Presbyterianism in Canada were missionaries and some of them suffered more than our missionaries now suffer in the Foreign field. We have had our Home Mission martyrs. A monthly lecture on the lives and work of missionaries, Home and Foreign, would we are certain, increase and intensify the missionary spirit in our colleges. Besides it would lend some variety to the routine of college life, and interest very specially a large number of ministers in college work—both of which are good things.

THERE is no one best way for the preparation of speeches and sermons. The greatest orators and preachers prepare in different ways. John Bright makes notes and heads of parts of his speeches, but writes and commits carefully to memory the more important and finer passages. Owing to the essential difference between spoken and written composition, and the great difficulty of passing gracefully from the one to the other, most writers on homiletics and rhetoric condemn this method. Yet John Bright is one of the greatest orators in the world. Mr. Gladstone arranges the matter of his speeches but trusts to

the moment of delivery for the words. They always come. Mr. Blake prepares in the same way. He gives his whole time and strength to the arrangement of the matter but never makes verbal preparation. Beecher says he cannot prepare words. "Spontaneity" is his hobby. The late Lord Derby, the "Rupert of debate" wrote his speeches and delivered them from memory. Lord Dufferin dictated his to a shorthand writer; and, after writing them four or five times over for correction, prepared a final copy which he delivered from memory. There is just one rule that holds good in such matters: The way any given man can speak or preach best is the best way for him.

WHAT did you do last Monday evening to increase the "sum total" of the happiness in your vicinity? Gave your wife a nice Christmas box of course! And the children were remembered too. That was right. What was in that box you sent to the manse? Something good no doubt. Did you think of the poor woman that does the rough work round your house, and the man who does the "chores," and the smart boy that runs errands for you? Did you try to make somebody happy who cannot be much in the way of making others happy? Did you ask anybody to dinner on Tuesday? Right around you are numbers of young men and young women who are far from the old home where the family used to meet for their Christmas dinner. On Christmas morning their minds were filled with fond memories of that old home and the tears started as they thought of the days gone by. Did you ask any of these people to spend an hour or two of Christmas in your home? You might have done so. Some day in the not very distant future your son or your daughter may be in the same position. When that day comes you will be glad to hear that some good citizen asked them to dinner on Christmas. If you did nothing generous on Christmas it is not yet too late to mend. Begin the year by making somebody happy on New Year's day, and try to keep up the good work all through 1884. You will gain more than the people you help. Try it.

THE TOPIC OF THE TIME.

ALL great realities are unique. They stand alone. However subtle fancy may be it can only form an image of glowing beauty or sublimity, which, after all, is but a faint resemblance of the great original. Poets and philosophers have tried to represent with much happy imagery and exact definition the idea of time, but time the reality eludes their grasp as well as that of ordinary mortals. The commonest image by which it is represented is a river. Many happy and beautiful things have been said in connection with that rather common-place figure. But it is incomplete. It fails to apply in some of the most essential particulars. The smooth flow of the river represents not inaptly the silent flight of time. But then the river is not always smooth. It has changes unknown to time. The melting of the mountain snows, the rain-torrents swell the rush of waters that overflow their accustomed banks and rush in wild tumult sea-ward. The scorching heats of summer make the mighty river shrink to the dimensions of a little brook. The flow of the river is impeded by a strong wind blowing up stream. Its course can be diverted by the slow and imperceptible processes of cosmic change, or by the artificial barriers of engineering skill.

Time is unaffected by any such conditions. Its advance is steady, silent and irresistible. No agency in nature has ever stayed its progress for an instant. No human skill or ingenuity has thought of attempting to arrest it. Calmly and imperturbably it holds on its resistless way.

And we are being steadily borne onward by the current of time. For the most part it escapes our notice. We are busily occupied with life's pursuits and pleasures, and come to realize time's flight only by its loss. There are occasions when we are forcibly reminded of its flight, and we are startled by its rapidity. In the holiday season these thoughts are forced upon us. We are nearing the dawn of another year, and people, even the most unreflecting, have their thoughts turned from their habitual channel.

This season of the year gives us pause, yet it is only apparent. Holidays like other days glide swiftly away. We are nevertheless the better for the intermission that comes. Labour is the condition of life in this world, but a brief respite is occasionally necessary. In these days of eager haste and keen competition it

is well that the tension even for a brief period should be relaxed. The drive and worry of business produce a wearing effect and repress the outflow of generous and brotherly feeling. Christmas time above all seasons gives free play to the kindly emotions of the human heart. Tracing its rise from the institution of the religion of Jesus Christ, recalling the fact of His coming into the world, it reminds us of that brotherhood of humanity He came to found; it awakens the pent up feeling that the worries and cares of life are powerless to extinguish.

It teaches us afresh the beauty and tenderness of home-life which surpass all the outer adornments of the festive season. The old people feel that glints of joyous sunshine visit them when Christmas comes again. They participate in the exuberant joy that fills the hearts of those dear to them. It is childhood's specially joyous time. Eager anticipations are cherished for weeks before its coming. Its round of enjoyments is so full and varied that there is no opportunity for weariness till the season is over. Nor are the feelings peculiar to this happy time altogether selfish. Neither should they be. The less fortunate, the inmates of our charitable institutions, the deserving poor, as well as the undeserving, are reminded amid the hardness of their lot, that Christmas is the season of good will.

The Christmas week in which we now are is not externally so bright as some that have gone before. There are many who feel the pressure of hard times. Many are struggling with adversity. To them the joys of the season will be but meagre. Courage! Dark days do not always last. Brighter and better days will come again. He at whose birth the angels sang, is the Saviour of men, the Hope of humanity. When he comes to reign the import of that song will be fully realized. Let us all work and pray for the coming of that glorious time when peace on earth and good will to men will fill every heart with abiding joy.

To the large and increasing circle of readers of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN we fervently wish in the dear, familiar old words A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

MORE MEN.

MR. EDITOR,—I have lately travelled extensively in the Province of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia, including Cape Breton, and have been painfully impressed with the fact that our Church is suffering most seriously from lack of ministers and preachers. The bad effects of this scarcity are apparent in every Province and in several forms. Congregations without pastors see but little chance of obtaining one except by calling "the minister of some other church, and the flock thus deprived of a shepherd seek to secure another by the same method; and thus the evil goes on." Then many mission stations are weak or scattered congregations are becoming much discouraged and dissatisfied with the very scanty supply which is furnished to them, and many districts once largely Presbyterian, are gliding quietly into other denominations.

All this is very undesirable, and although it may seem hard to find a remedy, yet there is one within our reach and the Church seems but little disposed to avail herself of it. In the time when Christ was on earth the harvest was great and the labourers few, and He, when pointing out the fact to His followers, asked them to pray to God, the Lord of the harvest, to give them more labourers. Are we in this our time of need obeying that injunction? Is the Church pleading with God as she ought in this matter?

Would it not be well and very appropriate for her to set apart a week for prayer to the Almighty asking Him to influence and dispose our young men to come forward in larger numbers and engage in the work of the ministry? If the Church as a whole were to do this in earnest humility and sincere desire to obtain the blessing so much needed, God would answer the prayers and petitions of His people.

We believe, or profess to believe, that the Head of the Church hears and answers prayer, and that He fulfils all His promises made to His people, yet practically we give but little evidence of sincerity of our profession.

Will not some of our able ministers take up this subject and place it before the Church in such a manner as to secure some expression of the state of feeling respecting this most important subject?

A PRESBYTERIAN.



## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

**WESTMINSTER LESSON QUESTIONS.** (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—These are separate slips with six questions arising out of each lesson printed on each, with spaces under the question for the pupil's answer.

**THE WESTMINSTER QUESTION BOOK FOR 1884.** (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—The "Question Book" for the coming year, like those that preceded it, is prepared with care. It is clear in its arrangement, compact and concise in its presentation of the truths contained in the lesson and just such a compend as will be valuable to teachers and scholars alike.

**A CRITICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE GREEK NEW TESTAMENT AS PUBLISHED IN AMERICA.** By Isaac H. Hall, A.M., LL.B., Ph.D. (Philadelphia: Pickwick & Company.)—Dr. Hall prepared a paper on the Greek New Testament for the American Philological Association meeting at Cambridge in 1882. Its publication in the transactions of that society greatly interested scholars, many of whom forwarded additional particulars, full of interest, which enabled Dr. Hall to publish the complete monograph, which is now before us. To students of the Greek New Testament it will be a valuable and highly prized acquisition. Fac-similes of the title and page 448 of the first Greek Testament printed in America are given.

**CHOICE LITERATURE.** (New York: John B. Alden.)—The December number is very excellent. Some of the best things in current English magazine literature are here reproduced. A subject always full of serious interest is treated in a seriously interesting way by Lord Justice Fry, in an article on "Inequality in Punishment." In "The Church in the Catacombs," the Rev. H. R. Hawes, M.A., presents a brief but vivid picture of the struggles and sufferings of the early Christians. The Rev. George A. Shaw—lately a hero of the hour—discusses with the authority of personal observation and experience "The Future Prospects of Madagascar." There is a short and sensible paper by Lord Lorne on "Canadian Home Rule;" also an extremely well-written and well-reasoned article on "The New Birth of Christian Philosophy," by Rev. Wm. Barry. These are the most noticeable contents of a most excellent number.

**THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.** Edited by George H. Robinson, M.A. (Toronto: The Educational Monthly Publishing Co.)—The December number of the "Educational Monthly" is an admirable issue. The address on "School Hygiene," read by Dr. Oldwright before the Ontario Teachers' Association is the opening paper. It will be read with interest and profit by teachers and others interested in the proper equipment of public schools. It ought to lead to beneficial practical results. Mrs. John Harvie contributes a good common sense paper on "The Medical Education of Women." A recent racy paper in the "Saturday Review" on "The Modern School-boy" is brimful of truth satirically told. The Toronto University College prize poem, of great merit, is reproduced. The usual scholastic miscellany is presented to the readers. Principal Grant's address at the annual convocation of Queen's College, Kingston, finds a place in its pages. The editorial notes are timely, pithy and gracefully written.

**QUEEN VICTORIA.** By Grace Greenwood. (Montreal: Dawson Brothers.)—Grace Greenwood is a practiced writer. She finds in Queen Victoria an excellent subject for a biography. The book is not an ambitious one, it makes no pretensions to being exhaustive. Written in a kindly and appreciative spirit the narrative of the Queen's life is most pleasant and agreeable reading. Having the tear of Democratic America before her eyes, she seems impelled to proclaim her republicanism in season and out of season. She does not, however, fail to appreciate the many excellencies of the present occupant of the British throne. The writer's clear and womanly insight enables her to apprehend the leading characteristics, mental and moral, of Queen Victoria. The divisions of the subject are natural, being the childhood and girlhood, womanhood and queenhood, widowhood, motherhood, and widowhood. The book will be read with pleasure and profit. Young people especially will find it interesting and instructive. The publishers have done their part well. The printing, paper and binding are of the best.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THOUGH not in all cases compatible with some of the requirements of these days the plan pursued by the Rev. Dr. George Dana Boardman, of Philadelphia, has much to recommend it. The systematic study of the Scriptures, and its exposition is one of the most important parts of ministerial work. Mr. Boardman, early in his pastoral life, projected a plan for the analytical study of the entire New Testament. He has been able to go through every word of it in a series of Wednesday evening lectures. They have averaged in delivery fifty minutes, and, if printed, would form forty-five duodecimo volumes of 350 pages each.

THE lottery swindle dies hard. The press of Ontario has been outspoken in its condemnation. A few journals at one time were disposed to defend it, but all papers with a reputation to maintain have banded lotteries as unmitigated evils. Some of our contemporaries while speaking about lotteries have an occasional sly dig at the churches which originate questionable devices ostensibly for charitable purposes. People do not need to be told that indulgence in forbidden practices does not and cannot alter the moral character of the acts. The church that countenances disreputable methods of raising money deserves to get its share of the hard knocks going. The sooner that all complicity between the Church and gambling is at an end the better for the cause of religion and morality.

THE university endowment question has called fourth a small army of controversialists in the daily papers. Discussion does good and clears the air. The fog is slowly lifting and the real question presents itself. Is the Province of Ontario to go back on its educational record by refusing adequate maintenance to the only distinctly national university she possesses. What was said by Lord Lorne in his recent Birmingham speech, having no polemic intent, is significant. "The universities of this land," he says, "although too numerous, are good, and the University of Toronto, bids fair in time to become sufficiently wealthy to attract the best professors, and to be fully equal to the demands made upon it by the rapidly-increasing numbers of students, who, after living in denominational colleges around, receive the benefits of its examinations."

THE liquor-sellers association have no special affection for the Crook's Act. The provision to which they are most opposed is the one that enjoins that no liquor be sold after seven o'clock on Saturday night. Every effort has been made to get this clause relaxed but in vain. Deputies have waited on the Provincial Ministers, but they failed to give a response favourable to those who advocated relaxation. The Dominion Premier was approached, from the interview and from subsequent public utterances of his it was expected that the desire of the liquor-sellers would be granted. In the McCarthy Act passed last session, there is no extension of time for selling on Saturday evening. The test case submitted to the Privy Council has been decided contrary to the contention of the licensed victuallers. The validity of the Crooks Act has been upheld.

MOST people value the good opinion of their fellow-men. They would rather be spoken well of than ill. Yet there are exceptions. The parties who planned the building of an opera house in Guelph with funds raised by the sale of lottery tickets found that the current of public opinion was setting strongly against the project. They had discovered that it was illegal and that unpleasant consequences might result from their participation in the scheme. Those who had a regard for their personal reputation withdrew from the concern. Other individuals, of tougher fibre and more persistency, clung to the enterprise and the drawing was announced to take place last week. The authorities however interfered and they were ignominiously fined for their attempted defiance of law and public opinion. An opera house in Guelph may be desirable but it would be a reproach to the royal city if it were founded on fraud.

THERE is a general feeling of uneasiness in view of European political complications. The Franco-Chinese difficulty has not yet been adjusted, and it still remains doubtful whether there is to be peace or war. Russia and Germany, are keeping their armaments on a gigantic scale. The burden of their maintenance is excessive. Meanwhile every movement of persons of

political note is watched with eagerness, and all sorts of motives are suggested for their occurrence. The visit of the King of Spain to Paris exasperated the Parisian mob. Soon afterwards the Crown Prince of Germany paid a visit of Alfonso at Madrid, and now he has gone to Rome where he met with a grand welcome, and has been received by the Pope. Is it the design of Germany to cultivate a closer friendship with the Latin races and thereby help to weaken their sympathy with France, so that when complications arise France may be isolated and Germany enabled to retain the European ascendancy she acquired by the last war?

THERE has been serious trouble at Fort Wrangel. Dr. Kendall, Secretary of the American Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, says it began in October, after the Rev. S. Hall, a young minister of the mission church, left for the United States to lecture on Life in Alaska. Mr. McFarland, of South Carolina, a teacher in the school, took Dr. Young's place in the pulpit. McFarland and his wife, who was his assistant in the school, whipped two big Indian girls because they came into the school with snowshoes on. The girls ran away to their friends in the village. They belonged to the Girls' Home, over which Mrs. A. R. McFarland, McFarland's aunt was matron. Next Sunday McFarland preached violently against the girls. Mrs. McFarland got up in her pew and defended them. McFarland yelled to her to sit down. She told him to sit down. He rushed out of the pulpit, grabbed her by the shoulders, and put her down with force. After that McFarland was very unpopular at the Fort. He held religious meetings every night, and the report was sent to New York that he was crazy. Rev. Robert W. Hill, superintendent of the mission, who has his headquarters in Portland, Oregon, went to Fort Wrangel and has adjusted affairs satisfactorily for the present.

PEOPLE of literary aspirations generally have a keen sense of honour. They ought to have. Those who seek to instruct and amuse by their published writings should scorn to bring discredit on themselves by palming as theirs on guileless readers the productions of abler pens than their own. Plagiarism may be rather common in these days, yet it is none the less despicable. Within a few days two glaring instances have come under our notice. In an exchange published in a midland town, Eliza Cooke's well-known poem, "The Song of Steam," appeared and is claimed to be written by one named Climer. This alleged climber of Mount Parnassus is bold and daring, but he must have a pure and honest eye before he can ever soar sunward. The other instance referred to, is the once famous "Historic Doubts" of Archbishop Whateley, which appeared in substance in one of the leading Toronto dailies last week. It was evidently regarded as a wonderful piece of original invention when a learned Spanish professor applied the destructive criticism to Napoleon Bonaparte and proved conclusively that he never existed, just as the Archbishop of Dublin had done many years before. This masquerading in borrowed plumes is bold and striking but is incompatible with honour or honesty.

THE Ontario Trade Benevolent Association's second annual meeting was held in Hamilton last week. The benevolent aspect does not crop out in the report of the proceedings as it appears in the Hamilton papers. If devising the most effective means for fighting and defeating the Scott Act can be regarded as benevolence then there was plenty of it. A sumptuous social dinner is no doubt promotive of good feeling, and this the members seemed thoroughly to enjoy. The customary toasts evoked the customary responses. The toast of the evening elicited several rather original remarks, one speaker, under the inspiration of the hour and the scene, ventured on prophecy. It need hardly be said that, however sincere he may be, he is egregiously deceived. We wish him no greater harm than that he should outlive his vaticination. The secretary said that the association had little reason to thank members of Parliament for the amendments that had been granted the association; such amendments had been dragged out of them by the skin of their teeth, as it were. The secretary said that the object of the association was to elevate the standard of the licensed trade, so that respectable and honourable men could engage in it. No one now living would live to see the passage of a prohibitory law in Canada. The most that could be done was to have a license law that would keep the trade respectable by keeping out of it all those who would disgrace it.

## TENNYSON'S NEW POEM.

Once more the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And domes the red plough'd hills  
With loving blue,  
The blackbirds have their wills,  
The throistles too.

Opens a door in heaven;  
From the skies of glass  
A Jacob's-ladder falls  
On greening grass.  
And o'er the mountain walls  
Young angels pass.

Before them fleets the shower,  
And burst the buds,  
And shine the level lands,  
And flash the floods;  
The stars are from their hands  
Flung thro' the woods.

The woods by living airs  
How freshly fann'd,  
Light airs from where the deep,  
All down the sand,  
Is breathing in his sleep,  
Heard by the land!

O follow, leaping blood,  
The season's lure!  
O heart, look down and up,  
Serene, secure,  
Warm as the crocus-cup,  
Like snow-drops pure!

Past, future, glimpse and fade  
Thro' some slight spell,  
Same gleam from yonder vale,  
Some far blue fell,  
And sympathies, how frail,  
In sound and smell.

Till at thy chucked note,  
Thou twinkling bird,  
The fairy fancies range,  
And, lightly stirr'd  
Ring little bells of change  
From word to word.

For now the Heavenly Power  
Makes all things new,  
And thaws the cold and fills  
The flower with dew  
The black birds have their wills,  
The poets too.

— Alfred Tennyson.

## A CHRISTMAS CHIME.

BY S. H. MANCHEL.

Glory to God in the highest,  
Peace, and good will to man,  
Were the words of hope and gladness  
The angels song began.

Lo, heaven's bright doors were opened,  
The angel host appeared;  
And Darkness drew his mantle close,  
And fled the light he feared.

To the shepherds on the hillside,  
The host their message gave:  
To earth has come the looked for One—  
The Christ is born to save.

Then like some grand-toned organ,  
When pealing soft and low,  
Th' angelic strains slow faded  
From list'ning ears below.

With costly gifts the wise men came  
From eastern plains afar,  
Directed in their toilsome way  
By the Saviour's guiding star.

That strange star's radiant glory  
Marked plain the unknown way,  
Till they found the manger lowly  
Wherein the infant lay.

With rev'rent awe their gifts they spread  
Of spices and of gold,  
And worshipped at the feet of Him  
Whom prophets had foretold.

'Twas He who in the later years  
The little children blest;  
Who to the weary one says "Come,  
And I will give you rest."

'Twas He who to the sick man said,  
"Take up thy bed and walk;"  
Who touched blind eyes that they might see,  
And made the dumb to talk.

Then, Christians all, awake, arise!  
And joyous greet the morn  
On which your Saviour, Jesus Christ,  
Into this world was born.

—Tennant, Dec., 1883.

## CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY FIDELIS.

To lovers of symbolism, there is a happy significance in the fact that, with us, the gladdest festival of Christendom falls at the gloomiest season of the solar year. When the last brown shrivelled leaf has been blown from the bare trees by the wild December winds, and the heavy gray skies obscure the decreasing light of the lessening sun. Christmas looms through the dimness of the shortened days, like a gleam of light and warmth across the wintry gloom, such as the Star in the East shone across the moral darkness that preceded the first Christmas Day. Christmas at mid-summer, as it comes in the Southern Hemisphere, would hardly seem like Christmas at all. It needs the contrast of the genial warmth within with the cold and gloom without—of the home cheer light of love, with the earth shrouded in its winding sheet of snow—of the life of heart and spirit overcoming the death of outward nature, a symbol of the brightest life of all entering into our moral and spiritual darkness and overcoming evil with good; all this is gathered and symbolized in the light of the Christmas Star. So it is well that we should cherish and emphasize this Christmas festival by all the home light and joy we can throw around it in symbol and reality; well that we should have the Christmas bells and the Christmas greens. Our Christmas trees and Christmas gifts, and even our Christmas puddings too, so long as they are made and enjoyed in the same spirit as the memorable Cratchit pudding immortalized in Dickens' "Christmas Carol." On a bright Canadian winter day—such as we sometimes have at Christmas-tide—a vividly blue sky contrasting with the dazzling new-fallen snow; the chime of church bells and the merry jingle of the sleigh-bells ringing clear through the frosty air; the streets full of family parties on their way to church or social reunion; with some gala Christmas touch visible even on the outer apparel; that must be a dull or a self-absorbed heart that does not catch some inspiration of Christmas gladness; some echo of the grand old Hebrew song:

"Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord;  
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation."

No; we can no more grow tired of Christmas than of spring. It is the failure to realize its meanings, which alone can cause monotony, the taking the outside husk for the core and centre. Christmas, like everything else, is degraded by a blind conventionalism. If all that is associated with Christmas observance is a certain routine of Christmas gifts, Christmas trees, Christmas cards, Christmas parties and Christmas bazaars—it may well grow monotonous—"stale, flat and unprofitable." Christmas gifts may grow to be a tax grudgingly borne; Christmas good wishes an empty form; Christmas cards a "nuisance," and Christmas trees and parties as great a "bore" as Christmas bills. As in the mystic vision of the Hebrew prophet it is only the golden oil of love from its heavenly source, which can keep our Christmas lamps ever burning with a pure and living light. When this is replaced by the lower motives of fashion, ostentation, or mere custom and routine, what wonder if the light goes out in smoke, and Christmas keeping becomes a burden?

Yet we must remember that there are many hearts that shrink from Christmas, just because of its traditional gladness. They feel like Dickens' little boy, expected to "play" to order. To them Christmas comes laden with mournful memories and saddening associations. There are vacant places about the Christmas hearth and the Christmas fire, however brightly it may burn, can never have the same happy glow as when it was reflected in eyes that look no more on the light of this world. To such it seems that the rest of the world pipes and they cannot dance. Yet the rest of the world is perhaps after all in a somewhat similar condition. There are very few, besides the children, who can really have a "merry Christmas." But we can all share, to some extent at least, in Christmas gladness, by making it glad for the children in the name of Him who comes to us as a little child. For their little hearts, which have yet to grow strong enough to bear the burdens of life, it is well that Christmas-tide and "the holidays" should be as joyous as their elders can make it for them, made happy by well-stocked Christmas stockings and Noah's Arks, and bats and balls, and even the whistles and trumpets so musical to them—so terrible to older ears. It is only for a little while that Christmas can ever seem such a perfectly bright and beautiful season. To you who have passed childhood, can it again wear the magic glamour of the time when it was an epoch to be looked forward to for months before, and Christmas morning dawned unique, celestial, transfigured in "the light that never was on land or sea." They have lost something in life who cannot remember how the Christmas stockings loomed through the grey winter dawn—a thing mysterious, unearthly, only to be approached with a certain reverence and awe, and wistful palpitating prognostication of what might or might not be found there! It is to be feared that the Christmas trees, with all their brightness and glitter, can never be fraught with the magic mystery that surrounded the Christmas stocking!

But if Christmas gifts and Christmas pleasures are no longer great enough to fill up our little world, even for a day—we may at least remember that our world is wider; that if we have lost the lower, we are capable of higher joys—that the lower loss may be the source of a higher gain. Least of all, could we do without our sorrows?

"Sorrows humanize our race,  
Tears are the showers that fertilize the world,  
And memory of things precious keepeth warm  
The heart that once did hold them."

There is no need, because it is Christmas time, to put on a gayety we do not feel. "A merry Christmas" is not always the happiest Christmas. There may indeed be tears that cannot be checked, as we recall "the days that are no more."

"But yet  
Our happiest days are not the days when we forget."

But let us remember that, to quote the late Dean Stanley, "the angel of death is also the angel of life; if he separates he always unites." The family circle, as it is broken here, is being re-formed elsewhere. In that state of the blessed dead, of which, with all our surmisings, we know nothing save that it is blessed, there are joyous meetings, we believe, for every sorrowful parting here, and by and by we too shall enter into the joy that knows no fear of any future parting. And Christmas, as well as Easter, comes to us as the promise and pledge of this, for this, too, is included in its inexhaustible song of goodwill to men.

"They bring me sorrow touched with joy  
The merry, merry bells of Yule!"

Well may some sorrowful hearts rejoice and tearful eyes look up to the stars which recall the memories of the past. After all, this great Christian festival should make us happier by lifting us out of the narrow round of self. The day which commemorates a great Divine gift—the brightest renunciation for others—can only be fitly observed by unselfish giving, not the mere giving of gifts, but the more precious giving of self and sympathy. The lower gifts are well, too, as a material expression of the higher, but

"The gifts without the giver is bare!"

And let none of us forget that the genius of Christianity is unselfish love—even for the undeserving—and that the expression of this may not be left out of its natal day. Miss Cobbe has recently called attention to the fact that a loving compassion for the undeserving, the outcast, the criminal, the wretched waifs and strays of society, is a product of Christianity alone, not anticipated even by Judaism, with all its mercy towards the poor. It is well that this should be emphasized in our Christmas bounty, and that the lowest needs of humanity should, by a blessed adaptation, be made the means of conveying the higher lesson. It is well that the deserving family, too poor to procure a Christmas dinner, should enjoy it as the gift of a richer brother—made in a brotherly spirit but it is well, too, that even into our prisons and reformatories as well as into our asylums and hospitals, the spirit of Christmas should enter by means of the generous cheer provided for Christmas Day. So we can all rejoice that "the world moves," when we think of the Christmas of mere revelry and wassail in what we are wont to call "the good old times," and notice how general has become what we may call the Christian way of celebrating it.

One preacher, not commonly enrolled among orthodox preachers, has had much to do with promoting this truly Christian mode of observing Christmas. To Charles Dickens, notwithstanding his indubitable tendency to caricature Christians, belongs the honour of catching and enforcing this cardinal principal of Christianity. His pleas for the poor and ignorant and oppressed, the "poor Toms and Tiny Tims and Trotty Becks of society may be themselves forgotten in the rush of still more modern literature, but their influence lives and will live. They have penetrated beyond the reach of Christmas sermons, while they have helped to inspire many of these; and even the ever lessening minority who apparently think it right to commemorate by a religious service the birth of St. Andrew, but wrong similarly to commemorate the birth of Christ, have at least caught the true spirit of Christmas observance in kind ministrations to their needy brethren. In fact no one now can shut himself out from "keeping Christmas," and it is well that it should be so.

But the world is a long way off from having fully learned its lesson. Christmas should be simply the inspiration of the rest of the year, instead of being, as it too often is, at war with it. "The world sits at the feet of Christ," but at the end of the nineteenth century it is still as dull a scholar as were some of the first disciples. Not yet have the Christmas bells "rung out the false and rung in the true."

"Ring out the feuds of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind";

or "the thousand years of peace." Labour and capital will find their true relation only as they both learn the lesson of work for God and love to man. Great companies have still no consciences, and capital still thinks only of making all it can out of labour. And labour, in return, is ready to strike a blow at capital whenever it is sufficiently organized and sufficiently strong. The angels song entering into men's hearts and lives is the only true Eirenicon that can end the strife.

But though there is much to desire yet, let us make the best of what we have in our Christmas associations of peace and good will among men, for all strifes, all animosities, Christmas offers at least, a blessed time of truce. Our Canadian politics, like politics in general, are apt to run far too high, and we too often forget to give our neighbours credit for the good we claim for ourselves. But they may be forgotten for one day, even by their most ardent votaries, as well as by the many who cannot pin their faith absolutely to any party. We may hold firmly enough to our different views on important economical and political and religious questions, but the points on which we differ, after all, shrink into insignificance before the great question on which the vast majority of us are at one; whether the Star in the East—the blessed light of Christianity—is still to lead the world on to that "far off divine event to which the whole creation moves," or whether the chill darkness of materialism is to swallow up all its hopes of a noble birthright. Therefore we may well forget for one day our party watchwords and dividing names of whatever kind, and remember only the grand and Catholic name of Christian. And so, as Tiny Tim observed, "God bless us every one!"

THE intensity of the anti-Chinese feeling in Portland, Oregon, may be inferred from the refusal of the owners of the Centennial block in that city to sell to Chinamen for \$8,000 more than any other persons will pay for it, and the refusal also of the Methodist Church to lease their property to Chinamen even at \$5.50 a month more than others will pay.

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## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev. Principal King, of Manitoba College, preached to his former congregation, morning and evening, last Sabbath.

IN Carlton Street Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Andrew Wilson preached a sermon in which good reasons were given "Why Presbyterians Do Not Observe holidays."

THE congregation of King, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Carmichael, have erected a commodious and handsome new church. It was opened on Sunday last, the services being conducted by the Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston.

ON Tuesday, the 11th inst, the eastern section of the Rev. J. A. Townsend's congregation had a bee, getting wood for their minister for the winter. They brought eleven loads of logs, which they sawed into stove-lengths. This is not the first time these warm-hearted Archibald, Man., people have played at wood-see for their minister. It is a way they have.

THE teachers and officers in connection with the Presbyterian Sabbath school, Woodville, met at the residence of Mr. J. C. Gilchrist, superintendent, on Wednesday evening, the 19th inst. and presented Mr. Gilchrist with an address and thirteen volumes of Barnes' Commentary, as a token of esteem and appreciation of the manner in which he conducts the school. This speaks well for all concerned.

ON December 6th Rev. S. W. Fisher was inducted into the pastoral charge of Flamboro'. Dr. Laing preached, Mr. Burson addressed the minister, and Mr. Robertson, of Waterdown, the people. In the following week, on the 13th, a meeting of welcome was held, when the church was completely filled with a deeply interested congregation; and appropriate addresses were given. Mr. Fisher enters upon his duties with every thing to encourage him among a people known for their generosity and liberality. They also, are to be congratulated on obtaining a minister possessed of experience, as well as suitable gifts and graces.

ON the 17th day of December Rev. Geo. Crombie was inducted into the pastoral charge of St. Ann's and Smithville. The services were conducted before a full congregation by Rev. J. C. McIntyre, presiding, Mr. Thynne who preached, Dr. Thomson who addressed the minister, and Mr. McEwan who addressed the people. In the evening a large company assembled to welcome the pastor. After tea addresses were given by Messrs. Thynne, Ratcliff, Dr. Thomson, and others, and Mr. Crombie simply but feelingly gave expression to his sense of responsibility in accepting the charge. Under the ministry of Mr. Crombie we hope to see these congregations advance. On the next evening a meeting of welcome was held at Smithville.

SUBJOINED are the topics for the week of prayer, January 7th to 12th, 1884, as suggested by the Evangelical Alliance. Monday, 7th—"Praise and Thanksgiving" (Ps. ciii : 1-5; Joshua xxiii : 14.) Tuesday, 8th—"Humiliation and Confession." (Neh. i : 6, 7; Luke xviii : 13, 14.) Wednesday, 9th—"Prayer for Families and Instructors of Youth, including Christian Associations and Sunday schools. (II Tim. i : 5; iii : 19.) Thursday, 10th—"Prayer for the Church of Christ, including the Ministry and Candidates for the office. (John xvii : 20, 21; Gal. iii : 26-28.) Friday, 11th—"Prayer for the Nations," (Isa. ii : 2-4; Zech. viii : 20-23; Eph. ii : 11-22.) Saturday, 12th—"Prayer for Missions, Home and Foreign." (Mat. xxviii : 16-20; Acts xiii : 1-3; Gal. i : 1-3, 15-17, 22-24.)

A TEA meeting was held last Thursday night in the town hall at Aberfoyle, in connection with Duff's Church, East Puslinch. After doing justice to the eatables, which were provided by the ladies of the congregation, in great abundance and in grand style, Mr. James Innes, M.P., editor of the Guelph "Mercury," was called to the chair, the duties of which he performed very acceptably and efficiently. Rev. Messrs. Cohoe, Lucy, Staebler, Neil, Dr. Mackay, and Mr. James Laidlaw, M.P.P., delivered interesting and instructive addresses. Choice and excellent music was furnished by the choir of the Dublin Street Methodist Church, at Guelph, the large town hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, their being from 500 to 600 in attendance, one hundred and seventy-eight dollars was realized from the social.

A VALUABLE accession, says the Brooklin "Eagle" to the pulpit talent of the city is the Rev. T. J. Mc-

Clelland, who has recently been called to the pastorate of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, on Prospect place, between Fifth and Sixth avenues. Rev. Mr. McClelland entered upon his duties as pastor of the church last Sabbath. He comes from Toronto, Canada, and is highly recommended, and is said to be a forcible and eloquent preacher. The congregations of which Mr. McClelland takes charge are just beginning work in a new quarter, where but few of their members live. Everything is very hopeful, and is anticipated a successful and profitable year's work. There had been large additions of late to the membership of the church, and with the new pastor all were well pleased, and harmony and good-will prevailed.

IN 1874, when Principal of the Church of Scotland Institute at Calcutta, Rev. Dr. Jardine wrote a book entitled "Psychology of Cognition," which was very favourably criticized by the "Saturday Review," "Edinburgh Scotsman" and other periodicals. The work was intended to fill a want in India, but it was also received and recognized as a useful hand-book in other countries. Dr. Jardine has just received a letter from Macmillan & Co., publishers, informing him that the stock is exhausted, the sale for the last few months having been unusually brisk, and that they purpose issuing a second edition, with any corrections or alterations he may desire to make. It must be very flattering to Dr. Jardine to find that this work has become so popular, but it is no more than was to be expected, as during his college career, and since, he has made a speciality of philosophical research.

ON the evening of Tuesday, 18th inst., a most delightful tea-meeting was held in the town hall, Listowel. Its main object was to welcome the Rev. Isaac Campbell, new pastor of Knox Church; and it must have been very cheering to him to observe how cordial and whole-hearted that welcome was. After refreshments, ample and good, had been duly attended to, Rev. Mr. Kay, of Milverton, took the chair, and delivered a speech which put the audience into the best possible humour. The members of Presbytery present and ministers of Listowel, delivered brief, appropriate and sparkling addresses. The congregation were reminded that the happiness and usefulness of their new pastor and his wife depended largely on the kindly and considerate treatment they might receive. The music by the choir and others was extremely good and highly appreciated. Rev. Mr. Campbell made the closing speech, in which with great propriety and much felicity he thanked the audience for their kindly welcome, and the ministers for their friendly words.

ON the evening of the 11th inst. a large party consisting of members and adherents of the congregation of Tavistock, old and young, drove up, a distance of seven miles, to North Easthope, and suddenly took possession of the manse. When order was restored, Dr. Rankin was appointed to preside; and after a brief but happy speech, expressive of the esteem and kindly feelings of the congregation towards their pastor and his wife, in their name presented Mr. Stewart with a beautiful fur overcoat, and Mrs. Stewart with a valuable silver tilting water set, and several other pieces of silverware. In reply Mr. Stewart, in behalf of his partner and himself, expressed his appreciation of their kindness, and returned sincere thanks for their presents. The ladies of the party then laid a sumptuous table, of which all present partook freely. The remainder of the evening was agreeably spent in pleasant conversation and music, after which the meeting was closed by singing the doxology and prayer. It is often said that congregations are in the habit of getting up donation parties to compensate for arrears of stipend. This cannot be said of the good people of Tavistock, who have always paid the promised stipend punctually, more than in full.

INTERESTING and impressive services were held in connection with the induction of the Rev. R. J. Beattie to the pastoral charge of Knox Church congregation, Guelph, on the 18th inst. The Rev. D. McCrae, Cobourg, took part in the opening services. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Norris, Glenallan. The Rev. Mr. Torrance narrated the steps taken, put the questions of the formula, and offered up prayer, thereafter completing the impressive induction ceremony. The Rev. Mr. Dickson, Galt, addressed the minister, and the Rev. Mr. Mullen, Fergus, the people, from whom afterwards Mr. Beattie received a very cordial welcome. In the evening a most successful reception soiree was held in Knox Church. The Rev. Robert Torrance presided. Felicitous and appropriate ad-

resses were delivered during the evening by Rev. Dr. Wardrope, Rev. Messrs. McCrae, Mullan, J. G. Scott, Dickson, Dawley and Smith. The speakers congratulated the new pastor and the congregation on the union that had just been formed, and hoped that it was but the auspicious beginning of a long, successful and pleasant connection between Mr. Beattie and his people. A most interesting part of the proceedings was the presentation of an address to the Rev. Robert Torrance, expressing appreciation of his assiduous and kindly attention to the interests of the congregation in his capacity as moderator of session. The address was accompanied with a handsome and valuable gold watch, bearing a suitable inscription. Mr. Torrance, deeply moved, made an appropriate and graceful reply. Mr. Beattie before closing the proceedings made a short and appropriate address, in which he expressed the hope that the connection which had been formed between them would prove a happy one, and be fruitful of much good.

PRESBYTERY OF STRATFORD.—The Presbytery of Stratford met in Knox Church, Listowel, on Tuesday, Dec. 18., for the induction of the Rev. Isaac Campbell, and for ordinary business. A large congregation assembled to take part in the induction services. The Rev. E. W. Panton preached an appropriate sermon; and, after the usual steps had been taken, inducted Mr. Campbell. Mr. Wright addressed the newly-inducted minister, and Mr. Tully, the people. At the close of the session Mr. Campbell was conducted to the door by Mr. Ray, when he received a warm welcome from the congregation. A call from Millbank to the Rev. H. McKay, signed by eighty-nine members and fifty adherents, promising a salary of \$700 per annum, payable half yearly, with manse and garden, was sustained as a regular Gospel call. Mr. Wright was appointed to prepare a report on Temperance, Mr. Stewart on Sabbath Schools, and Mr. Boyd on the State of Religion from the answers to the questions on the subjects issued by the Synod's committees. Mr. Wilson reported that the congregation of Granon is willing to unite with Lucan as proposed by the Presbytery of London, and it was agreed to ask the Synod of Hamilton and London to give effect to the proposed union, and to place the united charge under the care of the Presbytery of Stratford. It was also agreed to hold a Presbyterial visitation of Knox Church, Stratford, at next meeting of Presbytery on Tuesday, January 15th, 1884.—W. A. WILSON, Pres. Clerk

PRESBYTERY OF SAUGEEN.—This Presbytery met in St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest, on the 18th inst. The Rev. S. C. Fraser, well-known throughout the Church, now retired and residing within the bounds of the Presbytery, presented a certificate of good ministerial standing from the Presbytery of Guelph. The certificate was received and his position acknowledged in terms of the certificate. Mr. Fraser, also Mr. McMullan, of Woodstock, and Mr. Watt, a minister without charge, being present, were asked to sit and deliberate. Mr. Nicol was appointed to moderate in a call in South Luther, Waldemar, etc., as soon as they were prepared. Mr. James Scott, Treasurer, gave in the report of the Finance Committee, which was received. Mr. McMullan, of Woodstock, appointed to visit the Presbytery anent augmentation of stipends, gave a very full and clear statement of the scheme. The Presbytery tendered Mr. McMullan a very hearty vote of thanks, expressed their sympathy with the object, and appointed a committee to make arrangements to visit each congregation, to explain the objects of the scheme and solicit increased contributions. The congregation of East Normanby presented a petition praying the Presbytery to form East Normanby, Ayton, Orchardville and North Normanby into one pastoral charge. Messrs. Fraser and Campbell were appointed to visit the congregations interested and report to next meeting of Presbytery. The Presbytery agreed to postpone the canvass for the endowment of Knox College for the present. Mr. Chisholm was appointed to moderate in a call in Dundalk and Fraser settlement as soon as they are prepared. A deputation consisting of Messrs. Campbell and Scott was appointed to visit these congregations. Mr. Straith gave in a report of the Temperance Committee. One of the recommendations in the report was that a lecture be delivered in each congregation within the bounds during the winter. The recommendation was unanimously adopted and a number of the members were appointed to this work, each of them taking so many congregations.—S. YOUNG, Clerk.

**SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.**

**INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.**

**LESSON I.**

Jan. 6, 1884. } *THE CONFERENCE AT JERUSALEM.* { Acts xv. 1-31.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"We believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved even as they" Acts 15: 11.

**TIME.**—A. D. 50 or 51.

**PLACES.**—Antioch in Syria and Jerusalem.

**Introductory.**—In resuming from last year the narrative of apostolic work as given in the Acts, it will be helpful to take a short review of the past lessons from chaps. 1 to 14, so that we may be the better able to connect them with those before us. Chaps. 1 to 14 have been divided into three special epochs. From chaps. 1 to 7 we have an account of the church at Jerusalem its beginning by the baptism of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, its triumphs, its persecutions and its first martyrs. Chaps. 8 to 12 show us the Gospel overleaping the city of its birth and going forth to Samaritans through the preaching of Philip, and to Gentiles at Caesarea by Peter, it was a preparation, a teaching time, the Church was having set before it those great lessons which the inherited prejudice of centuries made it so hard to receive, that "God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him." In chaps. 13 to 14 we have an account of the first missionary journey, under the direct command of the Spirit of God to the church at Antioch, the chosen messengers being Paul and Barnabas.

**Notes and Comments.**—Ver. 1.—"Certain men:" names not given, an ancient tradition states that Cerinthus was one of them, "came down" from Jerusalem to Antioch—the thought is that they were sent by the Judaizing party. "Except circumcised:" the phrase likely stands for the whole ceremonial law of Moses which they would have imposed upon the converts, so the "cross of Christ" stands for the whole gospel of Christ. "Cannot be saved:" so they put a rite in the place of faith, the ritual for the spiritual.

Ver. 2.—Just as we should expect, "Paul and Barnabas" withstood such teachings. "Discussions and disputations" the phrases indicate violent controversy and debate; "they determined" (REV., "the brethren appointed") Paul tells us (Gal. 2: 2) that he went up "by revelation," that may mean, however, a revelation to the Church, or to certain individuals in it, as on the occasion of the first missionary journey. "Certain other" Titus was one (Gal. 2: 1, 3). "To Jerusalem" the Apostles were there and the first converts.

Ver. 3. Not only did these delegates to Jerusalem possess the confidence and sympathy of the Church at Antioch, but the brethren there manifested it by going a part of the way with them. "Phenice and Samaria:" directly on their route; here they found "brethren:" converted, many of them, doubtless by the ministry of Philip. It has been well observed that the very route they took was an assertion of the principle for which they were contending, as they might have taken another route and avoided these Gentile churches. "Great joy:" by their visit and the tidings they bore of the conversion of the Gentiles.

Ver. 4. "Received:" officially, after private interviews, as we learn from Gal. 2: 2-9, with James, Peter and John. Then there was a general gathering of the Church to discuss this important matter. "Declared all things:" told the story of their journey among the Gentiles and of the wonderful results that had followed. "With them:" the phrase is significant, it was God's work, not their own, they were simply the instruments in His hands.

Ver. 5. "Sect of Pharisees:" the most extreme of the adherents of the Mosaic law. "Needful:" etc., how hard a thing to conquer prejudice, how little these men understood the religion into which they had entered; do Christians as a whole understand it much better to-day.

Ver. 6. "Apostles and elders:" but the whole church was present and concurred in the decision (vets: 22, 23); "this matter:" there were two questions to decide: must the Gentiles be circumcised? and were they bound to observe the law of Moses?

Ver. 7. "Much disputing:" each side, the Jewish-Christian and the Gentile-Christian, set forth its views, the apostles appear to have allowed a free expression of opinion, probably at some length. "Peter:" true to himself, foremost always, yet it was specially proper that he should be first now, for, as he reminds his hearers, it was through him that God, at the first, sent the word to the Gentiles, which was followed by belief unto life. "A good while ago:" from ten to fourteen years. God had settled this question long ago.

Vers. 8, 9. The Jews thought that the objection to circumcision was a sign of sin in the heart. No, says Peter, "God who knoweth the heart, and therefore cannot be deceived," has borne witness to the genuineness of their conversion by "giving them the Holy Ghost," whom, the inference is, He gives only to those who are pleasing to Him. The Holy Ghost had been given first to Cornelius, and afterward to the Gentile church at Antioch. "Put no difference" (REV., "made no distinction"), "purifying their hearts:" the real uncleanness of the Gentile as of the Jew, was in the heart, when that was cleansed impurity did not cleave as those Pharisees supposed, to the body. "By faith:" God's method.

Ver. 10. If this be so then "Why tempt ye God:" this is the application of Peter's argument; God had received the Gentiles without circumcision, if they refuse they put themselves in opposition to God, and commit the sin of tempting Him. "A yoke," etc., a Jew's description of the burdensome character of the Mosaic ritual, when Peter thus

speaks of it and describes its character he gives up the Mosaic law as binding, he says, practically, that no man was able perfectly to fulfil it, and therefore that it cannot be the means of salvation.

Ver. 11. There are various renderings of this verse, but they practically give the same truth—that there is only one way of salvation for Jew and Gentile, which is "by the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ;" Paul could not have said more than this.

**HINTS TO TEACHERS—WHAT AND HOW TO TEACH.**

**Profatory.**—Get a clear understanding of the position of these Judaizing teachers, and let your scholars see that although they were in error, seriously so, yet that it arose, as many errors do, from distorted truth. Put yourself for a moment in the place of these men. For centuries they had been a peculiar, a select people, all the glory of their national life rested upon the fact that they were the chosen of God; they were isolated from Gentile nations, and had been taught to look upon them as outside the covenant, and although there were circumstances in their own history, which, if read aright, would have taught them a nobler truth, yet the other ideal loomed up so large as to shut out the view of modifying truths. It is not surprising that centuries of tradition had made this feeling of superiority over the Gentiles in the sight of God so great that it was impossible for them, as a whole, to believe that this was to end, and that other nations were to stand on the same plane of God's favour, without conforming to Jewish rites—becoming proselytes, in fact, to Jewish law, before they could become Christians. Similar questions of this religious and social exclusiveness hinder the progress of the gospel to-day in some parts, notably in India; a Hindoo will not eat with a Parsee or a Mohomedan, nor will a Brahman with a Pariah. The circumstances of the lesson formed the first great internal crisis in the history of the Church, and it is for you to show how the Lord was with his people guiding them, leading them out of the wilderness of a formal religion into the Canaan of spiritual freedom and truth. It will be well to read Gal. 2: 1-10 in connection.

**Topical Analysis.**—(1) The dispute about circumcision (vets. 1, 2). (2) Counsel sought from Jerusalem (ver. 3). (3) The discussion at Jerusalem and Peter's speech (vets. 4-11).

On the first topic it will be well to point out the importance of the question raised, the vast interests involved; it was a question whether Christianity was to be only a reformation of Judaism, a purer form of a local faith, or whether it was to be for the whole world. While we may think that even if the views at Jerusalem had been different, and that finally the wider and more spiritual truth would have prevailed. Yet it is hard to imagine the extent of the hindrance that would have been given to the progress of Christianity if the Judaizing spirit had not been checked when it was. You may show that it may be necessary sometimes to contend earnestly for the faith and liberty of the gospel; all the narrow-minded men are not dead, the spirit of these formalists is found to-day, and they may have to be opposed, only it must be done in the spirit of the Master—a spirit of love and gentleness.

On the second topic show that Paul and Barnabas and those with them exhibited this very spirit; they might have refused to go up to Jerusalem on this question, and truly, that God had given them the same baptism of the Holy Ghost, and that they were led by the Spirit, even as the brethren in Jerusalem. Further, they were going to the very source and stronghold of this error, and they knew not how their errand might fare, yet with large faith and confidence in the truth they went, nor did they on their journey seek to avoid their Gentile brethren, but took the route that led them right through those churches, themselves receiving aid and comfort, and bringing "great joy unto all the brethren."

On the third topic dwell principally on the noble utterances of Peter, who, recalling his Joppa and Caesarea experiences, spoke for Christian liberty, affirming that there was only one ground of salvation, the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. Cornelius had received the Holy Ghost without circumcision, and had been baptized by divine authority; that what God looked for in Jew and Gentile alike, was that of which ceremonies were only the sign—purification of the heart. Take his word "yoke," and for a moment contrast the burdensome yoke of Judaism with the "easy" yoke of Christ.

**SUPPLEMENTARY.**—If you have time it will be well to point out briefly the course of this conference, the addresses of Paul and Barnabas and the final address of James. Point out the first result in the joy the news caused at Antioch (ver. 31), and the impetus it gave to the preaching of the Gospel to the Gentiles. If you have an elder class you may tell them further that notwithstanding this conference and its conclusions the Judaizing error, like errors generally, alas! died hard, and that it gave great trouble to the Church, even down to the destruction of Jerusalem (see Gal. 2: 11-20; 5: 12, 13; Phil. 3: 2), while its spirit survives and distresses some brethren even to this day.

**Truths and Teachings.** We may be called to defend the truth even with disputations.

Sometimes dangerous errors are brought into the Church by its own friends.

Always gladly to take advice from Christian brethren.

It is right to give what help we can to brethren, especially to those who are the ministering servants of Jesus.

The tidings of the spread of the Gospel is joyful news to those who love Jesus.

God seeks for spiritual worship from a pure heart to-day.

Faith is the New Testament circumcision, one and one only saving faith for all, "they," "we."

**Main Lessons.**—In non-essentials—liberty—Rom. 14: 1-6; 1 Cor. 7: 18; 8: 8; 9: 1-5.

In essentials—unity—1 Cor. 10: 17; Gal. 3: 11-15, Eph 4: 4, 5, 16.

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN NEWS.**

FATHER CURCI is preparing a pamphlet against the Vatican.

THE Lancashire and Cheshire band of hope union has 100,000 members.

THIRTY-SIX members of the British Parliament are teetotalers. There were only two in 1865.

THE "Times" asserts that the majority of ladies at an ordinary dinner party never taste wine at all.

THE late Sir W. Siemens was a member of the church in Marylebone of which Dr. Donald Fraser is pastor.

It is stated that Dr. Lees is about to introduce Gaelic services into St. Giles's "cathedral," Edinburgh.

THE Rev. Cannon Barry is to be consecrated as Bishop of Sydney in Westminster Abbey on New Year's day.

THE Rev. S. F. Green, late of Miles Platting, has been appointed to St. John the Baptist Church, Holland Park Road, Kensington.

THE Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who left London for Mentone, early in the month, will remain there for six weeks for the benefit of his health.

THE "Pilgrim's Progress" is being used this winter as the subject of discourse in a great many Congregational prayer meetings in Glasgow.

THE "Democrat" of Leadville, Col., prints the names of 109 persons who have died by violence in and near that city since its existence as a mining camp.

THE death of Mrs. Phinney, the well known American sculptress, at Naples, is announced. Among her latest works was a bust of the late President Garfield.

THE marriage of Prince Louis of Battenburg and Princess Victoria of Hesse, one of the Queen's granddaughters, will be celebrated probably about the 15th of April next.

THE Rev. S. D. Headlam, preaching at St. Thomas's, Regent Street, declared that "it was better to be an atheist than a Calvinist." He is himself a Christian Socialist.

As the result of an eight days' temperance mission at Southport conducted by Mrs. Joseph Lucas, sister of Mr. John Bright, M. P., 500 persons donned the blue ribbon.

THE rise and fall of the great lakes is puzzling the old settlers. At Grand Traverse Bay the water slowly rises for seven years, and then recedes for the same length of time.

AT Werden, Westphalia, an aged prisoner was at his urgent request granted permission to be taken to the railway station in order to see a locomotive and train for the first time.

AT Betsham, near Gravesend, a wild scene took place at the compulsory sale of two horses belonging to a farmer who refused to pay "extraordinary tithes." The effigy of the vicar was burned at night.

HOLLOW steel shafting has come very generally into use in Europe, even for such heavy work as steamship propeller shafts. It is found to very much lessen the weight in proportion to the decreased strength.

THE use of whiskey among the 1,085 patients in the Indiana Asylum for the Insane has been reduced from three gallons to one pint a day, with marked benefit, it is said, to those who require a stimulant for the appetite.

MR. M'ALI has opened his thirty-fourth meeting-room in Paris, the eighty-first in France; and some devoted ladies, American and French, have provided a pleasant suite of rooms near the Louvre to receive shop-girls.

DURING some festivities at Duff House, the Earl of Fife's seat in Scotland, Count Herbert von Bismarck, while out shooting with the Prince of Wales, peppered the Prince's legs with shot, but the damage was only trifling.

SOME facts communicated by an informer have led to a reopening of the inquiry into the murder of Lord Mountmorris, in Ireland, three years ago. The persons principally concerned are said to be in the United States.

IN the matter of music the English and most other European nations are far behind the Teutons. According to statistics recently published, there are 300 towns in the German empire possessing orchestras and choral societies that give concerts in the season.

THE total number of sailing vessels of all the world is 48,704, gauging 30,647,377 tons. Of these more than a third carry the English flag, and less than a twentieth that of France, which ranks seventh, being below America, Italy, Germany, and Russia.

AN attempt in the Anglican Synod of Victoria to make the use of the Athanasian creed optional was unsuccessful. It was proposed to allow the clergy of other communions to preach in Anglican pulpits; but the question has been referred to the home authorities.

THEY have observed a mission Sunday in Glasgow. Lately in addition to the attention of the congregations being directed to missions at the regular services thirteen joint meetings were held in the evening which were addressed by leading laymen as well as ministers.

THE Duchess Dowager of Athole and seventy-two other members having complained to the Presbytery against the formation of a choir in Dunkeld parish church and the minister's direction to the congregation to stand at praise, the session has been ordered to take the opinion of the congregation explicitly on the matter.

THE expense of the war on which France entered when she undertook, in 1870, to march on Berlin, is now declared to be \$1,727,000,000. As the war began in August and ended in January, the cost to France was nearly ten millions a day, besides the loss of Alsace and Lorraine.

THERE is a Jewish penman in Vienna who writes 400 Hebrew letters on one grain of wheat. In order to furnish the Emperor with satisfactory evidence of his extraordinary skill, he has written the Jewish prayer for the imperial family on the narrow edge of an ordinary visiting card.

\* Rev. will always mean Revised version of the N.T.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### LITTLE KLAUS AND BIG KLAUS.

In a village there once lived two persons of the same name. Both were called Klaus; but one had four horses, while the other possessed only a single horse. In order, however, to distinguish them, the one that owned the four horses was styled Big Klaus, while he who had but a single horse was called Little Klaus. Now you shall hear how it fared with them both; for this is a true story.

Little Klaus was obliged to plough all the week for Big Klaus, and to lend him his only horse; and then big Klaus helped him in turn with his four horses, but only once a week, and that was on Sundays. And proudly did Little Klaus smack his whip over the five horses, for they were as good as his on that one day. The sun was shining brightly, and all the bells were ringing for church, as the people passed by in their holiday clothes, and with their prayer books under their arm, on their way to hear the preacher, when they saw Little Klaus ploughing with five horses; and he was so pleased, that he kept smacking the whip, and saying: "Gee-ho, my five horses!"

"You must not say so," quoth Big Klaus, "for only one of them is yours."

But no sooner did somebody go past, than Little Klaus forgot he was not to say so, and he called out: "Gee-ho, my five horses!"

"Now, really, I wish you would hold your tongue," said Big Klaus; "for if you say that again, I'll knock your horse on the head, so that he shall drop down dead on the spot; and there will be an end of him."

"I won't say it again—indeed I won't," said Little Klaus. But when some more people came past and nodded to him, and bade him good morning, he was so pleased, and thought it looked so well for him to have five horses to plough his field, that he smacked his whip, and cried: "Gee-ho, my five horses!"

"I'll gee-ho your horse for you!" said Big Klaus; and snatching up a hammer, he knocked Little Klaus's only horse on the head, so that he dropped down quite dead.

"Now, I have no horse left," said Little Klaus, weeping. He afterwards took the horse's skin off, dried it in the wind, and then put it into a bag, which he slung upon his back, and went to a neighbouring town to sell it.

He had a long way to go, and was obliged to cross a thick, gloomy forest, where he was overtaken by a storm. He lost himself completely; and before he could find his way again, evening had already set in, and he was too far off either to reach the town or to go back home, before it would be completely dark.

Near the road stood a large farm. The shutters were closed outside the windows, still the light shone through at the top. Little Klaus thought he might, perhaps, obtain leave to spend the night under cover, so he went and knocked at the door.

The farmer's wife opened the door; but

when she found what he wanted, she told him to go his ways, for her husband was not at home, and she could not take in strangers.

"Well, then, I must lie down outside," said Little Klaus, as the farmer's wife slammed the door in his face.

Close by there stood a haystack, and between it and the house was a little shed, with a smooth, thatched roof.

"I can sleep up there," thought Little Klaus, on perceiving the roof. "and a capital bed it will make. I suppose the stork won't fly down to bite my legs." For a live stork was standing above on the roof, where he had built his nest.

Little Klaus now crept up on the shed, where he laid down, and turned himself about in order to get a comfortable berth. The wooden shutters outside the windows did not reach to the top, so that he could see into the room.

There stood a large table loaded with wine, roast-meat, and excellent fish. The farmer's wife and the sexton were sitting at table all alone, and she was pouring him out wine, while he was busy with his fork in the fish, for it was his favourite dish.

"I should like to get a bite of that," thought Little Klaus, stretching out his head close to the window. Goodness! what nice pastry he did see to be sure! It was a regular feast.

He now heard some one riding towards the farm-house, and this was the woman's husband coming home.

He was a very good sort of a man, but he had an odd prejudice: namely, he could not bear the sight of a sexton; and if he saw one, he fell into a rage. That was the reason why the sexton had gone to see his wife in his absence; and the good woman had given him the best of everything she had to eat. But when she heard her husband coming she was frightened, and she begged the sexton to conceal himself in a large empty chest. This he did, for he knew the husband could not bear to see a sexton. The wife then hid the wine, and popped all the nice things into the oven; for if her husband had seen them, he would, of course, have asked for whom they had been dished up.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Little Klaus, on his shed, when he saw all the eatables disappear.

"Is there anyone above?" asked the farmer, looking up at little Klaus. "Why are you lying there? Come rather into the house with me."

Now Little Klaus told him how he had got lost, and begged leave to spend the night at the farm.

"That you shall do," said the farmer, "but we must first have something to eat."

The woman welcomed them both in a friendly manner, and spread a long table, and gave them a large dish of gruel. The farmer was hungry, and ate with a good appetite; but Little Klaus could not help thinking of the nice roast-meat, the fish, and the pastry that he knew was hid in the oven.

He had laid the bag containing the horse's skin, which he had set out to sell in the next town, under the table at his feet. He did not relish the gruel, so he trod on his bag, when the dried skin squeaked aloud.

"Hush!" said Little Klaus to his bag, at the same time treading upon it again, when it squeaked much louder than before.

"Holloa! What's that you've got in your bag?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, it's a magician," said Little Klaus, "and he says we ought not to be eating gruel, when he has conjured the oven full of roast-meat, fish, and wine."

"Zounds!" said the farmer, hastily opening the oven, where he found all the nice, savoury viands which his wife had concealed in it, and which he believed the magician in the bag had conjured up for them. The wife did not say a word, but laid the things on the table; and they ate of the fish, the roast-meat, and the pastry. Little Klaus now trod again upon his bag, so that the skin squeaked.

"What says he now?" inquired the farmer.

"He says," answered Little Klaus, "that he has conjured us three bottles of wine, which are standing in the corner, near the stove." So the woman was obliged to fetch out the wine she had hid, and the farmer drank, and was right merry. He would have liked vastly to have had such a magician as Little Klaus carried about in his bag.

"Can he conjure up the Evil One?" inquired the farmer; "I should like to see him, now I'm in a merry mood."

"Yes," said Little Klaus, "my magician will do anything that I please. Won't he?" asked he, treading on the bag till it squeaked.

"You hear he answers Yes, only the Evil One is so ugly that we would rather not see him."

"Oh, I'm not afraid. What will he look like?"

"He will look the living image of a sexton."

"Nay, that's ugly indeed!" said the farmer, "You must know I can't abide seeing a sexton. But never mind—as I shall know it is the Evil One, I shall bear the sight more easily. Now, I'm all courage! Only he must not come too near me."

"Now, I'll ask my conjurer," said Little Klaus, as he trod on the bag, and stooped his ear.

"What does he say?"

"He says that you may go and open that chest in the corner, and you'll see the Evil One cowering inside it; only you must hold the lid fast, so that he should not escape."

"Will you help to hold it?" asked the farmer; and he went up to the chest into which his wife had put the sexton, and who was sitting inside in a great fright.

The farmer opened the lid a little and peeped in. "Oh!" cried he, jumping backwards, "now I've seen him and he is exactly like our sexton. It was a shocking sight!"

So thereupon he must needs drink again, and they drank on till the night was far advanced.

"You must sell me your conjurer," said the farmer; "ask anything you like for him. Nay, I'll give you at once a whole bushful of money."

"No, I can't, indeed!" said Little Klaus; "only think of all the benefit I can derive from such a conjurer."

"But I should so like to have him," said the farmer, and continued entreating.



"Well," said Little Klaus, at length, "as you were so kind as to give me a night's shelter, I won't say nay. You shall have the conjurer for a bushel of money, only it must be full measure, mind you."

"You shall have it," said the farmer. "But you must take away the chest with you, for I wouldn't let it stay an hour longer in the house; there's no knowing but what he may still be inside it."

Little Klaus then gave the farmer his bag containing the dried skin, and received a bushel of money—full measure—in exchange.

The farmer gave him a wheel-barrow into the bargain, to enable him to take away the chest and the bushel of money.

"Farewell!" said Little Klaus, and away he went with his money and the large chest containing the sexton.

At the other end of the forest was a broad, deep river, whose waters were so rapid that one could hardly swim against the tide. A new bridge had just been built over it. Little Klaus now stopped in the middle of the bridge, and said, loud enough to be heard by the sexton "What shall I do with this stupid chest? It is as heavy as if filled with a stone. I am tired of trundling it any further, so I'll throw it into the river; if it swims after me till I reach home, it's all well and good—if not, I don't care."

He then seized hold of the chest, and began to lift it up a little, as though he were going to throw it into the water.

"Leave it alone," cried the sexton, inside the chest; "let me out first."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" said Little Klaus pretending to be frightened; he is still inside! I must make haste and fling him into the river, that he may get drowned."

"Oh! no, no, no!" cried the sexton; "I'll give you a whole bushelful of money if you will set me free."

"That is something like!" said Little Klaus, opening the chest. The sexton crept out, pushed the empty chest into the water, and went home, where he measured out a whole bushel of money for Little Klaus. As he had already received one from the farmer his wheelbarrow was now full of coins.

"I have been well paid for the horse at all events," said he to himself, when he had reached home, and had shaken out all the money into a heap on the floor of his room.

"It will vex big Klaus when he hears how rich I have become through my only horse; but I sha'n't tell him exactly how it all came about."

He now sent a lad to Big Klaus to borrow a bushel.

"What can he want it for?" thought Big Klaus, as he smeared the bottom of it with tar, that some particles of what was to be measured might stick to it. And sure enough this came to pass, for on receiving back the bushel, three new silver half-florins were adhering to the tar.

"Are you crazy?" cried they; do you think we measure money by the bushel?"

"Skins! skins! who'll buy skins?" cried he, once more; but to all who asked the price of them he answered: "A bushel of money."

"He means to make game of us," said they; and the shoemakers took up their stirrups, and the tanners their leather aprons, and fell to belabouring Big Klaus' shoulders. "Skins! skins!" cried they, mocking him; "I'll warrant we'll tan your skin for you, till it is black and blue. Out of the town with him!" hooted they, and Big Klaus ran as fast as he

could, for he had never been beaten so thoroughly before.

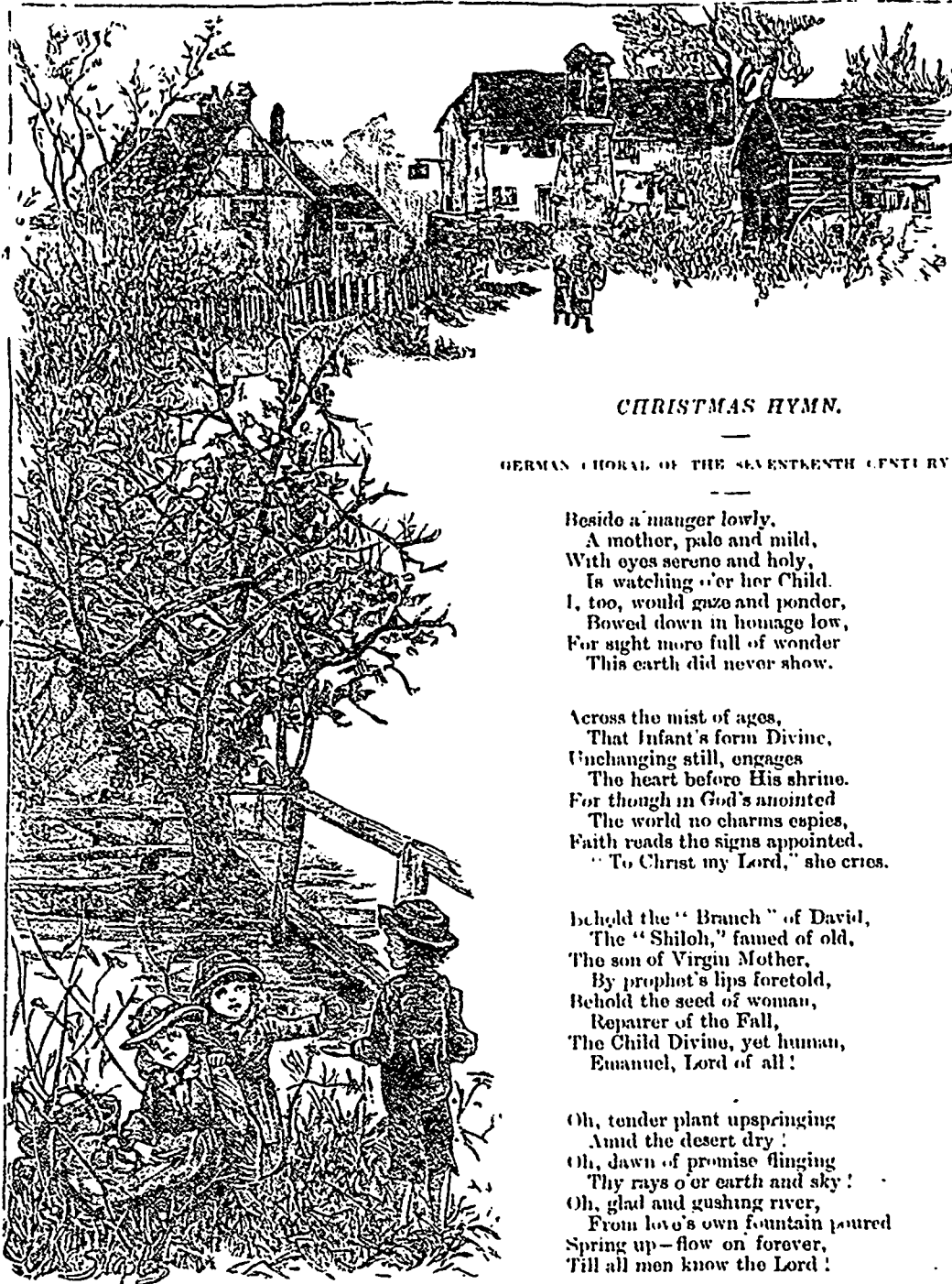
"Little Klaus shall pay me for this!" said he on reaching home; "I'll kill him for his pains."

Meantime Little Klaus' old grandmother had died in his house. She had always been very cross and very unkind to him; still he was sorry, and he put the dead body into his warm bed, to see if it would not bring her back to life. Here he left her all night, while he sat in a corner, and slept in a chair, which he had often done before.

In the middle of the night, the door opened, and in came Big Klaus with his hatchet. He knew the place where Little Klaus's bed stood, and therefore went right up to it, and knocked the old grandame on the head, thinking it must be Little Klaus.

"There!" said he; "now you'll not play off any more of your tricks on me!" And he then went home.

"What a wicked man!" thought Little Klaus. "He wanted to kill me. It was lucky for my old grandame that she was already dead, or he would have put an end to her



#### CHRISTMAS HYMN.

GERMAN CHORAL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Beside a manger lowly,  
A mother, pale and mild,  
With eyes serene and holy,  
Is watching o'er her Child.  
I, too, would gaze and ponder,  
Bowed down in homage low,  
For sight more full of wonder  
This earth did never show.

Across the mist of ages,  
That Infant's form Divine,  
Unchanging still, engages  
The heart before His shrine.  
For though in God's anointed  
The world no charms espies,  
Faith reads the signs appointed,  
"To Christ my Lord," she cries.

Behold the "Branch" of David,  
The "Shiloh," famed of old,  
The son of Virgin Mother,  
By prophet's lips foretold,  
Behold the seed of woman,  
Repairer of the Fall,  
The Child Divine, yet human,  
Emanuel, Lord of all!

Oh, tender plant upspringing  
Amid the desert dry!  
Oh, dawn of promise flinging  
Thy rays o'er earth and sky!  
Oh, glad and gushing river,  
From love's own fountain poured  
Spring up—flow on forever,  
Till all men know the Lord!

"How comes this?" said Big Klaus; and running off to Little Klaus, he inquired: "Where did you get so much money?"

"Oh, it was given me for my horse's skin which I sold yesterday."

"It was pretty handsomely paid for seemingly," said Big Klaus, who ran home, and seizing a hatchet, knocked his four horses on the head, and then took their skins to town to sell.

"Skins! skins! who'll buy skins?" he cried through all the streets.

A number of shoemakers and tanners came and inquired what he asked for them.

"A bushel of money for each," said Big Klaus.

life."

He now dressed his old grandame in her holiday clothes, borrowed a horse of his neighbour, and harnessed it to his cart, and then placed his old grandame on the back seat, so that she should not fall out when he began to drive, and away they went through the forest. By sunrise they had reached a large inn, at which Little Klaus stopped, and went in for some refreshment.

The landlord was a wealthy man, and he was a good one too; only—as passionate—as if he had been made of pepper and snuff.

"Good morning!" said he to Little Klaus; "you are stirring betimes to-day."

"Yes," said Little Klaus; "I'm going to

town with my old grandmother. She's outside there, in the cart, for I can't well bring her in. Perhaps you will take her a glass of mead. Only you must speak very loud, for she is hard of hearing."

"Yes, I will," said mine host, pouring out a large glassful of mead, which he carried to the dead grandame, who was sitting upright in the cart.

"Here's a glass of mead from your grandson," said the landlord but the dead woman did not answer a word, and remained stock still.

"Don't you hear me?" said the landlord. "Here's a glass of mead from your grandson."

This he bawled out a third time, and then a fourth; but as she did not stir, he flew into a passion and flung the mead into her face, right across her nose, when she fell backwards over the cart; for she had only been set up, and not tied fast.

"Holloa!" cried Little Klaus, rushing to the door, and seizing hold of the landlord; "you have killed my grandmother. Look! here's a great hole in her forehead!"

"What a misfortune!" exclaimed the landlord, wringing his hands. "This all comes of my hasty temper! My dear Little Klaus: I'll give you a bushel of money, and I'll have your grandmother buried, as if she were my own, if you will but say nothing about what has happened, for else my head will be struck off, and that would be rather disagreeable, you know."

So Little Klaus received a whole bushel of money, and the landlord buried the old dame, as if she had been his own grandmother.

When Little Klaus had once more reached home with his load of money, he immediately sent a lad to Big Klaus to borrow a bushel of him.

"What's the meaning of this?" said Big Klaus. "Haven't I struck him dead? I must look into the matter myself." And so he went over himself with the bushel to Little Klaus's dwelling.

"Why, where did you get all that money?" asked he in great astonishment on beholding the addition to his neighbours wealth.

"You killed my grandmother instead of me," said Big Klaus; "so I've sold her for a bushel of money."

"That's handsomely paid for, at all events!" quoth Big Klaus; and hastening home, he seized his hatchet and killed his old grandmother at a blow; after which he placed her in a cart, and drove to a town where an apothecary lived, and asked if he would purchase a dead body.

"Whose is it? and how did you come by it?" asked the apothecary.

"It is my grandmother's," said Big Klaus; "I struck her dead to get a bushel of money in exchange."

"Lord help us!" said the apothecary, "you are out of your mind! Don't say such things, or your head will be in jeopardy." And he now dilated on the heinousness of the deed which he had committed, and told him he was a most wicked man, and would assuredly be punished; all of which frightened Big Klaus to such a degree, that he ran out of the apothecary's shop, jumped into his cart and

drove home like mad. But as the apothecary and everybody else, believed him to be beside himself, they let him go whenever he pleased.

"You shall pay me for this," said Big Klaus, the moment he was on the high road—"that you shall, Little Klaus!" And the moment he reached home, he took the largest bag he could find, and went to Little Klaus, and said: "You have played me another trick; I first killed my horses, and now I've killed my old grandmother, and all through your fault; but you shall never play me any more tricks." And he seized hold of Little Klaus, and popped him into his bag, which he slung across his shoulder, saying, "Now, I'll go and drown you!"

He had a long way to go before he reached the river, and Little Klaus was none of the lightest to carry. On passing by the church, the organ was pealing forth, and the people were singing so beautifully! So Big Klaus set down his load beside the church-door, and thought he might as well go in and hear a psalm before he went any further. He felt certain Little Klaus could not get out, and everybody was inside the church; so in he went.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Little Klaus, turning and twisting about in the bag, but without being able to untie the string. An old grey-haired drover, with a large staff in his hand, chanced to come by, he was driving a flock of cows and bullocks, and as they pushed against the bag containing Little Klaus, he was thrown down.

"Heigh-ho!" sighed Little Klaus; "I'm very young to be already bound for the kingdom of heaven!"

"And I," said the drover, "who am so old, have not yet had the good luck to reach it."

"Open the bag," cried Little Klaus, "and creep into it instead of me, and you'll go to heaven in a trice."

"With all my heart," said the drover, and opened the bag, when out sprang Little Klaus in a moment.

"But will you take care of my cattle?" said the old man, creeping into the bag, which Little Klaus had no sooner closed, than he went his ways with all the cows and bullocks.

Soon after, Big Klaus went out of the church, and slung his bag over his shoulder, though it seemed to him as if it had become somewhat lighter; for the old drover was not half so heavy as Little Klaus. "How light he now seems!" quoth he. "That comes of my having heard a psalm." So he went towards the river, that was broad and deep, and flung the bag and the drover into the water, exclaiming, in the belief that it was Little Klaus: "There you may lie! and now you won't be able to play me any more tricks."

Thereupon, he began to walk home; but, on coming to a cross-way, who should he meet but Little Klaus, who was driving along his cattle.

"How's this?" said Big Klaus. "Didn't I drown you?"

"Yes," said Little Klaus; "you threw me into the river, some half-hour ago."

"But where did you get all this fine cattle?" asked Big Klaus.

"It is sea-cattle," said Little Klaus. "I'll

tell you the whole story, and thank you into the bargain for having drowned me; for, since I have escaped, I shall be very wealthy. I was much frightened while I was still in the bag, and the wind whistled through my ears as you flung me down from the bridge into the cold waters. I sank immediately to the bottom; but I did not hurt myself, for the softest and most beautiful grass grows below. The moment I fell upon it, the bag was opened, and the loveliest girl imaginable, dressed in snow-white robes, and wearing a green wreath on her wet hair, took me by the hand, saying: "Is that you, Little Klaus? First of all, there's some cattle for you. A mile further down the road, there is another herd that I will make you a present of." I now perceived that the river is a great high-road for the sea-folks. They were walking and driving below, from the sea far away into the land, to the spot where the river ceases. And it was so beautiful, and there were such a quantity of flowers, and the grass looked so fresh! The fishes that were swimming in the water shot past my ears, just as the birds do here in the air. And what handsome people they were!—and what splendid cattle were grazing on the dykes and ditches!"

"But why have you returned hither so soon?" asked Big Klaus. "I should not have done so, since it is so beautiful below."

"Why," said Little Klaus, "it is a piece of policy on my part. You heard me say, just now, that the sea-nymph told me that a mile further down the road—and by road she meant the river, for she can't journey any other way—there was another large herd of cattle for me. But I, who know the river's many windings, thought it rather a round-about way; so I preferred making a short cut, by coming up to land, and crossing right over the fields back to the river; by doing which, I shall save almost half a mile, and shall reach my sea-cattle all the sooner."

"Oh, what a lucky man you are!" exclaimed Big Klaus. Do you think that I, too, should obtain some sea-cattle, if I went down to the bottom of the river?"

"No doubt you would," said Little Klaus; "only I can't carry you in a bag to the river, for you are too heavy; but if you like to go there, and then creep into the bag, I would throw you in, with all the pleasure in the world."

"Thank you," said Big Klaus. But if I don't get any sea-cattle by going down, I'll beat you famously when I return."

"No—now, don't be so hard upon me," said Little Klaus. And then they went to the river. The cattle, being very thirsty, no sooner saw the water, than they ran down to drink.

"Look what a hurry they are in!" said Little Klaus. "They are longing to be below again."

"Now, make haste and help me," said Big Klaus, "or else you shall be beaten." And he crept into the large bag, that had been lying across the back of one of the bullocks. "Put in a stone, for fear I should not sink," said Big Klaus.

"There's no fear about that," said Little Klaus; still he put a large stone into the bag, and gave it a push.

Plump! into the river fell Big Klaus, and immediately sank to the bottom.

"I am afraid he won't find any cattle," said Little Klaus; and away he drove his beasts home.—*Hans Christian Andersen.*

A CHEAP CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

Gold and Silver Watches Given Free to Those Sending Correct Answers to Bible Questions.

What a Toronto Newspaper is doing to Encourage Bible Study.

Here is what appeared in a recent issue of Toronto Truth:

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The above prizes will be given to the first seven persons giving the correct answer to all of the following five questions:—

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2.—The shortest verse in the New Testament.
3.—The number of books in the Bible.
4.—The number of chapters in the Bible.
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Each question must be answered correctly to secure a prize.

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The competition will remain open till New Year's day. The names of the winners will appear in Truth of January 1st, 1887.

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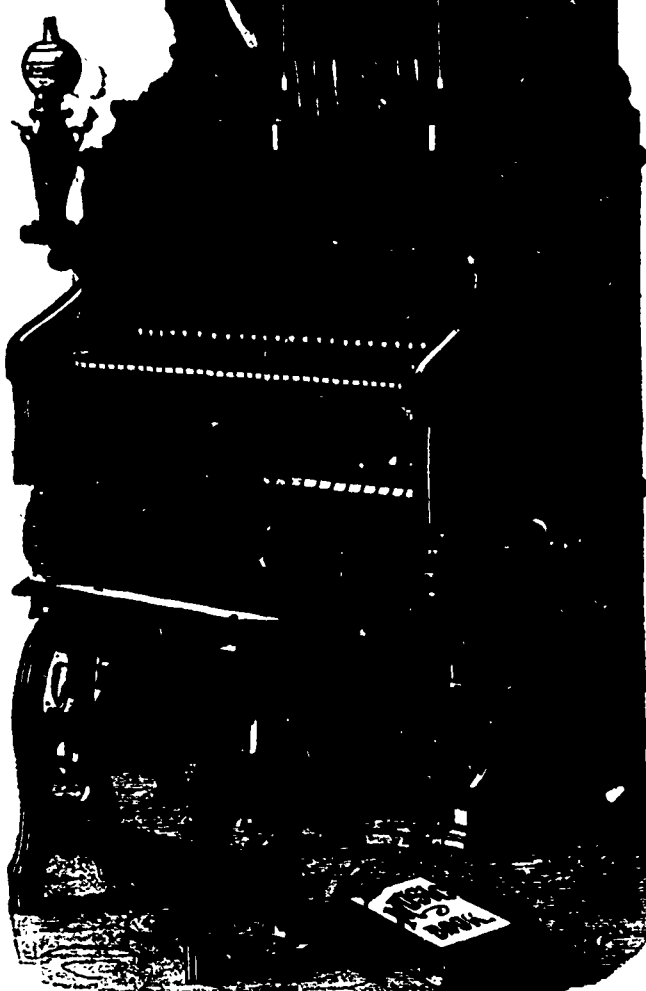
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- WHITBY.—In the Presbyterian church, Oshawa, on the third Tuesday of January, at eleven a.m.
PATRICKSBURG.—In Mill Street Church, Port Hope, on the third Tuesday of January, at ten a.m.
MONTREAL.—In David Morrice Hall, Presbyterian College, Montreal, on the second Tuesday of January, at ten a.m.
HURON.—On third Tuesday of January, at Brucefield Union Church, at half-past ten a.m.
OTTAWA.—In Knox Church, Ottawa, on the first Tuesday of February, at half-past seven p.m.
STRAITFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, on the third Tuesday of January, at ten a.m.
QUINCY.—In Sherbrooke, on the third Tuesday of March, at ten a.m.
BARRIE.—At Barrie, on the last Tuesday of January, at eleven a.m.
LANARK AND RENFREW.—In Arnprior, on the last Tuesday of February.
TORONTO.—On the third Tuesday of January, at 7 p.m.
ADJOURNED MEETING in Chalmers' Church, Woodstock, on first Thursday of January, at one p.m.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Monday, 17th March, 1884, at three p.m.

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