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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 21.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13th, 1892

No. 28.

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Notes of the Week.

THE 250th anniversary of the first meeting of Presbytery in Ireland was commemorated recently by a social meeting, held in First Carrickfergus Presbyterian Church. There was a large attendance. The Rev. John Stewart presided, and addresses were delivered by the Moderator of the General Assembly (Rev. R. M'Cheyne Edgar), Rev. Dr. Lynd, and Rev. W. Kerr.

AFRICA north of the equator is mostly Moham medan; in the division of the whole country, British Africa stands first with a population of over forty million; then French Africa and Arab Africa with the same population between them, the Congo-State follows with fifteen million, Turkey, Italy, Germany, and Portugal bring up the rear. Russia and Austria have no possessions in Africa.

THE Temperance Committee of the Free Church have issued a statement to the parliamentary electors suggesting that candidates be asked whether they will support the abolition of the opium traffic, giving temporary financial assistance to the Indian Government if necessary, and whether they will support the local veto, the hours of closing, the grocers' licenses, and the sale to children Bills, and oppose compensation.

OVER 1,300 persons attended the garden party given by the Archbishop of Dublin in honour of the Irish General Assembly. The party also included representatives of the other Protestant Churches in Dublin, as well as the parish priest of Bray. The Archbishop said he regarded it as an auspicious omen that they were met together as friends on that day, which commemorated the formation, at Carrickfergus, of the first Presbytery in Ireland, 250 years ago.

THE late Alexander Johnston, who was an artist of some note, and, at the time of his death, the oldest member of Regent Square congregation, London, left, among other paintings, a portrait of Dr Dykes, which was painted a good many years ago, and exhibited in the International Exhibition of 1872. A few friends of the artist and of Regent Square, the London *Presbyterian* states, have just purchased this picture from the artist's daughter and presented it to the congregation, which already has a fine oil painting of Dr Hamilton.

OUTRAGES upon missionaries are reported from the Fo Kien province in Eastern China and Se-Chuen, 1,500 miles up the Yang-tse-Kiang. In the city of Chin Ho, on April 27, Messrs. Johnson and Newcombe of the Church of England mission were insulted by a mob for three hours before being rescued, and in Kien Ning, on May 11, the mission hospital was destroyed and Dr. Rigg narrowly escaped death. At Chung-king the roofs of the missionaries' houses were taken off. Literature has been circulated of the infamous Hunan character, and the viceroy is suspected of complicity in the riots.

THE death of Hon. John Robson, Premier of British Columbia, unexpectedly and while away from home, has called forth a large degree of regretful sympathy. He was a man of genuine ability

and of upright character. He discharged the obligations of his high office in such a manner as to command the respect of the community whose welfare he endeavoured to promote. Mr. Robson was a consistent Christian and a sound Presbyterian. In response to the wishes of Lord Knutsford, the Marquis of Lothian and the Canadian resident in London, Archdeacon Farrer conducted a requiem service for the late Premier Robson, in St. Margaret's Church, prior to the departure of the remains for Canada.

THE Evangelical Union Church of Scotland, founded 16th May, 1843, has entered its year of jubilee. Sermons appropriate to the event are being preached from its pulpits. Only two of the founders, Revs. Principal Morison, D.D., and Professor Hunter, Leith, and two of its first students survive. Nearly 400 young men have passed through its Theological Seminary. It has three professorial chairs, nearly one hundred churches in Scotland, one in England, and two in Ireland. All the ministers and students are abstainers, and unfermented wine is used at the communion which is administered in many of the churches every Sabbath. Jubilee services of an exceptionally interesting character are to be held in the autumn, at which representatives from Scottish and English Churches are to take part. This denomination has all along occupied an advanced position in the temperance reform, and its influence upon the moral, religious and theological life of Scotland has been considerable.

THE first Scottish Christian Convention for the promotion of Practical Holiness, which is to be held annually, took place recently at Bridge-of-Allan, and was largely attended, as many as 160 ministers from different parts of the country being present at one or more of the services. The principal meetings were held in a tent seating over 2,000, and each day there were seven services extending from seven in the morning till nine at night. The Convener was Rev. W. D. Moffat, of Rose Street United Presbyterian Church, Edinburgh. Among the leading speakers were Rev. Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, Rev. Dr. Elder Cumming, Rev. Dr. J. H. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Bannerman, Rev. John Smith, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Rev. Charles Inwood, Rev. J. Gelson Gregson, Rev. Dr. T. H. White, Rev. Geo. Wilson, and Mr. Robt. Wilson. Mr. William Ferguson, of Kinmundy, was treasurer, and the expenses amounted to \$5,000. An estimate of the attendance of ministers at the Convention gives sixty to the Free Church, forty-five to the United Presbyterian, forty to the Established, and twenty-five to others.

A VERY large and enthusiastic meeting of the University Extension Association of Ottawa, says the *Journal* of that city, was held in the Normal School last week. Among those present were Revs. Farries, Knowles, Christie, Dr. Kingsford, Messrs. Scott, LeSueur, McGill, Cowley, Shutt, Jolliffe, Munro, Dr. Ami, Miss Shenick, Miss Harmon, Dr. Wicksteed, McLaughlin and Fleck. The chair was taken by Rev. Mr. Farries who called upon the secretary, Mr. McLaughlin, to present the report of the committee. The report, which recommended a course of lectures by Principal Grant on the higher criticism of the New Testament, was discussed at great length. Among those who strongly favoured the adoption of the report by vigorous speeches were Messrs. McGill, Waters, Shutt, Dr. Kingsford, Dr. Wicksteed and Mr. LeSueur, while Messrs. Knowles, Cowley, Farries, Ami and others took the ground that such a course of lectures is not properly within university extension work, and that questions of religion and dogma which would naturally arise might create strong divisions on the basis of feeling, conviction and prejudice which would probably injure rather than aid the university extension movement. On the vote being taken the report of the committee was adopted by a considerable majority, and on motion of Messrs. Knowles and Cowley the resolution inviting Principal Grant to give his course of lectures on higher criticism was made unanimous. Another resolution was adopted, appointing the pro-

vincial committee to be the committee of the Association, with power to appoint their own chairman and secretary. The courses as agreed for the coming session are as follows. The Higher Criticism of the New Testament, by Principal Grant; English Literature, by Professor Cappon, Political Science, by Professor Shutt. Principal Grant's course will be delivered in October and November, and the other two courses will be treated concurrently, commencing in December and ending about the first of April.

THE *Christian Leader* says: The Church of England Funeral Reform Association held its annual meeting on the 20th inst. Its deliberations were presided over by the Bishop of Wakefield, and the energetic Archdeacon of London, Dr. Sinclair, preached the annual sermon. The Moderators of all the Scottish Churches, the Presidents of the Wesleyan Conference and Congregational Union have written expressing their sympathy with the objects of the Association. These may be briefly stated to be to give new reverence and fitness to the Christian mode of burial—"earth to earth"—to discourage expense in connection with the last rites of the dead, to make interments at once simple, sanitary, and reverent. In an excellent sermon on funeral reform by Rev. F. Laurence, the leading points in favour of reform are clearly indicated—the dead body is usually kept too long, specially among the poor; the bodies of the rich are put in strong and durable coffins of lead or wood, so keeping the poor clay from the kindly and purifying chemistry of its kindred earth; on the contrary, the bodies of the poor are huddled together into common graves in city cemeteries, and hastily covered with a scraping of earth. The hearse with nodding plumes, the elaborate monument with urns and other inappropriate ornaments, often take away money which is needed quite sorely by those who survive. If the society can reform even a few of these old bad customs it has our heartiest sympathy.

THE annual meeting of the Canadian Lord's Day Alliance was held recently in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Ottawa. There was a good attendance. Rev. Mr. J. Wood presided and Mr. J. C. Campbell acted as secretary. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Hon. G. W. Allan; vice-presidents—Ontario, John Charlton, M.P.; Quebec, Rev. Dr. Williams; New Brunswick, the president of the Society for the Promotion of the Observance of the Lord's Day; Nova Scotia, president of the Halifax Lord's Day Observance Society; Prince Edward Island, Hon. D. Laird; Manitoba, Rev. Dr. Robertson; North-West Territories, Right Rev. Bishop Pinkham; British Columbia, Hon. W. G. McDonell, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, secretary, Rev. W. Timberlake, assistant secretary, Geo. Hay, treasurer; Revs. Dr. Campbell, Pollard, John Wood, J. McRitchie, T. W. Winfield, Ryckman, W. Carey, John Scanlan, T. Garrett, Dr. Thorburn, and Mr. J. A. Cameron, William Porter, F. P. Bronson, P. M. Robins and N. McKinnon, executive. Mr. Charlton, M. P., spoke at length on the measure before Parliament, the Lord's Day Bill, and reported upon its progress. He was attentively listened to, and a fitting resolution was adopted at the conclusion of his speech: That an effort be made through the local committee of the several Churches to arrange to have deputations of electors in every constituency wait upon the members of Parliament and press them to support the legislation for the protection of the Sabbath. Revs. Dr. Moore, Mr. Scanlan, Mr. Carey, Mr. Wood and Mr. Winfield were appointed a committee to correspond with the standing committees of the different denominations, urging them to interview the members for their respective constituencies to pledge themselves to vote in favour of Mr. Charlton's Bill. A committee was appointed, consisting of Rev. Mr. Wood, Rev. Mr. Timberlake and Mr. George Hay to arrange for a public meeting in the fall in Ottawa, and the executive were instructed to arrange for public meetings through the country to further the interests of the Bill.

Our Contributors.

CONCERNING HARMONY IN CONGREGATIONS.

BY KNOXIAN.

Addressing a congregational meeting in St. Andrews Church the other evening, Mr. Macdonnell uttered a seed thought. By a seed thought we mean a thought that takes root in your mind, fructifies there and brings forth other thoughts that may be useful as material for an article or speech.

Seed thoughts are good things and are as scarce as they are good. How many speakers of your acquaintance are in the habit of uttering seed thoughts, that is, thoughts that suggest other thoughts? You might listen to many a pompous talker until you arrived at the mature age of Methuselah, if you could hold out that long under the infliction, and never hear a thought that would stick and produce other thoughts. Hundreds of books and untold thousands of sermons have not a seed thought in them from beginning to end. Dr. Joseph Parker is one of the best producers of seed thoughts on the other side of the Atlantic, if not the very best. Dr. Phelps, of Andover, was one of the best on this side. As a producer of condensed thoughts on which you can write an article or out of which you can beat a useful speech, we think the books written by Phelps can hold their own against any left by Emerson, Beecher or any American of modern times.

But we must get back to our text. Mr. Macdonnell's seed thought was not theological, for he was not dealing with a theological question. It was not metaphysical, the matter under consideration was far enough removed from metaphysics of the German or any other variety. The question to be settled was the removal of a church from one site to another, and Mr. Macdonnell remarked that

"HARMONY IN THE CONGREGATION"

was of far more importance than the question of what corner the church should stand upon." Now that may not at first blush seem much of a seed thought, but just stop and think for a moment of how little use anything else in a congregation is without harmony; think of the number of congregations that have been wrecked for years for the want of harmony; think of how the cause of Christ has often been disgraced by church quarrels; think of the number of congregations you know that are feeble and feckless just because they have no harmony; think of the number of men you have known who might have been a blessing to the Church, but who degenerated into mere ecclesiastical pugilists; think of these things and you soon begin to realize that harmony is not only much more important than any question of corner lots can possibly be, but is also of much more importance than almost anything else. Easy enough to think that, says some one. Yes, it is easy enough when you have a seed thought to start you.

Harmony is of far more importance than
NUMBERS.

The more people there are in a congregation the worse if they are all engaged in the highly Christian duty of fighting each other. A small congregation thoroughly united has a thousand times more influence for good than a large one in a chronic state of quarrel. In this age of statistics we attach a superstitious importance to mere numbers. Small men try to make themselves appear big by identifying themselves with crowds. A compact, united, harmonious congregation of two hundred members is a much more influential body for good than a snarling, embittered one of five or six hundred members. What difference does it make how many members are in a congregation if they spend all their strength in fighting each other.

Harmony is of more importance than
ELOQUENT PREACHING.

All our congregations want eloquent preachers when they are vacant. It is highly amusing to listen to one of the "leaders" who are running a vacancy go over a list of the very eloquent, learned and otherwise distinguished men whom they have patronized with a hearing and may possibly call. Some of the men you know and perhaps have known all your life, but of course you don't say anything on that point. Good enough men they may be, but very unlike the picture drawn of them. One of the funniest things in Presbyterianism is to sit and quietly listen to some "leader" in a vacancy tell about the great "work" that his favourite candidate has done some place when you know nine-tenths of the story is pure fiction. We have said listening to a story of that kind is funny, but it has a very serious side. Who loaded up that man so? Was it the candidate himself or did he get other ministers to do it for him?

But supposing every newly-called minister to be as eloquent and learned as his friends allege—and the supposition is a huge one—even then harmony is of more importance than his eloquence and learning. Paul failed to make much of a divided Church, and even the youngest of us cannot surpass Paul in some of the qualities that go to make a successful preacher.

Harmony is of more importance than
MONEY.

There is a vast amount of snivelling cant talked about money. Certain kinds of softish pietists affect to despise money in connection with religious work. Mean men who do not want to pay any money often hint that money is a

carnal kind of thing, and should not be associated with religion. Money is one of the powers by which God spreads the Gospel and conquers the world, but, useful as it is, harmony is of more importance in a congregation than wealth. If the people are quarrelling they seldom pay much money no matter how rich they may be, but if they are thoroughly united and in good spirit a little from each makes a good sum.

Harmony is of more importance than *culture*. People generally forget all about their culture when they take each other by the throat.

Harmony is a far better thing than *dead orthodoxy*, a fact that dead orthodoxy never knew.

Harmony is of far more importance than *modes of worship* a fact many a time forgotten in our own Church, and for the forgetting of which some of our congregations paid high fees.

Harmony is of more importance than *organic union*. Some people want union so badly that they would fight for it. Time is up.

SERMON REVERIES.

NO. XI.

These pastors and their trips abroad form an ever fruitful object lesson about the time their sermons ought to be being delivered. One cannot blame the recurrence of so interesting a remembrance to a mind properly charged with the requisite receptive quality, and yet I question if it is sermon or lecture. We Presbyterians place great store by the sermon, and rightly so. Other denominations do not do so, and frankly say so. The service and its ornate features pleases them; but woe to the minister who, in a pulpit or kirk, fails to lay due stress by the sermon.

Thus it was that on a recent Sabbath I was set awandering, not very sentimentally, 'tis true, through Europe. "This kind of thing needs a deal of training," says some bright mind; I will not say where, for fear of raising objections; and I was not sufficiently trained, I fear, to follow the gyrations of our orator over "our old home." A lecture on travel offers to the lazy mind a most tempting bait. It requires so little preparation, you see, that almost anyone can do it, and I fear that on this occasion the preacher had been hard pressed for time in his weekly preparation, so had fallen back on his experience as a traveller.

It is said "that anticipation is better than realization" by some who profess to know of what they speak, and we would fain believe them in their assertion, because of the difficulties attendant upon fulfilling all of our desires in regard to many, many things. Notably a trip to Europe. There is much expense and trouble attendant this feat which deters many of us from attempting it, and yet who will say that this anticipation, which most of us will carry to our graves, is better than the realization? Did these bold people speak of South America, Africa, or any of these speculative regions, then indeed could we imagine a flavour of reasonableness about their assertion? But Europe! never. Probably every square mile of European land, and, indeed, water also, contains enough history, both sad and gay, to stock and surfeit us for all time. And still it goes on; that inexorable law which creates history by the slow or quick method, just as fancy sets it, still holds force in that wonderful patch of territory.

From the snow-clad cape of the wild and tempestuous North to the sunny isle of Crete on the South; and from the famous Cape St. Vincent on the West to the Urals on the East, there stretches a land which literally flows with the milk and honey of political and historical livelihood. Probably it would not be extravagant to assert, that here indeed has the world's history been made and framed.

It would require no great stretch of imagination, having closed one's eyes and given oneself over to contemplation, to imagine oneself doing the grand continental tour in detail and with vigour. Imagine, if you can, starting in Spain with Gibraltar, and its memories of its gallant defence, crossing over the narrow connecting isthmus and finding oneself in the once proud home of a still prouder Moor. Not far from us lies lofty Granada, which is none the less famed to us because of Irving's beautiful history of its conquest. O Spain's many historical battle-fields need we mention; what flushings of the face would take place on viewing Valladolid, Victoria, Salamanca, not to speak of many memories engendered by the land of Pizarro, Cortez, and other conquerors and new world discoverers.

Over the classic and snowy pyramids we view fair France, with a history almost as brilliant as our own. True, its names present several unpronounceable features to those of us who, not being French scholars, find them awkward. A travel through the provinces of France would, we are told, both by Sterae, away back, and Pennell in these latter days, prove to be a revelation to those who imagine that Paris is France. Then over to Germany, home of the Saxon family. What a history this highway of Europe presents to the imagination! Here is the ground upon which great issues have been decided, and battle-fields, if you want them, can be shown from every hotel window. The chances are that if your informant be German or Austrian, for they have much in common, that he will disdain any of the notorious defeats, such as Jena, Austerlitz, and the like, and point you to those having a more national success. The royal palace at Potsdam would surely interest those who, having followed Carlyle's rather too enthusiastic history of Frederick the Great, would like to see the

home of the remarkable soldier. A visit to the country of his many victories, now a province of the Empire, Silesia, would be very, very interesting. Into Poland no one would like to go, I am sure, nor into Russia, such suffering and misery are not the best things to witness on a pleasant and pleasure trip. Of our northern friends, Norway and Sweden, too much could not be seen, and the past and present popularity of Ibsen, the great dramatist and delineator of the north, would be an additional incentive to view the hords and deep bays of the land of the mighty Gustavus and of Charles the Great. Of the Lowlands, Alva, Silent William, John Barneveldt, large hats, white and green homes, bulbs and pretty effects, who does not dream with pleasure? Whoever has viewed Poggenbech's exquisite landscape studies of Holland and Denmark, must long to view the originals; not to mention Belgium, Brussels, Marlborough, Eugene, Malplaquet, Kamilles, Waterloo, etc., and all that these brilliant names recall. To mention mountains means hardness, and that also means Swiss. This people have been fighting the battles of everyone for hundreds of years. True they were paid for it, but they never ran away providing their pay was not too much in arrears. The whole history of the fifteenth and sixteenth century events only shows that if the Swiss had not been fighting men, the rest of the combatants would have shaken hands and gone home.

Of course Italy and Greece combined are the piece of resistance of your trip. Greece, not for what you see, unfortunately, but rather for that rare "gout" there must be in the air even yet. Italy, for the wonderful diversity which she affords in her history and its many records. From fabulous Remus and Romulus onward, no land has tried so much and kept as little.

Old England and her sisters are par excellence the most finished land on earth. As a young Canuck puts it after a trip there: "Nothing remains to be fixed, it's all ready for a view." There are no battle-fields but fratricidal ones, and you will avoid these as unworthy of anything but regret. There are not on British soil any battle-fields which call for pride, showing that instead of waiting for the foe, the sturdy Britishers have always sought him out. There are no remainders to be cleared off. The whole land is one vast picture, finished, varnished, framed and hung up, all ready for admiration or objection. Admiration for its beauty, its homes, its industries, its buildings and its wonderful historical associations. Objection to its squalor, its poverty, its pride and its class versus mass effects. But these opposites surely only complete the picture. Mankind would not be complete without poverty and dirt. A fair and equal start all round tomorrow would have the proper proportion of poor and dirty, versus comfortable and clean, ten, and even less, years hence. And so it is a finished country. I tell you, you young Americans, who vainly imagine that this continent is the thing in every race, you are making a wonderful mistake. In many, many things the old land leads us, and, to all appearances, always will; and not the least of these leads is in men.

So this remarkable sermon let me think out all these things and more; for mightily does the mind work when a chance is given. No word of God, did you say? Yes, many an opportunity was seized and improved upon, all tending to show forth His wonderful hand in this interesting corner of the earth. For if ever there was God's hand at work in any place with success, surely that place was in Europe. The whole place doth tell of His mighty work.

CURLY TOPP.

CHIPS FROM CHAUTAUQUA.

SOLOMON'S SONG.

BY W. D. RUSSELL, WINNIPEG.

The first Sunday of the Chautauqua Assembly for 1892 opened sombre, wet and cold. Rain had fallen heavily during the previous night, and the roof of the huge amphitheatre, patched and prematurely old, leaked freely in many places. In the sunlight, and especially when five or six thousand earnest and expectant faces throw their radiance toward the platform, the vast building presents a pleasing appearance. But this morning, under the leaden skies that seemed to touch the earth at places, and with the pitiless rain pelting the massive roof and gathering in pools on floor, benches and platform, the pride of former Chautauquans looked dingy and forbidding in the extreme.

Professor McClenahan, who is to open the day's services with a Bible study at nine o'clock, no doubt expects to meet a small and restless audience. If so, he is agreeably disappointed. Promptly at the hour a fair proportion of Chautauquans are in their seats, and, except to elude a drip from the roof or a pool on the floor, gave the speaker the closest and most interested attention.

Let me present your readers with a brief outline of this study.

The "Song of Solomon," the speaker asserted, was not written by the libertine King, but by some person who lived then or four generations after this time. Nor did the speaker believe the book had any reference to Christ and His Church, as the headings of our English Bible would lead us to believe. He described the work as a grand moral cantata, intended to show the people that love only is the basis of true marriage, and that marriage is allowable between one man and one woman only. The central figure of the poem is a bright-eyed, comely girl of the north, whose out-door life had given her beauty of colour and charm of form. On a

northern tour, one of the king's cavalcade spies the rustic beauty, and, thinking to propitiate his royal master, leads her to the king. The monarch is instantly impressed by her charming face and form, and true to his libertine instincts, and in harmony with the custom of the time, presses her to join his harem. To this she promptly and sturdily objects, and gives as her reason that on the moor is her shepherd love, to whom all her love had been pledged, and to him she would be true. Four times, as recorded in the poem, Solomon renewed his suit, but to no purpose. Her love and fidelity stand as massive walls between the apparently defenceless maiden and the all powerful King. To her this lover is "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood," and for him she is "sick of love" (chap. ii. 35). In chap. v. 28 the intensity of her love is vividly portrayed. In the night she has a dream, which she relates to the women of Solomon's court. In her dream she thought her lover came to visit her one evening after she had retired. His locks were wet with the dew of night, and he called upon her to open the door and let him in. In a playful mood she dallied and made excuses (verse 3), which was more than her impatient swain in the circumstances could endure. On coming to the door she is horrified to find he had gone, and in a frenzy of fear and love she hurries out into the night calling his name. Her cries attract the watchmen, who deal roughly with her, and still she calls her lost lover. In verse nine the women to whom she tells the disturbing dream jest with her over such a silly infatuation, but she still declares the Shulamite lad is her only love, and to him she will prove true (ver. 10-16). Solomon, finding her love "strong as death," and such that "many waters cannot quench" (chap. viii. 6, 7), sends her back to her home and lover with hearty commendation of her chastity and devotion. This line of interpretation, it is claimed, presents practical question for the consideration of the people for whom it was originally written, and frees the book from many difficulties that arise when it is held to refer to Christ and His future kingdom. Certainly the interpretation as given in detail by Professor McClenahan was deeply interesting, and he aroused in his hearers a deeper interest in this marvellously beautiful song.

Chautauqua Assembly, July 1, 1892.

DR. DOUGLAS ON SIR JOHN THOMPSON.

Much discussion has arisen about the speech made by the celebrated and aged Dr. Douglas, of Montreal, against Sir John Thompson in a late Methodist Conference, in which Dr. Douglas shows how inconsistent the life of said Sir John Thompson has been as a Christian.

The *World* newspaper and Mr. Emerson Coatsworth, jr., M.P. for East Toronto, have in consequence of the speech severely commented on Dr. Douglas. The *World* has become a toady politician to the Ottawa Government since the election of the editor to Parliament, and as for Mr. Coatsworth, I fear he has always been so, but he has certainly been so since his election to Parliament.

Both these gentlemen were put where they are by the votes of Orangemen, and without such votes they could not have been elected. If the Orangemen had known that Mr. Maclean was going to toady to Sir John Thompson as he did lately in a leading article in the *World*, he never would have been elected. Orangemen are too facile in their support of slippery politicians, such as Mr. Coatsworth, but as a body I don't think they would support any Protestant renegade such as Sir John is.

I would ask these two gentlemen, do they think the Protestants of this Dominion are willing to be ruled by the Roman Catholic hierarchy or by any Protestant who, after mature years, has turned tail on the faith of his father (a Methodist minister) and on the profession he himself made in the Methodist Church, in which it is said he was a local preacher and a Sunday school teacher? Do they think that the Ottawa House of Commons would accept of Sir John Thompson as Premier? If so, and if the great Orange body of Ontario would allow such a thing, they would be certainly a poor set of noodles.

The one—Mr. Coatsworth—is a class leader in his Church. The other—Mr. Maclean—professes to be a Presbyterian.

Do they not know the history of Jesuitism and the Roman Catholic Church in past ages, and do they think that this wicked sect of Jesuits or the old Roman Catholic Church has changed?

Can we forget the persecutions of Huss—the Waldenses of Luther and Knox—or the burning of English bishops?

We know this Roman Church is intolerant and ever intriguing for court power, ever conspiring to weaken and injure Protestants, that they look upon the English nation as their greatest enemy. Dr. Douglas call Sir John Thompson a lay Jesuit—that he is kept where he is by their secret influences, and is their secret tool. We know he was the great advocate of the infamous Jesuit Estates Bill of Mercier, and supported it with all his known skill and oratory. He would do so again and would do anything to further the interests of Jesuitism and Roman Catholicism.

Yet this is the renegade Methodist that Mr. Coatsworth supports. He thinks that the great Protestant interests—the school question and the North-West Territories—are safe in the hands of such a man!

He will certainly never get my vote or the votes of honest Orangemen again in East Toronto.

There is quite a difference between the position of a man

who has been brought up a Roman Catholic, honestly so instructed by parents and one whose father is a Methodist minister, whose prayers have blessed the child, at whose altar he has knelt, and with whose blessing he has been blessed, as was the case with Sir John Thompson. Are his parents wrong? Was all the blessing of a father wrong? Is the Protestant faith wrong? Well, I say let him be as he is if he cannot see his faults, but don't denounce the words of the noble Dr. Douglas, who speaks as an oracle of Methodism. We do not eschew charity, but why have charity for one who openly forsakes his father's altar?

CHARLES DURAND.

Truro, June 21, 1892.

THE CHURCH AND MANSE BUILDING FUND.

The Church and Manse Building Fund has been in existence for ten years, and during that time has helped to erect 180 churches and thirty manses, worth over \$300,000. The capital was only \$55,000; and the Fund is now for the whole country between Lake Superior and the Pacific—a stretch of 2,000 miles.

The need of such a fund is evident. The American Presbyterian Church gives yearly in grants to erect churches between \$125,000 and \$150,000. British Churches help weak congregations to build. Ontario and the Maritime Provinces suffered seriously through lack of such a fund in the early days, and the Hunter Fund has greatly helped Nova Scotia of late years. From 1872 to 1882 only fifteen churches were built in Western Canada, and from 1882 to 1892, 180 churches and thirty manses. Mark the contrast. Last year forty two churches and manses were erected, valued at \$60,000.

The benefits conferred by the Fund are many.

It encourages, stimulates and helps good people who are beginning life in a new country—often with little means.

It shows the unbeliever the care of the Church for her children.

It gives visibility to the cause of religion.

It takes possession of a village, country or district; and people know that when the Presbyterian Church builds she is there to stay.

It secures a home for the congregation and provides accommodation for public services and Sunday school work.

It helps the growth of the congregation and hastens the day of self support. Eleven years ago we had two congregations in the West; now seventy-three. Twelve congregations and missions became self sustaining last year.

The manses provide a home for faithful men and their families who are doing important service.

The Fund is managed by a Board appointed by the General Assembly, and reports annually. The Chief Justice of Manitoba is chairman of the Board, and all the members give their services gratuitously. The Assembly of 1892, like the previous nine, recorded its high appreciation of the work done by the Fund, and commended it to the liberality of the Church.

The Fund, unlike other Schemes, such as Colleges, Home and Foreign Missions, French Evangelization, etc, gets no collection from congregations, is seldom remembered in the wills of the wealthy, and depends almost exclusively on special donations.

Authorized by the Assembly, the Board is trying to secure \$45,000 additional capital so as to meet pressing demands. Who will assist? There is no surer way of helping Home Missions.

Contributions may be sent to the Rev. Dr. Reid, Toronto, Ont., Colvin H. Campbell, Winnipeg, Man., or Rev. Dr. Robertson, Winnipeg, Man.

Winnipeg, Man., June 22, 1892.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AND THE PROHIBITION COMMISSION.

MR. EDITOR,—Please allow me to call the attention of your readers to the action of the General Assembly with reference to the royal commission of enquiry into the liquor traffic. Two resolutions were adopted. The first declared the acceptance of the commission as a step in the right direction, though very far short of the prayer of the petitions of 1891, and instructed the Committee on Temperance to urge upon the Government the vigorous prosecution of the work of the commission without unnecessary delay. The second appointed the Moderator, the Clerks, Dr. Campbell (Renfrew) and the Convener of the Committee on Temperance, to immediately prepare and issue to all congregations a circular containing the requirements of the case, and asking that a contribution be sent to Dr. Reid, if possible, before the 15th of July, in order that some qualified person may be secured to fairly present the interests of prohibition before the commission on behalf of the Assembly.

A circular has been sent to all congregations in accordance with these instructions. It will also be printed in the *Record* for July, so that if, in any way, any congregation should not receive the circular in separate form the matter may not be overlooked.

Now that the commission has been appointed, and has been at work for some time, there is nothing to be gained, but much to be lost, by waiting to discuss the merits of the commission, or the reasons which led to its appointment. It is now a fact. Those interested in the liquor traffic do not like it and did not ask for it, but they are shrewd enough to go to great expense to employ an expert to work up all the evidence

he can and to appear before the commission on their behalf. The time is critical in the history of the Prohibition movement. The case—the very strong case—of the thorough-going advocates of Temperance and Prohibition cannot now be neglected without serious disadvantage in the future. The duty of the present is, emphatically, to make the most of the commission, and render our case in favour of Prohibition irresistibly strong. Our Church has long taken an advanced position on this question, and it is only proving herself true to her record that she should now make her voice to be heard and her influence to be felt in this important crisis. This can only be done by our congregations heartily responding to the appeal the Assembly has unanimously and heartily made for a small contribution, to be made promptly. Let the response be such as will be creditable to our great Church. The results of the commission cannot but be far-reaching. Let us do our share to turn those results in the right direction. Such an opportunity will not be within our reach again for many years. Let not the children of this world be wiser in this matter than the children of light.

D. STILES FRASER,

Convener Com. on Temperance.

Upper Stewiacke, N.S., June 29, 1892.

A LETTER FROM MR. CHINIQUY.

MR. EDITOR,—I am just returning from an evangelical mission to our Roman Catholic French-Canadians emigrated to the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, in the Minnesota State, Superior City, in Wisconsin, and the blessings which "the good Master" has given to the sowing of His life-giving words are such that I feel bound to ask your Christian readers to help me to thank Him for these new manifestations of His mercies.

Not only was it my unspeakable joy every evening to see a great number of them among the crowd which wanted to know what we had to say about the errors of Rome, but very often my room was filled from morning to night by multitudes of sincere and intelligent enquirers about the truths which Christ has brought from heaven to save the world. You would hardly believe me were I telling you the number of those who have forever broken the ignominious yoke of the Pope these last six weeks.

But if it is a cause of joy to see those conversions, there is a serious cause of distress for a French-Canadian when travelling through the north-west as well as the south-east States of the United States, to see the incredible and every day increasing number of sturdy sons of Canada who are leaving the land of their birth to give their hands and their hearts to the great Republic.

You have no idea in Canada of the losses you are making every day by emigration. To understand that, you must travel, as I do, through the New England States, and go through the Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois, Kansas, Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, etc., States. Yes! when your politicians of all colours and names are, with very few exceptions, at work to rob our dear Canada either to enrich themselves or to foster the Jesuits, the bishops, the priests, the monks and the nuns of Canada, the population is flying away by every road as if there was a deadly plague raging on both sides of the great St. Lawrence River.

Those who wish to see Canada becoming a part of the United States do not need to trouble themselves. That fusion of the two countries into one is coming faster than you suspect, of itself.

Yes—without any shedding of blood—without any political struggles, this public depravity, the want of patriotism and intelligence of the rulers of French Canada, the capacity of the Roman Catholic clergy will soon make it a solitude; before long you will have to cross the frontier if you want to see the children of those who shed their blood at Chateaugay, in order to save their country from impending wreck.

On my return from that interesting mission, I am sorry to learn that Dr. Fulton has left Montreal. The good work done by that fearless soldier of Christ in Canada is much greater than it appears to those who have not had the privilege of working with him as I have done. The Rev. Dr. Fulton is "Number One," among the few Protestant ministers in the United States who understand the duties of the Church of Christ against the Church of the Pope. Though he is neither a Luther, nor a Calvin, nor a Washington, many times he has the energies of a Luther, the profound logic of a Calvin and the courage of a Washington when fighting Rome.

Would to God that there were many Fultons in Canada and the United States to sound the alarm and open the eyes of the sleeping population on the dangers for the disciples of the Gospel from Romanism.

I cannot sufficiently thank God for the good work done by Dr. Fulton in Canada—though that good would have been greater had he been better supported by the many who were enrolled under the banners of Christ. I know a good number of precious souls wrenched from the iron yoke of Popery through the zeal and eloquence of Dr. Fulton, both in Canada and the United States.

May the God of the Gospel grant that the eloquent voice of that true son of the Reformation be heard in all the great towns of the United States for many years. Truly yours,

C. CHINIQUY.

St. Anne, Kankakee, Illinois

Pastor and People.

A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright,
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not what for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety to my feet.

But pray that when the tempter's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unbottomed sea of doubt.

I do not ask for love below,
That friends shall never be estranged;
But for the power of loving, so
My heart may keep His love unchanged.

For this I count, of all sweet things,
The sweetest out of heaven above;
And loving others surely brings
The fullest recompense of love!

ON PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., PH.D., GALL, ONT.

NO XXIV THE MINISTER AS A BUILDER OF CHARACTER.

If one has been used to lead a soul to Christ, that is much, but there is more. Christian character is to build up. The believer is to be edified. As a child at its birth has no distinctive character among men, so a newly-born soul in the kingdom of God has as yet no distinctively Christian character. That needs to be formed. The germ of all is there, but the germ must grow; the foundation is there, but it must be built upon, the rudiments are there, but they must be developed. A very common mistake made just here is to suppose that conversion is the end of all, while it is only the beginning. A man believes, that is well. But he is commanded to add to his faith those graces that grow out of it, if it is a living faith. In other words, he is to take thought and care to build up a distinctly Christian character—one that shall mark him off from the common run of men and distinguish him as a man of God.

How shall that be done? By bringing the central force of the nature into play, that is, the will, in choosing and doing what Christ specifically enjoins. A man is a Christian just in so far as he obeys Christ. If he listens to Christ as his Master and delights to do His will, then there begins to form a character that may be designated as Christian. So will he follow Christ, and grow up into Him in all things, who is the Head. The choosing of a thing because Christ commands it, and the willing to do it for His sake, recognizes His lordship over the man and is a true Christian act. Among professing Christians there can be no doubt that very, very much is done simply because it jumps with our own notions, it chimes in with our ideas of what should be done, it suits us, rather than because it is the will of Christ. Were we to examine carefully our conduct we would be surprised and astonished out of measure because so much of our willing and acting has no reference whatever to the will of Christ. Now, it is the will of Christ acting on our will and ruling it that moulds and fashions our Christian character. We are the rude block of marble and He is the sculptor that, with the soul of genius and the skill of an artist, brings out with mallet and chisel the beautiful and almost living statue. In Grecian story we read that Pygmalion fell in love with his ivory statue after he had fashioned it—but Christ fashions us into His own image out of the rudest and most unsightly conditions because He loves us. And knowing that He loves us, what an inducement this is to yield our will to Him; that is, to love Him.

All the old churches and cathedrals were built upon foundations that were cruciform, intimating that whatever beauty there was above in the magnificently noble structure, with its upspringing gothic arches, its richly fretted and groined roof, its storied windows, its grand towers, its sculptured facade, all was founded upon and came out of the cross. And so it is to be in the Christian character; the cross is to give it symmetry, strength, proportion and beauty; the cross is to make it great and glorious and enduring. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." This foundation ought to be distinctly apprehended. It ought to lie in the mind of the minister to-day as clearly defined, and as thoroughly understood, as it did in the mind of the great apostle. He should know what he is building on. If he does not get down to the live rock of true repentance, that turns away from sin with abhorrence, and heartily embraces Christ in his sacrificial character, he may be laying his building on the rotting rubbish of good resolutions that have been carted in there to fill up the empty space. Christ Jesus as the atonement for sin is the only safe foundation. "But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereupon." Christ has been truly and properly laid, and the building is to rise squarely upon Him.

The great work of the minister after the conversion of a man is to fashion him after Christ. That is a difficult task and requires much thought and more prayer and entire de-

pendence upon God. Who is sufficient for it? Who can carry it on apart from God? No one. In this, without Him we can do nothing. Yet this is part of ministerial duty, as Paul suggests as he writes to the Galatians: "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you," *i. e.*, till ye take on the character of Christ, and are seen to be clearly His. The message that Robert M. McCheyne sent to a beloved brother is one to which all ministers need to give special heed. "Do not forget to carry on the work in hearts brought to the Saviour. I feel that this was one of my faults in the ministry. Nourish babes; comfort down-cast believers; counsel those perplexed; perfect that which is lacking in their faith. Prepare them for sore trials. I fear most Christians are quite unready for days of darkness."

What a mass of precious instructions Paul gives in his Epistles to Timothy and to Titus, in reference to this very thing of which the sum is: "Preach the Word, be instant in season, out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine." That includes much work that demands faith, and that calls for cross-bearing. It is easy to give kindly exhortations that do not turn a hair or ruffle a feather, but to rebuke them that sin, before all, that others also may fear (1 Tim. v. 20), to rebuke them sharply that they may be sound in the faith (Titus i. 13), to rebuke with all authority (Titus ii. 15), requires courage based on faith in God. Yet that has often to be done. Mischievous errors creep in that lead men into evil ways and habits, and to correct them, to eradicate them, requires no dallying, but decided and energetic action. The minister, like Phinehas (Num. xxv.), must put away the evil that has come in at whatever cost. He must be a brave man who declares the whole counsel of God, who checks and keeps down evil manifestations of the carnal nature and evokes and gives encouragement to the good that springs from the effectual working of grace in the heart. In the upbuilding of a godly character, like the upbuilding of a temple, all parts are not built at once. Now work is being done at a window to let in the light, again, at a pillar to give support, again, at a wall to give protection; again, at a door to afford entrance into the presence of God, and again, at the altar where God reveals Himself to the soul. But at some one point, at least, work is being done, either through the proclamation of duty or the exposition of privilege. The grand old Puritan preachers are models of this kind of minister. They dealt much with doctrine, and also much with practical experience. They were well balanced men. They might have hobbies, but their printed works do not perpetuate them. These press hard on the vital truths that the Christian needs for growth and development into the likeness of Christ. They preached courses of sermons, and what a sweep these take through the deep things of God! They gave the people solid divinity. And what men they reared! No doubt the times were favourable to the building up, through the ministry of the Word, of such characters. They were quiet times, open to, and provocative of, deep thought. And they had also their trials that put their learning to the proof. They heard men of extensive and intensive knowledge of the Scriptures, and they profited largely by them. They heard patiently, they thought deeply and they lived nobly. They knew the Gospel of grace, their position in grace, and their indebtedness to grace, and so were men full of self abasement. They walked humbly with God. Our trouble to-day lies here men are not humble enough, and the preaching of our time contributes much toward this. We have not enough of the cross of Christ in it. Not enough of doctrine! Ah, we seem to have in many quarters the marks of the last times (see 2 Tim. iii. 1-5). Now let us place clearly before us Paul's words, first, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, whereby the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world." "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Second, "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good work." Take these steps. The cross, then doctrine—reproof, correction, and righteousness the fruit. Well-considered, this gives the lines along which the teaching that develops character is to run. Christian character to be built up by Christian truth—appropriated and acted on in every event of the life.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GUIDE.

To follow Christ—that's the sum and substance of a Christian life.

Christ is the guide, true Christians are the guide-boards, the Bible is the guide-book—you can have the benefit of them all.

Our guide goes before us, anticipates our wants, helps us with our burdens, opens and explains the meaning of the guide-book.

What sort of a guide-board are you? Does anybody know from your life that you are following the Guide?

The nearer we are to our Guide, the more fully will His character be repeated in us.

Christ is not one of many guides. He is *the* Guide.

Our Guide is going to heaven. If you want to go there also, follow Him.

If any one asks why you go the way you do, point to your Guide, and say it is because He goes that way. There can be nothing better said of you than that you go the way your Master goes.

If you have been a wanderer—a stranger in a strange land—come to the One who can and is willing to guide you.

He is calling you now. Will you not hear His voice?

Don't imagine you can find your way as well alone. You need a guide. If you could have gotten along just as well alone, there would have been no Calvary.

It cannot be a very desirable place to which a man is going if he don't care what direction he takes. And if there is a guide who thoroughly knows the way, he is a simpleton who refuses his services.

Don't make the mistake of supposing that you can follow Him on Sunday and wander at your own sweet will the rest of the week.—*Rev. Willis S. Hinman.*

THE DIVINE CALL.

The Divine call to the ministry of the Word is a truth clearly attested in revelation. It is made intense by an inward conscientiousness of the individual and by a celestial voice confirming His commission to preach the Gospel to every creature. It is generally supported by a corresponding decision of the Church through whom he is authorized to go forth on this errand of mercy. It is verified by the godly temper and heavenly fruits of his life, which convince all that he is divinely ordained to this great work. Henceforth the obligation becomes imperative; no solicitations of the flesh may break its force; no sense of weakness nullify it, no temptations of Satan undermine it! One grand conviction follows him through all the walks and lanes of his life.

St. Paul, moved by this inward conviction, declared "we faint not." Standing forth thus in Christ's stead, every minister for the Lord Jesus needs similar courage. The mere youthful enthusiasm will not answer; the formal laying on of hands will be insufficient; the choice of friends, or the acquired gifts of the individual, will not be sufficient to support his godly courage in his work throughout the vicissitudes of his career. Nothing less than an ever-present consciousness of a Divine commission will enable him to conquer throughout the toils and labours of such a life.

THE FREE GIFT.

What encouragement there is to come for pardon to a throne of grace! What ever thy state may be, thou needst not hold off. Though thy sins be as scarlet, if thou come to Christ they shall be made "white as wool." The greatest of sinners are invited. Can any sin be so great as to overtop the value of Christ's blood? Oh! there is not so much vileness and wretchedness in the sinful heart of man as there is grace and goodness and virtue in Christ. There is no disease so bad that He can not cure. Let me be as bad as I can be, there is no reason out of the word of God why I should not come to Christ for salvation. He puts none back. His proclamation is, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." "Whosoever will, let him come." What would'st thou have more. The invitation can not be plainer. If then thou art not saved, it is plain thou hast no wish for salvation, for if thou hast a will, thou hast a warrant. Say not, "I would come if I had so much humiliation and so much faith," for that were to make a bargain with Christ. If God were to say, "You must love Me, and I will pardon you, that were an exchange, not a free gift. Away with such a thought! Whosoever will, let him come"—*Archbishop Usher.*

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

The teachings of the Bible concerning discipleship are almost invariably drawn from life. And it is a life not yet come to its full. The believer is the "child" of God. The pilgrim is "going on." The heaven is spreading still, and the mustard-seed yet waxing great. This gives to the invitations of the Gospel their peculiar charm. The soul of the believer stands tip-toe with hope and expectation of the things which must shortly come to pass. He is first of all things an idealist. He sees visions and dreams dreams. Life in its infinite meaning is still before him at death's gate. All the possible changes you can ring upon annihilation—call it nirvana or unconscious immortality, or what you will—fail to make an eternal sleep the object of desire. It is sweeter to be a peasant's child than a Pharaoh's mummy; it is sweeter to lie cradled in the rudest crèche than buried in the thirty-ton porphyry sarcophagus of Napoleon under the swelling dome of Des Invalides. You cannot build a mausoleum so gorgeous that it will be as dear to the soul as the gates of dawn. What the soul craves is not only "life, but life more abundantly." Man had rather be an apple-tree fragrant with May blossoms than a petrified forest in Arizona, though every fibre be converted into jasper and chalcedony.—*Interior.*

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

Sacrifice is the indispensable condition of success. We must renounce in order to prevail. He that seeks his life loses it; he that loses his life finds it. One must sow in tears if we would reap in joy. Master and scholar have the same experience—that suffering is required in order to fruitfulness and victory. It is the furnace that purifies and renders efficacious; the spices must be bruised to bring forth their fragrance. Happy they who recognize this law of the divine economy, and are content to suffer if only they may be made to bear much fruit.—*William M. Taylor, D.D.*

Our Young Folks.

DON'T CARE.

I know a wicked, idle snake,
A sly and harmful sprite,
Whose head is soft, whose limbs are weak,
Who yet in wrong has might.

Now would you know this demon's name
And shun his hurtful snare
In order to defeat his aim?
I speak it loud: "Don't Care."

He finds his way within the home,
And rules the children there,
The parents' hearts are full of gloom
Because of old "Don't Care."

Just take him by the throat, my boy,
With manly strength and fair,
Lest he in time your soul destroy,
This monster rude, "Don't Care."

And you, my lass, my blooming rose,
I whisper soft, "Beware;"
There's none among your many foes
Can harm you like "Don't Care."

FOR HIS SAKE.

"How can we love those that do not love us—much less our enemies?" mused Mollie, as she carefully watered her window plants, thinking meanwhile of the Sunday school lessons. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that despitefully use and persecute you." I don't see how it can be done. No one uses me despitefully, but if any one did I'm sure I wouldn't love them. I shouldn't even try."

"How thrifty your plans are, Mollie," said some one who had heard Mollie's half-audible soliloquy.

"Yes; they grow famously."

"You must be very fond of plants."

"Why, no, I don't think I am, naturally. I used to consider it a trouble to water them every day."

"What made you do it, then?"

"Oh, Auntie! You know they were sister Annie's plants. She loved them, and when she died I took care of them for her sake. But now, somehow, I have grown fond of them, too; they seem so grateful, and it is such a delight to discover new buds and leaves day after day. See how full of splendid blossoms this cactus is."

"Is that the cactus that poisoned you last spring? I remember your hands were swollen and painful."

"Yes, it is the same cactus, but it was not the fault of the plant. You see I did not know how to manage it; I don't get thorns in my hands now unless I'm careless. And really, Auntie, I think I am more fond of it than the other plants, it blooms so magnificently."

"It is possible to do good to those who despitefully use you."

"Why, Auntie!" exclaimed Mollie, facing about, a certain light in her eyes.

"Yes, Mollie, that is the way. You took care of them for dear Annie's sake, and so grew to loving them for their own sake, even the one that despitefully used you. For His sake, Mollie, always for His sake, and the rest will follow."

HOW TWO LITTLE GIRLS IMPROVED.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it, but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he said, "pr'aps I would give away, but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Jonnie, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The sled was sent off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and-by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother, "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite so well as before. He gave away his silver piece that he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:—

"I don't like this giving away things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled; looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide with him. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:—

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat, he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.

GOOD WORDS FOR BOYS.

Be gentle, boys. It is high praise to have it said of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mothers and make a little sister cry whenever she comes near you, that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentle men (gentlemen).

Be manly, boys. A frank, straightforward manner always gains friends. If you have committed a fault, step forward and confess it. Concealed faults are always found out sooner or later. Never do anything which afterward may cause a blush of shame to come to your face.

Be courteous, boys. It is just as easy to acquire a genteel, courteous manner as an ungracious, don't care style, and it will help you materially if you have to make your own way through life. Other things being equal, the boy who knows the use of "I beg your pardon" and "I thank you" will be chosen for a position, three to one, in preference to a boy to whom such sentences are strangers.

Be prompt, boys. It is far better to be ahead of than behind time. Business men do not like tardiness. They realize that time is valuable. Five minutes every morning amount to half an hour at the end of the week. Many things can be done in half an hour. Besides, disastrous results often follow lack of punctuality.

Be thorough, boys. Black the heels as well as the toes of your shoes, and be sure that both shine. Pull out the roots of the weeds in the flower beds. Don't break them off and leave them to spring up again when the first shower comes. Understand your lesson. Don't think that all that is necessary is to get through a recitation and receive a good mark.

GO BACK TO BASE.

Two merry groups of boys and girls were playing what they called "Base" the other day. Each party was clustered around a big tree, the "bases" of the game, where they were safe from capture by the enemy; they made inroads into the enemy's country, and excursions around their own, but at the first signal of danger back they flew to "base" and safety.

So our young people must do in higher matters; it is an anxious and unsafe age for their faith; they hear matters discussed, disputed, doubted, which their fathers and mothers implicitly believed in; some of these doubters and disputers seem to be honest, intelligent, Bible Christians. Where can these young minds and hearts rest?

"Go back to base." That Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and the Gospel story is true, can be proved to the entire satisfaction of anybody who devotes an hour a day to the careful study of the evidence. Very well; that is base; there you are safe; make inroads if you choose into the region of doubt and scepticism, make excursions into the outlying truths of revealed religion, but keep close to base; watch the danger signals, and whenever you find your faith trembling, lay hold of this one proven fact (which, though not all of truth, is enough to save), saying: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

THE HAPPY-FACED BOY.

This is what I saw, sitting behind a blackberry bush one lovely spring day, quite out of sight, you understand.

Over the fence jumped a boy, a sweet, happy-faced boy of ten. I knew that he had come from the schoolhouse down the road, and was going to the spring which bubbled under a great rock in my meadow. He was eating his luncheon as he walked, had just put the last bit of bread into his mouth, and was looking rather eagerly, as though he enjoyed the prospect very much, at a slice of delicious-looking cake which he held in his hand.

Just as he had opened his mouth to take the first bite, his eye fell upon a little pail under a tree not far from my blackberry bush. I had been looking at the little pail, so I knew just what he saw—two slices of bread, that is all, and, judging from the appearance of the owner of the pail, who had left it to go to the schoolhouse, that is all there ever was in it.

"Well, my boy looked at the bread and then at the cake in his hand.

"He shall have half," I heard him say, and he took hold of the cake as though to break it, then paused.

"Half is only a mouthful; he shall have it all." Then, stooping, he laid the delicious cake gently in the little pail, and, whistling softly, went on his way to the bubbling spring.

"Ah! no wonder that you are a happy-faced, noble, generous boy," I said, as I wiped away the tears behind the friendly shelter of the blackberry bush.

THREE THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most MERIT.
Hood's Sarsaparilla has won unequalled SUCCESS.
Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes the greatest CURES.
Is it not the medicine for you?

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. HOOD'S PILLS restore this action and invigorate the liver.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

July 24,
1892.

THE LAME MAN HEALED.

Acts iii.
1-16.

GOLDEN TEXT. And His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong.—Acts iii. 16

INTRODUCTORY.

In the previous chapter it is stated as the effect of the Holy Spirit's bestowment, resulting in the conversion of three thousand in one day, that "fear came upon every soul; and many signs and wonders were done by the apostles." An instance of this power of working miracles by the apostles is given in the lesson for to-day.

I. The Lame Man at the Beautiful Gate. The apostles were diligent in their attendance on public worship. Though what had been prefigured by the services of the temple had been fulfilled in Jesus Christ, the apostles when in Jerusalem were in the habit of going up to the temple at the hours of prayer. In this instance Peter and John went together. In temperament they differed. The one was impetuous and the other was of a calm, reflective spirit; the one was ardent in his zeal, the other was steadfast in his love to the exalted Saviour. They had been companions while fishermen on the Lake of Galilee; they were brothers now in the great work of the Gospel. Both alike were devoted in their service of their great Master, and were equally earnest in their endeavours for the conversion of their fellowmen. They went up together at the hour of evening service in the temple, which is here mentioned as the ninth hour, that is about three o'clock in the afternoon. As they approached the temple enclosure they came on a man, at the time about forty years of age, who had been lame from his birth. He had never been able to walk, and was carried daily by his friends to the temple gate that he might receive the charitable gifts of the people going in and out of the temple. The gate by which he sat was called Beautiful, because of its massive proportions, the material of which it was composed and the rich workmanship in its construction. It was seventy five feet in height, made of Corinthian brass and of rare and curious workmanship. The poor, the maimed, the sick and the blind, who were dependent on charity for their maintenance, were to be met with in all places of public resort. There were no hospitals for the cure of the distressed in those days. These institutions are the direct fruit of Christianity, and in accordance with its spirit. No heathen nation can show anything equivalent in its care for suffering humanity. The Jewish religion inculcated atoning as a binding duty. The lame man saw Peter and John approaching, and, as was the custom, asked help from them. The apostles were moved with pity for the poor man. Peter looked at him earnestly, and said: "Look on us." This request awakened the interest of the man, who expected that they were about to give him money. The apostles were poor men, so Peter says: "Silver and gold have I none." Much good can be done for others without money, and much is done by many who are as poor as the apostles were. Personal service to the poor and the distressed is sometimes more valuable than money gifts. Peter was prepared to help this sufferer in the way he could do it best. "Such as I have give I thee," the benefit of the miraculous power conferred on him from on high, and so he speaks the potent words: "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." Christ, not the apostles, was the wonder-worker. The apostles did not work miracles in their own name or by their own power. Christ did. It was in the name of Jesus they performed miracles and the power to do so was given them.

II. The Lame Man Cured. Here, as in all the other New Testament miracles, the subject himself had faith. He received the command in a docile spirit, yielded his hand to Peter, who raised up. Like all other miracles recorded in the New Testament, the cure was complete. "Immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength." He went with the apostles into the court of the temple. In his new found strength he felt exultant. He walked and leapt and praised God. His joy found utterance in praise to God who had bestowed on him so great and unexpected a blessing. The genuineness of the cure was beyond dispute. Large numbers of the people could not mistake the man's identity. They had seen him often seated at the temple gate. The cure had been wrought in a public place. At the hour of the evening sacrifice the temple court would be thronged with worshippers. When they saw the great change that had been wrought upon him "they were filled with wonder and amazement." The man who had been healed clung to his benefactors, and the people crowded round the three, who had gone into Solomon's porch. So called because it was built on an embankment that had been constructed by Solomon's orders. It was a stately cloister running along the eastern side of the temple 600 feet. Its roof was of cedar supported by a double row of marble columns.

III. Peter's Address.—The excitement and wonder of the people were apparent, and Peter, who was alert to seize every opportunity that presented for speaking a word for Christ, at once proceeded to address them. It was his aim to turn their thoughts away from the agent to the source of the power by which the marvellous work had been wrought. He seeks no personal glory for what he had done. It was for God's glory that he lived and served. He makes no pretension to superior power or holiness. It was not because of personal merit that God had used him as an instrument for the accomplishment of this mighty work. He begins by a reference to what he and his hearers held in common, "The God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified His Son Jesus." But he does not conceal the truth or seek to make it palatable to them. The rulers of the people had actively delivered up Jesus, "and denied Him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let Him go." His hearers might not have been personally active in the rejection and crucifixion of Jesus, but they had not repudiated the action of their leaders, and they were thus morally guilty in assenting to what their rulers had done. Their guilt was aggravated. They might have known better, yet when a heathen governor was willing to release Him, his own nation rejected Him. The aggravation of their guilt is brought out more vividly in the words that follow, "Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you." They preferred Barabbas to Christ. They had killed the Prince of Life whom God had raised from the dead. This was not an opinion that could be controverted, but a fact to which they could testify from their personal knowledge. It was in the name of Jesus, therefore, through faith in His name, that this marvellous cure of which they were witnesses had been wrought.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Christianity broadens human sympathy and inspires the soul with love and pity for the distressed.

There are better things than silver and gold, and which they cannot buy. God's power is unpurchasable, but it is freely exercised for the good of mankind.

The power of God is the power that heals and saves, and those who receive it are moved to praise God for His great benefits.

The miracles of the New Testament show that it is faith that saves.

NOW READY. THE PRESBYTERIAN YEAR BOOK FOR 1892.

CONTENTS: Frontispiece—Photogravure Portrait of Rev. Thos. Wardrop, D.D., Moderator of General Assembly—Calendar—Officers and Committee of General Assembly—The Moderator—Home Missions, by Rev. W. S. McLavish, B.D.—Foreign Missions—Presbyterianism in the North West, by Professor Baird—The Presbyterian College, Halifax, by Rev. Robert Murray—The Duties and Responsibilities of the Eldership, by James Knowles, Jr.—The Presbyterian Church in Ireland, by Rev. S. Houston, Kingston—The Aged and Infirm Ministers—Fund, by J. K. MacDonald—Sketches and Engravings of St. Andrews Church, Kingston, St. Paul's Church, Peterborough, and St. James' Church, Prince Edward Island—Roll of Synods and Presbyteries, etc.

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The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 13th, 1892.

WE have not seen anything from the versatile pen of Dr. Cochrane more vigorous or more timely than his recent sermon on "The Negative Theology and the Larger Hope." Ministers who use their pulpits to undermine their own Church are handled without gloves, as they richly deserve to be. The Doctor is clearly of the opinion that a minister of the Gospel should have at least as much common honesty as a politician or man of business. There was ample room for a few sledge hammer strokes on this point, and the Doctor has delivered them in good style.

A LITTLE over a year ago the cry of everybody was "if we don't have rain the crops will be ruined." The rain came and instead of ruin we had the most bountiful harvest for years. A few days ago the cry was, "if the weather does not dry up the crops are ruined." The rain has ceased and the prospects for a bountiful harvest never were brighter. How would it do if people would stop growling when the weather does not suit them and allow the Almighty to have something to do with the government of His own world?

WHATEVER may be thought of Home Rule no one can doubt that Gladstone is the most striking personage of this or perhaps any other century of British history. His splendid powers seem unimpaired at eighty-three. Even his silvery voice has all its old resonance when he is roused. Some of his campaign speeches equal any of the best efforts of his long life. If he wins he will owe his victory as much to British admiration of pluck as to any love that Britons have for Home Rule. The Grand Old Man should stop writing on theological topics and give the world a book on "What I know about keeping young at four score."

THE delegates sent by the General Assembly to the Pan-Presbyterian Council are fairly representative, but, though that may be true, one cannot help regretting that some of the best-known scholars in the Church have no seats. Principal Dawson, Dr. Kellogg and Prof. Campbell have a world-wide reputation for scholarship in certain lines, but not one of the three is a delegate. The morning after the recent County Council elections in London the *Times* observed that there is no use in asking why people mark their ballots in any given way. The observation may be somewhat cynical, but there is a good deal of truth in it. There is never much use in asking why individual or ecclesiastical bodies vote as they do. The Assembly itself could not give any reason why Principal Dawson is not a delegate. It just happened so. Perhaps nobody noticed that three men well known by their books

on the other side of the water were not appointed. Voting, especially voting in a hurry, is often a very unsatisfactory business.

CHARGES of plagiarism are running riot in England. A short time ago Dr. Woods, the new Secretary of the Congregational Union, was charged with appropriating a large part of a sermon published by Dr. Dykes. Dr. Parker was one of the accusers. Now the London *Christian World* charges Parker with taking the introduction to his "Apostolic Life" from Dr. Plumtre, and a correspondent says he took a large part of the commentary on the first chapter of Acts from the same author. Another correspondent charges him with taking the matter of a published sermon from Addison. The most noted case is yet to be mentioned. Lecky, the historian, says Gladstone stole a passage from one of his books. Lecky should consider himself the most complimented man in the Empire.

IN a vigorous article on the Report on the State of Religion presented to the General Assembly, the *Halifax Witness* disposes of the paragraph on ice cream about as successfully as an average member of Assembly can dispose of the cream itself. Our contemporary declares that the Assembly "never yet has missed its ice creams"—iced-cream by the way is the proper expression—and therefore should not condemn congregations for having an occasional iced-cream "social." The point is well taken. If the Assembly ever met and parted without partaking of iced-cream and strawberries, it was because nobody offered the fathers and brethren a feast of these popular delicacies. In '89 the Supreme Court actually adjourned and went across from St. Andrews Church to the Lieut.-Governor's grounds to do justice to vice-regal iced-cream and strawberries. One prominent member of the Assembly declared the feast was the only government "pap" he ever received. Doubtless dozens of others might have said the same thing. It is quite easy to say far too much about the little receptions that our ladies hold at this season of the year. If such things are wrong, or even inexpedient, the Supreme Court should set a better example to the people.

THOROUGHLY trustworthy statistics, recently published, show that one half the population of the State of Maine never attend church, and in fifteen counties of the neighbouring State of Massachusetts about three hundred and fifty thousand people never darken a church door. Maine was once a church-going State, and Massachusetts was the home of the Puritans. How did those people lose their church-going habits? Were the Churches to blame, or was it the fault of the people, or were both partly to blame? We have often wished some competent journal would go into this whole question and state the causes that have emptied so many New England churches. Are any of the causes at work in Canada? We could easily name Presbyterian congregations that are not as strong now as they were thirty years ago. Some of the old settlers have died, some have moved away and the young do not fill their places. Why? Various reasons might be given. Does the Church keep as watchful an eye on its growth in some places and decrease in others as it should do? The General Assembly heard the other day that in an important part of the Church there was a decrease of over five thousand, but the Assembly did not spend ten minutes looking into the matter. Shall we go on until we become like Maine and Massachusetts?

THE *Christian at Work* asks: "What is to be done next" in the way of resisting the liquor traffic, and among other replies receives this one from the veteran temperance reformer, Dr. Cuyler:—

After forty years of hard work in the good cause I have reached the following conclusions:—

1. Stringent law for the suppression of all dram-shops—when backed up by the majority of the people in any locality—is the most effectual method of dealing with the drink-curse.

2. I agree with D. L. Moody's late declaration at Edinburgh that "a dead law is worse than no law."

3. There is too much reliance on legislation to remove the terrible curse. And there is too little moral and educational effort to break up the drinking usages. We need more of the old-fashioned total-abstinence organizations and more suasion work in pulpits, Sunday schools, and press and platform. There is not enough moral steam to drive our machinery.

4. We must fight the bottle in social life as well as the accursed saloons.

5. Our "third party" brethren must stop denouncing all temperance men and women who prefer to fight the drink-curse outside of their regiments.

6. Millions of dollars are being made by medicines and nostrums for "curing drunkenness," but very little money is spent in teaching people not to drink at all. Total abstinence as a prevention is worth all the nostrums yet invented.

The next thing done will not be any more successful than some of the last things done, unless temperance men stop quarrelling among themselves and agree upon one issue and one alone. Why in the name of common sense should a great cause be hitched to female suffrage and other questions on which temperance men disagree?

THE news received every day from the old land increases one's admiration for British institutions, but it puts Canadian politics in a very unpleasant light. There is a breadth, and a manliness and an amount of fair-play and good nature about the contest now going on in Great Britain that is unfortunately unknown in Canada or the United States. Though the contest rages under the very shadow of the throne there is scarcely a word about "loyalty" or the "old flag" or anything of that kind. Loyal himself, an Englishman takes for granted that his neighbours are loyal also. The non-resident cry is unknown. Any number of Londoners go down into the provinces as candidates, and there does not seem to be a word said about where they live. Large numbers of Englishmen contest Scotch constituencies, but no racial cry is raised. Many Canadians are under the impression that the ordinary British elector is entirely under the power of the aristocracy. All that is pure fiction. Our former Governor-General, the Queen's son-in-law, went down in Bradford the other day just as easily as a plain man would have done, and perhaps more so. We do not hear a suggestion of bribery or corruption of any kind. Perhaps not one candidate out of the hundreds running has promised his constituents anything in return for their votes. English members of Parliament legislate for the Empire. There may not be a protest in the 670 constituencies. Of course a few of the boys in Ireland are having a little diversion, but that is inevitable, and no doubt the "scrimmages" are greatly exaggerated. After all, Great Britain is the only country in the world in which popular government is thoroughly understood and fairly worked.

DR. WILLIS used to speak about a class of commentators who look difficult passages of Scripture boldly in the face and pass on. Our General Assembly seems to be slightly afflicted with the same kind of weakness. The census returns, if correct, show a somewhat serious decrease during the last decade in the number of Presbyterians in the Maritime Provinces. The Convener of the Home Mission Committee explained the decrease by saying that the census of 1881 was not correctly taken, absent people having been reported. It never seemed to dawn on the good brother's mind that all the denominations were taken in the same way in 1881 and in 1891, and that in his own Province of Nova Scotia three denominations increased considerably during the decade, while the Presbyterians decreased 3,536. The explanation explained nothing. The Assembly either looked at the difficulty silently and passed on or passed on without looking. Nothing was said. Inequality in giving has almost grown into a scandal, but the Supreme Court never looks at it. One Presbytery gives at the rate of \$28 per member for all purposes, and another at \$7.63. One gives \$25 per member and another \$6.77. Dr. Torrance makes the inequality painfully evident in his admirably-arranged statistical tables. The Assembly never says anything to the six and seven dollar Presbyteries. Dr. Torrance pointed out a serious discrepancy between the census returns and our own figures—a discrepancy which shows there is something wrong somewhere, but the Assembly had no time to discuss any theories on a question of that kind. If Churches are made up of people and if the Church cannot exist without people, it might be well to ask where the three thousand Nova Scotians have gone, and also to discuss the whereabouts of the two hundred thousand the census enumerators find that the Church does not find.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

THE Report of the Board of French Evangelization presented to the last General Assembly was more than ordinarily encouraging in its tone. The hopefulness of the report was amply borne out by the facts and statistics it contained. The address of Mr. Bourgoin, principal of Pointe-aux-Trembles School, produced an excellent impres-

sion in the Assembly. The management of that institution is in competent hands, and it is evident that the Principal is not only admirably qualified to discharge the duties incumbent upon him, but he is enthusiastic in his work. The Church at large needs no assurance that the extensive operations of the Board are managed with a high degree of prudence, economy and energetic enterprise. The names of Principal MacVicar, Dr. Warden, Rev. S. J. Taylor, the accomplished and painstaking secretary, and the others associated with them sufficiently guarantee the wisdom and competence of those entrusted with the management of its operations. Attention is directed to the following communication:—

By appointment of the General Assembly the annual collection on behalf of French Evangelization takes place on Sabbath, July 31. Copies of the annual report have this week been mailed to every minister and missionary and also to the superintendents of Sabbath schools, addressed to the care of the minister. It is greatly to be desired that a summary of the report be given from every one of our pulpits, as well as from every Sabbath school superintendent's desk, so that the people may be kept informed of the work being done.

The report is very encouraging, and indicates good substantial work. Several new openings have recently been taken advantage of for the establishment of mission day schools. In the village of St. Gabriel, county Hochelaga, one was commenced two months ago, and is now largely attended, chiefly by the children of French Roman Catholics. Still more recently one was opened in Chambly. For the past two winters several young people from this district attended the Pointe-aux-Trembles School, and received spiritual good. They returned home and told their friends and neighbours about the Gospel, and through their instrumentality a missionary was sent for, and a school opened which is already attended by about twenty children from French Catholic homes.

The church and school building erected in Hochelaga three years ago has been a great blessing to the community. The school-room has desks for forty pupils. These are all occupied, and benches have had to be secured to accommodate the increasing number who attend. The colporteurs report encouraging success in the greater accessibility they have to the houses of the people and their greater readiness to hear the message. There is quiet, steady growth in most of the regular congregations and missions. Last year the congregation at Ste. Anne became entirely self-supporting, and it is hoped that St. Johns Church, Montreal, may ere long reach this position.

The attendance at the Pointe-aux-Trembles Mission Schools was last session the largest in their history, there being 188 resident pupils, ninety-seven of whom were from Roman Catholic homes. Of the 188, upwards of sixty-five are communicants, and of these twenty gave their hearts to Christ during the winter and publicly confessed Him. During the past year in connection with the work of the Board there were ninety-five preaching stations with nine hundred and forty two French Protestant families, besides large numbers of Roman Catholic families under the influence of the missionaries, and attending more or less regularly their services. Thirteen colporteurs distributed 1,860 copies of the Word of God and some 26,000 religious tracts and magazines. Seventeen French students are at the Presbyterian College, Montreal, preparing for the work of giving the gospel to their fellow countrymen. The outlook is most helpful, and it is earnestly desired that there may be a liberal response to the appeal of the Board for funds with which to carry it on. It is hoped that in every mission station and Sabbath school a collection will be made on the 31st inst., as well as in all regularly organized congregations throughout the whole Church. All contributions should be sent to Rev. Dr. Robt. H. Warden, Dominion Square, Montreal.

THE GAMBLING VICE.

THE vice of gambling has grown to gigantic proportions. Like every other evil tendency of corrupt human nature it has secured an evil ascendancy over innumerable victims. It is difficult to see what could be possibly urged against its unmitigated condemnation. The apologist of the gambling evil who could command a patient hearing has yet to appear. True, Churches, both Protestant and Catholic, pressed to raise funds for charitable and religious purposes, have yielded to the temptation to play upon the weakness of people, with no higher ethical ideal than their own, for the purpose of raising much-needed funds. The best possible defence is that such persons, who could be induced to contribute in no other way, have been beguiled into paying certain sums into the Church's coffers that would otherwise have been spent foolishly. Even so, the motive enlisted has been of the lowest, and the cost of the experiment is too much for the sacred cause of religion to endorse. By descending to such methods of money-raising, Churches have exposed themselves to the scorn and contempt of the world and to the heart-felt sorrow and shame of their best friends, while the contributors to the lottery bag delude themselves with the notion that they have performed a virtuous act by partaking in a religious act of gambling. They also take heart of grace from the sanction given and are confirmed in the idea that gambling cannot be so awfully bad since the Church itself is disposed on

occasion to resort to its nefarious practices, especially if funds are low, and professed Christian people cannot be induced to contribute directly and with a willing mind.

It is with no little satisfaction that a better and more healthful feeling is beginning to prevail in the Christian Church. Questionable methods of money-raising are more generally condemned than they were a quarter of a century ago. As a consequence they are much less frequently resorted to, and the development and application of the principles of systematic beneficence have brought the miserable methods of the raffle and voting canes to popular individuals, and settling by vote who is the most popular young lady in a rural community. The Church has much to answer for in indirectly contributing to the gambling propensity. It is therefore a hopeful and encouraging sign when prominent dignitaries in the English Church are raising their voices in earnest protest against the continuance of practices that lead large numbers to ruin. The numerous suicides for which the gambling hells of Europe are responsible, and the moral and social wrecks visible wherever the gambling mania prevails, brings this moral pestilence under the significant statement of the apostle, "The end of these things is death."

It is difficult to understand why such a wretched and sordid pastime should have the slightest attraction for any one endowed with an ordinary allowance of common-sense. Frequenters of the gaming table are easily snared. The gainers are few, the losers many, and it would be difficult to say whether the winners or losers are more to be pitied. The winners dishonestly accept money for which they have given no equivalent. They have not earned it, and someone as foolish as themselves has lost it. It is a miserable business all round, and the person who gives way to the gambling habit falls into toils from which it is extremely difficult, almost impossible, to escape. No matter how insignificant and trifling the stakes, the young person who invests in a game of chance is on the downward road.

It was with no small degree of interest, therefore, that many watched the progress of the Criminal Law Bill through the Dominion Parliament. In several respects the law relating to gambling has been made somewhat more stringent than it was formerly. It is now more difficult to keep gambling houses open, and frequenters of such places are liable to summary punishment. Greater facilities have been provided for police surveillance of such places, and the operations of bucket shops and trading on margins, in other words, betting on non-existent commercial commodities, is prohibited by law. Gambling in public conveyances is suppressed, and reasonable precautions are taken to secure its prevention. Betting and pool-selling on contingent events are declared to be unlawful, and proper penalties are provided for infractions of the law forbidding these too common practices. This section of the Bill which has passed the Commons, and with which the Senate did not interfere, has been nullified by the inconsistent and illogical clause now placed on the Statute Book of the Dominion. It is in these words:—

The provisions of this section shall not extend to any person by reason of his becoming the custodian or depository of any money, property or valuable thing staked, to be paid to the winner of any lawful race, sport, game or exercise, or to the owner of any horse engaged in any lawful race, or to bets between individuals or made on the race course of an incorporated association during the actual progress of a race meeting.

The incorporation of a certain class of sportsmen makes it legal for them to indulge in practices that the law condemns and punishes in others. Lotteries are also placed under the ban of the law, but here too a similar inconsistency was sought to be enacted. They have national lotteries in the Province of Quebec, sanctioned by the Provincial Legislature. These it was desired to exempt, so that they might be permitted to carry on their operations unhindered. Thanks to the earnest efforts of the Hon. Alexander Vidal in the Senate, supported by the Hon. Mr. Power, who remarked that "they might as well enact that stealing was no crime if committed in the Province of Quebec, which was the only Province where a provincial lottery existed," this clause was eliminated from the Bill. Both Senate and Commons have been a little more lenient to the so-called Church and charity bazaars. It is wrong for anybody to raffle, but at a Church or charity bazaar it is quite proper and possibly meritorious if the sum involved does not exceed \$50. Why were these exemptions permitted to pass? There ought to be no place in the Statute Book of Canada for legalized iniquity.

Books and Magazines.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE (Boston: Littell & Co.)—This the oldest and the best eclectic magazine supplies its thousands of readers with an adequate presentation of the best current literature of the day.

THE Illustrated News of the World contains weekly a large number of finely-executed pictures of prominent occurrences, portraits of persons who occupy public attention and reproductions of the chief artistic works of the day. Writers of eminence and ability contribute regularly to its pages.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.)—If little readers are less critical than older ones, they are far more easily delighted with what is really good. This admirable monthly steadily seeks to do its best for its wide and most interesting constituency.

BOOK NEWS (Philadelphia: John Wanamaker) for July is rich in illustrations from new books, and presents life-like portraits of Colonel Alexander McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, and of Richard Harding Davis, the Young Philadelphian, whose stories of life in American cities have made him famous. Colonel McClure's book on "Lincoln and Men of War Times" is reviewed at length, and an article on Professor Smyth's "Philadelphia Magazines" also has in it much of interest. Mr. Dole's letter tells the publishing news from Boston, and Mr. Williams' article gives his usual discriminating views on picked books of the month.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY. (Montreal: Sabiston Publishing Co.)—The July number of this Canadian magazine contains much that is relevant to the season of the year. The illustrations are of varying degrees of excellence. It opens with a story, "The Renunciation of Grahame Corysteen," by Jessie A. Freeman. Frank Veigh concludes his papers on "A Centenary of Legislation." It is illustrated by good pictures of the old Parliamentary buildings on Front Street, Toronto, and the figures giving animation to the scenes are readily recognizable. There are papers on camping and yachting, and other features that cannot fail to interest the readers of a home literary production that deserves the support of the Canadian people.

THE YOUNG. (Montreal: Presbyterian Offices.)—The children's paper, authorized by the General Assembly, is ably conducted by the Rev. E. Scott, editor of the Record. In the opening article he requests from his readers an expression of their opinion on the new title selected for the publication. His own proposal is to substitute the title named at the beginning of this notice for *The Children's Record*. The selection is an excellent one, and it appears to us that it would not be easy to find a better. We shall, however, see what will be the result of the plebiscite. It is a good idea that of taking his readers into his confidence. The reading matter of the magazine is selected with judicious care, and we wish heartily the prosperity and usefulness of this monthly so well fitted to interest and benefit the young.

THE ARENA. (Boston: The Arena Publishing Co.)—Among the contributors to the July *Arena* is Mrs. M. French-Sheldon, who writes a finely-illustrated article on scenes and experiences in the wilds of Africa; M. Fred Aldrich, who contributes a richly-illustrated paper on Julia Marlowe, J. F. Muirhead, who bids fair to distance Max O'Rell as a brilliant essayist. Mr. Muirhead writes humorously on a Briton's impression of America, but there is no bitterness in his raillery. Edwin Reed opens what promises to be the most scholarly and complete discussion of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy ever written. Hon. William E. Springer, the leader of the Democratic House, Hon. J. C. Burrows, of Michigan, and Hon. Thomas E. Watson discuss the pending Presidential campaign. This issue is one of the most brilliant numbers yet published.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. (Philadelphia: The Curtis Publishing Company.)—The art of giving lawn parties, and a score of new ideas for all sorts of outdoor fetes, make the subject of an excellent paper by Mrs. A. G. Lewis in the July number, the same magazine presenting another striking feature in Mrs. Potter Palmer's exhaustive paper on "Women and the World's Fair." Mrs. Palmer, as President of the Board of Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Commission, speaks with authority upon a subject with which she is entirely familiar. An article which will likewise elicit interest is "A Day in an Adirondack Camp," by Jessamy Harte, the eldest daughter of Bret Harte. Miss Harte makes her literary debut in this number of the *Journal*. Miss Fanny M. Johnson contributes a sketch, with portrait, of Mrs. Edward Bellamy, the wife of the celebrated nationalist. Much else that will be interesting and instructive will be found in the current number of this deservedly popular magazine.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: 11 Richmond Street West.)—The *Homiletic Review* for July comes to us in a brand new cover, of lighter tinted paper and new designs. The number contains some noteworthy articles from the pens of eminent writers on both sides of the Atlantic. The Review Section opens with a timely and able paper by Professor Godet, of Neuchâtel, on "The Minister's Duty to the Church at the Present Day." Dr. James M. Ludlow draws some interesting deductions from the use of the Septuagint by our Lord and His Apostles as well as from the character of the quotations from the Old Testament in the New. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson follows with an article in which he traces the influence of modern evangelistic movements on the organic life of the Church. The names of the late Professor Latimer, of Hampden Sidney; Henry Varley, Bishop Westcott, Dr. MacLaren, Canon Fleming, and others assure the interest of the Sermonic Section. A thoughtful paper on "The Ethics of Politics," from the pen of Professor Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, is of peculiar interest at the present juncture. Chaplain Bateman, of the United States Army, contributes a very readable discussion of the work of the army chaplain. The subject of "Lynching" is treated in the Editorial Section as an issue demanding the consideration of the pulpit in view of the recent outbreaks of the spirit of lawlessness in different portions of the land.

Choice Literature.

THE BARONS MAP.

Dick's conscience was pricking him.

But, dear me! it is wonderful how much endurance one can show when it comes to bearing stabs of that sort. Dick's courage was truly remarkable, and he was training himself to be even more Spartan still; for in spite of the fact that his conscience-thrusts were sharp and many, he was sitting before the fire, for all the world as though nothing were the matter, holding the daily paper before his eyes and pretending to read. But he did not read. All he did was to gaze at one particular headline which seemed to be trying to stare him out of countenance.

Dick did not care anything about the article, which treated of certain wide tracts of uncultivated country in the West. He held the paper before his eyes because he thought it gave him the appearance of being employed, and then it served to screen his eyes from the glare of the fire, which was very bright and dazzling indeed. But it was certainly stupid, the way that headline kept dancing before his eyes:—

BARREN, WASTE LAND.

He knew very well he ought to be practising upon his violin just then, instead of lolling before the fire and lazing. He was quite aware of the fact that his lessons for the next day were not learned, and he remembered perfectly that several errands he had been told to do remained unperformed. In fact, he knew much better than was quite convenient, that he was shirking.

And he wasn't having much fun out of it either. It was so much trouble to hold the paper up before his eyes and pretend to be reading when, in reality, he was not a particle interested in anything there.

BARREN, WASTE LAND.

Why did that headline haunt him so?

BARREN, WASTE LAND.

The paper in his hand suddenly began to dwindle and shrink. Dick did not notice it at first, but presently it struck him that news-sheets were not usually printed on leaves the same size as note-paper, nor did the reading-matter upon them have a tendency to resolve itself into one sentence and stare out from the middle of the white page; nor did the page itself grow even smaller yet and more heavy, until at last it was nothing but a bit of bristol board with a name engraved in the centre:—

BARON WASTELAND.

"Show him in," said Dick to no one at all, and before he had time to arrange his necktie and smooth his hair, his titled visitor stood before him.

He was an oddish-looking individual, dressed in rather a shabby, neglected fashion. His hair was long and gray and hung in thin, unkempt locks over his temples. His eyes were very bright, his nose sharp and slightly hooked, his mouth large, and his lips thin and straight. He had rather a pointed chin which just fitted into the bony hollow of his neck that was left bare by the falling away of his Byronic collar.

He began the conversation by thrusting his chin into this hollow (it seemed to be a habit of his) and saying: "Excuse my coming to the point at once, but are you prepared to pay me those taxes to-day? If you aren't, I'm afraid I'll have to foreclose on you at once, and that will be very embarrassing for both of us. For you, because you don't know why, and me, because I don't know how. Please pay those taxes at once and prevent the inconvenience."

"Taxes!" echoed Dick, in his bewilderment forgetting to ask his visitor to be seated. "Taxes? I don't know anything about any taxes."

The little gentleman shook his head in a deprecatory sort of way, and said: "I told you you didn't, you know. I said if you didn't settle the matter at once it would be embarrassing for you because you didn't know why. Won't you please not defer it any longer? If you do, you know, I'll have to foreclose; I really will, and, as I said, that will be especially embarrassing for me, because, to repeat, I don't know how!"

"Well, then, I'd like to see how you'd do it," said Dick, with a saucy wag of his head.

"Oh, very badly. Very, very badly," said the old gentleman, plaintively. "It would be unavoidable, you know. When things are done by folks who don't know how to do them, they're always done badly."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," interrupted Dick; "I meant, I'd like to see you do it at all."

"Would you?" enquired the Baron, incredulously. "Would you, truly? Now, really, isn't that a little, just a leetle, you know, perverse?"

Dick gave a sigh of impatience. "Oh, I didn't mean I'd like to see you do it; I meant you couldn't do it, so there!"

The visitor gazed steadily at the floor for a moment. Then he raised his head suddenly and said: "Do you honestly think I couldn't?"

"Yes," said Dick. "Not even if I did it very fast and very loud?" insisted the Baron, anxiously.

"I don't see what difference that would make," returned Dick.

"Oh, a vast deal of difference. Haven't you ever tried to play something on your violin you weren't quite sure of and played it very fast and very loud? Haven't you noticed how people who don't know what they're talking about will always talk very fast and very loud? Why, it's supposed to help matters tremendously. Perhaps I'd better try it and see how it acts."

"But if you'd only tell me what the taxes amount to and on what they are," exclaimed Dick, provoked.

"Why, my dear young friend, if that's all," said the Baron, "it's easily told. The fact of the matter is, you've been investing rather heavily in estate of late, and the taxes are on that. You have taken up quite extensive tracts of my land. And I am in sad need of the taxes. They're the only thing that keep me going, you know."

Dick knit his brows. "No, I don't know," he replied, impudently. "I don't know anything about it; and what's more, I haven't invested

in any property anywhere at all, and I don't own a single tract of land—not one."

The old gentleman looked discouraged. "I never imagined it would be so difficult to convince you," he said. "If I had I certainly should have brought an assistant. As it is—if I show it to you, will you believe me?"

"Yes," replied Dick. The Baron paced up and down the room a couple of times. Then he came to a halt before Dick's chair.

"Well?" said he. "Well?" said Dick. The old gentleman gave a deep sigh of patient resignation.

"You are a trifle irritating," he said; "just a trifle, you know. Aren't you going to get ready?"

"Oh!" said Dick, rising, "of course I am. Why didn't you tell me before?"

The Baron gazed at him silently for a second before he said: "Oh dear! I suppose you're one of those persons who have to be told everything. No imagination or—or—intuition—or—or—anything. Perhaps we'd better not go; you mightn't understand."

"Well, there's this one thing about it," said Dick, decidedly, "I won't pay you one tax until you show me my land. I want to have some proof that it is mine, so you'd better be about giving it to me, or you won't get what you're after, so there!"

"Proof," echoed the old man, dismally. "He wants proof. I knew he had no imagination. Proof!"

"Are you going to take me or not?" enquired Dick, peremptorily.

"We'll look at a map," said the Baron, sitting down and unrolling a huge one which he took from his breast-pocket.

"I said," repeated Dick, slowly and with emphasis—"I said, are you going to take me or not?"

"Certainly, I heard you," replied his companion, with cheerful patience. "Do you know, it's very difficult to carry on a conversation with one who is so extremely dense as you. You asked me whether I were going to take you or not. I replied by sitting down and inviting you to inspect the map. Couldn't you understand that that meant not? delicately put, you know?"

By this time Dick was completely out of temper. "All right then," he announced, angrily. "You'd better go, for you won't get your taxes, and that's all about it."

"If I don't get my taxes," replied the Baron, calmly, "I'll have to come and keep coming, and stay and keep staying."

"Show me your map," commanded Dick, sullenly. The Baron spread the map out upon his knees and patted the folds carefully.

"You're improving," said he. "Do you know, I shouldn't be a bit surprised if, in the end, you managed to converse quite intelligently. That last comment was tolerably direct."

Dick remained silent, and the old gentleman continued patting the creases out of the map. He smoothed it gently and carefully, and at last Dick began to wonder if he were ever going to do anything else—he had kept at it so long. But he said nothing, and the old gentleman too was silent. Then Dick found that his companion's fingers were not so much smoothing out the creases in the map, as he had at first supposed, as making passes over it, and, as though in obedience to these passes, the surface of the map was slowly changing. It grew darker in colour and broader in extent. It stretched out and out and on and on until it had quite touched the walls of the room, which immediately faded away into nothing, leaving Dick and the Baron sitting in the open air beside the map which was still increasing in dimensions at an incredible rate.

The old gentleman folded his hands and looked up at Dick.

"I suppose you never saw a map like mine," he remarked, quietly. "It's undoubtedly an improvement on the old sort. For instance where there should be land, there is land—real solid ground, you see. And where there should be water, there there is water, you know. And when one wants to study it, one can do so by walking over the ground itself, which is unquestionably a step in the right direction. In fact, it is an actual representation of whatever place it describes, and I call that a decided advantage over the old-fashioned blue and yellow and red sort, don't you? Then, when one has finished with it, it rolls up like any other map and one puts it in one's pocket—if one is inclined. Now this is Wasteland (not the real place you know, but only on my map), and, if you like, we'll walk about a bit and you can see just about what you've invested in. If you were a little more intelligent, I'd take you to the place itself, but this will have to do under the circumstances, and though it can't be expected to give the impression the place itself would, it will answer very well."

Dick made no other response than to rise and accompany the Baron, who had also got upon his feet, across the margin of the map and straight into a piece of exceedingly sterile country. It was rough walking, and, after some time of it, Dick began to pant from the exertion he was required to make in trudging over the rocks and stubble. As for the Baron, he seemed to get over the ground without the slightest difficulty. In fact, the difference in their gait was so marked that at length Dick referred to it.

"Yes, I know," assented the Baron, easily; "and the reason is, I'm on my native heath (only it isn't the heath), and you're not. I'm used to it, and you aren't. When you've lived here as long as I have you'll walk as well as I do."

"But I don't want to live here at all," responded Dick. "I don't mean to hurt your feelings; but I think it's a horrid place—just a lot of stones and sticks and stubble and nothing else."

The old gentleman smiled, but did not reply. Dick plodded on laboriously, breathing hard at every step. Suddenly he halted.

"See here," he said, "I'm tired to death, and I won't walk another inch. You—I say! What's that?"

The Baron stood still and listened.

"Oh, that," he replied, carelessly; "why, that's nothing. It's nothing in the world but a lost—"

"Lost!" interrupted Dick, hotly. "Well, I like that! If it's lost and you know it, why don't you help it find its way. Hulloa, there!" and he curled his hand together and trumpeted through his fist.

"I can't help it find its way," remarked the Baron in the first pause. "I didn't lose it."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Dick, in disgust. "If I had lost it, you may be sure I'd help it find its way," returned the old gentleman, significantly; "or, at least, I'd try."

"I don't know what you mean," Dick said. His companion shook his head, disconsolately.

"No, I know you don't. I told you you were—well, we'll let that pass. What I mean is this: You're the only one who can help it find its way, because you're the one who left it in the first place. There, do you understand that?"

"Why, what a—how could I lose it, when I never so much as saw it? I don't even know who it is—I—nev—never—I—"

stammered Dick, angrily.

"Nevertheless," said the Baron, "you did lose it, and so completely that I doubt if you can ever bring it back. And as to seeing it, it stood right in your way; and if you didn't see it, it was because you deliberately slighted it. That's not what a sensible person would do when an Opportunity's before them. Why, one should be so glad that one would embrace it at once. But instead of that you lost yours—deliberately lost it. By and by you won't be trusted with any more, and then's the time you'll have cause to regret it. Now, do you understand what I mean? That's one of your lost Opportunities that you hear crying, and there are plenty more 'round about. You'll have a pretty time trying to recall them all. I don't envy you, my young friend."

Dick hung his head and made no reply. The wailing cry of his lost Opportunity was in his ears, and he longed and yet dreaded to start in search of it. The Baron seemed to read his thoughts.

"No, not yet," he remarked, casually. "You haven't begun to see Wasteland yet. After you've gone over it thoroughly and investigated your property, you can set out and see how many of your lost Opportunities you can bring back. Just at present I should like to call your attention to—"

But just here Dick interrupted him by asking humbly: "Will you be so good as to tell me when I invested in this property?"

"Why, you began investing in it some years ago, and you've continued steadily increasing your investments until now you're really quite a landed proprietor," replied the Baron.

"I never told you I wanted to buy any of your old property," said Dick, almost in tears for vexation.

"Oh, my dear young friend, do you give me credit for no more intuition than that would amount to? Do you suppose I have to be told things. No, indeed! When I see a person with a lot of spare time looking around to see how he can spend it to the worst disadvantage, I naturally infer he's desirous of investing in my property, and I enter into negotiations with him at once and waste no words over it. I understand. All my transactions are made 'on time'—just as much as one likes. I'm not at all particular. I dispose of my property very reasonably, too. You can get a lot (I never stop to measure) for, let me see, only a minute or so. An hour, of course, procures more, and an entire day paid into my hands would give you, well—I won't go into particulars; but if you lived here, you'd soon know just how much property you had gained. You should measure it off yourself by rods and achers."

"It seems to me I'm doing it now," said Dick, dolefully. "Every time I step it seems as though some one were beating me and my feet—you'll never know how my feet ache."

"Why, of course they do. That's perfectly natural. Didn't I tell you only a second ago, you should measure your property by rods and achers? Only when it comes to be the real thing, it will be worse, naturally. Remember, we're only on the map."

"Well, all I know is, I wish you would foreclose on me," said Dick, miserably; "for then I'd lose the property, and I'd like that first-rate. When a man 'forecloses' on another man, that means he takes away his property, doesn't it?"

The Baron took a dictionary out of his pocket and consulted it.

"No," he replied, "not as I understand it. Anyway, not as I'd do it. If I foreclosed on you I think I'd do it by 'cutting you off from the power of redeeming your' promises) it says 'premises' here, but I prefer 'promises'. It would undoubtedly hurt you very much—the 'cutting off'—when I foreclosed on you, for, as I told you, I don't know how, and I'd naturally bungle. You wouldn't like me not to let you redeem your promises would you? You see, that would involve your living here always. It would be giving you no more chances to invest your time in something else. You never could get rid of your shares in Wasteland. That's the way I'd foreclose."

Dick shook his head.

"If that's how you're going to do it, please wait a little while," he said. "I really don't want to have to hold on to this place if I can help it. It's a horrid hole, and it would take for ever and ever to make a single thing grow, it's so stony and dry—even if one weren't half dead beforehand with pain."

"Yes, it is trying; Wasteland is a little trying. You see, when folks once get settled down here they will persist in making efforts to do all sorts of impossible things. That's what makes it so trying. And then, you see, it takes after the people who invest in it in other ways; they're shallow by nature and so is it, and that's why it can't be properly cultivated, any more than they can. There's no chance of irrigation here, for there isn't a well-spring in Wasteland. There are lots of ill-springs, but you can imagine that they would do more harm than good."

Just here a figure, which Dick had noticed for some time making its slow way toward them, approached quite nearly and held out a bony hand in greeting. Dick shuddered at sight of the creature, for she was a mere skeleton of a thing, bony and gaunt and haggard and hollow-eyed.

"Shake hands with the poor thing," said the Baron. "You see she bears you no malice."

"Why should she?" asked Dick, giving the tips of his fingers to the skeleton and trembling as he did so. "I never did her any harm."

"You merely made her what she is," said the old gentleman. "She was once an extraordinarily fair Chance. It's through your neglect that she's so frightfully wasted. The least you can do now is to recognize her. Besides, she and her sort will be all you'll have to associate with if you decide to settle down in Wasteland, so you'd better not snub her."

Dick shuddered as he tried to smile at the creature he had injured and lowered his voice to enquire of the Baron if anything he could do would revive her again.

"You can try. In fact, you'll have to try, if you remain here," replied the Baron, with an enigmatical smile. "But, dear me, my good fellow, she's only one of scores you've sacrificed in that way. If you do set about trying to revive them here, under these circumstances, I pity you, that's all."

By this time Dick was so absolutely tired and discouraged, that he was ready to do that very babyish and unmanly thing—cry. The difficulty he had in walking, the pain that accompanied every step he took, the bleakness of the wretched country about him, the society of the Baron himself (to say nothing of the emaciated Chance he had just seen), all served to make him utterly miserable and distressed.

"I think," said he, in a choked sort of voice—"I think I could consider better if I were out of this."

"Of course you could," returned the Baron. "No one can consider at all in Wasteland. I'll roll up the map"—and in a trice the country underwent a singular change. The distance became the middle distance, the middle distance became the foreground, and the whole thing curled itself together like a scroll and lo! there were Dick and the Baron back before the fire and the old gentleman was smoothing out the creases before replacing the map in his pocket.

"Well, what do you think you'll do about it?" enquired he. "Paying me my taxes, I mean?"

"Tell me just what'll happen if I don't pay them," responded Dick, emboldened by the knowledge that he was once more at home.

"Oh, you'll only become a permanent resident of Wasteland, and you'll have to live the rest of your life hunting for your lost Opportunities and trying to revive your wasted Chances," replied the Baron.

"And if I do?" asked Dick.

"Why, then, I'll let you redeem your promises, and I'll take back the property and all the responsibilities with it and you'll be free to begin again without any incumbrances."

Dick considered a moment.

"But how can I pay you taxes when I haven't anything to pay them with?" he enquired, anxiously.

"Tax something else," replied the Baron, briefly.

"What?" asked Dick.

"Your energies, my friend," replied the Baron.

"Well, I'll pay you," decided Dick.

The Baron gave a chuckle of satisfaction and rubbed his hands together. He even rose and commenced to slowly edge his way toward the door.

"That's well; ver well," he said. "Now remember, you'll have to fill in every blank moment for the rest of your life and indorse all the checks one puts on your illness. But, on the other hand, you'll be relieved of your share in Wasteland, and you needn't hunt for your lost Opportunities (which, to tell you the truth, would be a useless task, for if they're once lost they're gone forever), and you needn't try to revive your wasted Chances, for nothing so far gone as they are can ever be nourished back to strength again. If you'd resolved to retire back to Wasteland you'd have had to spend your life in those utterly toilsome and yet fruitless efforts. As it is—"

"Oh, won't you please go?" pleaded Dick. "I'll give you anything if you'll only go."

"Why, certainly. I'm going," responded the Baron, with perfect amiability.

"If I'd known that I'd have paid you off long ago," murmured Dick.

"Why, I gave you the chance," returned his friend. "I told you in the very first place the taxes were the only things that kept me going, and they are. The rest keep me coming."

Dick gave a hysterical laugh.

"I thought you meant living," he said.

"Oh, you are so dense," said the Baron, as he vanished from Dick's sight.—*Julie M. Lippmann, in the Independent.*

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY DEMONSTRATION.

The following interesting account of a Children's Missionary meeting in London is from the *Chronicle* of the London Missionary Society:—

When we saw all the available space in Exeter Large Hall packed with a host of bright, expectant young faces on Saturday afternoon, May 14, we realized, with Mr. Benjamin Clarke, who presided, that all foregoing new departures had not exhausted the "Forward Movement." No doubt the thought passed through his mind—and there was every evidence before him of the soundness of such a conclusion—that the Society had left the most hopeful field for prospecting until the last. Certainly, the seniors, as well as the juniors, spent a most delightfully enjoyable and profitable afternoon. On either side of the Hall hung maps of the world, and on the platform was a grand missionary force. Most of the workers from Madagascar were native Iambas, some of them being of gorgeous colouring and rich material; while two ladies from China appeared in bright costumes at the other end of the platform, and near them sat a native Christian from Samoa, whom the Rev. J. E. Newell brought home with him. Altogether it was a picturesque gathering, and, as the chairman observed, is likely to remain in our minds as a historic meeting. Mr. H. G. Holmes presided at the organ, and Mr. L. Hinton conducted the singing. The musical department, therefore, was in able hands, and the children responded splendidly to Mr. Hinton's baton. It was a great treat to hear the young voices of between three and four thousand children blending in harmonious song. The strict adherence at this and other meetings to a time-table programme contributed largely to their success. An opening prayer was offered by the Rev. H. Coley. The chairman expressed gladness that the Church was making up for past remissness by now thoroughly believing in the piety of young people, and realizing the necessity for setting

them to work. "Our hope is in the young, and, because you are the hope of the Church, we have faith and confidence in you." Among other ways in which they could help in the missionary cause was by reading its literature. Missionary literature was now at its best, and second to no other book in interest stood the biography of James Gilmour. "If I could only feel that you would determine to read this book I should be satisfied that my coming had not been in vain." Mr. Clarke pleaded with his young audience to give themselves to God and mission work. Prefacing his remarks by an anecdote of a poor Scotch woman who asked a telegraph clerk to send her to London for the price of a shilling message, the Rev. A. Bonsey told the children to shut their eyes for a moment, then open them and fancy they were in China. He described a temple scene at Hankow, and related the conversion, through the instrumentality of the late Mrs. John, of a woman whom he afterwards found 500 miles from Hankow doing Christian work and leading others to Christ. The missionaries were trying to cure the multitudes wounded by sin, and to make of them strong men and women in Jesus Christ. A very attractive feature of the afternoon's programme, and one that afforded immense satisfaction, was the repetition of the text, "Suffer the little children" in the following languages. By Revs. J. P. Ashton, in Bengali, S. Mateer, in Malayalim, E. Greaves, in Hindi, E. H. Stribling, in Malgasy, A. J. Wookey, in Sechuana, F. E. Lawes, in Niuean, E. V. Cooper, in Tahitian, Dr. Gillison, in Chinese, and Sa-anga, in Samoan. Subsequently some of these, with others, sang verses of hymns. In Bengali, Miss Fletcher; in Hindi, Miss Hewlett and Mr. Greaves; in Malgasy, Rev. J. and Mrs. Sibree, Rev. A. S. and Mrs. Hockett, Mr. Stribling, M. Craven, Mrs. Briggs and Mrs. Jukes; in Chinese, Mr. Bonsey, Dr. Gillison, Miss Smith, Miss Moreton and Mrs. Edge; in Samoan, Mr. Newell and Sa-anga. Miss Craven said she had been asked if she was going to send her daughters into the mission field. She had since remembered that she really possessed a great many children, for the girls whom she had taught called themselves her children, and so, instead of having only two or three daughters to send, she had 500 or 600; and a few of them had already entered upon mission work. Would those present remember the Malgasy girls in prayer? The Rev. A. S. Hockett spoke of the rapid growth of school work in the Betsileo province of Madagascar, and, by the aid of a picture, contrasted the people before and after conversion. After hearing the dark and light parts of the map of Madagascar explained, a little child went home and prayed: "Oh, Lord Jesus, make the map white." Another young worker at home polished up a horn and had written beneath it: "Once I was the horn of an ox, now I am a missionary box." With Mr. Newell as interpreter, Sa-anga excited deep interest by stating that his parents, who were true disciples of Jesus, taught him when young to love Him too. He had seen many marvellous things in this country, but the love of God exceeded everything else in wonder and power. Upon interrogation by the Rev. G. Cousins (to whom, the chairman stated, more than to any one else, they were all indebted for this magnificent meeting and interesting programme), the assembly with one voice expressed approval of the purpose of the meeting, and a hope that it would be repeated next year, as well as thanks to all those who had taken part, and a pledge to go home determined to do more for missions than ever before. The doxology was then sung, and in our hearts we repeat it once more as an expression of gratitude to God for a successful and inspiring anniversary:—

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost!

FROM TRINIDAD.

The Port of Spain *Gazette* of the 24th ult. gives an account of the jubilee of Arouca Presbyterian Church, which took place on the 15th ult. The Presbytery of Trinidad met on the occasion. The Presbyterian church there had been opened Nov. 15, 1642. The mayor of Arima, J. R. Lanos, a Roman Catholic, presided. Rev. Mr. Dickson has been pastor for about thirty years. The mayor in his address spoke very warmly of the good done in Trinidad by the Presbyterian Church, dwelling specially on the work among the East Indians. He proceeded: "Who that is acquainted with the state of the East Indian when he lands a heathen in this Island, can be too loud in the praise of a Church that has given itself heart and soul to the amelioration, moral and religious, of this section of our population? Contrast the coolie when he arrives on our shores, a votary of his degrading superstition, with the coolie brought under the blessed and humanizing influences of Christianity; how shall we overestimate the good that is being done by this Missionary Church in our midst. The coolie comes here dressed in a state of half nudity, treating his woman and children as mere chattels and articles of merchandise—valuing human life cheaply in so much that it takes but a little to make him commit a murder. See the same man when he yields himself to the teaching of his missionary. We may now say of him that he is clothed and in his right mind. He now sees that his wife, whom before he looked on as a mere chattel, is a child of the same Almighty Father with himself—having an immortal soul, possessing equal privileges with himself as a citizen of that city whose foundations both he and she look for, and towards whose

gates both he and she are wending their way in their daily pilgrimage. The girls of his family he now sees were born for other things than merely to be nurtured as common animals and sold as wives, namely, to be reared to take their places on equal terms with their husbands as responsible heads of households. In short, he now sees that true happiness consists as much in a due consideration for the comforts of others as of himself. Rev. gentlemen, to-day the Arouca Presbyterian body is celebrating its jubilee, and I am proud to preside on this occasion, an occasion which must be solemn and interesting to you. It is an opportunity upon which you can turn back and look with complacency and satisfaction at the good work you have done during the years of the existence of your Church. A jubilee is always a grand occasion. I will say it is a "taking of stock" of your labours of the past and the receiving of the congratulations and good wishes of men irrespective of their denomination. Continue, my dear friends, to do the good that you have so well begun, and prepare to receive at the end of your journey the crown to which you will be so well entitled. In conclusion, I must congratulate this congregation on their good fortune in having among them so worthy a pastor as the one in charge of this district. I must also render what I consider a just testimony to the worthiness of all Presbyterian clergymen whom I have known. I am a man of sixty-five years, and never in the whole course of my life and experience have I known a Presbyterian clergyman who has disgraced his cloth, or whose conduct has given his congregation or his Church cause to be ashamed. Rev. Messrs. McCurdy, Morton and other members of the Presbytery gave appropriate addresses; but the address of the mayor was of special interest, coming as it did from a Roman Catholic gentleman.

IN DARKEST AFRICA.

Readers will be interested in the following letter, written by Mrs. Johnston, whose husband, Dr. Johnston, went out some time ago to establish native missions in Africa. Mrs. Johnston writes from Jamaica: From Dr. Johnston's last letter (we were nearly eight months with no tidings), written April 4th, at Bymanguato, Bechuanaland, I judge that he will reach Blantyre, if all be well, by the end of July, so that some time in the fall he should be on his way to Jamaica. Owing to reports of a hostile tribe, the Matambela, to be encountered on the route from the Zambesi, all the Barotse carriers, nearly 200 all told, deserted Dr. Johnston one night, and returned to the Barotse valley, without giving him any warning. This necessitated an entire change in his route, and there being no other way, he returned, crossed the Zambesi, and procured an ox waggon and traversed the Kalhari desert thirty-one days' journey, suffering much for want of water, but reached Bymanguato safely, though weak from lack of ordinary necessities of life—only to find why God had permitted him to be deserted, and render the necessity of taking this very trying journey: the King Bhgyhami, wife and child, with hundreds of their tribe, all down with fever. The doctor wrote that the empty huts told what a harvest death was having. Thousands have died during the past few months. The field belongs to the London Missionary Society, being the place where the sainted Moffatt planted his first mission, but owing to some trouble with the king the last missionary had been sent away, and up to that time no other had taken his place—the nearest doctor lived 400 miles away, so that they were practically shut off from help of any kind. Immediately on arrival, Dr. Johnston went to the king and queen, and when he wrote (five days after) both were recovering, also their child. My husband assured me the fever was not dangerous when properly treated, and that he had not lost a case that he had seen within two days of the patient becoming ill, only that in the absence of any help it almost invariably proved fatal. Bhgyhami besought Dr. Johnston not to leave them until at least the death rate among the natives was lowered, as in the immediate compound of the king the natives were dying off at the rate of fifteen a day. Dr. Johnston said he accepted the situation, believing his presence there to be the outcome of a divine plan, and that no one would wish him to leave these people in their terribly sad condition. Thirty thousand people in the plague-stricken district, all in mud huts, within a radius of two miles.

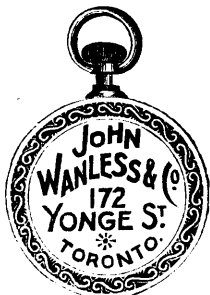
JOSEPH RUBY, of Columbia, Pa., suffered from birth with scrofula humour, till he was perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

EDWARD LINLEY, of St. Peters, C.B., says "that his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One Dottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him."

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said to a lady of the *hazton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend *Gouraud's Cream* as the most harmful of all the *Skin preparations*." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also *Poudre Subtile* removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. **FERD T. HOPKINS, Proprietor,** 37 Great Jones St. N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.



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Ministers and Churches.

THE Presbyterian congregation in Ashfield has called Rev. John Rose, of Whycomah, Cape Breton.

THE Rev. J. A. Murray and family, London, have gone for a two months' vacation in Sydney, Cape Breton.

THE Rev. James Ballantyne, wife and family, South London, have left for a month's recreation at Nantucket Beach.

DURING the months of July and August all communications about vacancies in the Presbytery of Peterborough should be sent to Rev. Mr. Bennett.

THE Rev. B. Canfield Jones, of the First Presbyterian Church, Port Hope, has accepted a call from Westminster Presbyterian Church at Westchester, Pa.

THE Rev. Mr. Forrest preached a practical and appropriate sermon to the A. O. U. W. brethren on Sunday evening week in the Presbyterian church, Markdale.

DR. GHOSH HOWIE and Mrs. Howie lectured in St. Mary's on the condition of the Jews and Turkish Government on the 6th inst. They are announced in Tilsonburg for the 17th.

THE Rev. Professor Baird, of Manitoba Presbyterian College, delivered a lecture in Knox Church, Galt, on Tuesday evening week on "Church Work and Missions in the North-West." The attendance was slim, but those present enjoyed a treat.

I. S. DAVIDSON, B.A., was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Knox, St. Vincent and St. Paul's, Sydenham, on Wednesday, June 29th. Salary \$800 and a manse. The beautiful brick church was filled with the united congregations.

THE Presbyterians of Innisfail have decided to build a church at once. The manse is so crowded at service that this is imperative. At the communion dispensed in Curry's Hall, on June 5th, over thirty united with the church. A service in the morning as well as in the evening is demanded.

A MASS meeting of Christian Endeavourers will be held in Westminster Church, Bloor Street E., on Thursday, July 14, at 8 p.m. Reports will be received from the delegates who have been attending the New York convention, and addresses will be delivered by some prominent convention speakers.

ON Tuesday afternoon week the Presbytery of Orangeville met in Laurel Presbyterian Church, when the ordination and induction of Rev. Mr. Bell to the charges of Black's Corners and Laurel Churches took place. In the evening an entertainment was held, in which Shelburne choir participated.

H. D. MCKITRICK, B. A., was ordained as missionary for one year in Johnston Church, on Wednesday, July 6th. The church was beautifully decorated, and the church and grounds have been tastefully improved and a fine new shed put up. He enters on his work with every promise of success.

THE Rev. W. W. Percival, M.A., the esteemed pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Richmond Hill village, having completed the course and passed the necessary examinations, has been granted the degree of Ph.D. by one of the leading American universities. We congratulate the Rev. Doctor Percival on his success.

THE Rev. Alexander C. McKenzie, formerly of Embro, now pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Owego, New York, has just been honoured with the degree of D.D. by Maryville College, Tenn. Dr. McKenzie is the son of the late Rev. D. McKenzie, who was for nearly forty years pastor of Embro Presbyterian congregation.

THE anniversary of the Keene Presbyterian Church was held on the 26th ult. The preacher upon the occasion was Rev. Professor Mowat, of Queen's University, who preached two powerful and impressive sermons which will long be remembered in this district. The congregations at both diets of worship were large and the collections were liberal.

THE Rev. James Cameron, M.A., B.D., has declined the call extended to him from Leaskdale and Zephyr. These fields will afford an excellent opportunity for a man who desires material upon which to work. The location is pleasant, and there is a large attendance of young people at services. The supply is in the hands of Session, of which Rev. Alex. U. Campbell, B.A., is Moderator.

KNOX Church Sunday School, Hamilton, held their annual picnic at Oakville last week. The day was beautiful, and over 600 scholars and teachers turned out to enjoy themselves, and were well cared for and looked after by the Rev. Dr. Fraser and Mr. Macpherson. No accident of any kind occurred, and all returned on the *Modjeska* at night well pleased with their glorious day's outing, but feeling rather tired after the excitement of the day.

MISS NELLIE COMFORT, who has been organist in Chalmers Church, Toronto, for over three years, has resigned her position on account of leaving the city. On Saturday evening week she was presented with a very handsome silver tea service by the choir and friends in the congregation as a token of the high esteem in which she is held. Words of commendation and regret at her departure were spoken by Messrs. Charles Dimmock, F. N. Tennant and the pastor, Rev. J. Mutch.

A VERY enjoyable welcome was given on Wednesday evening by the ladies of the Three Rivers Woman's Christian Temperance Union to the Rev. J. R. McLeod and family, recently of Kingsbury, P.Q., now minister of the Presbyterian Church, Three Rivers. It was also the seventh anniversary of their organization, and reports were read by the secretary and other officers. The "Loyal Legion," a young people's temperance society, sang very sweetly, and excellent music was contributed by the choir.

A VERY successful garden party was held in connection with Chalmers Church, Mount Albert, on July 1st. Mr. Gibney's lawn was indeed a scene of life and enjoyment during the twilight, moonlight and torchlight hours. Ample provision had been made by the ladies of the congregation and apparently enjoyed by all. An hour's programme of music and short addresses was given and the Mount Albert brass band, with its choice music, added greatly to the evening's enjoyment. The total receipts amounted to over \$130.

THE Woodville Independent says: In the Presbyterian church here on Sunday forenoon week, the Rev. Mr. McAuley was preaching on "giving a reason for the hope that is within you," and in the course of his discourse spoke of people who would not give a definite answer when asked if they were Christians: A visiting lady in the congregation stood up and gave her testimony as a believer. The congregation was greatly surprised at this breach of decorum; but when the lady sat down the minister proceeded with his sermon, merely remarking "this is a testimony." The lady was perfectly sincere, and did not seem to think she had done anything improper.

THE London Free Press says: Rev. Ghosh Howie, the blind orator of Palestine, preached at the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, on Sunday, and lectured there on Monday night. His sermon was on the parable of the prodigal son. In the course of his remarks the preacher said that this case reminds us of many a Canadian who leaves his home with a view to make a fortune elsewhere, or at any rate to make a living without having to work very much for it, and very soon finds out that even in the United States people have to work for their living. I could, he said, lay my finger on a score who would be glad to return to Canada if they had the means. The Doctor goes to Tilsonburg on the 17th inst.

THE Conference at Niagara-on-the-Lake is well attended. The Pavilion was quite full Saturday morning at 9.30, when a service of prayer and praise was held under the leadership of Hon. R. Moreton. At ten o'clock Professor J. M. Stifter, D.D., of Christie, Pa., continued his outline studies on one of the Epistles. At 11 o'clock address on the Enquiry of Soritris was delivered by Rev. James H. Brooks, D.D. In the afternoon Rev. H. M. Parsons, D.D., of Toronto, gave an address on "Babylon," followed by some studies of silent Scriptures by Rev. Dr. Albert Erdman, Rev. Dr. Goodman and others. In the evening a large gathering listened to Rev. Hudson Taylor, of China Inland Mission. Sabbath services were as follows: At 9.30 Bible class, conducted by Rev. W. J. Erdman, D.D.; preaching at 11 a.m. by Rev. E. P. Goodman, D.D., of Chicago; general meeting at 8 p.m.

THE corner stone of the new Presbyterian church, Prescott, to replace the one burnt down some time ago, was laid with appropriate ceremony by the Rev. Principal Grant of Queen's University, Kingston. Long before the time appointed for the ceremony, people began to arrive, and when the proceedings commenced there were fully two thousand people present, every denomination being well represented. The Rev. Mr. Stuart, pastor of the Church, acted as chairman. His Worship the Mayor, Mr. John Carruthers, presented the trowel, on behalf of the building committee of the Church, to Principal Grant. The trowel is of solid silver with a polished walnut handle, and is a handsome piece of work. Principal Grant then delivered an appropriate and stirring address, after which Rev. Mr. Stuart then thanked the audience on behalf of the building committee for their presence and attention. The proceedings were then closed by the singing of the doxology and prayer by the Rev. Mr. MacArthur of Cardinal.

DOMINION DAY was celebrated at Meadow Lee by a picnic and bazaar on the grounds of the new Presbyterian church. Early in the day could be seen rigs filled with youth and beauty and also the more sedate coming from every direction determined on having a real good time; judging from their happy appearance their hopes were fully realized. All sat down to an excellent repast provided by the ladies; when justice was done to the inner man they enjoyed themselves at their favourite games. Mr. Acheson, who has been our missionary for the past three summers, occupied the chair in his usual happy manner while a short but interesting programme was rendered. Rev. Mr. Scarlet was the principal speaker, and the choir under the able leadership of Mr. Bond did excellent service. The treasurer, Mr. Robertson, read a very satisfactory report. Receipts of the day one hundred dollars. Rev. R. G. McBeth, of Winnipeg, occupied the pulpit on the following Sabbath, being the first anniversary, and preached a very eloquent and impressive sermon to a large congregation. Presbyterians are thankful and jubilant that they now worship God in a commodious church free of debt.

MR. CHINIQUY seems to have plunged with the vim of half his years into the struggle now going on in Minnesota for the integrity of the American school system in that State. Night after night he is reported by the *Minneapolis Tribune* to have filled the Swedish Tabernacle in that city, which is said to hold six thousand people, and orations two hours long are reported *in extenso* in that paper. In introducing Mr. Chiniquy, the Rev. G. L. Morrill said: Some years ago in a Chicago studio a young lady sat painting the head of an old monk. An elderly gentleman entered the room, looked at the picture and said to the artist, "A wrong idea of life—what do you want such a picture for?" That lady has since become my wife. The monk's head hangs upon my study wall, and the gentleman who made the remonstrance is to address you this evening. (Applause.) America's first great war was for independence; her second, for freedom; her third is for the public institutions. (Applause.) We are rapidly learning the meaning of the words "If the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed they will fall at the hands of the Roman Catholic clergy. (Applause.) But the God of liberty who raised up Martin Luther has given us a

Father Chiniquy, whom I take great pleasure in introducing."

THE *Streetsville Review* says: Last Sunday morning the Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, in the Presbyterian church here, called the attention of his congregation to the fact that three years had elapsed since his induction to his present charge. He referred briefly to the work accomplished by the various organizations of the congregation during that time, and cordially thanked his people for their many kindnesses to him, and the well-sustained interest they had shown in attendance upon and support of ordinances. The liability against the congregation was steadily decreasing, while the Schemes of the Church increased attention is being paid. During the past three years upwards of \$1,200 had been contributed for missionary purposes. The communion roll had been increased by ninety-seven names—the membership at present reaching over 300. In commencing a fourth year of work he urged a fuller consecration to God as the only means by which a larger measure of success might be secured, and trusted that the spirit of harmony which had been the special characteristic of the relations between them as pastor and people would long continue. Thus successfully is being carried on the work begun by such eminent and godly men as Rintoul, Ure, Breckenridge, and their successors still living.

FOR some two months past Chalmers Church, Halifax, N.S., has been closed (the services being held meantime in the adjoining hall) in order that its interior might undergo renovation, transformation and improvement. Sabbath morning week it was re-opened for divine worship, Rev. L. G. McNeill, of St. Andrews Church, St. John, preaching a sermon appropriate to the occasion, which was very much admired by the crowded congregation for its fervour, eloquence and literary finish. He took for his text the second clause of 25th verse of 118th Psalm: "O Lord, we beseech Thee: send now prosperity." He congratulated the congregation upon their beautiful church—a sign of prosperity in itself. Spiritual prosperity was the dominant idea in the mind of the psalmist in the verse quoted. This should be their first and highest aim. They should seek the presence and life-giving power of the Church's great King and Head. He next directed attention to the spiritual nature of the members of the Church. He urged loyalty to truth and the faithful discharge of duty on the part of Church members, and unity of purpose in carrying on Christian work. The choir sang a couple of anthems in a manner which indicated careful culture of vocal powers. The church looks very handsome in its new dress. The platform has been enlarged for the better accommodation of the choir, which stands in front of the minister's desk, enclosed behind a costly and elegantly-constructed railing made to harmonize with the woodwork of the pews. The pews are made of ash, trimmed with walnut. They are constructed so as to secure a comfortable sitting posture, and are luxuriously cushioned with crimson cloth. The walls are painted white and the front of the gallery is tinted in harmonious colours, while the ceiling is of oiled spruce. The general effect is very pleasing.

THE Rev. James Ross, M.A., B.D., of Perth, who has been appointed Professor of Homiletics, Pastoral Theology, Sacred Rhetoric and Church Government in Montreal Presbyterian College, is the subject of the following sketch in the *Montreal Witness*: The new Professor of Homiletics, Pastoral Theology, Sacred Rhetoric and Church Government in the Presbyterian College, Montreal, was born in the parish of Peterculter, in the Dee Valley, Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Some time afterwards his family removed to the parish of Kemnay, in the valley of the Don, where he sat under the ministry of the Rev. George Peter, who is still the minister of that place. He came to Canada in the year 1869, settled for some years, and taught school in the townships of Dorchester and London. In September, 1874, he matriculated eighth on the list

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in Queen's University, but took first place at the end of the first year, and graduated, taking the degree of B.A. in 1878. Every summer, during his theological course, he laboured in the mission fields of the Church. In 1881 he graduated in theology, and took the degrees of M.A. and B.D. in the spring same year, having held a scholarship every year during his whole course. Mr. Ross has had but one pastoral charge, that of Knox Church, Leith, Ontario, where he still is, and from which his Presbytery will soon loose him, through instruction of the General Assembly. He was ordained and inducted into that charge on September 8, 1881. The membership of the Church at that time was 140, and, according to the statistical reports presented to the General Assembly, is now 380, notwithstanding a steady stream of emigration to the West. He has had tempting calls from Churches in other places, one of the most flattering of which, in 1885, was from the richest and fashionable in Ottawa—that of St. Andrews—but even this was declined. In 1889 his Alma Mater appointed him lecturer in Church History, and he admirably discharged the duties of that position during the last two sessions of that university. Among his classmates in Queen's were the Rev. A. T. Love, of St. Andrews Church, Quebec; Dr. Kellock, of Spencerville, Ontario, and the Rev. M. S. Oxley, of this city. He has a splendid physique, is well read, is a deep thinker, and is a polished and fluent speaker. He will be an acquisition to this city, as well as to the Presbyterians, and a brilliant career is before him. Long may he live to be useful, and to enjoy and adorn his new honours!

THE Victoria, B.C., Times says: The congregation of the First Presbyterian Church is no longer without a pastor, Rev. John Campbell, M.A., Ph. D., being now formally inducted to the charge. The Presbytery met in the church parlours, when the preliminary steps were perfected, and Dr. Campbell given an informal welcome. At eight o'clock the services in the church commenced. The auditorium was filled to the doors, and the solemn and impressive proceedings will not be soon forgotten by the congregation. The services were opened by the singing of the 100th Psalm, and after the reading of Scripture and prayer, Rev. Mr. McMillan, of Vancouver, preached the induction sermon from the text, "And Jesus answered, thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." He impressed upon his hearers the necessity of thorough consecration and close communion between God and man. Rev. D. McRae, Moderator of the Presbytery, reviewed the steps leading to the call of Dr. Campbell and the acceptance of this call by the reverend gentleman. Rev. Mr. Jamieson, of Westminister, according to the prescribed form, questioned Dr. Campbell as to his belief in the doctrines and principles of the Church, and, these being answered satisfactorily, after prayer he was formally declared pastor of the congregation. The charge to the new pastor was delivered by Rev. P. McF. McLeod, who extended to him a hearty welcome to the city, referring to his former friendly relations with Dr. Campbell, and also with the late pastor of the Church, Rev. D. Fraser, and expressed the hope that this friendship might increase, and that the greatest success might attend the labours of the reverend doctor in his new field. Rev. Mr. Mills, of Westminister, delivered the charge to the congregation, pointing out their duties to their pastor, emphasizing the fact that while Dr. Campbell was their pastor he was also the ambassador of the Lord, and that the efforts of the people as well as the pastor were necessary to successfully carry on the work. After the benediction had been pronounced, the congregation dispersed. Rev. Dr. Campbell met the members and the adherents of the Church at the door, and a hearty handshake was exchanged on parting. Rev. Dr. Campbell enters on his new duties with bright hopes and prospects, and has already won the sympathy and respect of his people. A reception and

welcome was given Dr. Campbell by the congregation the following evening in the school room. The following Sabbath the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church was filled at both services by the new pastor, Rev. Dr. Campbell, who preached two excellent sermons and was listened to with interest. In the evening the church was crowded to such an extent that those who came in late found it difficult to secure seats.

PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.—This Presbytery met in St. Andrew's Church on Tuesday, July 5, the Moderator, Rev. Walter Reid, in the chair. A communication was read from the Presbytery of Maitland transferring Rev. Ghosn Howie to the Presbytery of Toronto, and it was ordered that his name be entered on the roll as that of a minister without charge resident within the bounds. A communication was read from Rev. George Burnfield, pastor of Southside Presbyterian Church, tendering his resignation of his charge, and also one from the Southside congregation, setting forth their action in regard to this resignation. Commissioners were heard from the congregation, and they unanimously bore testimony to the faithful and valuable service rendered by Mr. Burnfield, and expressed their sorrow at parting with him, but knowing the sad circumstances that had led Mr. Burnfield to tender his resignation, they felt that they could not oppose it. Mr. Burnfield briefly outlined the work done during his pastorate, and stated that owing to the severe illness of a member of his family he felt compelled to remove to a more genial climate. In view of these facts the resignation was accepted, to take effect on Sabbath, the 10th day of July, and Mr. R. Wallace was appointed to preach on Sabbath, July 17, and to declare the pulpit of Southside Church vacant. Mr. Frizzell was appointed interim Moderator of Session. A call was presented from St. Enoch's congregation, city, addressed to the Rev. John Young, of Niagara Falls South. The call was hearty and unanimous, was largely signed and accompanied by the usual guarantee and reasons for translation. Messrs. Murdoch, Selby and Petrie appeared in support of the call, and after hearing them the call was unanimously sustained, and ordered to be transmitted to the Presbytery of Hamilton, of which Mr. Young is a member. The Minute of the General Assembly intimating the appointment of the Rev. R. P. Mackay to the office of Secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee having been read, and it being stated that Mr. Mackay had intimated his willingness to accede to the request of the General Assembly, the Presbytery proceeded to consider his release from the pastorate of Parkdale Presbyterian Church. Messrs. Rankin, Duff and Hendry appeared as commissioners from the congregation, and while expressing their deep sorrow at being called upon to part with a beloved pastor, yet expressed their willingness to bow to the will of the General Assembly. They asked only that Mr. Mackay be allowed to continue with them as long as possible. To this the Presbytery unanimously agreed, commending the Christian spirit shown by the congregation, and declaring the pastoral tie dissolved on and after the 31st day of May next. Rev. J. Mutch was appointed to preach on Sabbath, August 7, and declare the pulpit of the Parkdale Presbyterian Church vacant. Mr. Mackay was appointed interim Moderator of Session. A call from Bolton and Vaughan in favour of Mr. A. E. Neilly, licentiate, was also presented. Commissioners having been heard in its support, Presbytery agreed to sustain the call, and ordered its transmission to Mr. Neilly. An application was presented from Davenport congregation asking to be regularly organized as a mission, and it was agreed to send intimation to the various Sessions near the proposed mission station, that they may appear in their interests at the August meeting of Presbytery. The following were appointed to visit aid-receiving congregations and mission stations and present their report at the next meeting of Presbytery, viz.: Rev. D. I. Macdonnell to visit Bonar; Rev. J. Mutch for St. Paul; Rev. Dr. McTavish for Ruth Street; Rev. W. Frizzell for Fairbank and Fisherville; Rev. Dr. Carmichael for Queen'sville and Ravenshoe; Rev. W. Amos for King and Laskey; Rev. Dr. Parsons to visit At. Aidans, Dovercourt; Rev. J. A. Grant for Mimico; Rev. R. Haddow for Hornby and Onagh; Rev. J. Neil for Chester, and Rev. H. E. A. Reid for Mr. Albert and Ballantrae. After appointing the Moderator and assistant Clerk, a committee to assign subjects to students labouring within the bounds of Presbytery, and hearing the reports of commissioners to the General Assembly, the Presbytery adjourned to meet again in the same place on Tuesday, August 2, at ten a.m.—R. C. TIMM, Assistant Pres. Clerk.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MRS. MIDDLEMISS.

Born in 1813 on board H. M. 74-gunship *Firm*, then lying in the Harraze, Plymouth, under command of Captain Duncan Menzies, R. N., the younger child of a family of two daughters, she removed when yet very young, with her parents and eldest sister, to Dura Deer, near Cupar, Fifeshire, Scotland, and her earliest recollections reached back to the voyage from London to Leith, which was made on board a smack, the ordinary way of travelling in those days, between these two ports when sailing facilities, conveniences and comforts were of a primitive description compared with those which are at present enjoyed. In her new home and early life every attention was paid to her education, as well as that of her sister, and to her religious training, till she was of age and attainments sufficient to warrant her being sent to a boarding school in Edinburgh, while still young, and in which she received a thorough grounding in all the branches of learning and accomplishments then thought necessary for young ladies. Some time after the completion of her own edu-

cation, and having acted in the capacity of a governess for a season, she and her sister established a boarding school in the south side of Edinburgh, which was quite successful and was carried on for a number of years. In this school several of the daughters of prominent citizens and others from a distance received their education under competent teachers, and the acquaintance and friendship formed with these were maintained till the end of the life of both sisters, through correspondence when distance had severed them far from each other.

During this period she took an active interest in Christian work, having a district which she regularly visited, with a companion, in connection with a mission kept up by the new North Congregation in Cowgate.

In August, 1855, having married the Rev. James Middlemiss (who, after his preparatory course, had studied in the Edinburgh University and the Divinity Halls of the Free Church of Scotland, and been licensed to preach the gospel), she came with him to Canada. In the landings of Providence Mr. Middlemiss was guided to Elora, where a congregation had been a short time before formed in connection with what was popularly known as the Free Church of Scotland, and after preaching three months and assiduously and acceptably labouring in the interests of the station he was called by the people to be their pastor, and, having accepted their call, he was in due course regularly ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, and inducted into the pastoral oversight of the congregation, which was then a small one, but which has continued to prosper up to the present day.

Mrs. Middlemiss, with her husband, then made Elora her permanent home, and devoted herself to the discharge of the duties which now devolved upon her, both as a wife and mother in Israel, and had no small part in contributing to the upbuilding and welfare of the people to whom he ministered. Not being of a robust constitution and being in somewhat delicate health during the early years of her residence in Canada, yet of a lively disposition and energetic temperament, her heart was in her household duties, and the spiritual welfare of those with whom she was specially connected, and she embraced every opportunity which her strength allowed, and yielded to every demand upon her services so far as in her power, frequently regretting that she was not able to accomplish more. In the welfare of the young she evinced a deep interest. She was a frequent visitor to the bedside of the sick, and fervent and appropriate were the prayers she offered up with them, and warm the counsels she addressed to them, and earnest the efforts to keep their thoughts and faith on that Saviour who alone can supply grace for present affliction; who alone can heal and restore to health, and who alone, when death is in the cup, can render meet for the land free from sickness and trouble. She took an active part in the work of missions, giving her influence on the side of the efforts which have lately been put forth by the women of the Presbyterian Church for the extension of Christ's Kingdom among the heathen.

The only time she visited her beloved Scotland was in 1860, when she sought an improvement of health, and her trip was serviceable to the end for which it was undertaken.

For three years past her health has been declining, but in December last she was taken with heart failure, occasioning frequent paroxysms of breathlessness, but there was no real disease other than the decay brought on by advanced years in the case of a person who had never been of a robust or rugged constitution. On New Year's day she was able to visit the House of Industry, in the neighbourhood of Elora, according to her annual practice since the date of its erection. From the middle of January she was confined to the house and bed till her death, which took place without a struggle early in the morning of the 25th June. Her sister, who joined her in Canada some years ago, had predeceased her ten weeks, so that with this brief interval two estimable ladies, each of whom had attained a good old age, were carried to their last resting place in the cemetery of Elora. Her funeral was largely attended, many being present from a distance. The services were of an impressive character, being held in the church, and conducted by the Rev. Mr. Mullan, who had them in charge, Dr. Smellie, one of the aged ministers of the body, and an intimate friend of the family, and Dr. Torrance, of Guelph. The elders of the congregation acted as pallbearers.

Mrs. Middlemiss was truly a helpmate for her husband. Every attention was paid to his comfort and facility afforded him at her disposal for his work in the study and outside among his people. Among the congregation she was diligent and active. Her sense of justice was keen, and she could brook no wrong doing. Her disposition was humane, and her heart was pained at seeing the ill-treatment going on around. Her usefulness was real and acknowledged, and her loss will long be felt, and her presence missed, by the community at large.

Dr. Middlemiss has the sympathy not only of his own people, and the members of the Presbytery to which he belongs, but of many persons in almost all parts of the Dominion, to say nothing of his native land, for he is a man extensively known. The nobility of his character is widely appreciated, and he has long held a prominent and influential place in the counsels of the Courts of the Church.

On Sunday following the death of Mrs. Middlemiss, his pulpit was occupied by Dr. Torrance, who conducted services suitable to the occasion.

MRS. JOHN DUNCAN.

On the 29th of April last there passed away from earth Mrs. John Duncan, one of the pioneer settlers in the Ottawa Valley, at the ripe age of seventy-eight years. Her youthful days were spent amid all the privations and hardships of pioneer life. Converted in childhood, she took a delight in memorizing the word of God. After toilsome days of labour, hoeing, reaping with the sickle, etc., when the other members of the family had retired, by the weird light of blazing chips in the old-fashioned fire-place, she committed to memory large portions

of the sacred Scripture, which were her stay and comfort to the day of her death. After a long life, in which she experienced her full share of toils and sorrows, "she laid down to rest, and the angels came and bore her away." In the village graveyard her mortal remains were laid beside those of her husband, whom she survived fifteen years. He was one of the first elders in the Russell Presbyterian Church. About a month before her decease she began to read the Bible through afresh, and on the day she died had just completed the first chapter of the Book of Joshua, in which occur the memorable words: "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous and then thou shalt have good success."

Her leading characteristics were devout piety, energy, thrift and industry. She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed.

Three sons and two daughters (one a niece adopted in infancy) mourn their loss. The eldest son is Rev. W. A. Duncan, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and the other two are graduates of McGill, and are practising medicine in Victoria, B.C. Both daughters reside in the old homestead in the village of Duncanville, Russell County, one being the wife of Mr. A. Carson. Of the departed it may be truly said:

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Now comes rest,
—Sweet rest in heaven.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."



Mrs. Anna Sutherland

Kalamazoo, Mich., had swellings in the neck, or
From her 10th
Goitre 40 Years
great suffering. When she caught cold could not
walk two blocks without fainting. She took

Hood's Sarsaparilla

And is now free from it all. She has urged
many others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and
they have also been cured. It will do you good.

HOOD'S PILLS Cure all Liver Dis., Jaundice,
sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.



Nobody cares
how much oil
a lamp burns—
oil is cheap.
But, if the
"Pittsburgh"
burns less oil and gives more
light than any other central-
draft lamp, we all care; and
we care a good deal; for it
shows that the other lamps
evaporate oil without burning
it, while the "Pittsburgh"
burns it.

Besides, the "Pittsburgh"
is easy to manage; the others
are not. The "Pittsburgh"
is clean by habit; the others
are foul by habit—they have
dirt-pockets, every one of
them. Send for a primer.

GOWANS, KENT & Co.,
TORONTO AND WINNIPEG.
Sole Agents for Canada.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels
cranky, and is constantly experi-
menting, dieting himself, adopting
strange notions, and changing the
cooking, the dishes, the hours, and
manner of his eating—August
Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels at
times a gnawing, voracious, insati-
able appetite, wholly unaccountable,
unnatural and unhealthy—August
Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels no
desire to go to the table and a
grumbling, fault-finding, over-nice-
ty about what is set before him when
he is there—August Flower the
Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels
after a spell of this abnormal appe-
tite an utter abhorrence, loathing,
and detestation of food; as if a
mouthful would kill him—August
Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He has ir-
regular bowels and peculiar stools—
August Flower the Remedy. ●

ST. JACOBS OIL

120 GOUT

110

100 RHEUMATISM

90

80 SCIATICA

70

60 LUMBAGO

50

40 NEURALGIA

30

20 SPRAINS

10

0 SWELLINGS

10

20 STIFFNESS

30

REMEMBER ST. JACOBS OIL NEVER FAILS

CONQUERS PAIN

British and Foreign.

HEINRICH's letter to his mother and to his surviving sisters are to be published next autumn in Hamburg.

A UNANIMOUS call has been given to Mr. J. H. Woodside, LL.D., by the congregation at Ballinascloe.

THE Rev. Dr. Magill, senior minister of Trinity Church, Cork, has died at Belfast in his eighty-second year.

MARYTON Parish Church, Montrose, celebrated the centenary of the present building by special services recently.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed to consider the institution of a Presbyterian Faculty in Trinity College, Dublin.

DR. CAMERON LEES conducted the service at Balmoral on a recent Sabbath, and dined with the Queen in the evening.

DR. A. A. BONAR preached to large congregations at Bootle in connection with the ministerial semi-jubilee of Rev. J. H. Collie, M.A.

THE Rev. T. Curry, late of Bermondsey, was re-inducted to his old pastorate at Aston Tyrrol recently, the 230th anniversary of the congregation.

THE Commission of the Victorian Assembly decided to send a special delegate to attend the Jubilee Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland next May.

AS one outcome of the meeting of the English Presbyterian Synod in Birmingham, steps are being taken to strengthen Presbyterianism in the Midlands.

IT is proposed to erect in one of the niches of the facade of the National Portrait Gallery in Edinburgh a statue of John Knox by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A.

THE Rev. W. J. Dawson, of Southport, late of Glasgow, has accepted the call presented to him for the second time by Highbury Quadrant Congregational Church, London.

THE *Christian World* says: Rev. B. M. Thornton, of Camden Road, Moderator of the North London Presbytery, is the tallest member of Court, a warm teetotaler and one of the most genial of men.

AT the *Review of Reviews* office in London is published an index to the contents of the English and American magazines and reviews for 1892, together with a comprehensive guide to the periodicals of the world.

SIXTEEN Highland students at Edinburgh University attended the Inverness convention, and placed in the hands of Rev. Dr. Winter a statement setting forth their inability to join the Church in its present position.

THE Rev. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, has been most unfavourably impressed by prohibition in the North-West of Canada, and thinks the only hope of solid improvement lies in working away at individuals.

THE erection has been begun of Hutchesontown Church, Glasgow, on a site at the corner of Dixon Avenue and Langside Road. It is of red Sandstone in the Gothic style, and seated for 768, and the cost will be about \$30,000.

BEFORE Scottish constituencies there are sixty-eight Liberals for local veto and four against it; seventeen Liberal-Unionists for and nineteen against it; five Conservatives for and twenty-two against it, and five Labour candidates for and one against it.

THE first marriage in a United Presbyterian church in Brechin took place in City Road church, recently, when Mr. David Pattullo, oil refiner, Glasgow, was united to Miss Alice Smart, daughter of Mr. George Smart, manufacturer. Rev. Dr. Aird officiated.

THE instrumental music debate in the Irish Presbyterian Assembly was, says an English contemporary, more of a wrangle than a debate. The committee reported that deputations had waited on Dundela and Rathgar congregations, after their introduction of organs, but that they were determined to continue their use. A majority voted that they pass from the question.

THE Rev. James Durrant, of Willesden, London, has accepted the call to Queen Street Church, Edinburgh, as colleague-successor to Rev. J. G. Cunningham. As Edinburgh has already taken Revs. John Smith, Duncan Sillars, Thomas Anderson and J. S. Rae, Mr. Durrant will be the fifth English Presbyterian minister to remove within a comparatively short time to the Scottish metropolis.

THE will of the late Mr. Joshua Paterson, M.D., Glasgow, devises \$459,000, making handsome provision for his widow and family, and the residue is to be divided equally among the following seven Schemes of the Church: the Sustentation Fund, the Home Mission, the Foreign Mission, the Jewish Mission, the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, the Widows' and Orphans' Fund and the Society for the Benefit of the Sons and Daughters of Ministers and Missionaries.

THE SUMMER DEATH-RATE.—The greatest evidence of the dangers of Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea and Dysentery is the increase in the death-rate of all the leading cities during the summer months. Men and women cannot be too careful of their habits of life during the heated term, and particular attention should be paid to the diet of children. A supply of FERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER should always be at hand, for it is the only medicine that can be relied on at all times as safe, sure and speedy. A teaspoonful will cure any ordinary case; but in severe attacks it is occasionally necessary to bathe the sufferer's stomach with the PAIN-KILLER. All reputable druggists have it for sale. 25c. price per large bottle.

KEEP Minard's Liment in the House.

FOR THE WEARY

And worn mothers and wives—how many such there are! Not worn with age—few of them have reached middle life—but with exhausting work and worry. For the majority, it is impossible to escape these hard conditions; but the means of successfully facing them are within the reach of every one. To sharpen the appetite, and digestion, enrich and purify the blood, build up the system, and make the weak strong, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of all medicines. Mary Henriksen, Park street, Ware, Mass., testifies: "For over twelve months I was afflicted with general debility, headache, and loss of appetite, followed by chills. I was scarcely able to drag myself about the house, and no medicine helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since taking this remedy I have entirely recovered my health and strength."

"I was sick for nine months, and finding the doctors were unable to help me, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. The result has been a rapid and complete restoration of all my bodily powers."—Mrs. Lydia Randal, Morris, W. Va.

"I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great satisfaction in my family, and can recommend it to all who have the care of young and delicate children."—Mrs. Joseph McComber, Elton st., near Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless. Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St., London; And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

IT IS DIFFICULT TO CATER FOR INVALIDS,

They need strong nourishment, But cannot eat solid food.

A FOOD THAT SUPPLIES ALL THE VIRTUES OF PRIME BEEF IN AN EASILY DIGESTED FORM IS



It is easily prepared and palatable
It can be reduced to any strength
Taken either as Beef-Tea or spread on thin Toast and Butter

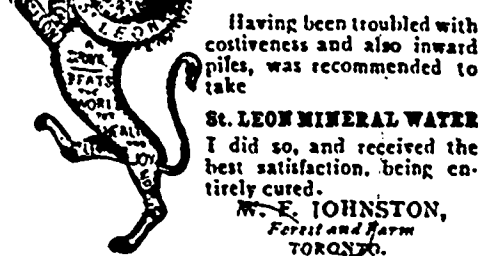
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INWARD PILES CURED.

ST. LEON TRIUMPHANT.



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Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.
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Household Hints.

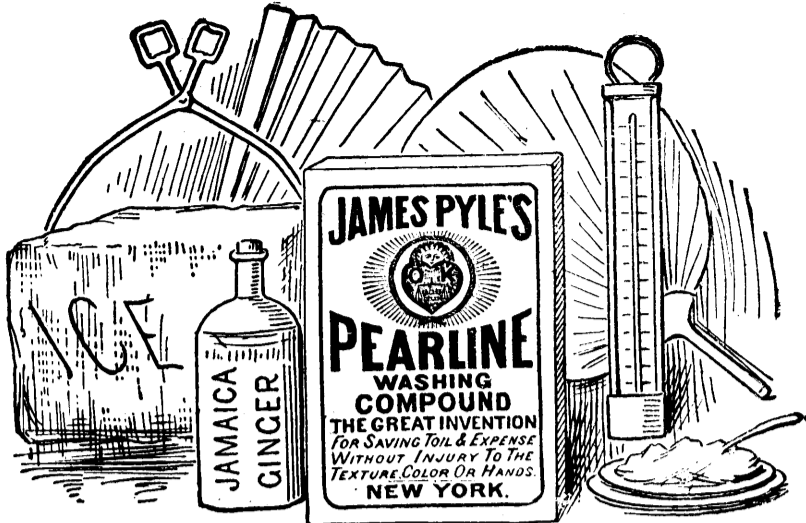
POISONING FROM RAW HAM.—During the warm days the temptation to eat raw ham is greatest of all—it has a peculiar flavour that is more grateful than that of other meats, and tenfold the danger lurks in its cool redness. Because it is more certain to poison than other meats, it should never be used unless cooked well done; this can only be accomplished by frying, slow frying; if ham is thoroughly fried, it is perfectly safe as a food, and all risk of poisoning is reduced to nothing.

HOUSEWORK.—Harriet Beecher Stowe writes as follows: "A woman cannot work at dressmaking or any other sedentary employment ten hours a day, year in and out, without enfeebling her constitution, impairing her eyesight and bringing on a complication of complaints; but she can sweep, cook, wash and do the duties of a well-ordered house, with modern arrangements, and grow healthier every year. The times in New England when all women did housework a part of every day were the times when all women were healthy. At present the heritage of vigorous muscles, firm nerves, strong backs and cheerful physical life has gone from American women and is taken up by Irish women. A thrifty young man I have lately heard of married a rosy young Irish girl, quite to the horror of his mother and sisters, but defended himself by the following very conclusive logic: 'If I marry an American girl I must have an Irish girl to take care of her, and I cannot afford to support both.'"

HOT-WATER BAGS.—The inestimable value of hot and cold applications in various forms of disease cannot be too strongly emphasized. Until the advent of the rubber hot-water bag, we never knew how to conveniently and comfortably apply the heat or cold. No family should be without one—it is better to have two or three in the house. They are made in various sizes and shapes, one to three quarts capacity—more or less. Bags are made for the spine, the head, the back, in the form of belts and so on. Persons subject to neuralgia of the stomach experience great relief from using a hot-water bag, belt or bandage. Every kind of stomach and bowel pain is much helped by putting on the hot-water bag. In cold weather they are such a boon to persons with weak circulation. Old people complain most bitterly of the cold. The back—the feet cannot be kept or even gotten warm. Hot water at the back and feet will give them great comfort. The same bags may be used to make applications of cold water or pounded ice for a "splitting" headache. There can be found no quicker and better cure.

RELIEF FOR LUNG TROUBLES.—Simple remedies are always gratefully welcomed, and no cheaper and more grateful one could be possibly offered than the following, taken from the Scientific American: It has long been known that the pine needle pillows would alleviate persons afflicted with lung trouble, and a Florida editor relates an incident in support of the fact as follows: During a visit to the home of a most estimable lady living on Indian River this editor was told of a discovery that had been made which may prove a boon to sufferers from lung or bronchial troubles. This lady, having heard that there was peculiar virtue in a pillow made from pine straw, and having none of that material at hand, made one from fine soft pine shavings, and had the pleasure of noting immediate benefit. Soon all the members of the household had pine shavings pillows, and it was noticed that all coughs, asthmatic or bronchial troubles abated at once after sleeping a few nights on these pillows. An invalid suffering with lung trouble derived much benefit from sleeping upon a mattress made from pine shavings. The material is cheap, and the Christian Work says it makes a very pleasant and comfortable mattress, the odour of the pine permeating the entire room and absorbing or dispelling all unpleasant odours.

SHOULD you at any time be suffering from toothache, try GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM; it cures instantly. All Druggists keep it. Price 15c.



Hot Weather Necessities.

Notice the large square package in the front rank. That's where it belongs—ask any woman who has used it. See what it does. It saves work, saves strength, saves health, time, and temper. It saves wear and tear, too—and that's money. Delicate summer clothes don't have to be rubbed and wringed when they're washed with Pearline. Everything is washed easily—and safely. Pearline doesn't do any more in warm weather than in cold, but you seem to need it more then. It's a necessity. But it's a luxury, as well. Try it in the bath, and you'll think so.

Beware

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, do the honest thing—send it back. 193 JAMES PYLE, New York.

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MIRTHFUL MUSIC. A new and most excellent collection of new and selected Quaterns, arranged in pleasing style for Male Voices. Price, 40 Cents Postpaid. By O. T. STEELE. NATIONAL SONGS OF IRELAND. A book of the best of the military and patriotic songs of Ireland, selected from one of the finest collections of Irish music in this country, with Piano accompaniments, arranged by eminent musicians. Octavo. Price, \$1.00 by Mail. POPULAR COLLEGE SONGS. Contains 130 pages of the best and latest College Songs which the famous Glee Clubs have brought prominently before the public. Price, 50 Cents by Mail. APT ANTHEMS. A collection of new and serviceable Anthems, the special feature being the absence of Solos throughout. Price, 40 Cents by Mail. CHORUS KING. The latest book by this well known writer and chorus director. It contains music of a high order, both original and selected, and will be found most acceptable for chorus and class work. Price, 75 Cents by Mail. SONGS FOR PRIMARY SCHOOLS, Nos. 1 and 2. A collection of songs for the Elementary Department prepared by G. F. JUNKERMAN, Supt. of Music in the Public Schools of Cincinnati. Bright fresh music, all of which has been thoroughly tested in the school room. Price of each Number, 10 Cents by Mail. PUBLISHED BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, O. Root & Sons Music Co., 200 Wabash Ave., Chicago. The John Church Co., 13 E. 16th St., New York.

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CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING SONGS, WITH WORDS AND MUSIC: Caller Herrin—Auld Robin Gray—Bonnie Prince Charlie—Flora MacDonald's Lament—Nae Luck About the Hoose—Scottish Blue Bells—Tak' Yer Auld Cloak About Ye—The Braes o' Yarrow—Bonnie Dundee—Dear Land Ayeont the Sea—My Nan-nee—Tullochgorum—The Sweetest Word on Earth is Home—Pibroch of Donuil Dhù—The Flowers of the Forest—Dinna Fash Yer Head!—The Land o' the Leal—Away, ye gay Landscapes—Scotch Dainties: Brose, Parritch, Kail, Haggis, and Bannocks—Wae's me for Prince Charlie—Oh! Saw Ye My Wee Thing—Sons of Scotland—When the Kye Comes Home—Reland—When My Heart is Scotland's—Yet—O! Are Ye Sleepin', Maggie—Scots Wha Hae!—Willie's Game to Melville Castle—Whistle O'er the Lave O't—My Dear Hielan' Laddie—O The Scottish Emigrant's Farewell—Fear a' Bhala; or, The Boatman—Blue Bonnets over the Border. POST FREE TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF TEN CENTS.

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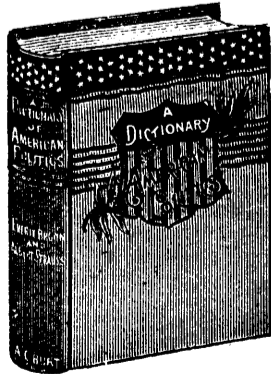
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household Hints.

THINGS USEFUL TO KNOW.

To whiten the nails cut a lemon in two and rub in well at night. Wash off in warm water the next morning.

It is claimed that a preparation made of two-thirds lemon juice to one-third Jamaica rum will remove freckles.

Clean hairbrushes with warm water and a little ammonia. It is best to clean two brushes at the same time, as they can be rubbed together. Let them dry in the hot sun.

It is frequently stated that granite ironware cannot be mended after it leaks, and so must be thrown away. But in fact it is quite possible to mend it in the same way as tin, by soldering.

TOMATOES WITH BREAD CRUMBS.—Scald the tomatoes to peel them; put in stew-pan with good piece of butter, some pepper and salt; add some bread crumbs and stew half an hour.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Having selected those of equal size, fresh and ripe, wash and cut out the hard centres. Place them on an earthen pie-dish, and put a little sugar in the core of each as you would for baked apples. Bake in a quick oven for about one hour, or until tender. Grated cracker or bread crumbs could be sprinkled over them if liked.

BOILED ASPARAGUS ON TOAST.—Cut off the white hard ends of the sprouts and wash lightly. Then tie in bundles of six each and drop them into boiling water sufficient to cover. Boil about twenty minutes, or until tender, then cut and remove the strings. Have some toast on a platter and carefully place them on the toast lengthwise. Milk gravy may be used as a dressing.

VEAL STOCK.—Six pounds knuckle of veal, four quarts cold water, one tablespoon salt, six peppercorns, celery root or one-half teaspoon celery seed, one onion. Wipe the veal, cut the meat fine and break the bones. Put it into the kettle with the cold water. Skim as it boils, and when clear add the seasoning. Simmer until the bones are clean and the liquor reduced one-half. Strain, and when cool remove the fat. Use it for white or delicate soups.

PUFF PASTE.—To each pound of flour allow a pound of butter, use half of the butter with the flour and cold water enough to mix it; roll it out quite thin and put on half the butter that remains in small bits; dredge this with flour, roll up the paste, then roll it out again, thin, put on the rest of the butter and roll up as before; repeat this until the butter is all used. It must be done quickly; be careful not to handle it any more than you can help. Put in a cool place until you are ready to use it.

CHOCOLATE LOAF CAKE.—Grate one-half a cake of Baker's chocolate and mix it with one-half a cup of milk and the yoke of one egg. Put it on the back part of the stove to dissolve and heat through. When thoroughly warmed, set it off to cool while preparing the cake. Take two eggs, the yolk of one having been used, two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little water. Add the chocolate and flour enough to make a thin batter that will pour smooth. Bake carefully.

LOBSTER SALAD.—One large lobster, three tablespoonfuls of French mustard or two dessertspoonfuls of common mixed mustard, one gill and a-half of vinegar, one gill and a-half of sweet oil, the yolks of five hard-boiled eggs, salt to the taste, a small teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, the inside leaves of two heads of cabbage lettuce. Cut the meat and lettuce in small pieces. Boil the eggs hard, mash the yolks with a wooden or silver spoon, and oil enough to make them to a smooth paste, then add the vinegar, mustard, pepper and salt to taste. Mix this dressing thoroughly with the lobster and lettuce and serve it before the salad becomes wilted.

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Miscellaneous.

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MARRIED.

At St. Paul's Manse, Montreal, on March 2, by Rev. James Barclay, Mr. W. S. Bell, V. S., Kars, to Miss Lizzie Hope, Perth.

In Montreal, on 14th June, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, James Reid, jun., by the Rev. Dr. A. B. Mackay, Robert Young, of Otterglan, Ramsay, Ont., to Agnes Annie, second daughter of the late George Mackay, Kingston, Ont.

As the Presbyterian parsonage, Mayberry, on Wednesday, 22nd June, Mr. James McEwen, of Maberry, and Miss Maggie, youngest daughter of Mr. John McTavish, of Lombardy.

At Riverside, near Brockville, on Wednesday, June 29, by the Rev. W. A. McKenzie, B.A., of the First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, assisted by the Rev. J. Mackie, M.A., of St. Andrews, Kingston, Wm. I. Minnes, of Kingston, to Anella, only daughter of the late R. Walker Grant, of Brockville.

In Montreal, on June 29, at the residence of the bride's sister, by the Rev. M. S. Oxley, H. D. Patterson, to Agnes, third daughter of the late W. S. Russell.

On the evening of June 30, at the residence of the bride's brother, 63 River street, Toronto, by the Rev. A. M. McClelland, M.A., D.L., Mr. John Reith, of Toronto, to Miss Janet Smith, of the same place.

At Brockville, on Monday, July 4, by the Rev. W. A. McKenzie, B.A., B.D., Mr. Robert Evans to Miss Sarah Kerr, both of the township of Kitley.

At the Manse, Inverness, Quebec, on July 6, 1892, by the Rev. James Sutherland, James Brocken, Esq., to Maria Lowe, all of Inverness, County Megantic, Que.

On July 6, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. William Forlong, George Hay to Margaret Annie, daughter of the late George Chmich, both of Lachute.

On July 6, at the Parkdale Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. R. P. Mackay, assisted by the Rev. R. Leask, Gilbert A. Smith, B.A., Science Master Parkdale Collegiate Institute, to Leila, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Torrance Jack, all of Toronto.

DIED.

At 496 Ontario st., on the 4th inst., Margaret Lumsden, wife of Robert McClelland, and eldest daughter of Hugh Miller, aged 42 years.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BARRIE.—At Barrie, Tuesday, July 26, at 11 a.m.
 GUELPH.—In Chalmers Church, Guelph, on Tuesday, July 19, at 10.30 a.m.

HAMILTON.—In Knox Church, Hamilton, on Tuesday, July 19, at 9.30 a.m.

LINDSAY.—At Sunderland, Tuesday, August 30, at 11 a.m.

QUEBEC.—In Chalmers Church, Richmond, August 30, at 4 p.m.

WHITBY.—At Oshawa, Tuesday, July 19, at 10 a.m.

WINNIPEG.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Tuesday, August 9, at 3 p.m.

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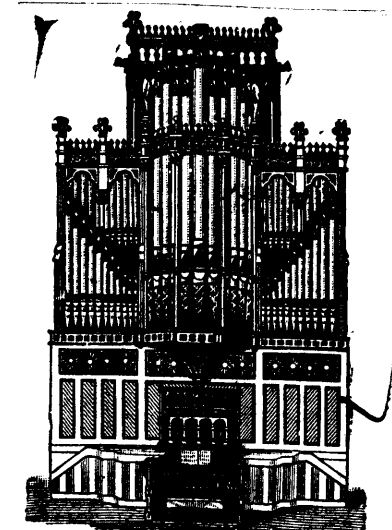
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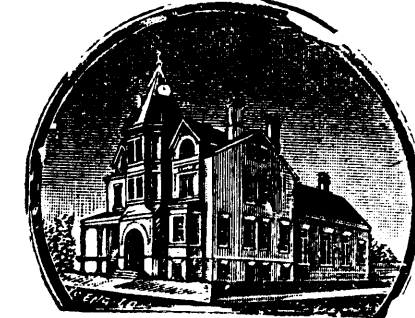
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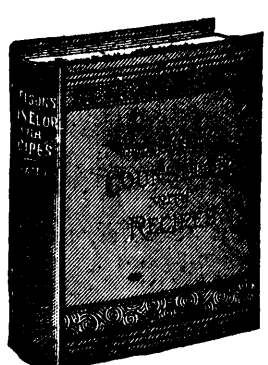


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