

The Family.

OUR CHILDREN

I looked at the happy children Who gathered around the hearth...

For whatever the world may fancy, And whatever the wise men say...

SIMPLICITY OF LANGUAGE.

Boys, if you have anything to say or write, say or write it in a plain, simple manner.

Most of the frequently quoted sentences that have come down to us from classic times are sharp, terse sentences.

Balfour's style was gorgeously verbose, Erskine's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous.

The Rev. Dr. Alexander, of Princeton Theological Seminary, was a very learned man, but exceedingly plain in his language.

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seized him and called loudly for help. Mrs Franklin came with warm water, and the hired man rushed in with the garden pump.

BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

"Why, Susan, what's the matter? Nothing wrong I hope?"

"If you please, sir, it's Master Tommy," answered the rosy cheeked housemaid, whose red eyes showed that she had been crying bitterly.

"Has he been misbehaving, then? I'm sorry for that," said the visitor.

"Not he, sir; he's as good as gold, bless his little heart? But such stories as he tells, all out of his own head, just like a print book!

"If he had seen as much of it as I have, perhaps he wouldn't like it quite so well," muttered one of the two visitors, a tall, handsome young man with a trim brown mustache, whose right arm was in a sling.

"And how some wicked king or other," went on Susan, "took away a poor woman's baby from her—more shame for him the old Turk!—and wouldn't never let her see it again; and so she begged for one tiny lock of hair from the little one's head, just for a remembrance, and then—"

"But I hope all his stories are not so sad as that," said the young officer, who had been listening with undisguised amazement.

"Oh dear no, sir," he tells such funny ones sometimes, about little men living at the bottom of the sea, and playing hide-and-seek with the fish in and out of the sea-weeds, you'd be ready to die with laughing."

"I say, F—, let's go up and look at this prodigy," cried Lieutenant C— to his companion, a much older and graver man than himself, who looked like what he was, a college professor.

"I wish we had had him at our mess up-country in India, to tell us stories when we had nothing to amuse us, which happened about seven days in a week."

"Pushing open the door as noiselessly as possible, they saw a small figure lying full length on the hearth-rug in front of the fire, with an open book before it. One hand held a slice of bread and butter, but it was evidently untouched, and the cup of milk on the table beside him was still brimful.

"The two men stole softly up behind him, and bent down to peep at the book, expecting to see Grimm's Fairy Tales or Robinson Crusoe. But both started and exchanged looks of blank astonishment as they saw that this boy student was deep in The Mogul Emperors of India, a work, which few men would care to read for amusement, and which in the hands of a child not yet eight years old was a startling sight indeed.

"Well, Tom," said the Professor's cheery voice, "as busy as ever. I see Here's a gentleman from India come to pay you a visit."

"From India!" cried the boy, jumping up eagerly. "Oh, I'm very glad of that! I'm just reading about India now, and he'll be able to tell me all about Babar and Hoomayoon and Akbar and Jehangir and all the rest of 'em. I've just got to Jehangir now."

"Well," said Lieutenant C—, with a rather embarrassed laugh, "I'm afraid that before I could tell you much about them I should have to begin by finding out who they were."

"What? don't you know them?" said Tom, opening his eyes. "And yet you've been in India?"

"But when I was in India I thought more of shooting tigers and spearing wild boars than of reading history. Are you very fond of history?"

Universal History, being a view of the World from the Creation to the year 1800.

"Well, you've taken a pretty big contract there," said the Lieutenant with a grin. "But there seems to be some more manuscript up yonder. Hallo! what's this? 'The Battle of Cleviot; An Epic Poem in Twelve Cantos.' 'Fingal, a Poem in Twelve Books.' Why, I say, if you go on at this rate, you'll stock a whole library before you are out of short jackets."

But at that moment a call of "Tom!" was heard from below, and the young historian ran off to answer the summons.

"Will he really wade all through that great dry book?" asked Lieutenant C— in amazement.

"Indeed he will and he'll do it in half the time that you or I would take to it. He reads so fast that you'd think he took it in through his skin."

More than forty years after that day a tall, gray-haired, thoughtful-looking man with a high forehead and strongly marked face sat reading upon one of the benches on the promenade of an English watering-place, quite unconscious that all the passers-by were turning their heads to look at him, and pointing him out to each other as if he had been an African chief or Hindoo Rajah.

Just then a stout, broad chested old gentleman with a long white mustache, whose scarred face showed that he had been a soldier in his time, came sauntering slowly past. Catching sight of the man on the bench, he gave a slight start, and then stepping up to him, laid his hand upon the book. "History again!" cried he laughing. "Well, no one can say that you don't stick to your work, for, if I remember right, you began it before you were eight years old."

"General C—, I declare," cried the reader springing up, "How are you, my dear fellow? Why, you look hardly a day older, although it must be five years since we met last."

"Well I dare say planting and gardening (which is what I've been doing in the meantime) are easier work than writing the history of England."

"I shouldn't grudge the labour, C—, if I were only sure of living till my work's finished but there's a great deal to be done yet!"

"Well, you're just the man to do it, anyhow," said the old soldier, heartily. "Do you remember our first meeting, when you were lying on the floor reading The Mogul Emperors of India? I thought even then that you'd be a great man some day, but I certainly didn't foresee that 'little Tom' would grow into Lord Macaulay."

"A part of this extraordinary prophecy is said to be still in existence—D—"

commonplace family. They lived on a small farm, and sent their produce to market. Not one of them was especially clever, or had more than a common school education. They were a homely family, unfashionable and poor, yet their house was a kind of rendezvous for everybody in the township, from the judge to the blacksmith. Their little world for them was but a clan of friends.

It was a clean house, and the best was made of every bit of furniture in it. Old Mrs Kincaid had no money for expensive plants, but flower seeds planted in wooden boxes soon covered the windows in the coldest winter day with blossoms and vines.

When the Kincaids came down on a dreary, rainy morning in harvest, they only laughed, and reminded each other how good it was that half the hay was safe.

When John woke with a gripping pain, which warned him that a month's confinement with lumbago had begun, he called out cheerfully to his father that now he should live time to finish the honey boxes which he began long ago.

When old Mr. Kincaid was told by the oculist that his sudden attack of blindness was incurable, the girls gathered about him, and told him that his work was stopped in the world in order that he might rest for the rest of his life, and stay in the house with them, and keep them alive with his delightful, funny stories. From that time until his death there was not an hour in which they did not make him feel that a helpless, blind old father was an especial gift and blessing from God to them.

When Jane Kincaid died, after a long and painful illness, no one could be miserable or associate her with gloom or the grave, so bright and cheerful a place had been her sick-room and so brave and merry the sufferer. Her laugh had rung out to the last, and she met death with her hand stretched out, so sure was her hold upon the happy life beyond.

This constant security in happiness, this habit of content made the house of the Kincaids a veritable pool of Bethesda, wherein all sad and ailing folk who came were helped and healed.

What was their secret? That child walks smiling and does not stumble who keeps his hand secure in his Father's clasp.

"My peace," said the Saviour, "I give unto you."

precious than jewels and higher than rank: a lofty, calm content with whatever fate God sent her.

It is worthy of note, especially by struggling, anxious, nervous people, that the blessing which the Saviour empowered His apostles to give to a family or community, was—not wealth, success, nor even good fortune—but peace.

"Peace be upon this house!" they said on entering. But how can peace come into any house, though the beloved disciple himself stood on the threshold, if within it are lives full of ambition, ill-temper and incessant anxiety about trifles?—Youth's Companion.

PHILOSOPHY OF A COLD.

SAYS Professor Woodbury, of the Medico Chirurgical College of Philadelphia, "If there is anything calculated to take all the brightness out of the sunshine, all the savour out of our food, and all the sweetness out of our life, it is a cold in the head."

He presents some thoughts in its philosophy, the substance of which may interest the mighty host of sufferers.

In every case there are two factors, an irritant and a susceptibility of the system. Among the irritants are microscopic germs taken in from without, as in influenza, and certain poisons which are developed from had nutrition or imperfect assimilation within the body, and which it is the office of the liver to destroy. Indeed, the effects of the two causes are essentially the same, for the germs act by generating certain violent poisons, which irritate the mucous membrane of the nostrils, pharynx, lungs, stomach, or bowels.

As to susceptibility to colds, a healthy body, under ordinary circumstances, has very little of it. But sudden climatic changes may induce it. Horses, brought from the West, often have a discharge from the nostrils which lasts about six months.

A ship's crew, who had been perfectly healthy while absent several months on the Alaska coast, were all on their return, taken down with a cold in the head.

Of an audience going out into a bleak atmosphere from a close, warm room, a certain portion will take cold. These have the requisite susceptibility; the rest are happily free from it. In all cases of this susceptibility there is a lowering of the nutrition, a certain depraved or depressed condition. The luxurious and indolent are as liable to it as the poor, and those whose surroundings are bad.

A normal condition of the skin is the chief protection against a cold. Three-fourths of the sufferers from colds are degraded, and is no longer a protective covering for the body.

The skin needs to be hardened by the use of the flesh brush, the cold douche, the air bath, and by frequent change of under-clothing. Active exercise needs to be added, to keep the tissues from clogging. The time to cure the patient is before he gets the cold.—Youth's Companion.

MAKING HAPPY YEARS

WE could, if we would, ourselves answer many of our own prayers, and fulfill many of our own wishes. It would, therefore be a great misfortune if the hundreds of thousands of English men and women who have been glibly wishing each other a happy New Year should let the matter rest there, imagining that they have done the courteous and the graceful thing, and, in doing it, have discharged, entirely, their responsibility. There is no doubt that in a good natured, easy-going sort of way, we all wish everybody else all sorts of good things, and a happy year among them, but if we really want and intend 1889 to be better than its predecessor we must set to work to make it so.

We can all make happiness for ourselves and others—and we can prevent it also. Let us think for a moment of what it is that makes us miserable, and we shall find plenty of facts to prove this. Little jealousies and misunderstandings, tiresome, unlovely habits, coldness and distrust of each other, the selfishness that is always putting forth its claims, the indolence that escapes from its own share of the work and forces it on others, the lack of conscientiousness which almost renders the mind unable to comprehend duty, the snarling ill-temper that makes some people unbearable excepting to those who are unusually rich in charity. These are the things that banish happiness. When we wish each other a happy New Year we wish an impossible thing, unless these peace-spoilers can be swept out of the heart and out of the home, where certainly they ought never to be if the heart and home profess to be Christian. It is such enemies as these that overshadow the life and darken the face. Of course there are great sorrows, which God sends to do us good, but they never come without His compensations also. Sometimes a real trouble entering a household does an angel's work, for before it all the miserable little self-made worries and pains sink away ashamed. A great sorrow throws us upon God, and He comforts us, it arouses the nobler qualities of our nature, and we try to be

patient, and heroic, and enduring. Our friends press nearer to us, and love is born of sympathy; and resignation brings to the pained heart something which is really akin to happiness. But the effect of the little every-day troubles and vexations is very different, and he who could be happy under them would need to be almost more than human. And yet these things are preventible. God does not send them; we bring them upon ourselves, and give them to one another, and we never need have them; nor, if we were all that we might be, would they be possible.

What we have to do then is to make happy years. A few people are doing this, only let the number be increased a hundredfold and the world would at once put on a changed and brightened aspect. Let us resolve to have done with moroseness and discontent, with carelessness and envy, with indolence and impatience, in a word, with selfishness, and we shall be happy, and so will other people. We are living our lives on too low a level altogether. Do we really believe in God as our Father, in Jesus as our Saviour, in Heaven as our home, and yet allow such little things as our ordinary worries and troubles to make us unhappy? True religion is a joyous thing. Christ came to bring peace and good-will to the earth; and we are not like Him if we do not the same. Cheerily let us turn to our daily task, and take up our daily cross, and be as merry and as kind, as honourable, and as friendly, as we can, remembering Him who "pleased not himself," and who said, "Your joy no man taketh from you."—Marjanne Farningham, in Christian World.

day. I'll go every morning and find all her things for her, and put 'em on a chair by her so they won't get lost again. I know what I'll do that's better than that." He gave such a jump as nearly to upset his pail of berries. His new thought took such hold of him that he had to sit down and give his full attention to it for awhile, and then the boys were astonished at hearing him propose to go home. As none of them were inclined to leave the berries so early, he went by himself. "I'm to do all I can for mother, truly I am," he said to himself, "but I'm not going to begin all at once, for fear she should guess what's up."

He carried her a saucer of his berries, and the next day and for several days afterward waited on her kindly and carefully in the morning, and then kept a good deal away from her through the day, fearing that she might read in his face that he had a wonderful secret.

"What is George about that I see so little of him?" his mother asked of Susan, the woman who took care of the house. "Is he away from home so much?"

"Oh no," said Susan, "he's about most of the time, and as busy as a bee, but there's no telling what he's up to. It must be some new caper, for he shuts himself up in the tool-house, and won't let nobody go in. Mischief hatching, like enough."

Susan was a good, faithful woman, but not at all given to putting things pleasantly or cheerfully.

George worked away for several days, at the end of which he came to his mother's room, looking as if he had a great weight on his mind. "Mother," he said at length, in a tone which showed her that he had paid no attention to what she had been saying, "wouldn't you be willing to let me have these little pictures in my room?" He pointed to two which hung close beside her, above her bed.

"Why, George, do you really want my pictures? I'm very fond of them, you know, and like to have them here." "I'd like to have 'em for awhile, any way," he said.

"Then you shan't have them, of course, dear." But the words were said a little regretfully, and she looked hurt and sorry as George, without saying anything more, carried away the pictures; for there were not many pretty things in her room.

She was awakened the next morning by a slight noise, and opening her eyes caught sight of George bobbing below the foot of the bed as if anxious to escape her notice.

"Is that you, George?" she asked. "Yes, mother," he said, coming kiss her, looking as if very much puzzled to do so.

moments could bear him, and his quiet movements. Then he cried, "Wake up, mother!"

She opened her eyes to see him standing at the foot of the bed watching her face with a pleased, expectant look.

Something on the wall close beside her drew her attention, and she turned her head that way. "O," she exclaimed, in great surprise and pleasure, at sight of a bracket-shelf which hung within easy reach of her hand.

"I made it every bit myself," said George, his face beaming still more brightly. "All except those little bits of fancy doings glued on, and I worked for half a day in Billy Dyer's carpenter shop to pay for 'em. I glued 'em myself, and I bought the staining stuff and stained the rest of it. It looks almost as nice as a bought one, doesn't it, mother?"

"Ten times nicer to me, dear—"

"And see, mother, here's the place for your work-basket, and here are your glasses and your books. Plenty of room for everything you want. You won't have to keep hunting for your things any more. O, I forgot to tell you about the cord and tassel. Susan helped me to twist it up out of red worsted, last night. She promised she would not tell you for anything, and I've promised to make her one to keep her things handy, and she's as pleased as she can be, and says I'm a tip-top boy."

"I think Susan is right," said mother. But George rushed from the room before waiting to hear more, returning in a moment with hammer and nails.

"Did you really think I meant to take away your pictures, mother?" he said, laughing in great glee. "You see I could not make out how I was to get my bracket hung without driving in nails, and letting the whole secret out. So I made believe I wanted the pictures. Now I'm going to hang 'em over here."

"You are the dearest comfort and blessing in the world," said his mother when at length he came and bent over her. "I shall never look at your bracket without a happy thought, of your kind thought of me. And I shall never take a thing from it without being glad, because of your dear hands putting it here for me."

The crowning point of George's surprise came in his going out and gathering flowers to put into a tiny vase to be placed on the bracket. "I'll bring fresh ones to her every morning," he declared to himself. "I never felt so glad about anything in my life. I'm going to keep up doing things for mother—see if I don't."—Selected.

The Children's Corner.

LITTLE CLARA'S GRIEVANCE.

Oh, how sad it is to know Little girls must always grow— Grow in size and grow in years! Thinking of it brings the tears. But though I may cry and fret, Every day I bigger get! Every day I'm older too. And there's nothing I could do That would make me stop a growing. One would keep the years from going. Now I'm five; soon I'll be six; Here's a poor child in a fix! After six comes seven; then Follow eight and nine and ten. How I wish that I could stay As I am this very day! Always have my hair in curl, Always be mamma's wee girl! But I can't; I've got to grow. Oh, dear me! why is it so? Very soon I must be six. Here's a poor child in a fix. —Harper's Young People.

DOING FOR MOTHER.

"I can't find my glasses, George."

Our Story.

"SISTER JEWEL"

(Continued from last week)

He found himself regretting as he walked on that Miss Kirke was so inaccessible. He was strangely interested in her, and had made an effort when meeting her in the office to remove the prejudice she had conceived against him, but she was extremely reticent and dignified. The eldest partner seemed to be the only one who could win a smile or make progress in her acquaintance. In truth, Mr. Fielding wished very much to meet her where she could not feel it necessary to entrench herself behind a wall of reserve. If he should call upon her she might not wish to receive him in her narrow quarters. He had an uneasy, guilty sense, too, of being a sort of spy and intruder in her home. He had never meant to become a frequenter of her house in her absence, but the little brother was hard to be denied. He could not hide from himself that his admiration of her character constantly deepened. Evidences of a refined taste and a pure nature were in her home. It was always fresh and cheerful, with strict regard to neatness. Knowing all her circumstances, unlawfully as it were, the knowledge oppressed him. He longed to do something to lighten the burdens of the brave girl, but it seemed out of the question. He was compelled to believe that she must possess that something which his mother had, that made her different from other women—a faith in God that sustained and purified. Why did not more people have it, if it was obtainable? Why did he not himself? He felt like a hypocrite sometimes when Winnie, taking it for granted that he was a Christian, would exclaim: "Isn't God good to us, Mr. Thane?"

He had for the first time caught the glimmer of the small diamond studs his friend wore, and it made him remember what his sister had said about missionaries having but little money. Diamonds he knew cost a great deal. It perplexed him, and he wanted to clear up this mystery at once. "No, I'm not," Mr. Fielding said, laughing at the incongruity of the idea. "What made you think I was?" Winnie, somewhat abashed lest he was asked with amused eyes. The boy gathered courage again, and said gravely, though his cheek flushed. "She said that nobody would take pains to come so often to amuse a poor, sick boy, unless he did it for Jesus' sake, and she supposed you had chosen that for your work, to visit the sick and poor." "And you—why did you not think I was a missionary?" The boy flushed again and let the long lashes veil his eyes as he said in a low tone: "I used to think you were, but sister said that missionaries had very little money, and you—you wear diamonds, and I know that they cost ever so much, and then—" "And what else?" his visitor asked, trying to keep his gravity, as the boy hesitated. "Why, I thought if you were one, you would know all about the Bible." The smiling curves went out of Mr. Fielding's mouth and left it grave. It was true he was in utter ignorance of many things in the Bible, with which the boy seemed perfectly familiar, and the quick intuition of childhood had discovered his lack. There was silence a moment; then Winnie said, in a low voice, "Mr. Thane, you love God, don't you?" There was such eagerness in the wistful little face upturned to his, so much seemed to hang upon his answer, that he was tempted to evade the question, and yet somehow he was compelled to tell the plain truth, with these clear eyes fastened upon him, so he said, half-sadly, "No, my boy, I suppose I do not."

bright head and said: "Don't grieve so, look up, little Win, and tell me how to become insured in this way. Perhaps I can get ready, after all. You don't think it is too late, do you?" "Oh, no," Winnie said, wiping his eyes and brightening. "Will you?" Mr. Fielding had parried and resisted many an appeal made to him by older Christians, but he could not trifle now. He said, kindly, "I'll promise to listen to all you say, my dear boy." And then the man who was versed in all manner of lore except this one, was amazed at the clear, concise statements of truth that fell from childish lips. "I don't know as I know how to do it in the right way," the boy said as he wiped his eyes with a bit of a handkerchief, while a look of troubled responsibility came into his face; "but Sister Jewel has explained it to me a good deal. I know the first thing is to go to Jesus and ask him to forgive our sins. This he does, and we must believe he does it because he said he would, and that is faith. Then, you know, we are to give up all our sins and turn right around and obey and love him all our lives; just put him first and live to please him. Then God counts us as good, not because we are, but because Jesus Christ died for us and is our, our—" "Surely!" said Mr. Fielding. "Yes. He stands for us, you know. He is going to stay at the last day when we are called to give an account, that we belong to him; that it's all right, and that everything that's set down in the books against us is cancelled. Sister Jewel told me just what that word means. Then he sends his Spirit into our hearts, and if we do not grieve him away he leads us and helps us. It isn't hard, because Jesus is so good you can't help loving him. Won't you do it, Mr. Thane? Won't you read the Bible and ask God to show everything to you?" All this was said in rapid words, with intense eyes looking into his as if a life were at stake. Then a look of perplexity came into the child's face and he added "I don't see how you can be so good if you're not a Christian, Mr. Thane; and yet I know that God doesn't count people as good unless they love him." Mr. Fielding had a good opinion of himself, but he knew that he could not lay claim to goodness such as Winnie meant. "Don't be puzzled about that," he said; "I am not good, my little friend." He spoke it gravely, for in those few minutes it had flashed upon him that his own life was a failure, compared with that of this little child. Mr. Fielding rose to go, but he laid his hand again on the boy's head as if in pledge of his words as he said: "Winnie, I will promise you to think of you."

vision for this short life and leap into that hereafter of endless ages unready. And so, after a long conflict with himself, he had prayed that his eyes might be opened. That prayer had been in part answered, and the result was that Mr. John T. Fielding thought less of himself than he ever had in his life before. When he asked to have his eyes opened he supposed that exalted views of God and Christ would fill his heart and compel his adoration. But, instead of that, he thought of none but himself. His heart was black, his sins great. Despair took possession of him. At last one night he resolved to cast himself on the mercy of Christ. Whether He saved him or not, it was all that could be done. Perhaps, with much prayer and effort, as the years went on, he would learn to have the thoughts and feelings of a Christian. There must be many a mighty struggle, though, with himself before he should attain them. He fell asleep praying that sometime he might learn to love God.

Sabbath School Work.

LESSON HELPS. LESSON VII, February 17, 1889. THE TIMID WOMAN'S TOUCH. Mark v. 25-34. COMMIT VERSES 33-34. GOLDEN TEXT.—Be not afraid, only believe.—Mark v. 36. CENTRAL TRUTH. Faith in Christ the means of salvation for body and soul. DAILY READINGS. M. Mark v. 21-43. Tu. Matt. ix. 20-26. W. Luke vii. 41-56. Th. John xi. 1-19. F. John xi. 20-45. Sa. Matt. xv. 21-28. Su. Luke vii. 1-10. TIME.—Autumn, A.D. 28. Probably in the afternoon of the same day that Christ healed the demoniac at Gadara. PLACE.—Capernaum, on the way between the house of Matthew and that of Jairus. PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Matt. ix. 20-22; Luke vii. 43-48. INTERVENING EVENTS.—After healing the demoniac, Jesus the same morning returns from Gadara to Capernaum, and is invited by Matthew to a feast at his house, where he discourses with the Pharisees that assemble there. During the feast, Jairus a ruler of a synagogue, comes hastily, beseeching Jesus to go to his house and heal his daughter who lies at the point of death. Jesus immediately goes, followed by his disciples and great crowds of people. On the way took place the event of to-day's lesson. HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—A certain woman, her name not known, Tradition says, she was a Gentile of Caesarea-Philippi, named Veronica. 27. She had heard of Jesus: she founds her faith on facts. Jesus had healed many, and therefore might cure her. OBSTACLES TO HER FAITH.—(1) Sickness, (2) poverty, (3) she was timid and retiring, (4) all former efforts had proved failures, (5) great crowds around Jesus, (6) Jesus was busy, hastening to a dying girl. Press crowd. Touched his garment rather (Matt. ix. 20), the hem or border of his garment i. e., one of the four tufts or tassels attached to the four corners of the outer robe. 28. If I may touch but his clothes: she showed true faith, strong, active, reasonable, using all the means in her power. It was not superstition that led her to touch Jesus' garment, but faith; for in nearly all cases Jesus touched the one he healed. 29. Straightway: instantaneously. Fell in her body: there was a sense of returning health. 30. Virtus: healing power. Who touched? Christ was not ignorant, but wished to draw out from her a confession of her faith in order that her soul might be cured as well as her body. 31. His disciples said: Peter and they were with him (Luke vii. 45). 32. Fearing and trembling: just as was natural a humble, shrinking woman should, at the public exposure, and knowing that, according to the Levitical law her touch was unclean. 34. Daughter: a term of affection, also implying a spiritual relationship. Thy faith hath made thee whole: hath cured thee, saved thee, both body and soul. Christ saved her, but her faith was the condition. SUBJECTS FOR FURTHER STUDY AND SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening history.—The suffering woman.—A type of the vain efforts to be saved from sin without Christ.—Hindrances to the woman's faith.—Characteristics of her faith.—The difference between the woman's touch and that of the crowd. Why Jesus made her acknowledge her cure.—How faith saves. QUESTIONS. REVIEW.—What great miracle was the subject of our last lesson? In what place was it performed? Why did Jesus leave that region? CIRCUMSTANCES.—Where did Jesus go when he left Gadara? (v. 21; Matt. ix. 1.) At whose house was he attending a great feast? (Matt. ix. 9, 10, Luke v. 29) Who came to him while He was there? (v. 25; Matt. ix. 18.) What did he want? What did Jesus do? (v. 24.) SUBJECT: THE FAITH CURE FOR HUMAN ILLS. I. THE SUFFERING ONE (vs. 25-26.) Where was Jesus going when our lesson

opens? Who went with him? Who came to Him on the way? What efforts had she made to be cured? With what success? How long had she been trying? II. AN ACTED PARABLE.—Do people take as much pains to be saved from their sins? Can they save themselves? What are some of the ways in which men seek to be saved without going to Jesus? (Note what Bunyan's Christian did before he went to the cross.) What is the usual result of such efforts? III. GOING TO JESUS (vs. 27-29).—What had the woman learned about Jesus? Was this a good foundation for faith? Have we the same reason for going to Jesus for help? What hindrances do you find, in the narrative, in her way? What did she do? What did she expect? Did Jesus usually touch those whom He healed? What was the result? IV. SAVED BY FAITH (vs. 30-34).—How did Jesus know she touched Him with faith? What did he ask? Was this because He did not know? What was His object? What did Peter answer? What was the difference between her touch and that of the throng? Is it possible for us to be close to God's Word, and worship, and the influences of His Spirit, and yet not be benefited thereby? What is the reason? What did the woman do? Did this public confession help her to be saved? What did Jesus say to her? How did faith make her whole? What were the characteristics of her faith? Why does God require us to believe in order to be saved? Will faith help us in sickness and trials? (James v. 15; Rom. viii. 28.) What must we believe? (Heb. xi. 6.) What kind of faith must we have? (James ii. 14-17.) PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS. I. Jesus of Nazareth passeth by, ready to help all who come to Him. II. Forms, good resolutions, mere efforts of will are all physicians of no value to save us from sin. III. True faith is founded on reason and fact, on what Jesus has done, on promises fulfilled. IV. True faith uses every means in its power. V. We may live in the very presence of God's best influences, and yet receive no good. VI. But all who come to Jesus in faith will be saved. VII. It costs something to do good. VIII. Timid and retiring natures may have great faith. IX. We should confess before men what Jesus has done for our souls.—Peloubet. FATHER'S WORD. THESE were a great crowd, by the name of Monod. In one of his sermons he told a story about two little girls who were watching the sunset. The older one told her little sister to notice what a long way the sun had travelled since morning. The little one reminded her that father had told them only that morning that the sun did not move. "Yes," said the older sister, "but I don't believe it. I saw the sun rise over there this very morning; and now it is away over here. How can a thing go all that distance without moving? If we didn't move we should always be where we are now, up on this hill." "But," said the little one, "you know father said it was the earth that moved." "I know it," said the other, "but I don't believe that, either. I am standing on the earth now, and so are you. How can you pretend to think it moves when you see it does not stir!" Said the great preacher, "These simple ones might divide mankind between them, and carry the banner of their parties through the world. There never has been, and there never will be any other division, but they that take, and they that will not take, their Father's word." What Father do you think he meant?—Pany. SEEING AND BELIEVING. ONE day in India a native came to the missionary who was his teacher, and he had been talking with some sailors who were bad men, because they told wicked lies. He said, among other things they told him that the water where they lived sometimes got so hard that men could stand on it! That they could stand in the middle of a river, and the water would be too hard to let them through. "But of course," said the native, "you know I would not believe such a silly lie as that! I know better." "Well," said the missionary, "that story is true. I have often stood on the water when it was so hard that men and horses, and even elephants would not break it. Do you believe that?" Over the face of the native came an astonished and puzzled look, but his answer was prompt. "Yes," I believe it because you say so; but I don't see how it can be!" Let me tell you what I thought when I read this true story. I could not help thinking how much more ready this converted heathen was to believe what his missionary said, even though he could not understand how it could be, than we are sometimes to believe the Lord Jesus Christ Himself.—Pany.

Books and Publications. Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath-School Work. 1331 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA. Lesson Helps - Illustrated Papers, 1889. PRICES THE LOWEST QUALITY THE BEST. LESSON HELPS FOR TEACHERS. THE WESTMINSTER TEACHER. Published in octavo form, 60 pages, monthly. One copy, per annum, 25 cents. School subscriptions, to one address, each \$2.00. For Westminister Teachers send to the best possible help for the year. The explanation of the lesson is simple. Special attention is given to the practical application of the Scripture to the life of the scholars. For the year to come it is the intention that this help shall be better than any past year. FOR SCHOLARS. WESTMINSTER QUESTION BOOK, Price, \$12.00 per hundred, net. By mail, 15 cents per copy. WESTMINSTER QUARTERLY, For Advanced Scholars. One copy, per annum, 25 cents. School subscriptions, to one address, 100 copies, per year, \$12.00, or 12 cents a year for each scholar. 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Question Books, etc., etc. JOHN YOUNG, UPPER CANADA TRACT SOCIETY, 106 Yonge Street, Toronto. Dec. 1888. General Christian Conference, Montreal, October, 1888. ADDRESSES (in part) of Dr. John Hall, Dr. MacVicar, Dr. Potts, Dr. King, Sir Wm. Dawson, Senator Macdonald, and many others. One volume, Demy, 8vo., paper, 75c., cloth, \$1.25. A. G. WATSON, Toronto Willard Tract Depository, Corner York and Temperance Streets, Toronto, C. JUST ISSUED.—THE TERCENTENARY—OF—ENGLAND'S GREAT VICTORY OVER SPAIN AND THE ARMADA IN 1588.—BY—THE REV. JAMES LITTLE, in extra cloth, price 75 cents. Published by Wm. Briggs, 75 & 80 Toronto.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1889

DR. ROBERTSON OF IRVINE

DR. JAMES BROWN has given us, in the Life and Letters of Dr. W. B. Robertson, a very charming book. The biographer had, in this instance, it must be admitted, an unusually good subject, and, as the volume shows, ample materials of a very interesting kind. It is true, that Dr. Robertson's life did not supply, any more than that of ministers generally, much incident of public interest. He did not figure in any great controversy. He did not even exercise his ministry in one of the more conspicuous spheres, such as was again and again offered to him, but he possessed a very marked individuality, even as he had a countenance, as the photograph in the middle of the volume shows, of very striking beauty. In the branch of the Scottish Church, the United Presbyterian, to which he belonged, there were thirty years ago three preachers, any one of whose names could fill the largest church in Edinburgh or Glasgow: John Cairns, John Kerr, and W. B. Robertson. The first is still happily spared to the body, perhaps the most illustrious of the most illustrious, and is a grandeur of imagination in Dr. Kerr, which did not belong to either of the others. In his case the course of thought was wider and more stately, and the kindling glow of feeling seemed more intense—so intense, indeed, as at times to put the minds of the vast audiences, which thronged to hear him, under an almost painful strain. In Dr. Kerr, if there was less of philosophic breadth and loftiness of imagination, there was not less either of incisive thought or of elevated sentiment; while there was a certain subtle witchery at once of thought and language, which carried the hearer irresistibly along, filling the mind at the same time with a delight of the purest kind. From what other preacher could be heard Scripture quoted with such aptness and felicity—the quotation now bringing into view some hitherto unobserved expression of the Divine Word, now setting some well-remembered text in a connection which lent to it a new and richer significance? Two volumes happily remain to show—imperfectly, indeed, as all printed sermons must do—the sort of preacher Dr. Kerr was. It may be mentioned that Dean Alford, no partial critic of a Presbyterian minister, pronounced the first volume, the only one then given to the public, as quite equal in originality and vigour of thought to the sermons of Frederick Robertson. He found in each of them the genuine gold; only in Dr. Kerr's discourse it was elaborated into forms of beauty not commonly found in the more hasty productions of the skilled English preacher. Dr. Kerr, as some of our readers will remember, visited Canada some twenty-seven years ago, as did Dr. Cairns at a later period. In broken health at the time, his voice was not heard in the pulpit perhaps more than once; but the music of sermon, from the text, "Where is my Maker, who giveth songs in the?" still haunts the memories of the

few survivors who heard it in the Gould Street church, Toronto. There could not be claimed for Dr. William Robertson, the third of this distinguished triumvirate, the massive force of Dr. Cairns, or the severe precision and exquisite beauty of Dr. Kerr, but in originality of conception, in quickness of thought, and in wealth and brilliancy of fancy he was not equalled by either. It was a treat to hear him in sermon and lecture in those days when his health was yet unbroken. What startling turns of thought, and what profusion of striking and beautiful imagery, and with what apparent ease the pearls of thought and imagination were dealt forth, as if from an exhaustless store! And yet, however elaborately the setting, the theme was always Christ, however exquisite the workmanship of the vessel, it was ever the old truth which was served up thereon. This, indeed, was equally true of all the three. The two who have passed away, the one who happily remains—may he long remain!—stood and stands in the old paths, knowing how to combine unflinching attachment to the Gospel verities with keen and sympathetic appreciation of all that is best in modern thought. Singularly enough, they all remained unmarried, devoted sisters presiding in the home of each. What is less singular, and yet worthy of notice, all the three were eminently lovable, not only commanding general admiration by their great powers, but also winning wide and warm affection in virtue of their generous and yet unobtrusive goodness of heart. Surely it should not be difficult to believe that such ministers are Christ's gift to the Church and, through it, to the world.

According to all accounts, the early home of W. B. Robertson, the subject of this memoir, was an ideal Scottish home; one adorned by the twin graces of refined culture and of earnest piety. Five sons went out from it to study for the Christian ministry. Two were arrested by illness in their course of preparation. Another, the eldest, entered on the pastorate to exercise it only for a brief period, at the close of which it was cut short by death. The fourth, James, somewhat older than William, was for many years a much-loved minister in Edinburgh. Not so richly gifted as his younger brother, he had yet something akin to genius. He preached, sometimes (after the manner of some ministers of a preceding age) almost *suave* the Gospel message in terms so felicitous, so touchingly beautiful, and in tones so winning, that many a hearer was led under his ministry to take up the yoke of Christ. As a preacher to children he had few equals. The story of his life has been told, and many of his striking and beautiful sayings recorded by a favourite niece, in a volume which will not be out of place beside that in which Dr. James Brown has traced the course of his more gifted brother.

William, who was sent to Glasgow University at the absurdly early age of twelve years, after finishing his studies in Scotland, and taking an additional year in Germany, was settled over the United Presbyterian congregation in Irvine, a town on the coast of Ayrshire. From this sphere none of the numerous calls, which were addressed to him from city congregations, could remove him. This result was mainly due to the unusually strong attachment which grew up between himself and the people, but it may have been due in part also to the feeling that his physical constitution was not such as could well stand the strain of city work. His ministry in Irvine, while it lasted, was eminently successful. He was a frequent visitor in the homes of his people, entering sympathetically into all their joys and sorrows, and his sermons were not only strikingly original and picturesque, they were also profoundly spiritual. The great end of preaching was never forgotten. "If I were to express in one word," he says, "what has been the aim of my ministry, would be this—to lead all the human race to cry, 'O Lamb of God, who takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us.'" Such a ministry could not fail to be successful. A good idea of the closeness of the attachment which sprang up in this case between pastor and people, may be gained by the following quotation from a speech of thrilling interest, delivered by him at the Presbytery, when a Glasgow congregation was pressing his acceptance of its call:—

"Where is the household in that Irvine Church into which, sometime

or other, during these seventeen years into whose inmost heart of love the angel of joy or the stronger angel of grief has not admitted me? Do city brethren rightly apprehend the close relationship between a country pastor and his people? Child of their childless, father of their orphans, brother of them all, entering into all their household joys and griefs in the most homely and familiar way, interested in the father's work and wages, in the children's education, in the son's going to sea, in the daughter's going out to service, in the grandfather's ailments, in the very baby's frolics, and in the mother's earnest prayers and keen heart-wrestlings for them all, he lives in them and he lets them live in him and seeks to interpenetrate their common life with his own more sacred life; and their sorrows, and their troubles and their triumphs, are reproduced on Sabbath in the pulpit, and the moans of their suffering and the music of their joy, and the questions of their inner life, return upon them through his Sabbath prayers and sermons, idealized, corrected, sublimated in the light of the Cross and of eternity—he is one with them and they with him identified."

After labouring for a little over a quarter of a century among this loved people, he was overtaken by an illness so severe, that he could not again take up the actual duties of the pastorate, though his voice was frequently heard in the pulpit both in Scotland, England and on the Continent, where much of his later life was spent. Florence was his favourite retreat, and there he pursued with the utmost enthusiasm a study which was not for him a new one—the relation of Art to Religion. The two Canadians, who so recently departed out of this life in that city, and whose memories will be sacredly cherished by a wide circle, met Dr. Robertson there, and, like all others, were profoundly impressed with his unique personality and his extraordinary acquaintance with Art. It is a matter of deep and general regret that he did not take time to develop and put in permanent form the views which long study had led him to take to the mutual bearing of Religion and Art. While unable for continuous exertion, and suffering frequently from attacks of illness—suffering, too, by bereavements which followed each other in rapid succession—his later years were far from unenjoyable. He had hosts of friends; his ever ready humour never deserted him, and above all, he had an abiding and immovable faith in the Saviour. The end came after a little suffering in the month of 1886.

Dr. Robertson, with his lively fancy and impressionable nature, could scarcely escape being a poet as well as a preacher. The volume contains many lyrical pieces, some of which are both striking and beautiful, though most readers will find more enjoyment in the letters than in the poetry. The selection given on our first page may be taken as a specimen.

We must close with this quotation our notice of this fascinating book. The reader will find it full of humour, pathos, of art and religion, of nature and of that second, or better nature, which we call grace.

Dr. Brown has done his work well. Intimately acquainted with the subject of the memoir, his own personality is seldom presented, and always in a becoming and unobtrusive way, but his skill and graceful style are everywhere apparent.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The attempt made last week, in this city, to form a local Branch of the Evangelical Alliance for the Dominion of Canada, was not altogether as satisfactory as could be desired. Much time was spent in discussing—not without a show of warmth—difficulties that unfortunately arose at an early stage of the proceedings. After a number of addresses had been delivered expressing satisfaction that an organization was about to be formed, one of whose main objects would be the encouragement of active resistance to Roman Catholic aggression, and while a collection was being taken up, a resolution appointing an Executive Committee, according to a preconcerted arrangement, was, it is said, submitted and declared adopted. Thereupon there were numerous expressions of dissatisfaction at the personnel of the Committee, one of the gentlemen appointed Secretary refusing to act, because a prominent politician was on the Committee; another, because as the organization had not yet been formed it was out of order to appoint any committee, and a number urging that it was unwise to associate active politicians with the work of the Alliance. The meeting separated with-

out harmony being restored; but it is understood that the composition of the Committee will be further discussed at another meeting to be held shortly. In the meantime the matter is being discussed in the daily press. Various solutions of the difficulty are being propounded. The following letter from Rev. G. M. Milligan, who took an active part in objecting to the personnel of the Committee, which appears in the daily press of Saturday, furnishes one possible solution. Mr. Milligan is evidently proceeding upon homeopathic principles. *Similia similibus curantur.*

The purpose exists strongly in the minds of many to form, all over the country, Branches of the Dominion Evangelical Alliance of such an operative and positive character that it cannot be said of them that they have only a nominal existence, and that whatever be their sins of omission they are too largely innocent of those of commission.

One of the aims of this Alliance must be, it is to be other than a colourless, negative affair, the guarding against interference with civil rights or the arrogating of civil functions, in the interest of any person or organization within our borders, especially in matters pertaining to religion and education.

For this reason public men from only one political party should not be presidents of the Branches of the Alliance. They, as officers of the Alliance, might gain undue Protestant influence, or incur what would be on the lines of present political action, unoriented Romish antagonism. If public men are to be presidents of Branches, make, for example, Messrs. Mowat and Meredith joint-presidents of the Toronto Branch. This plan will invite to action men of every political leaning, without bringing advantage or hurt to any on account of disinterested loyalty to the cause of truth and liberty.

It would appear that the taint of ritualism is not confined to certain High Church circles in Toronto. The Hamilton papers of last week contain reports of the airing before Bishop Hamilton, on the part of the Church Defence Committee, of certain grievances alleged to be troubling large sections of the diocese, arising out of such abuses as the elevation of the elements in the celebration of the communion, the mixing of water with the sacramental wine, the use of wafers instead of bread, and the wearing in the service of vestments forbidden by canon law. One speaker declared he had heard, on the best authority, that a funeral had recently taken place in a certain church in that city where the body was brought to the church, the interior of which was darkened and lighted candles placed around the coffin. The deputation expressed their belief that the practices mentioned are carried on in some of the churches in the diocese to the great injury of the good name of the denomination, "as the other denominations were saying that Anglicans were becoming little better than Roman Catholics and causing the non-ritualistic members to hang their heads in shame." To these remonstrances the Bishop, who is said to be a ritualist himself, is reported to have replied that he could only act in such matters as a judge when a formal complaint had been entered before him. He regarded the formation of a Church Defence Association as "a perilous matter for the diocese," and its existence as "little short of an insult." The deputation, before retiring, stated that they had come to lay their case before him, before putting the Association into active life, and he had not given them any decided answer and would not show them how the grievances were to be remedied. The Bishop in reply said that they should set in motion the machinery provided for such emergencies. As for himself, he refused to be the prosecutor of his clergy. Evidently there is need in the Anglican Church for Defence Associations. The attempt of the Hamilton Association to put a stop to ritualistic practices will be watched with interest by all Evangelical denominations.

The Chair of English in the Provincial University has been filled by the appointment of Mr. W. J. Alexander, Munro Professor of English in Dalhousie College, Halifax, N.S., to the position. The appointment is announced as being an admirable one; and it is fairly to be presumed after duly discounting the effusive testimonials usually produced on such occasions, that the University has secured a valuable addition to its staff. It does not appear, however, from the published testimonials of Mr. Alexander that his special attainments in English are extraordinary, or beyond those of

many graduates of the Provincial University itself. The disagreeable dilemma that, in the circumstances, must force itself upon the attention of Toronto University men, is that either the University has failed to produce a man qualified to fill this Chair, or that the qualifications of its graduates are, owing to some sinister influence, ignored. If the former is the correct opinion it is to be hoped that Mr. Alexander may be successful in training at least one scholar that may be qualified to assume his mantle when the proper time arrives, and if the latter, University men should unite to prevent a repetition of the slight put upon their *Alma Mater*. But however that may be, Mr. Alexander will undoubtedly be a useful addition to the staff of the Provincial University, and will be gladly welcomed to literary circles in Toronto. It is not a little in his favour also that he is, as we are given to understand, a Presbyterian, and that he comes warmly recommended by some of the leading Presbyterian divines of the Maritime Province.

At a meeting of Methodist Laymen, representatives of the Guelph, London and Niagara Conferences, held in Guelph last week, the following "platform" was adopted:—

- (1) That the Stationing Committee be composed of ministers and laymen in equal numbers.
(2) That all Conference committees and church courts, including the Conference special committees, be composed of ministers and laymen in equal numbers.
(3) That the right of Quarterly Meetings to invite and of ministers to accept provisionally such invitations be recognized subject in all cases to the final decision of the Stationing Committee of the Conference.
(4) That ministers and accredited representatives of the Quarterly Boards shall have the right to a personal hearing before the Stationing Committee in reference to their own cases.
(5) That appointments and election to offices in all our Church courts, boards and committees be by ballot without nomination.

From this it would appear that our friends of the Methodist laity are looking towards the adoption of Presbyterian principles of Church government in large measure. Presbyterians cannot but sympathize with the laity in their efforts to modify which occasionally produces much like ecclesiastical tyranny.

We have received for publication two letters on Formosan affairs addressed to the Editor of the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, the one from Rev. John Jamieson of Tamsui, the other from Mr. Thomas Paton, for many years a Colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Formosa and other parts of China. These letters—especially that of Mr. Paton—convey such information respecting the conduct of our Mission in Formosa that we have deemed it best to lay them both before the Executive of the Foreign Mission Committee for their consideration. In the meantime we hold them *in retentis*.

The following which we clip from the current issue of *Woman's Work for Women* will be read with interest by the many friends of Dr. McClure of our Mission in Honan:—

A wedding in Canton; and what our girls' school loses this month of February, the Canadian Presbyterian Mission gains. We can only present our congratulations to Miss Baird, and hope for her, as Mrs. McClure, equal opportunities for such happy and efficient service as she has rendered the past five years.

BY MAIL.

FROM A MEMBER OF THE W. F. M. S. I shall take every opportunity to get subscribers for the REVIEW, as I would like to see it in the hands of every member of our congregation. I know I should consider it a great loss were I deprived of it.

FROM A LADY SENDING IN A LIST OF NAMES OF NEW SUBSCRIBERS:—

"At Christmas I visited in homes where the REVIEW was regularly received, and I was roused by its perusal to the fact that our people who do not take it are without much missionary and other news that is most interesting, readily accessible in its pages. My object in writing to you was not to secure an agency, but was purely for my own good and that of any whom I might induce to subscribe.

Literary Notices.

THE HISTORY OF CANADA. By William Kingsford. Vols. I, II. Toronto: Rowell & Hutchison; London: Trubner & Co.

The politico-religious situation in the Province of Quebec makes Mr. Kingsford's able and dispassionate history most timely publication. French Canada has not merely had a distinct history, but the French-Canadian is a peculiar sense the product of a history. A survival of medieval feudal life and habits of thought in the midst of the most progressive nation in the world is a unique phenomenon. The reigns of Francis I. and Henry IV. and Louis XIV. have had far more enduring effects upon French Canada than upon France itself. Songs and forms of speech that were brought over when Francis I was King, are to day in common use, persistent memorials of Jacques Cartier and his quaint fisher folk. Marlborough still haunts the songs of the French Canadian nursery. Nothing worth mentioning has happened in France, or for that matter, in the world at large, since the ships of Louis the Great brought Colbert's jagged dispatches to Quebec. To day the struggle between the Jesuit and the Sulpician proceeds on the old battle ground where Laval and De Queylus pitched their camps, and led their forces; so that if those protagonists were to return, they could—as though two long centuries had not elapsed—resume command, and take up the combat where they left off.

When Mr. Kingsford opens his narrative the mainland of America was strongly exciting the interest and cupidity of Western Europe. Pious romanticism was grotesquely interwoven with avarice. Cartier and his mates had no more settled purpose before their minds than had the *Normans* of the Golden Age. The *Normans* expected rigour of the Quebec winter did not cool the fervent imagination of our Canadian Argonauts. Half starved, half frozen, scourged with scurvy, these mariners eagerly drank in Indian stories of that sunset land where gold and rubies were scattered broadcast; where dwelt white men habited in cloth, living without food, and—ambling on one leg!

When we pass from Cartier to Champlain we stride from the dreams of childhood to a period—alas, too short!—sagacious and wise statesmanship. Mr. Kingsford's panegyric on Champlain—the new founder of Canada—is not only eloquent but true. After Champlain's death the civil, as well as religious, control, drifted into the hands

of the Jesuits. The dragon's teeth was sown as to embarrass civil government in Quebec ever since. This difficult and important chapter of our early history Mr. Kingsford works out with much skill and patient research—evidently drawing for original materials upon Mr. Brymner's valuable Archives.

Like our great river, the stream of our history deepens and widens when we view it from the citadel of Quebec. The struggle there determined the language, the laws, the institutions of North America. As we weigh the momentous issues that are trembling in the balance, how interesting to all Canadians—may, all Americans—become Kirke's conquest of Canada in 1629; Phipps' attempt to repeat Kirke in 1690; and even the fiasco of 1711, when Walker and Jack Hill—by the grace of Queen Anne's waiting-maid, admiral and general of the Quebec expedition—brought disgrace upon England, and gave Quebec the church of Notre Dame des Victoires.

At the close of Mr. Kingsford's second volume, the irrepressible New England colonists are pushing their way to the shores of the Great Lakes. From their post at Albany they have diverted the fur trade from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson. Bent on restoring the current of trade to its old channel, the French build a block house at Lewiston on the Niagara. To this move Governor Burnet, of New York, replied in 1724, by despatching his men to Lake Ontario, and by then and there founding and fortifying Oswego. Scarcely does this apparition cast its shadow upon the waters, when we hear of Burnet's agent among the Indians of Lake Nipissing and the Sault. Our historians will, doubtless, in his next volume lead us through interesting details to the fact that the French, to keep Oswego in check, founded Fort Rouillé, whose site Torontonians have, by an obelisk commemorated as the cradle of their city.

THE ALTAR OF EARTH, by Mrs. T. S. Childs. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication and Sabbath School Work. 7 x 4 1/4 inches, pp. 207. N. T. Wilson, London.

The title-page motto, "Without shedding of blood is no remission, and the imprint of the Presbyterian Board are sufficient guarantees of the orthodoxy of this little book. It is written in the form of familiar letters from a Bible-class teacher to one of her pupils, who had imbibed disrespect for the Old Testament sacrifices, as of a ruder age and for a ruder people, from a popular but unsonant preacher. The style is interesting, and very full treatment is given of the various Old Test

William B. Robertson, D.D., Irvine, with some of his Letters and Poems. By Jas. Brown, with two Portraits. Glasgow: James Mackenzie & Son, Toronto: Williams & Co. pp. 472. Price, 75c.

Church News.

We are thankful for the... of Church News...

By the order of the... of the church...

The new church at... of the church...

Rev. J. S. Chamberlain, late pastor of...

A very successful concert was recently...

A society of Christian Endeavour has...

Rev. J. A. McQuinn, has been inducted...

Last Sabbath was the 30th anniversary...

At the late communion services, with...

At the Communion tea meeting, after a...

The three Mission societies in connection...

The many friends of Rev. Dr. Kellogg, the...

The church at Morden, Man., Rev. M. MacKenzie...

During the past summer the Presbyterians...

At an inaugural meeting held a few days...

The Welland congregation are taking steps...

RECENTLY about sixty of the young...

OUR Mission school on Stony Plain had...

At the annual meeting of the Manitou...

At a meeting of Young People's Association...

This annual congregational meeting of...

Mr. JOHN HUTTON, once a student of...

REV. DR. ROBERTSON superintendent of...

At the annual meeting of the church...

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The annual congregational meeting at...

The change of system of raising the ordinary...

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OBITUARY.

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