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A PLEASANT DRINK for the sick: Take a dessert teaspoonful of arrowroot and add a teaspoonful of milk; wet and rub in smooth. To this add a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. Heat a half-pint of good rich milk and bring it just up to the boil. Then, when it boils, stir in carefully the arrowroot and sugar. Allow it to boil three minutes, and give either warm or cold.

GINGER SNAPS.—Never put ginger snaps in a jar while they are hot; take them from the tins and lay them on plates to cool, otherwise they will steam and become moist, and will not be crisp and brittle; other cookies will not need so long a cooling process, and cake which you wish to keep a week or ten days is improved by being wrapped in a towel while it is still in the tin: let it stand in this way for two or three hours.

CURRANT FRITTERS.—Currant fritters are made of one cup and a half of very fine bread crumbs, one tablespoonful and a half of flour, one cup and a half of sweet milk, one quarter of a pound of well-washed English currants (drain the currants thoroughly), two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a small lump of butter. Flavour with cinnamon or nutmeg to suit your taste; drop in spoonfuls in hot lard, and fry until done. Eat with sugar.

HOW TO SMOKE HAMS.—A smoke-house should be well ventilated, and the hams be hung at least eight or ten feet above the fire, and the smoke given out in moderate quantities, and come from corn-cobs or hickory wood. It is important that the hams be kept cool and dry through the whole operation. Proper ventilation of the smoke-house secures this. If they become moist by improper ventilation, or are placed so near the fire as to be heated, their flavour is greatly injured.—*Ploughman.*

TO PURIFY WATER.—A large spoonful of pulverized alum, sprinkled in a hoghead of water and stirred, will, after the lapse of a few hours, precipitate all the impurities to the bottom, and make it as clear and sweet as fresh spring water; a pailful may be sweetened by, say, a teaspoonful to every four gallons. Another method of clearing and purifying water is to shell almonds, and having mashed them to a paste, stir them in water: they will take with them all the impurity of the water to the bottom. This is more expensive than the alum, and also more effectual. A handful will cleanse a cask of water of forty gallons.

AMBER SOUP OR CLEAR BROTH.—This soup is served at almost all company dinners. Take a large soup bone (say two pounds), a chicken, a small slice of ham, in a gallon of cold water, and boil slowly for five hours; then add an onion, two sprigs of parsley, half a small carrot, half a small parsnip, half a stick of celery, three cloves, pepper and salt. Strain the soup into an earthen bowl, and let it remain over night. Next day remove the cake of fat on the top; take out the jelly, avoiding the settlings, and mix into it the beaten whites of two eggs with the shells. Boil quickly for half a minute; then, placing the kettle on the hearth, skim off carefully all the scum and whites of the eggs from the top, not stirring the soup itself. Pass this through the jelly-bag, when it should be quite clear. This soup may then be put aside and reheated just before serving. Add then large a spoonful of caramel, as it gives it a richer colour, and also a slight flavour.

A SAINT AT THE ZOO.

Capt. Harry Piper, ex-Alderman, and Superintendent of the Zoological Garden, lately communicated the following fact to a reporter of one of Toronto's most influential papers: "Some time ago we purchased from the collection of animals at Central Park, New York, a monstrous Russian bear, which we have named 'Peter the Great,' on account of his tremendous size. Not long after 'Peter' arrived we found that he was suffering from the rheumatism, and in a pretty bad state. Peter was not the only one in the 'Zoo' which had a touch of that delicious ailment; the lion likewise had it, and in fact I was just being cured of a bad case of the rheumatism, myself, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I found St. Jacobs Oil an excellent remedy, for it cured me in a short while, and my case was a very aggravated one. I argued that if it cured men, it must be good for animals as well."

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 10.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1882.

No. 39.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE nationality of Bunyan has been discussed in a number of letters to the "Times." Some hold that he was of Spanish descent; and a Carmarthen man maintains that he must have been Welsh. "Bunyan, Bonyon, Benyon, Beynon Ap Eynon. Is it not clear?"

"SOME man in England," says the "Churchman," "is said to carry twenty shillings in his pocket whenever a charity sermon is to be preached. After the sermon has continued twenty minutes, he deducts a shilling for every additional five minutes, and often makes a great deal of money by the operation."

BISHOP IRELAND, of Minnesota, it is said, has laboured so successfully in behalf of total abstinence that it is very rare now to find an Irish saloon-keeper in St. Paul, and there are proportionately fewer patrons of the saloons among the Irish Catholics than among the rest of the population. His example should be worth something in other sections.

ACCORDING to a telegram of Sept. 8th, the damage to the Isthmus of Panama by the earthquake is over \$100,000. One man at Aspinwall was killed, and several injured. Ten miles of the Panama railway were rendered impassable; bridges were damaged, the abutments cracking; and in some places the rails were bent, and in others the track was sunken.

A PAPER calling itself the "Protestant Times," in its zeal for the oath, charges the Duke of Argyll with having "little regard for either the Creator or our Constitution." In the same article the Earl of Derby is denounced as "an intimate associate of the pervert Cardinal Manning." This is a style of "religious" journalism that cannot be too severely reprehended.

CARDINAL MANNING, replying in the "Nineteenth Century" to Lord Sherbrooke on the question of Parliamentary oaths, contends that "every 'enabling Act of Parliament' whereby those who refuse to recognise God and His laws shall be admitted to make laws for us is nothing less than a covert exclusion of God from the councils and commonweal of England."

OLD NEIL LIVINGSTONE was the founder of the missionary society, and also of a missionary prayer meeting, in the village of Blantyre. He bought or borrowed as many missionary books as he could lay his hands on. The heroes of the household were Martyn, Judson, Carey, Zirzendorf; so that from his earliest years David Livingstone was steeped in the literature of Christian missions.

SOME anxiety is again felt with reference to the crofters in Skye. An Inverness messenger-at-arms with a ground officer went to Braes on Saturday to serve interdicts on the tenants, but between Gedintal and Bilmenach they were met by a crowd of women and children, and so pelted with stones that they had to turn back without accomplishing the whole of their work. The Braes men are at the fishing at present.

ONE singular result of the destruction of Alexandria is reported to be the stoppage of the trade in the wrappings of mummies. The Egyptians have been in the habit of stripping the bodies and selling the stuff which enveloped them to American paper makers. The supply is said to be still ample. One ship recently took 875 bales to New Haven. An American house has lost a store of these rags, valued at \$40,000, by the burning of the city.

THE "Christian Leader" (Glasgow) says: "Pastor Chiniquy is finishing the last chapter of an important book, 'Fifty Years in the Church of Rome.' It was begun in 1873. It is probable that he will come over to England to find a publisher. Writing on July 29th to a friend in London, he says: 'I began yesterday my seventy-fourth year, and by the great mercy of

God I do not feel yet any of the infirmities of old age. My eyes are as good as when twenty-five years old, and my hand is as firm still. Yesterday I preached three sermons, and to-day I do not feel tired.'"

THE Peking missionaries, in memorializing the British House of Commons on the opium traffic with China, says it takes \$65,000 in bullion out of China, and impoverishes the people to that extent to purchase British manufactures. They say that the import has increased from 12,000 chests in 1834 to 97,000 in 1880, while the native growth now equals if it does not exceed the importation of the drug. It is worth while to recall that every chest of opium that entered China from 1793 to 1860 was in deliberate defiance of the Chinese Government.

A MOST remarkable painting has just been found at Pompeii, and placed in the Naples Museum among the Pompeian frescoes. It is chiefly interesting from the fact that it is the first work of art connected in the remotest degree with either Judaism or Christianity that has been discovered in the buried cities. It is five-and-a-half feet long by nineteen inches in height, and represents the judgment of Solomon. There are nineteen figures in the picture, including the King, who is seated on a dais, a number of soldiers, a group of spectators, and the women and child.

DR. ROBERT MOFFATT, the celebrated African missionary and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, is staying at Thornfield Hall, Ashton-under-Lyne, the residence of Mr. A. E. Reyner. On Sunday, the veteran, now in his eighty-sixth year, worshipped at Albion Congregational Chapel. A singular scene was witnessed after the services, when many persons crowded round Dr. Moffatt to shake hands with him. He spent a portion of his early life in Dukir Id. He made many inquiries respecting old residents, but his knowledge of the present generation had to be gathered up from hints as to the mothers and fathers and grandmothers and grandfathers of those who addressed him.

GENERAL BOOTH proposes to send a contingent to India, under the command of Judge Tucker, to attack the strongholds of Hindooism. The Judge, who has given up his office and a salary of £800 a year to enter the ranks of the Army, hails from India, several of whose languages he can speak, and is about to return thither with five or six comrades. The party intend to dress like the natives, to eschew European customs, and to adapt themselves to the manners of the people. A Yorkshire soldier volunteers for foreign service, and offers £50 towards the expenses of the mission, while the editor of the "War Cry" tells his readers "We have a Hallelujah lass who says she cannot sleep for thinking of Africa."

THE Canadian Government, in the interests of the vast influx of immigrants to the great North-West, has issued a warning note for them to prepare proper house accommodation for the coming winter. Squatting in tents is all very well during the summer months, but something more substantial is required to keep out the intense cold of the six or seven months' winter. Houses of sods are recommended where wood cannot be had. It is just possible that many working men will discover, as winter comes on, that Winnipeg and its neighbourhood has very many disadvantages for the working man. The extravagant prices for the necessaries of life is the worst of it. Many will doubtless troop down into the States and other more settled parts. After all, it is the agriculturist who will fare best as time goes on, and become most rapidly independent.

THE Canada Methodist Episcopal General Conference has been considering a report of the Revision Committee. The report recommended that presiding elders be stationed wherever advisable. Amendments were offered with the purpose of shutting up the "loopholes" of the present system, which allow of

"favouritism," and making the three-years' system absolute, and to make the term five years. Also a motion was made to abolish the office of presiding elder. On the subject of Methodist union, which is now absorbing the attention of Dominion Methodists, the General Conference passed resolutions hailing the proposal with joy, expressing a willingness to make reasonable concessions to secure it, and appointing a committee of eighteen to confer with similar committees of other bodies, and negotiate a union, if possible, with any or all bodies.

A PEASANT woman, one Thekla Popov, is now being tried in Hungary on a charge of aiding and abetting more than a hundred wives to poison their husbands. A correspondent of the London "Standard" telegraphs that she is a gipsy and some seventy years of age. She lived in a little village named Melencze, and it may almost be said that murder was her trade. The married women from the neighbouring country-side who sought her aid paid the old gipsy a fee of from fifty to a hundred florins for each bottle of poison they bought, and were duly instructed by her in the safest methods of its "exhibition." Sometimes she had dealings with young girls who quarrelled with their sweethearts, and who, from jealousy or rage, had determined to kill them. This woman's terrible trade prospered amazingly for two years. She excited no suspicion, because the drugs she administered acted slowly, though surely, and in their effects simulated the symptoms of disease. Even now that the bodies of some of her victims have been exhumed, they show no signs of poisoning, though the stomachs are eaten away.

THE "Advance" says of the Antichristian literature which is becoming so abundant in India, that in Lucknow and Cawnpore there are no less than forty-five publishing-houses doing this work. One of their publishers received \$4,000 from a well-to-do Mohammedan to assist in printing the Mohammedan books. Another issued a million of Hindu tracts at the expense of a Hindu prince. One hundred and three newspapers, mostly weeklies, are issued to abet Paganism and Mohammedanism and to attack Christianity. "The native presses," says Joseph Cook, "are exceedingly active. They throw off immense editions of books intended to defend Paganism, and of heathen classics notoriously stained by passages of immoral tendency, sometimes of positive indecency. I went through a Hindu publishing house at Lucknow which had just sent an order to London for \$25,000 worth of printing-paper." Well, let it come. The Gospel brings a sword. This stir and ferment is just what is to be expected, and is an augury of good. Anything is better than the old utter stagnation of heathenism. And the Bible is good against them all.

THE Glasgow "Christian Leader" of the 7th inst. has the following notice of well-known ministers:—"Two of the most popular preachers in New York, Dr. John Hall and Dr. W. M. Taylor, are at present visiting the scenes of their youth in the old country. On Sabbath last Dr. Hall preached to the congregation of Kings Mills, in Ireland, the neighbourhood where he was reared; and on the afternoon of the same day Dr. Taylor officiated for Mr. McInnes in Darlington Place U.P. Church, Ayr. On Sunday week, in accordance with what seems to be almost his annual custom, the minister of Broadway Tabernacle preached for his friend, Mr. Kirkwood, at Troon. One of his hearers on this occasion remarks that few, if any, of the large and appreciative audience will regret having been present. The groundwork of the discourse was Elijah's flight from Jezebel. The comparisons—love as contrasted with sternness, noise *versus* silence—were apt and pointed: love all-powerful in overcoming the rebellious when austerity and force failed; noise and tumult at fault in drawing the careless and thoughtless from the error of their ways; and silence as presented by the "still, small voice," immeasurably beyond the means chosen by babblers and disturbers of decency and order, so common at the present time.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH AND HIS CRITICS.

BY REV. P. MELVILLE, B. D., HOPEWELL, N. S.

I am surprised to read the weak apologies and wavering replies made to the Rationalistic critics regarding Moses and the Hebrew Scriptures. Some able replies have indeed been made, like that by Prof. Green and by Rev. J. Urquhart on the Jehovistic and Elohist theories ("British and Foreign Evangelical Review," April, 1882); but others are so weak and prone to surrender, that they show deplorable want of spiritual insight.

Permit me at present to remove the three grand objections of Rev. Washington Gladden.

1st. The objection that the Pentateuch was written in Palestine, because its Hebrew names for "West" and "South" signify "Seaward" and "Negebward," is quite futile; for those names are a part of the Hebrew language. And that language was not invented by Moses in the wilderness or in Egypt—it was used for ages before the Exodus, while Abraham and his race were sojourners in Syria and Canaan. Every linguist knows how easily local terms become specialized and generalized. Is "sycophancy" used only among *smugglers of figs*?

2nd. The objection that the books of Judges, Ruth, and Samuel do not mention the law of Moses, or any written literature in Israel, corrects itself; for it is certain that such writings existed. Moses, trained in the wisdom of Egypt, certainly did write something for Israel and posterity, as also did Samuel (1 Sam. x. 25, Heb.) "in the book" laid up before the Lord. Now, if no mention of Moses' law or writings is found in Judges, etc., it merely shows that some books do not mention everything. Surely it does not require a ghost or a critic to reveal that! Does the omission of God's name in Esther imply that it was never known in Israel, or even that it was lost? Not at all. Some critics seem to have lost all common sense in their speculations. Surely an omission is not a denial. It is crucial insanity to repudiate the Pentateuch, and yet preserve the books of Judges, Samuel, etc., as sacred. As well might you cut off a man's head, and then try to preserve his shoulders alive. Take, for instance, the first chapter of Judges. It tells of the death of Joshua, the lots of the tribes, the father-in-law of Moses, and the direction of Moses (by name) to give Hebron to Caleb. Take again the 11th chapter of Judges, from the 12th verse, giving an exact outline of the Exodus, and of the conquest of Perea by Moses; and all this is rehearsed 300 years after the events took place. Now, if you repudiate the Pentateuch, how can you vindicate these later books? To set them in opposition to the Pentateuch is gratuitously absurd as well as insanely unnatural. What else would you call this attempt to set the hands to cut off their own head? But it will utterly fail. GOD'S word will not commit suicide. It leaves that mania to its enemies.

But there is a very satisfactory explanation, thoroughly consistent with all we know. I wonder greatly that none of the critics have discovered it before. It will form the proper answer to the next objection.

3rd. "The Levitical laws were not observed in the times of the Judges and early Kings of Israel."

True. And was not this the very fate foretold by Moses to rebellious Israel? Read his warnings in Deuteronomy, chapters xxix., xxx., xxxi., xxxii. Read also how it began to happen in Joshua xxiv. 31, and Judges ii. 6-13. Israel had utterly broken the Mosaic covenant after the death of Joshua and his Elders; hence its promises were forfeited and lost. The service of the tabernacle at Shiloh was dying away into a profane sham, until neither people nor priests knew the Lord (Judges ii. 10, and 1 Sam. ii. 12). Therefore the *Levitical Priesthood was changed*, NECESSITATING A CHANGE ALSO OF THE LEVITICAL LAW (Heb. vii. 11, 12).

This change came by regular but sure steps, although its early details are very briefly indicated. Thus while Phinehas, the High Priest who survived Joshua, is recognized as such, yet none of his offspring is recognized as such for many generations, by God's Word; although a covenant of everlasting priesthood had been given to him and his seed in Numbers xxv. 13. This text very clearly shows two important truths: (1) That the covenant of the priesthood was

broken and forfeited by the house of Phinehas; and (2) That the book of Numbers was written *before* the rejection of the house of Phinehas and the substitution of Eli and his house.

God then changed the priesthood and its law (Heb. vii. 11, 12), and restored the Patriarchal order of Judges (Judges ii. 16-20), uniting the offices of Prophet, Priest, and King in one chief, like Abraham or Melchizedek. Eli himself was such a Judge-Priest, as well as Samuel and the rest. But Eli's sons so shockingly profaned their sacred charge that God at length passed sentence of doom not only upon Eli's house, but upon the Aaronic priesthood as a whole (see 1 Sam. ii. 27-36, especially verses 27, 28, 30, 33, 35), tolerating for a time the condemned house, but appointing a new priesthood "for ever," after the order of Melchizedek (Psa. cx. 4, with Heb. vii. 11-28).

These facts, properly understood, remove at once and forever almost all the historical objections against the Levitical books, with all the seeming inconsistency of the later books.

No doubt David and Solomon, Hezekiah and Josiah, tried to restore the Levitical order in a *modified form*; but the efforts were still a failure, for Israel's heart was far from God, and they would not look to the spirit and end of the law—viz., LOVE in God our Saviour. Even the final and rigid ritualism of Ezra and his order appears a piteous failure in the end. But really there was no failure in the Divine plan; for by these very failures and tribulations the Word of God was written, "not for themselves, but for us," to be the Adamantine foundation and jasper wall of God's Church for ever and ever! (Eph. ii. 20, Rev. xx. 12, and 1 Pet. i. 12.) Is not the everlasting result worthy of the millenniums of weary and dreary foundation-laying?

The truth is coming to be understood, and every book of the Bible is found to confirm the others, and to agree with all truth in nature and in history, in spite of some errors of scribes and expounders, which must be corrected as soon as possible.

But is it not ludicrous to see the very critics who reject as "an interpolation" every text that refutes their theories, yet greedily grasping at every straw of doubt or difficulty, with no doubt of its infallible genuineness? As if no marginal note could creep into the text by mistake of some copyist; or as if no "Dan" existed before Jacob's son; as if the *Jordan* itself were not called after an earlier "Dan," or Judge; as if Moses was not himself "king in Jeshurun" while writing of the earlier kings of Edom; as if no Jew ever speaks of himself in the third person, though Jesus did so, as "the Son of man," habitually, as also the Jews did constantly in the phrases "Thy servant" and "My Lord," etc., no less than Moses did; or, finally, as if every *ancient parable* must be understood as a *dead literalism*!

Knowing the value of your time and space, I have condensed to the utmost. I hope I have fulfilled my proposal, and even more. Many other most important corrections I must now omit. But if you permit, I will yet give them with equal brevity and clearness to your readers.

FARMING IN CALIFORNIA.

MR. EDITOR,—Though I have gathered items of interest to your readers on many subjects, in many lands, almost since the outstart of your paper (and withal to the "manor born"), yet I have never furnished anything specially devoted to the benefit or pleasure of the chief and most influential class of your patrons—the farmers and their families. Of course, I regard the yeomanry as the mainstay, or backbone, of Church and State, and the vocation, with all its environs, as the most honourable and conducive to virtue, independence or true manliness of character of any of the secular professions.

But I do not wish to digress to write a eulogy upon farm life, much less to give free rein to imagination—to paint it, as some have done, as a mode of life after the style of Eden—brimful of poetry, music and beauty, with "warbling birds" and "milkmaids' songs," "lowing kine" and "whistling ploughboys," etc.

It is safe to assume that the writers of such fanciful pictures of rural life have never whistled after a plough drawn by a fiery team, in stony soil, when a stone meeting the plough point throws the handles against the ribs of the "ploughboy," or lifted him off the ground by a hoist under the "oxters," nor

listened to the music of a barnyard orchestra—a symphony of cackling hens, bleating sheep, and squealing pigs, blending with the refrain from ducks, geese and turkeys in their best tone and style! It may seem too bad to spoil so fine a thing, but I must add, that the shading of these pictures touching on the moral aspect of rural home life is also too highly coloured. As noted on a rather wide range of observation, I have never met any of these faultless boys—as in Sabbath school books—who died young, who never "schemed" school to go a-fishing, or hid the lynch-pin of a neighbour's waggon, or played pranks on the school teacher, parent, uncle, aunt or neighbour, and escaped the greeting, "You young rascal, YOU!—you'll catch it!" The writer may have had the misfortune of the pastor who had no additions to his church in his various charges, and complained of not being located where any of the *claret lived*.

FARMING ON A LARGE SCALE.

One of the great sights of California, aye, of the continent, is big ranches and farming operations. The whole process is truly colossal. Nevertheless, the most absurd, even ludicrous exaggerations get abroad. For instance, an item copied in THE PRESBYTERIAN stated that on the Glenn farm sixty men with guns, mounted on mules, were employed keeping off the wild geese! Some time ago I was driven over this ranch from end to end—twenty miles, nearly all in wheat. Crowds of Chinamen are employed, but not a half-dozen in that way, and that only temporarily. Dr. Glenn's ranch is the largest in the State—60,000 acres; perhaps three-fourths under crops. The crop of wheat is expected this year to yield 400,000 sacks (140 lbs to a sack). Grain is measured on the farm by the sack, and sold at so much per lb, averaging about one and a half cents per pound, at the farm. Railway freight rates are so exorbitant, owing to the monopoly, as to almost eat up all profits. The most novel and interesting of all is the harvesting. It can only be briefly outlined. A steam thresher, a "Header," thirty men and the same number of horses, six or eight header waggons, with others to carry wood for the engine, and water for it and the teams, are needed to complete the outfit—to carry on the work of cutting, drawing, and threshing all at the same time and farm. There is also a kitchen on wheels with a dining-room, and all culinary utensils, which is moved about as the whole "kit" above changes from one part of the ranch to another, for there are no fields or fences, or barns for grain, nor direct roads, sidelines or townships. Winding, un-macadamized thoroughfares, run through ranches to the nearest town or depot. Some of the more public of these are fenced with wire; rarely is a rail worm fence seen in days of travel. Highways near towns are macadamized.

The "Header," the machine peculiar to California, needs some explanation. It is a large machine shoved ahead before five or six horses pulling behind. It cuts usually fourteen feet in width, as a reaper; about a foot of the straw is taken off with the wheat heads; these are taken up by carriers—as on a reaper and binder, and thrown into waggons with large boxes. These waggons are driven alongside the header; when one is full, another is at hand to fall in line under the elevators without stopping the header. The loaded waggons are driven to the thresher, when the contents are emptied by forks (hand) into carriers or rollers emptying into the cylinder. The grain is caught at a spout, in sacks, and sewed up by hand. The sacks are drawn away and piled up at the railway track, if near; if not, they are left near the place of work, in vast piles like cordwood. The weather is so dry—there having been no rain for six months—that these bags of grain can lay out all season. No barn, no granary, no watchman night or day! 3,000 bushels can be cut, threshed, and piled up in a day, by the latest machinery. Something depends on the weather. A damp day or a heavy dew will retard the threshing part of the operation, but either of these are very rare in harvest in most wheat regions of this State.

It takes large capital as well as a large ranch to run the whole work at once. When this is not possible, the heads are put in stacks and threshed afterwards. Wheat has been in the field standing one day, and in *bread* on the breakfast table the next morning! The straw and stubble are burned before, the land is ploughed again. No manure is used. Little change of crops is needed. Scarcely any sum-

mer-fallowing is done. Hence instead of forty or fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, as formerly, twenty-five or thirty is considered a good yield now, though it often falls far below that; indeed, in recent years fifteen to twenty on these larger ranches has been nearer the product.

Your space will not permit any description of the VAST FRUIT GROWING OPERATIONS.

Grapes, oranges, figs, limes, lemons, dates, peaches, pears, apricots—in fact, every fruit one has ever heard of almost is raised in nearly every part of the State. There are vineyards of 1,000 acres, from which \$500,000 is realized in one season.

At one little rural railway town 130 tons of fruit was sent off daily in the season of apricots, grapes, and peaches. The chief market is Chicago and New York, though canned fruit is shipped around the globe. In the more remote valleys, the large cattle ranches, with—in some cases—100,000 head of cattle, besides others with sheep, horses or mules in similar numbers, are also novel sights.

DR COCHRANE'S VISIT.

The passage of Dr. Cochrane through San Francisco en route to British Columbia was a source of pleasure to Canadians on the coast.

Your readers—the whole Church, which elected him to its highest place of honour—will be gratified to know that he has been not less worthily honoured and appreciated abroad, both in the pulpit and in private intercourse.

Dr. Cochrane preached with great acceptance in two of the leading pulpits of the city. The press spoke in the highest terms of eulogy of his sermons. The General Assembly was specially fortunate in its delegate. No more thoroughly representative man could be found, to present at once the various characteristics of the clergy, one whose orthodox and conservatism of all that is valuable in the traditions of Presbyterianism reflect the older men, while his energy and versatility of genius keep him abreast of the times, and in sympathy with the younger and more progressive. Thus the Doctor steps on an American arena (where everything moves with freer and quicker pace than at home) with ease, naturalness, and the absence of that air of one coming from a "far country" so noticeable and common in those crossing from that side of the line. J. C.

BUILDING OF A MANSE AT BRACEBRIDGE.

SIR,—I read with pleasure the letter of Rev. Mr. Moodie, in your issue of the 13th inst., regarding Bracebridge, Monck, and South Falls, and the claims of these associated congregations on the Church at large, for aid in their present laudable effort to build a manse for their recently inducted pastor, the Rev. A. Findlay. Having been present at the induction, and having preached in Bracebridge and Monck on the following Sabbath, I can speak from personal knowledge of the circumstances of the case; and I heartily endorse the appeal made by Mr. Moodie in their behalf. Their having subscribed \$700 among them is highly creditable to them, and a strong argument in favour of aid being given. Contributions to the manse fund at Bracebridge will cheer a struggling people in a laudable effort. The scarcity of houses to rent in the village, coupled with the circumstance that the house at present occupied by Mr. Findlay is available only for a very short time, gives to the movement the nature of a necessity.

W. T. MCMULLEN.

Woodstock, Sept. 18th, 1882.

MR. EDITOR,—You have always manifested a willingness to lend your columns to those having a good case to present, and mine can scarcely fail to commend itself to all who think it right that the strong should help the weak. When the Rev. A. Findlay entered the Muskoka Mission field, eight years ago, the Presbyterian place of worship in Bracebridge was a dilapidated log building, to which certain outsiders were wont to point as a fitting emblem of the cause it represented, not only in the village, but throughout the district. That Presbyterianism has revived, and become a power in the town referred to and the "regions beyond," is owing to God's blessing on the self denial, untiring zeal, and well-directed labours of Mr. Findlay, under discouragements, discomforts, and hardships of no ordinary character. Only those who have visited the field and seen the missionary at work can

form a correct estimate of the mental and physical tear and wear he has undergone during his term of service in the wilds of Muskoka and Parry Sound. Mr. Findlay's labours and successes in the Mission field necessarily deepen the interest which his friends throughout the Church must take in the weal of him and his new charge; and they will, no doubt, be glad to lend him any required assistance. The readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN know that he has accepted a call from the congregations of Bracebridge, Monck, and Smith's Falls, and that the induction took place on the 24th of August—an auspicious event for himself, however it may affect the mission which he has planted and watered hitherto. The settlement was scarcely well over, however, ere circumstances occurred which made it necessary that immediate steps be taken for the erection of a manse. A meeting was called, and though the people, with one or two exceptions, are poor, six persons subscribed \$450 towards the building fund. Subsequent subscriptions have increased the amount to \$700 or thereabouts, and that may fairly be set down as all that can be raised in and around Bracebridge. None need be told that such a sum, however creditable it may be to the donors, will only go a very limited way towards the erection of a very ordinary minister's residence; and where is the balance to come from? Let the friends of Mr. Findlay answer by putting their hands into their pockets. Feelings of delicacy will keep him from asking outside aid; but that enforced silence, placed side by side with his past severe labour and excellent service, should form the strongest possible plea for pecuniary help at the present juncture, and judging forthcoming results from the past, there is no doubt it will be nobly responded to. Let it be borne in mind that winter is at hand, that building operations consequently cannot be delayed, and that any moneys sent to Mr. Findlay will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged. I may add, that neither Mr. Findlay nor any of his congregation know that I am writing; but I saw a letter from the Rev. R. Moodie on the subject in your last issue, and I thought a scrawl from a layman could do no harm.

Waverley, Sept. 15, 1882.

JOHN BLACK.

IMPORTANT TO HOME MISSION STATIONS.

MR. EDITOR,—A Christian gentleman, a member of our Church in Newfoundland, has made a gift of 10,000 copies of the Mothers' Catechism, and 5,000 copies of the Shorter Catechism, for the use of the Sabbath schools in purely mission districts of our Dominion. These I expect will soon reach me. I shall be glad to send to mission stations such quantities as may be needed, the only charge being the small amount of postage to the several points.

WM. COCHRANE.

Brantford, Ont., Sept. 16, 1882.

GOSPEL WORK.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

August and September, 1881, under the sole labours of Mr. M. Hallenbeck, a wonderful work of grace was enjoyed in Honolulu, the influence of which extended to the other islands of the group. The meetings were held for foreigners, and the services were always conducted in the English language. Once or twice, however, Mr. Hallenbeck spoke through an interpreter to the Hawaiians in one of their own churches, and these addresses were followed by blessed results. When the time came to close his labours among the foreigners, a large delegation of natives waited on him, with a petition numerously signed, asking that he would remain another month at the Islands, and labour among the Hawaiians as he had among the foreigners. He could not grant their request, but promised to return to the Islands the following June. During the intervening months, the people, both native and foreign, looked forward to his coming with hope and expectation. When Mr. Hallenbeck left Honolulu, the blessed work which, under God, he had started, did not stop, but through the efforts of men converted in his meetings, united with the efforts of revived and earnest Christians, there has been a constant interest, with some conversions, ever since Mr. Hallenbeck left us. The last has been truly a year of the right hand of the Most High.

Mr. Hallenbeck came again to Honolulu in May last. The work was delayed on his first arrival by his ill health, and then by a press of annual meetings; but

four weeks ago he began his work, and it has been a good one. In man's judgment, the summer months are bad ones for revival work in Honolulu, because then so many people are out of town, and it is vacation season of the schools. But there seems a special providence in the time of Mr. Hallenbeck's coming. He is able now, perhaps, to work more directly for a class too much neglected here—those away from home influences in a foreign land, and also for the desperately wicked ones. These are the two classes which have been reached this year. For the first two weeks the work was among the foreigners, and almost at once there were several remarkable conversions. One of the first was that of a fallen woman, who had never had any religious training in her father's house. If she herself had any religious creed, it was that of the Catholic Church. She had been feeling her sins for three weeks before the meetings began, and at the first one, where she found herself almost against her will, her conviction became terrible, and drove her to the feet of the Saviour for peace. In the meetings for Hawaiians she had been an active worker. In almost every meeting testimony was heard from an old man, sixty-eight years of age, who only a few weeks ago came out of prison, where he had been serving a term for furnishing liquor to natives. One evening the Judge who sent him to prison, and the old man, both gave their testimony to the preciousness of the love of Jesus, and to the wonder of His saving and keeping power. No conversion has more magnified the grace of God and His patient love than that of this old man, whom every human heart would certainly have given over as an incorrigible sinner, hardened beyond hope of salvation. It is good to hear the man's hearty thanksgiving for his healing; and his affectionate pleadings with the young are most touching, that in their youth they will serve this Master whose yoke is so easy and whose burden so light.

A week after the meetings began, a man got up one evening and gave a remarkable experience. He was rough-looking, in woollen shirt, without a collar; but in language so choice and grammatical, and with a voice so cultured as to cause surprise, coming from one of such exterior, he told his story. He had awakened that Sunday morning from a drunken debauch indulged in the night before. The moment he opened his eyes, he knew it was Sunday, and something told him he ought to go to church. He had not been inside a church nor attended a religious service for twenty five years, and during all these years he had been a hard drinker. He rose, dressed himself in his best, which was poor enough, and went on the street. There he met a man distributing papers to seamen, and they were invited to attend Mr. Hallenbeck's meetings, but no one spoke to him, though, as he said, he "seemed to meet some one on every corner working in the cause of Jesus." He attended the Sunday school and the morning service at the Bethel. In the evening he attended Mr. Hallenbeck's meeting, which he had not heard of till that day. Mr. Hallenbeck spoke that evening from the text, "Seek first the kingdom of God." When those desiring prayer were asked to rise, this man rose among the number, and, without realizing what influenced him, he so yielded himself to the Holy Spirit, that before the day was done, we cannot doubt that he was a changed and a saved man. He has been very quiet, almost still, under this wonderful experience, and, certainly, every Christian heart has stood still before God at this marvellous exhibition of the power of His spirit. Without any use of human means, God has done it all, and to Him we thankfully give the glory. The work has been almost wholly among adults. One evening, a young man went into a saloon, and, already far gone toward intoxication, put down his money and then called for a drink, saying, "Give me a drink, and then I'm going up to join Hallenbeck?" "Are you?" asked the bar-tender. "Yes!" "Are you in earnest?" then adding, "If you do, I'll have your money all the same," gave him the whiskey. He had already spent nearly all the money he had received for the year in this saloon, and the bar-tender's boast set him thinking. He went from the saloon to the meeting, and, in the after meeting began a foolish speech, which was promptly stopped by Mr. Hallenbeck. But, when in the saloon, and after calling for that last drink, he made up his mind to stop drinking and seek a better life, and that resolution never left him, and he gave himself to the Lord in humble surrender two evenings after. The bar-keeper's boast had had an unexpected result.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

CONCERNING BAPTISM.

BY REV. W. C. H. KAY, B.A., WOODSTOCK.

From the Christian Standard.

NO. I. INTRODUCTORY.

MR. EDITOR.—In the columns of your very interesting paper you have seen fit to notice my "tract" on Immersion. It is but fair, after the extended advertisement you have given me, that I should say a few words in reply—and I thank you for the privilege you have so generously extended to me of as many columns in reply as you have used in the review.

Allow me to express my satisfaction with the general tone of your criticism. True, you make a somewhat free use of the charges of "ignorance," "dishonesty," "falsehood," which are, alas! so frequently found in newspaper controversy on the subject of baptism, and which I cannot but regard as unseemly between those who, although differing in some things, are yet seeking to advance the same glorious end—the truth as it is in Jesus. However, these charges do not move me in the least. "Ignorant" I am, incorrect I may be, but "dishonest," or false, I trust, by the grace of God, I never will be. The cause of truth does not require such defence. With these exceptions, however, the review is characterized by a tone that is both scholarly and Christian.

In the "Standard" of February 25 you say that my tract is but "a rehash of the old pedobaptist and affusionist arguments, which have been so often met and disposed of; that only those unread in the baptismal controversy can be puzzled or troubled with McKay's book." And yet for two or three years immersionist professors have been denouncing, and immersionist writers have been "rehashing" that little work which is only "a rehash of the old pedobaptist and affusionist arguments, which have been so often met and disposed of"! And even the editor of the "Christian Standard"—confessedly the ablest journal in the denomination it represents—finds it necessary to use about thirty columns of his valuable space in reviewing *even a portion* of this little book, which is only a rehash, etc.!! Now, herein is a marvellous matter. But the excuse for the review of McKay's book is that "many of the present generation are unread in this discussion" about baptism! Surely the readers of the "Standard" are not "unread" on baptism; for a large part of every issue of that paper I have ever seen was devoted to that subject. The same is true of all the periodicals and books of the denomination represented by the "Standard." And it is notorious that baptism is the regular theme of all the preachers and exhorters among the "Disciples." There must then be something painfully deficient in the capacity of "many of the present generation" for retaining instruction, or an unfortunate lack of ability in those who give instruction from the pulpit and through the press. Of course, the "many unread" persons referred to by the editor of the "Standard" are in his own Church communities; for these are the only ones his paper usually reaches, and for them it is prepared. Is not then, Mr. Editor, the reason given for reviewing McKay's work on "Immersion" a cruel reflection on the capacity of your readers and hearers, and a tacit confession of inefficiency in the writers and oral teachers among the Disciples? I leave you to explain the charge of dullness against your readers and co-workers; suggesting, however, to you a way of escape by throwing the blame upon the *matter taught*, rather than upon the persons who teach, or their manner of teaching. It is notorious that some things, although "clearly proved," will yet not stay "proved," especially in the light of the present day.

If the editor of the "Standard" will compare the columns of his own paper with those of any of the leading papers of the Presbyterian Church in Canada or the United States, he will be convinced that my charge of lack of interest in the subject of baptism is not without foundation in fact. Take THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, printed at Toronto, Ont., and the leading paper of the Church in Canada, as a specimen. I assure you that not once in a month is the subject of baptism referred to. Or take the "Interior," the leading Presbyterian paper of the Northwest. A careful reader of that paper informs me that it will not average *one column in twelve months* on

this subject. And it is not uncommon for years to pass by without a word on the *mode* or *subjects* of baptism in its columns. What is said of these two papers is true of the other Presbyterian papers of this country. And the average pulpit in the Presbyterian Church devotes even a smaller proportion of time to questions concerning the baptismal controversy. The reasons given for this reticence and apparent lack of interest in an important subject are various and sufficient for those who use them. Some are fearful of exalting the external rite beyond the place it occupies in the Word of God; and making it, as it is with Papists and Ritualists, a saving ordinance—*i. e.*, indispensable to the salvation of the soul. Others say that it is only a tottering cause, that requires its advocates to be constantly propping it up. But by far the greater number say that the people do not want Presbyterian papers and Presbyterian sermons full of controversy about an external rite: that they are sated, filled *ad nauseam*—with discussions about baptism, as heard and seen in the pulpits and papers of Disciples and Baptists. Such persons say that the masses need and expect something better from Presbyterian pulpits and papers.

The editor of the "Standard" will not, perhaps, deny that in his own denomination among the people the doctrine of water baptism is "made too much of." To use the words of Robert T. Matthews, in the "Standard" of March 4, 1882, you have "drifted into sacerdotalism" and "made too much of" immersion.

I would occupy a middle ground between the extreme of almost entirely ignoring the rite of baptism, as is done in too many Presbyterian pulpits and papers, and the other extreme of making the rite of water baptism of so much importance and prominence as to eclipse almost everything else, as is done by the Papist, Ritualist and average pulpit and paper among the Disciples and too many of the Baptists. I am labouring, in my own humble way, to fix the attention of my fellow-Christians of all denominations, not upon the modal use of water in baptism, but upon the high and holy import of the sacred ordinance—upon the substance, not upon the shadow. Through your generosity, Mr. Editor, I trust to be able to show your readers that real baptism is not a pouring or a sprinkling or a dipping or an immersing, but something far better, even the "washing of regeneration" effected by the Holy Ghost upon the soul of man. This inward spiritual change is set forth, or made manifest, by the emblem of water, applied to the body just as the Spirit is applied to the soul—the sign conforming to the thing signified. This is water baptism (Matt. iii. 11).

I humbly ask your readers, however much they may differ from my views, to give what I say a calm, careful and prayerful consideration; and possibly before I am done, though I may not be able to persuade them that I am right and they are wrong, yet good, I think, will be done if I only succeed in convincing them that their fellow-Christians who conscientiously differ from them on baptism are not therefore necessarily either "ignorant" or "unreasonable," or "wilfully dishonest." But what I ask is, let me say, no easy matter for your readers to grant me. Persons, whose fondest church recollections, whose endearing associations of family, friendship and conversion to God, and whose pious toils, sacrifices and prayers have all been connected with immersion, will find it difficult, if not impossible, to give unbiased consideration to arguments pointing out a dangerous error and an unwarranted innovation in a rite which they have always confidently regarded as an ordinance of God. But no Christian could claim infallibility of judgment, or close his eyes against the light of truth. Our appeal will be to the "Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever." The claims of God's truth are paramount: and when considering these claims, all pride and prejudice must be renounced.

To be continued if the Lord will.

DR. JOHN BROWN'S RELIGION.

Of the author of "Rab and his Friends" and other delightful books, a writer in "Good Words" says:

"A more beautiful soul never looked out from a more beautiful face, and saw God, and lived in the light of His countenance. Of course his piety was the reverse of sour—was as sweet, and gentle, and loving as a pure spirit could be. It was not exactly the old Scottish piety, but it was still less the English kind; and, indeed, I know not that it belonged to any age,

or to any Church, but just to John Brown; and to him it was perfectly natural and real. Always serious, he was often sad; and yet what an amount of playful, tricky, wayward nonsense he would perpetrate, and even carry on for whole weeks on end! Some odd fancy would strike him, and being with those he could trust, it was uttered with the utmost gravity, and the fun was kept up as long as they could toss the light shuttlecock back. Nor did it stop there. Little notes would come for days after—daily little notes, with illustrations of the joke, pen-and-ink illustrations of the quaint absurdity, enlarging and unfolding the original germ till it grew to be really a part of one's life, which one talked of at breakfast, wondering what its next development would be. The fancy seemed to take hold of him, and grow from day to day, with fresh outcomes of fun and fresh lights of humour, almost as if he studied it, and yet it was only the veriest play of a spirit that tried to make its world as merry-hearted as it could. For underneath that crisp froth of gaiety there lay a great deep of solemn thought, which he tried to sound, and often found no bottom to it; and in the midst of his 'quips and cranks' there were many wistful sighs to know the hidden mystery. And over all there still rose, and abided steadfast in his faith, laugh and jest as he might, the face of the Crucified, the ever-beloved, ever-trusted Image and Glory of the Father.

"He was an exquisite story-teller, quiet, simple, with a look in his face half-pawky, half-pathetic, which never failed to catch and keep the interest of the hearer. Consider, for instance, how much this implies. I forget now, for it is many years since I heard him tell it at Craigcrook, what exactly were the circumstances giving rise to it—peril of a boat in a storm, or danger of a gig whose horse had madly run off, and become unmanageable; but whatever the risk was, it was enough to make one of the parties suggest to his neighbour that if he had a prayer he could pray, it was high time to say it. And the answer was: 'I don't remember anything but the Lord's Prayer, and what is the good of that?' Was it that there was no express petition there suitable for their circumstances; or that he had been from childhood so accustomed to it that he had got to think of it as only a 'bairn's prayer,' of no use to grown men; or that our Scotch habits of thought have tended to evacuate that prayer of its meaning and power? You may ponder over it for a long while, and fail to get to the bottom of it; but rest assured there was strange, deep import to John Brown in that question, 'What's the good of that?'

"I remember, not many months ago now, and yet what has happened since makes it look to me like years, for I have to gaze across 'the valley of the shadow of death,' and its bleak silence feels ever so vast—I remember, as he paid me one of his frequent morning visits which broke with such a bright gleam of natural sunshine on the daily task of sermon-writing, that something led me to speak of the various motives which brought people to church, which were not always so noble as a desire to hear of the way of salvation, nor always so flattering to the preacher as he might fancy. And I adduced as an illustration a circumstance that had come under my notice long ago. One country clown was heard calling to his fellow on Sunday morning: 'Are ye gaun to ti o' kirk to day, Jock?' To which the reply was, 'Na, I dinna think it. I hae naething to tak' me. I hev tobacco.' He had been wont to get his weekly supply of that weed at 'the kirk town' on Sunday, and as he was now provided for, he saw no occasion to go up to the house of the Lord. Brown enjoyed the story very much, but seemed to be set a-musing by it on yet deeper matters, for after a little he said: 'There is no connection exactly between them, but yet it reminds me of a story my old friend, Coventry, used to tell me. The minister was catechising one day over in Kinross, and asked a raw ploughman lad, 'Who made you?' which he answered correctly enough. Then another question was put, 'How do you know that God made you?' to which, after some pause and head scratching, the reply was, 'Weel, sir, it's the common clash o' the country.' 'Ay,' Brown added, 'I am afraid that a deal of our belief is just founded on the good "common clash o' the country";' and therewith he wrung my hand and went his way, having thoughts clearly in his head that he could not then utter. Nearly all his stories—and you hardly ever met him at a street corner but one at least would quietly drop from him—had this pregnant character. They had a meaning

beneath the surface; they were not wit, but humour; and they were full of human kindness.

"All the more are those who knew him and loved him—and no one knew him but loved him—filled this day with a great sadness that the sweetest, purest, brightest of Scotland's sons had passed away, and will gladden us with his presence no more. A truer, tenderer heart never beat; and now it has ceased to beat forever, and we are left to mourn. Yet there was, and we willingly acknowledge it, not a little in his end to assuage our grief. In his latter years he was often subject to mysterious clouds, overshadowings of great darkness, when his self-depreciation became something like despair. It was unspeakably painful to hear him cry, as he did sometimes, out of the depths, and to feel how little even the warmest love could do to comfort him. For no words of cheer seemed to reach his darkened soul, as he felt like one forsaken, and had the bitter fellowship of his Lord's darkest hours. He understood Cowper and loved him, but I think he did not write about him for that very reason, because he understood him only too well. Happily, during the whole of last winter these desponding fits never almost visited him—"Towards evening it was light." For the last dozen years he had not spent on the whole so bright a time. Friends were made glad by frequent visits. He did not shrink from little dinner-parties of choice old familiars, and was as happy at them as he made others. Nor were his last days burdened with long suffering, or saddened with any inquietude of heart. The end came somewhat suddenly and very sweetly, surrounded by the fondest love, and endured in a patient hope and perfect peace, and, like the morning star that shines out and disappears amid the light, he died away into the light that is inaccessible and full of glory."

SUMMER ENDED.

That ancient refrain, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved," has come sounding with solemn significance through the ages. Under these terms of "harvest" and "summer" there is seen to lie special means of grace and spiritual improvement. The terms bear an intimate mutual relation, the one to the other. The summer is essential to the harvest. It is the one great condition of summer that the same sun which shineth at all seasons, now at his zenith, pours intensest effulgence over the earth. The result, in upspringing vegetation, grains and grasses, is reaping and harvesting time. This is the unvarying connection of summer and harvest.

So in the religious realm we note like phenomena. These figurative representations of the Old Testament are reproduced in the New, as in the parable of the wheat and the tares, taught by Him who spake as never man spake. Paul declared Christian believers to be "God's husbandry," even as the preacher in Ecclesiastes wisely counselled the sowing of good seed "beside all waters." The teaching of the Psalmist connected cause and effect thus: "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" as likewise this: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." These lively images have to the spiritual apprehension a meaning all their own. They may help a multitude now at the ending of summer to discern what lies along the lines of their own lives.

The summer season is obviously not what it used to be, as well within the spheres of the Church of Christ as in spheres that lie without and beyond the churches. It has come to be with many, it is feared, the season of spiritual relaxation, rather than one of spiritual recreation. The "girded loins" of faith and hope, of love and labour in the vineyards of the Lord, give way before the feeling that the soul as well as the body must have play-time. This, however specious, must be a subtle error—a dangerous, damaging mistake. God's spiritual laws never suspend their working. They are in full force in summer as in winter. As the body amid wintry cold or torrid heat is alike famished without its daily supply of food, so is it as truly with the soul. The prayer "Give us this day our daily bread" must needs include the "hidden manna," without which, as ministered every day to the child of God, he languishes and faints.

The command "Go work in my vineyard" is coupled with the specification "to-day," since all God's commands relate to present and pending

claims and duties. The vineyard may not be your accustomed one. It may, perchance, be far removed from that. It may be at the seaside or in the mountain valleys. It may be in a foreign land. Wherever the vineyard is, the direction is, cultivate it to-day.

— "To-morrow never yet
On any human being ever rose or set."

The review thus of the summer ended, the one which as these lines are traced has come to its last close, cannot fail, as duly contemplated, to be profitable, even if it come to any one, in a looking back on the weeks and months gone by, with its monitory lessons.—*Watchman*

TO-DAY.

Why do we tune our hearts to sorrow
When all around is bright and gay,
And let the gloom of some to-morrow
Eclipse the gladness of to-day?

When Summer's sun is on us shining,
And flooding all the land with light,
Why do we waste our time repining,
That near and nearer creeps the night?

We teach ourselves with scornful sadness
That it is vain to seek for bliss—
There is no time for glee and gladness
In such a weary world as this.

The snare of doubting thoughts has caught us,
And we to grim forebodings yield,
And fail to learn the lesson taught us
By all the "lilies of the field."

They take no thought for each to-morrow,
They never dream of doubt or sin,
They fear no dim forthcoming sorrow,
"They toil not, neither do they spin."

Yet still they tell the same old story
To us who crave in vain for ease,
That "Solomon in all his glory
Was not arrayed like one of these,"

—*Sunday Magazine.*

MORE APPARENT THAN REAL.

The statements relating to the diminishing difference between Calvinism and Arminianism are again being made, and are provoking anew the discussion that was so earnest a few years ago. It is alleged by many persons that Calvinism is no longer believed as it used to be, and that there has been a gradual dropping down towards the level of the Arminians. This is referred to with great pleasure by the latter people, of course, for they see in it both an acknowledgment of their traditional opinions and accession to their theological strength. The change, however, is more apparent than real. It has to be conceded that, because people generally know less of theology than they used to know, there is less Calvinistic theology in their minds than formerly. It is easy to be an Arminian; it takes some study to be a good Calvinist. Besides, the style of thought and utterance is different now from what it once was, and the heroic doctrines of Augustine and Calvin are not declared with the force that was common with the fathers. Religious expression, especially in respect to that which is doctrinal, and hence controversial between the sects, is growing more conciliatory, so that if a Calvinistic minister wish to assist his system he will do it by presenting in a persuasive way its merits, rather than by contrasting it sharply with that to which it is opposed. All this gives the appearance of diminished clearness and earnestness. In the schools, however, and by all representative teachers, the old doctrines are taught in their purity and entirety as much now as a century ago, and Calvinism, as such, is as distinct as when thundered from the pulpits of the reformers themselves.

FISHING IN LITTLE PAILS.

Mr. Spurgeon relates—by way of illustrating the wisdom of fishing in little pails as well as in deep seas—that when unable through illness to preach at the Tabernacle, and yet able to move from one room to another, he is accustomed to conduct a brief service at Westwood for his own servants and others who may wish to come in. On one of these occasions a gardener was converted; and, interested in the change which had come over her husband, the man's wife wished to know if Mr. Spurgeon would again preach in the parlor next Sunday. "Yes," answered the convert, "if he does not get well." On the next Sabbath he repeated the little service, and the wife was won to Christ. Mr. Spurgeon remarked on this: "I might not have done so well at the Tabernacle."

MISSION NOTES.

It is a significant fact that the missions in Japan, which have been so prosperous, were started by a contribution sent by Christian converts of the Hawaiian Islands.—*Utahen Woman's Friend*

TWO English ladies have charge of a Mission school in Bethlehem. They have a day school of over twenty little girls and six boarders, all supported by friends in England. It seems a strange fact, that here, as in Nazareth, there are no Jews.

LETTERS from the Bantyre Mission of the Established Church of Scotland state that a war was about to break out on the Shire River, East Africa. The natives have lately learned the art of brewing *ponche*, and the liquor is making sad work among them.

ONE of the most encouraging facts connected with missions is the great increase of the native ministry as compared with that of missionaries sent from Christian lands. While the number of ordained missionaries of the American Presbyterian Board had in ten years increased only nineteen, the number of native preachers and helpers had risen from forty-one to 300.

A POOR woman of India, received into the church last year, wished to be a missionary at her own expense; and for that purpose she went to live in a distant village where the gospel was not known. "I have no money to give to missions," said she, "but I am able to speak of the Saviour to my neighbour." To-day there are eleven persons in that village, brought to the truth by her, who are asking to be baptized.—*L'Echo de la Verite.*

SOME of the brightest illustrations of Christian heroism are to be found among those who have but recently come out of the darkness of heathenism. When certain converts at Raiatea offered to enter the newly-opened mission field in New Guinea, their friends endeavoured to dissuade them, saying: "There are serpents there; there are wild beasts there; and there is pestilence there." "Are there men there?" was their answer. "If there are men there, we will go."

REV DR. EDWARD JUDSON, in his mission work in New York, has put in operation several devices for interfering with the consumption of liquors by mechanics and labouring men. Not only has he erected an ice-water fountain at the corner of his church, but he has arranged that, at noon, when the mills and factories stop, and the men sit down to lunch, pails of pure ice-cold milk are carried around among them, and sold by the glass at prices less than beer can be sold for. Thus the temptation to drink beer at the noon-day lunch is removed, and many profit by it.

MISSIONARIES in Greece preach as much by print as by voice. The people are all readers, and their moral and evangelical reading is furnished chiefly by Protestants. The largest book yet prepared is a recent translation of Hodge's "Systematic Theology," an octavo of eight hundred pages. It is commended by at least one Greek journal. The translator, Rev. M. D. Kalopothakes, had for a while a class of young men that met weekly for its study. It is almost certain to be consulted by the students in the theological schools, who are to be the leaders of the clergy in the next generation.

THERE are now fifteen churches with a membership of 851 communicants, and thirteen Sabbath schools with 473 scholars, in Japan. The theological school has thirteen students on its roll. The boarding schools, both male and female, are full to overflowing. The day schools are well attended. The whole number under instruction is 651. The Bible and many other religious helps translated into the native tongue greatly aid in the missionary work. The increased liberality of the Government, with the tendency to adopt everything in other countries that is calculated to improve Japanese civilization, is a sure guarantee against reaction. The greatest source of danger to missionary work comes, not from the Government or the native population, but from the rationalistic and infidel tendency of the teachings of English and American instructors in the Government schools at Tokio—against which no counteracting influence has been brought to bear—and the vigorous work being carried on by the Jesuits and Greek missionaries. Let all who desire the success of the work in this field be constant in prayer to God for abundant blessings upon all Protestant missionaries in Japan.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1882.

THE Rev. Prof. McLaren has returned—weather-beaten and healthy-looking—from his mission to Prince Albert, N.W.T. The bracing breezes of the prairies evidently agreed with the Professor, who will doubtless resume his class work next month in excellent health and spirits.

A RECENT letter from Dr. McKay, Formosa, contains the pleasing intelligence that Oxford College is finished. It was duly opened on the 26th August, at half-past eight p.m. There were 1,500 spectators present to witness the proceedings. Who can estimate the importance of this educational institution to the teeming millions of China!

A CORRESPONDENT would like to know what reason we can give for predicting that the six vacant congregations mentioned in a former paragraph will call ministers from the States or from the Old Country. We reason in this way. Within the last five or six years thirteen congregations similarly situated have done this, and we don't think we take any special risk in saying that a majority of the six will follow their example. We happen to know absolutely nothing about the state of feeling in any one of them, but we venture to predict on general principles. Why congregations should import ministers, when we support no less than five Theological Halls, is a question which any intelligent correspondent is at liberty to discuss in these columns, provided he can do so at a reasonable length.

THREE months ago we had a general election. In a few months more we may have another. At such exciting times we hear a good deal about the license of the party press, the unscrupulousness of party politicians, and the amount of recklessness and misrepresentation which characterize our party warfare. Indeed we have a class of pious people who refuse to have anything to do with politicians, except perhaps to pray for them. Might it not be well for all such to ask if ecclesiastical warfare is always conducted on New Testament principles? If a good man labours under such a delusion, let him examine that part of Mr. McKay's pamphlet on Baptism, headed "A Reviewer Reviewed." Just ponder over those "perversions, misquotations, and garbled statements," so cleverly laid bare by Mr. McKay, and ask if we can afford to say such lofty things about mere politicians. We cannot recall an instance in which the honest political writer convicts a rival of anything worse than Mr. McKay convicts his reviewer.

HE has a personal grudge against his minister, or some difficulty about his pew, or some quarrel with one of the office-bearers, or has got behind with his pew-rent, or he did not get his own way at the last meeting he attended; so he suddenly discovers that he is getting no benefit for his "soul" in his own place of worship. Next Sabbath morning he sneaks away to another church, and hears another minister. Of course he goes to the church that is noted for making a fuss over the refugees from discipline, "cranks," sore-heads, and besmirched men that come its way. At the close of the service the Adullamites gather around him, smile on him, and tell him they are glad to see him. The Adullamite minister, too, comes round and shakes hands—asks for the wife and family. Of course he has no sinister motive in so doing. The worthy man goes home and tells everybody that he received more good for his "soul" in that one service than he received for a year in his own church! Is anyone so stupid as to be deceived with such gross hypocrisy? Is it any wonder that manly, intelligent

men often get disgusted with such hollow, transparent shams? Verily there are men who do the Church much more harm than scientists do.

NO, it won't work to have our General Assembly meet every four years. The meeting of the General Conference which has just closed in Hamilton proves this to a certainty. Our Methodist friends were in session for nearly a month, and then scarcely got through with their business. One constitutional question after another kept coming up, and some of the debates, though interesting even to outsiders, were quite long. The brethren were down at the foundations of their Zion about half the time, anxiously examining the basis of their goodly structure. For discussing "constitutional" questions they completely distance our Assembly. We should be deeply thankful that such is the case. Our experience is that when a Supreme Court discusses constitutional problems to any extent, or tries heresy cases, or works at a Union question, it invariably neglects the real work of the Church. No doubt such matters must be attended to at times, but it is not well to have to attend to them too often. Strange as it may seem, an Assembly meeting without "burning questions" or any special attractions for the public is always the best meeting for the Church. Our Methodist friends have a large Union question on hand, and we venture to predict that, with all their capacity for the practical, they won't get down to much solid Conference work until this Union question is disposed of.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN THE NORTH-WEST.

WE are quite aware of the excuse urged by many of our missionaries both in Canada and in other lands, for not writing frequently to the periodicals of the Church, giving an account of what is being done in the different localities in which they labour. They say that there is nothing very startling about which they can write, and that they fail to see how the mere ordinary details of pastoral work can very much either interest or stimulate. In this we are persuaded they make a very grave mistake. It is never to be forgotten that even Christian people cannot be interested in undertakings about which they know little or nothing, and that it is in vain to expect that such interest should be awakened merely by an effort of will, or by being told that such a state of feeling is dutiful. It cannot be too often repeated that in order to the development of a liberal missionary spirit in the Home Church, a plentiful amount of information about what the agents of that Church are doing is indispensable. What is craved for is a full, fair, manly Christian statement of facts, without embellishment and without reserve. It is necessary, as it were, to localize and to embody the work that is being accomplished; to take the Church into the missionary's confidence, and so far to let each of the readers have the benefit of something like a personal visit to the far-off field. It is not necessary that the narrative should be of a rosy character, or should contain anything very startling or sensational. Presbyterians in general neither expect such things, nor would be greatly pleased with them if actually produced. They want facts, plain, unadorned and unquestionable, and as these are supplied we believe the practical interest in the general work of the Church will be increased. A very large number of our mission fields are to the great mass of our members names and nothing more. People can neither think nor speak about them, and as little can they cherish a living interest in their progress and prosperity. How different is the case where even a comparatively small amount of information is given! We make bold to say, for instance, that already there is from Mr. Baird's letters a greater amount of interest felt in the far-off border station of Edmonton than in not a few which have been in existence for many years. Mr. Baird has given the facts in a plain, simple, straightforward fashion, and behold, his stations and himself have come out of the vague cloud land in which they would otherwise have been hidden, and in which very many apparently are doomed to remain in perpetuity. We don't wish fewer of Mr. Baird's communications. Quite the contrary. But we do wish more from many others.

For their work's sake as well as for their own, we beseech them to let outsiders know more fully what they are doing, and how the Lord prospers their undertakings. It is abundantly worth their while to

do so, besides being their duty. We have not the slightest doubt but that not a few are thinking and talking about Edmonton who but for Mr. Baird's letters would never have known of its existence, and never have cared to know anything about either the place itself or its inhabitants. Now they are turning to the map to see where it is situated. They are watching with interest the erection of the new church; they feel a growing respect for a congregation that has altogether repudiated coppers in its collection; they sympathize in a hearty, living fashion with the various difficulties and joys of frontier life, and in not a few cases they may be gravely debating the question whether they ought not to pull up stakes and cast in their lot with those who live almost under the shadow of the Rockies. Now, will all this not greatly tend to the development of a more liberal, prayerful spirit? We believe that it will; and further, that if all our missionaries were in some such fashion to take the Church into their confidence, it would be as life from the dead both to those who give and to those who receive. We are quite aware that very much of genuine mission work does not admit of lengthened or excited description. But that is not what is wanted. Let each missionary so far photograph his own field and his personal operations, and he will not have long to complain of lack either of sympathy or of active practical interest. We repeat, that it is quite impossible for people to feel interest either in places or persons that are not only far off, but are actually unknown; and it is equally absurd and unreasonable to complain of want of prayerful sympathy or practical assistance so long as no effort is made to keep the Church at home fully acquainted with what has in such places been either attempted or successfully achieved.

SCOTT'S "MARMION" IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS.

THE suspension, by order of the Minister of Education, of Scott's "Marmion" in the High Schools, has given rise to the discussion of what the "Globe" calls "delicate questions," and the party papers are using it for political ends. The action of the Minister, as defended by the "Globe," brings under notice questions of a moral and ecclesiastical character, which, irrespective of their political use, Church papers are called upon to discuss. Whether the books are too dear or not—whether the Roman Catholic vote is to be affected by the exclusion of "Marmion" or not, we do not care to ask. But whether books of the character of "Marmion" are to be regarded as so immoral as to be unfit for text books; whether, out of regard to the objections of Roman Catholics, they are to be excluded from our schools; and more generally, whether our national institutions are to be conducted on Protestant, or Roman Catholic, or Agnostic principles, are questions too important to be passed over by Christian men.

Before considering these questions, we wish distinctly to say, that at the present time it is not clear to the writer how far the statements of the "Globe" in defence of Hon. Mr. Crooks are inspired. Perhaps Mr. Crooks may disown them, and give reasons of his own at some future time. What we have to do with is the reasons for excluding "Marmion" given by the "Globe" in its editorial articles of Sept. 20th and 25th. These reasons are—(1) "Marmion" contains certain passages, specified in the second article, which cannot bear critical examination before a class of boys and girls on account of the immorality of the scenes described, or the suggestive significance of the language. (2) It is not right to needlessly offend our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens by using a text book which gives a tragic picture of conventual life, that, it is alleged, is historically untrue, and tends to show Roman Catholicism in an unfavourable light. (3) It is the duty of the Educational Department so to conduct the schools that no religious sentiment of any citizen should be offended. This last is rather implied than stated.

We have a few things to say regarding these matters. It is admitted that Scott's writings cannot be denounced as immoral, but it is asserted that certain passages will not bear close inspection or critical analysis without offending a proper moral sentiment, bringing the blush to a virtuous cheek, and awaking impure thoughts. To this it might be replied, "To the pure all things are pure, but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure, but even their mind and conscience is defiled." We prefer, however, to

answer, that the same objection lies against God's own book, and if it is to have weight, the Bible is properly excluded from our schools. What parent or Sabbath school teacher has not felt the difficulty of dealing with passages of the kind complained of? Nevertheless, the Bible has been successfully used as a text-book in our Sabbath schools—aye, and in our Public Schools, Ladies' Colleges and High Schools, not only without immoral consequences, but with a decided moral gain. Surely the "gentlemen," as we are told they are, who conduct our schools can be trusted with the "delicate" and important task of making a wise use of, and proper selections from, an English classic. High School masters have written copious notes on the *whole* of "Marmion," intended to make everything as plain as necessary, but in so doing no one can say that they have offended against moral propriety. Why may not they be trusted to teach as they write? Scott's "Marmion" is not immoral. If "Horace," even in its unexpurgated form, may be, and is, placed in the hands of our students, and the teachers and students are expected to make a proper use of it, much more may Scott's "Marmion." If Scott as a writer is to be tabooed, what will become of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and others who, to say the least, are more coarsely plain-spoken?

2. The use of "Marmion" is needlessly offensive to Roman Catholic feeling. We very much doubt the truth of this statement. In the "Mail," a letter signed "Catholic" not only scouts the assertion, but declares in favour of Scott, and tells us that he is a favourite author with Roman Catholics. Well he may be, for the writings of Sir Walter Scott have done not a little to give interest to the Roman Catholic religion. Even "Marmion," as a whole, is far more favourable than hostile to the Romish Church and its institutions. To us it would seem strange if any remonstrance against the use of "Marmion" came from Archbishop Lynch or other authoritative source. The "Globe," in its second article, says that the High School teachers were the complaining parties. It may be that some masters, who have peculiarly constituted schools to deal with, including either moral cranks or ignorant Roman Catholics, were annoyed by remarks made to them. But surely the Minister of Education could not be induced by such representations, not only to suspend the text-book in the schools, but to ask the University to change the subject prescribed for 1883. We cannot conceive the University entertaining the proposal.

If, however, in all this we are mistaken, and it is true that Mr. Crooks is of opinion that "in a mixed community like ours the feelings—even the prejudices—of important religious bodies cannot be rightly disregarded" (we quote from the "Globe"), then we have a few pertinent questions to put to the Minister of Education for Ontario. Are the Protestant "religious bodies" not as important as the Romish Church? Are our feelings—nay, prejudices—not as much entitled to consideration as theirs? Are we to be expected to submit to the teaching of Roman Catholicism in schools supported by public money; to the revision of our histories, so as to exclude any facts offensive to Roman Catholics, and to tone down the language; to the exclusion of everything that savours of Protestantism in our High Schools and University—all for the sake of peace—and then to allow the Roman Catholics to exercise a veto on our school books? This is more than we ought to bear. Enough, surely, to see an Orange procession put down in Montreal to save Roman Catholic feeling, while Protestants are insulted when the grand Fête de Dieu drives them from the Queen's highway; to have Popish holidays forced upon us, etc., without further denying us the privilege of teaching our children the history of the noble contendings of our Reforming fathers, and telling them of the wrongs, ecclesiastical and civil, the immoralities and ecclesiastical tyranny that led up to the great Reformation. We do not wish to forget our Protestantism, or to violate our principles; but we do object to the lauding and patronizing of everything Popish, because they are "important" in eyes political, while Protestantism is ignored, frowned down, pushed into a corner. As we have said, we hope the better portion of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens will stand by us when we demand "equal rights," and we must resist all attempts, open or covert, to put Protestants under the power of the Romish hierarchy.

3. As to the reason that our higher education must be so colourless as not to offend Agnostic or Roman

Catholic, we have only to say that we have other universities which are not colourless, and where religion and morality are not shut out as unworthy of notice by men studying literature and science, where God is not ignored. We can very easily send our sons to Queen's, or McGill, or even Victoria College, where the Protestant religion is not tabooed, and leave the national university to the reign of liberal Atheism. And as for our schools, unless some new regulation be passed, we can assure that our children are taught Christian morality.

We shall await the issue of this Text Book question with interest. It is a small matter, but it may kindle a great fire.

"INGERSOLL UNMASKED."

WE cannot say that we greatly relish the *brochure* under the above title which was sent us some time ago. It has a most offensive pictorial representation on its title-page, and the spirit displayed is often not what we can fully approve of. It has a swagger and brusqueness about it which remind one only too much of Ingersoll's own way of putting things. At the same time, there is little need of handling such a man with gloves; for Ingersoll's insolence, arrogance, shallowness, and profanity are as conspicuous and offensive as are his unreasoning levity and pitiful affectation of something like omniscience. It is but right that a man who trades on his supposedly high personal character, and coins his reputation into so many dollars a night, should be set forth in his genuine colours. We presume Mr. Braden has done this. If so, all we can say is that the record of the redoubtable "Colonel" is as unsavoury a one as we remember to have heard or read of, either in the New World or the Old. At the same time, as far as Canadians at least are concerned, we may add it does not matter much, for Ingersoll is practically unknown among us except to a comparative handful. If any one, however, is curious to know what this man's history has been, he can satisfy himself by investing ten cents in this pamphlet. We should be sorry to judge any man more harshly than the actual facts of the case render imperative. Only we cannot help adding, that if Mr. Braden's record is at all an accurate one—and we have no reason for calling it in question—one is almost tempted to apply to Colonel "Bob" what the great historian, Freeman, lately said about William Rufus—viz., that "every morning he got up a worse man than he lay down, and every evening lay down a worse man than he got up."

"PRESENT-DAY TRACTS."

WE are glad to see the Religious Tract Society, among its other excellent works in the cause of Christianity and good morals, issuing this series of able, neatly-got-up Tracts. Indeed they can scarcely be called "Tracts" in the ordinary sense of that term. They are short, fresh, vigorous and pointed treatises on the different subjects which they discuss, and are well calculated to meet a want felt by many in the present. The writers are well known for their ability, judgment and piety, and the papers already issued are quite worthy of them. Principal Cairns has two—one on "Miracles," and another on "Christ the Central Evidence of Christianity." Prebendary Row has one on the "Historical Evidence of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the Dead," and another on "The Existence and Character of God;" while Professor Blaikie discusses "Christianity and the Life that now is." All the papers are, as might be concluded from the fact of their having been written by such men, pointed, vigorous and timely.

There is a good deal of pretty foolish talk indulged in at present by some who wish to be regarded as "broad," "judicious" and "learned," in reference to the comparative worthlessness of miracles as an evidence to the truth and power of Christianity. Principal Cairns puts the matter in its true light, and in very few words.

Some who would not like to have their Christianity called in question speak loftily of the witnesses in support of Christ's resurrection never having been properly cross-examined. Prebendary Row puts the question very properly and very reasonably when he says, "Above all, let them not carp at minor details about miracles; but let them join issue on the truth or falsehood of that great miracle the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, on the truth of which the writers of the New Testament have staked the existence of

Christianity; for if its historical foundation can be proved to be baseless, the Christian Church must become a crumbling ruin. But if Jesus Christ has risen from the dead, Christianity must be a Divine revelation, notwithstanding all the objections which have been urged against it by unbelievers, or any amount of alleged discrepancies with which they charge the narratives of the Gospels."

We hope these "Tracts" will be widely circulated, as they deserve to be, and will be greatly blessed in guiding the perplexed and strengthening and confirming the faith of many believers.

CONCERNING BAPTISM.

WE commence in this issue of THE PRESBYTERIAN the republication of a series of letters on the above subject by Rev. W. A. McKay, B.A., of Woodstock. His recent work, "Immersion a Romish Invention," had a wide circulation not only in Canada but in the United States; and while it received the most friendly notice from the press generally, it created quite a *commotion* among Immersionists. It has been criticized in Baptist and Campbellite pulpits, and reviewed in their papers and periodicals without mercy. The ablest and most scholarly review, however, is from the pen of Dr. Isaac Errett, of Cincinnati, O., an eloquent preacher as well as a clear and forcible writer, who is the editor of the "Christian Standard," the recognized organ of the Church of the Disciples, a large and influential denomination in the neighbouring Union. The articles, twelve in number, appeared in the columns of the "Christian Standard;" and the editor, with a courtesy worthy of imitation, invited Mr. McKay to reply, throwing open the columns of his paper to him for the purpose. Mr. McKay has taken advantage of Dr. Errett's offer, and will thus have an opportunity, rare as it is important, to place before the readers of the "Christian Standard" what Pedobaptists believe to be the correct view of the sacrament of Baptism.

We offer no apology for reproducing these letters in our columns. They will be read, we are sure, with interest and profit.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Dr. Reid received on the 5th July a letter post-marked Strathroy, from an anonymous contributor, with one dollar for Dr. McKay's mission in Formosa, and a similar amount for French Evangelization. The former amount was acknowledged in August "Record," page 223; and the latter was forwarded to Rev. R. H. Warden, Montreal, and duly acknowledged in September "Record," page 252. It is desirable that those sending contributions to be entered anonymously should send their names, that they may be communicated with if necessary.

PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON.—This Presbytery met on the 19th instant. Mr. Pullar tendered his resignation of Lynedoch and Silverhill. The congregation was to be cited for its interests in due course. Call's from Beverley to Mr. Carruthers, probationer, and from Port Dover to Rev. R. Thynne, were sustained and accepted; and the ordination at Beverley was appointed for Tuesday, October 3rd, at eleven o'clock, and the induction at Port Dover for Thursday, October 5th, at two o'clock. Also a call from Jarvis and Walpole to Rev. Alex. Grant, of Oneida, was sustained, and Mr. Grant's congregations were to be cited for their interests. A presbyterial certificate was granted to Rev. E. Vincent, who expects to be settled at Shelbyville, Mo., in the Presbytery of Palmyra. A report of the statistics of the Presbytery was submitted by Mr. Ratchiff, and was ordered to be printed for circulation. It was resolved to apply for Home Mission grants as follows: Dunnville, \$150; Vittoria, \$150; Port Colborne, \$200; Fort Erie, \$3 per Sabbath; Louth, \$3 per Sabbath. An application from Blackheath, East Seneca and Caistor for a grant was deferred, and a committee was appointed to consider the matter. The following motion was left over for consideration at next ordinary meeting: "That the January meeting of Presbytery be held in Dundas, and that three conferences be held on the State of Religion, Temperance, and Sabbath Schools."—JOHN LAING, Clerk.

AMERICAN black walnut brings four shillings per foot in England, and Canadian black walnut brings five shillings per foot. It is claimed that the wood of this tree, when grown in a cold climate, is of better quality.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

TOPKNOT.

BY MRS. C. M. LIVINGSTON.

It was a fresh, bright morning in early spring. "The very morning to work out of doors," Mrs. Butler declared; so, donning a sun-bonnet, which she kept on purpose for gardening, and taking her trowel, she proceeded on a tour of inspection over the pretty lawn that surrounded her pleasant home.

She inquired into the needs of the crocuses and daffodils, told the hyacinths they were late in blooming, noted with pleasure the purpling buds of the lilacs, then turned her steps to the corner which needed her most—a bed of lilies of the valley, that were becoming far too numerous for thriving growth.

Mrs. Butler's next-door neighbour, Mrs. Lane, wanted a bed of lilies, too. If these were to be thinned out, why should she not have some of them? She had a spot of unoccupied ground, between the house and a high fence, damp and cool, just the place where those lily leaves would grow broad and green. So she hovered about her window, peeping through the half-closed blinds, until her neighbour had come over to the lilies, which were not far from the fence that separated the two lawns; then she threw a light shawl over her head and happened out. She ran down to the gate and took a look up street and down; then slowly coming back, stopped a moment over this and that shrub, to see if they were putting forth signs of life. At almost any other time she would have run out unceremoniously and asked for some. But there were reasons why Mrs. Lane felt a slight hesitancy in approaching her neighbour this morning. On account of some occurrences of the last few days, she herself had been nursing a little resentment; but she had come to the conclusion to put aside all ill-feelings and return to friendly relations. Mrs. Butler was too good a neighbour to break with lightly. She was half tempted, though, to go straight back into the house without speaking, particularly as Mrs. Butler did not once look her way. But, then, she wanted to break the icy little crust that was gradually forming between them, and this was a good opportunity; besides, she wanted some bulbs. So she came up to the fence where the lady stooped over her work, saying, "Good morning, Mrs. Butler," with a slight constraint in the tones, it is true. But the trowel went industriously on, and the head was not lifted. She evidently did not wish to hear; but Mrs. Lane tried again:

"Good morning! I say; what are you busied about so early?"

Then Mrs. Butler looked up, but the glance that flashed from her black eyes to the other lady was not such as she was wont to bestow upon her neighbour. Neither were the tones—that seemed to issue from the cavernous depths of a never-ending sun-bonnet—the cheery ones that belonged to Mrs. Butler, as she said,

"Whatever else I'm doing, I'm not slandering my neighbours."

"Indeed! And who is engaged in that business, pray?" and Mrs. Lane brought the shawl over her cheeks, so that her neighbour should not see the red that she felt was rushing into them.

Mrs. Butler stood up now, and the lady on the other side of the fence fairly quailed beneath the withering gaze, as, looking her full in the face, Mrs. Butler said:

"It is best to speak out plainly, Mrs. Lane. I do not wish to hold any conversation with you. It only shows what a perfect hypocrite you must be to come around with your smooth 'Good-mornings' after what you told Mrs. Ketchum about me."

"Oh, now! You're making a mountain out of a mole hill," said Mrs. Lane, confusedly. "You'd better find out what I actually said to Mrs. Ketchum before you flare up so. A little explanation on both sides will straighten this thing all out, I dare say."

"No explanations," said Mrs. Butler, "that you can possibly make will satisfy me. Indeed I will not listen to any, and certainly I do not feel called upon to make any to you. So let it be distinctly understood, once for all, that I wish to have nothing whatever to do with you from this time forth." Saying which she picked up her trowel and marched off to the other side of the lawn, while Mrs. Lane beat a hasty retreat into her own house.

The first thing she did was to indulge in a good cry; the next, to make a firm resolve never to have anything more to do with Mrs. Ketchum, for telling what she had positively promised never to breathe to a living soul. Of course, she had broken her promise, else how would it have gotten to the ears of Mrs. Butler?

A hen is a seemingly inoffensive creature, but is capable of accomplishing a vast amount of mischief—far more than is generally supposed. If all the unhappy tempers and long-standing feuds that she has provoked were searched into, and results placed among our statistic and general averages—the number of quarrels to one hen—we should doubtless be overwhelmed. For it was nothing more nor less than a little gray hen that was the occasion of the sharp words that were so sadly out of tune with the song of the robins, the budding green and sweet spring airs of that morning.

There had been slight clouds in the sky between the two families on this account before. The Lanes had for years made a practice of keeping a few hens, thereby serving two purposes—keeping themselves in fresh eggs and testing the friendship, as well as cultivating the grace of forbearance, in their neighbours. They were not that exasperating sort of people, either, who were indifferent to the comfort of their neighbours. They cherished the delusion that they kept their hens at home, and they did aim to, but some of them had straying proclivities. Then they tried to keep them shut up, letting them out occasionally, keeping a sharp watch over them meanwhile. But it did seem as if some of these hens had "two presences," for while Mrs. Lane sat sewing by her window, casting her eye on them occasionally, sure that they were all there—Old Yellow, Speckle, Whity Topknot

and Banty—that very minute two or three of them would be scratching for dear life in Mrs. Butler's smooth, neat beds, just sown with early lettuce and onions.

It is a wonder that a woman with as much tinder in her composition as Mrs. Butler bore it as well as she did. Especially was Topknot, a saucy little gray and white hen, with a jaunty tuft on top of her head, peculiarly trying. Many a time had Mrs. Butler worked hard in her garden all the forenoon, and looked from her window an hour after to behold Topknot comfortably established in a well-fitting round hole of her own digging, in the very centre of a circular bed, carefully prepared and sown with seeds of some rare and highly valued flowers. Again and again was she stoned and driven home in disgrace, and, on complaint being entered against her, was shut up and securely fastened in, as was supposed. But whether she had the power of slipping through cracks, or not, she would, somehow, unaccountably effect her escape; and the next thing known of her, she would sit complacently in the very choicest part of Mrs. Butler's garden, a persistent, triumphant Topknot, utterly regardless of the poor little two-leaved plants that were uprooted and crushed beneath her. It was on one of these occasions that Mrs. Butler caught her, and in sheer despair and vexation, tossed her over the fence, accompanying the act with a hearty and audibly expressed wish that "that hen was dead."

Mrs. Lane, happening to stand at her chamber window, saw the hasty manner in which her favourite hen came home, as well as the exasperated expression on her neighbour's face, and likewise had an exaggerated report of what the cruel woman said, when she "heaved the poor creature over the fence," from Bridget, who was out in the woodshed at the time.

This episode, among other little things, caused a slight coldness to spring up between the ladies, so that for a few days the well-trodden path between the houses was not so much used as heretofore. In the meantime Topknot disappeared. She was not to be found in the barn loft, nor under the bushes, nor in any of the secret places about the premises of any of the neighbours; nor even in the barn of the Butlers, nor cosily settled under the low-spreading branches of their evergreens. Plainly, Topknot was dead, or she would certainly have come home at meal-times. She was a great loss, as she came of a high family and was the handsomest of the brood. Mrs. Butler had been interviewed concerning her, and had answered sharply that she should not mourn greatly if the troublesome creature was never found.

It so happened, a few days afterward, that Mrs. Lane needed a cake pan of a certain size and shape which she did not possess, but she knew Mrs. Butler did; so she determined to ignore the little unpleasantness that existed, and run in the back way and borrow it. As she came along back through Mrs. Butler's woodshed, she noticed a basket of feathers. She paused a moment, looking intently at them, then murmured to herself, "Topknot's feathers, I do believe." Ah, indeed! What and if Topknot had met her destiny in Mrs. Butler's dinner-pot! And then a suspicion that had at times floated vaguely through her mind, took shape and began to live. At dinner she half seriously mentioned the idea to her husband, and he answered,

"Pooh! As if Mrs. Butler was not able to buy all the chickens she needs, and more too."

"But those feathers! I would know those pretty gray and white feathers anywhere."

"Now, my dear, you don't suppose Topknot was the only hen in the world who owns a gray dress, do you? Farmers bring in hens and chickens every day with all sorts of feathers. Don't, for pity's sake, lisp such a foolish thing to anybody else. It will be sure to get to her, and I would not let forty hens come between my friendship with such a woman—a little high-strung perhaps, but a good woman, after all. Then you must own that she has borne a great deal from Topknot. It would not be such a dreadful thing if she had boiled her up. It would be the only way of making sure that she would not be turning up again continually."

That afternoon Mrs. Lane took her work and went to sit an hour with Mrs. Ketchum. In the course of their neighbourly conferences Mrs. Ketchum asked,

"Did it ever occur to you, Mrs. Lane, that Mrs. Butler was deceitful?"

"Why, no, I never thought she was. What makes you ask?"

"Oh, things I heard her saying about some of her neighbours that she is very thick with," said Mrs. Ketchum, looking mysterious.

"What did she say?" Mrs. Lane asked, growing at once suspicious and interested.

"Well, I heard she said that she never had been more tormented in her life by anything than she had by your hens, and that Mr. Butler talked of prosecuting your husband for damages."

"Stuff and nonsense!" Mrs. Lane ejaculated, her anger kindling. "Everybody knows we keep our hens shut up. It is true poor Topknot strayed over there occasionally, but she is gone now, and if I didn't see her feathers in Mrs. Butler's woodshed, I'm much mistaken. At any rate, I know they had pot pie for dinner about that time."

No sooner had these words escaped her lips than she was sorry she had said them.

"Is it possible?" said Mrs. Ketchum; "I always thought Mrs. Butler was a very queer woman—but—you don't say she—"

"Oh, no, I don't say anything. It is only some of my nonsense," Mrs. Lane said hurriedly, as she gathered up her work. "Don't mention it for anything. Good-bye, I must be going."

She did not notice the wide open eyes and ears with which Mary Ann, Mrs. Ketchum's servant, who was at that moment replenishing the grate with coal, took in every word, and much more than they were meant to convey, and who, on the first leisure opportunity, hastened to share such a choice bit of gossip with her dear friend, Ellen Bryan, who lived near. Ellen, in turn, related it to her mistress, by this time a much exaggerated and embellished account—how Mrs. Butler had stolen and killed and cooked one of Mrs. Lane's

chickens; for "Mrs. Lane was as sure of it as she was that she was alive, and, if 'twas her last breath, she'd say it, because she saw the feathers with her own eyes in Mrs. Butler's woodshed." Then Mrs. Morgan, her mistress, and a particular friend of Mrs. Butler's, forgot that terse utterance—"Where there is no tale-bearer the strife ceaseth." She put on her bonnet, straightway, and carried this absurd story to Mrs. Butler. "She was not fond of repeating gossip in general, but she thought it her duty, as a friend, to tell this, so that it might be contradicted at once." Strange how many good women Satan finds to help him carry out his plans!

And Mrs. Butler, though she had the reputation of being an excellent woman, consistent and foremost in every good word and work, was not proof against this most trying test. Her spirit took fire; she allowed her anger to wax hot, and she said many foolish and unkind things about Mrs. Lane, which she would not at all have believed one month ago, and did not believe now, for that matter. Mrs. Butler's weak point was her pride. Never had a word, to her knowledge, been breathed against her fair fame. And now to be accused of such small meanness—it was unbearable; it was beyond anything. Her sore heart verified the truth of the proverb—"The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds."

The spring-time unfolded leaves and blossoms, but the balmy airs and bright sunshine did not warm the hearts of the two women toward each other. Day after day passed, and yet, since that fatal day when they met at the fence, they had given no sign that each was aware of the other's existence.

It was inconvenient and forlorn in more ways than one—this breeze which the little hen had raised. It was trying to give up the neighbourly kindnesses that they had been wont to exchange. They had borrowed patterns and magazines and cake-pans and yeast, of one another. All the seldom-used utensils in one house were common property in both. Mrs. Butler's lap-board and scales and colander, and Mrs. Lane's carpet-stretcher and step-ladder, often changed places; and many a plate of cookies, or pan of biscuits, had travelled from one house to another, when either happened to have unusual good luck in baking. There were no more runnings to and fro between the houses, or cheery callings from each other's windows. The back gate was nailed up, and the east windows in one house and the west windows in the other had their blinds carefully closed. They had been wont to share their joys and troubles. They had made calls and afternoon visits in company. But now, one peeped through the blinds to make sure that the other was well on her way to sewing society before she would start; and, by degrees, their circle of friends began to understand the fact that Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Lane did not "speak."

Poor Mrs. Lane was consumed with vain regrets that she had, in her momentary vexation, allowed that slippery tongue of hers to make her so much trouble. Sometimes she was heartily ashamed of the whole thing, and would gladly have told Mrs. Butler so, only that she believed, whatever excuses or apologies she might make, the proud-spirited woman would never receive them. At other times she told herself that she did well to be angry; that of course Mrs. Butler had made away with her hen; it was not likely she had intended it—probably some of the family had stoned poor Topknot and lamed her so she had to be killed, and Mrs. Butler had thought they might as well have a dinner out of her, and nobody would be the wiser for it. It was, after all, not the loss of the hen she cared so much for, she argued with herself, as that Mrs. Butler should prove herself so unworthy; and then to crown it all by getting angry at her, when probably, after all, she had only hinted at the real truth to what she said to Mrs. Ketchum; and she to go on just as usual and put a bold face on the matter—it was too aggravating!

It is much more comfortable to blame other people than yourself. So Mrs. Lane silenced all inward condemnation of her mischief-making tongue, and began to pride herself on being a long-suffering woman, in that she had not brought the affair before the church, instead of preserving a magnanimous silence. What a stir she could make, to be sure!

It was strange how much bad feeling one small hen could occasion. Mrs. Ketchum was amazed to see Mrs. Lane sail past her on the street without so much as a nod. Mrs. Butler looked askance across the church at Mrs. Lane, and wondered how she could look the minister in the face when he took for his text, "Speak not evil one of another, brethren," and then painted in vivid words the sin of the slanderer. Then Mrs. Lane, in her turn, wondered how Mrs. Butler could have the face to take such a prominent part in church affairs, when she had such a sin on her conscience.

(To be continued.)

A CAMP OF CHINESE LABOURERS.

Mr. E. V. Smalley's third paper on "The New North-West," in the October "Century," describes vividly the rich region lying between the Rockies and Cascade Ranges, and gives the following picture of a railway construction camp:

Camping and travelling in the forest was a delightful experience, spite of rain and fatigue; but no one of our party was sorry one morning to be met on the river's bank by an engineer, who brought a package of letters, and the information that the camps of the Chinese graders on the railroad were just across the river, that there was a wagon-road to the end of a track, and that he had a skiff and two rowers to set us across the turbulent current. We had traversed the whole distance (six hundred miles) between the ends of the railroad, which are advancing to meet next year on the summit of the Rocky Mountains. The news that we should see a locomotive that very day was received with enthusiasm. It meant beds, baths, clean clothes, newspapers, telegrams, napkins, silver forks, and a hundred other things never noticed or appreciated until out of reach. We rearranged our luggage, bestowed our bedding upon the half-breed Indian, the Kentucky negro, and the white lad, who jointly managed the pack-train, got over the river, and were soon driving through the camps of three thousand Chinese labourers. It was Sunday, and work on the grade was suspended. The

canvas town swarmed with men. Some were having their heads shaved, others were combing and winding their pig-tails; others, stripped to their waist, were enjoying a sponge bath. One man was on his knees going through some religious ceremony over a chicken, before dissecting it for the pot. There were Chinese stores, Chinese restaurants, and Chinese gambling tents. For fifteen miles the woods were literally full of Mongolians. Not a feature of their Asiatic life do they abandon, save that, from the necessity of working in mud and dust, they wear American boots. Their basket hats, blue blouses, and loose trousers are supplied by Chinese merchants, and a large portion of their food—their rice and dried fish, and all their sweetmeats and dainties—comes across the Pacific. The road was lined with Chinamen driving fat hogs to the camps to be slaughtered for the Sunday dinner, or carrying bundles and boxes, and boards for tent-flooring, suspended to bamboo poles, balanced on the shoulders in the exact style of the pictures on the tea-chests.

The Chinese labourers on the railroad earn one dollar and sixteen cents a day, and are hired by gangs of forty from agents of the Six Companies in San Francisco. The usual estimate of the effectiveness of their labour is that three Chinamen are equal to two white men; but the superintendent of construction on the railroad asserts that he prefers the Chinese, man for man, to such white labour as can be had on the Pacific coast.

The railroad operations have caused to grow up at Cabinet Larding, a grotesque and hideous town of tents and shanties clinging to the hill-side, among the pines—a town subsisting on the wants and weaknesses of the working men, and flaunting in their faces facilities for all the coarser forms of vice. Across the river from this pandemonium of frontier dirt, drunkenness, and debauchery, is another transient railroad town, where the engineers and overseers live, with their wives and children, in clean tents, prettily embowered with evergreens.

NOOSING SHARKS.

The Island of Aitutaki, one of the Hervey group, in the Pacific, is surrounded by islets, underneath which are submarine caverns, the homes of sharks. The natives classify them as lagoon sharks, which are comparatively tame, and ferocious sharks, which spare nothing they can seize. The lagoon shark, about six feet long, is esteemed a delicacy, and the natives supply their feasts with the toothsome dish by a remarkable style of fishing.

Arrived over the entrance to the shark cave, the fisherman leaves his canoe to the care of his companions, and dives to the bottom, carrying with him a slip knot of strong cord.

He expects to find two or three sharks at home, well satisfied and drowsy after feeding in the lagoon, with their tails toward the entrance. Selecting the largest, the diver adroitly adjusts a noose over the tail, taking care that it hangs loosely. If he has another noose, he secures a second shark.

The shark catcher now, with one bound from the white, sandy bottom, rises to the surface, in order to assist his friends in hauling up the fish. The astonished sleepers beneath suddenly find themselves ascending tail first to the surface. Once inside the canoe, a smart blow from an axe between the eyes or on the tail ends its career.

But accidents sometimes happen to the bravest. One of the most successful shark-catchers at Aitutaki was Reubena, whose ancestors had excelled at this perilous sport. Long practice had made him almost amphibious.

One Saturday morning he started out with two companions in a canoe across the placid lagoon to one of the more distant islets. Grasping in his left hand a noose provided for the occasion, he dove down to the entrance of a large submarine cave.

On entering it, Reubena found several sharks lazily resting themselves. In a trice a slip-knot was skillfully passed over the tail of the nearest shark without exciting its ire. The shark, at this critical juncture, moved so that there was not room enough for Reubena to get out.

He now gently stroked the side of the shark, and succeeded in inducing it to move away, so as to permit his exit. This operation is said to be very agreeable to the fish; but if through nervousness the shark be stroked the wrong way, its anger is sure to be excited, and the diver's life would be the certain forfeit.

Reubena was making his escape, when, in his dismay, another large shark came back from feeding in the lagoon, and blocked up the entrance with his unwieldy body. To get out now was impossible, for even Reubena dared not stroke the head of the monster.

The captive fisherman waited, hoping the shark would go farther in, so as to leave the opening free. Unhappily the huge fish did not move. Reubena's agony became intense; seconds seemed to be hours. Was he doomed to perish in a shark cave?

At last the shark passed quietly into the interior, and Reubena was barely able to get out of the cave and rise to the surface. His associates in the canoe, who had become anxious for his safety, seized him by the hair and pulled him in, blood flowing from his ears, eyes, and nostrils.—*Youth's Companion.*

TRUE GENTLEMANLINESS.

True gentlemanliness includes both manliness and gentleness. The real gentleman combines the tenderness of the womanly nature with the strength and nobleness of high manhood. The lad who aspires to be a gentleman must not be content with lifting his cap to a lady, and showing her deference in his words and actions. That is all well, as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. Real gallantry does not limit its show of respect to those who are of the gentler sex: it is as deferential to age, and as keenly alive to the needs of the weaker of either sex, as it is uniformly courteous and polite towards every woman. But it is a very common thing to see a young man quick to rise from

his seat in a crowded car and proffer the place to a well-dressed and attractive lady, when he had no thought of offering that seat to an aged gentleman who had been standing before him for a considerable time. His action proves his attention to ladies, but it does not show his gentlemanliness. Parents who would have their sons gentlemanly must teach them that it is quite as important to give deference to age as to sex. The command, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man," was spoken by God Himself before the command had gone forth to be very quick to give your seat to a pretty girl in the horse-cars.—*Sunday-School Times.*

THE MILKY WAY.

Evening has come, and across the skies,
Out through the darkness that quivering dies,
Beautiful, broad, and white,
Fashioned of many a silver ray
Stolen out of the ruins of day,
Grows the pale bridge of the Milky Way,
Built by the architect Night.

Dim with shadows and bright with stars
Hung like gold lights on invisible bars,
Stirred by the wind's low breath,
Rising on cloud-shapen pillars of gray,
Perfect it stands, like a tangible way
Binding To-morrow with Yesterday,
Reaching from Life to Death.

Dark show the heavens on either side,
Soft flows the blue in a waveless tide
Under the silver arch.
Never a footstep is heard below,
Echoing earthward, as, measured and slow,
Over the bridge the still hours go,
Bound on their trackless march.

Is it a pathway leading to heaven
Over earth's sin-clouds, rent and riven
With its supernal light,
Crossed by the souls of those who have flown
Stilly away from our arms, and alone
Up to the beautiful great white throne
Pass in the hush of night?

Is it the road that our wild dreams walk,
Far beyond reach of our waking talk,
Out to the vague and grand;
Far beyond Fancy's broadest range,
Out to the world of marvel and change,
Out to the mystic, unreal and strange,
Out to the Wonderland?

Is it the way that the angels take
When they come down by night to wake
Over the slumbering earth?
Is it the way the faint stars go back
When the young Day drives them off from his track
Into the distant, mysterious black
Where their bright souls had birth?

What may it be? Who may certainly say?
Over the shadowy Milky Way
No human foot hath trod.
Ages have passed, but, unsullied and white,
Still it stands, like a fair rainbow of night,
Held as a promise above our dark sight,
Guiding our thoughts to God.

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

HOW THE ALLIGATOR FEEDS.

An alligator's throat is an animated sewer. Everything that lodges in his mouth goes down. He is a lazy dog, and instead of hunting for something to eat, he lets his victuals hunt for him; that is, he lies with his great mouth open, apparently dead, like the possum. Soon a bug crawls into it, then a fly, then several gnats, and a colony of mosquitoes. The alligator don't close his jaw yet; he is waiting for a whole drove of things. He does his eating by wholesale. A little later a lizard will cool himself under the shade of the upper jaw. Then a few frogs will hop up to catch the mosquitoes, and gnats light on the frogs. Finally, a whole village of insects and reptiles settle down for an afternoon picnic. Then all at once there is an earthquake. The big jaw falls, the alligator slyly blinks one eye, gulps down the entire menagerie, and opens his great front door again for more visitors.

THE 3,500 slaves in the Malay Peninsula are to be emancipated next year.

THE Mount of Olives has been desecrated by the opening of a beer-garden upon it.

LORD RIPON, the Viceroy of India, has appointed a native gentleman, of acknowledged qualifications for the position, Chief Justice of Bengal.

DURING the past century the population of the United States increased eleven-fold and its churches thirty-seven-fold. A hundred years ago there was one church to every 1,700 inhabitants; now there is one for every 529.

THE loss by this war to Egypt is estimated by a prominent financier to be £70,000,000 (\$350,000,000). The cotton crop, which has been nearly ruined, would have been worth about \$200,000,000. But little of the sugar crop can be saved.

THE great French railway companies have for some time employed women as ticket and audit clerks, as also the Credit Foncier and several banks and public companies in France. The corporation of the city of Paris mean also to employ women in their offices, and 300 situations are offered in the 30th Arrondissement.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

A RUSSIAN edition of "Spurgeon's Sermons" is in preparation for printing.

A SYRIAN paper has been suppressed for having published an article against Christians.

AN official return of the census of France shows that the population of the country is \$37,672,048.

BEER brewing has, a Japanese paper says, become an important branch of industry in that country.

THE United Presbyterian Church of Scotland is engaged in raising £8,000 for the repair of the church buildings in Jamaica.

OFFICIAL records show that the saloons of Chicago cost the taxpayers last year \$900,000 more than was received from licenses.

THE Egyptian Ministry have formed a plan to indemnify the inhabitants of Alexandria for losses sustained by incendiarism or pillage.

REV. DR. MARCUS DODD, Kenfield Free Church, Glasgow, has declined the call to St. Mary's Free Church, Edinburgh, vacant by the death of Rev. Dr. Mann.

CANON FARRAR is following up his great success with his "Life of Christ" and "St. Paul" with "The Early Days of Christianity," which is promised shortly.

At the Horticultural Gardens, Leeds, England, recently, 30,000 persons attended a demonstration which was held in celebration of the jubilee of the Temperance movement.

MRS. SCOTT SIDGONS has again retired from the stage, her last theatrical venture in London having been a failure. It is said she will again devote herself to dramatic readings.

THE harvests of the world are in an excellent condition. No serious deficiency is reported from any quarter, and there is a general abundance throughout Europe and America.

THE house where Jonathan Edwards wrote "Freedom of the Will" and "Original Sin," one hundred and thirty years ago, is still in existence at Stockbridge, Mass.

PROFESSOR J. S. BLACKIE, acting on the recommendation of his medical advisers, has resigned the chair of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, which he has held since 1852.

THE contributions to the Sustentation Fund of the Free Church for three months ending 10th August, are £33,871, an increase of £1,302 on the corresponding period of last year.

THE late Bishop Steere, who died at Zanzibar of apoplexy, edited an edition of Bishop Butler's works, and translated portions of the Bible into the language of the people among whom he laboured.

THE tide of Dutch emigration has turned from the United States and is setting in for South Africa. A line of steamers will be established between Amsterdam and the port nearest the Transvaal.

ARCHBISHOP TAIT continues to progress favourably. He is daily gathering strength, and a strange drowsiness which for weeks has been one of the chief features of his ailment, is now fast diminishing.

KING CELEWAYO, before his departure from England, signed a letter inviting the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to send Bibles printed in Zulu or English for distribution among his people.

MADAME LEPOIDS, wife of the veteran Baptist pastor of Paris, has received the distinction of officer of the Academy, in consideration of her devoted work in connection with the school in the Ecuries d'Artois.

VICTORIA, Australia, has the forest giant of the world, in an almond-leaf gum-tree, which is 380 feet high at its lowest branch, and 450 feet to its top, and has a girth of sixty feet at some distance above the ground.

ONE brewer in London confesses to a correspondent of the Chicago "Times" that the "Salvation Army" had diminished his receipts over \$15,000 dollars in one year, through their work among the lower classes.

SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON, at the late meeting of the British Association of Scientific Men, declared that he had observed the moon at all its stages, and could find no relation between its course and the variation of the weather.

THE London (England) "World" hints that on the successful completion of the Egyptian campaign Sir Garnet Wolseley will be rewarded with the baton of a field-marshal, accompanied by a peerage. This is certainly not a bad prediction.

MR. MOOLY closed his nine months' campaign in Scotland on August 16th, by addressing densely crowded meetings in Dumfries, where he had held a two days' farewell convention. He was to begin his work in Wales, at Swansea, on September 1st.

LIVERPOOL ranks as the most important port in the world. Its annual tonnage is 2,647,372. Next, London; tonnage, 2,330,658. Next, Glasgow; tonnage, 1,432,364. Fourth, New York; tonnage, 1,153,676. But New York is the greatest manufacturing city in the world.

GREAT temperance demonstrations have been held at Inverness and Kilmarnock—in the latter town in connection with the inauguration of a branch of the Blue Ribbon Army. In the highland capital Sir William Collins and Mr. Fraser Mackintosh, M.P., were among the speakers.

THE yellow fever has prevailed fearfully in Texas during the past month. August 29th, seventy-two new cases were reported at Brownsville and two deaths, and during the week ending September 1st, there were 425 new cases, and on the last named day there were sixty new cases and two deaths. During the month of August there were 214 deaths at Matamoros. Louisiana is under quarantine, the railroads being prohibited from bringing any cars, passengers, merchandise and baggage from Pensacola, Fla., within the bounds of that State.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

REV. J. T. PATERSON, Hanover, has gone to the Province of Quebec to spend his holidays.

THE Rev. P. C. Goldie, Watford, spoke on the subject of temperance on Sabbath, 17th inst.

THE Rev. M. W. McLean, of Belleville, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, last Sabbath week.

THE Orillia Presbyterian Bible class now numbers over fifty. The lesson is treated in a style at once interesting and profitable.

THE Canadian Shorthand Association elected Rev. Mr. Torrance, of Guelph, an honorary member at their late convention in Toronto.

A UNANIMOUS call has been made to the Rev. Mr. Frzell, of Newmarket, to accept the pastorate of the Leslieville Presbyterian Church.

AS the Presbyterian church, Cobourg, is now undergoing alterations and repairs, services will be held in Victoria Hall for several Sabbaths.

IT is reported that the Rev. R. J. Beattie, of the First Presbyterian Church, Port Hope, has received a unanimous call to St. Andrew's Church, Stratford.

THE Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M.A., is supplying the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, N.B. His address, meanwhile, is 130 Carmarthen street, in that city.

A MEETING of the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew was held on Tuesday of last week in Carleton Place. There was no business of public interest before the body.

THE Presbyterians of Albion having built a comfortable manse for their minister, Rev. P. Nicol, he has removed from Elder's Mills to Albion, which place will be in future his P. O. address.

The Rev. John McNabb has accepted the call to Lucknow, and his induction will take place early next month. His faithful services will long be remembered by the congregation of Knox Church, Beaverton, where he laboured so acceptably for many years.

THE pic-nic in connection with the Perth St. Andrew's Church Sabbath school was held on Friday afternoon, 15th inst., in the beautiful grove of Mr. E. G. Malloch, and was very numerously attended. The youthful gathering enjoyed themselves immensely, and altogether the pic-nic was a gratifying success.

DR. COCHRANE returned from his mission to British Columbia on Tuesday, the 12th. Letters on Home Mission business may now be addressed to him as formerly. The reverend gentleman was everywhere well received on his journey; and his sermons and addresses at various places will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of hearing him.

ANNIVERSARY services in Knox Church, Kincardine, were conducted on the 3rd and 4th inst. by Rev. James Douglas, late missionary at Indore, India. The congregations at both diets of worship on the Sabbath, and at the Monday evening lecture, were very large; and the local paper speaks in very high terms of the preacher's efforts both in the pulpit and on the platform.

SAYS the Truro "Guardian": "Another venerable Presbyterian minister has been called to his eternal reward—Rev. R. S. Patterson, of Bedeque, P. E. I., in the fifty eighth year of his ministry. He died on Friday last. The deceased was educated at Pictou Academy, and licensed in 1834—the first Presbyterian minister (if we are not mistaken) licensed in British North America; certainly the first licensed in Nova Scotia."

THE guests who visited Point Farm during the summer have donated a sum sufficient to purchase a bell for the Leeburn Presbyterian Church. The donation was intrusted to Mr. Wright, the proprietor of Point Farm, who made the purchase, and in his note of presentation says: "I am particularly requested to state that the sole object of the donors was simply to show their appreciation of the advantage of having the means of public worship in the neighbourhood."

ON Tuesday evening, 19th inst., a recital of sacred music was given in the Presbyterian Church, Napanee, by the choir. The attendance was large, the church being crowded. Hon. John Stevenson presided. The programme consisted of a number of choice anthems and chants, which were rendered in first-class style. The entertainment was given in honour

of Mr. Dunlop, leader of the choir, who is leaving the town. He was presented with an address and a purse containing a handsome sum of money as a token of the esteem in which he was held by the choir and members of the congregation generally. Mr. Dunlop made a suitable reply to the address.

ON Thursday evening a number of the scholars, teachers and friends of the Mayfield Sabbath school met at the residence of Mr. John Giffen, for the purpose of presenting to Miss Glassford (who is now leaving for Toronto, where she takes a position in the Parliament street Public School) a handsome chair, along with an address, which was very complimentary to Miss Glassford. The address was read on behalf of the school by Miss Stubbings. The presentation was made by Mr. N. Little, the superintendent. The gift and address were the united testimony of the school to the high opinion they entertained of Miss Glassford as a Sabbath school teacher, and the great esteem in which they held her as a friend.

THERE was a very large congregation in Chalmers Church, Woodstock, on Sabbath evening, the 17th inst., to hear Rev. Mr. McKay's address on "Temperance and the Scott Act." Mr. McKay took as his text the words of Esther viii. 6: "How can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?" Having clearly and forcibly exposed the terrible evils of the liquor traffic, he pointed out several ways in which Christian people should act in respect to it. (1) Be total abstainers themselves; (2) Go to the victims of intemperance, in the spirit of Christ, and give them a helping hand; (3) As far as possible co-operate in opposing the traffic; (4) Where practicable, prohibit the manufacture of strong drink. Mr. McKay's motto is, *moral persuasion for the drunkard, legal persuasion for the drunkard maker.*

A HARVEST dinner took place on the 19th inst. in the new Presbyterian church at Shannonville. Although the day was stormy, there was a very large attendance. The ladies of the place deserve the highest praise for the manner and matter of the feast. After dinner, the company came together in the Orange Hall, which was crowded to the door. Rev. D. Mitchell, of Belleville, Moderator of the Session of Melrose, Lonsdale, and Shannonville, was chosen chairman. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Andrews and Ash, of the C. M. and M. E. churches at Shannonville, by Mr. J. Young, missionary on the above field, and by Mr. Henderson, both students of Queen's. The chairman then gave his popular lecture on "How to Get On in the World," which was well received by the audience. It is gratifying to find another new church building being erected in the Presbytery of Kingston.

THE Rev. Mr. Little, of Princeton, has the sympathy of the community in the loss he sustained last week in the death of his father, who departed this life at his late residence in Puslinch, on the 12th inst., at the advanced age of eighty-four years ten months and thirteen days. He was a native of county Tyrone, Ireland, and came to Canada in 1831. Crossing the Atlantic and then travelling from Quebec to Wellington in Canada West, as Ontario was then called, meant something different from the ideas which tourists of the present day would form. It took four months then to accomplish the journey. For three miles through the woods he marked the trees through an untracked forest to the place where he erected his first log cabin, fifty-one years ago, and where he has resided since. He enjoyed the presence and love of his Saviour and God all along his pilgrimage through life, and died in the full assurance of the hope of the Gospel. Whilst a lover of all God's people he was a staunch Presbyterian all his days.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Bowmanville, was reopened on Sabbath, 17th inst. Principal McVicar preached able sermons, and addressed the Sabbath school scholars in the afternoon. The collections reached nearly \$70. The improvements to the edifice are very great. A portion of the ceiling has been replastered, and the whole whitewashed; the walls have been nicely tinted, the rafters painted and striped, and the seats re-painted. The gothic work behind the pulpit is very artistically done, and presents a beautiful background for the pulpit and the scriptural word-painting, to be done by the pastor. The platform in front of the pulpit has been extended to accommodate the choir. It is overlaid with a new carpet. The large organ has been exchanged for a smaller one with equal volume, which stands under the pulpit.

The aisles have been newly carpeted. The seats are to be upholstered at once, and some further improvements made. The Church Committee deserve great credit for the decided improvements to the edifice.

THE Presbyterian Church at Lakehurst was the scene of a pleasant social gathering on Friday last, the occasion being a farewell to Mr. T. Edward Inglis, who for the past five months has laboured as Presbyterian missionary in that place. The church, previously decorated with evergreens, presented quite an attractive appearance. When the large audience gathered, and after thanksgiving by the pastor, ample justice was done to the bountiful repast which the ladies had prepared. The tables cleared, the rattling of dishes ended, and the confusion of tongues quelled, the musical and literary programme was proceeded with. Mr. W. P. Chase, a newly appointed elder, was called to the chair, and briefly stated the purpose of the gathering, expressing a hope, which was fully realized, that the intellectual feast would be as enjoyable as that prepared for the inner man. The pastor, in a few closing remarks, expressed his gratitude for the good-will which the gathering bespoke, and thanked all who in any way had contributed to its success. Mr. Inglis preached his last discourse to the congregations of Lakehurst and Scott's Mills on Sabbath last.

REV. JAMES CAMERON, of Chatsworth, returned from his trip up the lakes on Thursday last, after an absence of about four weeks. He had been up as far as the Sault, and on two or three occasions had been a considerable distance inland. At the close of his sermon on Sabbath morning, the 17th inst., he gave a brief account of his trip, referring more particularly to the spiritual condition of the people of that section, which was not very gratifying. At almost every point there was impressed on his mind the text, "Come over and help us." Many places were largely settled by Presbyterians, some of whom had removed from this section; and there were no missionaries among them. He had preached on six occasions among them, and had established four Sabbath schools. He noticed three effects of the absence of ministerial work: First, those in who there was the Divine life were drawing nearer God, as was evidenced by their activity in connection with Sabbath schools and prayer meetings. Second, many who had once made profession of religion had now thrown it off. Third, and saddest of all, was the condition of the rising generation. He was more strongly impressed than ever with the necessity of contributing more liberally to the Home Mission Fund.

PRESBYTERY OF HURON.—This Presbytery held a regular meeting in Clinton on the 12th of September. Sessions were recommended to arrange for their own missionary meetings, and to report at the March meeting of Presbytery. Letters were read from Messrs. Gibson and Thynne, declining the calls to Exeter and Rodgerville respectively. The Moderators of the Sessions of said congregations were authorized to moderate in calls again when requested to do so. A petition of Mr. John Jackson and others, submitting certain questions to the Presbytery, was taken up and disposed of. Mr. Cameron was authorized to moderate in a call at Grand Bend. Mr. Carriere, student of Montreal College, was present, expecting to be licensed; but as his transference from the Presbytery of Quebec to this Presbytery did not come to hand, his examination was not proceeded with. It was agreed to call a *pro re nata* meeting of Presbytery to examine and license him when his transference to this Presbytery is certified by the Quebec Presbytery. The next meeting of Presbytery is to be held in Clinton on the second Tuesday of November, at 10 a.m.—ARCH. MCLEAN, *Pres. Clerk.*

PRESBYTERY OF PETERBORO.—This Presbytery met at Port Hope on the 19th inst. There were present twelve ministers and six elders. Mr. Ross was chosen Moderator for the next six months. Upon motion of Mr. Smith, it was resolved that ministers absent from ordinary meetings of Presbytery should be required to furnish reasons for absence at next meeting. The Rev. Mr. Alexander, of the Presbytery of Paris, and the Rev. A. Leslie, of Newtonville, being present, were invited to sit as corresponding members. Mr. Bennett gave notice of motion that steps be taken for the increase of ministers' stipends within the bounds. There was sustained a very hearty call from Warsaw and Dummer to the Rev.

Peter Fleming. The congregation ask for a grant of \$100 from the Home Mission Committee at Toronto to enable them to make the salary \$600. There is also a manse and eight acres of land. The Clerk notified the Presbytery that Mr. Carmichael, of Markham, had accepted of the call to Norwood. It was agreed that his induction should take place on the 12th of October—Mr. Ross to preside, Mr. Torrance to preach, Mr. Andrews to address the minister, and Mr. Cameron the people. Mr. Cook being in the Court, signified his acceptance of the call to Baltimore and Coldsprings. Arrangement was made for his ordination and induction at Coldsprings on the 3rd October, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Beattie was appointed to preside, Mr. McCrae to preach, Mr. Cleland to address the minister, and Mr. Douglas the congregation. Trial discourses were prescribed to Mr. Cook, to be given at a meeting of Presbytery to be held at Coldsprings at eleven o'clock on the day of ordination. There was sustained a most enthusiastic call to the Rev. W. H. Jamieson, lately of the Methodist Church, from the congregation of Garden Hill and Knoxville. Mr. Jamieson being present, indicated his acceptance of the call. Induction services were appointed to be held at Garden Hill on the 10th October, at two o'clock in the afternoon—Mr. Cameron to preside, Mr. Cook to preach, Mr. Torrance to address the minister, and Mr. Beattie the congregation. The resignation of the Rev. Mr. Windell, of his charge of Cartwright and Billyduff, was accepted, and arrangements made to declare the congregations vacant on the last Sabbath of September. The delegates appointed to visit the mission fields gave in their reports. These reports in many cases were very encouraging. The next ordinary meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held in Peterboro', and in the St. Andrew's Church there, on the 3rd Tuesday of January, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Presbytery adjourned, to meet at Coldsprings on Tuesday, the 3rd October, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon.—WM. BENNETT, *Pres. Clerk.*

PRESBYTERY OF SARNIA.—This Presbytery held its quarterly meeting in the Presbyterian Church, Sarnia, on the 19th inst., with a fair attendance of ministers and elders. Mr. Welis was appointed Moderator for the next six months, and in his absence Mr. Currie continued to occupy the chair. The docket of business, as submitted by the committee, was received and adopted. Mr. Thompson, on behalf of the committee appointed to visit Camlachie, reported that, under instructions, matters had resulted very favourably there. The deputation were thanked for their diligence and wisdom in the matter. Reports from deputations to supplemented congregations and stations were received, and the following supplements recommended, namely: Mandaumin, \$200; Point Edward, \$2 per Sabbath; Corunna and Muoretown, \$200; Adelaide, \$100; Oil Springs and Oil City, \$3 per Sabbath. Mr. McCutcheon, on behalf of the deputation appointed to visit Sombra, gave an interesting report showing that matters there are in such form that the people should be encouraged to call a minister. They promised \$5 per week. It was agreed to thank the deputation for their diligence; appoint Mr. McCutcheon *interim* moderator of session; instruct the Home Mission Committee to furnish probationary supply during the winter, and ask \$2 per Sabbath during the winter months. Mr. John Duncan, a student within the bounds of this Presbytery, being present, it was ascertained that he intended prosecuting his studies at Toronto University during the coming winter, having passed the matriculation examination with that view. It was agreed to recommend him to the recognition and oversight of the authorities of Knox College, as a young man looking forward to qualify himself for the office of the sacred ministry. The Presbytery took up the consideration of the petition for alternate services at Aberarder and Smith's Church (McKay settlement). After hearing parties and carefully considering the matter, it was agreed that, having received a petition from parties in and around Aberarder for alternate Sabbath services, and also the reasons, both personally and through a deputation sent to the field, the Presbytery express their conviction of the reasonableness of the request, under certain circumstances; but from facts within their knowledge, and fears as to the result of making the desired change, the Presbytery recommend the continuance of the present arrangements, in the meantime directing them, however, to look for such a change in the near future, if circumstances warrant.

The Presbytery appointed Mr. Cuthbertson to exchange with Mr. Duncan, and read the finding of the Presbytery in the matter. Leave was granted the Camlachie congregation to have a call moderated in if necessary before next meeting of Presbytery. Mr. Thompson, on behalf of the Finance Committee, gave in a report containing a proposed assessment to meet Presbytery expenses and those of delegates to the General Assembly. After consideration it was agreed to receive and adopt the report. Mr. Currie, Treasurer of the Presbytery, submitted a report showing that, after all liabilities had been met, there was a balance on hand. The Presbytery expressed satisfaction and tendered thanks to Mr. Currie for his valuable services. The Presbytery appointed its next meeting to be held in Sarnia, on the third Tuesday in December, at three o'clock p.m., and was closed with the benediction.—G. CUTHBERTSON, *Pres. Clerk.*

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XLI.

THE PASSOVER.

Oct. 8, 1882.

{ Mark xiv. 12-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover."—Ex. 12: 27.

TIME—Thursday evening—night before the Crucifixion.

PLACE—Bethany, vers. 12-15; Jerusalem, 16-21

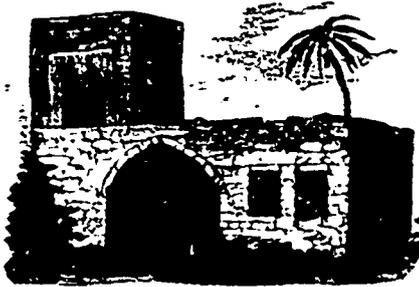
PARALLEL.—Matt. 26: 17-25; Luke 22: 7-18, 21-23; John 13: 21-26.

Notes and Comments—Ver. 12. "First day:" 14th, Nisan, strictly speaking, the days of unleavened bread were from the 15th to 21st, beginning with the evening of 14th (Ex. 12: 18); but at noon on that day all leaven had to be removed and burnt. "Where wilt thou?" as strangers, they must join some household. "Passover:" the great memorial feast of their deliverance. They might have thought, considering his seclusion the previous day at Bethany, that He would eat it there; this was allowable, but the lamb must be killed at the temple.

Ver. 13. "Two of His disciples:" Peter and John (Luke 22: 8). "City:" Jerusalem. "A man," etc.: here is a manifestation of supernatural knowledge—(1) that they should be met by a man; (2) bearing a pitcher; (3) that it should contain water; (4) that he should be going to the house they were seeking. It has been suggested that this man was Mark, and that the house was his mother's, and that this upper room of the Last Supper was the same place where the disciples were accustomed to meet after Pentecost.

Ver. 14. "Goolman:" master, an old phrase, expressing a pleasant idea; the epithet still lingers in some districts. "Master:" or teacher; this would imply that he knew Jesus, was probably a disciple. "Where is the (my) guest-chamber:" at this festival the houses in Jerusalem were open to visitors and strangers, so that the poorest Israelite should not lack a roof under which to keep the feast.

Ver. 15. "Upper room:" any room above the ground floor, or up-stairs; there the best apartments of an Oriental house are usually found. "Furnished:" lit. spread with carpets and with pillow beds for reclining laid around the table. "Prepared:" by the householder. "Make ready:" do all that is necessary for our keeping the feast.



Ver. 16. Things fell out exactly as Christ had foretold—the disciples met the man, followed him to the house, were shown to the upper room, and "there they made ready:" the paschal lamb would have to be procured, slain in the temple, and then dressed, in addition to which they would require bread, bitter herbs, wine and other materials for the supper.

Ver. 17. "Cometh:" over the Mount of Olives for the last time before the resurrection. "With the twelve:" the two had returned, and reported that all was ready.

Vers. 18, 19. "As they sat," reclined, the passover was at first taken standing, but afterwards the custom was changed, and those who partook of it reclined, the Rabbis alleging that standing was the sign of a slave, and that when they were delivered from slavery they should recline in token of freedom and festive leisure. "One of you:" Here comes the institution of the supper, as recorded by Luke (22: 15-21), after which the silence was broken by this solemn announcement, "One of you—shall betray me:" so record, in the same words, all the Evangelists. The statement was indefinite, and gave Judas opportunity for repentance. John tells us that Jesus was "troubled in spirit" when He said this, and that the disciples "looked one on another" in doubt as to the traitor, and that Peter beckoned to John to ask which was the man. Luke says,

they "inquired among themselves which of them it was that should do this thing," while Matthew with Mark represent them as addressing the Saviour with, "Is it I? Is it I?" ending with the same question by Judas, and the reply of the Master, "Thou hast said." No wonder that the true men of them "began to be sorrowful."

Ver. 20. "One of the twelve (Rev.—he) that dippeth with me:" probably in the dish of sour sauce, in which the bitter herbs and unleavened bread were dipped, symbolizing the bondage of Egypt. How solemn all the incidents and minutiae of this supper! It would not, however, indicate the guilty one to the rest, as all in turn would dip in the dish; it was only an emphatic and vivid way of repeating "one of the twelve."

Ver. 21. "The Son of man goeth:" unto death. "Written:" Luke, "determined." "But:" although it was God's purpose, yet freedom of action was to all, and for his actions Judas was responsible. "Woe to that man—good were it—never been born:" one of the most pathetic and at the same time most terrible utterances in the Scriptures; the repetition of "that man" has a startling emphasis; it shuts the door of hope forever against the traitor, and forbids the idea of any deliverance or relief.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Caution.—While it will be proper to refer to the Passover itself, and recall the circumstances under which the feast was instituted, do not spend too much time on that. We find in some commentaries very elaborate details on all the points of the celebration of the Passover, ancient and modern; to give these to your scholars might show how well you have read for the lesson, but would not, most assuredly, help them to an appreciation of the tender, solemn beauty of this last night of our Saviour's life. Keep mainly to the narrative and its teachings.

Prefatory.—The last lesson was, we thought, out of chronological order; if so, this follows Lesson XII. of last quarter, the time of which was Tuesday evening. Jesus remained at Bethany that night, the whole of Wednesday, and Thursday morning. We have no record of the hours of His retirement; they were probably spent in prayer, in view of the Cross now so near at hand.

Topical Analysis—(1) Preparing the Passover (vers. 12-16). (2) Eating the Passover and declaring the traitor (vers. 17-21).

On the first topic we may show how Jesus, the fulfilment of all the types, the end of all the institutions of the Jewish Law, fulfilled all in His own person, celebrating the Passover in Jerusalem, and at the time appointed by law. To Him the path of obedience was the path of death, yet He was obedient. One of the first utterances of His public life, Matt. 3: 15, was the rule of His actions to the end, leaving us an example that we should follow in His steps. We have, further, another instance of the Divine—the *superhuman knowledge* which dwelt in Jesus, latent, so to speak, but ready to be called forth when the occasion arose; no explanation, short of His prophetic knowledge, will meet the incidents of the journey of the disciples to make ready the Passover. We see the *tranquillity* and *calmness* He maintained in view of the Cross, caring for the little things of His disciples' need; arranging for them by His divine influence on the souls of men, and teaching them lessons of trust and faith in Him, which doubtless they would recall often in after years, when their own time of trial and suffering came. Let us teach also the *honour of serving Jesus* with what we have. We know not certainly in whose house He kept the Passover, but of this we are sure, that he who thus made ready for Jesus did not lose his reward (Rev. 3: 20), and we can be honoured and blessed by caring for Jesus now—Matt. 25: 40.

The second topic is a solemn one. Picture the gathering: the holy quiet of the supper, the subdued and serious talk, the feeling—indescribable, unaccountable, they would have said—that rested upon the disciples that they were soon to lose their Master. Just as Elisha of old, they knew it, but not how (2 Kings 2: 3-5); and the quiet is broken by the startling words, "One of you shall betray me." Picture, further, the consternation and dismay of the eleven at least, and their inquiry, "Is it I?" Then proceed to point out the *privileges*, the *guilt* and the *doom* of the traitor—privileged as only a small number were during the short period of our Lord's ministry; guilty of the blackest crime ever committed under the skies, and doomed in words the full import of which we do not know, but the possible lites of which make us shudder. Do not stop there, however, but go on to teach that those who refuse to receive Christ to-day are practically standing by the side of Judas; they are crucifying the Son of God afresh—Heb. 6: 6. But as Judas might, even at that last moment, if he had repented, have found pardon, and the woe turned into a blessing, so may those who listen to these teachings find Jesus ready to receive and bless them now.

Incidental Lessons.—That our Master observed all the ordinances of His religion; in like manner should we.

That the old teaches us the new; the law was our schoolmaster to lead us to Christ.

That he who follows the word of Christ shall never be ashamed.

That while there was a secret foe among the friends of Jesus, there were secret friends among His foes: Bethpage, Jerusalem, Joseph, Nicodemus.

That the worst enemies of Christ are sometimes found among His friends.

The mighty evil one sinner can do.

That God makes the wrath—the passions of men to praise Him and work out His purposes.

That we should offer the prayer of Psalm 139: 23, 24.

That we should seek to be sprinkled with the blood of the true Paschal Lamb.

Main Lesson.—The downward course of sin; beware of giving way to one passion; covetousness made a traitor of Judas; destroyed Achan (Josh. 7: 21); Ahab (1 Kings 21: 2-16); Demas (2 Tim. 4: 10); Balaam (2 Pet. 2: 15).

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE STOLEN CUSTARD.

A TRUE INCIDENT

Sugar-toothed Dick
For dainties was sick,
So he slyly crept into the kitchen,
Snatched a cup from the pantry
And darted out quick,
Unnoticed by mother or Gretchen.

Whispered he, "There's no cake,
For to-morrow they bake,
But this custard looks rich and delicious,
How they'll scold at the rats,
Or the mice, or the cats,
For of me I don't think they're suspicious.

"They might have filled up
Such a mean little cup!
And, for want of a spoon, I must drink it,
But 'tis easy to pour,—
Hark! who's at the door?"
And the custard went down ere you'd think it.

With a shriek he sprang up,
To the floor dashed the cup,
Then he howled, tumbled, spluttered and blustered,
Till the terrible din
Brought the whole household in.—
Dick had swallowed a cupful of mustard!

—Our Little Ones.

READY FOR A FIGHT.

It is not necessary to cross the Atlantic in order to visit places that are foreign and strange to American travellers. How different is a Canadian city from one of our own! Halifax, in Nova Scotia, for example, amazes and amuses an American citizen, from the moment he gets a view of its magnificent harbour—one of the finest in the world. He sees for the first time in his life—unless he has travelled abroad—a city that is held on the tenure of conquest. It is a city fortified and garrisoned, and the fortifications are on a scale that recalls those of Gibraltar.

As soon as the visitor is fairly within view of the city, and while it is still five or six miles distant, he sees on a lofty height, commanding the approach to it, a mass of grass-covered earthworks, with great guns slanting down from deep embrasures. The harbour narrows as the city is neared, and very soon is seen, on another height, a stronger and newer fort, with guns of the best calibre, all aimed with a sly and covert menace at some imaginary foe. In front of the town nature has placed a small island, a green chunk of earth, of irregular shape, rising from the water a hundred feet or more; a cool and pleasant spot for a picnic. Man has converted it into an earthwork of almost Gibraltar strength. He has dug into it, undermined it, and placed in it as many great guns as he could point at the imaginary foe who covets the city, and is coming up the bay to capture it.

Halifax rises from the water's edge to near the summit of an eminence two hundred and fifty feet high. The summit itself is crowned by an extensive fortification, called the Citadel—green with grassy slopes—in which are set a great number of huge pieces of ordnance, slanting over the town toward the same phantom foe. Just above the city rides at anchor a mighty ironclad of eight thousand tons burden. She has a crew of seven hundred and fifty men. Her guns are few in number,

but of earthquake power, capable of hurling six hundred-pound balls at any power presuming to enter the harbour with uncivil intent. This monster is painted white, and is full of the best-natured fellows to be found afloat. Near her lie two other ironclads, smaller, but by no means small, each swarming with blue-clad men, not unwilling to exchange chaff with a passing boat.

On shore, what first greets the eye of a new-comer? A squad of red-coats going to relieve sentries. Their red coats are of the reddest red. Their summer helmets are of spotless white, and on the front of them glisten in letters of burnished gold the number of their regiment and the arms of England. If the object of those who designed this uniform was to give to it the most conspicuous character possible, that object has been accomplished. But that is no affair of ours. What we wish to remark is, that there are about three thousand of these red-coated gentlemen. Splendidly drilled and equipped, they pass the season at this agreeable summer resort, serenely awaiting the hostilities of the shadowy foe whose coming is so long delayed. It is evident that the British lion has a strong grip upon the beautiful capital of Nova Scotia. But the puzzle to an American is, Who wants to get it away from him, that he should take the trouble to hold it so extremely tight?

We could not but think of the words of John Bright: "If you want war, prepare for war; if you want peace, prepare for peace." England prepares for war, and her experience, like that of other warlike nations, gives significance to Mr. Bright's aphorism—she generally has war, whether she wants it or not.—*Youth's Companion.*

OLD RYE'S SPEECH.

I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drank,
To be threshed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing
When put through the mill—
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.
Make me up into loaves
And your children are fed,
But if into drink
I will starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant—
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.
Then remember the warning.
My strength I'll employ,
If eaten, to strengthen,
If drunk, to destroy.

A NOBLE LAD.

A poor boy, whose name no one knows, but we hope that it is in the Book of life, found three little children who, like himself, had been washed ashore from one of the many wrecks, wandering along the dreary coast in the driving sleet. They were crying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved.

The poor lad took them to a sheltered spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude, but soft bed; and then, taking off his own jacket to cover them, sat by them all the

night long, soothing their terror till they fell asleep.

In the morning, leaving them still asleep, he went in search of the parents, and to his great joy met them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead. He directed them where to find them, and then went on himself to find some place of shelter and refreshment.

But when the parents were returning with their recovered little ones, they found their brave preserver lying quite dead upon the snow, not far from where they parted from him.

The long exposure in his exhausted state was too much for his little strength, and having saved his little charges—a stranger to them as they to him—he lay down to die.

A sad story is this, and one that moves our hearts. How much more should our hearts be moved by the story of Him who freely gave His life that He might save us from eternal death!

THE THREE SIEVES.

"O, mamma!" cried little Blanche Philpot, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard! I did not think she could be so very naughty. One—"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Philpot, "before you continue, we will see if your story will pass three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" inquired Blanche.

"I will explain it. In the first place, *Is it true?*"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales on her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be true, *Is it kind?*"

"I did not mean to be unkind; but I am afraid I was. I would not like Edith to speak of me as I have of her."

"And, *Is it necessary?*"

"No; of course not, mamma; there is no need for me to mention it at all."

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If you cannot speak well, speak not at all."

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

A large boy in a school was so abusive to the younger ones, that the teacher took the vote of the school whether he should be expelled. All the small boys voted to expel him, except one, who was scarcely five years old. Yet he knew very well that the larger boy would probably continue to abuse him. "Why then did you vote to have him stay?" said the teacher. "Because, if he is expelled, perhaps he will not learn any more about God, and so he will be more wicked still." "Do you forgive him then?" said the teacher. "Yes," said he; "papa, and mamma, and you, all forgive me when I do wrong; God forgives me too; and I must do the same."

"THE hope of the righteous shall be gladness; but the expectation of the wicked shall perish. The way of the Lord is strength to the upright; but destruction shall be to the workers of iniquity."—*Prov. x. 28, 29.*

Words of the Wise.

'Tis not for us to trifle. Life is brief, And sin is here. Our Age is but the falling of a leaf, A dropping tear. We have no time to sport away the hours, All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Not many lives, but only one have we— One, only one.— How sacred should that one life ever be— That narrow span?

Day after day filled up with blessed toil; Hour after hour, still bringing in new spoil.

STAGNANT piety, like stagnant water, cannot be in a healthy state.

EVERY absurdity has a champion to defend it, for error is always talkative.—Goldsmith.

THERE is one art of which every man should be master, the art of reflection.—Coleridge.

THE best way in the world to seem to be anything is really to be what we would seem to be.—Tillotson.

TROUBLE and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.—Melancthon

CHRIST'S sheep have two marks—one on the ear and one on the foot: "They hear My voice, and they follow Me."

TRUST to Him our weakness, and we shall wake up After His likeness, and be satisfied.—William Herbert.

FRIENDSHIP closes its eyes rather than see the moon eclipsed; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.—Augustus Hare.

RELIGION finds the love of happiness and the principle of duty separated in us; and its mission—its masterpiece—is to reunite them.—Vinet.

RELIGIOUS principles inculcated in a child's heart are like gold-nails which time drives in fast, and no philosophical claw can completely draw out.

THERE are two classes of men in the clerical profession—there are men who sustain the pulpit, and men whom the pulpit sustains.—Dr. Austin Phelps.

THE first morality of every action is in the motive of him who performs it. If that be good, there is so much good in its performance, even though it is spoiled by many blemishes.

CHRISTIAN living and Christian character without Christ are impossibilities; with Christ they have been made a reality, before which the world has ever offered the homage of its adoration and respect.

HOMES are like harps, of which one is finely carved, and bright with gilding, but ill-tuned, and jarring the air with its discords, while another is old and plain and worn, but from its chords float strains that are a feast of music.

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

IN St. Peter are figured both the strong and the weak: the strong, in that he walked upon the water; the weak, in that he doubted. Dost thou love God? Thou walkest on the sea. Dost thou love the world? It swallows thee up.—St. Augustine.

THERE is dew in one flower and not in another, because one opens its cup and takes it in, while the other closes itself and the drop runs off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew; and if we lack them, it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

To write a newspaper article when every idea in the brain has taken flight, to make one's old Sunday suit over as good as new, these things make cowards of us all; and yet the obstacles we have to overcome in every-day life are generally, so larger nor more important than these.

A GERMAN minister, in speaking of the security of God's people and the precious promises of the Bible, said: "How often the words 'Fear not' occur in the sacred volume! I have counted up into the seventies, and I thought that was enough. I need not look for any more."

WHAT Dr. Cuyler says about feelings is as true as it is apt and beautiful: "For a few brief days the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruit, or else float away useless and idle upon the idle breeze. So will it be with present feelings. They must be deepened into decision or be entirely dissipated by delay."

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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- WHITBY—At Oshawa, on Tuesday, 17th October, at half-past ten o'clock a.m.
OTTAWA—The next regular quarterly meeting will be held in Knox Church, Ottawa, on Nov. 7th, at ten a.m.
TORONTO—In the usual place, on the first Tuesday of October, at eleven a.m.
LINDSAY—At Uxbridge, on the last Tuesday of November, at ten a.m.
SARNIA—In Sarnia, on the third Tuesday of December, at three p.m.
HURON—At Chinton, on Tuesday, Nov. 14th, at ten o'clock a.m.
GUELPH—Adjourned meeting in Chalmers Church, Guelph, Tuesday, 17th October, at ten o'clock in the forenoon. First ordinary meeting in the same place, and at the same hour, on the third Tuesday of November.
HAMILTON—A special meeting will be held at Kirkwall, on Tuesday, the 3rd of October, at eleven o'clock, for the ordination and induction of Mr. Carmichael. An adjourned meeting will be held at Port Dover, on Thursday, the 5th of October, at eleven o'clock a.m.

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HOME MISSION COMMITTEE, WESTERN DISTRICT.

The regular half-yearly meeting of the Home Mission Committee will be held in the lecture room of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on Monday, 10th October, at 2 o'clock p.m. Claims for the current year will then be passed, grants reviewed, and the report of the deputy to British Columbia laid before the meeting. It is earnestly requested that there be a full attendance of all the members. The claims for the current half year should be sent to the Convener or Secretary not later than the 3rd October.

WM. COCHRANE, Convener. Brantford, Sept. 15th, 1882

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