

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

THE PRESBYTERIAN

TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.

Vol. 3.—No. 42. (New Series).
Whole No. 446.

Toronto, Friday, August 20th, 1880.

\$2.00 per Annum, in advance.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

NEW BOOKS.

- "The Limitations of Life and other Sermons." By Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., with portrait.....\$2 25
- "Homiletical and Pastoral Lectures." By the Archbishop of York and others, with Preface by Bishop Ellicott..... 2 25
- "Contemporary Portraits." By E. De Presense, D.D. Translated by Annie Harwood Holmden..... 2 25
- "Discourses on the Book of Revelation." By the Rev. Alex. Gregory, M.A..... 1 50
- "Divine Footprints in the Field of Revelation." By William Griffiths, M.A..... 2 25
- "The Old Testament a Living Book for All Ages." By Austin Phelps, D.D..... 1 50
- "Studies on the New Testament." By F. Godet, D.D. Edited by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, M.A. Third edition..... 2 50
- "Heroes of the Mission Field." By W. Packenham Walsh, D.D., Bishop of Ossory..... 1 50
- "The Life of the World to Come, and other Subjects." By Rev. T. T. Shore, M.A..... 1 50
- "Benjamin Du Plan, Gentleman of Alais." By D. Bonnefon..... 1 50
- "Voices from Babylon, or the Records of Daniel the Prophet." By Joseph A. Seiss, D.D. 1 25
- "Homilies on Christian Work." By Charles Stanford, D.D. 1 00
- "The Sinner and His Saviour." By Thomas S. Shenton..... 0 90
- "Life in a Look." By the Rev. Canon Baldwin 0 60

For Sale by John Young,
Upper Canada Tract Society, 102 Yonge Street,
Toronto.

Mailed, post free, on receipt of price.

S. S. LIBRARIES.

Schools desiring to replenish their Libraries cannot do better than send to

W. Drysdale & Co.,

232 St. James Street, Montreal, where they can select from the choicest stock in the Dominion, and at very low prices. Mr. Drysdale having purchased the stock of the Canada S. S. Union, who have given up the supplying of Books, is prepared to give special inducements. Send for catalogue and prices. School requisites of every description constantly on hand.

W. DRYSDALE & CO.,
232 St. James Street, Montreal.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL Teacher's Companion.

BY REV. JOHN McEWEN,

The Teacher and Senior Scholar's Companion to the Old Testament Series of the International Lessons, beginning with the Book of Genesis, on the first Sabbath of July, is now ready.

This book will be found to meet a felt want in the International System of S. S. Lessons. It presents the entire Book of Scripture in a connected and progressive form—taking up the dropped links of connection between the lessons. It has a Normal Class Exercise on Bible Investigation, illustrated by the Book of Genesis.

Price 10 cents per copy, or \$1.00 per dozen. Sent to any address, post free, on receipt of price.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
Publisher.

5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

JUST PUBLISHED.

44 pp. Price 10 Cents.

DOCTRINES OF THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN.

By Rev. Professor Crookery, M.A., Magee College, Londonderry.

A comprehensive and very complete exposition in short space of the Errors of Plymouthism.

Mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.

Wherever Plymouthism is trying to get a foot-hold within the bounds of Presbyterian congregations, parties would do well to circulate copies of this pamphlet.

In quantities, \$8 per 100.

NEW AND POPULAR GAMES

For Young People

EVENING PARTIES.

LOGOMACHY, OR WAR OF WORDS,

The new and very popular young people's game. Price 35 cents, mail free.

GO BANG, SOLITAIRE, FOX AND GOOSE, AND SEIGE.

Four popular family games in one. Price, expressed free to all parts of Canada, \$1.50.

CLOUGHER BROS.,

Booksellers and Stationers,
Toronto.

PRESBYTERIAN

Normal Class Teacher,

OR A PREPARATORY COURSE OF STUDY,

Designed to help the present and future Christian worker in the Church to a larger grasp of the Word of God, and to aid in preparing them for the important office of Sabbath School Teachers.

BY REV. JOHN McEWEN.

Every Sabbath School Teacher, as well as every intending teacher, should have a copy of this work.

Price 30 cents; in cloth, 50 cents. Mailed to any address free of postage.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
5 Jordan St., Toronto.

WILLING & WILLIAMSON.

JUST COMPLETED, A DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN ANTIQUITIES

EDITED BY WILLIAM SMITH, D.C.L., LL.D., AND SAMUEL CHEETHAM, M.A.

In Two Volumes. Illustrated by nearly Six Hundred Engravings. An unabridged and exact reprint of the English edition, from a duplicate set of plates purchased by us from the English publishers.

This work is a continuation of Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," which has become a household book throughout the land.

IT IS A LIBRARY IN ITSELF—A condensation of the learning and scholarship of the past eighteen centuries, respecting the Antiquities of the Early Christian Church.

To clergymen, Sunday school teachers and pupils, it is an auxiliary which cannot be over-rated.

Two Vols, Fine English Cloth.....\$8.00

Full Leather, Library Style, 9.00

FREE BY MAIL.

Less than half the price of the English edition. Descriptive Circular with notices of the press sent on application.

ACTIVE AND INTELLIGENT AGENTS WANTED FOR ONTARIO.

Willing & Williamson,
PUBLISHERS, TORONTO.

R. MERRYFIELD,
PRACTICAL BOOT & SHOE MAKER,

THE OLD STAND
190 YONGE STREET.

Order Work a Specialty.

14 STOP ORGANS,
SUB BASS & Oct. Coupler, 4 Set Reeds, \$65. Pianos \$125 and upwards sent on trial. Catalogue FREE. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

THE POWERS OF Canadian Parliaments.

ALSO
An Examination of the Federal and Provincial claims to appoint

QUEEN'S COUNSEL,

With an Analysis of a recent dictum of the

SUPREME COURT.

By S. J. Watson,

Librarian Ontario Parliament.

In cloth, \$1. For sale by all Booksellers.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, PUBLISHER,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

ROBINSON & KENT, BARRISTERS-AT-LAW, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, ETC.

OFFICE:—Victoria Chambers, 9 Victoria Street, Toronto.

J. G. ROBINSON, M.A. HERBERT A. E. KENT.

MOWAT, MACLENNAN & DOWNEY, SOLICITORS, ETC.

Queen City Insurance Buildings, 24 Church Street, Toronto. Oliver Mowat, Q.C., James Maclellan, Q.C., John Downey, Thomas Langton, Duncan D. Riordan.

JOHN L. MORRIS, Barrister, Solicitor, Etc., ST. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL.

THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITE

THE OLD-ESTABLISHED
Cook's Friend Baking Powder.
PURE, HEALTHY, RELIABLE

Manufactured only by

W. D. McLAREN,

Retailed Everywhere. 55 & 57 College St.

KILGOUR BROTHERS, MANUFACTURERS AND PRINTERS OF Paper Bags and Flour Sacks, Printed Wrappers, Wrapping Paper, Twines, etc.

18 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

THE GREAT JOBBING HOUSE.

W. & D. PATERSON'S,
33 & 35 Scott Street, Toronto,

Three doors south of Colborne street, sell you all classes of Dry Goods at nett wholesale prices, and cut any lengths you may require. SUITS made to order from best SCOTCH TWEEDS for \$14 & \$15.

ONTARIO STEAM DYE WORKS,

334 Yonge Street, Toronto,
THOMAS SQUIRE, - PROPRIETOR,

Is now complete and in full working order. Fitted up with later improved machinery than any in Canada for finishing Silks, Ribbons, Dress Goods &c.

Silks and Ribbons a Specialty.

ONTARIO Stained Glass Works.

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS.

DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO.

R. LEWIS.

THE ONTARIO LOAN

AND
Debenture Company,
LONDON, CANADA,

Lends Money on Mortgage Security at low rates.

STRAIGHT LOANS

at 7 per cent. and 7½ per cent. according to class of security. Mortgages and Debentures purchased.

WILLIAM T. BULLEN,
London, May 10th, 1880. Manager.

ROBINSON HOUSE,
109 Bay Street, Toronto.
JAMES MATHEWS, Proprietor. Established over 18 years as a Temperance House.

RUSSELLS'

Watch and Chronometer Makers TO THE QUEEN.

FACTORY: 18 CHURCH ST., LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

BRANCH: 33 PICCADILLY, LONDON.
CANADIAN HOUSE: 9 KING STREET WEST TORONTO.

Watch Repairing a Special Feature of the Canadian House. Any article of jewellery made to order.

LOANS ON GOOD

Farm or City Property,
At Lowest Rates.

NO COMMISSION

or other charges, excepting disbursements.

Apply direct to

ALEXANDER & STARK,
Stock Brokers & Estate Agents,
General Agents for the Canada Guarantee Co.

CORNER OF ADELAIDE AND VICTORIA STREETS, TORONTO.

GAS FIXTURES.

Ecclesiastical & Architectural Designs made to order in a superior manner

Dealers and Manufacturers of all kinds of Gas Fittings, Brass Railings, and Metal Ornaments.

D. S. KEITH & CO.,
109 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

D. S. KEITH. J. B. FITZSIMONS

GALVANIZED

Boat & Rigging Tackle,

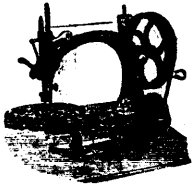
OAKUM,

Rope and Cordage, Pitch,

AT

Aikenhead & Crombie's.

THE GUELPH Sewing Machine Co.,



Manufacturers of the celebrated **OSBORN "A" SEWING MACHINE** got up in any style desired. **PHILADELPHIA LAWN MOWERS** very superior articles. **SMOOTHING OR SADIRONS** of the most approved principle. **THE DOVER EGG BEATER**, a very useful article in every house. **W. WILKIE, MANUFACTURER, Guelph, Canada.**

RECENT PAMPHLETS. FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

"The Rule of Faith and Private Judgment."

A Lecture delivered at the close of the session of Knox College on 7th April, 1880, by the Rev. Prof. McLaren. 24 pages. Price 10 cents.

"Professor McLaren has done well to accede to the wishes of his friends by giving to the public in a neat and permanent form his exceedingly able lecture. We hope that in this form the lecture will receive, as it certainly deserves, a very wide circulation."—*Canada Presbyterian.*

"Hindrances and Helps to the Spread of Presbyterianism."

By Rev. D. H. MacVicar, LL.D. Price 10 cents, or \$6 per 100.

"It should be read by every Presbyterian in the land."—*Bowmanville Statesman.*

"Worth a score of pastoral letters."—*Rev. David Wishart.*

"The Perpetuity of the Reign of Christ."

The last sermon preached by the late Rev. Alex. Topp, D.D. Price 10 cents.

"The Inspiration of Scripture."

A lecture by Rev. Prof. McLaren. Price 10 cents. "The more extended circulation which will thus be given to it is not greater than it deserves."—*Canada Presbyterian.*

"The Catholicity of the Presbyterian Church."

By Rev. Prof. Campbell, M.A. Price 10 cents.

"Contains passages of great eloquence, and proves its author to be a master in Ecclesiastical History."—*Canada Presbyterian.*

"Doctrines of the Plymouth Brethren."

By Rev. Prof. Croskery, M.A., Magee College, Londonderry. Price 10 cents.

"A comprehensive and very complete exposition in short space of the errors of Plymouthism."—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Mailed to any address post free, on receipt of price

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto. *Publisher.*

TO MINISTERS.

Marriage Certificates

NEATLY PRINTED ON

FINE PAPER, IN BLUE, GOLD & CARMINE

Mailed to any address, postage prepaid, at 50 cents PER DOZEN; or TWENTY-FIVE for \$1.00.

ALSO

MARRIAGE REGISTERS,
25 CENTS.

BAPTISMAL REGISTERS,
75 CENTS.

COMMUNION ROLLS,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
Jordan Street, Toronto. *Publisher.*

Agents Wanted for the Pictorial BIBLE COMMENTARIES
Embodies best results of latest research. Bright and readable. 475 illustrations. Many new features. Sells to all classes. Low in price (Only 95¢). Extra terms. **BRADLEY, GARRETTSON & Co.,** Bradford, Ontario.

SHIRTS, SHIRTS, SHIRTS.

A. WHITE,

65 King Street West, Toronto.

Send for rules for self-measurement and samples free.

AN ELEGANT AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, containing about 50 finely engraved and tinted pages, bound in Gold, and 54 quotations, all postpaid, 15c. Popular Game of Authors, 15c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Ct.

IT pays to sell our Rubber Hand Printing Stamps. Circulars free. G. A. Harper & Bro., Cleveland, O.

VISITING CARDS.

25 Pretty Floral and Chromo, or 25 White Ivory with name, 10c. 10 samples and price list 3 cent stamp. Queen City Card House, Toronto, Ont.

CHEAPEST BIBLES Ever furnished Agents. Extra Terms and Large FORSHEE & McMAKIN. **CASH PREMIUMS** CINCINNATI, O.

T T T

186 Yonge Street.

This Establishment was opened in the year 1869, for the express purpose of supplying

GENUINE PURE TEAS

To the public at a moderate rate. Our success has been unprecedented. We supply families all over the country with great satisfaction. 20 lbs. and over sent, carriage paid, to any Railway Station in Ontario. Our Stock of New Season's Teas is full, and prices low. Remember the address.

WM. ADAMSON & CO.,

DIRECT IMPORTERS, 186 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

SUBSTITUTES!

The public are cautioned against a custom which is growing quite common of late among a certain class of medicine dealers, and which is this: When asked for a bottle of **Pain-Killer**, they suddenly discover that they are "sold out," "but have another article just as good, if not better," which they will supply at the same price. The object of this deception is transparent. These substitutes are made up to sell on the great reputation of the **Pain-Killer**; and being compounded of the vilest and cheapest drugs, are bought by the dealer at about half what he pays for the genuine **Pain-Killer**, which enables him therefore to realize a few cents more profit per bottle upon the imitation article than he can on the genuine.

FOR CHOLERA MORBUS, CRAMP AND ALL

SUMMER OR BOWEL COMPLAINTS

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

IS UNEQUALLED.

IT CURES ALMOST INSTANTLY.

The PAIN-KILLER is put up in 2 oz. and 5 oz. bottles, retailing at 25 and 50 cents respectively,—large bottles are therefore cheapest.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

The **SABBATH SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN** (monthly) for 1880 will be better adapted for senior scholars. In its columns will be found more frequent reference to the mission work of our own Church; and efforts will be made to awaken and keep alive the interest of our young readers in the great work of spreading the saving truths of the Gospel into all lands.

GOLDEN HOURS will be continued as a monthly. It is already quite a favourite; and no efforts will be spared to increase its popularity and usefulness.

I have been asked to get out a paper at a lower price, which would be better adapted for **INFANT CLASSES**. **EARLY DAYS** will be published fortnightly for 1880 in response to this request. It will be beautifully illustrated; and cannot fail to be in great demand amongst the young folks.

Specimen copies of each sent free on application.

The Rev. Wm. INGLIS has kindly consented to take charge of these papers, which will be a guarantee that they may be safely placed in the hands of the "Children of the Church."

REDUCTION IN PRICES FOR 1880.

Please note the following rates for next year:

GOLDEN HOURS or SABBATH SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN.

4 Copies to one address	\$1.00
10 "	2.00
20 "	3.00
30 "	4.25
40 "	5.50
50 "	6.50

Any number exceeding 50, at same rate—13c. per copy.

These papers are the same price; but the contents are different. Schools can order one or both at above rates.

EARLY DAYS.

TERMS FOR 1880:		
10 Copies (twice a month) to one address	\$2.00
20 "	3.00
50 "	7.00
100 "	13.00

Subscriptions must be paid invariably in advance.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

5 Jordan Street, TORONTO.

Scientific and Useful.

WASHING the hair with soap always makes it look dull and rough. Use a little mixture of glycerine and lime juice to soften it afterwards.

HOW TO KEEP HENS IN HEALTH.—Their food should be considerably varied. Sometimes, for the want of animal food, hens will pick the feathers from each other and eat them—a harmful practice. This can be checked by feeding them, say three times a week, with any kind of scraps from the table, or with the waste meat which can be obtained from meat-markets, or at the butcher's, at a trifling expense.

FAINTING.—Lay the patient on his back on the floor, without any pillow under his head, and splash cold water vigorously on his forehead; rub his hands and feet, and apply strong smelling-salts to his nostrils. As soon as he is able to swallow give him a little wine or weak brandy and water. Open the window, keep the room cool, and do not let three or four people crowd round him.—*Commonsense Housekeeping.*

COMMON PASTE FOR FAMILY PIES.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, rather more than half a pint of water. Rub the butter lightly into the flour, and mix it to a smooth paste with the water; roll out two or three times, and it will be ready for use. This paste may be converted into an excellent short-crust for sweet tart, by adding to the flour, after the butter is rubbed in, two table-spoonfuls of sifted sugar.—*Mrs. Bedon's Household Management.*

THE HANDS AND ARMS.—An embrocation for whitening and softening the hands and arms, which dates far back, possibly to King James' time, is made from myrrh, one ounce; honey, four ounces; yellow wax, two ounces; rose water, six ounces. Mix the whole in one blended mass for use, melting the wax, rose water, and honey together in a dish over boiling water, and adding the myrrh while hot. Rub this thickly over the skin before going to bed. It is good for chapped surfaces, and would make an excellent mask for the face.

My husband and I never allowed a child to be punished by any one but ourselves. I gave my servants to understand, when I engaged them, that instant dismissal would follow a blow given to any of the children. We ourselves never whipped a child for any less offence than deceit or telling a lie. It seems to me such a wrong thing to be constantly boxing a child's ears, the punishment being oftener called forth by the parent's bad temper than by the child's offence. We tried to teach them, too, that they were not to expect to have a share of everything they saw. What was good for them they had without asking; what was not good for them would not be obtained by impertunity.—*How I Managed My Children; in Common-sense Housekeeping.*

THE FOOD WE USE.—The cereals contain lime, soda, silica, and phosphorus. Sage, barley, farina, rice, and arrow-root, are bland, digestible foods, containing little nitrogen, but acting as demulcent nutrients, grateful to inflamed surfaces, they are usually prepared in the form of gruels, and are quickly affected by the digestive fluids. When the condition of the patient will permit the use of gruel made from revalenta, which is composed of finely ground lentils and rye flour, it will be found to yield more nourishment than fresh beef. When only very light nourishment is allowable, toast water will be found sufficiently nutritious. Fresh fruit, such as apples, peaches, pears, grapes, lemons, and oranges are excellent laxatives; dried figs, prunes, and tamarinds possess similar qualities.

FLOWER GARDENS AND LAWNS.—The main work now is to keep everything in order. The lawn mower must be frequently used, and the corners, borders, and out-of-the-way places "trimmed up" with a sickle. Any large weeds that come up should be dug out by the roots. Walks and drives will need an occasional hoeing and raking, and the roller passed over to smooth and harden them. The margins should be neatly trimmed with large shears at frequent intervals. Bedding plants need much care, as they grow rapidly, and unless the knife is frequently used, will get in bad shape, and attractiveness is lost. Dahlias, gladioluses, etc., will need stakes to support them, but simple unnoticeable poles firmly driven into the soil are preferable to painted sticks. Climbers are to be looked to, and care taken that they have ample means of support. Annuals and perennials should have no weeds amongst them. Unless seeds are to be saved cut away the clusters as soon as the bloom fades.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 20th, 1880.

No. 42.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A LONDON paper not untruthfully describes Matthew Arnold as "a writer who has a whip of scorn for any who will not accept his vagueness as profundity, his self-admiration as catholicity, his reactionary tendencies as liberty, his insolence as sweetness, and his agnosticism as light."

A CONGRESS of 150 orthodox rabbis at Pesth, Hungary, discussed two important resolutions: first, that the Orthodox should completely separate themselves from the Reformers; and, second, that no graduate of the Pesth Seminary should be accepted as a rabbi of an Orthodox congregation. The first resolution was lost, but the second carried. No Orthodox seminary is contemplated for the present; but preparatory schools are to be formed.

A CURIOUS fact explaining the sudden recall by Pius IX. of the Nuncio Pecci (Now Pope Leo XIII.) from the post of Nuncio at Brussels has been brought to light at Brussels. The Nuncio who, owing to his agreeable conversation and manners, had become a great favourite with Leopold I., thought of converting this liberal-minded monarch to Catholicism. He gave frequent accounts to Pius IX. of the progress he was making in the enterprise. Pius IX., finding that the work did not proceed fast enough, sent one day an autograph letter to the King to hasten the conversion. The King, who heard of the subject for the first time, was not a little astonished, and the matter ended with the recall of the Nuncio and his disgrace during the remainder of the pontificate of Pius IX.

MONSIEUR DUMONT, the suspended Bishop of Tournay, to whose revelations is attributed the rupture between Belgium and the Vatican, has published a letter received by him from Louise Lateau, the celebrated fasting "stigmatist" of Bois d'Haine. According to this letter, she is held in a kind of duress by the priest, who prevents her from seeing Monseigneur Dumont, whom she persists in acknowledging as her bishop. Monseigneur Dumont declares his intention of rescuing her from the hands of "a priest, who obeying the mandates of criminal superiors, wants at all costs to keep her secluded or to put an end to her." He violently attacks Monseigneur Deschamps, whom he represents as the leader of a conspiracy against him. The Ultramontanes insist that the bishop has lost his reason.

THE building of a new church in Rome, on the corner of the Via Gesu e Maria and the Via Babino has drawn from Cardinal Valletta a strongly-worded protest, addressed to the Syndic of Rome. The Cardinal writes that it is with real and great regret he learns that a portion of the Convent of the Barefooted Augustines, near the Church of the Gesu e Maria, has been ceded to the administration of the so-called Church of England; that in Rome, where, until these recent times, heresy was never permitted to enter, the municipality itself has, by a solemn contract, consented that in one of the most populous quarters, and in a building erected for the use of a religious community, a new church of Protestantism, shall, to the scandal of the citizens, be built, is such a fact as could never have been foreseen.

It is everywhere regarded as a salient difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics, that the former without exception encourage the reading and circulation of the Scriptures, while the latter as generally and systematically discourage such reading. The latest and most explicit acknowledgment on this point, so far as Catholics are concerned, comes from Rome itself. Father Curci, the priest there who was deemed heretical and silenced by Pius IX., but restored to favour by Leo XIII., uses this plain language in his introduction to his new translation of the New Testament. He says: "The New Testament is the book of all others least studied and least read among us. So much so that the bulk of the laity—even of those who believe they have been instructed, and profess

religion—are not aware that such a book exists in the world; and the greater part of the clergy themselves scarcely know more of it than what they are compelled to read in the breviary and the missal." Coming from such a source, this revelation of the ignorance of the priests—to say nothing of the people—concerning the way of life as taught by our Lord and His disciples, cannot be charged to prejudice. It can only be accounted for as being veritable current history.

THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions gave a farewell meeting at Boston, July 21, to the largest number of missionaries ever sent out by them at one time, fourteen in all, five of whom go to Central, and one each to Eastern and Western Turkey, three to Central, two to East and two to South Africa, and others to the Dakota and other Indian missions. The meeting was very largely attended and very earnest in spirit. The following is a list of the missionaries who were present at the meeting: Mr. and Mrs. Lucius O. Lee, Miss Myra L. Barnes (Michigan), Miss Minnie C. Brown, Miss Laura Tucker (Missouri), and Miss Harriet Newell Childs (Massachusetts), Central Turkey; Miss Emily C. Wheeler (Turkey and Massachusetts), Eastern Turkey; Miss Fannie E. Burrage (Vermont), Western Turkey; Mr. James C. Robbins (Rhode Island and Hampton Institute), Dakota mission; Mr. W. W. Bagster (California), Mr. W. H. Sanders (Ceylon and Massachusetts), Bihe, Central Africa; Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Richards (Ohio), Umzila's country, East Africa; Mr. and Mrs. George A. Wilder (South Africa and Massachusetts), Zulu mission. Addresses were made by Secretaries Clark and Alden and by several of those who are about to enter upon missionary work.

WE learn with no ordinary pleasure that George Stephen, Esq., President of the Bank of Montreal, has sent a subscription of five thousand dollars to Principal Grant, for Queen's College. No condition has been attached to this handsome contribution, but it comes at the right time to enable the trustees to equip according to modern requirements the Chemistry and Natural Philosophy laboratories of the new buildings. This is the fifth subscription of five thousand dollars made to Queen's University within the last two years. Canadians are evidently beginning to shew something of the same interest in higher education that so honourably distinguishes the wealthy men of the United States. We hope to make announcements similar to the above with ever increasing frequency. It may be said that Canada, as yet, is comparatively poor and that the number of her wealthy men is but limited. Relatively to the United States this is so, but absolutely it is very different. There are a good many quite able to follow the example set by Mr. Stephen and others, and the sooner they do so the better it will be for themselves and for the Church as well. Why should not all the Presbyterian colleges of the Dominion be in this way fully equipped and endowed? To such a mode of endowment, the most eager voluntary could have no valid objection.

WITHOUT expressing any opinion now as to what would be the loss to the world, there is some ground for thinking that all public amusements which involve the gaining of prizes will become so disreputable and uncertain that self-respecting men and women will no longer feel any interest in them. Aside from the universal sin of betting, which has become a blot even on college regattas, there are practices growing up in connection with these contests which must soon make them revolting in the eyes of the true sporting fraternity, to say nothing of people whose lives are too earnest for much attention to a rowing race or a target shoot. The popular sport which has been called the "national game," and once crowded the local columns of newspapers to a sickening degree, is passing into rapid discredit because suspicion has gathered around the honesty of the players. Even the results of international shooting matches, which have hitherto excited considerable respect and pride, will hereafter be

attended with mistrust, since it has been learned that markers may be, and have been, bribed to make false scores. Let it not be supposed that betting will cease when such competitions are no longer matter of skill. Better will merely take into account one new element—human dishonesty. Hence the directors and patrons of these amusements should purify them or abolish them. The former it will be difficult to do inasmuch as those who make life a playspell or a scramble for honours are very frequently deficient in the nicer feelings from which a reform must proceed.

THE London "Times" has a Liverpool correspondent who recently wrote in the following fashion: "An experiment in prohibition is being tried here on a pretty extensive scale. Lord Selton and Mr. John Roberts, M.P. for Flint Boroughs, have agreed to prohibit the sale of liquor in any shape on land laid out for building purposes by them in the south of Liverpool. For some years past new streets have been springing up over this area, and it is estimated that, when the whole ground is covered, there will be some 50,000 persons living in a district where not a drop of liquor can be sold or bought. What are the results so far? Mr. Roberts declares that he has never had a word of complaint from owners or occupiers of houses in the district on account of the absence of liquor shops. Mr. S. G. Rathbone, the respected Chairman of our School Board, has publicly called attention to the fact that the working classes are rapidly migrating from the districts where public-houses are thick on the ground to this prohibitory district. The head constable reports that his officers have very little to do on this ground, where there are no public-houses. The medical officer reports that the death-rate is exceptionally low in the district. The feeling of the inhabitants in this district towards prohibition may be gathered from the fact that when, the other day, application was made to the licensing magistrate for an outdoor license for a house on the borders of the ground prohibited, the court was crowded with residents around, who opposed the application, and it was refused by the Bench accordingly. These facts speak for themselves, and need no comment." If such a district were only extended on all sides to the sea what an improvement would be effected.

A MISSIONARY in Japan writes: "Japan is advancing with unequalled speed. Think of it! The other day the Mikado accepted an invitation to an entertainment given in his honour by a number of native merchants. Until the late revolution merchants stood at the foot of the social ladder. The clothes they wore, the baskets in which they rode, the saddle-horses upon which they were not allowed to ride, everything that surrounded them, had to conform to law, and to bear outward semblance of their lowly position. And now his Imperial Majesty the Mikado, the descendant of the gods, accepts their hospitality and dines in their presence. Wonder of wonders! Two hundred years of English dominion in India have modified but slightly the social polity of that land. Here is Japan making wonderful leaps socially as well as politically and morally. Under God, it is the rank and file of the nation that compel such changes. Are they not worth helping? Don't think the work is done yet. It is simply well begun. I am living in the midst of Pagan shrines. I hear devout Shintoists clap and see Buddhists rub their hands, every day before gods of stone. The city is alive with religious festivals. Last week workmen cleaning my well begged earnestly for permission to throw rice, salt, and sake into the water, and burn incense over the well, that the god of the well might clean it, and save them the trouble. I replied, 'Very well; if the god does the work I shall pay him and not you.' It was my first sermon in Japanese, and may all succeeding ones be as effective in carrying their point! The golden days are passing. The people are bound to be enlightened, and they will be. The only question is, how? On a Christian or antichristian basis? Some countries will wait for an answer. Japan will not."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

TARES OR NEW WINE.

In walking along the sea shore, you have observed a dark margin line which marks the extreme limit of the ocean waves. It is a curious specimen of order and confusion, as well as a most interesting study. The line of limit itself is symmetrical and well defined, but its composite parts are made up of all sorts of odds and ends. They are fragments of the museum of medley curiosities, which the restless ocean has been disgorging from its watery bosom. Bits of coal and shell, fragments of wood, accumulations of seaweed, and all sorts of heterogeneous materials, make up an omnium collection, out of which diligent searchers occasionally gather articles of value.

It has occurred to us, that this strange medley, of which this sea-line is made up, may be used to represent, at the present time, the actual results of the modern German thought, which the intellectual agitation of the age has cast upon the surface of the British mind.

One of the most assiduous students of this drift-line has been the famous Professor W. R. Smith, of Aberdeen. Out of its rubbish he may have occasionally extracted some beautiful pearl of thought. If we judge, however, the fruits of his labours, by their unsettling and sceptical tendencies we cannot but regret that he has devoted his time and talents to the diffusion of the worst phases of German thought and criticism. Scarcely has he escaped from the punishment due to his former acts of indiscretion in his articles on the "Bible," in the shape of three years' suspension from professional duties, and a public rebuke, when the religious mind of the Presbyterian world is again agitated to its very centre, by his article on the "Hebrew Language and Literature."

Having carefully perused that production, I shall endeavour to give a fair and impartial judgment of its teachings and tendencies, without yielding to that spirit of heresy-hunting, which recently led certain members of an Ontario Presbytery to scent heterodoxy in the pithy remarks of Matthew Henry.

The article opens with an account of the origin of the term "Hebrew," then proceeds to consider the name "Hebrew Language," next gives a history of its "Character and Philological Relations," followed by the "Geographical Sphere and History of Hebrew as a Spoken Language," "The Literary Development of Hebrew"—and is closed with the "Cultivation of Hebrew as a Dead Language."

The article lacks the off-hand, fearless confidence that characterized the former one on the "Bible," and the language is more guarded, as if the shadow of a libel was hanging over the writer.

And the most objectionable views are introduced in such a way as to make it difficult for any Church court to find in them matter of condemnation. Sometimes too, they are put in the shape of an incidental remark in a foot-note.

The Theory of the Literary Development of Hebrew, though not unfolded in any systematic manner, may be stated thus:—

Before us lie the thirty-nine books that compose the Old Testament, and the question to be solved is, "How did they reach their present state?" The question does not deal with their genuineness, authenticity, or inspiration, but with the various stages of their literary progress, until they assumed their present shape and form. Partly from fragments of history and principally from a careful and diligent examination of the books themselves, Professor Smith enunciates the following results:—

The basis of the Old Testament is oral tradition. Far back in the past, the stories of creation and of the fall, the epic of the deluge, the loves of Jacob and Rachel, the lives of Joseph and Moses, and kindred ancient Bible narratives, were handed down, in unwritten poems and carefully transmitted narrative from father to son, and from generation to generation.

In the course of time, further development took place. In sailing across some Muskoka Lake, its distinguished features are the number of islands that dot and diversify its surface. In like manner the lake of oral tradition becomes covered here and there with written lyrics and laws, sometimes engraven on stone, and sometimes otherwise inscribed. This vast body of oral tradition, interspersed with written laws, like the decalogue, and lyrical productions like those of

the "Book of the Wars of Jehovah" (Numbers xxi. 14) and the Book of Jashur, continued to accumulate for an unknown period of time.

Somewhere between David and Amos and Hosea this vast collection of oral traditions, laws and lyrics was sifted, arranged, and put into its present shape.

The authors of this collection were men of great skill and ability, and prepared most graphic and interesting histories out of the heterogeneous collection of poems, legends, old laws, and traditions, at their disposal.

"They tell their tale with sympathy, and often with an undercurrent of dry humour."

"A new epoch begins with the rise of written prophecy in the eighth century—by this time writing and literary knowledge were widely diffused."

Another event that enabled the new prophecy to establish a spiritual and intellectual ascendancy, was the terrible struggle with Nineveh.

This is succeeded by the decadence of prophecy, and the "systematization of the ceremonial law on lines first drawn by Ezekiel."

The memoirs of Ezra and Nehemiah, and the books of Chronicles and Esther are "singularly destitute of literary merit."

And the canon is described as closed with Ecclesiastes, whose "author could speak of the weariness of much study, and the endless sterility of book-making."

A general view of this new theory of the literary construction of the Old Testament is subjoined as follows:—

- I. The Age of Oral Tradition—probably extending to the time of Moses.
- II. The Period of Oral Tradition, Written Lyrics, Legends and Laws—from Moses to David.
- III. The Grand Literary Era of the Hebrew Language, when its first and noblest productions were written—from Moses to Amos.
- IV. The Epoch beginning with Written Prophecy and including the Struggles with Nineveh, and the Captivity—from Amos to Ezekiel.
- V. The Period of Decadence, when productivity ceased and original works were few in number—from Ezekiel to close of Old Testament.

In a second paper I shall give the disastrous and unsettling results of this novel development theory as well as the rearrangement of the books of the Old Testament which it proposes. J.G.

SEVEN YEARS IN THE INDIAN MISSION FIELD.

India, the beautiful morning land, the land of sunshine and of gold, stretches southward, like a great triangular banner upon the bosom of the ocean, for eighteen hundred miles, with a superficial area of one million five hundred thousand square miles, and contains a population of over one hundred and fifty millions of human souls, speaking forty-two distinct languages and over two hundred dialects.

The Himalayas, as its northern boundary, shelter it from the wild and comparatively desolate continent beyond, while the central table-land supported by the Vindhiga mountains and Mahadeva hills—occurring about the 22nd parallel—divide the country from east to west into two almost equal parts, viz., the Gangetic valley, or Hindustan, on the north, and the Peninsula proper on the south.

Of Ganges or Ganga we read in their ancient records that she is the daughter of Himalaya, the Mountain King; that she was the beloved of Indra, with whom she dwelt above the clouds in the region of the blue ether; that the father, languishing for the companionship of his child, sent the winds hither and thither to call her name aloud and shout for Ganga the beautiful. The uprising cry the maiden heard in heaven, and kneeling she prayed the great Indra to permit her to depart. He consented, and Ganga, impatient and joyful, bounded downward and alighted with such vehemence upon the head of the old King that he became angry, caught and held her fast in the tangles of his bushy hair where she still shines upon his brow a glistening snowy crown. So says the legend. This was a realization of the earthly, not altogether pleasant or welcome to the maiden. She entreated for release with tears and promises of future gentleness, and received a partial reprieve by an escape through a fissure in his rocky side called "Gai Muhti," or the cow's mouth, though uninitiated foreigners call it the head waters or fountain of the Ganges. Leaping and laughing with all the joyousness

of youth and recovered freedom, Ganga descended to the plains, but her course here became more sedate and stately, and after many miles of lonely wandering she called to join her many young companions. Thus, broadening and deepening, she swept majestically onward to the eastern sea.

The peninsula to the south, with its mountain girt shores, seems quite a different world from Hindustan. The speech and appearance of the people being in as marked contrast as are the climate and products of the country. So marked is the separation of the countries to the north and south of the central table-land that outside official circles, almost all other information one gets of the other is through the English press. They each have their independent internal government and seaport towns and therefore the contact is slight, except when such events as a famine, cyclone, or epidemic brings them prominently before the world.

The Dekhan or South, as the ancient Aryans called the great central table-land—because it was the southern limit of their settlements, and all which was not Aryan was worth small consideration in their esteem—is upborne, on its northern side, by the Vindhiga mountains which extend across the entire country, and on its southern side by the Mahadeva and Aravilly hills.

On observing the Vindhigas from their southern aspect they present the appearance of a great weather-beaten coast line now far inland. The hills or spurs are uniform and flat-topped averaging from three to four hundred feet in height, yet sometimes rising to eight hundred above the table-land of which they are more really the abrupt terminations than distinct and independent hills. On their northern side they are precipitous and commence on the very edge of the escarpment to form a water shed for several very considerable rivers.

Parallel to the Vindhigas and south are the Mahadeva hills, or rather a series of groups of peaks much less regular in outline than the Vindhigas, and composed of different forms of rocks. The elevated but irregularly shaped valley between, gives the Narbudda river. The drainage area of the Ganges reaches at some points to within little more than a mile of the main stream of the Narbudda. The hilly region of the Mahadeva throws up the Pachmarri group of peaks with their grotesquely shaped summits and bold precipitous faces. The intervening hills (Gondwara) seldom reach any considerable height and none equalling Pachmarri. The valley itself is slightly undulating, and broken occasionally by low yet abruptly swelling hills. The soil of the Narbudda valley is extremely rich and mostly under cultivation, the river naturally is fed most abundantly from its southern side, its confluent and tributaries having their sources in the Gondwara hills of the Mahadeva. The waters of these rivers in hollowing out beds for themselves in the soft rich soil, as they pass along, expose many rocks differing in structure, texture, age, occurrence and disintegration.

The Narbudda or "bestower of pleasure," is worthy of mention. It flows over a bed of wild bold crags of marble and sandstone, often in its course breaking into cataracts of exquisite beauty. Like the Ganges it is much beloved by the Hindoos and is one of their sacred rivers. For many years, while the Ganges has been steadily losing its reputation as a rescuer from sin, the Narbudda has been as steadily gaining. So much does this feeling prevail among the people that the great Mela or fair which takes place annually at Hurdwar, the religious centre of the north, has been discontinued and pilgrimages are now to be made to the Narbudda, which is one of the boundaries of Indore state, separating it from British territory, and is only a few hours by rail from Indore city.

The tradition current among the natives regarding the Narbudda is as follows:—

The river Sone courted the Narbudda in the highlands of Omerkuntuk in which they both rise. They slowly advanced to meet one another, like bashful lovers. The bride becoming impatient to know something of the appearance of the bridegroom sent out her little maid Jhola, the barber's daughter, who was to view and report to her. The Sone supposed Jhola to be the bride, and fell in love with her accordingly, whereat Narbudda became enraged, turned short round to the west and has flowed ever since in that direction, leaping rocks sometimes to fall over yawning precipices in her fury, but time calmed her and she reached the ocean at Cambay, placid and smiling.

ing. A river to the Hindu is a living thing, with a power and an intelligence of its own. It listens to, and sympathizes with, and answers mortals, when they appeal to it in their distresses, and rejoices in their joys and accepts their thanksgivings, while yet they have no temples or priests to profit by the illusion.

Sir John Malcolm has gathered all the lands immediately east of Scinde into one group called Central India. This district contains a superficial area of 350,000 square miles. Jessalmere and Merwar being the low or valley portions, while Agmere, Oodypore and Malwa are on the high or table-land. In Malwa is Indore state or principedom, with an area of 8,000 square miles, and a population of about half a million. Of Indore state the city of Indore is the capital, and here also resides the real king of all the central provinces, viz., the agent to the Governor-General, or British Resident. Touching Indore is the native state of Gwalior with an area of 33,000 square miles, and a population of 3,000,000 souls. Bhopal, an adjoining Mohammedan state, contains full a quarter of a million people; there are several other lesser states; and in all that vast field, besides the few missionaries at Indore we have only one other European at work, viz., Mrs. Warren, at Gwalior. Since the death of her noble husband, Rev. Joseph Warren, D.D., she has, single handed, with her catechists and teachers, bravely taken up the work he laid down when death called him. One woman to three millions of people! I need scarcely remark she is an American Presbyterian.

Gwalior lies on the low ground and reaches up the mountain side until it touches Indore. Its climate is one of extreme heat, and it is liable to fierce sand storms from the desert. Indore, upon the plateau, 2,000 feet above the sea, and as the crow flies only a little over seventy miles from the sea coast of Goudgerat, has a climate dry and invigorating, with nothing approaching either the heat of summer or the cold of winter experienced by the dwellers on the plains. Of course it is malarial both at the commencement and termination of the rains. M. F.

(To be continued.)

THE "BYSTANDER" AND CHRIST.

In a late number of the "Bystander" Prof. Goldwin Smith has given a remarkable extract from a recent work of M. Renan. Having quoted a sentence from Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria, Renan exclaims, "On the day on which Jesus spoke these words He was truly the Son of God. He uttered for the first time the saying on which the edifice of religion will last forever. Not only was His religion that day the religion of humanity, it was religion in the absolute sense; and, if other planets have inhabitants endowed with reason and morality, their religion cannot be different from that which Jesus proclaimed by the side of Jacob's well." Prof. Smith gives this quotation in evidence that Christianity and religion need not perish even though we surrender—as Renan has done—our faith in the dogmatic and supernatural. "Even though, under the destructive touch of criticism, the woman of Samaria, the well, the very speaker Himself, should disappear, or become doubtful forms in the mist of legend, the truth of the words spoken would remain. It would remain even if we could be constrained to believe that they were the utterance of an unknown teacher recorded by an unknown hand."

We would like to know what Rationalists gain by the hypothesis that the supernatural must be eliminated from the Gospel narrative. According to them the stories of the incarnation, the miracles, the resurrection and ascension of our Lord, are only myths that gradually clustered around the name of some merely human teacher. Modern criticism has destroyed all faith in the historical character of these miraculous incidents. Well, leave these out of account, and what difficulty is the sceptic relieved from? *Scripta litera manet.* The words spoken by Christ, the truths taught, still remain. The Rationalist tells us that no testimony, save that of his own senses, will suffice to convince him that a miracle has occurred. We cannot now shew him the miracles of Christ, but we can let him hear the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth. What is the character of Christ's teaching? Such—even our enemies themselves being judges—as never before nor since has been heard among men. A sentence, thrown out casually in a passing conversation, is, according to M. Renan, the

"foundation of the absolute religion." This unknown teacher for the first time announced, and that too in the most simple, incidental, almost unconscious way, the truth on which all intelligent beings, whether in this or in other worlds, must build their faith and worship! And this truth announced by Christ is no solitary instance. It is but one of many. "There are a hundred more elsewhere as worthy of our wonder." All through the record of His teaching and that of His disciples, we find others quite as profound, as original, as striking and sublime, as that one singled out for praise from the conversation by Jacob's well.

It is not long since the destructive critics would have had us believe that the books of the New Testament had been compiled in the second or third century of the Christian era. They have been compelled on closer investigation to shift forward the date of publication to a much earlier period. We believe that all who are candid and competent judges acknowledge that many of the epistles are without a doubt genuine apostolic documents; and that the gospels must have been written not later (and probably earlier) than 70 or 80 A.D. We have then documents attesting all the great facts in the life of our Lord, issued very near to the time when these miracles occurred.

Is it credible that, in such a brief space as that intervening between the death of Christ and the issue of the first books of the New Testament, so many myths and legends could have gathered around the name of Jesus—could have gone into universal circulation—and been held with such undoubting assurance, and such fervid and passionate devotion, that, everywhere, martyrs were ready to suffer to the death in attestation of their faith?

But even if we surrender the question of the supernatural to the extent demanded by the Rationalist, does he get quit of his difficulties? Separate, as Prof. Smith suggests, the sayings of Christ from the miraculous incidents of His life—are we not compelled to recognize in these sayings of His the voice of a God? *Never man spake like this Man.* It is folly to say that His teaching could have had a merely human origin. We know what genius and talent can accomplish. We know what to expect from culture and training. And we fearlessly assert that no amount or quality of human effort or natural endowment will account for the teaching of Jesus. His discourses, as well as His doings, demand the hypothesis of a superhuman and divine origin. Who can believe that a poor Galilean peasant, hedged in from infancy by every sort of narrowness and prejudice; without books or training or intercourse with the world; one, too, who had to labour for His daily bread, who can believe that such a one could have excogitated a system of doctrine and duty such as we have in the New Testament, a religion adapted not merely to his own time and country, but fit to be preached "among all nations," and in all times—nay even, according to the French sceptic, among all the inhabitants of the most distant parts of God's universe? The calm judgment of unprejudiced inquirers revolts against the sceptical theory, and finds it far more easy to believe that Jesus was what He claimed to be, and what many converging lines of argument prove, "God manifest in the flesh," and our Saviour.

We cannot but wonder at Professor Smith's present attitude towards Christianity; and we deplore the results that are likely to ensue from his later writings. Why will he go on asserting that modern science has completely disproved the inspiration of the Old Testament, when many most eminent scientists, refusing to be carried away with theories that have a temporary popularity, still cherish it as divine? Why should he continue to assert that modern criticism has destroyed the historical character of the New Testament, when the genuineness and authenticity of the greater number of its books are as unassailable as those of any other works that have come down to us from antiquity? W. M.

MOVEMENT IN THE CHURCH OF ROME.

REV. FATHER CHINQUY.—Dear Brother in Christ,—You have, doubtless, heard and read something of the Independent Catholic Church. As one of the priests engaged in this cause of religious freedom and independence of Romanism, and as pastor of the only church of our organization, I beg to invite you to visit us and observe what we are doing. Should you desire to lecture and preach in the city the coming

season, every facility will be afforded you. We have a very fine church in the heart of the city, large crowds attend all our services and especially our evening meetings. During the last year Father McNamara and I have addressed more than 150,000 persons on this movement, in this city and in Boston. Half that number were Roman Catholics, principally Irish of course. Without the Irish element the Italian Church would present a very sorry figure to-day. We, Irish Catholic priests, seek to lead our people out of that false system of Christianity into the truth as it is in Jesus.

Come and observe our methods. They are novel and striking and eminently successful. During the last ten months I personally received the names of three hundred persons out of Rome into the church. *New York, July 27th, 1880. J. A. O'CONNOR.*

REV. J. A. O'CONNOR.—Very dear Brother in Christ,—Your kind letter of the 27th inst. is before me. It was addressed to Montreal, Canada, when my place of residence is now in my colony of Illinois, Kankakee county, which I founded in 1851, and where I left the errors of Popery with my whole people in 1858.

Since the day that our great God selected Father McNamara and yourself as the blessed instruments of His mercies toward so many precious souls, I have followed your progress with the greatest interest and spiritual joy, and I have desired many times to make his and your personal acquaintance. But, these last two years, the hand of Providence had taken me to the distant lands of Australia and New Zealand, from which I returned only lately.

I accept with gratitude and pleasure the honour you confer upon me by your invitation to unite my feeble efforts to your great labours in that part of the vineyard of the Lord, which the good Master has entrusted to your care. Be sure of it, I will consider it a great privilege to be allowed to work and fight side by side with two of the noblest soldiers whom the great Captain of our salvation has enrolled under His banner in New York.

Allow me to ask you to pray at the mercy-seat for the work to which I am determined to consecrate the few days which are in store for me.

You know as well as I do that there are hundreds, I dare say thousands, of honest and intelligent priests who are absolutely disgusted with the lies, superstitions, idolatries, and immoralities of Rome. Their minds are troubled and their hearts sad, for, day and night, they hear the mysterious voice which troubled the soul of Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus: "Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute Me?"

"Why do you preach doctrines in which you do not believe? Why do you sit in that confessional box which you know well to be a snare and a pit of perdition to you and to your female penitents? Why do you make your poor deluded people adore a god which you well know to be nothing else but a contemptible wafer? Why do you uphold the sacrilegious pretensions of that bishop whom you know to be the most heartless tyrant and the vilest impostor? Why do you not break that degrading yoke which binds you to the dust, to accept and follow and preach the glorious and divine Gospel of Christ which will make you free and pure and happy as the angels of God?"

Yes, you know it, thousands of priests hear these voices, and with Paul they cry, "What must we do? Where can we go? If we make a step outside the filthy ways where the Pope drags our enslaved souls and intelligences, we will fall on the ground bruised and wounded, if not killed by his thunders! . . . Cursed by the Pope and his 200,000,000 slaves, hounded as the vilest of men and the most wicked of rebels, we will become outcasts all over the world! What must we do? What can we do?" cry those thousands of priests to God, "in order to become the free children of light, the happy redeemed of Christ?"

Is it not quite time that the echoes of this wicked world should be forced to repeat to those distressed priests the dear Saviour's answer to Saul, "Go to such a place; there you will find a home and shelter against the rage and malice of the enemy; there you will find a friend who will press you on his bosom; there you will find an Ananias who will tell you what to do."

That work is much above my means. But the good Master for whom we work is rich. He will speak to those of His children, all over the world, to whom He has entrusted His treasures of gold and silver, and they will come to our help.

What can we not expect if several hundred converted

priests, freed from their fetters, strong with the strength of Christ are scattered in every city and town of the United States and Canada, to do what you are doing in New York? Can we not hope to see, then, the walls of that modern Babylon crumble?

Please present to our dear brother McNamara the assurance of my esteem and respect, at the sight of the great things the Lord has accomplished through him and yourself, and request the new brethren and sisters whom you have given us in Christ to unite their fervent prayers to yours at the throne of mercy for your devoted brother,
C. CHINIQUEY.

P.S.—You will like to hear that, these last three weeks, not less than six priests of Rome have expressed to me their stern determination to give up the errors of Rome and unite with us in fighting that great enemy of all the laws of God and the rights of man. Three of them are already with me, the others will come in a few days. Every one of them says that many others will soon follow them.
C. C.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

The subject of temperance education is, we rejoice, engaging public attention both in England and the United States. At a recent meeting in London of the executive of the National Union of Elementary Teachers, it was moved: "That it is desirable that the executive devote attention to the question of temperance teaching in elementary schools, and take the initiative in bringing the subject before conference."

Although no definite action was taken, the motion being defeated by a casting vote, and much difference of opinion elicited, the discussion itself is a significant token of the vast change in public opinion which has taken place. The Board of Education of the city of New York has adopted as a text-book the well known "Temperance Lesson Book" by Dr. Richardson; the same work which the English teachers proposed to use.

Dr. Holland, in an able discussion on the subject, asserts that the matter is one of vital importance, and that parents and teachers who fail to instruct their children in regard to the real nature, uses and dangers of alcoholic stimulants are guilty of culpable negligence and cruelty.

It is a cruel thing, he says, to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path. It is a mean thing to send a boy out to take his place in society, without understanding the relations of temperance to his own safety and prosperity of society.

MAKING FRIENDS.

Life is very critical. Any word may be our last. Any farewell, even amid glee and merriment, may be forever. If this truth were but burned into our consciousness, and if it ruled as a deep conviction and real power in our lives, would it not give a new meaning to our human relationships? Would it not make us far more tender than we sometimes are? Would it not oftentimes put a rein upon our rash and impetuous speech? Would we carry in our hearts the miserable suspicions and jealousies that now so often embitter the fountains of our lives? Would we be so impatient of the faults of others? Would we allow trivial misunderstandings to build up a wall between us and those who ought to stand very close to us? Would we keep alive petty quarrels, year after year, which a manly word any day would compose? Would we pass old friends or neighbours on the street without recognition, because of some real or fancied slight, some wounding of pride, or some ancient grudge? Or, would we be so chary of our kind words, our commendations, our sympathy, our comfort, when weary hearts all about us are breaking for just such expressions of interest or appreciation as we have in our power to give?—*Christian at Work.*

THE children of God desire to walk with God. If you are expecting salvation any other way, the Lord will give you grace to see the end of your way. Going onwards, is the bottomless pit.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.—*Helps.*

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION."

For if, in this verse, St. Paul bids us play the citizen worthily, how can we more worthily be citizens—the truest citizens of our country, because the best citizens of heaven—than by preaching that moral inflexibility which constitutes not only the true prosperity of nations, but their very continuance? Ill must he read the lessons of history who fails to see what it is that

"Ruins kingdoms and lays cities flat;"

and that it is the retribution of their own guilt—"good measure, shaken down, and pressed together, and running over, given into their bosoms." You know what a glorious nation the Greeks were—how brave, how beautiful, how richly endowed with sensibility and genius, yet how brief was their day of power! The immortal glory which they won at Marathon was lost, not two generations afterward, at *Δεσποταμι*; and when the news of that terrible naval defeat of a power that claimed absolute naval supremacy was brought to the Piræus, the heathen historian tells us how a wall of agony ran along the long walls into the city; and how in the city not one man slept that night; and how their anguish was intensified by the remorseful thought of the cruelties which they had inflicted on the little island of Melos and the brave defenders of Torone and Scione. And you know what the iron empire of Rome was, and how it bestrode the narrow world like a colossus. Why, then, did the little stone of Christianity which smote it break it into pieces, and winnow its fragments like the chaff of the summer threshing floor? Was it not because the avenging angels which punish cruelty and lust had recorded that prophecy which our poet puts into the lips of the injured British queen?

"Rome shall perish! Write that word
In the blood which she has spilt;
Perish hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt!"

And what made the power of the Popedom perish? The Popes, in virtue partly of audacious and ignorant distortions of one or two Scripture texts, had made princes hold their stirrups and put their haughty feet on the necks of emperors. But was it not proved that "vaulting ambition overleaps itself" when Boniface VIII., the haughtiest of them all, he who in the bull "*Unam Sanctam*" had spoken such great, swelling words of vanity, in the hour of his deserved humiliation, received on his cheeks the blow of the French soldier whose ancestors the Papacy had burnt? And what was it but avarice which prevented Spain from holding the empire of both hemispheres after the days of Charles V.? And what was it but scepticism and immorality which made France collapse the other day into utter ruin before the Germans? Is it I who say it? It is her own sons who say it; not humble believers and saintly Catholics only, but men of the world and unbelievers. In more than one book, written at that time, they admitted that her religion had become a godless materialism; her practice, a calculated sensuality; her literature, a cynical journalism, which sneered at every virtue, and a leprous fiction, which disseminated every vice. She trusted in her armies, her numbers, her prestige, the *élan* of her soldiers, the criticism of her journalists, the vapouring patriotism of her boulevards; in a word, she trusted in anything and everything, in that day, save in God and right! And what came of it? Her magnificence melted away like a vision of the Apocalypse; her unfortunate emperor became a despised and broken idol; like the corpse of some exhumed king, her strength slipped into ashes at a touch! Well, then, since the welfare of nations depends in no small degree on the actions of priests and the words of prophets, I say that—not, it may be, often with party politics (unless it be to purify them from their falsehoods and corruptions, their rancours and selfishness, their timid hunting after popularity and catching at votes), but often with national politics, in their highest sense—it is the duty of the clergy to blow the trumpet in Israel, and to see that it gives no uncertain sound.

And if they do so worthily, if they do so in the true spirit of Christ's ambassadors, what blessings may they perpetuate, what horrors may they avert! Let me speak no longer in the abstract, but shew you by concrete examples what I mean. Let me tear two pages, for your perusal, out of the recent history of

England. Let me mention two conspicuous instances, which, if we do our duty, ought, to our eternal blessedness, to be the types and precedents of many more. One is in the recollection of most of us here, and I can mention it with the more propriety because, if it was inaugurated by Liberals, one of the chief commissioners who helped to carry it out was an eminent Conservative, so that both parties may claim a share in this pure glory. You all remember the cotton famine of 1862—the sore distress it caused; the heroic endurance of the operatives; the noble generosity of the wealthy; the yet nobler charity which made the ill-paid labourers of the south deny themselves to aid the suffering factory hands of the north; the brotherhood of race which made the American people, although irritated, as they were, by the countenance given to the Southern States, send large relief to our starving population. At that time a ship named the "Alabama," built by a private English owner, escaped from the Mersey and did terrible damage to the shipping and commerce of the United States. The American Government held us guilty of culpable remissness. Our own Government thought we had done our best, and that no international law had been broken. At that time the United States were not in a condition to take any steps; but the anger smouldered, and when, in 1865, the struggle was over and cotton could again be freely imported, the bitterness of their feelings still remained like a dark cloud on the horizon. A vote to break off all national intercourse was actually proposed in the American Senate. Imagine how extreme would have been the horrors, how incalculable the disasters, if the smouldering fuel of anger between two such nations as England and America had burst into the blaze of war! Happily for us, happily for all mankind, nobler, wiser, more Christian views prevailed. In 1872 it was proposed in the Treaty of Washington to settle the question between the two governments by arbitration, and so to establish a precedent applicable to all future disputes between civilized nations. That treaty was facilitated by an unreserved expression of regret on our part for the ravages of these privateers. The terms were arranged; the arbitrators met; the decision was against us; £3,000,000 were awarded in satisfaction of all claims; we bowed to the decision, and at once, without a murmur, paid that vast sum down. In the same year the disputed island of San Juan was also awarded to the United States, by the arbitration of the Emperor of Germany; and thus two claims, which a few years back would have led to bloody and fratricidal wars, and would have deluged whole pages of our history in blood, were decided by impartial tribunals, whose award involved no humiliation or disgrace. Never, my brethren, had the sun of England shone with a purer glory. Never since man was, had nations taken a nobler step to remove the unutterable horror and guilt of internecine war. Never was it more conspicuously shewn that, not only without dishonour, but consistently with the most chivalrous courage and the loftiest glory; not only without disaster, but with the most permanent benefit, Christian nations, like Christian men, might regulate their intercourse in accordance with His Sermon on the Mount, whom all Christians profess to worship as their Saviour and their Lord. If war at the very best be fruitful always of ruin and of horror; if the most successful war be only, as the greatest of living generals has said, "a splendid misery;" if charity and righteousness be better, at all times, than blood and fire; can the clergy have a nobler function in Christian politics than the promotion of His teachings who said "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy;" "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God?"

Let me take one more instance. In these days we are all agreed as to the unchristian, inhuman, indefensible shame and wickedness of the traffic in flesh and blood. But it was not always so. A hundred years ago those who demanded the abolition of the slave trade were called "Jacobins," "exaggerating fanatics," "intemperate Pharisees." Slavery was regarded as a good old custom, consecrated by the wisdom of our ancestors. George III. threatened the Governor of Virginia with his highest displeasure if he did anything to obstruct the importation of slaves. Boswell said that the abolition of the slave trade would be "robbery of the masters, cruelty to the savages, and to shut the gates of mercy on mankind." The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel derived part of its income from slaves. George Whitefield

reckoned slaves, after carts and horses, in the schedule of the property of his orphanage in Georgia. John Newton said that he had never had such heavenly hours as when he was a slave-driver in Cuba. Scripture was regarded as a stronghold of the defence of slavery, so that a man could only be an infidel if he disapproved of it. By one of those grotesque misapplications of ignorance which still pass current on the interpretation of Scripture, God was supposed to have ordained slavery because Ham behaved wickedly to his drunken father. Had Christianity condemned slavery? Had not St. Paul sent back a runaway slave? Thus, as he has done in every age and as he does very largely in this age, "the devil quoted Scripture for his purpose." Thus:

"What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?"

What was there in England to meet all these combined forces of wealth, of custom, of power, of vested interests, of the perverted opinion of good men, of Scripture argument and Scripture precedent? There was nothing but the unclouded moral sense of a few brave men; the moral indignation, which in some minds no ashes of custom could quench; the moral insight, which was not to be obfuscated by sophistries, or blinded by gross perversions of the sacred letter to purposes which violate the conscience of mankind. In 1785 a Cambridge undergraduate, named Clarkson, had gained a prize by an essay on what was then regarded as an open question: "Is it lawful to enslave people against their will?" As he rode back from Cambridge to London, the subject haunted his mind. If it was wrong, why was it done? He got off his horse to think, and his thoughts ended in this conclusion: If the slave trade is wrong, it must be put down. He devoted his life to the task. In 1807, twenty-two years afterward, the slave trade was abolished. In 1833, forty-eight years afterward, emancipation was carried. The struggle is deeply worthy of your study. If you are to obey the command of St. Paul in this text, and to play the part of citizens worthily of the Gospel of Christ, you can find no event so full of instruction. It will furnish you with an immortal model for the true lines of Christian statesmanship. It will furnish you with a glorious incentive to courage in the battle for righteousness. It will inspire you to seek only that applause which, though it may take the form of bitter obloquy for a time, always in the long run awaits on the pursuit of noble ends by noble means. It will teach you that eternal principles need only a few true champions to insure their triumph over national apostacies.

My brethren, in this Abbey, where the very stones should cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber could answer it in the cause of charity and righteousness, read these lessons on the tombs of those who took part in that great struggle. Read on the tomb of Zachary Macaulay, by the western door, how through a protracted life, "with an intense but quiet perseverance which no success could relax, no reverse subdue, no toil or persecution or reproach could daunt, he devoted his time, talents, fortune, and all the energies of his mind and body to the service of the most helpless of mankind." Read on the tomb of Granville Sharpe, in the south transept, how he aimed "to rescue his native country from the guilt of employing the arm of freedom to rivet the fetters of bondage," and was "one of the honourable band associated to deliver Africa from the rapacity of Europe." You see "guilt" is the term applied to the slave trade, as Livingstone, on his tomb at your feet, called it "the open sore of the world." Yet only half a century before the slave trade had been accepted as a pious and scriptural institution! And Wilberforce, as you are told by the inscription upon his statue, in the north aisle, in fighting against it, had been called on to face great obloquy and great opposition. Whence this change of feeling and language? Simply because nations, too, like men, have conscience, and by a few brave, good men that conscience was aroused. Poetry raised her voice against the slave trade in the songs of Cowper. Art denounced it, as in Turner's great sermon of the "Slave Ship" flinging her miserable cargo to the sharks in the encrimsoned sea. The greatest oratory denounced it. For the loss of political distinction Wilberforce gained the reward of an immortal name. Fox was for years a leading statesman, yet the nation could think of no fitter memorial of his greatness than to sculpture the liberated slave, whose cause he had pleaded, kneeling in immortal marble at his tomb.

Pitt was the strongest Prime Minister which England has ever seen, and he was a Prime Minister at the age of twenty-one, and in many a grand speech, "with his haughty head thrown back and his arm outstretched in a commanding gesture, he poured forth the language of dauntless courage and inextinguishable hope;" yet the one speech of his which is and always will be remembered most is that in which he tore to pieces sophism after sophism urged in defence of this miserable cause. And what was the result? It was that England, in 1833, paid £20,000,000 of compensation, and emancipated 800,000 slaves. Times were bad. Taxes were heavy. It was a prodigious increase of our burdens. Yet, without a murmur, the conscience of the nation made this immense sacrifice to the cause of righteousness, as almost the first act in which a reformed Parliament enabled it to speak with its true voice; and "there is not to be found in the whole history of the world a more striking instance of national virtue than that of a great people, uninfluenced by any meaner motive, unrepiningly consenting to so heavy a burden in the sole interests of justice and compassion." My brethren, do you think that England lost by that one of the three or four perfectly virtuous acts recorded in the history of the world? I believe that she never rose so high; that she never shewed herself so great; that she never more fully gained that blessing of God which maketh rich; that she postponed, perhaps for centuries, the hour of a thousand perils; that she set an example memorably glorious to us, her children, and to all the nations of the world. And I believe all this because I believe from my very heart that "Righteousness exalteth a nation and sin is the reproach of any people."—*Canon Farrar.*

INFLUENCE OF THE SABBATH.

It was a grand testimony to the power of the influence which the observance of the Sabbath exerts over the people, when Count Montalembert, one of the most eminent of French statesmen, said:—"Men are surprised sometimes by the ease with which the immense city of London is kept in order by a garrison of three small battalions and two squadrons, while to control the capital of France, which is half the size, 40,000 troops of the line and 60,000 National Guards are necessary. But the stranger who arrives in London on a Sunday morning, when he sees everything suspended in that gigantic capital in obedience to God—when, in the centre of that colossal business, he finds silence and repose scarcely interrupted by the bells which call to prayer, and by the immense crowds on their way to church—then his astonishment ceases. He understands there is another curb for a Christian people besides that made by bayonets, and that when the law of God is fulfilled with such a solemn submissiveness, God Himself, if I dare use the words, charges Himself with the police arrangements."

THE TENDERNESS OF CHRIST.

Here is another! He is the most bruised and broken of all; one who had imagined himself strong in faith, giving glory to God—but who had ignominiously bent before the blast of temptation and had denied his Divine Master with oaths and curses. Can there be aught of tenderness manifested towards the renegade apostle? Surely he has placed himself, by his heinous guilt and craven cowardice, beyond the pale of forgiveness. No; when we might have thought the heart he had ungenerously wounded was alienated from him forever, there was first a "look" of infinite love—a melting glance, which sent him forth to weep bitter tears over foul ingratitude; and subsequently a message, entrusted to the angel-guardian of the sepulchre and conveyed by him to the three women. "Go your way, tell His disciples and Peter." Mark xvi. 7. "Go, tell the most faithless of My followers that even for him there is still a place in My tender regard. Go, tell this wandering bird, with drooping wings and soiled plumage, that even for him there is a place of shelter still open in the clefts of the Rock." Nay, more; when Jesus met him subsequently on the shores of Gennesaret, instead of dragging afresh to light painful memories of abused kindness and broken vows, all now too deeply felt to need being recalled, no severer utterance for unworthy apostacy was pronounced than the gentle rebuke conveyed in the thrice-repeated challenge, "Lovest thou Me?"

Indeed, when pronouncing some of His most impressive woes and threatenings Christ appears, at times, as if He dreaded lest any broken-hearted one

might misinterpret His sayings, and construe His wrath against sin and hypocrisy as indicating a want of consideration to the penitent. Take as an example the occasion when He had been proclaiming stern words regarding the contemporary "sinful generation;" more especially rebuking them for their blind unbelief in the midst of light and privilege, declaring that for those cities which had scorned His message (Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum,) it would be more tolerable in the day of judgment for Sodom and Gomorrah than for them. He seemed suddenly to pause. The storm has exhausted itself. Possibly amid the crowd who had just listened to these vocables of wrath, His omniscient eye discerned some trembling outcast some brittle reed or sapling bending beneath the hurricane. He will not suffer it to be broken. He will not permit the wind and earthquake and fire to pass, without being followed by a "still small voice"—and then it is that the words (unparalleled in their tenderness and beauty among all He ever spake) come like a gleam after the tempest, or like a rainbow encircling with its lovely hues the angry skies, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Clefts of the Rock.*

WOMAN'S STRENGTH.

The strength of women lies in their heart. It shews itself in their strong love and instinctive perception of right and wrong. Intellectual courage is rarely one of their virtues. As a rule, they are inclined to be restless and excitable, allowing their judgments and actions to be swayed by quick emotions of all kinds, but, above all, it is in their hopefulness and their endurance that they find their chief power. Who is the last person to give up hope in the case of a member of the family who has apparently gone altogether to the bad? What mother or sister with deep and ardent love for such will ever cease to cherish hope or endure suffering on their account? The patience of women is proverbial, and their whole lives are bound up in their affections. Few people will deny that love in one form or another makes up the beauty of life to woman. It enters into all she does. Any work outside her immediate circle is undertaken most often from pure desire to help some one else to know something of the mysterious happiness of love. Unlike men, women chiefly look for personal intercourse with those for whom they are working. If their interest lies among the poor, they are desirous of sympathetic personal acquaintance with them; and very little good work of a lasting kind has been done by women without their own influence of love being brought to bear on the individual case.—*Nineteenth Century.*

THOUGH deep humility is always the best clothing for the Lord's people, yet, there is a sense in which they can depreciate the work of the Spirit within them, and think lightly of what He has done.

MR. SPURGEON said recently—you can almost hear his clarion voice proclaiming it to his five thousand assemblage: "Make the bridge from the cradle to manhood just as long as you can. Let your child be a child, and not a little ape of a man running about the town." Good advice.

PRAYER is the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way bringing us the boons of heaven. Even as a cloud foreshadoweth rain, so prayer foreshadoweth the blessing; even as the green blade is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prophecy of the blessing that is about to come.—*Spurgeon.*

THE following emphatic expression of opinion concerning a "Sunday excursion" is not from a religious journal:—"There is no rest or recreation in rising up in a hurry, rushing to a pier or station, roasting with a crowd in a boat or train, fighting for scanty meals hurriedly prepared, guzzling cheap drinks, strolling about aimlessly, and reaching home more wearied than after a hard day's work."

LET none of you hold his prayer cheap; He to whom we pray holdeth it not cheap. Ere it is gone forth out of our mouth, He has it written in His book. One of two things we may without doubt hope, that He will either give us what we ask, or what He knoweth to be more useful to us. For we know not what to ask for as we ought, but He hath pity on our ignorance. He graciously receiveth prayer, but He giveth not, either what is not altogether good for us, or what need not be given us yet. But the prayer will not be without fruit.—*S. Bernard.*

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Proprietor.

OFFICE—NO. 5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

CONTENTS.

	Page
ADVERTISEMENTS.....	657, 658
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.....	658
NOTES OF THE WEEK.....	659
OUR CONTRIBUTORS—	
Tares or New Wine—Seven Years in the Indian Mission Field.....	660
The "Bystander" and Christ—Movement in the Church of Rome.....	661
PASTOR AND PEOPLE.....	662
EDITORIALS—	
The Claims of our North-West on British Presbyterians—Proportionate and Systematic Giving—Seduction.....	664
The Natural Outcome of Champagne Celebrations.....	665
CHOICE LITERATURE.....	666
MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.....	668
SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.....	669
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.....	670
ADVERTISEMENTS.....	671, 672



Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1880.

THE CLAIMS OF OUR NORTH-WEST ON BRITISH PRESBYTERIANS.

AS far as the older Provinces of Canada are concerned the Presbyterian Church of the Dominion neither asks nor can reasonably expect to receive much more assistance from the mother Churches in Britain. These have done their work in this country very liberally and very lovingly. They have supplied both money and men in no stinted measure, and they have given with these what have been of more value still, their cordial sympathy and their most earnest prayers. The Church they have thus planted and watered so assiduously has made so much progress and gathered so much strength that it can now be left to its own resources. It can hold fast the sacred trust it has received and it can also hold it forth so far to the regions and peoples beyond. It recognizes this as the very condition on which it received such fostering help in the days of its weakness. But while so far the Presbyterian Church in Canada may very properly be left to deal with Home Mission work within its own borders even though this implies the supply of ordinances to many who are continually coming from the churches in the old country, it does not follow that it would be either fair or reasonable to leave it unaided to struggle with all the growing necessities of the great North-West which is, and will be, quite as much filled up by people directly from Britain as from the older Provinces of the Dominion. These settlers are and will continue to be very largely Presbyterian and in all likelihood will come in increasing numbers from the other side of the sea. Fully to meet the strain thus put upon the resources of the Canadian Church will in all likelihood be found more than can be accomplished without outside assistance. Nor, we repeat, can any one think Canadian Presbyterians unreasonable if they ask their friends in Britain to assist them in this great work of supplying the ordinances of religion to their own expatriated members. The work is great, and will in all likelihood become every year more extensive and exacting. The encouragement is in correspondence. The danger of not a few of the settlers relapsing into barbarism and religious indifference, if their wishes are unmet and their wants unsupplied, is anything but small. In these circumstances, with an ever widening Home Mission field in the older provinces to be attended to, is it anything but reasonable to ask the Presbyterians in Britain to lend their hearty and timely assistance in the extensive work now in progress in the great prairie land of North-Western Canada? If the present opportunity is fully taken advantage of, the whole of that wide fair land may have a permanently predominating leaven of Presbyterians and Presbyterian doctrine and practice. No one who adequately estimates what is involved in this will undervalue the importance of the present crisis, and no Presbyterian in Britain, we venture to add, who is competently acquainted with the facts will for a moment deny the reasonableness of the claim for co-operation, and the worthy character of the field thus marked out for united effort. The Canadian Church does not ask

that any should be burdened in order that it may be relieved. It will do its utmost, as it has hitherto been trying to do. But the danger is that if left to its own unaided efforts a good part of the work will be left undone and many of the late members of all the different Presbyterian Churches in Britain be spiritually uncared for in their new homes. Would this be right? Would it be prudent? Could it be done without spiritual injury being inflicted on those who left these sheep in the wilderness to perish? We think not, and, besides, we are persuaded that there is too much missionary zeal, too much sympathy with their emigrating people and too strong a desire to follow up the great success already achieved in this Dominion, to allow the Presbyterians of the United Kingdom to hold their hand when the claims are so urgent and the encouragement so evident and so great. We shall not believe till we can do nothing else, that the Presbyterians of Canada and Britain will ever acquiesce in the idea that they have far more pressing demands from their own brethren in the newer parts of the Dominion than they can meet and that they can say nothing to many who ask them for a supply of Gospel ordinances but that they must apply to others who seem to have more zeal and more means to meet such claims and to alleviate, if they cannot altogether remove, such spiritual destitution.

PROPORTIONATE AND SYSTEMATIC GIVING.

BY a strange and scarcely explicable mistake we last week called attention to a communication which we said was signed "L." As most of our readers would at once perceive we ought to have written "Mentor." We can scarcely regret the mistake when it enables us again to refer to the subject, and to again ask our readers prayerfully and carefully to consider the whole matter. We have been long convinced that where God opens the heart there will be comparatively little difficulty about the hand and that where the former is still closed it is but thankless work to try to force open here a finger and there a thumb and perhaps have only a copper, if even that, as the reward of all the trouble and toil. At the same time, however, the comparative non-liberality of even some of God's own dear people may be the result more of ignorance and want of thought than of absolute churlishness, or indifference to the good cause. Such discussions as those of "Mentor" may very materially help such by leading them to view matters in a different light and to judge of them by a different standard. We are never to forget that Voluntaryism and Optionalism, far from being, as some seem to imagine, convertible terms, have really no necessary connection with each other. No one is forced to become a Christian or to join a church. He does that of his own free will under the sweet constraint of the Spirit of all grace. But when he has taken this step and assumed this position he has deliberately pledged himself, not by constraint but willingly, to follow a certain course, to live by a certain standard and to struggle toward a certain result. None but Christians can be expected either to support or to extend Christianity, but the obligation lying upon all such to do both is as urgent as it is evident. "I am a 'voluntary' Christian and therefore I may give much or little or nothing for the cause of Christ as I please!" Why, good friend, you might as rationally and as logically say that you are a "voluntary Christian," and therefore that you may, if so disposed, curse and swear, steal and lie, worship idols, and murder your infants! That would be Optionalism with a vengeance, but not more so than what some practise under the poor pretence that they are "voluntaries," and therefore are free to do as they please with their money and their movements. They are free as far as the constraining power of earthly law is concerned, but they are under law to Christ. They have deliberately said that they are, and if they know what language in its natural acceptance means, and if there were any honesty in their professions when they laid themselves as living sacrifices on Christ's altar they must know that the constraining power of that love, which they said they cherished and which they say they cherish still, gives a might and a willingness to all efforts for Christ compared with which the power of all civil or even church regulations must be feeble as the order of a peasant and ineffective as the threatenings of a child. No one is forced to be a Christian, but let him once become such and the same law of love makes him live and act and give accordingly.

SEDUCTION.

THERE are some questions from the discussion of which one instinctively shrinks at the very time there is the conviction that many and important purposes would be served and not a little good effected if they could be touched upon with becoming delicacy and at the same time with that unmistakable plainness which is indispensable if they are to be effectually meddled with at all. We need scarcely add that this is peculiarly the case with that subject which we have put at the head of this article. The feeling with many has been, and is, that this requires much more attention and much more discussion than it has hitherto received, but the fear of not saying the right thing in the right way has generally acted as a deterrent against saying anything whatever. One could wish to be possessed of that faculty for which a rather prominent writer of the present day says he was distinguished at college, viz.: that of touching very delicate matters without giving offence, and without in any measure overstepping the limits of propriety. We can lay claim to no such *curiosa felicitas*, and yet we cannot help turning once more to that the discussion of which needs this delicacy as much as anything else which could be mentioned, if not a great deal more.

We have already expressed our strong conviction that seduction ought to be removed from the category of civil offences, and be treated not only as a crime but as a very grave one. It may be quite true that very many and very formidable difficulties surround this view of the matter; but such difficulties are not avoided by any other possible treatment, and least of all by that which at present has the sanction of law. As things stand at present there is literally worse than no law on the subject. To tell an outraged and dishonoured father that he can sue for damages in name of loss of service is to add insult to injury, to make the whole thing the grimmest and most offensive of mockeries, to provoke beyond all reasonable endurance those who have still some sensitiveness of feeling in reference to family honour, and at the same time to encourage and connive at the tactics of those who make seduction a trade or regard it, at worst, as a natural and innocent amusement. All our most thoughtful and intelligent judges are agreed in the opinion that the present mode of dealing with the admitted evil is about the worst that could be thought of—certainly a great deal worse than none. The question then seems narrowed down to this simple alternative—Shall this wrong, acknowledgedly a most grievous one, be made a criminal offence? Or shall it be declared to be in the eye of law and reason not an offence at all, of which any human judicature could with propriety take cognizance? That some change of the law is inevitable at no distant day is beyond all reasonable question. In what direction then is that change to be made? This is the point to be settled, and we feel certain that better arguments in favour of ridding the statute book of all laws on the subject than have as yet been mentioned will have to be brought forward before the people of Canada will sanction the principle that seduction is not an offence which the law can either recognize or punish.

But while we hold very strongly by the opinion we have stated both now and formerly, we are no less fully convinced that the great remedy for the evil referred to lies in the general elevation of the moral sentiments of the community, and particularly in the more widely diffused and sensitive recoil of feeling on the part of all, both old and young, from anything in social intercourse which could be construed into indelicacy or even undue familiarity. We know we tread upon delicate and difficult ground when we say that *no man ever seduced the woman he really loved*, but we cannot help making the assertion which will be endorsed by every man who reads these lines and ought to be believed by every one of the other sex. Love implies in a certain sense an infinite respect for its object. It so far turns that object into an idol, and such a feeling must be, and is, absolutely incompatible with anything which would degrade, dishonour or destroy the person idolized. If women in general, and poor foolish inexperienced girls in particular, could only be brought to believe this, and as a consequence to resent as the very deadliest insult which could possibly be offered to them, the faintest approach to indelicacy either in word or action, a very material advance would have been made towards seduction being rendered impossible. We at once acknowledge that there must be something so far unwomanly and indelicate in anyone

who *could* be led astray from the paths of virtue, for we could never see anything either truthful or appropriate in what, in this connection, Sir Arthur Helps quotes with approbation:—

"Poor things! poor things! the best, the kindest,
Fall soonest, for their heart is blindest,
And feels and loves and will not reason,
And they are lost! Poor things! Poor things!"

It is neither the "best," nor the "kindest," nor the purest that fall either "soonest" or at all, but it is generally the ignorant, the impulsive, the credulous, and sometimes the affectionate and trustful, who in their folly fancy there can be love where there is no respect, and believe that it is possible for truth and safety to hold fellowship with indelicacy and dishonour. We have often wished that all the other sex could know and understand what all men so instinctively and so universally recognize as unquestionable—that if there is a woman in the world in whose presence any approach to indelicacy would be regarded as positive sacrilege, that woman is the one who is honestly and honourably loved, all the foul and foolish so-called erotic poetry to the contrary notwithstanding. The apotheosis of lust and the exaltation of harlots as the ideal of womanhood—which some poor foolish, foul feather-heads of the present day, who seem haunted with the strangely absurd delusion that they are men of genius though they are not even men of talent, have taken as their natural and very congenial department of so-called literary labour—may have their passing hour of popularity with men who have ceased to be honourable and women who cannot even imagine what it is to be virtuous; but the "realism" of the stews, and the "gospel" of the wanton and the rake, can have but short-lived reigns even when endorsed by fashion, commended by "culture" and hymned by what some call genius, though in the shape and with the song only of those simian relatives with which they are so proud to be thought in sympathy and from which they so naturally and so properly insist upon tracing their descent.

There have been times in English history when seduction was thought an amiable weakness, and harlotry and adultery the inevitable adjuncts of a civilly developed civilization. Perhaps we are at present approaching such an epoch, if not already in its midst. But though those who claim to be authorities in such matters tell us that high life in England is now as foul and debased as was that of France in the days of Louis the "well beloved," we are persuaded there is still in our British civilization a preserving and counteracting salt which eighteenth century France did not know, and that the foul thing will be cast from the centre before it has to any great extent reached the extremities, without those convulsive agonies which our fathers regarded with so much horror, but which we have come to estimate by a very different standard, and to look back to with very different emotions. Mere "culture" has never kept either men honourable or women pure. It is no more doing so at present than it has done during any time in the past. The most "cultured" have often been as frivolous as monkeys and as lecherous as dogs. If they are not quite so much so in the present as in some of the days gone by, the world may thank neither their philosophy nor their aesthetics for the fact but will have to turn to the direct and indirect, though unrecognized and unacknowledged, influence of that heaven-given truth which wherever it has had power has purified and ennobled all the relationships of human society, has branded the seducer and the adulterer even in their pride of place and power, has pitied and purified the betrayed and the fallen, has sanctified marriage and created the family, and will, in spite of all the cynical anticipations of a philosophy of mud and lust, yet make a world where manly virtue will not be sneered at as a myth, or a woman's degradation and ruin be taken as mere matters of course!

THE NATURAL OUTCOME OF CHAMPAGNE CELEBRATIONS.

SOME few days ago the "Globe" gave a most painful, though we fully believe a most truthful, account of how they manage public celebrations in Winnipeg. Drunkenness and debauchery reigned triumphant, and decency and decorum, we suppose, like poor Robert Burns' "Care,"

"Mad to see the men see happy
Just drowned themselves among the nappy."

It was all, no doubt, very shocking, but it was at the

same time all abundantly natural. Things might be a little grosser and more uproarious than usual, but, after all, not very much. Could anyone in these more eastern, and, it is to be presumed, more civilized, regions of Canada point to any one public celebration where drink was supplied *ad libitum* for the honour of progress and the glory of "good fellowship" that presented a very much more respectable finale? Things might be kept a little quieter and the proportion of those who

"Were na fu' but just had plenty"

might not be quite so horribly grotesque and formidable as in the case which our contemporary has chronicled; but the facts, as notorious to those even only a little behind the scenes, have always been sufficiently discreditable. Will any one have the courage to give a truthful history of "bonus hunting" among the municipalities any time within the last twelve years and more? Will any "sacred prophesies" arise and sing the miserable exhibitions which have taken place in Toronto and elsewhere even in the presence of royalty and ladies? Shall we have a full, true, and particular account of how some of our Toronto "blue bloods" degraded themselves and disgusted their entertainers not so long ago in Ottawa? Their names are well enough known, their doings were sufficiently notorious and sufficiently offensive. Let us have the history of what took place not so many years ago in our own Parliament House on a certain joyously festive and most "high toned" occasion. But why enumerate? In our "God we thank thee" over the brutality of Winnipeg, let us mention, if we can, any *gaudeamus* much nearer our own doors at which sober men with unbroken self-respect could sit on to the end, and decent women, could with anything like propriety, say good-bye to the "latest departures." There may have been some such. If so a great many more have been of quite a different character. By all means let Winnipeg's orgies be pilloried, but it will be just as well that the "moral indignation" don't stop there.

THE arrangements are now complete for the Presbyterian Council which meets in Philadelphia. The preparatory reception will take place on the 22nd of September, and the regular sessions of the Council will begin on the following day. The opening sermon is to be preached by the Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D., of New York. The subjects set down for consideration during the sittings include Inspiration, Authenticity and Interpretation of Scriptures, Future Retribution, Modern Theological Thought, Creeds and Confessions, Presbyterianism and Liberty, and Bible Revision.

THE Church Missionary Society has received three batches of letters from its Uganda mission in Central Africa. The first batch, dated November 2nd, gives good news; the second, dated November 24th, confirms it; but the third, dated January 9th, "throws a heavy cloud of doubt and uncertainty over the prospects of the enterprise." Mr. Mackay wrote in November that the Mohammedans and Jesuits had been endeavouring to induce the court to accept and establish their religions, but without success. On the contrary, as Mr. Litchfield writes, Mtesa became more friendly than before to the missionaries. He took up the question of education earnestly, and ordered all his chiefs and attendants to learn to read in the English character. The missionaries, therefore, had all the scholars they could attend to, and a great deal of printing to do. The missionaries were on friendly terms with all the chiefs, who had hitherto been somewhat unfriendly, and they had many visitors daily. Mtesa promised to build a school, where a great number of pupils could be taught. He had not supplied the missionaries with food for four months; but they had bought it with their cloth, and lived exactly as the natives lived without suffering in health. This was the state of affairs when the second batch of letters was sent, at the close of November. In January Mr. Mackay wrote that a change had taken place and a new enemy had appeared. For some weeks he had heard mention of Lubare, a spirit, personified in an old woman living on the lake. Her name was spoken with awe. It was said that she could cure Mtesa of his disease, if he were taken to her. Mr. Mackay had a long conversation with the king, earnestly opposing the proposed step; and Mtesa consented to pay no more attention to Lubare. Mr. Mackay followed up his advantage on the following Sunday by a sermon on witchcraft, shewing how God looks on all sorcerers with

abhorrence. On the Sunday before Christmas few of the chiefs were present, and Mr. McKay afterward learned that they had made preparations for the reception of the goddess of the lake, Mokassa, as personified in Lubare, and for the gods Nenda and Chibuka. Mr. Mackay again went to Mtesa, who declared that he had no faith whatever in the "Maandwas," but said he could not prevent the arrival of the Lubares. A few days after a full court was held, at which Mtesa announced that neither the religion of the Arabs nor the white men would be received any longer; but he and his people would go back to the religion of their fathers. The next day the Mokassa was escorted to the palace, and other Lubares arrived afterward. There was much dancing and beer-drinking; but when they left the king was no better. Still the people did not lose faith. All Mr. Mackay's scholars dropped off but one or two, and he remained at home. No overt acts had been committed or threatened, and there seems to be a reasonable prospect that the influence of the missionaries may soon be re-established. Such occasional outbreaks of heathenism are to be expected. The Lubares, it is explained, are spirits. There are many of them, and they are supposed to inhabit various places, and to have power to produce diseases, famines, and other calamities. The Lubare Mokassa is the spirit or demon of the lake, and is greatly venerated by the Waganda. The spirit is supposed to take up its abode in some human being, who thenceforth possesses supernatural powers. It is stated that two of the Jesuit missionaries have returned to France.

PROFESSOR SMITH'S CASE.

Professor Smith's article, published since the sitting of the Assembly, was, on the 3rd inst., the subject of discussion in the Aberdeen Free Presbytery, on the point of procedure. Several motions were submitted, and the one adopted was to the effect that, in view of the action to be taken at the Commission, Professor Smith's letter—which we published last week—be transmitted.

In the Inverness Presbytery Professor Smith's article was very severely condemned, and menacing language was used as to the consequences of the Commission's refusal to depose the offender. But ultimately the more moderate of two motions proposed was carried by six votes against four, though really the difference between them was more in form than in substance. In the course of a very long speech Mr. McTavish said that Professor Smith's views were held in abhorrence by all right-minded Presbyterians. He would sooner, he affirmed, see the Church shiver to atoms than that such a man as Professor Smith should be allowed to remain within it—or rather that his views on the Bible should remain and be tolerated. Dr. Mackay said he had never read anything connected with the libel that had pained him more than those articles of Professor Smith's. They were made up of groundless German rubbish, destitute of foundation, and full only of conjecture, probabilities, and the merest fancy. He lamented deeply that the Church had not dealt with him in a manner that these articles required, and held the opinion that the case has been bungled from the very beginning. Why did not the Assembly put the question to him, "Was he the author of these articles?" and why, since the answer must have been in the affirmative, had not the Church deposed him instantly? Dr. Mackay felt more and more convinced that this case would never be settled till such time as they appealed to the people on it. The people had done good service in times past, and they would yet do good service. The question would have to be put to them, "Do you want your Bible, or do you want these professors?" And he felt confident that the reply would be, "We must have our Bible in its integrity, and these professors can go." He knew that would be the opinion of the people of the Highlands of Scotland, and he felt sure that the reply would be shared in the Lowlands by many able and eminently pious men. Neither Presbyteries nor Assemblies existed without the people, and to the people they must appeal on this case unless the Assembly adopt a course consistent with the divine origin and inspiration of the Bible and the Confessional Standards of the Church.

TURKISH FAMINE.—Previously acknowledged, \$18.25. Rev. Mr. McLean, St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, \$10; Mr. and Mrs. George Laing, Kingston, \$10; thank offering, \$5; Rev. S. Jones, Brussels, \$2.—Total, \$210.25.

17th August, 1880.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS; OR, GIVERS AND GIVING.

BY MARK GUY FRANKS.

CHAPTER IX.—INTRODUCES US TO ANOTHER FRIEND.

Very much unlike most of the other intimates of Mister Horn was the Bill Smith aforesaid. Very much unlike James Niggardly, Esq., or old Mast' Jowl, or even Friend Chaffer, was this big, broad-shouldered, honest son of Vulcan. Yet none the less was he a friend, and our record would be very incomplete without a full-length portrait of Mister Horn's favourite disciple.

Nor could you wonder at Mister Horn's interest in him. He was yet a boy when his widowed mother, with her last breath, commended him to the care of her old "class-leader." And henceforth, however unpleasant it might be to the young apprentice, Mister Horn came to look upon him almost as a son. Bill, on his part, had done his best to be free from this oversight; indeed, had done enough to wear out all hope and patience; but no matter what trouble or what disgrace he got into, he found his mother's friend waiting with loving entreaty and wise advice—not unmixed, it is true, with a well-deserved rating. No was this all. Mister Horn believed in the artillery of prayer—that no city of Mansoul with mighty gates and massive walls could withstand its power if you only keep pounding away at it. Heaven itself could be carried by storm, then what mortal man could stand it, though all the hosts of hell were leagued inside? Twenty years of such unwearied, unflinching prayer, had riveted Bill Smith to Mister Horn's heart by more than fetters of brass.

Bill was apprenticed to the village blacksmith. But do not let visions of the chestnut-tree and its surroundings rise in the mind. Old Graves was as much unlike the traditional blacksmith of poetry as the stern realities of life generally are unlike the poetical descriptions thereof.

A bent old man, like the figure of an ancient Atlas without the world on his back, his head thrust forward as far as it would go, and a thick clump of projecting hair going out beyond that like a horn. He went about always solemnly shaking his head, as if reading the "vanity of vanities" in the dust on which his eyes were fixed; wheezing with asthma as if his own bellows had to work hard to keep the inner fires going. He might, perhaps, have taught Bill to poke the fire and to handle the tongs, only he always claimed that as the master's part. The pupil's was to sling the sledge-hammer to shoe the village horses, and to do all other work whatsoever belonging to the art and mystery of a smith, by the aid of such natural wit as he possessed. To Bill, with those broad shoulders of his and those stout young arms, work was a joyous thing. He whistled cheerily to the roar of the bellows, and sang to the ringing anvil, never thinking that he kept the house over the old man's head—but always thinking that some day he should greatly like to keep the roof over the head of somebody else, whose sweet voice Bill often stopped to listen to as it sang merrily away at the little kitchen window.

Meanwhile what Bill himself was blind to see was perfectly plain to the eyes of that somebody else. And when, in the cold, damp weather, father was at home wheezing, and shaking his solemn head at the fire as if dumbly preaching to it of its cold, dead, ashy future, how could fair Jenny Graves keep herself from seeing that it was Bill who kept them in bread and cheese. And for her father's sake, of course, what else could she do than like him. Not that he was anything to her—of course not. But as a dutiful daughter she was bound to admire those broad shoulders and those strong arms that did her father such good service. And was it not for her father's sake that she stepped into the smithy to see that all was going right in his absence? Who knew, indeed, what this apprentice might be about? So sweet Jenny Graves often stood like a pretty picture framed by the old doorway of the smithy, her pleasant face and slim figure, the white arms with the sleeves still pinned back to the shoulder, coming for a minute and then tripping lightly back again. How should she know that for a full five minutes afterward the strong hands of the apprentice lay idle on the hammer as it rested on the anvil, and the apprentice wasted five precious minutes in gazing vacantly at the duck pond and ash heap that lay before the smithy? or that for the same space of time the hand held the chain of the bellows listlessly, while the vacant gaze peered into the depths of the fire? How should she know it, indeed, unless it were because she stood dreamily looking out of the window with hands that only played with the dough, or trifled with the soap-suds, for a like space of time?

The truth that fair Jenny had seen with half an eye was forced upon her more plainly as the time went by. The days soon came when Jenny had to step into the smithy to look after her father as well as the apprentice, and found him unable to use the hammer, and scarcely fit to hold the chain of the bellows with his trembling hand. He could do little else but sit by the smithy fire with his leathern apron spread over his knees, dumbly shaking his head over the flame, as if solemnly prophesying to the horseshoe of the evil days that were in store for it—that it was all very well to glow about it now but the time was coming when it should be cold and hard; when it should be trodden under foot; when it should be rung on the hard highway for many a weary mile, and plashed in the dismal mud; or, there was no knowing, lifted up by an angry heel to serve a spiteful kick. Prophecys that were suddenly interrupted as Bill seized the glowing mass with the tongs and made a shower of glory fly from it, and then dipped it hissing in the trough. But before long that place was deserted, and solemnly shaking his head as if predicting his speedy end, old Graves took to his bed, and soon fulfilled his prophecy by departing this life.

Bill was not yet out of his time when poor old Graves passed away. But being master both of his trade and of Jenny's affections, he took at once the daughter and the business. And Mr. Horn came in to give his blessing to

each, and thanked God that life began so brightly with the widow's son and his happy wife.

For a while things went on as pleasantly as they promised at the first. But there came a slow-creeping fear across Jenny's heart, like a gathering cloud, that by and by burst in a deluge of sorrow—a flood of grief that swept away all peace, and comfort, and almost all hope, and left a life belighted, blasted, cursed.

Bill's visits to "The Green Man" had been daily at their marriage. The whole village held that there was no harm in a half-pint now and then. The whole village, however, might have known better, for there was abundant evidence of the horrible mischief that began in that half-pint now and then.

The whole village had heard Mister Horn's opinion about it often enough—unfortunately he had many opportunities of giving it. "There mayn't be any harm in a half-pint now and then, but there is death in the pot if you will go to the public-house to drink it. There's a good deal more than a half-pint o' beer in the matter then. There's company that nobody would say that there's no harm in; and there's temptations that a man is a fool to get into, and that 'tis hard work to get out of. The mouse liked cheese, and thought there was no harm in a nibble now and then. Well, there wasn't. But when he went into the trap to get it, that was another matter, as mousey found out to his sorrow." Like many others, Bill's half-pints became more frequent; occasionally an evening was spent with the company that gathered there. And one night Bill came staggering home drunk, swearing, quarrelling, ready to strike his own gentle wife; it seemed as if a swarm of devils had burst into the house that night. They had taken possession of it, and it would be a long time before any could cast them out. That night poor Jenny's face lost its roses, and from that night onward for many a wretched month. With bitter grief she went to tell Mr. Horn of her sorrow; while shame and vexation, and a mad kind of defiance of everybody, sent Bill soaking all the next day within the shelter of "The Green Man." The misery of soberer moments drove him for some relief to the public-house, to its company and its drink. Home was home no more; each evening was spent at the public.

The house of God was forsaken; the old associates were cast off. Mister Horn came and entreated and rated, but all in vain. Surly and miserable, Bill listened without a word, or angrily claimed his liberty to please himself. Meanwhile, what with earning less and spending more, the home and all about it soon became as miserable as himself, and gave him another excuse, though none was needed, for going again to "The Green Man." The little cottage was stripped. The ornaments that had been Jenny's pride, the furniture itself, the very clothes, were gone for bread. And now looking in at the dark smithy door, fearful of the angry oaths that would greet her, was a pale-faced, thinly-clad woman, and a ragged child hiding frightened in the folds of her dress.

There were hours—days—of remorse; days in which Bill avowed amendment, in which he sought to be again the Bill of olden times, and hope flushed the pale cheek for a moment, like the dawn of a brighter day. But the spell of the curse was on him. Good resolutions were swept to the wind, and down again he would sink, lower and deeper than ever. Poor Jenny must have given in with a broken heart, but for the hope and help that Mister Horn never failed to bring her. He, too, might have despaired, but that day and night he pleaded for the widow's son with an importunity that would not, could not, give him up; prayer could do miracles still.

At last the answer came. Bill himself must tell the story, as he never failed to tell it when somebody needed encouragement, or when others told of what the Lord had done for them. Bill wasn't a man of many words, and he didn't belong to the school of weeping prophets; but it was hard work for him to get through without one or two break-downs.

"Eh, fricnds, I have heard folks say sometimes that 'tis hard work going to heaven. And they talk of their temptations and trials. Well, I went along the road to hell a bad bit, as many of you know. That's a hard road if you like. Talk about your temptations and trials, why the place for them is all along the downward road. To see me going home with their wages, decent and happy, and you going sneaking in your rags, to spend it all upon yourself, that's enough to make a man feel like a wretch and a fool. To go along by a nice tidy cottage, with the man working in his garden, and a tidy woman looking out o' the doorway, and the children helping father—and then to come into your own place and to see it all mounds and heaps, to see the windows stuffed with rags, to see your poor wife so miserable that she can hardly speak to you for crying, and the little children run away so soon as ever you come for fear of the man that's their own father—that's temptation if you like. Hardly a chair to sit down upon, not a bit o' fire in the grate; a d to see the wretched wife and poor little pale-faced children sit down to a bit o' dry bread, all because they've got a father who spends his money in drink—that's something like a temptation and trial. To go wandering about the lanes on a Sunday, and hear the church bells or the singing of the children, and to mind how you used to go with them, and to think of the dear old mother as took you there—and then to think o' where you're going to, that's something like a temptation and trial. Why many's the time that I've climbed over a gate, and hid behind the hedge to get out o' the sight of some decent man going up to the house of God with his children. Temptations and trials! Why, often and often's the times that I've had hard work to keep my own hands off my own self, I've been that mad with myself, and that miserable—and I should have done it too, but for a kind of feeling that some day somehow or other I should be turned round by God's mercy helping me. And I thank God that I was."

"It was a Saturday night. I was more miserable than ever, and was angry at myself for feeling so. I was sitting in the beer-shop all without a word, and the rest were chaffing me for being so glum, till I felt as if I must have hit them, when up comes the landlord with my score. It was two shillings and one penny. I counted it out and flung it on the table among the puddles of beer. Then a half-pint

fellow who had been a Methodist sings out, 'Eh, that's right, Bill, thee's been takin' lessons from Mister Horn—a penny a week and a shilling a quarter—only it's for thy beer score.' They all laughed at it as a wonderful joke. But that just finished me up. I was mad with misery before an' 'tis capped it all. 'For going to hell!' I cried, and I rushed out leaving the landlord and the rest o' them staring.

"It was a wild night in March. The wind howled and moaned about me. The great black clouds hid the moon. All was dreary and desolate as if God had forsaken me. I walked on, not knowing where I went, or caring either, until I got to a lonely place down on the marshes. I felt that I was as big a fool as I was a sinner, and I thought that I would kill myself and end it all. The wind came hissing in over the water, muttering and whispering all kinds of dreadful things. Now and then the moon would break out for a moment, and the darkness covered it all up again. At length my heart was broken, and flinging myself on my knees, I could pray, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' I felt sure that if I did not get saved then I never should. I had put it off and off, and got worse each time. If I put it off again I should surely be lost. So I began to roar aloud in my misery and earnestness. I forgot all about the time. I prayed on hour after hour. The wind had gone down—I remember as if it were yesterday. The dawn was just creeping up, cold and gray. Then came the remembrance of those words, something like this, 'Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man.' It broke with faint light upon my soul, but slowly it came to mean more and more—'For me!' I thought, and hoped, and half believed. For every man! I cried again. For such a wretch and drunkard as I had been! Ah! I can never tell how, but I saw it all in a moment! 'For me,' I cried, 'yes, for me;' 'by the grace of God for me.'

"I often think of it, and I sing those lines o' the hymn-book like as if they were put there on purpose for me:

" 'Tis Love! Thou didst for me;
I hear Thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee:
Pure, universal Love Thou art;
To me, to all, Thy bowels move—
Thy nature and Thy name is love.

"I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art—
Jesus, the feeble sinner's Friend:
Nor wilt Thou with the night depart,
But stay, and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

"The Sun of Righteousness on me
Hath risen, with healing in His wings:
Wither'd my nature's strength, from Thee
My soul its life and succour brings:
My help is all laid up above;
Thy nature and Thy name is Love."

It was all right after that, friends. I'd tried it in my own strength before. Good resolutions and all that won't hold a man when the temptation comes on him. He breaks them and goes just where the devil likes to drive him. But when Jesus comes he turns the devil out, and then a man sits down at those blessed feet, clothed, and in his right mind."

CHAPTER X.—HOW BILL SMITH MANAGED.

One day old Mrs. Catchpole, as was her custom occasionally, called in to see Widow Hunt, to enjoy a little gossip about their neighbours.

Life had not a great many comforts for Widow Hunt, but there was one so richly enjoyed that it made up for all deficiencies in number or variety. It was to sit after dinner, when all was "tidied up," in her clean white cap well frilled at the edges, and to hear the news. Let others soar after the sublime, and talk of their lofty ambition, Widow Catchpole's index of real happiness was to hear the latest gossip of the village—of marriages in the bud, and whispers of how Hodge was a-keeping company with Joan; of marriages blossoming, and how that the day was fixed; of marriages fruitful, as they were always at Tattingham, babies coming, babies come, and babies going through all the wonderful range of life that belongs to babydom.

Widow Hunt's was the rare gift of listening well. Never obtruding an opinion or interrupting any remark, she invariably came in like an echo at the end of a sentence, faintly repeating the last two or three words with a serious shake of her head. To-day she sat on a low stool before the fireplace, her elbows resting on her knees, the hands exposing the palms to the grate, and her projecting chin turned up toward the speaker. And seeing that the day was extremely hot, and that the fireplace shone brilliantly with black lead, it was at least creditable to the old lady's strength of imagination that she sought thus to screen her face and to warm her hands.

Her good friend, old Mrs. Catchpole, possessed the more common gift and grace of gossip. A shadow—the faintest murmur—even a fancied whisper, could supply her with gossip for a day. The Israelites made bricks without straw—judging from her gossip old Mrs. Catchpole could have made them without clay. Out of very little grew the most amazing secrets, told as if tremendous issues hung upon them; and even a passing glance sufficed to reveal to Mrs. Catchpole prodigious events, to which the gunpowder plot wasn't fit to hold a candle, so to speak.

She had nodded to Bill Smith as she came in at Widow Hunt's door. The lingering image suggested the topic on which old Mrs. Catchpole started as soon as she sat down by the frilled white cap, and "just got her breath," as she said.

"I count, my dear, I do, as Bill Smith must be a-making money," she began.

"A-making money," mumbled the white cap as it shook itself very solemnly.

"Why, there, it aint more nor five year agoe sin' he was a'most the poorest man in the parish, a-drinkin' an' a-hidin' about, as were quite disgraceful, an' his wife lookin' that starved—for all she kep' herself to herself, and thought as

nobody knowed owt about it—'twere plain as a pikestaff." Mrs. Catchpole paused a moment to catch her breath. "Plain as a pikestaff," solemnly observed Widow Hunt, in the tones of a parish clerk.

"An' his children rags and tatters," continued the gossip, before the breath was fairly caught.

"Rags and tatters," came in like an echo.

"But now—" and Mrs. Catchpole nodded her head and raised her hands, as if words were far too weak to express all she knew.

Widow Hunt gave a prolonged and solemn shake of the frilled cap that did duty at once for 'tself and the echo too.

This silence of the two old ladies fairly expressed the opinions of the village as to Bill Smith. "He must be a makin' money," was the summary objection by which Mr. Horn was always defeated when he referred to Bill as an instance of thinking about giving. Yet it was so obviously impossible for him to be getting rich, or really saving much, that words generally gave way to the convenient vagueness of a nod or a look.

There could be no manner of doubt about it that Bill Smith was a prosperous fellow. Anybody must have been blind if they hadn't noticed a strange improvement in the look of the man and of all about him. Even a blind man would have heard it. For many a day together the smithy used to be still, but now early dawn seemed to wake the ringing anvil as well as the music of the birds. And to wake the smith himself as well as the smithy. You used to hear him cursing and growling; now six days out of seven you'd hear Bill Smith singing away with his bass voice. For smiths always sing—blacksmiths I mean—it's part of their work. Some ingenious person has pointed out how that the father of such as handle the harp and the organ, and the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron, went hand in hand. What more likely, he asks, than that thoughtful Jubal stood in the smithy of his half-brother, Tubal-cain, listening to the ringing anvil, and the double bass of the bellows, as he reduced the many sounds to the first laws of harmony, and designed his harp and organ? This at least is certain, that every Tubal-cain has been half-brother to Jubal ever since. It certainly was worth getting up early to hear Bill sing the Morning Hymn, to the old tune with its twists and trills.

"Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning's sacrifice."

And then to hear him whistle the air as he thrust the iron into the fire, and taking the handle of the bellows, woke up the sleepy fire into a quivering flame that leaped half up the chimney. And when the iron was glowing white, it was good to see the sparks fly as the merry ringing kept tune to the vigour of the second verse:

"Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare."

Then came the hissing from the trough, and the steam half hid the singer as he held the hot iron in the water, steadily singing the next verse:

"Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words, and ways."

This solo that proclaimed Bill's prosperity in the smithy, had quite a chorus of its own outside. There were airy little hummings of prosperity in the branches of the apple-tree, that bent down to the ground with the weight of fruit. The vine leaves that peeped in at the windows rustled all day long, gossiping of the good things they saw within. The four grafted rose-trees that stood in the corners of the grass-plot grew up stately and flourishing, as if conscious that they were of the establishment, and prospered accordingly. The tidy little woman that flitted past the open door and the cheery song that came from within, completed a vision of prosperity. The children, too, that came down the shady lane from school, with rosy cheeks and glad voices, kept up the impression; and the baby—the youngest mother in Tattingham agreed that there never had been so prosperous a child in the place.

No wonder, then, that people talked of Bill Smith as "a-making money."

Moreover, Bill thought himself as prosperous as any man need be; but then he used the word in his own sense.

"You see with most folks prosperin' means getting money, but I know that it means using money. Five or ten shillin' a week, or twenty or thirty for that matter, don't make a man prosperous if he can't use it when he's got it. I can remember the time when the more I had the less I prospered—when more money on'y meant more drink and more want." This was Bill's explanation. The fact was, that ever since his conversion Bill had been a favourite pupil of Mister Horn's.

It was at the close of a long evening talk with Mister Horn that Bill first began to carry out his master's teaching.

"Good advice isn't a thing to be kept on the shelf, and on'y looked at like the doctor's medicine when a man's gettin' better," he said to his wife as he sat down with pencil and paper to see how he could "match it."

They had been talking of the scriptural rule—to lay by on the first day of the week, as God prospered one. "Not that what was best for some folks in other times is always best for everybody in these, but that if a man can get scripture to build up on it's the best and most comfortable foundation we can have," was Mister Horn's comment on the text.

So Bill sat with a neat little money-box before him, turning over the first principles of prosperity—using money.

The Bible lay open before him at the sixteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Bill's finger had gone slowly over the second verse as he whispered the words to himself; then he sat up and looked at the fire, turning it over for some time. The thoughts very slowly shaped themselves into Bill's principles of giving.

"Seems to me there's one thing as plain as a pikestaff,

for all I'm no scholar—a man ought to manage about givin'. He is to lay by for it, just like he does for his house rent, and for half a score o' things besides—for everything a'most except for givin'. There's very many folks can't give anything 'pon the spur o' the moment, and they sink that 'tis all right if they don't. But seems to me 'tis all wrong. They couldn't pay their rent 'pon the spur o' the moment either, but for all that the landlord expects to get his money. A man is to lay by and arrange for it; whether folks hold with doing it on the first day o' the week or the last, they are in a bad way who don't do it at all. So that's the first head, as the preachers say." And Bill nodded his own head with considerable satisfaction, as if that point were settled.

"Now the next thing is how much to lay by," he went on, taking up his paper, and biting the end of his pencil as he turned over this question. "I can make thirty shillin' a week, takin' one week with another," Bill muttered slowly; and he paused again, gnawing at the pencil. "Well, s'pose I say three shilling a week," and he figured a large three at the top of the paper. He held it out at arm's length, put his head on one side, and looked at his handiwork with an air of satisfaction. "That's the second head then—three. I don't see how it can anyhow be less than that, as Mister Horn says that the Jew gave a tenth, and I'm not guin' to be behind the Jew. No, no, they didn't know anything about what Paul said," and Bill turned over three or four pages of his Bible. "Ye know, [ye know] the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." No, I can't give less than a tenth, and I'm a'most thinkin' that I ought to give more. Well, let that stand to begin with—the more I get, the more I'll give of it.

And as if to confirm what was done, Bill stretched himself on the table, put his head on one side, and thrust out his tongue, and having wetted his pencil he went over the large three again.

Then he raised himself and bit the pencil vigorously, with the air of a man who felt himself getting through a difficulty. "The next thing is what must I lay by for. First of all, there's the Lord's work, o' course. I ought to begin with that, I'm sure, for religion saved me more than the whole of it. Three shillings! why it wasn't half enough sometimes to pay for the week's beer. And then religion made me sober and steady, and that brought me in three times as much. Besides, what else is there that's so well worth paying for? House rent and doctor's billa'nt to be mentioned in the same breath along with it. And butcher's meat and bread isn't such good cheer as I get out o' religion. Folks pay for them as a duty; but think what religion costs isn't a duty at all—that's only a charity, something that isn't meant for any but rich folks who can afford it—and folks must be very rich indeed before they can see their way to afford that. And besides that," Bill went on to himself, "somehow I don't like to think about it all as payin' debts. I want to feel like Mister Horn puts it, as all I've got belongs to my blessed Lord, and I'm put in for a kind of a steward, who has got to look after the estate and manage to make so much of it as ever he can for his master. And for a Master like mine—bless His holy name!—how can I ever do enough?" And Bill's whole soul woke up in a moment into a song of praise—plaintively and tenderly came the words:

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

And then loudly and heartily came the next verse:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life my all."

"But come, Bill Smith; good feelin's and singin' hymns won't settle the matter;" and once more the teeth worked at the pencil, as Bill looked at the large figure three.

"To begin with, there's class money—wife and myself. Without managin' I could give a penny a week, let's double that and see how it looks." So that was figured—C. M. a quarter—wife and myself; four shillin' and four pence. "Then there's the tucket—we'll double that and see how it looks." And that came in an uneven line. Ticket M. ditto, a quarter, four shillin'. "That looks very pretty, anyhow," cried Bill as he held it out admiringly. "Well, but I ha'n't done yet by a long way. There's the collections, and the poor folk in the place; it will be good to have a bit for them, so say five shillin' more."

"But stop," cried Bill, somewhat alarmed, "I'm goin' too fast," and he added it all up and found that it came to thirteen shillings and four pence a quarter. "That'll never do, never," and Bill scratched his head as if by way of waking up the sleeping brains inside. Then he figured three times thirteen, and stared with blank astonishment to see it come to thirty-nine shillings a quarter.

"It can't be right," said Bill, going over it again; and yet it seemed to be. Then, to his great relief, he heard his wife moving up stairs. "Missis," he cried to his spouse, "I'm in a muddle;" and he was most thoroughly bewildered. "If I spend three shillin' a week what'll that come to in a quarter?"

"Why, thirty-nine shillings, to be sure, Bill, won't it?" said the wife from the top of the stairs in an undertone, for Tattingham's most prosperous baby had just dropped off into infantile snore that was much too musical to be harshly disturbed.

"So it is," said Bill, putting thirty-nine beside the large three, "and there's more than five and twenty shillin' left now. Why, I sha'n't be able to find things enough to give to." Bill was really embarrassed with his riches. What should he put down next. As he looked about in wonder his eye fell on his little maiden's missionary-box, and at once another line filled up the paper—missions, one penny a week—one shilling and one penny. This at once suggested home missions—"Can't give to one without the other," said Bill, as he pencilled a fifth entry, and arranged for another shilling and penny.

There followed a more prolonged pause than ever, and the pencil could scarcely bear the more vigorous application of the teeth, when Bill remembered that the parson at Tattingham collected for the Bible Society, and called now and then for a trifle. So down went another penny a week, and at the end of another crooked line there appeared another one shilling and one penny a quarter. Four and four pence a year. Perhaps, if Bill had known it, he would scarcely have been so "owdacious," for the squire who owned the parish could only afford five shillings a year.

And now what else was there! The pencil wouldn't stand the much more severe attack from those sharp teeth—and yet here he could think of nothing more, and had a good deal over a pound to get rid of every quarter. Then came a resolution to take a pew in Tattingham Chapel, thinking that he could afford to be comfortable. It was with a positive relief that he wrote down that "four shillin' a quarter."

Then adding it up once more, Bill was annoyed, almost angry, to find that it only came to twenty shillings and sevenpence. Then the good wife came to his relief.

"I am fairly muddled, and can't match it no how," said Bill, scratching his head with one hand, and holding out the paper.

"Can't you see your way to save as much as you wanted?" she said, looking over his shoulder at the figures.

"Nay—it's just the other way about that beats me—I can't find things enough to give to. We're too rich, too rich, missis."

"Ah! you've forgotten the children," said the wife, as she ran quickly over Bill's figures—three of them for schooling, that's twopence a week, that's six shillings and sixpence a quarter."

Bill shook his head doubtfully—"Nay, dear, I don't think that'll do. You see it's a tenth for the Lord, and I might as well put down their clothin' and food to His account as their education."

"Well, but there's the club, can't you put that in?" said the wife, anxious to help her husband.

"Nay, wife, that won't do either," said Bill. "You see if I begin to bring myself in at all, I might come in for it all."

At last husband and wife gave in. "There it is," said Bill, "eighteen shillin' and five pence for the Lord whenever He wants it. He knows it's there, and He'll send somebody to fetch it, for He knows a good many who need it."

So Bill put up his pencil and paper. "I'll never believe anybody again as long as I live, when they say they can't afford to give. They can afford sixpence a day in beer and tobacco very often, and they can go foolin' away their money in a score of ways. There's only one reason why folks can't afford to give, and that is, because they afford so much for everything else. Why, if a man would put by sixpence a week, he'd very likely be able to give six times as much as he does—and he'd be able to do it, as the Book says, not grudgingly or of necessity, but like a cheerful giver that the Lord loves."

(To be continued.)

HIS SECOND CHOICE.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright, "Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startled reply. "He will go and marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find."

"O, auntie!" Hester began. "Don't interrupt me till I have finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as pretty as you are, but she will be good natured. She may not be as bright as you are, but she will be good natured. She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are, in fact I think she will not, but she will be good natured. She may not even love him as well as you do, but she will be more good natured."

"Why, auntie—" "That isn't all," continued Aunt Susan. "Every day you live you are making your husband more and more in love with that good-natured woman who may take your place some day. After Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left you the other evening the only remark made about them was, 'She is a sweet woman.'"

"Ah, auntie—" "That isn't all," composedly resumed Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half across the kitchen floor bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look up and say, 'There, Will, just see your muddy tracks on my clean floor. I won't have my clean floor all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. One day you screwed up your face when he kissed you because his moustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it, when he lifts anything you tell him not to break it. From morning till night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter, when you were so sick, you scolded him for allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said, 'I was so anxious about you that I could not think of the pump.'"

"But, auntie—" "Hearken, child. The strongest, most intellectual man of them all cares more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in this world, and without this the cleverest woman and the most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like your Will, as gentle, and loving, and chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affection will die a long, struggling death; but, in most cases it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."

"Well auntie—" "Yes, well! You are not dead yet, and that sweet-tempered woman has not yet been found; so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better tempered woman in existence."—*Advocate and Guardian.*

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

LET this notify all whom it may concern, that all communications on Home Mission work, within the bounds of the Whitby Presbytery, must be addressed to the Rev. H. Crozier, Presbytery's Mission Agent, Port Perry.

THE Rev. Dr. Mackay, from the Island of Formosa, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, at Thamesford, on the 8th of August, at eleven o'clock a.m., and gave a most interesting account of his work in that distant isle. The church was literally crowded. At the close of the service a collection was taken up to help to build a college in Formosa, which amounted to \$70. He also addressed the young people in the afternoon and preached at Kintore in the evening.

THE Presbytery of Owen Sound met on the 5th inst. to induct the Rev. A. McDiarmid into the pastoral charge of Burns' Church, Rocky Saugeen, now united with Latona congregation. Rev. Mr. Cameron, Chatsworth, was appointed to preside, and preached a most excellent sermon from Heb. xi. 10: "He looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," which was discussed most thoroughly by shewing the blessed hope which the Christian entertains in reference to the future, in opposition to the belief of those who say there is no God, no future state of being, that man is only like the beasts that perish. Rev. Mr. Currie, of Keady, addressed the minister in very suitable terms, choosing as basis for his remarks, "Feed the flock of God." Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Kilsyth, gave an excellent address to the congregation, taking the words of Paul to the Corinthians as the thread of his address: "Now if Timothy come, see that he may be with you without fear." The very interesting and well attended meeting was brought to a close, after which the pastor received a hearty welcome at the door as the congregation dispersed to their homes.

ON Sabbath, August 1st, the dedicatory services of the new Presbyterian church, at Cumberland, Ont., were conducted by the Rev. Principal McVicar, LL.D., who preached two able and eloquent discourses to large and attentive congregations—in the morning from Psalm xxii. 6: "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love Thee;" in the evening from Romans x. 13: "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." The collection amounted to \$82.48. A social meeting was held on Monday, the 2nd of August, when the church was again crowded. Addresses were delivered by Mr. McClelland, of Duncanville, and Mr. McLaren, Presbyterian student, of Bearbrooke, and the pastor. The sum of \$60 dollars was taken up on behalf of the building fund. The church is a substantial and very commodious brick edifice with stone foundation and well-proportioned tower. It is pleasantly situated in the centre of the village; free of debt; and reflects much credit upon the energy and liberality of pastor and people. Since the settlement of the present pastor, the Rev. Robert Hughes, an *alumnus* of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, the congregation has enjoyed very marked prosperity. The Sabbath school is large and well organized, and the pastor's Bible class has an average attendance of over thirty. Several prayer meetings are vigorously sustained by the elders and others, and one hundred members were added to the church during the last fifteen months. The union of 1875 has been followed by the happiest results in Cumberland, and now the fullest harmony prevails. At the close of the morning service Principal McVicar commended the people for their zealous and successful efforts in providing for their own spiritual comfort and growth in grace. He urged them to aid with equal readiness and liberality in the great mission work of the Church at large, and especially in that of French Evangelization, in which he was glad to learn they were deeply interested. Owing to the great extension of this work recently, and to the purchase of the schools at Pointe-aux-Trembles, a very decided increase of liberality in sustaining it would be required.

PRESBYTERY OF STRATFORD.—This Presbytery met at Stratford on the 4th and 5th inst. The attendance was not full. Much of the time was taken up by an appeal case from Biddulph, which had been before Presbytery at last meeting, and which still remains undisposed of. Knox Church, Stratford, having been

declared vacant, Mr. McLeod's name was removed from the roll. Mr. William Shearer, having been transferred from the Presbytery of Montreal, was licensed to preach the gospel after de-vering his trials, which were sustained as very satisfactory. An *ad interim* session was appointed for Tavis-tock. Mr. David Mann resigned his charge of Biddulph. The congregation by commission and document expressed strong attachment to him and grief at the causes which had rendered his resignation advisable and had seriously interfered with the welfare of the congregation. His resignation was accepted and Mr. Wilson appointed Moderator of session *ad interim*.

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Many who, because the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland adopted at the Synodical meeting of 1879 a Declaratory Act in reference to the subordinate standards, have been of opinion that that Church had very materially shifted its doctrinal ground, may perhaps somewhat modify their opinion by a careful perusal of the Act in question, which is as follows:

Whereas the formula in which the Subordinate Standards of this Church are accepted required assent to them as an exhibition of the sense in which the Scriptures are understood; Whereas these Standards, being of human composition, are necessarily imperfect, and the Church has already allowed exception to be taken to their teaching or supposed teaching on one important subject; And whereas there are other subjects in regard to which it has been found desirable to set forth more fully and clearly the view which the Synod takes of the teaching of holy Scripture; Therefore, the Synod hereby declares as follows:

1. That in regard to the doctrine of Redemption as taught in the Standards, and in consistency therewith, the love of God to all mankind, His gift of His Son to be the propitiation for the sins of the whole world, and the free offer of salvation to men without distinction on the ground of Christ's perfect sacrifice, are matters which have been and continue to be regarded by this Church as vital in the system of Gospel truth, and to which due prominence ought ever to be given.

2. That the doctrine of the Divine Decrees, including the doctrine of Election to Eternal Life, is held in connection and harmony with the truth that God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance, and that he has provided a salvation sufficient for all, adapted to all, and offered to all in the Gospel; and also with the responsibility of every man for his dealing with the free and unrestricted offer of eternal life.

3. That the doctrine of Man's Total Depravity, and of his loss of "all ability of will to any spiritual good accompanying salvation," is not held as implying such a condition of man's nature as would affect his responsibility under the law of God and the Gospel of Christ, or that he does not experience the strivings and restraining influences of the Spirit of God, or that he cannot perform actions in any sense good; although actions which do not spring from a renewed heart are not spiritually good or holy—such as accompany salvation.

4. That while none are saved except through the mediation of Christ, and by the grace of His holy Spirit, who worketh when, and where, and how it pleaseth Him; while the duty of sending the Gospel to the heathen, who were sunk in ignorance, sin, and misery, is clear and imperative; and while the outward and ordinary means of salvation for those capable of being called by the Word are the ordinances of the Gospel; in accepting the Standards, it is not required to be held that any who die in infancy are lost, or that God may not extend His grace to any who are without the pale of ordinary means, as it may seem good in His sight.

5. That in regard to the doctrine of the Civil Magistrate, and his authority and duty in the sphere of religion, as taught in the Standards, this Church holds that the Lord Jesus Christ is the only King and Head of the Church, and "head over all things to the Church which is His body;" disapproves of all compulsory or persecuting and intolerant principles in religion; and declares, as hitherto, that she does not require approval of anything in her Standards that teaches, or may be supposed to teach, such principles.

6. That Christ has laid it as a permanent and universal obligation upon His Church, at once to maintain her own ordinances, and to "preach the Gospel to every creature;" and has ordained that His people provide by their free will offerings for the fulfilment of this obligation.

7. That, in accordance with the practice hitherto observed in this Church, liberty of opinion is allowed on such points in the Standards, not entering into the substance of the faith, as the interpretation of the "six days" in the Mosaic account of the creation; the Church guarding against the abuse of this liberty to the injury of its unity and peace.

In connection with the Declaratory Act, the second question of the Formula shall henceforth be read as follows: "Do you acknowledge the Westminster Confession of Faith and the Larger and Shorter Catechisms as an exhibition of the sense in which you understand the Holy Scriptures, this acknowledgement being made in view of the explanations contained in the Declaratory Act of Synod thereanent?"

THE DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT OF THE GOSPELS.

The general feeling of scholars in regard to manuscripts of ancient writers, is that almost all has been discovered that there is any hope of discovering. This feeling, however, has been happily disappointed in several cases. The recent find of a manuscript of Clemens Romanus and other early ecclesiastical writers in Constantinople, gave an agreeable surprise to students of Church history. In no department have such discoveries been more surprising and more valuable than those in connection with the New Testament. Tischendorf in his wanderings among libraries in all parts of the world, came upon many leaves of old New Testament manuscripts, and crowned his investigations by unearthing in the Sinaitic monastery the most complete manuscript of the New Testament in existence belonging to an early date. The issuing of a trustworthy edition of the "Codex Vaticanus" in our age may also be deemed a real discovery. In this way the two manuscripts which will be held in future as most valuable in determining the text of the New Testament, have become known to scholars only within the last twenty years.

We have now to record the discovery of another manuscript of a portion of the New Testament, written at a very early period. The merit of the discovery is due to two German scholars, Oscar V. Gebhardt and Adolf Harnach, whose edition of the Apostolic Fathers has deservedly received the warmest commendation. These scholars were enabled, through the munificence of the German Government and an endowment attached to Leipzig University, to make a journey in March of this year to Southern Italy and Sicily, in which places they resolved to search for manuscripts. Their attention was specially directed to notices of a monastery at Rossano, near the Gulf of Tarentum, in which important manuscripts were said once to have been. They could find no traces of the monastery, but they heard that there was a very old book preserved in the palace of the Archbishop of Rossano. Accordingly, they asked permission to see it, and to their great joy found that it was a very valuable manuscript of the gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark. They now issue an account of it in a volume just published—*Evangeliorum Codex Græcus Purpureus Rossanensis Litteris Argenteis sexto ut videtur sæculo scriptus picturisque ornatus, seine Entdeckung, sein wissenschaftlicher und künstlerischer Werth dargestellt von Oscar V. Gebhardt und Adolf Harnach.* (Leipzig: Giesecke & Devrient.)

The leaves of this manuscript are made of purple parchment, and the material used throughout in writing is silver, except in the first three lines of each gospel, where the letters are golden. There is only one other manuscript of this kind in existence, containing any portion of the New Testament, and it is in a mutilated condition, four of its leaves being in London, six in Rome, two in Vienna, and thirty-three have been more recently discovered in the Island of Patmos. The present volume, on the other hand, consists of one hundred and eighty-eight leaves, and contains the whole of the gospel of St. Matthew and the gospel of St. Mark down to the middle of the fourteenth verse of the sixteenth chapter. All the criteria used in judging of manuscripts indicate the end of the fifth or the beginning of the sixth century as the date of this. The manuscript is written in uncial charac-

ters, with two columns in each page. There is no separation of words, no breathing, no accent, and only the slightest attempt at punctuation. There are capitals double the size of the uncials, the Ammonian sections are indicated, and the Eusebian canons must have been given, for it contains a portion of the letter of Eusebius to Carpianus, and there is good reason for conjecturing that this was followed by a table of the Eusebian canons. The letters bear the closest resemblance to those occurring in manuscripts of the fifth and sixth centuries.

The editors reserve their remarks on the nature of the text till they publish it in full. All that they state now is that it bears a striking resemblance to that found in the other manuscript of purple parchment, that it contains some unique readings, and that it rather goes with the later manuscripts where the Sinaitic and Vatican differ from them. Considerable interest attaches to this manuscript from the circumstance that it contains a number of painted miniatures, illustrating the life of Christ. These are among the earliest works of this kind that are extant. The editors have prepared outlines of them, and discuss their merits. The subjects are: The Resurrection of Lazarus, The Entrance into Jerusalem, The Purification of the Temple, The Wise and Foolish Virgins, The Last Supper and Washing the Feet, The Distribution of Bread and Wine, Christ in Gethsemane, The Healing of the Blind, The Kind Samaritan, Christ before Pilate, The Repentance and Death of Judas, The Jews before Pilate, and Christ and Barabbas. In all of them the grouping is done very artistically, and on the whole the figures are well drawn, with much animation and expression. Some of them are interesting from an historical point of view, as that which portrays the distribution of bread and wine at the Eucharist. All of them throw light on early Christian art, and Harnack thinks that he sees a closer connection between these works and Giotto than between later miniatures and that artist. Beside the New Testament scenes there are forty heads of prophets and one or two other subjects.

The volume we have already mentioned will excite the curiosity of critics and artists in a high degree, and we trust that the two discoverers will not be long in issuing their edition of the manuscript in a complete form to the world. In the meantime we may offer our heartiest congratulations to the discoverers whose activity, ability, and generous spirit in critical inquiries into early ecclesiastical writings have already gained for them a high European reputation.—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of Queen's University, Kingston, has determined to recommend to the Board the following additions to the officers of instruction.

1. James Fowler, M.A., instructor in Natural Science in the Provincial Normal School of New Brunswick, to be lecturer on Botany, Zoology, and Geology in Queen's College. Mr. Fowler distinguished himself while a student not only in Natural Sciences, but so highly in Classics and Orientals that he stood second, a few years ago, in the competition for the chair of Hebrew in the Presbyterian College, Halifax. He has done original work in Botany that has received the warmest commendations of Professor Asa Gray of Harvard, the highest authority on Botany in America. His geological map of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and his sketch of their geology shew him to be a practical as well as theoretical student of that science; and he has proved himself a successful teacher, as well as an earnest student, during the last two years while he held the position in the Provincial Normal School from which he has been promoted to Queen's.

2. Mr. J. W. Taverner, of Toronto, to be Watkins' Lecturer of Elocution in Queen's College, for the session 1880-1. Mr. Taverner's success as a Professor of Elocution is recognized in the United States as well as Canada, and is well known in Toronto especially.

3. Mr. A. B. Nicholson, B.A., Classical Master, Kingston Collegiate Institute, to be Assistant Professor of Classics in Queen's. Mr. Nicholson, like Mr. Fowler, is a native of the Maritime Provinces. He was the best classical student of his day in Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, and subsequently in Queen's, of which University he is a graduate. His

post-graduate studies were carried on in the United States, and were so successful that he received various offers in connection with different institutions. During the last two years he was of the greatest possible assistance to the late Professor Mackerras, distinguishing himself especially in philological studies.

The Classical chair in Queen's is not to be filled till the meeting of the full Board of Trustees, soon to be held.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS. August, 1880. (New York: Eugene Smith.)—A very interesting number of a very interesting periodical.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE and THE QUIVER for July. (Toronto: J. P. Clougher.)—Both established favourites of their kind. Always interesting and instructive for both old and young.

THE PREACHER AND HOMILETIC MONTHLY. August, 1880. (New York: I. K. Funk & Co.)—As usual this number of the "Preacher" contains a large amount of matter which cannot fail to be both interesting and suggestive to ministers in their preparations for the pulpit as well as to private Christians in their ordinary reading.

LEISURE HOUR; SUNDAY AT HOME; BOY'S OWN PAPER; GIRL'S OWN PAPER. (Toronto: Wm. Warwick & Son.)—We are pleased to see that all these periodicals of the Religious Tract Society are now issued by the Messrs. Warwick, who have made special arrangements for this purpose. The wide circulation of such publications cannot fail to do great good.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—This is an illustrated weekly which the Harpers have put out since the beginning of the year for the benefit and amusement of the young people. As may easily be believed, from the very fact that it comes from such an establishment, it is well got up, and all its contents are of a wholesome and entertaining character.

The well-known and much-loved Dr. Murray Mitchell, of the Free Church Indian Mission, accompanied by his excellent wife, may be expected in Toronto in the course of next week. The Doctor will preach and deliver addresses during his stay. Mrs. Mitchell will also address the ladies on Zenana work. Full particulars next week.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXV.

Aug. 29, } ABRAHAM'S INTERCESSION. } Gen. xviii. }
1880. } } } } } 16-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Heb. vii. 25.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Gen. xvii. 1-14.....The Covenant Renewed.
- Tu. Gen. xvii. 15-27.....Circumcision the Seal.
- W. Gen. xviii. 1-8.....Angels Entertained.
- Th. Gen. xviii. 16-33.....Abraham's Intercession.
- F. Heb. vii. 7-28.....Our Intercessor.
- S. John xvii. 1-26.....Christ's Intercessory Prayer.
- Sab. 1 John ii. 1-10.....Advocate with the Father.

HELPS TO STUDY.

The subject of our last lesson was "The Covenant with Abram," as recorded in the fifteenth chapter of Genesis.

In the sixteenth chapter we find part of the history of Hagar, Sarai's Egyptian bond-woman, and the record of the birth of her son, Ishmael, when his father, Abram, was eighty-six years old.

The contents of the seventeenth chapter are: a repetition of the promise, with the change of the name Abram (father of exaltation) to Abraham (father of a multitude), and of Sarai (contentious) to Sarah (princess); the institution of the rite of circumcision as the sign of the covenant; and the definite assurance of a son to Abraham and Sarah, with instructions that he should be named Isaac.

The eighteenth chapter brings Abraham before us in the character of host, entertaining what at first sight appeared to be three wayfaring men, one of whom turns out to be the Lord (Jehovah), supposed to be God the Son in human form, and the other two the angelic ministers of His vengeance upon the guilty inhabitants of the cities of the plain. Here our present lesson comes in. Its topics are but two: (1) God's Purpose to Destroy Sodom Revealed to Abraham (2) Abraham's Pleadings with God in Behalf of Sodom.

I. GOD'S PURPOSE TO DESTROY SODOM REVEALED TO ABRAHAM.—VERS. 16-21. A most important lesson—A lesson teaching the strictness of God's justice and the severity of His wrath against sin—was now to be conveyed to Abraham, to his descendants, and to all the nations of the earth that should afterwards be blessed in him.

Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do? The speaker here is the Lord (Hebrew *Jehovah*). Let it should be supposed that the destruction of Sodom proceeded from "accident" or from "natural causes," God plainly declares Himself to be the author of it. He is "longsuffering and slow to anger" but there is a limit to His forbearance. To warn and deter others from following similar courses He inflicts punishment upon gross and flagrant violators of moral and natural law even in this life. Further, the sins of nations and other communities are punished here, for it is only here that these exist as such.

All the nations of the earth shall be blessed in Him. "It therefore was important," says the "National S. S. Teacher," "that he should understand God's dealings with nations. Though God contemplated blessing all mankind, it was not through abandoning all retribution for sin. Mercy was not to supersede justice, without repentance. It is a noteworthy thing that this judgment upon those ill-fated cities was executed by the Lord amidst thoughts of mercy for all mankind. It was, therefore, a necessity, and as much an exhibition of true love as was His sparing them up to this time."

For I know him. God knows everyone, but there is trust implied here. In John xv. 15, we find Christ saying to His disciples, "Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth, but I have called you friends, for all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you." Abraham was God's "friend" (Isaiah xli. 8; James ii. 23).

That he will command his children and his household after him. A knowledge of God's reasons for this infliction would assist Abraham in this matter. Here we find the great value of parental training recognized. The effects of a good man's training of his family pass down through many generations. In Abraham's own case some of these results have come down to the present day, even among those of his descendants who reject his faith.

The cry of Sodom. Has God been hearing the voices of earth ever since the blood of Abel cried to Him for vengeance? Do the complaints of the victims of oppression, of lawlessness and of licentiousness reach His ear? Does He hear the smooth words of the deceiver, the coarse laugh of the scorner, the foolish utterances of the drunkard, the almost incessant flow of profanity from the lips of so many thousands in the streets of our cities, towns and villages?—then, God is merciful and longsuffering, and the wonder is, not that some places have been destroyed but that others have been spared.

I will go down now. It was not necessary; the expression is of the class called anthropomorphic, or one in which God speaks as if he were a man, in order that men might understand Him. God knew the wickedness of the place, but the full extent of it must be revealed to Abraham and to Lot, and through them to others, by a final test which proved that no stranger could enter the city without being exposed to gross outrage.

II. ABRAHAM'S PLEADINGS WITH GOD IN BEHALF OF SODOM.—VERS. 22-33. Here we have a beautiful example of intercession—unsuccessful it must be called, and still not one of Abraham's six requests was denied. At each step he seems to become more and more convinced of the hopeless wickedness of Sodom; five times he reduces the number of righteous men which would suffice for its preservation, bringing it down to ten, and then he stops; no man can say that the place would have been saved if he had brought the number down to one, or made his request unconditional; to be wise above what is written is neither proper nor possible; all that can be said—and it is enough to encourage large petitions—is, that even in this case God continued to grant as long as the supplicant continued to ask.

The men turned their faces from thence: that is from Hebron, where Abraham dwelt, towards Sodom. "The men" spoken of here are the two attendant angels. Abraham stood yet before the Lord, who was the third One of his visitors. At the close of the chapter we find that this One went His way, not to Sodom, for a reference to the next chapter will shew that only two came there.

Abraham drew near. See Heb. x. 19-22. This, though perhaps the most remarkable instance of mere human intercession on record, is not the only one. Some of the others are: (1) that of Judah for Benjamin (Gen. xlv. 18-34); (2) that of Moses for Israel on various occasions (Ex. xxxii. 11; xxxiii. 12; Num. xi. 2; xii. 13; xiv. 13; Deut. ix. 18); (3) that of Samuel for Israel (1 Sam. xiii. 23); that of David for Israel (2 Sam. xxiv. 17); and that of Stephen for his enemies (Acts vii. 60).

The great Intercessor with God for men is the Lord Jesus Christ. See Isaiah liii. 12; Rom. viii. 34; Heb. vii. 25; 1 John ii. 1. He does not hamper His intercession with any qualification on the part of those for whom He pleads. "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come to God by Him."

HANDS OFF.

Olive Logan got mad the other day and got off the following: "A woman's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking, take his arm instead of him taking yours. Just tell him in plain English to keep 'hands off.' He may not like it at first, but he will respect you in the future ten-fold more. Men will be and do just what the women allow them to do. Men will not do to trust. Give a man your arm, and you will find him very confidential, and he will take a great many privileges he would not take if he were not permitted to do so. He will give your arm many loving squeezes and sly twists that he could have no opportunity of doing, and the opportunity is just what he is after. A few more words of advice and I close. Keep your girls off the street, except when they have business. Teach them it is unnecessary to go to the post office every time they go out. Your girls can walk along just as well as your boys. Don't allow your girls if they must have a beau, to go with boys much older than themselves. If possible, instil into their nature that they are safest in their own hands than they are in the hands of any man—preachers not excepted.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DO WHAT IS RIGHT.

One and all who hear my lay,
This much I have to say:
Each day, and every day,
Do what is right—
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
You shall have light.

This further would I say:
Be tempted as you may,
Each day, and every day,
Speak what is true—
True things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,
Heaven would shew through—

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not of thistles grow;
And, though the blossoms blow
While on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On limbs of thorns were set;
So, if you good would get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey through and through
Speak what is just and true;
Do what is right to do
To one and all.
At work, and when you play,
Each day, and every day,
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky fall.

THE BOY WHO WOULD NOT BE WHIPPED.

I MAY as well tell the boys now that my mother was a widow, and a woman of great firmness and decision of character, and of deep piety. When she said anything she meant it, and yet she was just as gentle and tender as a lamb. One time in the fall of the year, when I was about fifteen years old, I was out in the yard trying to move a heavy stick of timber. I asked my brother, then twelve years of age, to assist, but he stood stock-still and laughed at me, while I almost strained my eyeballs out of my head. At last I lost my temper, grew hot, got mad, and picked up a switch, and gave brother a whipping. That was one thing mother did not allow—she did not permit one child to whip another on her place. When she heard the row, she came out of the house and gave brother a good thrashing and made him help me put the timber in place, and then said to me:

"Now, my son, I am going to whip you for whipping your brother."

I had not had a whipping for a long time, and had begun to feel like a man. In fact, I waited on the girls now and then, and some white, downy-looking stuff had begun to grow upon my lip and chin, and I felt large over the prospects of beard at no distant day. The fact is, I had gotten "too big for my breeches, and needed to be taken down a button-hole or two." I had no idea of taking a whipping—none in the world. I had violated one of my mother's rules, but the provocation had been a great one to a boy. True, if I had gone five steps to the door, and told mother, she would have adjusted matters and made brother do what I wanted him to do. Instead of this, I had assumed authority, had taken the law into my own hands, and had done what I knew my mother did not allow.

I said, "Mother, you shall not whip me."

"But I will do it, my son," she replied, and started toward me with a purpose in her eye. I got out of her way, and bad boy that I was,

I turned my back upon home and mother, and went off about four miles, and hired myself to a clever, thrifty, well-to-do farmer for five dollars per month. I told him what had occurred, and how I had been outraged at home, and that, too, by my mother. He told me I had done wrong, and that I ought to go back home, and he proposed to go with me, and intercede for me. I had too much of my mother in me to yield just then. I went to work, but was not happy. I lost my appetite and could not sleep. I grew worse and worse, but hoped all the time that mother would send for me, and apologize and take me back "scot free," but I heard nothing from her. I began to feel that I needed mother and home more than mother and home needed me—a lesson most boys do not learn until it is too late. At the end of the week, on Saturday morning, I told my employer I wanted to go home. He approved my purpose, and kindly offered to go with me, but I preferred to go alone. He paid me for my week's work, but I hated the money. It felt like lead in my pocket, and grew heavier and heavier as I got nearer home, till finally I pulled it out and threw it as far as I could send it into the woods. I did not go home in a hurry. It was four miles, and I was four hours on the way—and mortal long hours they were. I hesitated, and turned back, and resolved and re-resolved. The better thing in me said, "Go home, and yield to your mother and obey her;" but some other thing said, "I would die first."

Those who have never been in the shoes of the "Prodigal Son" do not know what an effort that trip home cost the poor boy, nor how long he was making it. When I felt that I could go no farther, I would kneel down and pray. That always helped me. I felt firmer afterwards. The last hundred yards before I got home seemed to be a mile long. If it had been night and no lights burning, so mother could not see me, how glad I would have been; but there it was a beautiful sun-bright day in the calm, cool November. O, how black the bright light makes a guilty heart look! The last hour before day is said to be darkest hour. When I got near enough to hear, mother was singing:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

Ah, that song! What mingled feelings it stirred in my heart, and how appropriate it was. Hope and shame had a struggle, but thank God, hope prevailed just as I reached the kitchen door, where mother was setting the table for dinner.

"Good morning, my son," she said, just as pleasantly as I had ever heard her speak in all my life; "Come in," she continued, "have a seat," setting a chair for me. "I hope you are well, my son?" That word "son," how it hurt me. I was not worthy of it.

"Very well, I thank you"—I did not venture to say "mother." "Are all well?" I asked.

"Well, I thank you, my son," and she went on chatting away just as pleasantly as if I had been a neighbour called in. I wanted to tell her my sin and shame, but did not know where or how to commence. Dinner was soon ready, and mother asked me to dine with her,

with all the politeness and deference due a visitor.

When seated at the table, mother said, "Will you please say grace for us?" That was awful. The words choked me, though I had been accustomed to asking a blessing for a year or two. I could not eat; I was too full already. Mother hoped I was well. I told her I was.

When dinner was over, I said, "Mother what work do you want me to do?" "None at all, my son; I do not expect visitors to work for me," she answered.

"But, mother, I have come home, and I want to go to work, and quit this foolishness," I said.

She replied firmly, "Well, my son, to be candid with you, if you will now take a whipping, you can stay, but if not, you can have your clothes and leave."

I jumped up and pulled off my coat and vest, and sat down with my face toward the back of the chair, and my back toward mother, and said:

"Well, mother, I will take the whipping, and stay at home with you. So get your switch and give it to me."

Just then mother burst into tears, caught me in her arms, and said:

"That will do, my son. Let us pray." She led. O, that prayer, that prayer! It lingers yet like the refrain of some old song, grand with the melody of heaven. I then had a home and a mother, and was just about as happy as boys ever get to be in this life. Now, boys, I am ashamed of my sin till this day, but I am so proud of my mother I thought I would tell you this story.

THE HABIT OF POSTPONING.

"A TIME for everything, and everything in its time," is a good maxim to learn and practise. It helps one to success by lightening labour, and prevents carelessness. We had a friend in boyhood, of superior talents, a fine scholar, and an agreeable companion. But he was always putting off important duties to a future time, hoping for greater leisure to attend to them. His whole life has proved a failure, because he has always been behindhand.

Robert Southey said that Samuel Taylor Coleridge had the same bad habit. He was a poet of wonderful genius, a profound thinker in philosophy, and a scholar whose range of reading was almost boundless. But he did little worthy of his great powers. As Southey says, "At times, he feels mortified that he has done so little; but this feeling produces no exertion. 'I will begin to-morrow,' he says. And thus he has been all his life letting to-day slip."

"THE fear of man bringeth a snare; but whose putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—*Prov.* xxix. 25.

We take lessons in art, literature—a thousand things; but that high sense of honour, man's moral obligation to man, is forgotten.

KIND words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips, and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising therefrom.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE ROAD TO SUCCESS.—The following is taken from the London Free Press. It refers to The Financial Association of Ontario, whose advertisements have no doubt been noticed in our columns, and is another proof of the benefits that can be derived by advertising in leading newspapers:—"Time and again have we had occasion to record additional evidence that the road to success is best reached by the judicious use of printers' ink, and we now have, at our doors, an additional instance in a financial institution organized a few months ago. The first to introduce the division of its capital stock into Preference and Ordinary shares, a system in much favour with investors in Great Britain, and which, no doubt, as the advantages become understood, will be equally popular with investors in Canada, there was some doubt expressed as to the support it would receive. The undertaking, however, soon showed signs of able and energetic management, which promised well for its future, and in a comparatively short time has been placed on an excellent footing. Through its advertisements in the leading journals the Company has, in a few months, become, in all probability, more widely known than others whose organization dates back as many years. Its stock is, we believe, held in nearly every section of Canada, which must materially tend to make it marketable at full quotations. The few hundred dollars spent by the Company in advertising is a mere trifle as compared with the results attained, and there is scarcely a business man who could not reap equally flattering results by the same means.

A WISE DEACON.—"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long." "Brother Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbours one to two hundred dollars apiece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other column.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- LINDSAY.—At Lindsay, on last Tuesday of August, at eleven a.m.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Tuesday, September 21st, at three o'clock p.m.
PARIS.—At St. George, Sept. 20th, at half-past seven p.m., for Congregational Visitation; at Glenmorris, September 21st, at eleven a.m., for business, and at half-past seven p.m. for visitation.
CHATHAM.—At Ridgeway, August 3rd, at eleven o'clock a.m.
WHITBY.—At Whitby, on the third Tuesday of October, at eleven a.m.
LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on the third Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
GUELPH.—In First Presbyterian Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of September, at ten a.m.
MONTREAL.—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 5th October, at eleven a.m.
BRUCE.—In St. Paul's Church, Walkerton, on the second Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
STRATFORD.—In St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, on August 3rd, at half-past nine a.m.
PETERBORO.—At Cobourg, on 28th September, at half-past ten a.m.
HURON.—At Seaford, on the second Tuesday of September, at eleven a.m.
SAUGREN.—In St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest, on the 14th September, at eleven a.m.
MANITOBA.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on the third Wednesday of September, at ten a.m.
TORONTO.—On the 7th September, at eleven a.m.
BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, 28th September, at eleven a.m.
OWEN SOUND.—In Knox Church, Owen Sound, on the third Tuesday of September, at half-past one p.m.
OTTAWA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, on 21st Sept. at two p.m. Regular meeting on the first Tuesday in November, at two p.m.
STRATFORD.—In St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, on September 28th, at ten a.m.
MONTREAL.—In Melville Church, Brussels, on the third Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
BROCKVILLE.—At Waddington (Mr. Morrison's church), on the 14th September, at three p.m.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIED.

On the 12th inst., at 67 St. George street, Toronto, by the father of the bride, assisted by Rev. William Reid, D.D., the Rev. Alexander Stewart, B.A., Clinton, to Bessie, eldest daughter of the Rev. Professor Gregg, D.D., of Knox College.

DIED.

At Chatham, N.B., on August 5th, 1880, aged 13 months and 26 days, William James, the youngest child of Rev. J. A. F. McBain.

NEVER WASTE

Your time or money renting a farm when you can BUY on your OWN TIME and TERMS a Fine FARM and HOME With the BEST MARKETS almost at your door. 300,000 ACRES the World. Easy payments. Long time. Low rate of interest. For terms, address O. M. BARNES, Lansing, Mich.

Change of Firm.

The undersigned respectfully announces that he has this day retired from the General Wholesale Jobbing Trade at Toronto and Montreal. While thanking his customers for their liberal patronage, extending almost a quarter of a century, he solicits for his successors a continuance of the same, believing that after their long and confidential connection with the house they will be enabled, with reviving trade, to continue and extend the Canadian business of the house, to the satisfaction and profit of all concerned.

ROBERT WILKES, Toronto, 48 & 50 Yonge street (up-stairs). Montreal, 196 & 198 McGill street. Monday, 2nd August, 1880.

With reference to the above—having purchased from Mr. Robert Wilkes his stock-in-trade at Toronto, and supplemented it by extensive importations, arriving and to arrive, and having formed a co-partnership under the firm name of

SMITH & FUDGER,

we solicit a continuance of the patronage enjoyed by the house for so many years. Our travellers start almost immediately with very full lines of newest samples. Customers visiting this market will please call upon us at the old stand,

BRITISH AND FOREIGN IMPORTING HOUSE,

Corner Yonge and Wellington Streets.

All goods in stock are being listed at special clearing prices.

HENRY SMITH, HARRIS H. FUDGER.

Referring to the above, the undersigned beg to announce that having purchased the stock-in-trade of Mr. Wilkes in Montreal, and secured a lease of the premises, they have formed a co-partnership, under the designation of

JOHN H. JONES & CO.

Importations of the most recent goods are now arriving, and on the way, enabling us to show by our own travellers, and in the warehouse, the best value and most desirable goods in all our lines. The patronage of our friends respectfully solicited.

JOHN H. JONES, WM. LIFETON, FRED. CHANDLER.

ROBERT WILKES & CO., EXPORT, IMPORT, Shipping and Commission Merchants.

LONDON—60 Queen Victoria Street. NEW YORK—69 West Broadway. TORONTO—6 Wellington Street.

TORONTO & HAMILTON, Calling at Oakville.

STEAMER "SOUTHERN BELLE,"

Sails twice daily from Mowat's Wharf, at 11.30 a.m., 6.15 p.m.

HAMILTON AND RETURN SAME DAY ONLY \$1.00.

Return Fare, good for season, \$1.25. Single Fare, 75 cents.

Season Book Tickets now on sale—for Oakville, 10 round trips, \$4; for Burlington Beach or Hamilton, 10 round trips, \$4.50; 25 round trips, \$10; 50 round trips, \$17.50.

EXCURSIONS

To OAKVILLE every day 25 cts.; to BURLINGTON BEACH Wednesdays and Saturdays, 50 cts.

CONVENIENT HOURS.—Leaving at 11.30 a.m., arriving at 6 p.m. No night exposure.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from J. E. THOMPSON & CO., 10 King street east, W. A. GEDDES, Mowat's Wharf; R. ARNOLD, 20 York street, and at 100 King street west.



- 'Princeton Sermons.' By Chas. Hodge, D.D. Price.....\$3 50
'The Science of English Verse.' By Sidney Lanier..... 2 25
'Discussions in History and Theology.' By George P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D..... 3 25
'The Difficulties of the Soul.' By W. Hay M. H. Aitken, M.A..... 0 90
'The Apostles of Our Lord.' By Alexander Macleod Symington, B.A..... 1 00
'Seek and Find.' A Double Series of Short Studies of the Benedicite. By Christina G. Rossetti..... 0 90
'Unto the Third and Fourth Generation.' A Study. By Helen Campbell..... 1 10
'A History of Classical Greek Literature.' By Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M.A. Two vols..... 4 50
'Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal.' By her Sister. Special Canadian edition..... 2 00
'Life and Letters of Horace Bushnell.'..... 3 50
'The Life and Work of William Augustus Mechenburg.' By Anne Ayres..... 2 50
'Pastor's Visiting Book.' Arranged by Rev. W. T. Beatty..... 0 85

Mailed post free on receipt of price, by HART & RAWLINSON, PUBLISHERS, 5 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

ESTABLISHED 1854. A. McDONALD, Renovator and Dyer

Of Gentlemen's Wearing Apparel, 24 ALBERT ST., corner of James, TORONTO.

VICTORIA PARK. STEAMER PRINCE ARTHUR.

Until further notice will run regularly between the city and the Park, leaving Church street Wharf at 11 a.m., 2 and 4 p.m.; York street 15 minutes later. Returning, will leave the Park at 12.30, 3 and 6 p.m. 50 tickets for \$5.

On and after Monday, the 7th, will be issued Family Season Books of 50 Tickets for \$5, obtainable at the Company's Office, 56 Front street East.

Fare and return 25 cents; children 10 cents. F. LOBB, Secretary. ROBT. DAVIES, Pres. V. P. Co.

AT COST.

The whole of our LIGHT COATS AND DUSTERS now offered at net cost, to clear them out of the way of New Fall Goods, which will be arriving daily.

R. J. HUNTER,

Merchant Tailor, etc., Cor. King and Church Sts., TORONTO.

PRESBYTERIAN YEAR BOOK FOR 1880.

Edited by Rev. James Cameron.

NOW READY,

The PRESBYTERIAN YEAR BOOK FOR 1880, containing full information about the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and a large amount of varied intelligence with regard to the present condition of the Presbyterian Churches of the United States, Great Britain and the Continent of Europe.

This publication was begun in 1875, and year by year has received favourable notices from our own press in Canada and the press of the United States, and also special favour and praise from the Assembly Clerks of various Presbyterian Churches.

The information contained in the issue for 1880, will be found unusually complete; and there are several illustrations of prominent church edifices.

OPINIONS OF MINISTERS, ASSEMBLY CLERKS, AND EDITORS.

"It contains complete information on almost every subject relating to the Presbyterian Church in the Dominion, and will prove of great value to the members of that denomination."—Montreal Witness.

"... This collection of varied and interesting information must secure for the work a cordial reception by all who take an interest in the position and prospects of the Presbyterian Church. It is printed, we may observe, in a neat, clear type, and its execution reflects credit both on the editor and the well-known firm by which it has been issued."—Paris Transcript.

"We seldom find, in so modest and unpretentious form, so much and so various ecclesiastical information. After a very exhaustive, yet concise, account of the Church, in her various branches in British North America, there is an account of the many families of our tribe 'scattered abroad,' acquainting us with even distant Australia. The relation subsisting between our Canadian brethren and us is, ought to be, and must continue to be, of the very closest nature. It were well if our people, and particularly our ministers, availed themselves of the assistance this little work affords, as a convenient 'thesaurus' of valuable information."—Philadelphia Presbyterian.

Mr. Croil, of the "Presbyterian Record," says of the "Year Book": "It is one of the best thumbed periodicals in our office. Every Presbyterian should have it."

The "N. Y. Independent," a disinterested authority remarks: "It is one of the best ecclesiastical annuals published in the world. It not only gives complete denominational statistics for its own country, but for the Presbyterians in all parts of the world—the only Presbyterian Year Book that we know of that covers so much ground. . . . There are also general statistics of great value.

Price 25 cents per copy. Post Free on receipt of price.

C. B. Robinson, Publisher, 5 Jordan street, Toronto.

TO SABBATH SCHOOLS AND OTHERS.

Just received direct from the manufactory, and

FOR SALE

A Splendid new Organ,

7 Stops and Knee Swell.

This organ has a full and sweet tone, and is very suitable for either the

SABBATH SCHOOL OR THE PRIVATE PARLOR.

It is now on view at this Office, and will be sold on such terms as will best suit the purchaser, at a specially large reduction on the catalogue price.

PRESBYTERIAN OFFICE, 5 Jordan street, Toronto.

PROFESSOR VERNON'S

ELECTROTHERAPEUTIC

Institution, at 107 Jarvis Street, Toronto,

has the latest scientific mode of applying Electricity with newly invented appliances for the radical cure of nervous diseases.

Sexual and Spinal Weakness, Chronic and various Diseases not cured by other treatment or by other Electricians receive our special attention. Over ten years' experience according to this new system has enabled us to make very important improvements most favourable to patients. The best of city and country references given.

Dr. L. Oliver is one of the Consulting Physicians of ability and experience. Consultation free. Office hours from eight a.m. to nine p.m.

THE GREAT CHURCH LIGHT

FRINK'S PATENT REFLECTORS

Give the most powerful, the softest, cheapest and the best Light known for Churches, Stores, Show-windows, Parlours, Banks, Offices, Picture Galleries, Halls, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular and estimate. A liberal discount to churches and the trade.

I. P. FRINK, 551 Pearl St., New York.

1,000,000 Acres Choice Lands In the Great Wheat Belt. For sale by the WINONA & ST. PETER R. R. CO. at \$2 to \$6 per Acre, on easy terms, at low interest. Lowest fare and freight. Fare refunded to purchasers. A climate unparalled for healthfulness. The best market facilities. A Guide and Map giving full information FREE. Address CHAS. E. SIMMONS, Land Commissioner of Chicago & Northwestern Railway Co., Chicago, Illinois. Mention this paper.

HOP BITTERS. (A Medicine, not a Drink.) CONTAINS HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION. AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS. THEY CURE All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints. \$1000 IN GOLD. Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no Other. D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. All above sold by druggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

CLINTON H. MENEELY BELL CO., successors to Meneely and Kimberly, BELL FOUNDERS, TROY, N.Y. Manufacture a superior quality of Bells. Special attention given to CHURCH BELLS. Catalogue sent free to parties needing Bells.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc. FULLY WARRANTED. Catalogue sent Free. VANDUZEN & TIFT, Cincinnati, O.

BLMYER MFG CO BELLS. Church, School, Fire-alarms. Fine-tuned, low-priced, warranted. Catalogue with 1500 testimonials, prices, etc., sent free. Blymyer Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O.