

British American Presbyterian

Contributors and Correspondents

INTRODUCTION AND PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. BATTISBY.

No. 4.

Another of the early missionaries of Scotland was Baithean. He was one of the twelve Presbyters who left Ireland with Columba, and settled on the island of Iona. After the death of Columba, Baithean succeeded him at Iona, but only lived three or four years after his master. Before his death, however, he is said to have founded a missionary institute on the island of Tyree, as Columba had done on the island of Iona. The exact spot where this institute stood, is said to be the modern Soraby, toward the south-east part of the island. Having died so soon after the death of Columba, he did not do much beyond the establishment of the institute above mentioned, and strengthen what had already been done. Aidan, who was trained in the school of Iona, and ordained there, was sent to the island of Lindisfarne to preach to the people, at the request of Arnold, King of Northumbria. If we are to credit the account that Bede gives of him, then he seems to have been very faithful in his work, and to have lived in harmony with the doctrines he taught. He says he meditated on, and read the Scriptures constantly, and was a great deal of his time engaged in private prayer. He died in 651 A.D., and was succeeded by Finan, who was also sent from Iona, having been ordained there. About this same time, another ecclesiastical institute was founded at Melrose, as an offshoot of Iona, and was thus Scottish in its character. And thus it will be seen that, by the influence of Iona, the whole northern part of Scotland received the truths of Christianity and profited by them.

Columba began, but did not live to see his work complete, but one faithful follower after another was raised up, to extend and carry the labour on to perfection. From what has been said already, it will be seen that Iona supplied Northumbria, Middle Angles, East Angles, and East Saxons, with spiritual teachers to guide them in the way of life. How great a matter then does a little fire kindle, for by the end of one hundred years after the founding of Iona, many mission schools were in a flourishing and prosperous condition. By the middle of the seventh century we have Melrose among the northern inhabitants of Northumbria, Lindisfarne among those of the south, and Glasgow under the successors of Kentigern. There was also one at Abercorn, one at Culross, one at Aberdeen, and one at Forfar. There are others mentioned by some historians at Dunblane, Kirkcaldy, Brechin, Cramond, Kirkcubright, and Monimusk.

Outhbert was another early missionary about the middle of the seventh century. He was born on Tweedside, educated at Melrose, and a very active preacher of the truth. Bede says, regarding him, that "he strove to convert the people around him, far and near, preached the way of truth, and commended it to all men, with powerful eloquence." After an active and useful life, he died in 687 A.D. There are many churches dedicated to his memory, and among others, one in the place where I was born, viz.: Kirkcubright. Indeed, St. Outhbert was the ancient name of the town, and any one can easily see that the present name is but a corruption for the Kirk of St. Outhbert. Another very illustrious missionary, born in 642, was Malru, who established himself on the island of Crawlin, on the south-west coast of Ross-shire. He was educated at Bangor, in Ireland, and then came to Scotland. Two years after he arrived in Scotland, he founded the church of Applecross, among the Northern Picts. There, and in the neighbourhood, he is said to have preached for fifty-one years, and was at last murdered by Danish pirates in 722, near the modern Ferrintosh. By his untiring efforts, and the efforts of those who had lived and laboured before him, as well as by the zealous labours of existing missionaries at the time of his death, the Pictish church was now in a flourishing state. But there was a fiery trial close at hand, and in due time it came. Both the Picts and Scots were at this time threatened by the Northmen, and in order to prepare for the danger, they effected the union of the two kingdoms in the year 843 A.D. The first king of the united kingdom was Kenneth MacAlpin, who had before laid claim to the Pictish throne, through his grandmother having married one of the Pictish kings. This union, when it was completed, not only strengthened parties in a political point of view, but in an ecclesiastical as well, for their religion as well as their kingdom was in great danger. In the year 802 Iona was burned by these Northmen, and again in 806 it was visited by them, and the inmates of the institute slain. It was about this time that the king removed the remains of Columba to Dunkeld, where a church had been founded in the beginning of the century. Some say he removed them to St. Andrew's, but many give Dunkeld the preference, as it had become the head of Columban establishments in after times, and was near the seat of government, which was then held at Forteviot. But be this as it may, the ninth century in the history of Scotland is regarded as very important in more respects than one.

In it we have the union of the Picts and Scots, who up to that time had been separate and distinct; the inroads of the slaughtering Northmen, the growth of ecclesiastical institutions, and the marked development of the church. Such can not be said regarding the tenth century, for that was one of war and blood to Scotland, and but little can be gleaned regarding the

church in that period. And in tracing the progress of Christianity in Scotland, we find when we approach the eleventh century that we are on the eve of a terrible crisis in ecclesiastical matters, which in due time was accomplished by the emissaries and agents of Rome. It will thus be seen that by the ninth century nearly every part of Scotland was under the influence of Christianity, and that she was making her influence felt in other parts of the world. And it would have been well for Scotland, and better for the Christian world at large, if she had maintained the truth and the simplicity of her worship, against the encroachments of her worship, against the encroachments of her worship, against the encroachments of her worship. But we are all creatures of influence to a greater or less extent, and sometimes we bend and yield without being aware of the terrible results that may follow. Well, Augustine, the express agent of the pope, entered England in the year 597 A.D., just the very year in which Columba died at Iona. Those who are acquainted with English history know well the result of his visit. The Church in England having adopted the practices and principles of Rome, gradually extended her influence north, and in due time it had the desired effect. It was not, however, without a mighty struggle that Rome gained a foothold in Scotland. I shall in my next article notice the form of Christianity introduced into Scotland.

(To be continued.)

(For the Presbyterian.)

EVANGELISTIC WORK.—III.

"COMPEL THEM."

There is no doubt many are lingering near the entrance who ought to be inside, and whom it is our work who have found the freedom of the feast to take by the hand, as the angels did with Lot's company when they lingered, and "the Lord being gracious unto us," promptly led them, not to the church merely, but to Christ, received and rejoiced in. The following case, met with five or six years ago, was to me most instructive, and it is now given to your readers with the hope it may help inquirers in like perplexity, and those who are seeking still in personal dealing.

At a meeting there was handed in the following

REQUEST FOR PRAYER:

"Will you pray for me? I am in great spiritual darkness. I have been a professed believer for years, but I never had much spiritual comfort. I strive to live a religious life, but it all seems to be a forced and unwelcome work. I am anxious to be saved, but my fear that I am not in the way of salvation prevails over all things. And I am miserable through fear—fear that I shall be cast away at last. O, to be lost forever! At the end of what I am endeavoring to make a religious life! How dreadful! Is there no hope for me? I am in the meeting to-day, and beg that you will join your prayers with mine, that God will dispense this distressing darkness and drive all fear away, give me joy and peace in believing in Jesus, and lead me to a full assurance of faith in Him."

Prayer was earnestly offered for her by one who had evidently learned "the more excellent way,"—a Baptist brother, whose ministry is greatly blessed. He prayed that the light might shine into this faint heart as it had never done before; that if she had never been a true believer in Jesus, she might be a believer in Him to-day and forever more to the joy of her own soul and to the glory of the God of her salvation. The prayer was very touching.

There sat the lady in yonder pew, so deeply affected, as the meeting proceeded, as to be utterly unable to conceal her emotions. She was in evident and deep distress. Her face bore the marks of it, revealing the fact that there were pangs at her heart which no language could describe. She wept most of the time through the meeting. When it was out the following conversation took place: "Have you enjoyed the meeting?"

"I have felt thankful for the meeting," she answered, "I can hardly say I have enjoyed it. I cannot enjoy anything." This she said with a despairing tone of voice.

"Cannot enjoy anything, how is that?"

"I am a professor of religion, and I am very anxious to be saved, but I fear I shall never be saved. I am under a yoke of bondage through fear every day of my life. It seems to me I shall be lost."

"How can you if you believe on Christ be lost? He hath said: 'He that believeth on me shall be saved.'"

"I know all that," she replied; "but how shall I know that I believe, that is the question?"

"No, that is not the question. The question is, will you believe that Christ means what He says?"

"I cannot question what He says."

"Cannot question! You ought not, but you do. You question that He means it when he says, 'He that believeth on me hath everlasting life,' and a multitude just such passages as these—precious promises they are, but you do not believe them."

"What makes you think I do not believe them?"

"Because you say you are afraid you shall be lost."

"Yes, I am afraid."

"Yes; and you have full assurance of being lost. You have no doubt about it?"

"Yes, I have doubts about it."

"Then you stand between hope and fear?"

"Yes; sometimes one prevails, and sometimes the other."

"Now there is no middle ground between being saved and being lost. You must not try to make it. If you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ you shall be saved. If you believe not you shall be dam-

ned. You cannot be partly saved and partly lost."

"I know it, I know it," she replied with deep emotion, "I know all about it. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Do? The easiest question in the world to answer. Do? Why, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and ye shall be saved.' It is not for you to say that you are between hope and fear. If you believe you are saved already, and you shall never come into condemnation. Do you believe on Jesus Christ? 'Do you believe in his promises?'"

"Yes, I try to believe."

"That trying of yours is not believing. It is not, you may depend on that. You may be resting on this one little word of three letters, TRY, and stop there. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps it is?"

"Are you not certain it is so?"

"No, not certain. I try and try."

"Yes, I fear so. And do you not feel as if God ought to save you for believing, if you try to believe? 'Trying is not believing. It is a great dishonor to Christ to say you try to believe.'"

"Dishonor," she said, "evidently alarmed, 'I would not dishonor Jesus. You alarm me.'"

"Ought you not to be alarmed? Would you not feel dishonored if some one should say to you promise you make, I will try to believe you. Would you not feel that you had a right to be believed. Would you not feel indignant and insulted if one was using the same language as to yourself as you have used as to your believing in Christ's promises? Besides, have you not felt that God was under obligation to give you assurance of salvation, because you 'try and try' to believe. Are you not making a righteousness of this trying?"

"Perhaps I am."

"Perhaps you are? Ought you to allow any perhaps about it?"

"No, I know I should not. I will not. I must not. What must I do?"

"You must believe; and let there be no trying about it. But it must be BELIEVING; you see you are bargaining with God, that you will do so much if He will do so much; you will try to believe? He will assure you that you shall be saved and have eternal life. Is not this, if I may speak plainly, trying to drive a rather hard bargain. What do you give for what you ask to be given to you? Let us look this conduct of yours square in the face and see what it looks like. It looks very much as if you were trying to get everything worth getting for nothing. You are trying and trying to believe God. Why do you not tell Him so? On your knees morning, noon and night tell God you are trying to believe Him, and assure yourself that He means what He says."

She looked up at me as if she was grieved at what I was saying, and said, "It is too shocking; and yet I fear I have been doing just this without intending it or knowing it, and Satan has had me captive at his will. Henceforth my joyful prayer shall be, Lord, I believe! help Thou my unbelief!"

She was in the meeting the next day. The sad miserable expression of countenance was all gone, and she was happy in believing in Jesus.

November 17, 1876. W. M. R.

[It is proposed to publish the above in tract form. Persons wishing copies, please send in orders at once to the office of this paper.]

(For the Presbyterian.)

ROMISH INTOLERANCE.

The Rev. Mr. Withington, a minister of the United Methodist Free Church, England, lately wrote to Cardinal Manning, asking "whether the English Catholics have expostulated with the Government of Spain in reference to the prohibitory measures which are now being imposed on Protestants in that country." The following extracts from the Cardinal's reply show what His Eminence thinks of the acts of the Spanish Government referred to:

"The Spanish people are united in faith and religion, and are perfectly justified in preserving their country and their households from the miseries of religious conflict."

"So long as the unity of a people in faith and worship exists unbroken, it is the duty of such a people to preserve it from being broken by public law."

The *Globe*, in an editorial on the Cardinal's letter, very correctly says that His Eminence teaches that it is the duty of a religious body, when it forms the great mass of a nation, to persecute all others. The *Globe*, however, has doubts about the Cardinal's teachings and those of his Church on this point. It says,

"We should hope that the teachings of Cardinal Manning is not, in this particular, the doctrine of his Church. If it is, it is well that all should know it, and understand exactly when and how persecution even unto death for religious sake is not merely allowable but a duty, not to be neglected without mortal sin."

The *Globe* must know very little about the teachings of the Romish Church regarding the treatment of heretics, else it would know that Cardinal Manning speaks in perfect harmony with them. In her standard works, she plainly says that she must tolerate heretics only when she is weaker than they, but when she is stronger than they, she must put them all to death. To this effect, speak Billarmino, Aquinas, Dens, Maldonatus, Keiffenstuel, and others who might be named. Here are a few passages whose meaning is sufficiently plain; "Heretics are to be destroyed root and branch, if that can possibly be done." "Heretics are like weeds, they are quickly to be plucked up, they are quickly to be burned." "Heretics can be condemned by the church to temporal punishments, and even be punished with

death." "If indeed it can be done, they are undoubtedly to be extirpated." Were it necessary, I could give many more passages of the same nature. Aquinas, one of those above referred to, and Dominic the founder of the Inquisition, are both saints in the Romish Calendar. The lion in a cage has still the nature of a lion. So it is with the Romish Church when she is in the ministry.

The Cardinal says, "If the Catholics in England were a majority to-morrow, they would molest no one in matters of religion by civil laws." No one who knows what the spirit of Popery is, will be hoodwinked by this lie.

His Eminence sees no need of "Catholics" interfering, as the laws "do not tend to the private conscience or belief of any one, but restrain only the public propagations of religions tenets or worship at variance with the religion of the Spanish people." The laws of Spain, according to this, say to heretics: "You may hold what opinions you please, but you must say nothing about them to any one." They are, therefore, to be praised for not doing what it is utterly impossible for them to do! Truly, a red hat is no guarantee that the head it covers is a wise one.

Manning would complain most bitterly if Britain were to treat Roman Catholics as Spain treats Protestants. But the justice which he wishes is what we may call "jug-handle justice,"—all on the one side, and that, of course, the side of his church.

Meliss, Que.

T. F.

Special Religious Services in Harrison.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—Having paid a short visit to Harrison, I send you a few notes of a deeply interesting religious movement now in progress in that place. Services have been held every night except Saturday for over three weeks, and the attendance and religious interest has been steadily increasing. Mr. McIntyre, the minister of Knox Church, informed me that the interest first manifested itself in his Bible class. Their attendance in his class grew larger. Deep impressions seemed to be made, and he held conversation with the members of the class at the close. Several came under deep anxiety about the salvation of their souls. Some professed to find peace in Christ. Mr. McIntyre then thought of giving an address upon Evangelistic services to his people, and invited all the other ministers and churches in Harrison to be present. The Wesleyan minister, the Rev. Mr. Scott, an excellent brother, united with his church in this movement. Special services were immediately commenced in Knox Church and the Methodist Church, the meetings being held in each on alternate evenings, and the attendance and interest have steadily increased. The most excellent Christian feeling pervades these two churches, and the two brethren co-operate with perfect harmony, each one presiding at the meeting in his own church, and the other usually giving the address. The two brethren thoroughly understand one another; not only is there no clash, but there is perfect harmony in all that is done—all proceeds with perfect quietness, from beginning to end. After the first service of a little over an hour's duration is closed, a conversational meeting is held, and the ministers and a few well-instructed Christians speak individually to those who remain. The service is usually closed with a few counsels addressed to all. The whole service does not last more than two hours.

The results of these services, so far as can yet be ascertained, are these: Christians are quickened and refreshed, are led to clearer views of truth, and are drawn out in prayerful desires and labours for the salvation of others. A considerable number of members in both these churches have discovered that their religion was only nominal, and are seeking the Saviour with more or less earnestness. A number of persons well or far advanced in life are found in this class. Some of these come from very considerable distances through very hard roads and in the darkest nights to the services. About seventy persons have come under more or less deep spiritual impressions; about twenty-five have professed to find peace in Christ. The movement, it is hoped, is only yet in its commencement. During the two evenings of this week on which I was present, the attendance was very large, the attention given to the preaching of the Word of God was marked, the kindly Christian feeling of the two ministers and their churches was particularly observable, and I could not doubt that a very general and deep spirit of anxiety and inquiry pervaded the audience about the infinitely important matter of their souls' salvation. The Spirit of God seemed to move with great power. Many were deeply concerned, and not a few professed to find salvation in Christ.

Surely it is the privilege of all our ministers and people to rejoice in this work, to be profoundly thankful to God for what He is doing, to remember in prayer these brethren and their labours, and to implore the great Lord of the Harvest that He would widely bless that place and others in that part of the country. The question should also be felt to be pertinent:—What can I, what can my church do, to receive a similar blessing? Yours, faithfully, J. K. S. Gall, Nov. 10, 1876.

Ignorance of the Way of Salvation among Professing Christians.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

In a late number of the PRESBYTERIAN, "W. M. R." refers to "the discovery of such men as Dr. Ure, of Goderich, of an amount of persistent error and ignorance of the simple gospel under their own ministry, which is amazing, and almost incredible in congregations so old and highly favored as to 'stated ordinances.'"

I have long been convinced of the truth that there are multitudes now of those who are in church fellowship, who have for many years heard the gospel most plainly preached, yet who—it is hardly too strong language to say—are practically as ignorant of the way of salvation as the poor heathen who worships a fly or his own shadow. When questioned regarding it, some use language from which it is impossible to get any meaning. It may be said in their defence, "They may understand it, but not be able to express themselves." Well, making all reasonable allowance on this ground, of which, however, too much use is made, their lives show that they do not understand it. Others say plainly that they hope to be saved by their works. Others again, answer in Scriptural language, but when they are questioned on their answers, they show that they too are trusting in themselves.

This is not at all wonderful when we take into account that multitudes of those who attend the house of God, pay no attention to the preaching of the Gospel. They think that the minister has to go at certain times, into a certain part of the church, and speak for a while about a matter which does not concern them. Therefore, while he is preaching, they are either thinking about worldly matters or sleeping. If a person attend fifty lessons in a certain art, yet, all the while, think about something else, he will be no wiser at the end than he was at the beginning. It is, therefore, only what is to be expected, that multitudes grow up in heathenish ignorance of the great salvation, though they have many a time had it clearly explained to them. A READER.

Revival in Chicago.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—We propose to give your readers a word or two about the work of the Lord in this great and wicked city. "Wicked," we say, although perhaps it is not more so than other places of a like size and importance. "A prophet has no honour in his own country" is an aphorism, and a gospel saying which has been quoted in all the ages of the world.

This has been the experience of very many, both past and present. In the case of the great evangelists, however, it seems susceptible of qualification. There is no doubt that to a small extent it is true even in the case of these great preachers of the everlasting truth. We feel certain that certain mountains of prejudice would not exist if Moody were from home, but if, on the other hand, he has those who would in vain attempt to chill his efforts, he has on the other extra warm supporters who feel an honest pride in "their Moody," and who work the harder to his hands. To say the least of it, he has perhaps the largest share of honor of any living man in Chicago, and we might say elsewhere to-day. But what cares he for that. He is not preaching for fame. Personally, D. L. Moody is the humblest of men. His course is a thoroughly unselfish and a Godly one. Had he been fishing for gain and laurels, he might have had his heart's content of all these long ago. In Britain every one knows how much this man refused, and the Moody of the "old sod" is the Moody of to-day. His whole aim, object, and ambition is to save souls from ruin, and point them to a loving and merciful Saviour, one who desires not "the death of the sinner, but that he should turn unto Him and live." The Tabernacle is still crowded. About 8,000 attend every night. Farwell Hall at noon-day is also packed, and at three and one o'clock a meeting, which is held for mutual Bible-study and prayer for strength, is also largely attended. Mr. Moody conducts the whole of these assemblies himself, so that your readers will observe he has his work. In answer to the question, "Is he doing any thing?" Why, yes! Hundreds have already been brought to Jesus, and every evening the "inquiry-room" is crowded.

All through the north-west, too, the revival spreads. Messrs. Whittle, Moorehouse, Needham, etc., are doing blessed work, and word comes daily of "souls being added." We expect a great tide of blessing to overtake this whole State, especially in the western part. The grand spirit that is being manifested is most delightfully refreshing to the Christian's heart. One of our prominent and wealthy business men and his lady rose the other night for prayer in one of the church prayer-meetings in the city, and we understand that this has made a profound impression upon several of his employees. Employers of labour, especially those having young men as clerks, etc., under their charge, be persuaded of the wonderful influence your Christian example can exercise over your servants! You have many opportunities of doing good, and of saving useful young lives from ruin. Depend upon it, you shall be held responsible for your influence, whether it is for good or for evil.

Another striking instance of the power of God's Spirit was manifested the other day in Chicago, when a man of position went to the superintendent of a mission school and said, "Mr. —, I want something to do for Jesus. If you can't give me anything else, let me stand at the door and invite others in." This is evidently the true spirit, the spirit of David when he said, "I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in tents of wickedness." When we are ready to exclaim, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do," there will be no difficulty in finding work, for "the fields are white to the harvest, but the laborers are few." God grant that this same spirit may soon abound over all this great and mighty continent, and that the day may soon be inaugurated when "all shall know Him from the least unto the greatest." Brethren, pray that this work may increase, and many other instances of God's mighty power may be on record. Chicago, Nov. 17, 1876. ALX. ALBROW.

Pastor and People.

"It is so Sudden."

One afternoon, as I ran my eye over my pastoral call-book, I saw the name of one, a married lady, with whom I had become but partially acquainted. Her peculiar reticence and disposition to be retired, even from personal friends, had kept me at a distance from her, so that I knew almost nothing of her religious life. She had been very infrequent in her attendance at the church, I had not seen her there for long time, and I hardly knew whether she considered herself as one of my congregation. But her name was on my book, and I at once set out to see her.

She received me, just as I knew from her sweetness of character she would, pleasantly. I lost no time in turning the conversation into a religious channel.

To my intense surprise I found that although religiously educated she had fallen into a state of skepticism, and had no confidence in some of the essential things of Christianity. I do not remember the conversation except in general. She told me some things about a time, years before, when she had been deeply interested in religious things, but that all that had faded long since away. She had not now for a number of years uttered a prayer. She had had the children say their prayers, but she never prayed herself. She doubted so about almost everything in religion that indeed she did not think much about the subject at all.

There was that about her words and her looks that arrested my attention, and gave a keen interest to everything she said, and I left her, not to have her off my mind and heart for days to come.

The next day but one, I was at her house again. She seemed surprised to see me, and said:

"I am glad to see you, but I thought that you had given me up."

"Oh, no," I replied, "you have been on my mind ever since I saw you, and I have scarcely offered a prayer in which your name has not been uttered. You have been on my heart all the time. Have you prayed?" When she had told me that for years she had not prayed, I had urged her, for her own sake and the children's sake, to pray.

"Yes," my friend answered, "I have prayed, but it has done no good. I had that I must make up my mind to be lost."

"No, you must not. You will be saved. The Lord Jesus very tenderly invites you to be saved through Him. Have you tried to give yourself to Him?"

"My heart is so hard that I cannot. It draws away from Him. I must wait."

"But waiting will not make your heart softer. And now is the best time that you will ever see. He says in his word, 'Now is the accepted time.' Will you not now, at this hour, give yourself to Him?"

"Oh, it is too soon. I ought to go to church first. It is a long time since I have been regularly there."

"No, you ought not. You ought now, at once, to give yourself to the Saviour. He invites and he tells you to come to him now."

"But I cannot, so suddenly, I must think of it more. Why, I had not thought of it so early for a long time till you spoke to me. I have been very wicked."

"Jesus, the Lord, offers to forgive you, and he offers to take you into his love. You are rejecting his love."

"With a look of trouble she replied hastily, 'No, no, not that! I am not rejecting!'"

"You are saying 'I do not want to be forgiven yet. I want to go this afternoon unrepentant, I want to lie down to sleep tonight an unrepentant soul, I want to wake up to-morrow unrepentant, and to live a week or more unrepentant.'"

"With almost a cry of pain she said, 'No, no. I do not want it so. But I cannot, I cannot take this step now, just now. Please do not urge me any more.'"

"But I must. If I was to say to you, 'You need not trouble yourself, there is no need of haste, you can just as well put it off,' you would think that I was not fit to be a minister, would you not?"

"Yes, I would not want to look at you any more."

"You must come now. Will you not give all to God?"

Her brow clouded, and with anxiety in look and tone, she said, "Oh you must not urge me so persistently. It seems as if I must be lost."

"No, my child, you are to be saved, and the Saviour is after his lost sheep. He has gone out on the mountains after her."

"But you must go and talk to my husband. I cannot go without him."

"Do you love your husband?"

"Oh, yes, I am afraid that I love him too much."

"Then will you not do what you can to save him? How sweet it would be, could you tell him, 'I have gone to the Saviour and I am happy in him.' How inexpressibly blessed it would be if you were both Christians. Will you not do what you can to save him?"

She was touched, but after a silence for a moment or two, said, "You urge me too much. I do not think it is right. It is too soon."

"But, my child, I cannot do anything else. If your little boy, that has just gone out of the room, had been disobedient, and you were to say, 'My little son, you must stop at once, and you must be now an obedient and loving child,' and he were to say to you, 'I know that I ought, but it is too soon now, I must wait and think about it,' what would you say?"

With a perplexed look she said, "You have something to answer everything I say," and then, meditatively, "What a hard heart I must have!"

"Then, at this moment, go to the Saviour and give all to him. He will soften your heart."

She thought a moment and then said, "I suppose that you think that I may grieve the Holy Spirit and lose these thoughts if I wait."

"Yes, that is what I fear. And you may die. Now is the accepted time."

Some Time.

Some time when all life's seasons have been learned, And suns and stars forevermore have set, The things which our weak judgments here have spurned, The things over which we grieved with lashes wet, Will flash before us amid life's dark night, As stars shine now in deeper tints of blue; And we shall see how all God's plans were right, And what most seemed reproof, was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh God's plans go on as best for you and me How, when we called, He heeded not our cry, Because His wisdom to the end could see, And 'twas as prudent parents' disallow Too much of sweet to craving babyhood, So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend And that sometimes the sable pall of death Conceals the fairest boon His love can send; If we could push ajar the gates of life And stand within, and all God's working see, We could interpret all this doubt and strife, And for each mystery find there a key

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart! God's plan's like lilies pure and white unfold; We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart— Time will reveal the calyxes of gold, And if, through patient toil, we reach the land Where there's fresh feet, with sandals loosed, may rest, Where we shall clearly know and understand, I think that we shall say, "God knows the best"

Harmony of Science and Religion.

Now, at eighty-two and a-half years of age, still, by God's favourance and blessings, possessing my mental powers unimpaired, and looking over the barrier beyond which I soon must pass, I can truly declare that, in the study and exhibition of science to my pupils and fellow-men, I have never forgotten to give all honor and glory to the infinite Creator—happy if I might be the honored interpreter of a portion of His works, and of the beautiful structure and beneficent laws discovered therein by the labors of many illustrious predecessors. For this I claim no credit. It is the result to which right reason and sound philosophy, as well as religion, would naturally lead.

While I have never concealed my convictions on these subjects, nor hesitated to declare them on all proper occasions, I have also declared my belief that, while natural religion stands on the basis of revelation, consisting, as it does, of the facts and laws which form the domain of science, science has never revealed a system of mercy commensurate with the moral wants of man. In nature, in God's creation, we discover only laws—laws of unvarying strictness, and severe penalties attached to their violation. There is associated with natural laws no system of mercy. That dispensation is not revealed in nature, and is contained in the Scriptures alone.

With the double view just presented, I feel that science and religion may walk hand in hand. They form two distinct volumes of revelation, and, both being records of the will of the Creator, both may be received as constituting a unity, declaring the mind of God; and, therefore, the study of both becomes a duty, and is perfectly consistent with our highest moral obligations.

I feel that, as this subject respects my fellow-men, I have done no more than my duty; and I reflect upon my course with subdued satisfaction, being persuaded that nothing which I have said or omitted to say in my public lectures, or before the college classes, or before popular audiences, can have favored the erroneous impression that science is hostile to religion.

My own conviction is so decidedly in the opposite direction, that I could wish that students of theology should be also students of natural science—certainly of astronomy, geology, natural philosophy, and chemistry, and the outlines of natural history.—Prof. Selliman.

Pray that, whether your children become

ripe scholars or not, they may be early converts to God, understanding the precious story of Jesus and his salvation, even if there should be little else, in exceptional cases, which they had the capacity to acquire. Make Christ your first and ever-prominent lesson, that your order of teaching may at once illustrate and obey the Lord's precedence. "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," and all other things shall be added unto you.

Pray for your children's preservation and your own, from the infidel theories, the carping objections, the microscopic criticisms, the carnal-mindedness and vicious immoralities of the day, especially from the many-voiced echoes of the old plea for loitering disobedience. "Is it not a little one?"

Pray for the unknown blessings which you can not call by their names. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," is a promise as fully applicable to prayer for success in pious teaching, as for any other edifying gift.

If We Would.

If we would but check the speaker, When he soils a neighbor's fame, If we would but help the erring, Ere we utter words of blame, If we would, how many might we Turn from paths of sin and shame!

Ah! the wrongs that might be righted, If we would but see the way! Ah! the pains that might be lightened Every hour and every day, If we would but hear the pleadings Of the hearts that go astray.

Let us step outside the stronghold Of our selfishness and pride; Let us, lift our fainting brothers, Let us strengthen ere we chide; Let us, ere we blame the fallen, Hold a light to cheer and guide.

Ah, how blessed—ah, how blessed Earth would be if we but try Thus to aid and right the weaker, Thus to check each brother's sigh; Thus to walk in duty's pathway To our better life on high.

In each life, however lowly, There are seeds of mighty good; Still we shrink from souls appealing With a timid "If we could," But God, who judgeth all things, Knows the truth is—"If we would."

The Conversion of Men.

Why are not more men converted than women? Why, at least, are not the numbers about equal, especially in times of awakening and revival? At Pentecost "the number of the men" (who believed) was about five thousand. Less than two years ago over six thousand men, admitted by tickets stood for three hours in the sealess Corn Exchange of Edinburgh, a still, eager, and solemn assembly, so densely packed that, as the late Mr. Arnot said, "Nothing was seen but man's faces—as if the multitude were submerged in water and only their heads protruding. So close was the mass that if it moved at one place you could see the movement running along in a straight line like a groundswell on the sea." And what for? Only to hear "the old, old story of Jesus and His love." After that meeting seven hundred of those men went out into another room to "inquire the way to Zion with their faces thitherward." We have seen month after month from three thousand to five thousand people, of whom a large part were men, who at the hour of noon left their stores and shops to praise and pray.

When vast tidal waves of spiritual power are sweeping over a community, these great gatherings may generally be expected. Many will say, "These men are full of new wine." Many will revile the Pentecost, and the wicked will rage, and Satan will get up a counter revival of his own. Yet we make bold to say that these are the very occasions which men of business should seize upon to "lay hold on eternal life." Man's nature is naturally of a harder mould than that of woman. His avocations tend to harden him still more against the tender sympathies and the gentler virtues; and his associations are too often death to all spirituality. Yet "the carnal mind" of woman is just as much "enmity against God" as "the carnal mind" of man. The same sovereign grace is requisite for her conversion, and often she fights against God just as fiercely as man does. The difference lies partly in her home life, her domestic and social surroundings, and the comparative ease with which the gospel reaches her conscience and her heart. But men are so early thrown out upon the sea of life, and our young men especially are so often without reliable compass, chart and ballast and rudder; they are so becalmed, and befogged, and driven by currents, and swept by tempests; they venture their all in such rotten hulks, and lose their reckonings, and mistake their lights, and strike upon the rocks, that like sailors they move ever amid perils upon sea and shore. But let no man who reads these lines give up to fatalism, like a Turk, and say "I can't help it." Conscience, a thousand providences, the Holy Spirit combine to press upon him the solution of that great problem, "What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The tremendous risks, the eternal motives, the overwhelming arguments, the very sacrifice and love of Christ are all personal to himself, because he is a man—a lost man who may be saved. With such capacities, responsibilities, opportunities, dangers and hopes, why are not more men saved?

What A Sermon is.

Professor Patton, of Chicago Seminary, knows what theology is, and lately he has been convincing the students of the Seminary that he knows what a sermon is. His address has been published, and here is an extract:

"The sermon is a unique literary production. It is not an oration; it is not a lecture; it is not an essay. It is an organism evolved by a genetic process from a text, and standing in vital and obvious relation to it. It may have the dignity of the oration, the polish of the essay, the logic of the argument, the fervor of the speech, the analysis of the lecture; but it is none of these. It is not the text explained; that would be a commentary. It is not the text expanded; that would be a paraphrase."

"1. It is an organism; it has a beginning, middle and end; a *terminus a quo* and a *terminus ad quem*. The audience is pleased by the presentation of a completed line of thought, and the preacher is kept within bounds.

"2. It is genetically related to a text. It is legitimately deduced from a passage of Scripture, and is therefore an elucidation of God's Word. It offers the freest scope for the rhetorical arts of division and invention, while the individuality of the text ensures variety, and prevents the minister from acquiring the common habit of preaching the same sermon with variations. Being based on a text, the discourse is more comprehensive in regard to the subjects it touches, and more flexible in regard to the style and method of its structure than it could, or in all probability would be, were the preacher to confine himself to the discussion of themes. In a word, the sermon as a work of art lies between the pure oration and the pure exposition, and combines the advantages of both."

Thou Knowest Not Now.

I looked upon the wrong or back side of a piece of arras (or tapestry); it seemed to me as a continued nonsense. There was neither head nor foot therein; confusion itself had as much method in it—a company of thrums and threads, with as many pieces and patches of several sorts, sizes and colors, all of which signified nothing to my understanding. But then, looking on the reverse, or right side thereof, all put together did spell excellent proportions, and figures of men and cities; so that indeed it was a history, not written with a pen, but wrought with a needle. If men look upon some of God's providential dealings with a pure eye of reason, they will hardly find any sense therein, such their muddle and disorder. But, alas! the wrong side is objected to our eyes, while the right side is presented to the high God of heaven, who knoweth that an admirable order doth result out of this confusion; and what is presented to him at present may hereafter be so showed to us as to convince our judgments in the truth thereof.—Thomas Fuller.

Sin Put Away.

"Blessed is that man to whom the Lord will not impute sin." Our sins cannot hinder us, nor withdraw us, from prayer; for they are gone, they are no sins, they cannot be hurtful to us—Christ dying for us—as all the Scripture, both of the Old and New Testament, witnesseth—"He that taketh away our sorrows." Like as when I owe unto a man a hundred pounds; the day is expired, he will have his money; I have it not, and for lack of it I am laid in prison. In such distress comes a good friend, and saith, "Sir, be of good cheer, I will pay thy debt;" and forthwith payeth the whole sum and setteth me at liberty. Therefore, though our sins condemn us, "we have an advocate with God the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." We have one advocate, not many; neither saints, nor anybody else, but only him and no other, neither by the way of mediation, nor by the way of redemption. He only is sufficient, for he only is "the door;" let him have all the praise. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The Bible.

No correct theology could ever come out of convents. The Bible, from beginning to end, is the work of out-door men. Moses from the time when his parents put him on the waters in a wicker-boat to the time when he passed from the crest of a mountain into heaven, was a child of Nature. Joshua, David, the twelve disciples, Christ Himself, all were out-door men; and John saw heaven in vision while camping out on the Isle of Patmos. God never chose a diseased organization to be a channel of communication with the race. Those who were to be His interpreters to mankind have always been stout, healthy men; men of toil; men who lived simply, in accordance with the great law of Nature. The reason is not hidden from us. As the lenses of a telescope must be smooth, free from irregularities, properly shaped, and undimmed by moisture, that it may yield a true view of star and sun, so the mind that would truly reflect God must be in the highest possible condition. A great many men have thought they saw God, when, in fact, they saw nothing but the fancies of a diseased organization deified. "I lift mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."—Golden Rule.

Random Readings.

WHITEFIELD was once asked whether a certain man was a Christian. "How should I know?" he replied; "I never lived with him."

I HEARTILY desire that ye would mind your country, and consider to what direction your soul setteth its face; for all come not home at night who suppose they have set their face heavenward through the day.—Rutherford.

THOUGH God came not to Adam till the evening, yet he came, although the fire came not on Sodom till the morning, yet it came; and so comes the Judge, though He be not yet come. Though He hath laden feet, He hath iron hands. O, to be ready to meet him in peace.—Henry Smith.

The first duty of the worshipper is personal prayer. It is not necessary that he should kneel to pray; even the bowed head may be a poor substitute for the bowed and waiting heart. All forms fail; nothing but the personal outreaching of mind and heart after God will meet the want.

We are so little that if God should manifest His greatness without condescension, we should be trampled under His feet; but God, who must stoop to view the skies, and bow to see what angels do, looks to the lowly and contrite, and makes them great.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH one day asking a favor from Queen Elizabeth, the latter said to him, "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" To which he replied, "When your majesty leaves off giving." So let us ever be asking from God, who is ever giving and ever willing to give.

It is undoubtedly a just maxim, that in the long run "honesty is the best policy," but he whose practice is governed by his maxim is not an honest man. And it may be added that a steady and uniform adherence to honesty never will result from this maxim.—Whately.

A CRUSHED bud giveth sweet perfume— Sweeter than when it blows, Under the sun's most ardent rays That lure it to unclose; So when the human heart is crushed, Its fragrance doth arise, And like an incense offering Float upward to the skies.

He always wins who sides with God; To him no chance is lost, God's will is sweetest to him when He triumphs at his cost.

All that He blesses is our good, And unblest good is ill, And all is right that seems most wrong, If it be His sweet will.—Pater.

The secret mysteries of a divine life—of a new nature—of Christ formed in our hearts—they cannot be written or spoken. A painter that would draw a rose, though he may furnish some likeness of it in figure and color, yet he can never paint the scent and fragraney; or if he draw a flame, he cannot put a constant heat into his colors; he cannot make his pencil drop a soul. Neither are we able to enclose in words and letters the life, soul and essence of any spiritual truths, and, as it were, to incorporate it in them.—Cudworth.

WHAT progress have I made in holiness since I professed to be a Christian? I am taught that sanctification is a progressive work. I am taught that Christ's kingdom in the individual soul has a development. How much more am I like Christ now than I was years ago? How much better prepared am I now for heaven than then? A pilgrim, during the year referred to, surely should have made a perceptible advance towards his journey's end. I know that I am nearer the grave, but am I any nearer heaven? Am I any better prepared for heaven?

"I Die Happy"

It is said that in his last hours, Bishop Butler, when conversing with his chaplain on those subjects which could alone be interesting, thus expressed his uneasiness: "Though I have tried to avoid sin and to please God to the utmost of my powers; yet, from being conscious of my constant weakness, I am afraid to die."

"My lord," said his chaplain, "you forget that Jesus Christ is a Saviour."

"True," replied the bishop; but, how shall I know that He is a Saviour for me?"

"My lord, it is written, 'him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"True," said the bishop; "and I have read that scripture a thousand times, but I never felt its full value till this moment. Stop there; for now I die happy!"—The Cottager's Monthly Visitor.

The Christian in the World.

A True Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So in like manner the Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do whilst he remains in the body, but by the world living in him.

The world in the heart has ruined millions. How careful are mariners in guarding against leakage, lest the water entering into the vessel should, by imperceptible degrees cause the vessel to sink. And ought not the Christian to watch and pray, lest Satan thus entering in bring him to destruction, both to body and mind? The world and the things of the world press upon us at all points. Our daily avocations—yea, our most lawful enjoyments, have need to be narrowly watched, lest they insensibly steal upon our affections, and draw our hearts away from God.—Selected.

To Pray to Succeed.

Wonderful is the power of effectual fervent prayer; it availeth much with God and man; with God, who loves to hear and honor prayer; with man, whom it instinctively arms with the assurance of an alliance with the Almighty One. The soldier in the field knows nothing of the plan of the campaign—that is his General's province; it is the soldier's duty to march and counter-march, and fight it out. And the teacher "can not tell whether shall prosper, this or that;" the purpose and the issue are with "the Captain of his salvation"—it is our humble part to work it out, and nothing daunted because nothing doubted.

"With the Holy Ghost, and much assurance" is the war-cry of the devoted teacher, which makes him a young Samuel to his class, for "the Lord leaeth none of his words fall to the ground."

Pray, then, for a daily supply of fresh and ever-increasing and accumulating grace in your own hearts, that you may be "examples to your little flock"—bellewethers ever tinkling in their ears Zechariah's melody of "Holiness to the Lord."

Pray for a spirit of love to be reciprocated between children and teachers; for light, wisdom, and zeal in them that teach, and meekness, docility, and "quick apprehension" in them that learn. Cultivate the blessed elements of unity, peace, and brotherhood among teachers, one with another, in honor preferring one another, and entertaining a common sentiment of affection and respect for your pastors, whose hands you should sustain, rather than invade their office or embarrass their duties.

A LONG life without rest and peace in God is nothing but a long martyrdom.—Geier.

Our Young Folks.

An Ower True Story.

A long, long way from here, across the wide ocean and many mountains and rivers, lies a lovely little valley, all hemmed in by high, bare and rocky, with sharp precipitous sides. The valley is—or rather was—a large flourishing village, or little town, in which lived about eight or nine thousand people. These people were chiefly peasants, who lived by cultivating the fertile sides of the valley, in which they sowed wheat and rye and other grain, or had little vineyards and plantations of mulberry trees. They were a happy, contented people, quite satisfied with their simple houses and dresses, and quiet country fare, and happy united family life, worshipping God as we do, and believing in Christ as their Saviour, though their churches and services are not exactly like ours, and would seem strange to American children. In the grey stony houses, which were large and roomy, though very simply furnished—we should perhaps think them very bare—lived very large families indeed, for it was the custom for married sons to bring their wives home to their father's house, and for all to live together—so that under one roof there would frequently be living twelve or fifteen or twenty children—besides grown up people. All these little cousins, playing together, must have made merry happy groups, and they seem to have lived kindly and affectionately together as children should, and every day going to the village school to learn to read and write. Of one of these families we know the names, and as they are names that probably American children never heard before, I will give them here. There was first an old grandmother, whose name I do not know; and then there were her three tall, handsome sons, Ghiorgy, Iventolu and Stogen. Their wives were called Roika, Stoganka and Anka; and the children of the three families were Anghel, and Tragan, and Ghiorgy, and Iventolu, and Ietko, and Assau and Boydan, Sonka, Gingka, Marika and Roika;—some of these being very little children—one or two probably babes. Their grand-mother thought them beautiful children, and good children too, and they were all very happy together.

Well, this last spring, when we were all rejoicing that the winter was gone, and the trees were putting out their young leaves in the soft balmy air—the people in this valley were rejoicing too, that the snow had all melted away from the mountain sides around, and that their hills were growing green again. The little waterfalls that dashed over the granite rocks sparkled gladly in the bright sunshine—the buds were opening on the vines and the mulberry trees, the cattle wandered in the fresh green pastures, contentedly chopping the tender herbage—the children shouted with delight as they gathered wild flowers among the rocks and made them into garlands or posies, and the men were busy sowing the crops which they hoped would yield them bounteous harvests when autumn came. There were rumours of war and insurrection in the air, and some of the restless spirits of this valley, as of others, had perhaps gone to take part in the impending conflict. But the people generally were going on quietly with their ordinary peaceful avocations, only desiring to live in peace and quiet—when one day as the children came home from school, a large force of Bashi-basouks—a kind of fierce, half-civilized troops sent out by Turkey against her rebellious provinces—appeared in the distance, coming against the village with hostile demonstrations. The villagers knew well how cruel and rapacious these soldiers are, and they naturally at first thought of defending themselves and their families. All their weapons of defence were hurriedly brought out; and for a day or two there was fighting, brave enough to show the commander of these forces that so long as they had their arms the villagers would not be easily conquered. So he summoned a conference, and promised, by all that he held most sacred, that if the people would give up their arms to him, not a hair of their heads should be harmed. They believed him, as people who are true themselves are apt to believe others, and they all peacefully surrendered their weapons. Then when they had thus been made utterly defenceless, the Turkish Commander demanded all their money. They had no choice but to comply, and so all the little hoards which they had been frugally saving from the proceeds of their industry were brought out and given up to be used in carrying on a fierce and cruel war against their fellow-countrymen. What followed next is too horrible for you to hear or me to tell. Suffice it to say, that of all the horrible, cruel, fiendish massacres ever perpetrated, none perhaps was more cruel, more horrible, more fiendish than this. All day long that lovely valley echoed to pitiful wails, and shrieks, and cries for mercy to ruthless hearts that knew none. The little children were killed at their play or in the arms of their mothers, just as were the babes at Bethlehem eighteen hundred years ago. The voice of Rachel was heard "weeping for her children," where indeed it was not silenced in death. Aged parents, and tender babes, and blooming innocent girls—all were alike pitilessly sacrificed, when their protectors had been slain—the worst tortures being reserved for the gentlest and most defenceless.

After that, a great and awful silence fell upon the little valley. There were no more cries and sobs; no more fighting; neither were there any more people going to their daily work, nor children playing in the streets. The corn and rye that had been sown grew and waved green in the sunshine, and then the golden ears ripened and bent heavily on their stalks, but no step of the reaper came near to gather them in. Those vine blossoms grew into green clusters, but no vine-dresser drew near to prune them. The cattle, even, had disappeared, and their lowing was no longer heard. Save the occasional howl of a wild dog, or the note of a bird, there was no sound or sign of life in all the beautiful valley; for the few people whose lives had been spared had fled from the spot in such terror that they never dared to return to their ruined and desolated homes.

At last, three months afterwards, an English officer who had heard about this wicked deed, and was determined to investigate the truth of what he had heard, made a journey to the place, and with him came some of the poor refugees, taking advantage of the protection his presence afforded. When he reached the spot he beheld horrors greater than his mind could have conceived. The valley was really a valley of "dry bones." Wherever he went he trod amid poor human remains. The ruined houses were strewn with all that remained of their inmates, and the church which had so often echoed to hymns of praise and the voice of prayer was filled with the ashes of those who had crowded into it for refuge, and been burned alive by their fiendish enemies. So was the school-house, where two hundred women and children had taken refuge. The house in which had lived Anghel, and Tragan and Ghiorgy, and their little brothers and sisters, was, like the rest, a heap of bones and ruins, with only the poor old grand-mother left to return with the English officer, to mourn—she could not weep—over her desolated home. Here there had lived a man who had a little blind brother, and this poor man wept like a child when he revisited the spot where his little blind brother had been cruelly killed, and could not be comforted even by being reminded that the child had gone to God to be blind no longer. Wherever the English officer went he walked among bones and skeletons, and heard the poor women wailing in heart-breaking tones over their lost homes and children. Then he wrote an account of all he had heard and seen, and sent it to England, where it has roused many of the people to an inexpressible indignation against the wicked and cruel Turks, who carry on war in such a fiendish way. And one brave, good man, Mr. Gladstone, who has always taken up the cause of the oppressed, has written a pamphlet to stir up the English nation against even seeming to support by their alliance, a power capable of permitting such fiendish atrocities.

Now, why should you be saddened with so terrible a tale? Because, in the first place, it is well that you should know what Turkish tyranny is, and that, as a power, it is as cruel and blood-thirsty as it always has been. In the next place—to teach you what horrible wickedness our corrupt human nature is capable of when unrenewed by God's grace and untaught by His Word. And in the third place, to show you what the religion called Mohammedanism is, though some people who should know better have called it "an almost unmixt blessing, and better for some of the people who own it away than even Christianity would be." Now these fierce and wicked soldiers had been taught to believe that if they killed a certain number of "infidels," as they call Christians, they would go to heaven in spite of all their wickedness. And so, in killing these poor women and helpless babes, they thought they were doing what would secure for them the love of sensual pleasure for which they loved. Is it not sad that they should so cruelly deceive themselves, for unless they are brought to repent of their sins, they are far more to be pitied than the poor people whom they slew. And should we not, all of us, be thankful that we have been taught to live under the sway of a religion which tells us how our hearts and lives are to be purified, and where we are to get the grace we need; and which shows us the gracious face of Him who reveals to us the Father, and taught men to love one another, instead of one that falsely offers a world of sinful self-indulgence to be attained by cruel and bloody deeds. And if we gratefully rejoice in the blessing for ourselves, we shall earnestly seek to extend it to others. The terrible record of the massacre at Batak and elsewhere of Bulgarian Christians should quicken the interest of every man, woman and child in Christian missions, especially in Mohammedan countries. Even children can do something—besides giving pennies to their missionary boxes—to hasten the time when such things shall be no longer possible. If every Christian child would but make the words "Thy kingdom come" a heart-felt prayer that the kingdoms of the world might soon become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ, our faith warrants us in believing that this would advance that blessed time when we shall no longer see "the garment rolled in blood," nor hear the "confused voice" of the battle—but when the Prince of Peace shall rule from shore to shore, "and they shall not hurt nor destroy in my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea."

A. M. M.

The Drunkard's Baby.

The Richmond Advocate tells a touching story of a little girl, just three years old, and endowed with unusual sprightliness and loveliness both of person and disposition, who had been so terrified by the drunkenness of her father that she cried out to a friend who was taking leave of her mother, "O please take me home with you, and hide me so papa can't find me." What a world of woe is contained in the plaint of this poor babe! And what a tragedy in home-life it reveals. The most loving thing in all the world, the most trusting, the most confiding, and the most innocent in its helplessness, is made to turn in an agony of apprehension from the one on whose bosom she should naturally rest in perfect truthfulness, sure of his protecting love. Rum had converted him into an object of fear, almost of aversion. O rum, who can tell the pitiful scenes for which thou art responsible—the love thou hast quenched, the hopes thou hast wrecked, the hearts thou hast broken, the homes thou hast desolated, the graves thou hast dug! Think of these baby hands raised in piteous appeal, fathers who are drunkards, and they must strike like rods of iron on your hearts. Think of these quivering baby lips and overflowing baby eyes, ye who sell that which makes drunken fathers and causes all this woe, and be warned, lest in the last great day many women and little children shall say to you, "We owe the untold wretchedness and agony of our lives to you; our blood be upon your skirts."

John Hewitt—A Missionary Martyr.

Seventeen years ago, a young lad in Ulster went into his room one evening to speak with God. It was the evening of a Communion Sabbath—his first Communion: he was full of joy and faith, and he wrote out a covenant with God. In this he gave himself up to God's will; he would leave all to follow Him; and he pleaded for grace to be true to his promise. He went to college, where he made many friends. His teachers and companions thought more of him the better they knew him, and they loved him. One thing they all saw in him—his faith in Jesus; and that is the best thing that our friends can see in us.

Soon after leaving college, John Hewitt was asked by the people of Muckamore to be their minister. The congregation there soon loved him as much as his friends at college, and the same love followed him afterwards to another congregation at Whittmore. He was happy in his life; it was pleasant to him to work for Christ; and every one who saw him at his work thought how useful he would be, and saw how happy he was.

At this time a sorrow had come over our little Church in India. Mr. Dixon, a brave young missionary, had died of fever. One after another at home was asked to go out and take his place, but no one stirred. Then some of the other missionaries fell sick, and still no one would move to their help; and this went on for many, many months.

Mr. Hewitt was thinking about this all the time. A college friend of his was now a missionary in Gujarat, and wrote to him that the need was very great. He thought about it the more. He remembered the promise he had made—that he would go wherever Christ would ask him—that he would leave all to follow Christ. He knew that in Ulster every one might go to a Sabbath-school, and hear a minister preach, but that there were so few ministers in Gujarat that thousands upon thousands could never hear about Jesus, but would live and die worshipping their idols. At last he made up his mind to go to India—that this was what Christ was asking of him; and one evening, during the General Assembly of 1874, he rose up and said so to the vast crowd that filled the place of meeting. They were greatly touched, for they felt that all his heart was in what he said, and that he loved the Mission for the Lord Jesus' sake.

The children remember how he went out to India that autumn, and two other young men of the same spirit with him; and the missionaries rejoiced, and felt how good God had been in giving them so much help, for the help had not come a day too soon.

Mr. Hewitt was sent to Borsud; and round about Borsud there are a great many of the Dherds, a low and poor people, who have been very glad to hear the Gospel, and many of whom now worship God. Indeed there are so many, that small churches must be built in a number of their villages. Some of these churches the poor people will try to build as far as they can themselves, but there are others that Christian men and women at home intend to build out of their own money, and make a present of to the Dherds. And I am sure the Sabbath-school children everywhere will be glad to think that they can do just the same; and that if they are all very busy, and try to save their pennies till they have five hundred pounds, they themselves can make a present of two churches, and that the people will always think of these two as the Children's Churches. Well, a Christian merchant in Belfast is building the first church, at a village called Khadama—that is, he is paying the cost of it. But the place is very far from any large town, so that it is difficult to get a person to look after the building; and Mr. Hewitt, who, by being very earnest and steady and patient, had learned the language quickly, went last March to look after the workmen. He lived in a tent just beside the workmen, so that he might be always on the spot. But in April the weather is very hot—hotter than our hottest summers—and a tent is no great protection. Delays carried the work on into this hot month, and Mr. Hewitt wrote from his tent that the heat was not that of the sun merely, but that the wind scorched like infernal fire. In the end of April he went with Mrs. Hewitt to Bombay for a change. The next news that came was of his illness, and a very soon after this there came the sad news that he had died of fever.

God sent him many kind friends. One of them gave up a beautiful home he had by the sea to Mr. Hewitt's use; another was a doctor, a medical missionary, who watched over him night and day. But no kindness or no skill could save his life; and one Sabbath morning, Mr. Montgomery, our oldest missionary, hurried to his bedside. He was quite clear and calm. A text that hung on the wall before him was a great comfort; it assured him that *My grace is sufficient for thee*. He bade good-bye to his young wife, and talked of the meeting they would have in heaven. He spoke of what would be done after his death, and asked that a telegram would be sent to each of the Mission Stations, that all the missionaries might know. Up to the last he was able to say, *Jesus is with me still*, indeed they were his last words. And then, on Sabbath the 2nd of July, at noon, "his spirit gently passed away."

The funeral in India follows quickly upon death; and at six o'clock on Monday morning the little procession started from the house for the beautiful cemetery of Sewree, by the sea. "Heavy clouds rolled across the sky, and now and then the rain fell in torrents; but it ceased as the missionaries lowered the coffin into the grave; and when they left it there, they felt like Abraham, to whom God had promised the whole land of Canaan, and who owned no more of it than a burial-place, and they were fully persuaded that what God had promised He was able to perform."

Mr. Hewitt went out to India on the work of the Lord Jesus, and he died in that work; and when we are to die, there is nothing better that we can be doing than

working for the Lord Jesus Christ. He will not write any more letters for the readers of "Daybreak," for the Lord has written for him, and he has gone to join the spirits of just men made perfect. Yet the children will not forget what he wrote, and how, in May, he told them of the poor blind men who sing and speak for Jesus among the Dherds. Would it not be a simple way to keep so good a man in memory, if the children did what he asked, and if six Sabbath-schools came forward to support, each, one of these blind colporteurs?

And now the Mission in India is weakened again. It needs more and more men like John Hewitt. Are there not boys and girls too who will be as ready as he was to leave every thing for Christ when they are older—who will long to do in India or in China what he longed to do—whose hearts are already making a covenant with the Lord Jesus that they will go where he calls them? W. FLEMING STEVENSON.

Underneath.—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

Moses, in his last address to the children of Israel, said: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. How beautiful is this picture! God is not above us merely, extending over us the arm of His power, saying to us: 'Reach up and take hold upon me.' If so, we might stretch out our arms to the utmost and not be able to grasp him; or having taken hold upon him we might grow faint and weary, and lose our hold. God is not before us merely, stretching out His arm to show us the way, and to clear it of obstacles, saying: 'Follow me. I will guide and guard you.' If so, we might not find strength in ourselves to obey. We are spiritually weak, and the path of life is steep and narrow. It is easier to see where we should go than to go. Many a soul would gladly follow Christ, but so totters and stumbles, that it is tempted to give up in despair."

God is not merely beside us to keep us from tottering and stumbling. He does not say merely, "My arms encircle you. They hold you on the right hand and on the left." Nay, he meets the sense of utter weakness that comes over us in the hour when temptation would drive us to despair. He says: "I know that you are a more babe; you can not climb; you can not even walk. Hence I have put underneath you the everlasting arms." As a mother puts her loving arms not only around, but under her babe, as she holds it to her breast, so God holds and upholds them that trust in him. Is there a more tender and cheering statement than this among the wondrous revelations of our Father's love?

The arms underneath us are "everlasting." They are the arms of Omnipotence. They will never grow weary. The harder we lean on them the better. It is easy for God to uphold us. He loves to do so. The greater our faith in him the more abundant his grace to us.

Men, in worldly affairs, often get discouraged. They say "the bottom has fallen out." "The very foundations are gone." But the Christian knows that whatever else may fail, there is something beneath that can not. Under all the things that come and go abide those everlasting arms. Even when earth itself recedes; when the soul must go forth from every familiar scene (and loving human friend into the great unknown, it need not tremble, and it can not fall, for underneath are the everlasting arms. They will bear it across the cold river to its home on the other side. Whenever temptation assails us let us think of those everlasting arms. Let us rest our weak and weary spirits upon them. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee." Isa. xxvi. 3.—Herald and Presbyter.

Mr. Ruskin and Bible-Reading.

To any one anxious to know the secret of Mr. Ruskin's clearness and beauty of style, we would point out the following little bit of autobiography in the *For's Clariviger*: Mr. Ruskin, in continuing his autobiography, notes especially "how much I owe to my mother for having so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make me grasp them in what my correspondent would call their 'concrete whole'; and, above all, taught me to reverence them as transcending all thought, and adorning all conduct. This she affected, not by her own sayings or personal authority, but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching at first every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; that she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all I should get hold of it by the right end. In this way she began with the first verse in Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis next day; if a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better the lesson in faith, that there was some use in its being outspoken. After our chapters, (from two or three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed—none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs—and none from any visitings or excursions, except real travelling,) I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known; and, with the chapters above enumerated, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse, and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound. It is strange that, of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God."

Home Adornment.

Pause a moment, and listen to the echo of home-adornment. The word home gives a certain sense of security to the mind. What a sweet word it is, and how much is contained therein! Many there are who know not its meaning. The object of home is to be the centre, the pivot on which the family life turns. Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. The first requisite is to make it so attractive that none of its inmates shall care to linger long outside its limits. All legitimate means should be employed to this end, and no effort should be spared that can contribute to it. Many houses called homes, kept with a neatness by painstaking, anxious women, are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home feeling from their spotless precincts. The name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care. Cheerfulness is more essential to home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Therefore we should adorn our homes with love, sunshine, and flowers. Nothing is more remote from solitariness than a neat expenditure in building a house and adorning it with all that makes it beautiful without and lovely within. Children that are surrounded by books and cultivated natural objects become refined in thought by familiarity with art. Whatever expenditures refine the family and lift it into a higher sphere of living, are really spent upon the whole community as well.

Communities need example to excite ambition. Fine grounds not only confer pleasure on all who visit them, but they incite ambitious men to improve their homes. Every element that adds to the pleasure and refinement of the family puts honor and dignity upon it. Whoever makes home seem to the younger dearer and happier, is a public benefactor. Then, dear friends, let us adorn our homes with instructive books, music, and beautiful pictures. In so doing we promote not only our own welfare, but encourage literature, music, and art. You believe with me that a farmer's home may possess much grace and beauty, and be somewhat suggestive of high hopes, as well as others. The realities of a noble life here are so easily attainable, that every country dweller may adorn his home, and cultivate his appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature.

In the adornment of our home we should not only care for the social position of our children, but for their personal comfort. We should cultivate charity, cheerfulness and love. Charity is placed at the head of all Christian graces. Cheerfulness and smiles are the very essence of existence. What sunshine is to the flowers, smiles are to humanity. They are but trifles, to be sure, but scattered along life's pathway, the good they do is inconceivable. How often do we see persons who reserve their smiles and courtesies for society, while they hurt and wound the feelings of the dear, loving friends at home.

Then do not adorn your houses Only with wealth and pleasure, For we can give our dear ones A far greater treasure.

If we give them smiles and love, When we meet them day by day, It will win their loving hearts, And cheer them on their way.

Prussian Schools.

It has often been remarked that one reason why the Prussians were victorious over the French five years ago was because the Prussian soldiers were much better educated, and therefore more intelligent. Education in Prussia is universal and compulsory. There are very few Prussians, indeed, who have not passed through the common-school course. This is because the law requires that every child shall be sent to school. If a parent neglects to send his boy or girl, he is fined; and if he continues this neglect, his fine is increased, and he is even sometimes put in prison.

Every town and village throughout Prussia is obliged to have schools, supported by taxes levied upon their inhabitants. No matter how poor the parent is, he must send his children to be educated. A small fee of about two cents a week is charged for each scholar; and if the parent cannot pay even this small sum his children are taught free.

The village schools differ from those of the towns in the studies taught. In the village schools the pupils are taught to write in German characters, reading, geography, history, and the four rules of arithmetic. In the town or city schools they are taught to write in Roman text (such as we use), and advance in arithmetic to fractions and the rule of three.

Children are only compelled to attend the town or common schools. It is as the parent likes about sending his children to the higher schools. In all there are eleven grades of schools in Prussia, all supported by the State or by public taxation.

The lowest grade is that of the common village or town schools, of which we have already spoken. Next come what are called "citizen schools," in which further progress is made in the ordinary branches taught in the common schools. The third grade is that of the "real schools," in which languages, arts, and sciences are taught.

The seminaries are one step higher. These are a kind of normal schools, wherein young men and women are trained to teach in the common schools. Then, in order, come "colleges," industrial schools, schools of architecture, schools of mines, schools of agriculture, veterinary schools, and finally the universities.

The teachers in the public schools are considered as state officials, and they, as well as the schools, are all under the control of the minister of public instruction. The salaries paid to teachers in Prussia are very small. The highest paid in Berlin to masters is only \$600 a year, while the lowest is only \$250. The cost of living in Prussia is much less than in this country.

In all there are about 28,000 common schools in Prussia, with over 3,000,000 pupils.—*Youth's Companion*.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters and articles intended for the next issue should be in the hands of the Editor not later than Tuesday morning.
All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.
Articles not accepted will be returned, if, at the time they are sent, a request is made to that effect, and sufficient postage stamps are enclosed. Manuscripts not so accompanied will not be preserved, and subsequent requests for their return cannot be complied with.

OUR GENERAL AGENT.

MR. CHARLES NICOL, General Agent for the PRESBYTERIAN, is now in Western Ontario pushing the interests of this journal. We commend him to the best offices of ministers and people. Any assistance rendered him in his work will be taken by us as a personal kindness.

British American Presbyterian,
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1876.

We are requested to correct a mistake which, inadvertently occurred in the report of the Ladies' French Evangelization Society, a fortnight ago. The address of the Mission House should have been given as 503 La Gauchetiere Street, Montreal, instead of 528. Parties forwarding parcels or clothing, etc., for the French poor, will please govern themselves accordingly.

The Presbytery of Toronto for this year make no appointments of missionary meetings. The ministers are expected to get these up according to their own convenience, and to invite pastors of other churches to take part in them as they may see fit. Hitherto the Presbytery have arranged the meetings in all the charges, and assigned the speakers. It is to be hoped that the new plan will work even better than the old one.

The American Bible Society by reducing the number of their superintendents, save about fifty per cent. of their former expenses. Retrenchment has to be practiced in all church and Christian work in order to meet the golden rule of owing no man anything. The above society calculate that congregations and individuals by voluntarily sending in their contributions, without the aid of paid agents for the collection of these, will be able to keep up the revenue of the society to its present point.

The death of the Rev. Samuel M. Waddy, D.D., has removed from the Methodist Conference of England and Wales one of its wisest and wittiest members. He was honored some twenty years ago to be the president of that remarkable body of men, and has been throughout his life one of the ablest workers in the cause which enlisted amongst its votaries such men as Jabez Bunting, Luke Wiseman, and William Arthur. He has left a son, who is, if we remember rightly, a member of the British House of Commons, and who occasionally occupies the pulpit as a local preacher.

The success of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, is every year becoming more and more apparent. The number of Students enrolled this session is seventy-one. From a Circular just issued, we learn that only thirty-one of these can be accommodated with rooms inside. This is not a desirable state of matters, and we are glad to know that there is a prospect of the building being enlarged, we trust before the opening of another Session. The Students of the present year are thus classified:—thirty-four from Ontario, thirty from Quebec, two from Prince Edward's Island, two from Scotland, and three from the United States.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that the day which is annually set apart for Thanksgiving, would be better appreciated and observed, were the appointment made for a later period of the year than the beginning of November. The interests of farmers at such a season should be carefully considered, and if a day later on in the season would be more favorable to the due observance of thanksgiving, it would be well in another year to try if the example of our neighbors in the United States, who generally observe the last Thursday of this month as Thanksgiving Day, is entitled to be considered, and on reason shown, to be followed.

APPROX OF OUR remarks of last week on the Endowment of the Theological Colleges of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, we notice with pleasure, that a single person in Ireland has anonymously offered to contribute some twenty-five thousand pounds for the endowment of the Assembly's Theological classes, provided the Church as a whole make the amount up to one hundred thousand sterling. Cannot some of the wealthy members of our church do likewise for Knox and Queen's Colleges. It is a noble thing to build up our own memorial in our lifetime. Had Astor for example left to the Union Seminary what his sons are about to expend on a Mausoleum, what a much more splendid monument would have proved!

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

As we have lately read the views of Dr. Blaikie of New College, Edinburgh, on the above subject, it may interest and instruct our readers to lay these before them in a clear and concise form.

Is it ever desirable and proper to get up special meetings with a view to deepen and concentrate religious feeling, and to bring about what is called a revival of religion? For such meetings some persons have a great horror, while to others they are the objects of the utmost delight. Not a few worthy persons, of the more orderly and correct stamp, regard them as mere emanations of fanaticism, and think that if encouragement is to be given to the illiterate and impetuous men that often come to the front on such occasions, divine service will degenerate into mere senseless excitement, and conscience and reason will be driven off the field by the surging force of spiritual passion. This, of course, is an extreme, and therefore unsatisfactory view. The subject demands to be examined with more care and candour.

It is to be remarked, then, that even where the Word of God is fully and faithfully preached, there is a tendency in congregations to remain at rest. A preacher who has preached from week to week for many years to the same people, and who has the prospect of doing the same to the end of his life, can hardly fail to fall into a less urgent tone than one who is among them but one short day or one brief week. The people, too, meeting quietly from week to week, without much outward difference between one week and another, do not ordinarily feel any necessity for immediate action in matters of religion. Accordingly, want of decision characterizes many persons who are not destitute of religious impressions, and who are not far from the Kingdom of God. Something is needed to break in on the ordinary monotony and rouse an intenser feeling. In former days in Scotland, communion occasions were often turned into account in this way. They were great preaching festivals, and such communion services as those of the Erskines were often times of awakening and refreshing. In the Highlands, too, the same state of things prevailed. But in most parts of the country the extra services on sacramental occasions have lost their power, and the manifest tendency is to fewer extra services and to more frequent and simple arrangements for the communion. Those who desire to see the prevalent languor of our congregations broken in upon by special efforts to produce a livelier state of feeling resort to a succession of meetings, night after night, for prayer and evangelistic addresses. But the minister should not leave such meetings to be organized by others. He ought himself to be at the head of them, backed by the elders, and the more godly and earnest members of the flock. Good is more likely to come out of any such movement when the spiritual noblesse of the congregation are in the attitude of prayerful desire and expectation, when their feelings are deeply exercised on behalf of their unconverted brethren, and they are prepared to back the movement with much earnest intercession. To guide a religious movement of this kind wisely, is one of the highest achievements of sanctified wisdom and zeal.

The idea of bringing about a revival through any other means than prayer for the outpouring of the spirit of God, has to some minds the aspect of interfering with the sovereign prerogatives of God. But in reality there is no more reason for expecting a revival without the use of suitable means, than for expecting any other spiritual result. There are means adapted to this as to other spiritual objects. This consideration deepens very greatly the responsibility of ministers, and calls for a profounder dependence on that wisdom which alone is profitable to direct.

Meetings designed for the purpose of promoting a revival of spiritual life require to be organized with more skill and care than are often brought to bear on them. In the first place, the very word "revival" indicates that the first object is to resuscitate spiritual earnestness in those who have already been born of God. It is to rouse them to more vivid impressions of divine truth, more solemn views of sin and guilt, more soul-stirring thoughts of the love of God and the grace of Christ, more grief and more love for a world lying in wickedness, and more intense prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. And any minister of the gospel may be well assured that unless his own heart be stirred in this way, he cannot expect that he will be made the instrument of stirring up the hearts of others. If however, by God's grace, there should come to the more godly part of his flock a spirit of special sensibility, prayerfulness and expectation, he is entitled to regard the time as suitable for an effort on behalf of those who are outside the kingdom, or hovering about the door.

It is recommended by some who have made a study of such movements, that a gradation of subjects be followed in

meetings designed to awaken the careless, and bring them safe within the kingdom of Christ. For the purpose of awakening, such topics as "the wealth of the soul, the immediate and urgent claims of religion, the danger of delay, the death-bed of the sinner, the scenes of the last judgment, the first separation, the glories of heaven, and the retributions of eternity," are thought to be the most suitable. Next, it ought to be the aim to produce true convictions of sin. The false standards which men are wont to regard must be set aside, and the rule brought forward, however strict and condemning, by which God will judge us at the last day.

But awakened men are not necessarily converted men, and there is no small skill needed in guiding the awakened to conversion. At this stage, it is of great importance to urge the *freeness* of the gospel offer; the *completeness* of the work of Christ; the call of God to the sinner to believe and live; not to *work* and *wait* indefinitely for some expected improvement of himself, but to come as *he is*, accepting Christ as all his salvation and all his desire.

"Among the dangers incident to the management of a revival movement, one is extreme caution, or fear of overdoing; the other is that of pushing the movement too fast, thereby injuring its character and bringing it to a speedy close. The pastor rejoices in the work of begun revival, he feels his own responsibility in regard to it; his soul is excited and quickened under its influence; and he rushes into it under the impression that he cannot labour too fast, or do too much in a given time for the promotion of so good a cause. The consequence is, that he goes beyond his strength, is soon prostrated and unable to do anything. Or in his heated, excited state of mind, he is chargeable with indiscretions, which impair his influence, and hinder the progress of the work. He changes, it may be, the whole character of the revival, and turns it into a scene of excitement and extravagance."

An acquaintance with the best narratives of awakenings, conversation with those who have had much to do with them, and experience of the work itself, are far better fitted to guide one in the management of them than any general instructions. The *Narratives of Surprising Conversions* in New England by President Edwards is one of the most interesting, impressive and instructive memoirs ever published. It is eminently worthy of the study of every minister, for it combines the view of the philosopher and the saint, calm wisdom, and deep spirituality, a burning desire for the welfare of souls, and a dread of the tares which the enemy is so ready to sow among the wheat. No single work is so well fitted to give one an intelligent view of the whole subject of a revival, its rise and progress, its crisis, and its decay; its risks and benefits, its good and evil.

We have assumed throughout, that any religious movement of the nature of a revival must be presided over by the minister himself. If he deems it his duty occasionally to ask aid from men who devote themselves to revival work, it ought to be on the distinct understanding that they are to assist and not supersede him when they come. Even when the pastor has been most deeply interested in the movement it will sometimes be difficult to guide.

Congregations have sometimes been brought to the verge of extinction through the injudicious management of revivals. In other cases they have been singularly built up by the adoption of a wise course. We have known instances of both. In one instance of the latter sort, where the congregation was doubled in numbers, and more than doubled in fervour and fruitfulness, the minister has told us that he kept his eye open to two opposite dangers—that of discouraging the development of life on the one hand, and that of fostering the extravagances often adhering, but not necessarily cohering to revival, on the other. He found a great benefit in a recipe which he called the three s's—substitute, suggest, supplement. If any one wishes a hymn of a somewhat ranting kind to be sung, he would invite the people to unite in singing, quietly substituting a more suitable hymn; if some proposed an additional meeting at a late hour of the night, he would suggest that a meeting should be held next evening; if any gave a one-sided address, he would supplement it himself by presenting the other side of the question. Thus avoiding collision with the rushing stream, he continued to guide it in a useful direction, and when the waters subsided a valuable deposit was left, and richer clusters have hung ever since on the branches of his vine.

We hope that the above remarks may be of some interest and profit to those who may not have already had the opportunity of reading the views of Dr. Blaikie as presented in his recently published work entitled "For the Work of the Ministry."

Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or, like the Spring, aglow with promise; and the Autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

THE VERDIOT NOT REACHED.

The present year is bound to make itself felt all over the United States as one peculiar and memorable. It is the Centennial Year, and in consequence it is bent on marking itself in every event and undertaking. It might well have been satisfied with the distinction it obtained through the exhibition at Philadelphia, without further asserting itself in the Presidential election. In addition to all the other celebrations of American Independence, the election of the Chief Magistrate has proved itself something unusual and extraordinary.

There never was such another Political Campaign. The loud mutterings regarding the third term, and the re-election of General Grant were still echoing through the press, when the nomination of Tilden and Hayes was announced at Conventions and in State elections. During the lengthened occupation of the White House by the present President, the Democratic party has been growing in strength. Questions affecting the currency, general trade, public credit, the condition of the Southern States and other matters, have kept the public mind in an excited and dissatisfied condition, and have given scope to opposing political parties to test their relative strength. While the Democratic party had become stronger and had the vantage ground of attacking the weaknesses and errors of the Government, it was not felt that the Republicans had been seriously diminished in numbers, or weakened in their vigor, or impaired in integrity. The names of Tilden and Hayes almost divided the entire country into two equal but opposing sections. During the past few months, the War of Parties has been fiercely waged, nor was either side free of the charge of resorting to base and unworthy means for the accomplishment of their object. The village and the city alike were divided into two armies, who were determined to fight to the bitter end, not so much for principle, as for Party Victory. When the beginning of the end came, namely, the polling day, the contest was keenly and vigorously kept up. President Grant, and his secretaries and officials were described as jubilantly counting the returns which came in by the wires during the day, but when evening came they sat down to the sumptuous repast, which was intended to do honor to the Republican victory, with demure countenances and voices silenced by the probabilities of the hour. During the entire day there was nothing but the cry of party heard, or the utmost excitement and confusion visible. The returns from the various States were eagerly watched, and keenly scrutinized by the people, crowding around the bulletins. Uncertainty was the result. While even now it is believed by many that Tilden has received a majority of the electoral votes, grave doubts as to the result of the election are expressed. The end has not yet come. Tilden has undoubtedly the highest number of votes as reported. But it is even yet possible for the Republicans to claim equality with their opponents. The election of Tilden is probably assured, but the actual result cannot definitely be known till the end of the week.

The religious and independent newspapers in the United States profess to regard the condition of things as satisfactory. It is claimed that the contest is marked by the absence of embittered feeling—that the people are calmly and contentedly awaiting the issue. It is said that the country will be equally fortunate, whatever candidate should be declared the victor. With either Tilden or Hayes at the helm, the State ship is sure to have a prosperous and successful voyage. It may safely be allowed what is further claimed, that with such an equally divided vote, the dominant party will be so restrained and governed by the powerful minority acting in opposition, as to render it impossible for it to carry legislation with a high hand.

The evils of these Presidential elections are so many and obvious, that we believe the present system will yet be greatly modified. With the progress of the country, and the increase of its population, this mode of electing is felt to be cumbersome and inefficient. In former times, it might be well enough to change the President and his satellites every four years, when men the most worthy of becoming their successors could easily be seen and appreciated. But now the Presidential election is almost synonymous with revolution. It is no longer with the object of putting the best man in the foremost place, that such conflict of parties is carried on. There is no propulsion forward in these elections for commerce, for business, for social improvements, or even for religion. Everything is at a stand-still until the election is over. Stagnation in every thing but political conflict, is the necessary result. It is amusing, for example, to find a paper like the *Evangelist* congratulating its readers that they have reached the first Sabbath after election. It heads its leader with the caption, "A welcome Sabbath," and remarks: "To a nation so tortured by alternations of hope or despondency, the Sabbath came with its blessed truce and its grateful rest."

Such language sounds strangely in our ears, and reveals that beneath the boasted superiority of Republican institutions, the utmost rottenness and corruption are concealed.

What a fine contrast to all this we have in the system of Government which pertains in this Dominion. While still maintaining and cherishing our connection with the Mother Country and with the Government of the good Queen, we have our own Governor-General, our ministry and Parliaments, our Provincial Legislatures, and civil rulers. The appointment of the Governor-General by Her Majesty gives dignity to the office, while it removes it from the arena of political strife. With a nobleman like Lord Dufferin, whose high position and education remove him far above the contests of faction, and invested as he is with Vice-Regal Authority, he commands the greatest respect and influence. His entrance upon office, or demission of it, takes place independently of the people. These are not marked by terrible revolutions which frequently threaten to fall little short of civil war. The Governor-General rules, but not as the responsible head of a ministry. He is independent of all parties, whig or tory, conservative or liberal, republican or democrat. The change of ministry effects not the occupant of the vice-regal throne. The permanence of the ministry, that is their not being required to go out at a set time, prevents the stated marshalling of forces to secure the high offices of the land, and keeps commerce and business from the evil strain of political strife, while the occasional change of the Government, not necessarily happening at a fixed date, gives zest to our politics, and life to opposing parties. A parliamentary election, unless it degenerate into the strife of faction is calculated to rouse latent talent and keen competition for a noble end, and certainly need not interfere with the prosperity of business, or with the work of the church, nor bring to a stand still the energies and enterprises of the people. We feel that these contrasts ought to make us love our Dominion well, and lead us to become more and more loyal as her citizens and defenders.

The *Nation* seems to have been having a fling at such writers as Rev. Dr. Wm. Taylor and Rev. Joseph Cook for undertaking to meddle with such investigations as Huxley, Darwin and Tyndall. Dr. Taylor's letter in the *N. Y. Tribune* fairly squelched the Huxley philosophy. The *Nation* takes it to heart very much, and charges that clergymen are never independent investigators, but are partisan advocates of a certain system they have received in their training. In the *Christian at Work* Dr. Taylor replies, showing that it is not a question of science, but one of logic, and when such men as Huxley violate the rules of logic, clergymen are about as able as any other class of men to point out fallacy. So say we all.

The Presbytery of New York has appointed a collection to be taken up by all the congregations within the bounds to aid the funds of the Presbyterian Hospital. This is an excellent plan. The Hospital and the Home standing almost side by side are monuments of the benevolence of James Lennox. The work they are doing for the amelioration of suffering, and for the comfort of aged and infirm women, speaks for itself. It is only fair that the churches should do as much as they can to provide the necessary funds for carrying on the work of the Hospital. This Hospital collection on Thanksgiving Day is evidently the suggestion of the Hospital Sunday in England, and shows how an idea once started is bound to multiply itself over the entire world.

Ministers and Churches.

Mrs. E. W. RATHBURN presented the congregation of Mill Point, with a handsome Communion Service and Baptismal Font.

The Rev. W. Mitchell, B.A., of Chalmers Church, Montreal, has been called to the St. Andrew's Congregation of St. John, N.B., the stipend offered being \$2,500. This is one of the most influential congregations in the Province of New Brunswick.

The new French Presbyterian Church, in the City of Quebec, was opened on last Sabbath, the 19th inst. Among those who took part in the exercises, were Rev. D. Langel, the pastor; Rev. Messrs. Pariere and Beandry, in French; and Dr. Cook, Rev. W. B. Clark, and P. Wright, in English. A full report of the interesting service will appear in our next week's issue.

The Congregation of St. Joseph Street Church, Montreal, under the pastorate of Rev. J. Scrimger, M.A., has had most encouraging progress. On Thursday last a Social gathering was held in the Church which was well attended. In the early part of the evening tea was served in the basement, and an hour pleasantly passed in social intercourse, after which the company moved up stairs to the Church to listen to

addresses from the clergyman present. The Rev. Mr. Scribner, in opening the meeting, referred to the felt want of a new church which is being talked of by the congregation, and which it is hoped will soon take definite shape and become a reality. Interesting speeches were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Mitchell, of St. Marks, Warden, Secretary of the French Board, and Baxter of Stanley Street Church. The musical part of the entertainment was given by a well trained choir under the leadership of Mr. Brady, Mr. McLaren of Cote Street Church, presiding at the organ.

The Cobourg congregation has recently passed through many changes from the removal of its pastor, (Rev. Jas. Douglas) to the Foreign Field, and of several of its active members to other parts of the country. Last week, the Rev. James Ballantine, late of Jamaica, was inducted into the charge, and his prospects of usefulness are very marked and cheering. By recent changes in the Bank of Toronto, J. H. Roper, Esq., has been removed from the charge of the Cobourg, to that of the Peterboro Branch, and the Cobourg Sabbath School amongst whom for years Mr. Roper has assiduously labored, and of which for the last few years, he has been the efficient superintendent, presented him with a handsome marble time piece, as a mark of their affectionate regard. Mr. Fraser, the senior teacher, made the presentation on behalf of the school, to which Mr. Roper responded in suitable and feeling terms. Mr. Roper has been the recipient of other more costly and well deserved gifts from the mercantile community of Cobourg, but none follow him with more sincere regard than his friends and co-laborers in the Sabbath school work in Cobourg.

On Thursday, 9th inst., the Presbytery of Toronto met in the Presbyterian Church at Aurora, for the installation of its first Pastor, Rev. Walter Amos. The building was almost filled with a deeply interested and attentive audience, who had gathered to witness the ceremony. Rev. David Mitchell, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Toronto, occupied the pulpit, and preached an able and eloquent sermon upon Psalm eighth and fourth verse, "What is Man." Rev. James Carmichael presided, but the constitutional questions, gave the Ordination prayer, and afterwards delivered a very appropriate and suggestive address to the pastor. Rev. Douglas Fraser, of Charles Street Presbyterian Church, Toronto, followed with a most excellent charge to the people. The Revs. William Fraser, of the Presbytery of Barrie, and G. Bruce, of the Presbytery of Hamilton, were cordially invited to sit with the Presbytery of Toronto as corresponding members, and take part in the ordination services. At the close, Rev. Mr. Amos, the newly ordained pastor, received from the members of his session and congregation, a right hearty welcome. In the evening a social was held in honor of the event. There was a very large attendance. Rev. G. Bruce was called to the chair, and presided in a very able manner. Interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. King, Mitchell, and Fraser, of Toronto, and Messrs. Carmichael, Fraser, and Bruce. A good choir was in attendance, who led the singing to great advantage. We have much pleasure in welcoming Mr. Amos to his new field of labor, and congratulating him on the auspicious commencement of his ministry at Aurora.

Book Reviews.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW. A Lecture by Rev. R. F. Burns, D.D.

This lecture was delivered in Halifax, N.S., on the evening of Thursday, 13th January, 1876, and was first published in the columns of the Alliance Journal and Temperance Advocate. It was so much thought of by the promoters of the Temperance movement in Nova Scotia that the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of that Province ordered the issue of five thousand copies for general circulation. One of these copies is now before us, in the form of a neat pamphlet of 32 pages; and we find the lecture to be indeed worthy of the patronage bestowed upon it by the Temperance people of Nova Scotia, and not less worthy of the widest circulation that can be given to it throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion; for never has the eloquence of our gifted townsman been brought to bear upon a more ruinous evil than the liquor traffic, and seldom has that evil been under fire from heavier artillery.

In the opening paragraph the lecturer shows that the Maine Law cannot be called a Sumptuary Law, and draws a broad line of distinction between its principle and the principle of the Sumptuary Laws which were in force in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry VIII., which laws had reference to the use of food, clothes and furniture, whereas the Maine Law has no reference to the use of intoxicating liquor, but simply and solely to its manufacture and sale. "It does not forcibly wrest the cup from a man's hands and peremptorily interdict his touching, tasting or handling at

all. He may drink as much as he likes if he only gets it in a legitimate way."

He then commends the Maine Law for its thoroughness, for its consistency for its simplicity, and for its success, in every one of which points our licensing system utterly fails. The last is the point most frequently denied; and having already referred to the speaker's eloquence, we may state that it is not by eloquence alone that this point is made good. The lecturer did not come to his work unprepared. He has a "cloud of witnesses" to prove that the Maine Liquor Law has been so far eminently successful. And these, not the sort of witnesses by whom the instances of failure have been collected:—Strangers and wayfaring men turning aside to tarry for a night—generally prejudiced against the law and lynx-eyed to detect flaws in it—often men with drinking proclivities whose information has been obtained from characterless loafers or worthless hangovers upon dens of infamy where, not this law alone, but all laws, human and Divine, are contravened; but men of worth and high standing in the community, who had ample opportunity of ascertaining the real facts, and whose testimony is unimpeachable:—Governors, ex-Governors, Mayors, ex-Mayors, Senators, Members of Congress, Judges, Sheriffs, City Clerks, Jail Chaplains, etc., etc.

We hope that most of our readers will procure this pamphlet for themselves; but lest some of the more remote may not find it convenient to do so, we willingly make room for the following comprehensive sketch of what the Lecturer calls

THE CURSE OF CANADA.

"We must do something more than have been ever doing as yet. Strong drink is the curse of Canada. It is fast filling our Hospitals, our Asylums, our Penitentiaries, and our Graves. The increase of crime throughout our Dominion because of it, is something appalling. Take our leading cities. In Montreal, the Recorder, Mr. Sexton, tells us that he consulted his chief clerk and his two assistants specially on the subject, all barristers, and of mature judgment. The first attributed to intemperance three-fourths of the crime; the second, seven-eighths; the third, nine-tenths. The recorder's own opinion inclines to nine-tenths. The statistics of our commercial metropolis, which are under the mark, make out some 38,000 commitments in three years, and of them some 21,000 owing to strong drink. The arrests in Ottawa for three years were 2,282, and of these 1,848 owing to strong drink. Of 15,000 arrests in Toronto, during the same time, 8,000 are put down to intemperance, by Captain Prince, late Chief of Police. The Chief of Police in St. John, N. B., declares:—'Nearly all the crimes brought under my notice officially, are attributed, either directly or indirectly, to the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage. From the experience of a lifetime, of which eleven years I have been Chief of Police, I am satisfied that nothing short of a Prohibitory Liquor Law will check this monstrous evil by which we are surrounded.' I have not yet seen the statistics of crime in our own good city; but I doubt not they would tell the same sad story. This monster is everywhere throughout the land. 'He sitteth in the lurking-places of the villages: in the secret places doth he murder the innocent: his eyes are privily set against the poor. He lieth in wait secretly as a lion in his den: he lieth in wait to catch the poor: he doth catch the poor, when he draweth him into his net. He croucheth, and humblyeth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones.'—Ps. x. 8, 9, 10.

"Are there not around us those who are among his victims? My hearers, need we look beyond our own circles? They start up before you shrivelled, blighted, haggard—the fire of genius extinguished, the light of happiness eclipsed, the bloom of health vanished. Who can calculate the havoc it is making everywhere? Pile up the stiffened corpses that lie bleached on a hundred battle fields. Compute the mass of disease that festers in a hundred hospitals amid the rage of an appalling epidemic. Behold, huddled together beneath your mind's eye, the hardened occupants of a hundred prisons, or the skeleton, woe-begone spectres that pace along the corridors, or pine in the wards of a hundred asylums or poor-houses. Still your arithmetic would fail. You would not see to the full what desolation it on the earth hath wrought. Here is a wife who shrinks from the murderous blow of a demon husband; there, a husband bends in anguish over a dishonoured wife. Here, a sister's cheek is wet, because a brother beloved is dead while he liveth; there, a brother's face is crimsoned, because of a sister's shame. Now, we behold the scene in the vineyard of Noah repeated: children covering a fallen parent's nakedness—soreening his besetting sin; then, we witness a sight perhaps the most doleful of any—gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave—a mother weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they are not—a father watering with his tears the fresh-beaten path that roots the sepulchre of the pride of his heart and the prop of his home, and making his his plaintive elegy—'Oh! my son! Would to God I had died for thee!'"

"This is no mere fancy sketch. It is stern reality. The very throat of our country is in the monster's grip. That remorseless hand threatens to throttle us. And is this a time for rose-water and sugar-plums? Are we rude when we shout 'Hands off!' and put ourselves in the attitude of resistance? Are we to prophesy smooth things, and use the velvet lip and honeyed words, when confronting a foe whose likeness the master hand of God has drawn when He says:—'His throat is an open sepulchre: the poison of asps is under his lips: his mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: his feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in his ways.'"

Nor can we prevail upon ourselves to leave out Dr. Burns' estimate of the value

of the License Law of Nova Scotia as a restrictive measure, and we venture to say that it would apply with equal force to the License Laws of the other Provinces of the Dominion, including that of our own Province, even in its amended form.

"We have our License Law, but in its most unimproved form, what does it amount to? It does more evil than good. In many respects it would be better to do away with it altogether. Without it, as the public mind came to be enlightened, and the public conscience to be aroused, drink might be practically outlawed, the drinker be branded with infamy, and the maker and vendor be regarded as an Ishmael or a Cain. With it, humanly speaking, it is impossible for such results to ensue. The License casts the broad shield of the law around the dispensers of this poison, elevates them to the status of government officials, furnishes a convenient pillow on which their conscience may repose, and blunts the edge of any appliances that may be brought to bear upon them. They will not judge that to be morally wrong which is pronounced to be legally right. 'What business have you to find fault with me for doing this, which, by your representatives, you grant me permission to do? How call me to account for the consequences, when you supply me with the cause? Do you not, to all intents and purposes, lend your sanction to the ends by thus granting the means?' It would be difficult to refute this line of argument. The License Law gives an air of respectability to the whole business. Let the philanthropist go to the tavern and begin to remonstrate with the respected gentleman who, at the head of a regiment of bottles, stands behind the bar. Let the wretched wife come, whose heart, through his means, has been broken, whose home rendered desolate, whose children clad in rags and steeped in wretchedness. Let her plead with him, with the imperturbable earnestness of one whose foot skirts the border of the grave—whose eye is on the Judgment Seat—not to deal out what Robert Hall fitly called 'double distilled damnation' to her husband. The man will meet all remonstrances and appeals by pointing significantly to the sign above his door, and waving the License in your face. He has regularly paid for it. He has entered into a contract with the public authorities, and he is bound to fulfil it. And even supposing the principle on which our licensing system is based to be consistent and correct, is it in point of fact successful? Has it restrained or even regulated the traffic? Let Halifax answer. Not the license laws are as the withes of Samson. It is most difficult to get individuals with moral principle and courage enough to brave the odium connected with giving information, in the event of their being violated; and when the information is given, it is most difficult to make good the charge and to secure a conviction. It is about as easy to 'convict a dog of stealing sheep by the testimony of the puppies that ate the carcass.' And even supposing you get individuals courageous enough to inform, and a jury faithful enough to convict, the penalty is comparatively so trivial that the culprit goes forth from the Court, like the strong man of old, and shakes himself the same as before."

THE PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY AND PRINCETON REVIEW, for October.

This number completes the fifth volume of the new series. The articles, all of them ably composed, and several specially interesting, are as follows:—I. "American Methodism in 1876," giving a very favorable view of its great progress since the first conference in 1784 in the United States, and presenting a pattern of energetic working, and success to other Protestant denominations; but per contra, showing its abnormal weaknesses and drawbacks as to true faithfulness. The second and third are upon that vexed question—how to deal justly and rightly with the aboriginal natives still scattered in the United States. Both the writers know personally what they are discussing, and faithfully show what should be the christian and philanthropic duty of the American government towards the long suffering and maltreated Indians. The fourth is on the organization of the fundamental principles of Social Science, a problem which is yet far from being truly understood and wrought out, even in the most civilized communities. The fifth is the organic unity of the Church; an earnest plea for the speedy accomplishment of practical co-operation among all evangelical christians for the prevalence of vital christianity everywhere within reach. The sanguine writer thinks that if his suggestions for united, cordial and zealous action were duly adopted, he says, "thirty years more of this acquaintance and intercourse will work marvels of assimilation not now dreamed of." At any rate, a vast deal of active unification might be realized with wonderful good results. The sixth and seventh are on the great religious awakening of 1740, and the revivals of this century down to the cheering and stimulating effects produced by the labours of Mr. Moody and many others, as pointing to far greater things of Gospel work to be expected, if there were a wide-spread rising up to the help of the Lord against the mighty opponents which have to be grappled with combatively by right Christians, assured that in due time glorious successes will be vouchsafed. The eighth treats of recent German works on apologetics—very suggestive to College Professors and real Students. The ninth is Philosophy and Science in Germany—that country so wonderfully productive of mental cogitations and research. The article shows that sounder philosophy and science are gaining

more ground there, against the wildly speculative theories which have been threatening to do away with Christianity and all solid knowledge linked with it. Thus it will be proved that truth is great and shall prevail.

The first number of the Review for 1877, will be issued in the beginning of January. Subscribers will please send their names early to Rev. A. Kennedy, London, Ont. Terms the same as this year, \$2.35 in advance. New subscribers solicited.

Home Mission Grants.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—In glancing over the list of money grants published in a late issue, as made by the Home Mission Committee, I noticed among others a request presented in behalf of a congregation in the Presbytery of Whitby for \$200, and a grant made of \$170. In your next issue I find that at a meeting of said Presbytery, held on the 3rd ult., after the report of the committee appointed to inquire into the financial condition of the congregation was read and received, and commissioners called and heard, it was on motion agreed to "adopt the report, sympathize with the congregation in their growing difficulties, and request them to report to the Presbytery at the close of the financial year, that if necessary further action be taken in the matter." Such being the case, how did the request originate, by whom was it presented, and on what grounds was the grant made? The Presbytery not only did not make the request, but declared that the grant was not necessary, and with, as the statistics show, a membership of 124 and a paid stipend of \$700, others would readily come to a similar conclusion as did the Presbytery. Do not all such requests originate with the congregation, pass through the Presbytery, and be recommended by it? Yet in this case all these prerequisites seem at least, to be wanting.

In examining these grants a little more closely I find two congregations each paying \$500 to their minister, and receiving from the committee \$100, three each paying \$500 and receiving \$150, one paying \$500 and receiving \$200, three each paying \$600 and receiving \$100, and one as above paying \$700 and receiving \$170. Now do these grants go into the pockets of the people or of the ministers, or in other words do they go to relieve the people, or to raise just as much higher the stipends of the ministers? In either case far be it from me to say that the grants are too large—would that they could be larger—but in these confessedly hard times, and amid the pressing appeals and imposed tax to pay up the past and provide for the future, is it not at least somewhat unseemly that congregations having a lower membership and less ability, while they endeavour to do what they can to raise for their own ministers, it may be \$500, \$650, or even \$800, should be required by still further effort to aid in raising the stipends of other congregations more able but less willing than themselves, up to \$600, \$650, \$700 or it may be \$800.

Yours, A. B. C.

Information Wanted.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—Can you or any of your readers let me know where can be obtained a hundred copies of a "Catechism on the Doctrines of the Plymouth Brethren," by the Rev. Thomas Croskay, of Londonderry, and oblige yours very truly,

WATCHMAN.

Rev. William Smart.

One by one the pioneers of the country are being laid in the tomb, and the fathers of our church are being gathered to their fathers. They demand from us more than a passing notice; we are entering upon their labours which were neither few nor light, intimately bound up with the religious history of Canada in the history of Presbyterianism, which though it has made mistakes is nevertheless unseparable from liberty of conscience and freedom in worship. I propose to give some few memoranda thereon in connection with a name that has passed from our Presbytery rolls to the white marble which stands over his grave.

In the town of Haddington, listeners to the Rev. John Brown of Commentary fame, were two worthy people who shortly after the birth of a son, removed to England. This son, of delicate health, who oftentimes had to be taken to the sea shore for its vigorating air, lived to be the venerable William Smart—at the time of his death our oldest minister, (i.e., in Ministerial standing), to whom the Canadian Church owes a debt of remembrance second to none.

As a child his mind and heart were attuned to strains from the better land. He himself relates how when a mere boy, resting upon a hill top, overlooking land and sea, his earnest enquiry was: "Who made all these?" Strong religious conviction marked his youth, and in A.D. 1805, when seventeen years of age, he united with a Non-conformist chapel in Wells Street, London, under the care of the Rev. Alex. Waugh. He soon found employment in Sunday school work and tract distribution, to which he added the visitation of the sick. Soon his active habits led him to unite with the "London Itinerant Society." This was a purely Gospel work, (we had Gospel workers in those days.) The society would hire a room, fit it up with Puritan plainness, obtain a license from the Quarter Session, an English law required from all dissenting bodies commencing a Sunday school and mission services. These efforts were not made without opposition. The teacher and preacher were often pelted with garbage, and the meeting house windows broken by an ignorant, but bigoted mob that the State church did not seek to control. Nevertheless the work went on, as all England knows, and Nonconformity has made itself respected as well as feared in the old land. Let us not forget the struggles by which it rose and lives, and deem it an honour to have had among ourselves one who was actively engaged therein.

Determined to enter into purely mission-

ary work he made application to the London Missionary Society, was received as one of their students, and sent by them to their seminary at Gosport. As our own students now, the students there engaged in active mission work during the intervals of study. Many touching incidents could be recorded illustrative of society then, and earnest Christian work, death beds in garrets, and seed by the way side, not however fruitless. His youth, delicate appearance, and pleasing address made him one of the most popular of those student missionaries. When ready for independent work, and looking for a foreign field, the claims of scattered Presbyterians of North Augusta, Yonge and Elizabethtown, in Upper Canada, were pressed through Dr. Mason of New York upon the London Society, and when the voice called "who will go?" gladly the subject of our memoir answered—"Here am I, send me."

On the eighth day of April, A.D. 1811, in the Scotch Church, Swallow Street, London, an ordination service was held, and from that day our late venerable father dates his ministerial year.

We will in another paper follow him to these shores.

The Late Moses Douglas, Elora.

Mr. Douglas was born in Roxborough, Scotland, about the year 1810, troublous times among the nations of Europe. When about nineteen years of age he immigrated to Canada, and dwelt in and near Montreal. When the disruption took place in the country he threw all his sympathies and energies in with what was known as the Free Church party. He often spoke of the influence of that movement upon his own spiritual interests. Although very intimate with him during the last years of his life, yet I never heard him speak of any great interest he felt in his own salvation or the power of the Gospel upon his own heart till about that time. He belonged to the Presbyterian church, before that event, and was strongly attached to it, but he referred more to his spiritual experience in connection with that event, than with anything before that time. He was at that time or about that time elected to be an elder of the church in a congregation at English River. During the last twenty-one years of his life he lived in Ontario. For some of this time he lived in Stratford, but for the rest in Elora and Guelph, but for the last years of his life in Elora. In all these places he was elected to be an elder in the congregation with which he united in communion, and was an elder in Knox church, when he died. Mr. Douglas was a person of strong conviction, and an unwavering defender of the standards of the church. He was very conservative in his religious views, and felt much annoyed at proposed changes in the mode of worship practised in the Presbyterian church. He was a warm and zealous supporter of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Religious Tract Society, the Evangelization of French Canadians, and of Young Men's Christian Associations. But he especially gave his energies and sympathies to Bible Classes and Sabbath schools. He was very successful as a teacher of a Bible class, and there were many young men and women who were influenced by him to decided conviction in regard to their denominational connection; and so far as men can be efficient, he was so in more spiritual interests. One at least known to me, of those young men who attended his Bible Class, is now studying for the ministry. He in the latter years of his life laid himself out for this kind of work. He selected and collected together as substantial and solid an assortment of books, for his own use, as can be found in most minister's libraries. His sufferings at the close of his life were very great, but scarcely ever so great as to prevent him entering heartily into any religious exercises that were conducted at his bed side. His sufferings he endured with exemplary Christian patience. The passion for teaching the young, and yearning for their best and highest interests, remained till the close. He leaves behind to mourn his loss, a widow, three sons and a daughter (the wife of the Rev. Wm. Burns, of Perth,) and two sisters, and a large number of friends that learned to value and love him. He was one whom we never heard to "weary in well doing." Let us go and do likewise.

A Hibernian Lecture on the Moon.

There is no Larm in presenting scientific facts in a lively manner, but the Dean of Cashel appears to have gone about as far in that direction as it is well to venture. A Tipperary paper devotes some columns to the dean's lecture on "The Moon, considered as our Neighbor, Companion, and Friend," and the way in which he makes merry over the lunar orb and our relations with it, in a scientific man and grave church dignitary, something astounding. After a dissertation on our partner's fickleness and ours, the reverend gentleman says, "Still, like good generous husbands, we make up to her for many of our shortcomings, and we actually give her about fourteen times as much light as she gives to us—a very fair allowance, perhaps an extravagant one, especially for people who have to borrow all they give." Having prepared our minds by this little sally—by no means the first in his lecture—the dean goes on: "I have said that our bright companion travels round us at the rate of forty miles a minute. Indeed, we're a lively pair, for we ourselves are meantime travelling along at the rate of seventeen miles a second, and carrying her along with us. Did it ever occur to you that whenever you take off your hat to a lady in the street you go between thirty and forty miles bareheaded through the air, but you never catch cold from such an act of courtesy?" After this digression the dean proceeds to his climax by informing us that "this brightly companion of ours has another motion round her own axis, or, to make it more familiar, she whirls about on her toes, and, not to be outdone by her, we whirl about on ours in the same way, and then we walk away forever through the great drawing-room of space."—Journal of Chemistry.

Choice Literature.

One Life Only.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Don't speak to me of that iron man," she said, "I cannot command my feelings when he is mentioned; but Hervey is an uncommonly good fellow, I like him very much."

"I think Miss Orleton quite charming," said Una.

"She is the dearest little thing in the world," said Miss Northcote, "but awfully slow."

"Very slow indeed," said Rupert, composedly, "she does not talk slang."

"Since you object to my style of conversation, Ru, I will leave you to enjoy that of our respected elders. Miss Dysart, do come out and let me show you our fernery."

"At least, you do not come with us," she said; "I mean to find out what sort of a person Miss Dysart is quite by myself."

"That was rather a terrific announcement of yours," said Una, as they almost ran along together; "perhaps you will be very much dissatisfied with the discoveries you may make in my character."

"I do not expect I shall, I think you will suit me; anyhow, I simply want a jolly talk by ourselves. Of course we are not going to the fernery, I hate ferns."

"Where are we going then?"

"To a little nook by the river-side, which is a favourite hiding-place of mine, and where they will not be able to find us, if they send for you before I am ready to let you go. There now," she said as they reached their destination, "is not this perfect?"

It was a pleasant spot, certainly, a mossy bank carpeted at this season with primroses and violets, and drooping willow-trees all around them, whose branches, just tinged with tender green, touched the sparkling waters of the swiftly-rushing river that rolled past them, making music in the still soft air.

CHAPTER V.

It was not difficult for the two new acquaintances to find topics for conversation. Miss Northcote seemed to be inquisitive on every subject under the sun, and begged Una to understand at once, that she had an inquiring mind, which it was absolutely necessary she should satisfy by every means in her power, and notably by the present opportunity for enlightenment, which Miss Dysart's visit afforded her.

"Well, I admit you have proved Mr. Atherstone to be a mystery, and your description of his good deeds shows why he might be considered a saint by some people; but why should any one think him a demon?"

"Not that he murdered him, surely?"

"The county here then, he is as much one as the other."

"I cannot at all tell who you mean."

"No, indeed, I do not know him; though I heard of him as possessing a splendid old place, which took my fancy immensely when I saw it from the hillside. But I had no idea he was anything half so remarkable as you seem to imply. What a wonderful contradiction of terms you have used in describing him!"

"Only such as would accurately convey the county sentiments on the subject; there is an extraordinary conflict of opinion; some people believe him to be everything that is most terribly wicked—capable of all manner of crimes, and having committed not a few; whilst others think there never was any one half so good, so noble, so generous, so public-spirited. For instance, to show you I am not speaking at random, my mother and the rector are convinced that he is nothing less than an iniquitous monster; while my father and Rupert are disposed to be mildly charitable, and Dr. Burton, and Mr. Knight, doctor and lawyer, consider that he is endowed with every imaginable virtue; my own acute judgment is still at fault respecting him, but I incline to the worst."

"All this is very bewildering, but of course you have excited my curiosity to an unendurable extent, and you must really do your best to satisfy it now by all the explanations you can give. Please to be-

gin systematically. You said he was a hero, a mystery, and a saint or a demon. Now, first of all, why a hero?"

"Because a man who, in the prime of life, with wealth sufficient to gratify the most luxurious and extravagant tastes, with undoubted talent, a stately presence, and a strong self-controlled character which would make him a power among his equals, chooses to shut himself out from the public stage of the world, from every channel of pleasure and ambition, and devote his fortune, his intellect, his whole existence, to the improvement of his estates, and the care of his tenantry, and the numerous poor people connected with him, is surely a hero in the strictest sense of the word."

"I should think so certainly, if he does it really with a view to benefit his people, and not simply from some eccentric fancy."

"There can be no doubt on that point, because before he came into possession of the property few men enjoyed life more than he did. But it is impossible that he can find any personal pleasure in the hard, austere, laborious existence he leads now. His whole energies are devoted to improving the condition of his labourers, and turning his land to good account; he has built model cottages, converted public-houses into temperance clubs, restored the parish church which stands on his ground, built a mission chapel for the outlying hamlets, and founded all manner of industrial and charitable institutions. He is at work early and late on these matters, and says he has no time to go into society. The only relaxation he seems to allow himself is an occasional gallop on a huge black horse, for which he has an especial affection."

"Well, you have certainly made out his claim to be a hero—at least in the nineteenth century; it is not exactly the description of a mediæval knight; but how is he a mystery?"

"Do you not think that a man living in a county absolutely replete with charming young ladies, and who yet announces publicly, that he never means to marry, is a decided mystery?"

"I am not quite sure of that; many men remain unmarried."

"But not under such circumstances. Humphrey Atherstone is the last of his race; if he were to die unmarried, there would be no heir to a property which has passed from father to son for ages upon ages. And it is the more extraordinary, because he has the most deeply-rooted attachment to the old home of his ancestors, and has always been noted for his intense family pride. It seems almost incredible that he should be willing to let the ancient Abbey pass to strangers in name and blood."

"Perhaps he may change his mind, as men often do, when the right woman comes in their way."

"I do not think he will. Mr. Knight, who is his lawyer, told my father that Mr. Atherstone had asked him to make it as public as he could, that it was his inviolable determination to remain single, and he said also that he had made a will in accordance with this resolution, which was of a very extraordinary nature. Of course he revealed nothing of its contents, and I suppose it was rather a breach of honour in a lawyer to say as much as he did; but it was perfectly plain, from the way he spoke, that he thought there was some strange secret lying at the root of this predilection for a single life, which was as much hid from him, in spite of his having drawn up the will, as from every one else."

"Well, I admit you have proved Mr. Atherstone to be a mystery, and your description of his good deeds shows why he might be considered a saint by some people; but why should any one think him a demon?"

"Partly from a species of instinct which affects many people with regard to him, myself included; partly because the extraordinary change which came over him at the time of his uncle's death gave rise to rather uncomfortable suspicions respecting him."

"Not that he murdered him, surely?"

"Oh no, people are never expected to go so far as that in these moderate days; besides, Humphrey Atherstone was passionately attached to his uncle; but there is no doubt that the old man's death took place from the bursting of a blood-vessel, caused by the agitation of a violent quarrel between himself and his nephew. He was quite well before it took place, and dead an hour after. Of course, this alone was startling, but it was the change which was observed in Mr. Atherstone from that very day which made people take a prejudice against him. He had not been even a hero before that, though he had always taken an interest in the tenantry, and he was not in the least a mystery. He went into society like every one else, and he seemed quite to intend being married some day. I believe my prophetic mother intended him for me in due course, but he never had the advantage of seeing me, as I was unhappily not out of the schoolroom. Ah! if he had! do you not think it would have affected his whole career?"

"And Will half closed her merry black eyes with a sentimental air. Una laughed, but she was too much interested in the strange story she was hearing to encourage an interruption to it. She went on eagerly with her questions. 'Was the cause of the quarrel between the uncle and nephew ever known?'"

"Yes, that all came out, for there was both an inquest and a trial."

"A trial of Mr. Atherstone?"

of some years, to enter on his inheritance. He brought with him a great many curious animals and birds from the Mauritius, and as part of the live stock a dark-faced, foreign-looking little boy, who talked some strange language, and wore a very picturesque costume. Maurice Atherstone explained that he was a little Malay to whom he had taken a fancy, and he let him run wild about the place, and used to play with him as if he were a tame kitten, or I should rather say a little tame tiger, for as the boy grew older he developed many of the qualities of that interesting beast of prey. Mr. Atherstone took care that Edward, by which name he said the child had been baptised, should have a good education, and he became thoroughly Europeanised. As he grew up, he proved to be excessively clever, but with a subtle, cunning sort of cleverness which made him really dangerous, for he seemed besides to have the most singularly evil disposition, which no amount of training in good principles could counteract. He was deeply false, cruel to an extent which made him as a child torture every animal that was weaker than himself, and later he seemed to have but one motive in all that he did, and that was to gratify his own vicious inclinations at any cost of suffering to those who might stand in his way. The only person he deceived as to the real depravity of his character was his master, Mr. Atherstone, who showed him from first to last an extraordinary favour, and on whom he was always fawning with a semblance of the most devoted affection. The old man employed him as a sort of secretary, and besides the high salary he received, Edward managed to get an immense deal of money out of him, which he squandered in secret transactions on the turf, and in gambling and betting and all sorts of wickedness far beyond mere extravagance. He used to go and spend weeks in London on the plea of transacting business for Mr. Atherstone, and there is not the least doubt that he appropriated to his own use sums of money entrusted to him by his master for other purposes. The only difference of opinion Maurice Atherstone ever had with his nephew, to whom he was really much attached, was on the subject of this wretched man. I believe Humphrey simply abhorred him, and naturally enough, for he saw through the outward mask of deceit which blinded the old man, and was perfectly aware of all the nefarious proceedings which Edward carried on under it,—in fact, the two men had always been in a collision from the time that they had been children together at the Abbey. As a boy, Humphrey was perpetually interfering between Edward and his victims, rescuing miserable dogs and cats from his cruel hands; and he used, I believe, to get into continual disgrace with Maurice Atherstone for inflicting summary punishment on the horrible little Malay, who invariably succeeded in persuading his master that he was the sufferer by an unprovoked assault. When Edward's crimes became more serious, later in life, Humphrey tried in vain to open his uncle's eyes to the real nature of the man in whom he trusted so implicitly, but if he ever succeeded in proving any of his evil deeds so completely that Mr. Atherstone could not deny them, he still always condoned the offence, and persisted in retaining the Malay in his service. At last the climax came, and it proved fatal to Maurice Atherstone. Humphrey suddenly discovered that Edward had forged his master's name to a cheque, for a very considerable sum, and the whole circumstances were so iniquitous that he did not suppose his uncle could possibly refuse to let the law take its course, and to avoid any attempt at escape on the part of Edward, he had him taken into custody before he communicated the facts to his uncle. This was the cause of the terrible quarrel which resulted in Mr. Atherstone's death; his fury and indignation against his nephew for this act were so violent that he ruptured a blood-vessel, and lived only one hour afterwards. What passed between Humphrey and the dying man that hour no one knows, but it seems certain that there lies the key to the mystery which surrounds him now. The very few facts that are known as to Mr. Atherstone's last moments were told by Dr. Burton, who was called in when the fatal attack came on, but who found the case so completely hopeless that he plainly told the old man he could do nothing for him, as his life was ebbing away swiftly and surely. Mr. Atherstone at once intimated that he wished to be left alone with his nephew; and Dr. Burton went out of the room, but remained within call. He could hear the low murmur of voices, but distinguished no words, till suddenly after a little time there came a stifled cry from Humphrey. The doctor rushed in, and saw him standing up, rigid, with his hands clenched together, beside the couch on which his uncle was laid, and his face so ghastly a hue, that he looked almost more death-like than the dying man himself. Maurice Atherstone was looking up at his nephew with a haggard, half-despairing glance, and struggling almost with his last breath to utter some words. By a supreme effort he managed to gasp out, in broken syllables, 'Humphrey!—see justice done; promise—and then snuff back and died.'

To be Continued.

MEN'S lives should be like the day—more beautiful in the evening; or the summer—aglow with promise; and like the autumn—rich with golden sheaves, whose good deeds have ripened in the field.

IN vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind of colors.—Horace Mann.

WHEN faith gets a view of the unsearchable riches of God's grace in, by, and through Jesus Christ, then the believer longs to be in heaven, to behold the Fountain-head of all grace and glory. Faith longs to cease to be faith. This is a strange and strong act of faith, a strange desire in a believer. O! when shall I cease to be a believer, and become a seer? When shall the glass be done away, and the full-eyed vision of glory succeed? When shall both faith and hope cease, and love fill their room?—Travill.

The Lesson of the Leaves.

As, one by one, these Autumn leaves descending To droop and die. In rustled murmurs, breathe the one soft meaning Had thro'ly.

Till branch and bough, whereon no vestige lingers Of Summer bloom, Trace out upon the sky, with wistful fingers, Their wintry doom.

So, one by one, these earthly hopes we cherish— More dearly prized, For aye, than flowers, 'neath fall of sad perplex Unrealized.

And leave us, with life's Winter of its stealing And skies o'ercast, With bared and outstretched arms for help Appealing to heaven at last.

Wolves in Russia.

A most curious and interesting pamphlet has lately been published at St. Petersburg as an appendix to the government official paper. It consists of statistics of the damage done by wolves in Russia, with remarks on the habits of these destructive animals and on the means for destroying them. The amount of property destroyed by wolves, according to the data given, is something appalling.

In forty-five Russian governments, exclusive of the Baltic Provinces and Poland, 74,000 head of cattle were destroyed in one year, making a loss to the country of over 7,500,000 rubles, or more than a million sterling.

Russia is a thinly populated country, and perhaps the above loss appears even more striking when considered in reference to area. Putting aside eight out of the forty-five governments, the loss on the remaining thirty-eight amounts to three coopeks on every diatchina of 27 acres. The report assures us that the figures are for several reasons rather under than overstated. It contains much that is interesting as regards the natural history of the wolf, illustrated by anecdotes—as, for example, to show the strength of these beasts, it relates that one fell into a trap and lost its right fore-foot; on three logs it ran out of the wood and seized a snoring pig tied by hunters to the rear of the sledge, received a bullet through the left leg, and, nevertheless, ran 20 versts further, and was killed running. The amount wolves will eat is enormous. In two or three hours a pair will eat the half of a horse weighing 350 kilogrammes. A dangerous peculiarity is their trick of appearing to be dead. A peasant found a wolf apparently dead on the ground, beat him with a cudgel and took him home on his sledge for the sake of his skin. In the night he heard a noise and found the animal on the table. It jumped at his throat, and his wife, who rushed for help, found him dead on her return.

The report states that the number of wolves in the country cannot be less than 170,000, and that they eat of feathered game alone 200,000,000 head. In 1875 no less than two hundred people were destroyed by wolves, and many and various are the means suggested for suppressing these injurious animals, such as forming regular hunts, giving premiums for every one killed, poisoning them, etc. A comparison is instituted between the losses occasioned by cattle plagues and fires as against those caused by wolves, and extraordinary as it may seem, the proportion of damage done by wolves as compared with cattle plagues is as 200 to 240, and it must further be taken into consideration that while the epidemic may leave the peasant the skin of his cow, the wolf carries away the prey irreclaimably. And even in a contest with devouring element for the supremacy in destruction, the wolf is hardly left behind.

—London Times.

The China Mania.

From time to time among our occidental races has sprung up a fashion, almost a rage, for pottery and porcelain; and some fools have become more foolish than before in the pursuit. Still, among "the wise and the good" the subject has been one of great interest, and the collection, study, and illustration of pottery has resulted in as much satisfaction as can be got from any pursuit, even fox-hunting or money-getting.

To those who are ignorant of this, and who cannot comprehend why it is, a few words may not be out of place by way of explanation.

The making of pottery is one of the oldest industries of man, one of the most necessary, and it has been made one of the most delectable. It has from the commonest material—the dust under our feet—made some of the most delicate and beautiful things we know of. It uses the most plastic of all substances, which obeys fully, minutely, the wish or the sense of the potter; it may therefore be stamped with his individual perception of the useful and beautiful more than any other material man can use. The perfect forms of the Greek potter, the exquisite colours of the Persian and Arabian and Chinese painters, the brilliant lustres of the Moorish and Italian decorators, are here displayed and are in a sense imperishable. The paintings of Egyptians and Greeks and Romans have perished; their pottery remains. The antiquarian and the historical student have sought here for many things and have found many. The artistic sensibility has also seen much to enjoy. That we in this country are so little able to comprehend all this is partly owing to that necessity which has compelled us to pass our lives in hewing down trees, damming rivers, killing bears, cheating Indians; and partly to the fact that we have had no examples of pottery or porcelain in the country. We are now doing something to overcome this, and the private collections of Messrs. Prime, Hoe, Avery, Wales, Prayn, and others will soon give the opportunity to see and learn which many may seek.—G. W. Elliott, in November Atlantic.

NEVER yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word, by whom light as well as immortality was brought into the world, which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.—Coleridge.

Scientific and Useful.

LEMON CUSTARD.

Beat the yolks of eight eggs with a half pound of sugar, add a pint of boiling water, rinds of two lemons, grated, and the juice of same; boil until it thickens, and then add a large wine-glass of white wine and half a glass of brandy; boil a few minutes, strain into glasses—eat when cold.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.

Butter an ordinary pie-dish and place in it, in alternate layers—first, bread and butter with the crust cut off; then apples peeled, cored, and sliced; a little sugar, and the juice and finely chopped rind of a lemon; repeat till the dish is full. Cover with the peel of the apples, and bake in a brick oven. When ready, serve with sifted sugar. This is a cheap and excellent dish.

PUDDING PIE.

To make pudding pies, boil for fifteen minutes five ounces of ground rice in one quart of new milk; when taken from the fire, stir in an ounce and a half of butter, four ounces of sugar, add four well beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, and half a small nutmeg. When nearly cold, line some saucers with thin puff paste, fill three parts full, straw thickly with currants, and bake gently from fifteen to twenty minutes.

SALT AND SCURVY.

A Dublin chemist, who has been investigating the subject, claims to have discovered that salt is not the cause of scurvy, as has so long been the received opinion. He considers the true cause to be the absence of potash, which substance is washed out of meat by the application of brine, and proposes as a preventative to add to the food of seamen and others using salt meat, phosphate of potash, to be used like common salt.

DROWNED PERSONS.

A French physician makes the remarkable statement that one-half at least of the so-called drowned persons are buried alive, and that they may be brought to life by proper treatment after having been "several hours in the water." His remedy is to get out of the water, pour in and inject alcoholic stimulants, and use a whip energetically, or hot irons in bad cases. His statement has been partially confirmed by the resuscitation of a man after he had been under water in one of the Seine baths for more than twenty minutes.

SUN LIGHT IN THE SICK-ROOM.

Never shut the air or the light from the sick-room unless the light pains the eyes, as it does in the measles. An observation of both will do as much good as some medicines, and more far than whiskey. Both are absolutely necessary to all, especially to the sick. In fevers they will do at least half of the cure, certainly with free bathing. Both are abundant, cost nothing, were intended by the good Father for our use. We are stupid if we do not use them.

MILK PUDDINGS.

In making puddings with milk and eggs the milk must always be boiled, as this prevents curdling. Lump sugar is now so cheap that it may be used instead of brown, and it certainly is better, especially for delicate puddings. It is a very good plan to boil the sugar with the milk, and pour it upon the eggs. Puddings that have custard should always be baked very slowly; if quickly baked the custard becomes watery, and is not nearly as rich as it should be.

INDIAN DOWDIE.

Take a three quart pan and out it not quite full of quartered apples, sprinkle a little salt over, pour in water till they are not quite covered, then make ready a "batch" of johnny-cake or brown bread dough and cover the apples, heaping up a little. Set in the oven and bake till the crust is done and the apples soft, then take out, break up the crust, and stir all in among the apple, mixing and mixing till both are well incorporated. Cover close and keep warm, not hot. Then take a plateful and pour over it milk (or cream) and with a bit of cheese, you will have "a dish fit for a king."

UNPLEASANT DREAMS.

To avoid unpleasant dreams, live simply, be regular in habits, cheerful in mind, hopeful in spirit, placid and even in temper, and in a quiet frame of mind at bed-time. Above all, take no luncheon at bed-time, not even a hearty meal at tea-time; the more simple the better. A quarter of a mince pie, a generous slice of rich cake, a full meal of pork and cabbage, with cold cheese, nuts and raisins for the dessert,—if they do not "show you your deceased grandfather," they will, with a remarkable certainty, disturb your sleep, give you "horrid dreams," and make the whole supper a poor investment.—Watchman.

The announcement is made that telegrams have been received in London announcing the discovery of a survivor of the "Bella," and also of the real veritable Arthur Orton. Mr. Guildford Onslow, some time back offered a reward of £2,500 for the discovery of Orton. Mr. Lock, a solicitor who defended Orton in Australia on a charge of horse-stealing, and knows him well, is said to have found him fifteen miles from Sidney, at a lunatic asylum, where he had been an inmate for many years under the name of Alfred Smith. This is supposed to account for his not coming forward when his presence was so much needed. Should this statement turn out to be correct, it will considerably complicate a subject already sufficiently intricate. It seems strange that so many should testify that he is Tichborne, and it is not improbable that, somehow or other he has a modicum of Tichborne blood in his veins. That he should forget every word of French he had learned, and even forget his native language is only what has occurred in many instances before. But that a young man grown up to four or five and twenty, who had been well educated, should ever come to use the word "howsomdover," or to write the first personal pronoun with a small letter, seems absolutely impossible.

Why is the Sea salt?

According to Professor Chapman, of University College, Toronto, the object of the salting of sea water is to regulate evaporation (see page 98, current volume). This suggestion does not answer the question: why, or by what cause, the sea becomes so salt; but it assumes to tell us wherefore or for what object the sea is salt.

We must, however, give credit to Professor Chapman for his experiments; he proved that the amount of evaporation of fresh water, compared with that of salt water under the same circumstances, may differ largely; so that the evaporation becomes less and less, in proportion as the relative amount of salt increases. But we would give this fact an interpretation different from that of the Professor.

Pernicious Sayings.

There are some common sayings that are so plainly conceived in sin, that one cannot help wondering how they ever came to pass into adages. Still they are heard from the lips of men making high professions of morality and even of religion, and are handed down from generation to generation as precious heirlooms of language.

One of the most common of these and one of the wickedest is: "It will make no difference a hundred years hence," applied to some error that might have been avoided, some sin that need never have been committed, or some word uttered that had better have been left unspoken.

There is another saying touching the sowing of wild oats, that is, perhaps, the worst of the lot. It has driven many a lad to destruction, furnishing him with an easily-spoken excuse for youthful follies and youthful sins sure to bring misery in their wake.

Was there ever anything truer? We see boys sowing wild oats every day—and we see them as men reaping the crop they have sown. These wild oats bear bitter grain. Sometimes their fruitage is disgrace that is paraded out to the world as Satan's victory.

fruits are "grey hat brought to the grave in sorrow;" lines of suffering on the faces of loved ones; and bitter remorse that we have turned the sweetest thing on earth to gall. Oh, these wild oats, they are like the witch-grass and the white-weed in the farmer's land—they cannot be rooted out, and they taint every good crop that follows after the sowing.

There is another saying that we hear now, that seems to me strikingly untrue in view of the lessons taught us by the world's history: "Vox populi, vox Dei."—"The voice of the people is the voice of God." We swam all true progress by such a saying. Was it the voice of the people that called first for the Reformation? No, it was the voice of heaven-endowed, defiant, impetuous Martin Luther—and he was in a very small minority indeed when he began.

Oh, no—the voice of the people is not always the voice of God—or Lot would have stayed in Sodom, and Lot's wife would not have been transformed into a pillar of salt.

Let us be careful with these and other sayings, lest by uttering them, we be guilty of light words and harmful words—which may injure our fellow-men and displease God.

The Social Science Congress.

The evils of society and the remedy or remedies for them are approached in a great variety of ways, and with a large number of different specifics. A vast quantity of clever talking is often expended upon the subject, and if that would either probe the evils or cure them, the thing would, most assuredly, soon be done.

It is twenty years since the first of these Congresses was held under the presidency of the late Lord Brougham; and the object then made most prominent is that still professedly sought. This object is to ameliorate and improve the social condition of the community by the advancement of education, the diminution of crime, the reform of jurisprudence, the better regulation of trade, and the enforcement of wiser sanitary laws.

One of the most common of these and one of the wickedest is: "It will make no difference a hundred years hence," applied to some error that might have been avoided, some sin that need never have been committed, or some word uttered that had better have been left unspoken.

One of the subjects introduced this year was the department of Art, an address being delivered by Mr. Poynter, R.A., taking for his motto:—"The very essence of good art is to be found in honest and good workmanship." He remarked that the British workman never had a high sense of art, but once excelled in workmanship; and he is fast losing one faculty without gaining the other, and without the prospect of improving in it.

might become imbued with many of the principles of art. But the workman must make something for which there is a demand; and therefore the diffusion of a better standard of taste in connection with the ordinary requirements of life would tend to the improvement of art by giving it a commercial value. In England especially, much training and education are required for the purpose.

In addition to the improvement of health and education, a prominent place is due to papers on the repression of crime, on the reform of law, and on the relations of trade. In all these it was attempted to be shown that crime might be repressed, not by severe penal enactments, but by more gentle moral suasion; that temperance would diminish both disease and crime; and that a better understanding between the different classes of society would ensure more permanent harmony and prosperity.

The Cardinal Giacomo Antonelli, whose death on the 6th inst., we announced last week, was member of an Italian family of the middle class, and was born at Sonnino, April 2, 1806. Having been educated in Rome for the Church, and distinguished himself for his ability, he entered Holy orders; and after holding several posts under Gregory XVI., among which was that of Minister of Finance, he was, June 11, 1847, raised to the dignity of Cardinal Deacon by Pope Pius IX., under the title of St. Agatha. In 1848 he became Primo Minister, in which position he at first won the favor of the popular party.

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He continued to be the Pope's political adviser; although when the Romans desired to join the King of Sardinia against the Austrians, the Pope hesitated, and Antonelli's ministry resigned, the opponents of innovation compelling him to make way for Mamiani; but after the assassination of Mamiani's successor, Rossi, Antonelli urged Pius to leave Rome and join him at Gaeta in November, 1848, where he conducted the negotiations which resulted in the Pope's return to his capital in April, 1850, under the protection of a French Army of occupation.

He issued warrants of excommunication against all the opposers of the Pope's temporal power. After the evacuation of Rome by the French, he protested against the formal entry into Rome by Victor Emmanuel, but without effect. In fact his public life was a constant struggle with Italian statesmen from

Envoys to Grotolini. He was not out-manevred nor over-matched in diplomatic skill, but had to account to physical force. He unquestionably had great influence over the mind of the Pope, and his death will doubtless be severely felt by him.

No lesson is so hard to learn as that of charity towards those who differ from us on debatable questions. Having made up our minds, after diligent study, and perhaps earnest prayer, we conclude that any one who sees things some other way is either laboring under a strong delusion to believe a lie, or that he is willfully fighting against the plainest truth.

Special Notices.

A DOCTOR'S OPINION.

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Presbytery of Ottawa.

This Presbytery held its last regular meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Almonte, on Thursday and Wednesday, the 7th and 8th of Nov. The following items of business were transacted:—The Rev. Professors McLean and Mowat were heard in regard to the claims of Knox College and Queen's College respectively, and a vote of thanks given to them for their interesting addresses. A Petition was received from the congregation of Castelford, praying to be connected with some other station with the view of securing the services of a stated pastor. Messrs Bromner, McLean, and R. Campbell were appointed to explore the region between Castelford and Sand Point, and report upon the desirableness of opening a station there. An interesting Conference was held on Tuesday evening on the subjects of Literature and Hymnology of Sabbath Schools. A call was sustained from the congregation of St. John's Church, Almonte, in favor of the Rev. J. B. Edmondson of C. Columbus, and Brooklyn. The stipend promised is \$1000 and manse. Messrs Carwell and Jas. Stewart were appointed to prosecute this call before the Presbytery of Whitley. A letter was read from the Rev. Henry McMeekin, now in Ireland, requesting a Presbyterian Certificate. The Presbytery agreed to send a statement of his case to the Presbytery of Armagh for them to deal with it as they may deem best. A great deal of time was occupied in considering the Home Mission Report; the cases in which the grant was either withheld or partially withdrawn receiving special attention. In this connection the Presbytery resolved to unite with the Central Committee in requesting the General Assembly to continue the former grant to Aylmer. The clerk reported the congregations that had contributed to the Home Mission debt, and he was requested to correspond with those from whom no report had been received. Further, the various Missionary Deputations were instructed to meet with the Kirk Sessions, and Managers, and lay before them the state of the Home Mission Fund, and the necessity of immediate steps being taken to meet its urgent claims, as well as press this matter upon the public meetings. The Rev. F. Home tendered the resignation of the pastoral charge of Buckingham, Lochaber; and a commission, consisting of Rev. Messrs Gordon and Moore, were appointed to visit the field with the view of removing, if possible, the causes that have led to the demission, with power, if not successful, to cite the congregation to appear for their interests. Mr. John McMillan resigned the position of Treasurer of the Presbytery Fund. His resignation was accepted, thanks tendered for the efficiency with which he had discharged the duties of the office, and the Rev. Jas. Fraser appointed in his stead. On motion of Mr. Lochead, the following resolution on the subject of Temperance, was unanimously carried:—The Presbytery taking into consideration the duty of the church in relation to the present crisis of the temperance question, and believing that the enforcement of the temperance act of 1864 would in a great measure prevent the evils which at present arise from the drinking usages of society, and would remove one great obstacle to the advancement of the cause of Christ, therefore resolve that we commend the present situation, to the earnest and prayerful consideration of our congregations, and recommend the ministers to bring this subject prominently before our people, and to use every legitimate means to secure the enforcement of said act. The next meeting is to be held in St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, on the first Tuesday in February, at 8 o'clock p.m.; all session Remits to be then called for, and all the Remits from the Assembly considered.—J. CARSWELL, Pres-Olerk.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIED. At Beaverton, on the 16th day of November, 1876, by the Rev. J. McNabb, M.A. HENRY LOAN, to MISS CATHERINE WHITE, both of Beaverton. On the 15th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Stuart Acheson, B.D., M.A., M.D., of Ottawa, to MARY ANN, daughter of John Wiggins, Esq., of the Township of Essex. At 18 Grosvenor Street, Toronto, on 15th inst., by Rev. David Mitchell, pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, brother-in-law of the bride, ROBERT WALLACE, Esq., of Lefroy, Ont., to MISS MARGARET DONALDSON, of Forfar, Scotland.

THE PRODUCE MARKETS.

Table of market prices for various commodities like wheat, flour, and other goods in Toronto and London.

Table of market prices for various commodities like chickens, ducks, turkeys, and other goods in Ottawa.

Table of market prices for various commodities like wheat, oats, and other goods in Montreal.

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

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

British American Presbyterian, FOR 1877.

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Efforts will be made during the coming year to make the PRESBYTERIAN increasingly attractive and useful to the large constituency it aims to represent. To this end the Editorial staff will be strengthened; a larger variety of Missionary Intelligence will be furnished by Dr. Fraser, Formosa; Rev. J. Fraser Campbell, and Rev. James Douglas, India; and special papers are expected from the following gentlemen:—

Missionary Wanted. The Presbytery of Owen Sound is anxious to obtain an Ordained Missionary for the Parry Sound District immediately. Salary at least \$600 per annum. Address: REV. D. B. WEIMSTER, Meaford, Ont.

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Baptist Misrepresentations. The Early Church History of INFANT BAPTISM; with a disclosure of the Systematic Misrepresentations on the subject, and of Misquotations in General, from Infant Baptist Writers, adopted in Books issued by the BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETIES, etc., in common circulation, with other valuable matter from Scripture, etc., etc., critical and explanatory, by REV. J. BETHUNE, PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, CHURCH, ONT.

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Wm. McMillan, Esq., Treasurer of the Presbytery of Ottawa, resigned the position of Treasurer of the Presbytery Fund. His resignation was accepted, thanks tendered for the efficiency with which he had discharged the duties of the office, and the Rev. Jas. Fraser appointed in his stead.

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