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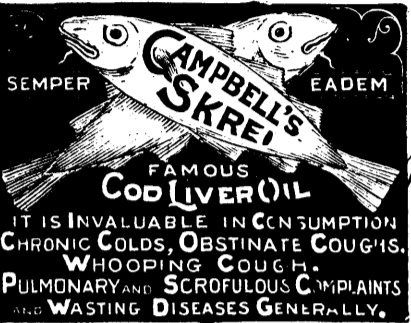
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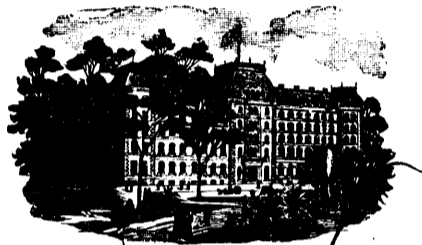
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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

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## INTERNATIONAL LESSON SCHEMES

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## Notes of the Week.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND says that when he was a student at Edinburgh University, the typical Christian was a man that decamped at the end of the session without paying his bills. The prayer-meeting was attended by about half a dozen, and every man in it was worse than another in dufferism. Now the Christians at the university were the cream.

DR. PARKER writes to the *Idler*: "I hate smoking. From end to end it is a nuisance. It ends in cancer, apoplexy, bad temper, bankruptcy and almost in hydrophobia. It is an invention of the devil. It is the pastime of perdition. No dog smokes. No bird pines for tobacco. No horse is a member of a pipe club. No intelligent person ever puts a cigar into his mouth. The whole idea of smoking must be condemned as atheistical, agnostical, and infinitely detestable. Smoking has been abandoned by all reputable persons, and left to ministers, editors, poets and other intellectual confectioners."

AT the recent conference in Edinburgh of working men to discuss non-churchgoing, Councillor Chalmers, who presided, advocated an annual tenure for the eldership, a proposal that was loudly applauded. In many Congregational churches a similar office is triennial; the old men are generally re-elected. An idea of some value, however, was broached by Rev. J. M. Sloan, of the Chalmers Memorial Free Church, Edinburgh, in his forenoon sermon recently. Should there not, he asked, be more young men in the eldership so as to give the young of the congregation the feeling of being represented?

THE Rev. Dr. Gray, of Liberton, who gave an address at the last General Assembly in Montreal, speaking at the annual meeting of the Edinburgh association of the Irish Society (whose income has greatly fallen off during the past year), said that whilst the chief danger in Scotland was Rationalism there was also danger through Romanism, a danger that fantastic attacks on Popery tended to hide. It was all the greater, too, because there was so little fear. There was some among them who desired the exaltation of the clergy in their priestly powers and privileges and their constant intervention in the spiritual sphere between the soul and God.

AT the Free Church congress, which met in Manchester recently, the members numbered between 300 and 400. Its constitution was personal, but nearly all the leading dissenting bodies were represented. Mr. Henry Lee presided at the opening meeting, and Rev. Dr. Mackennal, Congregationalist, was secretary. The latter, in summing up a discussion in which several speakers emphasized the fact of the existence of great underlying unity along with the superficial diversity, called for some practical steps to be taken to put down the competition by the several Free Churches in the villages, while so many labourers were needed in the great towns and in the foreign field. The exclusion from the proceedings of the subject of religious equality evoked some protest.

THIS is how the correspondent of the *British Weekly* sums up the Manchester Free Church Congress: From the point of view of numbers the Congress was not a success. It was not the intention originally to admit the public to the galleries, but less than four hundred took tickets and the floor of the hall was never full. In fact the

Congress did not "catch on." I have little doubt that the attitude of the committee towards the consideration of Disestablishment had much to do with this. I think it would have been scandalous if in face of recent utterances of Church of England dignitaries and meetings we had been quiet, and we should have been if the Congress had had its way. On the one hand, the Congress has not been a conspicuous failure. On the other it has been anything but a great success.

THE public meeting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, in connection with the Free Church Congress, writes a correspondent of the *British Weekly*, was very good. Dr. Monro Gibson's speech was very happy, and at the same time high toned. It was the most successful speech taken throughout. The chairman's speech was also excellent, and put pretty strongly his views on Disestablishment in Wales. Dr. Clifford's speech was good, but till towards the end not remarkable. But I was electrified by his words calling on Oliver Cromwell to awake. There was nothing like it in the whole Congress. The words themselves were not very remarkable, but the delivery of them was marvellous, and while the rest of his speech was not equal to Dr. Monro Gibson's, these words made it to me, at any rate, the speech of the evening. He and Dr. Maclaren impressed me most of all as men of genius. But I had to wait till near the end of Dr. Clifford's speech to discover his genius, while Dr. Maclaren's is visible in his face.

THE Rev. Dr. George Johnstone, Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod, who took the chair at one of the meetings of the Manchester Free Church Congress, remarked that there were many questions in our time on which Christ while on earth gave no express opinion, but He was with them now as He was in the councils of the apostolic church. In a paper read by Rev. Dr. Randles, of Didsbury college, it was contended that the organic union of all the churches was of less importance than that they should cherish towards one another the unity of faith, of love, and of the Spirit. As things were, the former would invoke either ruinous internal schism or the reduction of doctrine and worship to a minimum in order to find a common basis of outward union—a price far too big for the boon. Rev. James Travis, president of the Primitive Methodist conference, who presided at one of the sittings, expressed the hope that one practical outcome of the Congress would be to prevent the scandalous waste of energy arising from overlapping in thinly populated districts. Town problems was the subject of a paper by Mr. Percy Bunting, editor of the *Contemporary Review*, who advocated the parochial system, and declared it would be more thorough if the churches would only combine. Alas, he exclaimed, that there could be no combination with the Anglican church! In a discussion that followed this and other papers, general approval was expressed of the parochial system.

THE Rev. Dr. Herber Evans, chairman of the Congregational Union, opening a discussion in the Manchester Free Church Congress, on the rural districts, expressed regret that in spite of all the lecturing not a single denomination was ceasing to build chapels in places where they were not needed. For want of action the speechifying was becoming ludicrous. The rural people were wide awake now. The old idea that religion was simply a help to get to heaven was dead, even in the country. A resolution was passed expressive of the gratification that the discussions had made plain that substantial unity of religious conception existing in the Evangelical Free Churches, so that they could look to one another for aid in opposing sacerdotalism and for encouragement in the face of the ecclesiastical and territorial persecution of Nonconformists in many back parts of the country. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes read a paper on social morality, in which he declared that on the subject of gambling the guidance of the Established church was "darkness visible."

That vice, once aristocratic now democratic, had the same relation to stealing that duelling had to murder. The sinfulness did not consist in the amount of money at risk. Every gambler was a mean thief, who in the better days that were coming would be debarred from holding public office and from entering respectable society. The axe would be laid to the very root of the upas tree if it were law that the publishing of betting odds in a newspaper would subject the editor to a month's imprisonment. Mr. Hughes also alluded to impurity, and called for the exclusion from the House of Commons of notoriously immoral men.

WE announce with much pleasure, says the *British Weekly*, that Dr. Marshall Lang, of the Barony Church, Glasgow, has been appointed Moderator of the next General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Dr. Lang, who is Norman McLeod's successor, has had a very distinguished career as preacher and pastor. Firmly evangelical but catholic in spirit, attached to his own church and yet ever ready to recognize good work and to cultivate friendship in sister churches, a hard worker, an eloquent preacher, and a pleasing writer, Dr. Lang has attracted to himself in a quite exceptional way the good will and respect of his countrymen. This honour has been thoroughly earned, and we wish Dr. Lang much comfort and happiness in his year of office. It is no less matter of satisfaction that Dr. Walter Smith will fill the Moderator's chair at the Free Church Jubilee Assembly. No honour was ever more worthily bestowed. Dr. Smith's genius as a poet, widely recognized as it is, will, as a good critic has said, be recognized more fully when it is a memory and no more a possession. But his life-work has been done with quiet and splendid fidelity as a Free Church minister, and to the admiration never grudged him has been added a confidence as universal and warm. It is singularly fitting that the Moderatorship should mark for the Free Church the end of the transition period and the beginning of a new era.

AN English contemporary has this to say of a distinguished Scotch-Australian, who has just passed away: By the death of Sir James MacBain, the city of Melbourne—and indeed the colony of Victoria—has lost one of the soundest and wisest of her public men just when it would seem he was most needed. Sir James was an excellent representative of the best type of the Scottish colonist. He carried with him the strong religious convictions of his early training in Invergordon and Inverness; and his widening experience of life only confirmed his devotion to what he felt to be his duty as a Christian citizen. He was uniformly successful as a merchant, banker and politician, and, although not a brilliant speaker, he rose steadily to the highest position attained by a Member of Parliament, viz., President of the Legislative Council. Probably no man bore honours more modestly than Sir James MacBain. He remained open to the claims of all who called on him for counsel, sympathy or assistance, and no really worthy cause was suffered to be put aside by pressure of official duties. His work in connection with the Presbyterian Church of Victoria—on many of whose committees he faithfully served—was unceasing, while he kept up his constant personal interests in the Toorak congregation, of which he was a founder and the senior elder. His catholic spirit took delight in other ways of doing good also, and public institutions had his support, not only in money, but in his presence and advocacy on their platforms. As the representative of the Legislative Council he had to appear before many audiences of most varied types, and at all public celebrations; but Sir James was universally recognized as distinctively a Christian man, and consequently his words of caution and prudence (and sometimes of quiet rebuke) were respectfully received, and had an influence denied to many more eloquent speakers. The strain of long-maintained public service rendered so generously has doubtless shortened his earthly career.

## Our Contributors.

LET US PROVE IT EVERY DAY.

BY KNOXONIAN.

Naturally and very properly Presbyterians think their own Church on the whole the best ecclesiastical organization in the country. They would be lean, slim Presbyterians if they didn't. Intelligent Presbyterians—that is, the great majority of the body—know very well that their Church has some weak points, but they also know that all the other denominations have their weak points too. Any kind of an organization has some weak points, and must continue to have as long as organizations are composed of members of the Adam family. In fact the family itself has some rather weak points constitutionally. If we knew as much about some of the other denominations as we know about our own, perhaps our love of Presbyterianism would be increased rather than diminished.

Now, supposing the Presbyterian Church to be, in our opinion, on the whole the best, what is the right way for us to show our superiority, be it real or imaginary? There is no use in vociferating on platforms about our good points. The other denominations can vociferate too. The Methodists could always beat us in the vociferating business. Anyway, it is a poor business. It does more harm than good. It hurts even a poor tea-meeting, and anything that can hurt a poor tea-meeting must be pretty bad. People who belong to other denominations go home more or less rasped and say: "We went to the Presbyterian Church to have a good time, and heard nothing but Presbyterian, Presbyterian, Presbyterian all the way through." Taking a man's money and then needlessly rasping him is a mean way to treat him. If even the best kind of talk about Presbyterianism can do the Church any good, this should be the best year of our history. There was enough of denominational oratory in the Pan Council to have created a Presbyterian "boom" equal to the boom that struck Winnipeg ten years ago. When the returns come in at the next Assembly the good results will be shown, so far as such results can be shown by figures. Let us all hope the showing will be favourable.

As Presbyterians, we of course believe that our creed is Scriptural. What is the best way for the average man to prove that his creed is a good one? By wrangling about it on the street corners and in corner groceries? Not by any means. The best way to prove the superiority of our doctrines is by living pure, consecrated, self-denying lives. Every man will live as his creed, neither much better nor much worse. It is a great relief at times to know that some men who vociferously defend Calvinism don't know much about it. If they really understood and believed the doctrines the Armenian brother would get an awful hold on them by simply saying: Well, if your life is the natural product of your doctrine, the system cannot be a very good one. Of course the same thing might be said to some who defend the Armenian or any other system. All of which goes to show that a good life is the most telling argument in favour of good doctrine.

The right way to prove that our system of government is the best is to manage our church business better than the business of any other church is managed. There is no sort of sense in ringing the changes on "government by Sessions, Presbyteries, Synods and Assemblies," and then bungling our business. There is grim humour in hearing a speech on Presbyterian order—theoretically we are great people for order—and then going into a Presbytery or other church court when the members are wrestling with an exciting case. Parity of Presbyters is a fine phrase, but if you look for the thing in the General Assembly at times you may be tempted to conclude that the phrase is all there is left of it. If our system of church government is the best, the right way to prove its superiority is by governing the Church well.

There is not so much said now about our system of settling ministers as there used to be. The fact is, many of our best people are beginning to lose faith in it. To enlarge on its weak points and expose the wrongs to which it too often leads would be an easy, though perhaps useless, task. As a rule there is not much use in exposing evils without suggesting a practical remedy. No one seems to be able to suggest a remedy for the ills incident to settling ministers by call. In some of the churches of the United States they seem to have given the thing up in desperation. Liberty has degenerated into license. Congregations do as they please, and the clerical adventurers are in clover to the eyes. We may soon arrive at the same degree of perfection here. If our system is the right one, the only way we can show it is by making speedy and useful settlements.

From time immemorial we have said a good deal about our educated ministry. We think we have always "stood up" for theological education. So we have. Our fathers or grandfathers founded Queen's and Knox when wheat was not worth as much as it is even this winter. In proportion to the size of their little pile they paid more liberally for the support of colleges than we do now. Some of us can well remember the efforts made by a few struggling Presbyterians in the early days to give Knox a good start. One of the difficulties they had to contend against was a prevailing prejudice against college-made ministers. The denominations that ridiculed an educated ministry and tried to prevent the poor settler from contributing have since erected and equipped theological colleges themselves. The greatest difficulty, however, was grim

poverty. All that is over now, and the only way left to show our appreciation of the advantages of a good theological education is

TO PREACH WELL.

To boast about our record, in the matter of theological education, make high sounding speeches about our colleges, send in reports to the General Assembly fairly bristling with honours received by our students, and then preach weak sermons is simply to make a laughing-stock of ourselves before the Church and country. If we claim to be first in theological education, the right way to vindicate that claim is to be first in pulpit power.

We profess to be a missionary church, and so we are. Our Home Mission work is perhaps as well done, in proportion to the money given the Committee, as the Home Mission work of any church in the world. We are not on the "inside" in Foreign work, and have no special knowledge of the operations, but, judging from the number of missionaries sent out of late, and the general interest and activity, we should say our Foreign work compares favourably with the Foreign work of any church of our means, age and numbers. The right way, however, to prove that we are a missionary church is

TO DO MISSION WORK,

and do more and better work every year.

Are we a liberal church, and, if so, are we growing in liberality? These are questions not easily answered. Our annual total has increased to a little over two millions, but that proves nothing more than that the Presbyterian Church has thought well to pay two millions for charitable and religious purposes. The size of the "pile" from which the two millions came must be known before we can say anything definite about our liberality. A man's liberality is shown not by the amount he gives but by the amount left after he gives. The same rule holds good in regard to a church.

Moral—If the Presbyterian Church is a good one—shall we say the best one—let the people show it by their lives and work. If our colleges are good let the fact be made known by powerful Gospel preaching. If our system of government is the best, let the fact be seen by the best governing. If we are a missionary Church let our missionary work prove it. In short, let our works prove our superiority—if we have any to prove.

### MEMORIES OF A CANADIAN MANSE.

BY KIMO.

(Continued.)

He was joined in 1859 by his wife and little boy, then six months old, and was able to offer her, an Edinburgh lady, two or three rooms in a log house. But she too loved the Master, and brought to her husband's side brightness and peace. Always happy and contented, never a murmur escaped her. In 1862 the red brick manse and the frame church was built at — and life became more easy. To this home they brought their little boy and girl, the little boy about two years old and the writer a few months.

Dim, very dim, are the first memories of the dear old place. Quivering pictures of long steps to be wearily climbed when tired of play under the trees, of a great heavy door, which would not open, and of heavy thumps on it which would bring a kind face and a loving smile to open to the wee toddler. Memories of a gentle, tired mamma, and a busy papa, of romps and scampers of one great day being led proudly off to school, away down through the village and along the great street, up such a steep, steep hill, and into the awful place, the school-room. Desks arranged around the wall, behind which on benches sat the pupils, on one side the girls, on the other the boys. The subdued hum of the students as they rocked to and fro on the benches going over audibly their tasks, the great row standing in the dread presence of the teacher and being spoken to by him, above all, that teacher himself with his long shaggy beard, his bare feet, and his deep sepulchral voice; these for a while satisfied. But suddenly through the strangeness, over the hum of the voices, far stronger than the dread of the teacher, came the thought of the distance from, and the longing for mamma, and the quiet was broken by the bitter cry. "I want mamma." Efforts to comfort were unavailable, and still crying "mamma, mamma," weary steps were turned homeward.

Oh, mamma, mamma, how often since has that cry gone out into the silence which envelopes you, how often since has your name been called; but you slept on in your quiet green bed, all unheeding the throbbing, bursting, heart above. Oh! mother, mother, after all those years how sick the heart grows at the thought of the distance and silence between us.

Home was reached, but mamma was sick, too sick to see her lonely girlie. Then come vivid memories of a hot, close day in April, when the birds were singing and the buds springing, but the air was very still, when all the windows and doors were thrown open, and each one walked with light footstep and spoke with bated breath; of being carried to mamma, only to find her oh! how changed! her beautiful eyes so bright, her cheeks so rosy, but struggling so hard for breath. Then all was over and the voice was still, and we saw her again only as she lay so pure and white, but oh, so cold, in the long narrow bed. We carried her out through the quiet churchyard, and in God's acre laid her.

Memory whispers only of a silent mother, of strangers, of a black, black dress, of a new-made grave altogether ours, of

a home strangely still and empty, but the memory of others fills in the picture and tells of the loneliness of their pastor in that bitter hour, tells of him standing by that coffin in which was laid his heart, alone with his two little ones, of his tender care for the little lassie of four who questioned ceaselessly, "Will the judgment day come soon? I want to see mamma."

Long years after he once told how he learned in that hour to trust his Heavenly Father as he had never trusted before. On that day he had paid to a consulting doctor his last dollar and knew not where to look for more, as the congregation was "in arrears." He took this trouble, as all others, to his Master, and almost "as he was speaking" a messenger from the other station arrived with a sum sufficient. "Since then," he said, "I have never doubted Him, and He has never failed me."

Only those who knew him most intimately felt what a terrible blow had fallen upon him. His was a nature which loved quietly but intensely, and long, and his young wife by her nobleness and winsomeness had twined herself about his very being. He buried his love for her with her, and resolutely faced life alone.

The following Sabbath he preached in the village church close to the spot where his Marion slept. The strain however had been too great and his congregation kindly granting him leave of absence; the manse windows were boarded up, poor Fido, our dog, was sent away, and a visit was paid to the old land. Meantime his little one stayed with his parents, who had settled in the country.

After an absence of six months we all returned once more to the empty house. Home it became again, for into our desolation came an aunt, our father's maiden sister, one of God's hand-maidens, whose entire life was self-forgetfulness and care for others. What tender care she brought to the widowed heart and orphaned children, what ceaseless watchfulness and prudent management, what a fund of stories for the little ones and quiet fun for the father! The memory of her sly humour, and of the merry twinkle of her eye is now an antidote of sadness and worry. To us she was in very truth a mother, to him a sister. Ah, how have we repaid that care? As those gentle hands become feeble, as those busy feet falter, does her loving heart grow strong in the knowledge that two younger hearts are nobler and better for her long vigil? God alone knows how often that prayer goes up, "Bless her, oh Father, as Thou didst bless us in sending her."

With her as his helper, the pastor began again his work in the vineyard. The country was opening up and matters were much improved, making his labours less trying. But there was still much heavy night-work.

Often to cheer his lonely travelling hours, one or other of the little ones accompanied him. How well we remembered those long drives over rough roads to meetings held at night in the old farmhouses. We see the snowy floor of the kitchen; the glittering pans on the wall waxing and waning in the flickering light of the long tallow candles, the quiet creak of the rocker as the mother hushed the babe at her breast, forming a sweet accompaniment to the gentle tone of the pastor; the quaint old psalm tunes sung with many a trill and quaver, increasing the drowsy spell which is broken only by the benediction, "Now may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all, amen."

Then follow hearty handshakes and kindly queries for this one and that one while wraps are being adjusted, till the strong voice at the door announces, "all ready, Mr. —" and we are once more out in the darkness, jolting over the rough roads. The creaking of the springs becomes fainter and fainter, the firm step of the pony more and more distant, the kind work of encouragement to the wise, patient creature less distinct, then all is lost in sleep. Soon comes the awakening at home, when we are hurried off to bed, dimly realizing that it is almost eleven o'clock.

Again in the manse we sit by the cheery fire while the storm rages so wildly outside, listening, oh so eagerly, for "our bells," wondering if papa will ever come, rising as the wind howls and beats against the window to peer out at the awful storm and whisper the prayer, that "He who neither slumbers nor sleeps, will not suffer his foot to slide." Again we feel the awful sickness of heart as the hours pass and we hear no bells. We remember that his overcoat has grown light in service, that his cap and gloves are worn thin, and we fear—but hark! the bells. Then the joyful rush for the lantern; one throws wide the door, another stirs the fire, and warms anew the slippers which are already warm with waiting. Soon the snowy form appears, and while plaid and coat are removed, we hear of the storm, of the struggle of the gallant Brown through the heavy drifts, of places through which she could not break her way, of her wise and patient waiting while her master tramped a path for her, and how at last he reached the meeting place and found, notwithstanding the storm, a goodly number of earnest hearts waiting for the Master's words. Soon the storm and struggle were forgotten by that earnest heart, in his joy at being privileged to testify for his Lord and Master.

In a close, crowded room he spoke for over an hour, and then out into the storm again to battle his way home. This, too often, the preparation for a long night in the study, followed by a harder day.

Need we wonder that at the age of fifty-five he sank to rest with the banner he had borne so nobly and so well still

unfurled. Do you wonder that we feel that "in our hands he left the task by him begun?" God grant to us grace to carry that banner, to speed that task, till we too are called to rest.

But all his work was not toil, nor all drives cold and dark. His was such a loving heart, love for the Master so clear and constant, love for humanity so strong, that his greatest joy was in ministering to others. I would my pen could tell what he was to his people, what they were to him; for rarely now is found such loyalty and love between pastor and people. To them he was father, law-giver and judge; they were his children, loved with a father's love. Day after day his study was interrupted by some one in difficulty; at all seasons they came, with all troubles, and never was their case slighted. Often have I rapped at his study door with a message from a waiting one, and knowing the burden of work which oppressed him, rapped with fear, but never was I greeted with a frown; sometimes a heavy sigh indicated the disappointment, but nothing further.

Moment after moment, hour after hour of his precious time he has spent listening to the tale from a heart-broken father of his wayward child, or of a grief-stricken mother, listening so kindly and pointing so gently to the Comforter, that in drawing them, he himself drew nearer. He made their joys and sorrows his, and each time he laid one to rest, we felt that he suffered—that one more tie to earth was severed, a clearer view of heaven and his Master gained.

The children, "the lambs of my flock" were his special care, and how they loved him and gathered round him! In Sabbath school his entrance was hailed with delight. Teaching the infant class one day, the impression he made on the minds of the little ones was forcibly revealed. We were speaking of God and endeavouring to teach them something of His omniscience and omnipotence, and asked if they had ever seen Him. One little boy startled us by nodding his head energetically in answer to this question. Thinking he did not understand we tried to explain, but were met with the quiet but firm assurance, "I have seen God." We then asked when and where. At this the little three-year-old struggled to his feet on the seat, looked eagerly all round the school-room, and suddenly, as the pastor approached, called out "There, there is God, me see God."

We smile and feel a little shocked perhaps at the belief of the little prattler, when we should the rather bow before the wisdom, far beyond that of the sage, which discerns the Spirit of God veiled in flesh. Should we not rather sigh that so seldom is our God seen in us? Surely 'tis our privilege to come so close to our Lord that He may shine through us, not only to live that men may take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus, but so to abide in Him and with Him in us, that in us the world may see Him, and through us know Him. Is not this our duty as our privilege—to live Christ?

The love and esteem of those who knew him in public life is evident from the following extract from an article which appeared in a western paper at the time of his death.

... He was in every respect a man far above the ordinary. Gifted with natural talents of a very superior order, he cultivated these by earnest study, close observation and systematic habits of thought, to a degree attained by comparatively few men. In almost every department of thought, he kept perhaps as nearly abreast of the times as it is possible for any man in this progressive, thinking age to keep. As a consequence his sermons bore evidence of great depth and compass of knowledge, and of an insight into human nature that made his hearers feel as if he had actually entered into their experience and as if their motives were laid open before him. . . . In every respect—whether in regard to the long period of usefulness that might have been before him, the good he was capable of accomplishing, the knowledge he was capable of disseminating, the pleasure he was capable of affording, or the influence he was capable of wielding—his removal at an age when most people attain their greatest influence for good, cannot be regarded as other than a great public calamity."

(To be Continued.)

SKETCH OF DR. HOWIE'S LIFE.

In order to meet the expressed desire of many, we publish the following sketch of Dr. Howie's life. He was born in Shwire, a village north of Galilee, and 3,000 ft. above the Mediterranean. His ancestors are said to be children of the stock of Abraham, and embraced Christianity in the apostolic age. His parents Tannoos and Shebiat Howie, were born in and never went beyond the limits of the Promised Land, and were zealous adherents of the Greek Church. Like the rest of their communion they held that there is a great and essential difference between them and the Roman Catholic Church. His grandfather was a priest and his father a builder, both were intelligent and comparatively well educated men. They possessed a copy of the New Testament, but that was too rare and too expensively bound for ordinary use, but a copy of the British and Foreign Bible Society's Bibles came into his father's possession and he used it diligently, reading it now to himself and again to his neighbours who gathered about his fireside in the winter evenings. Ghosn Howie was going to the village school then and was able to read fairly well, and what he heard and read induced him to ask two important questions: Are the life,

sufferings and death of Christ enough to save the sinner? second, is it efficacious or lawful for man to approach Christ directly without creature mediation? There was no one at hand to give him a plain and satisfactory answer. At the age of twelve or thereabouts his parents strongly desired to send him to a high school or college, but the boy knew that this implied the study of French or English and in his ignorance he exaggerated the difficulty of acquiring these languages, and as a consequence refused to go to college, so his parents sent him to learn the building trade.

His father died in 1866, and shortly after, Ghosn met with a slight accident, an evil which in God's good providence was destined to issue in good.



DOCTOR HOWIE.

A stone at which he was working slipped and knocked his leg a little above the knee. He took no notice of it at the time, but two days later it began to swell and became very painful. Skilled physicians were not to be found in that neighbourhood, for except in case of accident the people seldom need a physician; their life is simple and their diet consists chiefly of fruit and vegetables and a good deal of barley or wheat bread. Excruciating pain and sleeplessness continued for over two months, and the thing seemed a mystery to the local unprofessional physicians, but at last one of them in despair, as it were, lanced it, whereupon it was at once seen that this was what should have been done five weeks before, for with the discharge the pain decreased and in a few weeks he began to take plenty of food and sleep. A year or more passed and the wound discharged still and it turned out that portions of the bone above the knee had been dead. It took fourteen months to extract these, after which the wound soon healed. But during the year or year and a half he was under treatment he had no pain and his health seemed good, nevertheless he was confined to the house and at the same time continued to study the Scriptures.

The Protestant Church was founded in Syria by missionaries from the west in the second quarter of this century, and Ghosn Howie was visited by members or adherents of this church, and light as it were shone out of darkness; and the questions which had been almost shelved, were brought up again and answered, that the life and death of Christ provide a complete atonement and secure free forgiveness for the sinner; and second, that our Lord Saviour Jesus Christ decidedly invites men to come to Him, directly and at once, and the Blessed Virgin, His mother, the apostles and all the illustrious saints never pointed sinners to themselves but ever urged them to flee to Him, and the apostle Peter voices the sentiment of them all when he said, "for there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12). From this time Ghosn Howie became inflamed with the desire to become a preacher of the Gospel in some way, although pulpit work, as we understand it in the west, did not occur to him as possible in his case; however, his dislike to the study of foreign languages having been overcome, he began to study with a view to becoming a teacher.

In 1874 he made his first journey abroad, through Egypt and Spain to Britain, but from 1877 to 1880 he taught school in Syria; and he testifies that God moves in a mysterious way, doeth all things well and even out of evil brings forth good.

In reply to the question frequently asked Dr. Howie: Why do you not speak in public about your conversion? he replies: "The story of my life lacks the essential elements which constitute an interesting discourse or book. I am unable to say that I have been disinherited or persecuted or despised for the sake of Christ. On my recent visit to my native place, almost the whole village came to salute me and prove themselves friendly. The priests praised me publicly and the local governor entertained me hospitably; and all this cannot be the result of a compromise which I made with them, because during my sojourn among them I preached publicly as pure a gospel as ever was preached in Edinburgh or Toronto, and I long for another and larger opportunity to do the same again. Let me add that in finding and following Christ I lost nothing and gained everything. I have better meals, better clothes, better friends and more of them than I probably would have had, unconverted, unsaved, and there is no reason why I should not make the 103rd Psalm my morning song.

The circumstances of Dr. Howie's loss of sight, college career in Edinburgh and emigration to Canada will be the subject of a later article.

Dr. Howie was received as a minister of this church in 1886, and served for nearly three years as a pastor of Knox Church, Brussels. Having resigned his charge he revisited Palestine, his native country, last year and preached the Gospel in many villages there, and he earnestly desires to return and labour as an auxiliary in one or other of the Presbyterian Missions there if any friends could be found to assist in providing for his support. More particulars would be furnished on application to this office or to Dr. Howie himself, 168 McPherson Ave., Toronto. The Toronto Globe, which sent a reporter to interview Dr. Howie last year, said: Mr. Howie is a scholarly and forcible preacher and lecturer and has done much to interest and instruct Canadians in the systems of education in the east, evangelical missions in Palestine, and the geography, customs and commerce of his native land. The honourable position which he occupies as a scholar, lecturer, preacher and teacher, is more honourable in view of the disability under which he has laboured and against which he has made his way.

ATHEISTIC CRITICISM.

MR. EDITOR.—In his article published in your issue of November 9, Rev. A. Ben-Oliel, of Jerusalem, with whom I had pleasant intercourse during my recent visit to Syria, says: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," and so the Higher Critics say "There is no inspiration, no supernatural intervention of God in human history."

Now, I belong to the conservative school and, when still a student in Scotland, I received three prizes, mainly for three essays in which I defended the Church view of the date and authorship of the Pentateuch. I am fairly well acquainted with the more important efforts to overthrow that view, and, like Mr. Ben-Oliel, I discover no reason to deviate from the Church teaching on the subject. Nevertheless, it occurs to me that the language quoted above is objectionable, and the statement incorrect or misleading, and yet Mr. Ben-Oliel is not to blame. The criticism he refers to ought to be called not higher but atheistic criticism. It is high time writers and preachers should make and agree upon a distinction between Renan and Wellhausen on the one hand, and Robertson Smith, Bruce, and even Briggs on the other.

There are Higher Critics who deny the Mosaic authorship, but not the inspiration of the Pentateuch; the dates but not the authorship of other Scriptures. Mere fairness then seems to demand some kind of distinction between the criticism to which Mr. Ben-Oliel no doubt refers, and the criticism which merely takes exception to the date of composition or human authorship of a sacred Scripture.

GHOSN-EL HOWIE (late of Syria).

November, 1892.

A WORKING CHURCH.

"A church of 100 workers is far more efficient for good than a church of 300 hundred, with 200 non-workers or sleeping partners. Every idle member creates a bad atmosphere which seems to generate other idlers, and encourages a wrong idea of the meaning of membership in a church. That keen observer, John Stuart Mill once said: 'That bad men need nothing more to compass their ends than that good men should look on and do nothing.'"

So said Rev. Herbert Evans, D.D., of Canarvon, from the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in the Horton Lane chapel, Bradford, in an address on "A Living Church." The truth of the statement will forcefully strike every one who has had any considerable experience in church life. What pastor would not rather have a living, active church of fifty members than a sleeping inactive church of five hundred members? We have churches from five hundred to fifteen hundred members, and we find that the larger churches are no more efficient than the smaller ones. The working force of a church of five hundred members is generally less than one hundred persons.

## Pastor and People.

### BE NOT WEARY.

Yes! He knows the way is dreary,  
Knows the weakness of our frame,  
Knows that hand and heart are weary;  
He, "in all points," felt the same.  
He is near to help and bless;  
Be not weary, onward press.

Look to Him who once was willing  
All His glory to resign,  
That, for Thee the law fulfilling,  
All His merit might be thine.  
Strive to follow day by day  
Where His footsteps mark the way.

Look to Him, the Lord of glory,  
Tasting death to win thy life;  
Gazing on that "wondrous story,"  
Canst thou falter in the strife:  
Is it not new life to know  
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

Look to Him whoever liveth,  
Interceding for His own:  
Seek, yea, claim the grace He giveth  
Freely from His priestly throne.  
Will He not thy strength renew  
With the Spirit's quickening dew?

Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,  
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn;  
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten:  
Rise! He calleth thee, return!  
Be not weary on thy way,  
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

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### THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

#### MUTAMIN.

On the third day Waniskawin was very faint and weak, so that he could not rise from his couch, but lay all day in the lodge with his eyes towards the open door. He thought he saw some one coming toward him out of the sky. It was a young man, tall and handsome, graceful in movement, and clad in rich garments in varied shades of green and yellow, while over his head nodded a plume of waving feathers. The young man soon stood before the door of the lodge, and in silvery accents accosted Waniskawin. "The Great Spirit, who made everything in heaven and earth and sea, who cares for all His creatures, has sent me to you," he said. "The Spirit sees and hears and knows all things, and He knows you and why you are fasting here. It is not because you want to be a successful hunter or a strong warrior, to get wealth or praise, but because you wish to do your people good. That is what the Great Spirit loves, so I am sent to show you how you may gain the desire of your heart. You must rise and wrestle with me." Waniskawin knew that he was very weak from fasting, but the heavenly messenger's words gave his heart courage. He rose, hardly knowing whether he was awake or sleeping, and, passing through the door of the lodge, stood before his visitor, determined to strive for victory, even should the struggle cost him his life. So the two wrestled long, until Waniskawin was almost exhausted. Then the gorgeously-clad stranger said: "It is enough for to-day; I will come again to try you." So saying, he smiled on his opponent and glided away back to the place where earth and heaven meet, and there he disappeared from view. The faster returned to his lodge and lay down once more to sleep.

At the same hour the next day the beautiful stranger came; and Waniskawin, though weaker in body, had grown more courageous and confident in soul. He wrestled with great determination, so that, weak as he was, his antagonist failed to throw him to the ground, and departed without having gained a victory. The following day he returned and the one after, and each time the fasting youth prevailed against him, yet not so as to bring him to his knees. On that sixth day of the fast, however, the heavenly visitant confessed that he had been worsted, and, begging Waniskawin to cease the contest, he entered the lodge with him for the first time. They sat down together, while he told the youth how he should act when victory was his. "You have wrestled like a great chief and a warrior," he said, "and you have won your heart's desire from the Master of Life. To-morrow is your last day, when your father will come to you with food that will make you strong. Then I know that you will conquer me. Let me tell you what to do when I am beaten. You must strip me of my beautiful garments and bury me in the ground, after you have cleaned it of roots and stones and weeds and made it soft. When this is done leave my body there, seeing that no man or beast of any kind disturbs it. Come again and again to see whether I have returned to life, as, if you follow my directions, I will surely do; and, as you love me, let no grass or weeds grow on my grave, but, once in every month, cover it with fresh earth, till I appear. Thus will you get the boon which you have craved, and your people will be happy." Waniskawin was grieved, and asked: "Is there no way to this but through the death of my best friend?" He answered: "There is no other way," and thus left him.

And now the seventh, the last fast day, came. The morning sun was high when Mistikoos came to see his son, with a

little food in his hand. The father begged him to take some, lest he should faint and perhaps lose his life. "You have fasted long enough," he said, "if the Great Spirit is going to answer you at all you must have His reply by this time to your prayer and fasting. Arise, my son, and eat." But Waniskawin replied: "Not so, my father. It is true that the Master of Life has heard me, but He has given me a battle to fight, and I must fast, in view of that struggle, until the sun goes down." Mistikoos was glad to hear that his son had received a message from the Great Spirit, and promised to come back at sunset with the food, though he wondered much how the lad was able to endure so severe a fast. "It must be a brave, pure, good heart," he thought, "that makes my boy so strong; there will be no such a warrior in all the tribe." So he went away and left Waniskawin alone with his thoughts and his hope of a final but a sad victory. The heavenly messenger had to die, and he, his friend who loved him, was to give him over to death and the grave.

The afternoon sun was sinking towards the western horizon on that balmy spring day, fragrant of atmosphere, with the many scents of opening buds and flowing sap that made them. It was a day of glad nature's resurrection, but Waniskawin was to make it a day of death. The heavenly messenger came; his garments drooped, his face was pale. But the Indian lad was pale and haggard, and so weak that he could hardly rise from his couch to meet him. As soon as they closed, however, his strength came, he knew not how; a strange, wonderful strength such as he had never felt before, so that nothing could stand before him. He looked on the man he loved and his heart was nigh relenting, till the thought came into his mind of blessings to his family, to all his race, that were to come out of this contest if he were brave and true. He wrestled like one trained long on nourishing food, and at last, catching his beloved antagonist up in his arms he threw him to the ground with a force that drove all the life out of the body of his heavenly friend. Then he sat down and wept as if his heart would break, wept because he, the conqueror, felt "Would that I had died for him."

Waniskawin believed the word spoken, that his friend would rise again. He stripped his body of its green and yellow garments, and cast his nodding plumes aside. Weak as he was, he dug the ground with his own hands, casting out roots and stones, making it soft, and tenderly lowering into it his victim's body, which he reverently covered with earth, placing stakes all around the grave, that no wild beast might enter through to scratch and burrow there. Now that his work was done he went home, to the great delight of his father and the family, there to partake of food and break his long fast. "What has the Great Spirit given you?" asked Mistikoos. And his son answered, "He has given me the dead that shall rise again:" whereat Mistikoos marvelled, but understood nothing. Whenever Waniskawin had an opportunity he visited his friend's grave. He weeded out the grass and kept the ground soft with his tears, and on one day each month he piled fresh earth upon it. So the spring passed into summer, and then the green plumes of the heavenly visitor rose out of the ground, which the lad kissed reverently, saying, "Welcome to life, my beloved." Thus the days and the weeks passed away, and the plumes shot up higher and higher, until the beautiful garments of him who was slain appeared in all that living glory close to the site of the lodge where Waniskawin had fasted and prayed.

The summer ripened into autumn. Mistikoos and his son had been hunting, but with no success, for the game had been driven away, and their arrows brought down no supply against the winter's needs. Waniskawin went away to the fasting lodge, and his father, in bitterness of spirit, said: "He has gone to ask the Master of Life why faith has not been kept with him." Waniskawin came back radiant. "Come, my father," he cried, "come and see what great things the Master has done for us." Mistikoos doubted, but followed him. They came to the place of the lodge, and there they beheld the stately plants, stout of stalk, clad in long, green robes, over which waved purple plumes, and here and there among the leaves were large golden clusters topped with thick, silken crests. "It is my friend!" cried the lad, "my friend who was dead and has come to life again for us, for all the children of the Great Spirit who sent him. We will call him by his new name, Manito-menis, the fruit of the Spirit."

So Waniskawin and his father, having thanked the Master of Life, stripped the cornstalks of many golden ears and carried them home. Mistikoos' wife and his other children were waiting anxiously for food, and deep was their grief when they saw no fat buck borne between the hunters, no string of hares or black squirrels, of ducks or grouse, or even of fish, yet the two carried something in their arms, something yellow and green in colour, and the good squaw said, "Alas! they have failed in the chase, and are bringing home pond lily roots," which Indians eat when they can get nothing better. But no, these were not pond lily roots which Mistikoos and his son laid reverently upon the floor of the lodge. Waniskawin stripped an ear of its outer coatings and cut away the silky crest, then he drew near to the fire in the centre of the lodge, and over its glowing embers he slowly browned the thick, clustering berries, so as to keep all the nourishing milk within the ear. He gave the browned ear to his mother, saying: "Eat it, for it is the gift of the Great Spirit; it is Manito-menis, and while it remains to us we shall never know starvation." Mistikoos also roasted some ears and fed the children, who rejoiced in the new-found food, and asked for more Mutamin, as they called the Manito-menis, whereupon father and son said together: "It is the children's food, let it bear the children's name." So, among many thousands of Algonquins, it bears to this day the name *mutamin*, but others call it *mandawmin*, a word that better shows the presence in it of Manito, the Spirit.

Before the snows of winter arrived the corn was all gathered in and stored away for use. It was too hard now to roast, but not too hard to pound into powder in a large stone mortar, and this powder was meal of which the daily bread was made. Some of the ears were saved until spring came round again. Then Mistikoos and Waniskawin prepared the former ground and added to it that on which the lodge had stood, and much beside. In this large piece of ground they planted the seeds of Mutamin, in sure faith that they would rise again. Carefully they tended the ground till the bright green blades appeared, and afterwards until at least the heavenly visitant appeared before their eyes multiplied an hundred-fold. Thus there was always food in plenty in the lodge of Mistikoos; and to him other Indians came, asking for food and for seed, that they also might share the benefit. Gladly he gave what he could spare from the abundant harvest. "It is the gift of the Great Spirit to all His children, the gift He bestowed in answer to the fasting and prayers of my son Waniskawin." So the Indians lifted up their eyes to heaven as they partook of the gift, saying Mutaminuk, by which they meant bread from heaven.

Starvation of the body is a very bad thing and hard to bear. It is very hard, for anyone who has a kind heart, to look upon others that are suffering from want of food. But the want of food will not starve the soul which God made to live for ever. Can the soul be starved? Yes, it can be so starved as to die forever. It must be fed as well as the body. What are souls fed with? Jesus said to Satan, when that tempter asked Him to show that He was the Son of God by commanding a stone to become bread, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." God has spoken many words, all of which we find in the Bible, words by patriarchs and scribes, by kings and prophets, but He who spake in time past to the fathers by the prophets has in these last days spoken unto us more excellently by His Son. Therefore the Lord Jesus Christ is called The Word, and He called Himself the Bread of Life, given for the life of the world.

The world was starving in soul, even while men's bodies were well nourished. Their souls were offered false gods by false teachers, and there was no nourishment in these false gods, nothing to make a soul healthy and strong. Gods like Baal and Moloch, that were worshipped by human sacrifices, could not make healthy souls, but the very opposite. The souls of young and old became faint with terror before these and other frightful beings, with whom they peopled the sky. Then these souls became red and inflamed with the love of cruelty and bloodshed and many more vile things, in loving which they imitated their false gods. Still there was no food found to strengthen them, so the souls died, having no hope and being without God. Many wise men and good in their way saw the dying all around, and, like Waniskawin, they fasted from earthly pleasures and prayed to God that He would send food to His children's perishing souls. Many of them did not know how it was that they were led to fast and pray, but it was the same great power in all their hearts, even the Holy Spirit saying within them Abba, Father! God heard the world's cry, for He so loved that world, sinful as it was, that there was nothing He would not do for it. God sent the world a gift.

He who bestows a gift does so according to his ability. Now God is very rich, rich in everything with unsearchable riches. We need to practise economy in many things, because our stock of everything is limited. God is so very, very rich that He can afford to let many things go to waste.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its fragrance on the desert air.

In many parts of our own Canada, where neither white man nor Indian dwells, millions of berries ripen on the bushes, only to fall to the ground and rot away, save the few that passing birds peck or a stray bear devours. Giving, then, is no hard task for God; there is bread enough and to spare in our Father's house. What will He give, what has He given out of His riches? He has given what no teacher of any god ever dreamt of, He has given Himself. I do not know how God feeds the souls of the angels, of the cherubim and the seraphim, but for our souls nothing less than God Himself will do. So that men might see the gift of God with their eyes, and hear Him and look upon and handle the Word of Life, He came among us in the person of His well-beloved Son. He has gone back to heaven, but we have His story and can read or have read to us the life of that holy Child who became the God Man.

What did He come to do? He came to say: "I am God; come to Me, my children, and find life for your souls." But He came for more than this. He came to die. It was no kind hand of a Waniskawin that stripped our Bread of Heaven of His humble robes, that slew Him who neither strove nor cried; by wicked hands He was crucified and slain. Yet all the world had part in that death, for the wickedness which nailed Him to the cross was but part of the wickedness of all the world that lieth in the wicked one. The Bread of Life was laid in the tomb, and His own disciples even did not expect to see Him rise again. If He had not risen there would have been but one Son of God, a mere memory, on the page of history. But when He rose again He was declared to be the Son of God with power, even God manifest in the flesh. Thus the grain of corn died to bring forth much fruit in all them that believe. What is the heavenly fruit that feeds our souls? It is what God is, God Himself; therefore it is light and life and love. God's light feeds the soul with heavenly wisdom, with the joy that cometh in the morning when darkness is gone; His life makes it strong to believe, to endure, to hope, to live above the world and beyond the world; and His love takes away the enfeebling fear that hath torment and all the fever of sin and selfishness, filling us with the peace of God that passeth understanding. So in Christ Jesus has our God given Himself for the life of the souls of men.

(To be Continued.)

#### HAVE YOU ASTHMA?

After trying every other remedy in vain, thousands have been cured by using Schiffmann's Asthma Cure. Trial package free of druggists or by mail. Address Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn. Mention this paper.

# Our Young Folks.

## STRETCH IT A LITTLE.

Trudging along the slippery street  
Two childish figures, with aching feet  
And hands benumbed by the biting cold,  
Were rudely jostled by young and old,  
Hurrying homeward at close of day,  
Over the city's broad highway.

Nobody noticed or seemed to care  
For the little ragged, shivering pair;  
Nobody saw how close they crept  
Into the warmth of each gas-jet  
Which flung abroad its mellow light  
From the gay shop-windows in the night.

"Come under my coat," said little Nell,  
As tears ran down Joe's cheeks and fell  
On her own thin fingers, stiff with cold;  
"It's not very big, but I guess 'twill hold  
Both you and me, if I only try  
To stretch it a little. So now don't cry."

The garment was small and tattered and thin,  
But Joe was lovingly folded in,  
Close to the heart of Nell, who knew  
That stretching the coat for the needs of two  
Would double the warmth and halve the pain  
Of the cutting wind and the icy rain.

"Stretch it a little," O, girls and boys,  
In homes o'erflowing with comforts and joys;  
See how far you can make them reach—  
Your helpful deeds and your loving speech,  
Your gifts of service and gifts of gold;  
Let them stretch to households manifold.

## BE A MAN.

What the world needs to-day is men who are noble in every sense of the word. These men do not appear upon the world's stage suddenly, but come up by and through their own exertions, to the highest pinnacle of nobility.

Young lads, do you realize that between twelve and sixteen years of age you are forming your character for life? The older you grow the more discretion you will have, and in a few of the minor points there may be a change, but in the main you will be the same. Those habits which you thought so trivial, perhaps you thought not of them at all, will have become so woven into your nature that you will find it an impossibility to break loose from them, and you will look regretfully back, wishing that you had taken more heed to your ways.

The first step is obedience—obedience in the little things as well as in the greater ones—obedience to those who have authority over you wherever that may be. Obedience to the youth is what the primary school is to the scholar—the foundation, the stepping-stones to future knowledge, usefulness and integrity.

The next rung in the ladder of life is: "Fear God and keep His commandments." Then when the evil days come, and trials and temptations press heavily, you will have sufficient strength to overcome temptation and the feelings with which you are oppressed because of heavy trials. Each victory will help you to gain some other.

Have an aim in life. Set up a standard and try to reach it by all possible means, providing they are legitimate. Have perseverance.

Do not throw up anything which you have begun, until you have given it at least a fair trial, and proven whether or no you are capable of mastering that which you have undertaken.

There is another important feature too often disregarded. Look not upon the wine cup, for in its sparkling depths lie ruin, perhaps death. "Let the face of father, of mother, of some loved one, come between your eyes and the rising cup."

Lay a good foundation, so that when you come to mature years you will be respected because of your integrity. Improve now the golden moments: shun those things that in the meddling with them will make you less a man. Be honest, true, kind-hearted, and though you may never win fame and the plaudits of the world, you will have what is better, an unsullied name.

## A FATHER'S LESSON.

"If more fathers would take a course with their sons, similar to the one my father took with me," observed one of the leading business men of Boston, "the boys might think it hard at the time, but they'd thank them in after life."

"What sort of a course?" we asked

"Well, I was a young fellow of twenty-two, just out of college; and I felt myself of considerable importance. I knew my father was well off, and my head was full of foolish notions of having a pleasant time and spending lots of money. Later on, I expected father to start me in business, after I'd 'swelled' around awhile at the clubs, and with fine horse-flesh.

"Like a wise man, father at once saw through my folly, and resolved to prevent my self-destruction, if possible.

"If the boy's got the right stuff in him, let him prove it." I heard father say to mother one day. "I worked hard for my money, and I don't intend to let Ned squander it, and ruin himself besides."

"That very day, father came along and handed me fifty dollars, remarking: 'Ned, take that money, spend it as you

choose, but understand this, it's the last dollar of my money you can have until you can prove yourself capable of earning money and taking care of it on your own account."

"I took the money in sort of dazed manner, and stammered out: 'I—why—I—I want to go into business.'

"Business!" exclaimed father contemptuously. "What do you know about managing the mercantile business? Get a clerkship and learn the alphabet before you talk to me of business." And father left me to ponder on his words. And that fifty dollars was the last money my father ever gave me, till at his death I received my part of the property.

"I became hard and bitter then, thought my father was a stingy old fog, and resolved to prove to him that I could live without his money. He had roused my pride—just what he intended, I suppose.

"For three days I looked about for a place to make lots of money. I found no such chance, and at length I accepted a clerkship in a large retail store at four hundred dollars a year.

"Another bit of father's 'stinginess' at this time, was demanding two dollars a week for my board through that first year.

"At the end of my first year, I had laid aside two hundred dollars, and the next year, my salary being raised a hundred, I had five hundred dollars laid by.

"One hundred cents meant more to me in those days than one hundred dollars had previously.

"At the end of four years' clerking I went to my father with fifteen hundred dollars of my own, and asked him if he was willing to help me enter business. Even then he would only let me hire the money, two thousand dollars, at six per cent. interest.

"To-day I am called a successful business man. And I have my father to thank for it. Those lessons in self-denial, self-respect, and independence, which he gave me, put the manhood into me.

"Years afterward, father told me it cost him the hardest struggle of his life to be so hard with his boy. But he felt it was the only course to make a man of me. Many a time we've laughed over that two dollar board-bill."

# Sabbath School Teacher.

## INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Dec. 18, 1892.

### REVIEW.

{ Acts of the Apostles ix.-xv.

**SAUL OF TARSUS CONVERTED.**—After the Martyrdom of Stephen, Saul of Tarsus was a more determined enemy of the Gospel of Jesus Christ than ever before. He engaged in active persecution and having received authority from the chief priests, set out for Damascus to persecute and imprison the disciples of Christ found in that city. He was arrested by the way. A light of unwonted brilliancy rested on him. A voice called his name, and he responded by asking "Who art Thou, Lord?" Then came the answer "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." He was told to continue his journey, and being struck with temporary blindness he was led into Damascus. There Ananias was divinely informed of his arrival and instructed to visit him. He told Saul that his sight was to be restored and that he was to be filled with the Holy Ghost. He was the guest of those whom he came to persecute, and began to preach Salvation thorough Jesus Christ.—Acts ix. 1-20.

**DORCAS RAISED TO LIFE.**—The Apostle Peter went toward the west coast on an evangelistic tour. He reached a small town named Lydda. There was a poor palsied man, Feacis by name, who had been helpless for eight years. Peter said to him "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." The man was instantly restored to health. The result was that many who heard of this marvellous cure "turned to the Lord." In the little town of Joppa on the sea-shore Dorcas, a kindly and benevolent woman, lived. She took ill and died. The Christians there heard that Peter was at Lydda and they sent for him to come to them immediately. Those who had been benefited by her kindness, crowded round Peter, showing the garments Dorcas had made for them. Then going into the upper chamber where the dead woman lay, the Apostle knelt and prayed, and calling her by her Hebrew name to arise she opened her eyes and sat up. Peter then presented her to her friends, and as a consequence many believed in the Lord. Peter, remained in Joppa for a time, staying with a tanner named Simon.—Acts ix. 32-43.

**PETER'S VISION.**—There was an officer in the Roman army named Cornelius, who had lost faith in the paganism of his native country. He was up to the measure of his light a worshipper of the true God. He was exemplary in his conduct and liberal in his gifts to the needy. While engaged in prayer a vision of an angel appeared to him, and intimated God's approval of the course he was pursuing, telling him at the same time to send to Joppa for Peter, and where he would be found. He sent two of his men to find Peter. While Cornelius' messengers approached the end of their journey Peter was being prepared for the special duty to which he was called. He had gone to the flat roof of the house to pray. Afterward he became hungry and fell into a trance. In this state he too saw a vision. Heaven seemed open, and as if it had been a great sheet knit at the corners, containing all manner of animals. There came a voice saying "Rise, Peter, kill and eat." Being a strict observer of the Jewish law, he did not wish to comply, by eating what that law pronounced unclean. The answer came that what God had cleansed was not to be called unclean. The vision was thrice repeated. While wondering what this vision could mean, the messengers from Cesarea had arrived. The Spirit told him of the men who were enquiring for him, and to go with them. This enabled Peter in some measure to understand the vision.—Acts x. 1-20.

**PETER AT CESAREA.**—When Peter reached the home of the Centurion he found a company assembled to meet him. Cornelius told Peter the circumstances that led up to sending for him, and announced the readiness of himself and his friends to receive God's message. The Apostle now perceived the meaning of the vision he had seen at Joppa and understood that the Gentiles were to be partakers with the Jews in Christ's salvation. He then preached Christ to the assembled company, and that through faith in Him was the remission of sins. The Holy Ghost descended on the hearers as formerly at Pentecost. The Jewish believers marvelled when they saw these new Gentile converts were similarly endowed. Peter then baptized them, receiving them into the membership of the Christian Church.—Acts x. 30-48.

**THE GOSPEL PREACHED AT ANTIOCH.**—The Christians who left Jerusalem to escape persecution were scattered far and wide; some were found in Phoenicia, a strip of territory lying along the shore of the Mediterranean, on the island of Cyprus, and in Cyrene, in Africa. These exiles preached Christ wherever they went; but for the most part confining their work to the Jews; some of those who

came from Cyprus and Cyrene spoke to the Greek-speaking Jews. These efforts in Christ's name were greatly blessed: many believed. When the mother Church at Jerusalem heard of what was taking place at Antioch they sent Barnabas to help in the good work going on there. Barnabas went to Tarsus and besought Paul to accompany him to Antioch, which he did. They continued there a whole year. Men with prophetic gifts from Jerusalem visited the Church at Antioch, and one of them named Agabus foretold that a famine was about to fall on the Roman Empire. The Christian people at Antioch resolved to contribute according to their ability for the relief of their brethren in Judea, and Paul and Barnabas were commissioned to carry their offerings to Jerusalem.—Acts xi. 19-30.

**PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.**—Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, a man who had no regard for religion, either Jewish or Christian, became a cruel persecutor of the disciples of Christ, James, the brother of the beloved disciple John, met with a martyr's death at his hand. This, he observed, was pleasing to the fanatical Jews, and increased his desire to proceed in his cruel work. Peter was apprehended during the time of the Passover, Herod intending to bring him forth to the people after the appointed days were ended. The members of the Church were fervent in their prayers for the imprisoned apostle. The night before being handed over to the tender mercies of his enemies God sent an angelic messenger to Peter's prison cell, who told him to arise, clothe himself and go forth. They walked to the heavy outer gate, which of its own accord opened at their approach. When Peter had regained his liberty the angel left him. He went to the house of Mary, the mother of the evangelist, John Mark. When he knocked at the gate, Rhoda, the servant maid, was so astonished and so overjoyed that she left Peter standing outside and went in to tell the people assembled there who had arrived. After Peter was admitted he told how he had been delivered, and then sought shelter elsewhere.—Acts xii. 1-17.

**THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.**—To the Christian Church at Antioch, in Syria, belongs the honour of sending forth the first missionaries to the heathen. Its members had prayed and fasted, and then the Holy Ghost said: "Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." In obedience, the Church held special services and sent them forth. They went down to Seleucia, on the sea-coast, whence they sailed to the island of Cyprus, landing at Salamis, on the eastern side of the island. There they began their work by preaching to the Jews in the synagogues. They were accompanied by the young man, John Mark. They went across the island to Paphos, where they met with the Roman proconsul, Sergius Paulus, who was desirous of hearing the Gospel. A cunning impostor named Elymas, who pretended to practise sorcery did all he could to turn the proconsul against the apostles. Paul rebuked with indignation the sorcerer, telling him that the Land of God was upon him and that for a season he would be deprived of his sight. The threatened calamity immediately befel the deluded impostor, and the effect was that the proconsul became a disciple of Christ.—Acts xiii. 1-13.

**THE FIRST MISSIONARY SERMON.**—Having left Cyprus, the apostles landed at Perga and proceeded inland to Antioch, in Pisidia, where they preached to the Jews in the synagogue. Paul's discourse covered the most important events in the religious history of the Jews, leading up to the advent of Christ. The truth concerning Him was presented; His crucifixion and resurrection. From the Old Testament quotations were made that clearly prove the Messiahship of Jesus, and that through Him there is the remission of sins. An earnest appeal was made to the hearers, many of whom believed. The apostles were requested to continue their ministrations there.—Acts xiii. 26-43.

**TURNING TO THE GENTILES.**—The people were deeply interested in the Gospel message the apostles had brought to them. The great mass of the citizens had assembled on the next Sabbath day. This general interest aroused the jealousy and hatred of the unconverted Jews. They were filled with rage and used violent language against the apostles and rudely contradicted them. Undaunted by the threatening attitude of the Jews, the apostles spoke their message boldly and declared that, as they had rejected the Gospel with its promise of eternal life, they had resolved to preach the glad tidings to the Gentiles, who rejoiced at this announcement, and many of them believed the Gospel. The Jews, determined in their opposition to the Gospel, used their influence with the devout women, and with the magistrates, were the means of driving the Lord's servants out of the city. Paul and Barnabas went southward to Iconium, where converts, both Jewish and Greek, were found. Here again the Jews raised opposition; and both Jews and Gentiles, encouraged by the magistrates, were the means of driving the missionaries out of the city. They went still farther south, preaching the Gospel in Lycaonia.

**WORK AMONG THE GENTILES.**—Having been driven from Iconium the apostles visited Lystra. Preaching in the market-place they saw a poor man who from his birth had been unable to walk. Paul, gazing on the cripple, recognized that he had faith to be healed. In Christ's name, he called the man to stand upright. He obeyed and was healed. The effect on the multitude of spectators was instantaneous. They shouted that "the gods had come down in the likeness of men." Paul they thought was Mercury, the god of eloquence, and Barnabas Jupiter, the king of gods and men, according to heathen mythology. The priest of Jupiter was prepared to offer sacrifices in their honour. This they energetically declined, embracing the opportunity of preaching God's truth to them to forsake idolatry. The Jews from the city already visited had followed the apostles to Lystra and managed to rouse the people of Lystra against them. In this the Jews succeeded and the multitude who were prepared to pay them divine honours now were ready to stone Paul and Barnabas to death. It was supposed that Paul was killed: but God protected him and he was able along with Barnabas to proceed to Derbe.—Acts xiv. 8-22.

**THE APOSTOLIC COUNCIL.**—The first keen difference of opinion in the Christian Church arose over the observance of Jewish rites. The Jews believed that the keeping of the ceremonial law in all its parts was necessary to salvation. The brethren at Antioch deputed Paul and Barnabas to Jerusalem to get a deliverance from the Church there on the subject that was occasioning much controversy and distress of mind. Peter, Paul and Barnabas declared what God had done,—how the work among the Gentiles had been signally blessed. The venerable Apostle James suggested the decision that was arrived at, to the effect that Gentile converts should shun every form of countenancing idolatry and immorality; there was no need for imposing the Mosaic ceremonies as binding upon them. This decision was conveyed to the Church at Antioch not only by the delegates, Paul and Barnabas, but also by others from Jerusalem appointed to accompany them. The decision was also sent officially in a letter to the brethren at Antioch.—Acts xv. 12-29

## REV. SYLVANUS LANE

Of the Cincinnati M. E. Conference, makes a good point when he says: "We have for years used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family of five, and find it fully equal to all that is claimed for it. Some people are greatly prejudiced against patent medicines, but how the patent can hurt a medicine and not a machine is a mystery of mysteries to me."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Liver Ills.



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## The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 7th, 1892.

THERE is a short and decisive way by which any man's loyalty may be tested. The good book says, "Fear God" and "Honour the King." The man who habitually disobeys and insults the King of heaven can never be loyal to an earthly sovereign. The man who cheers Queen Victoria and blasphemes King Jesus, has no loyalty that can be depended on in an emergency.

IT must be admitted that the American people stood the revolution which took place at the Presidential election in a manner that challenges the admiration of the civilized world. There was no drivel about the Democrats wrecking the country. The universal voice of the nation said,—"Let them have their turn and try their hand. This Republic is bound to go on and prosper no matter what party is in power." The typical American citizen has no idea his country is so infirm that it can be killed by a mere change of government.

THERE is no doubt that the feeling of unrest that at present exists in the country is partly caused by the never ending agitation about Separate Schools and other questions at issue between Catholics and Protestants. The other day we heard a most estimable gentleman—a man loyal to the core—say that one thing that would reconcile him to annexation would be that "they have no Separate Schools over there." People who want to live in peace weary of the constant bickering about Separate Schools, Romish aggression and kindred questions. It is by no means certain, however, that annexation would settle all these disturbing issues, and it is absolutely certain that it will put more on the list

OF all the absurd excuses given for lack of faith in the Christian religion, the existence of differences of opinion on theological questions is the most absurd. Men differ every day in opinion about matters of fact right under their eyes. One man tells you that Canada is in a highly prosperous condition—in fact, is one of the most prosperous countries in the world, while another assures you that we are making little or no progress—in fact, are barely holding our own. One tells you that Canadians are leaving the country in hundreds and that a million or more of them are in the States. Another declares with equal confidence that there is no exodus now, and that there never has been since the Grits went out of power, fourteen years ago. If people cannot agree about an exodus supposed to be going on now, is it any wonder they cannot agree on all the details of an exodus that took place in Egypt more than three thousand years ago.

THE most humiliating feature in the Briggs case is that the matter first to last has been a ministers' affair. The man who started the conflagration is an ordained minister of the God of peace, appointed by His Church to train students to preach the Gospel of peace. Most of those taking an active part on the other side, no doubt conscientiously, are ministers of the Gospel, who preach the Gospel of peace and are themselves supposed to be peacemakers. One cannot help wondering whether clerical disturbers ever stop and ask what Christian people are thinking and saying about them. There is just one kind of cleric more disreputable than the fighter who loves to turn the Church of God into a bear garden and that is the

clerical suckling, who, too cowardly to go to the front himself, claps his hands and shouts with delight at a safe distance, while the damage is being done.

THERE are some things about the Manitoba school agitation not easily understood. A Dominion Cabinet Minister was elected in Brandon the other day and so far as we know not a single question was asked him about remedial legislation. What makes the matter more mysterious is that the minister in question is a member of the committee at present dealing with the case. Had an English Cabinet Minister appeared before his constituents under similar circumstances the principal part of his speech would have been on the burning case at issue. A Scotch minister would have been "heckled" at the close of his speech until every Sandy in the crowd was satisfied. This Manitoba Minister, if we are correctly informed, merely told the people that for certain reasons of State he could not say anything on what many think the most important question now before the people of the Dominion. And his electors seemed satisfied! Are we to understand that the people of Manitoba consider it a more important matter to have a representative in the Cabinet than to have their school system protected. If that is the way they feel about the matter we fail to see why the people of Ontario should worry over the question.

WHY is Mr. Elgin Myers, Q.C., so frequently denounced as if he were the only annexationist in the Dominion? Mr. Myers has been punished—much too severely many think—and so far as we know he bore his punishment like a man. Why should other offenders be passed over in silence and his name dragged to the front as Mr. McCarthy dragged it at the Auditorium meeting the other night. Is it because Mr. Myers is a young lawyer just beginning practice in the city and may not have as many influential friends as other well known annexationists have? Or is it because he is a Presbyterian—a mere dissenter you know—or because he used to be a Liberal, or because he is supposed to be down? Why pass over Prof. Goldwin Smith, President of the Annexationist Association of Toronto? He is a prominent man and dines with vice-royalty. Why say nothing about Mr. Sol. White, M.P.P., the only avowed annexationist in the local legislature. Mr. White was considered good enough to preside at a dinner given to a Dominion Cabinet Minister in Windsor the other day. He should be a fair illustration of annexationist wickedness. Why pass over him? Mr. McCarthy should look for an illustration among his aristocratic set. He could find one without much trouble.

THE holding of the annual Union Conference by the English Nonconformists moves the *British Weekly* to say some rather vigorous things about conferences in general and the effect they have upon the ministers who make a business of attending them. Our contemporary says:—

The truth is, these conferences are being carried to excess, and are becoming a public nuisance. That this is the general opinion is shown significantly by the fact that notwithstanding Dr. McLaren's great popularity there were only thirty Baptists who thought it worth while to join. Of Calvinistic Methodists there was one besides Principal Edwards. The savage lust for talk among ministers—some ministers in particular—grows year by year. There is a Union in April—that takes one week—a month or two under Dr. Lunn in summer—another Union in October—a Free Church Congress in November—Dr. Lunn again somewhere about Christmas. A dreary waste stretches between that and April, very imperfectly filled by Sunday and week-day services, social meetings, recognition services, and the like. But there are consolations—very nice pickings in Scotland, Canada, Australia, America, and other places. In this way men spend their days in trains, reading newspapers, and their feverish evenings in public meetings, till recollection, serious study, patient meditation, become hateful to them. There is no surer way to demoralization and impotence.

All that is no doubt true of many conferences, but not true of all. We have attended conferences in the Synod of Toronto and Kingston that were marked by much spiritual power and from which every member went away feeling his spiritual nature quickened. "The savage lust for talk" which characterizes so many "Union" Conferences was conspicuous by its absence as the brethren communed in a friendly way about their work, their difficulties and their encouragements. That kind of a conference is, however, a very different thing from the "Union" arrangement, at which a lot of vain, ambitious men too often try to exhibit their points.

Of the speeches delivered at the conference in question, the *Weekly* says:—

So far as one can judge from newspapers, the speeches at the Congress—with a few exceptions—consisted of the most ordinary platitudes, some are so utterly devoid of form and matter that filling one's belly with the east wind is a healthy, agreeable, we will even say a lucrative occupation, compared with listening to such stuff.

Would that "such stuff" were confined to the British Isles. As Brother Murray of the *Witness* would say, the conference should be mended or ended.

THOUGHTFUL people across the line are beginning to do some serious thinking about Thanksgiving Day. The *Christian at Work* says:—

It is becoming more and more a serious question with the thinking part of the community how far such scenes as were enacted in this city last Thanksgiving Day in connection with the intercollegiate football contest ought to be tolerated in the interests of public morals, and especially the morals of young men. While it is no doubt true that the great majority of those who witnessed the game at Manhattan Field could not justly be charged with riotous excess, the number who did transcend the bounds of decency was sufficiently large to bring the whole affair dangerously near the line of open disrepute.

New York was not the only city that suffered on what is called Thanksgiving Day. In this city of Toronto and within a stone's throw of some of the leading churches a policeman was compelled to use his revolver with fatal effect in defence of his life. Several serious disturbances took place, and though the sham battle did not take place the attendance at many of the churches was not particularly encouraging. One New York pastor announced that as most of his congregation would be in attendance at the Yale-Princeton football game, there would be no thanksgiving service in his church. We are not quite so far gone as that in Canada, but the day may soon come when a Toronto pastor will have to announce that owing to a sham battle the congregation will not meet to thank God for His mercies. The sham will be so transparent by that time that perhaps the General Assembly may give the matter a little attention.

## LET RECREATION BE HEALTHFUL.

THE line of demarcation between the Church and the world is not a straight line; nor in all instances can it be made such. In the earliest days of the Christian Church the separation between it and a world lying in the wicked one was in one sense clear and manifest. Society was saturated throughout with heathenism and the principles of the first followers of Christ were utterly antagonistic to the paganism that dominated ordinary thought and life. It was not against laxity of principle that the early Christians had to strive, so much as the force of habits that had grown strong before conversion. "May a Christian attend the games of the circus and the amphitheatre," was not one of the questions that admitted of debate in Christian circles. Exhortations were frequently addressed to believers in apostolic days against conformity to the world. Though much has changed since those days there is not the less need for the same counsels to Christians that they should be unspotted from the world. In pointing to the triumphs of Christianity we may with truth contrast the moral and social condition of the modern nations that have adopted it, with the heathenism that preceded. True Christianity has a transforming power over all human life. In the words of its divine Founder, it makes all things new.

Present-day Christianity has its weakness as well as its strength. Many discern evidences of the spirit of the world growing within the Church, and wherever this occurs the spirit of Christianity as seen by its professors loses much of its power. It ceases in some respects to be an active as an elevating and purifying influence in society. Wherever it ceases to act, or only to act feebly, it is acted upon, to its own great injury. With too many of the professed adherents of modern Christianity there is but little effort made in order to shun conformity to the world? Excellent people have no difficulty whatever in adapting themselves to some of the meaningless social usages that have lingered on to the present century. In some quarters there may indeed be a tendency to the austere asceticism that found so ready acceptance in the earlier centuries of the Christian era, but such a tendency is far from general. It is very much the other way. Self-indulgence is everywhere discernible. We

may enjoy hearing a sermon in which self-denial is earnestly commended; we delight to see that rare but beautiful virtue depicted in some ideal hero or heroine in a novel or poem, but we fail to practise it. Has the essentially Christian virtue of self-denial a higher place assigned to it in the realm of art than it has in our individual or home-life?

No wonder then that when a preacher takes up the subject of popular amusements for the purpose of affording guidance to his people, an animated discussion is sure to follow. It has to be borne in mind that amusement and recreation are indispensably requisite for human happiness and well-being. It effects no good purpose for old people who have borne the heat and burden of life's day to frown upon the enjoyments of the young. They must remember that they have been young themselves. Nor on the other hand is it wise for young people to summarily dismiss from their minds the counsels tendered them by their elders on the subject of amusement. If there may sometimes be a disposition on the part of elderly people to over-interference with the pursuits of the young, there is certainly a disposition to resent with impatience and in some cases with an appearance of contempt the advice that experience is able to tender.

The modern evangelical pastor may not aspire to be a father confessor to his young people, even if he should desire, but he can help them very much, not by proscribing this and that form of recreation, but by presenting clearly the great purposes of life, and its responsibilities, the need of watchfulness over self and cultivation of a Christ-like spirit and conformity to His will. How incompatible with this are many forms of amusement which people look upon with a lenient eye. That there is need for earnest warning in these days few can doubt. If the lithographs that stare on people from dead walls and from shop windows in the crowded thoroughfares of towns and cities at all resemble the scanty costumes in which actors and actresses are arrayed on the stage, it is surely high time that the friends and well-wishers of youth, those who seek the well-being and safety of society, should lift their voices in emphatic protest against the demoralizing tendencies of such scenic representations. People may honestly differ as to the place and value of dramatic and lyric art, but when the stage gives itself up to the representation of frivolity and vice, and finds that to be its best paying department it is a sign that moral earnestness is beginning to lose its hold upon the communities where such representations are welcomed and encouraged.

### THE HIGHER CRITICISM ON TRIAL.

TWO important ecclesiastical trials in the Presbyterian Church in the United States are in progress. Necessarily they are attracting a large measure of attention. They are followed with a deep and abiding interest by many because of the consequences that may follow. So serious in the estimation of many are the possible results, that whatever may be the decisions reached, there may be secessions from a Church that only a few years ago reunited, and which cherished expectations of a still greater union with the brethren in the Southern Church. Whether a disruption of the Church is among the probabilities, it would be premature to predict. Whenever a crisis is impending it is no unusual thing for participants in debate to conjure up a possible secession, if the views they take are not adopted. They may feel that way and believe in the possibility of what they predict, but in most cases their fears have failed of realization. For momentary and rhetorical purposes a prophecy of secession may not be without its effect, still it is a line of argument that with all serious minded and thoughtful persons should be indulged in sparingly. All whose duty it is to take a leading part in the discussion of doctrinal questions, having an immediate personal bearing, ought to realize fully the responsibility resting upon them, and be guided only by the most conscientious motives. The paramount interest should be the maintenance of truth. The moment that expediency and respect of persons obtrude themselves the true judicial balance of mind is impaired, and the interests of impartial truth and justice are more or less jeopardized.

More recent trials of alleged heresy show a nearer approximation to the proper frame of mind in which they should be dealt with. Questions of this character necessarily receive a degree of public attention. People generally become interested; they form opinions, and not infrequently those least

informed express their judgments with a positiveness that better-informed persons would never think of expressing. Warm feeling for and against persons suspected and accused of holding unsound doctrinal views is sure to arise, and even presbyters, being but human, are susceptible of being influenced by the sentiments they hear so frequently expressed. The only safe as well as right attitude for them to take in all such cases is to trust in God and do the right.

The two trials on which attention is at present concentrated are those of Professor Charles A. Briggs, of Union Theological Seminary, New York, and Professor H. P. Smith, of Lane Seminary, Cincinnati. So far as they have yet advanced, these trials have been conducted in a proper and becoming spirit. Both prosecution and defence are eager to secure decisions in their favour, but up to the present time nothing unseemly has occurred, and a spirit of candour and fairness has been apparent. In both cases substantially the same questions are at stake. The aggressive attitude of the Higher Criticism has challenged the attention of orthodoxy and has led in both cases to the serious charge of teaching contrary to the doctrine of Scripture and the Standards of the Church. Much time has already been taken up both in the Presbyteries of New York and Cincinnati in disposing of preliminary and technical matters, and the real merits of the respective cases have not yet been reached. The accused professors state that they are anxious for speedy trial, yet they are fighting every inch of ground; they dispute every approach leading to the merits of the case. The amended charges in the case of Dr. Briggs have been attacked by him with a subtle ingenuity that the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer might envy. When the vital parts of the case are reached a forensic display of unusual ability may be expected. Before that stage is reached in the Briggs case considerable time may elapse, since he has appealed to the Synod of New York against several rulings of the Presbytery. While it is far from desirable that questions of such magnitude as are involved in this trial should be decided in a summary fashion, it is equally undesirable that they should be extended over a number of years before a final decision is reached. For the good of all concerned, for the good of the Church and in the interest of vital religion these cases should, with due care and deliberation, be finally terminated with the least possible delay.

From present appearances in the case of Professor Smith it is likely that a conclusion will be reached more speedily. The charges as formulated against him are as follows:

I. The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America charges the Rev. Henry Preserved Smith, D.D., a minister in said Church, and a member of the Presbytery of Cincinnati, with teaching (in two articles in the *New York Evangelist*, dated respectively March 10, 1892, and April 7, 1892), contrary to the regulations and practice of the Church founded on the Holy Scriptures, and set forth in the constitution of said Church, that a minister in said Church may abandon the essential features of the system of doctrine held by said Church, and which he received and adopted at his ordination, and rightfully retain his position as a minister in said Church.

The second charge Professor Smith is called upon to answer accuses him

With teaching in a pamphlet entitled "Biblical Scholarship and Inspiration" contrary to a fundamental doctrine of the Word of God and the Confession of Faith, that the Holy Spirit did not control the inspired writers in their composition of the Holy Scriptures as to make their utterances absolutely truthful, *i.e.*, free from error when interpreted in their natural and intended sense.

Based on this same pamphlet the third charge brought against Dr. Smith is thus framed:—

While alleging that the Holy Scriptures are inspired, and an infallible rule of faith and practice, with denying in fact their inspiration in the sense in which inspiration is attributed to the Holy Scriptures by the Holy Scriptures themselves, and by the confession of Faith.

To these charges Dr. Smith made specific objections and in the first the Presbytery refused to sustain his objections by a vote of forty-three to nineteen. The point was taken that on these objections to form neither Dr. Smith nor the members of the prosecuting committee should vote, so that when the specifications of the first charge came to be voted on the numbers were reduced, standing for the first specification twenty-five to sustain Dr. Smith's objections and thirty-seven against. On the motion to sustain the objections to the second specification twenty-three voted for, and thirty-five against. So great was the interest taken in the disposing of preliminaries it may be taken for granted that when the merits of the case are reached the interest will be deeper still, considering the momentous nature of the issues in suspense.

## Books and Magazines.

ST. NICHOLAS. (New York: The Century Co.)—The December number of this favourite magazine for young people is bright and joyous, as is fitting for the holiday season.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY. (Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.)—For attractiveness and adaptation to its readers this admirable monthly is unsurpassed. The matter and illustrations are all that could be desired.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.—(New York: Harper & Brothers.)—This weekly magazine more than sustains the high reputation it has long maintained. The varied instructive and entertaining communications that appear in its pages, together with many excellent illustrations make it a welcome visitor in multitudes of homes.

THE *Illustrated News of the World*, in addition to the regular contributions of eminent literateurs, gives finely-engraved pictures of current events, and portraits of the celebrities who are prominent in connection with them. A serial by a popular novelist is also a constant feature of this, the pioneer of illustrated journalism.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. (Boston: Littell & Co.)—For nearly half a century the *Living Age* has held a place in the front rank of American periodicals—coming week by week freighted with the most valuable literary products of foreign lands. It selects with rare judgment and discrimination the most masterly productions, scientific, biographical, historical, political; the best essays, reviews, criticisms, tales, poetry, in fact everything the intelligent reader most desires to obtain. To all who desire to keep abreast of the time this valuable weekly is indispensable.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE. (Toronto: William Briggs.)—The accomplished editor continues his description of "The City of the Sultan," a finely illustrated paper. It is followed by an equally well illustrated paper on "Paris the Beautiful" by Christopher Cross. Other papers that will prove attractive to readers are: "Alfred Tennyson" by Miss Mary S. Daniels, B.A.; "The Mutineers of the *Bounty*," "The First Hundred Years of Missions," by Rev. J. S. Ross, M.A.; and the "Less Known Poems of Tennyson," by the Editor. Others things of value and interest will be found in the number.

FROM Mr. N. T. Wilson, Toronto, representing the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, a neat and attractive little paper-covered pamphlet on "Our Heavenly Rest," by Margaret Stewart Hormel. It contains brief meditations on different aspects of the subject for every day in the week; also the well-known and much appreciated annual "The Westminster Question Book" for 1893; "First Steps for the Little Ones, or Primary Class Lessons," arranged by Mr. Israel P. Black; "Our Scholars for Christ," by the Rev. R. Ballantyne, M.A., an appeal to Sabbath School Teachers, Christian parents and workers among the young; and a neat form of certificate for use in the primary department.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—The number for this month is nearly all given up to Christmas literature and pictorial illustration. The frontispiece is an illustration suggested by H. C. Bunner's contribution, "A Crazy Wife's Ship." Papers that will find favour in the eyes of the general reader are: "A New Light on the Chinese," by Henry Burden McDowall; "Some Types of the Virgin," by Theodore Child; and "Lord Bateman, a Ballad, with five illustrations from drawings (hitherto unpublished) by William Makepeace Thackeray. Comment by Anne Thackeray Ritchie." The rest of the contents is made up of brilliant short stories and poems adapted to the Christmas season, and the usual departments that interest readers so much.

THE CENTURY. (New York: The Century Co.) The handsome cover of the December number is in itself an announcement that it has been designed for the holiday issue. The illustrations are suggestive of the season, some of them in its more sacred aspect, the frontispiece being a fine engraving of a Madonna and Child by Dagnan-Bouveret. "Picturesque New York," is a finely illustrated paper by Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer. The more solid contributions to the number are "Benefits Forgotten," by Wolcott Balestier; "Leaves from the Autobiography," by Tommaso Salvini; "Impressions of Browning and His Art," by Stopford A. Brooke; "The Problem of Poverty," in the present day series, by Washington Gladden; "To Gipsyland," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; "The Effect of Scientific Study on Religious Belief," by H. S. Williams; "The Gipsy Trail," by Rudyard Kipling; and "War Correspondence as a Fine Art," by Archibald Forbes. In addition to the regular serial there is an unusual number of excellent short stories by the most distinguished writers of the time. The poetical contributions, too, are numerous and most of them breathe the spirit of the season.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York: Funk and Wagnalls Co.; Toronto: 11 Richmond Street West.)—The December number brings to its close the twenty-fourth volume of the *Homiletic Review*. The review section contains valuable articles from well-known pens. William W. McLane, D.D., closes his short series of papers on the subject "An Historical Study of Hell." Bishop Warren has a timely discussion of the theme, "How Far Should Appeals to Fear of Future Retribution Enter into Preaching?" Professor Hunt, of Princeton, contributes an interesting though brief study on "The Ethical and the Etymological." "The Story of the Leyden Pastor," John Robinson, is told eloquently by William Elliot Griffis, D.D., The Rev. James M. Campbell has an admirable article on "Spirituality an Element in true Exegesis." Drs. Joseph T. Wright, Heinrich Buttner, Alexander Maclaren, James Carmichael, A. J. Lyman and others give an unusual value to the Sermonic Section by their contributions. Professor Cooper, of New Brunswick, writes forcibly in the Sociological Section of "The Relations of Anarchy to Civil Liberty." The Miscellaneous Section contains a very readable paper by Dr. D. S. Schaff on "Books and their Makers." In the department of "Living Issues" Rev. H. H. Emmett presents sympathetically "The Indian Question" from an Indian's standpoint. The Prospectus for the coming year gives promise that the *Review* will maintain the high standard attained in the past. It should be in the hands of all our clergy. No publication can compete with it in its helpfulness along the line of preparation for the pulpit.

## Choice Literature.

## GRANDFATHER'S FAITH.

BY JULIA A. MATHEWS.

As the boys entered the enclosure, a venerable old chancier, intent on protecting his domestic roost, dashed down from his perch upon a rafter, with a fierce outcry. Caspar rushed upon him instantly. It was by no means the first time that he had aided his comrades in their work by quickly strangling any contumacious father of a feathered family that might oppose such a forcible entry of his premises; but the present patriarch was not to be so easily vanquished. With swollen crest and outspread wings, he flew upon his assailant, screaming with rage, and beating Caspar's devoted head and face with his heavy pinions; while the dog bounded into the air again and again, vainly trying to unseat his antagonist from his perch upon his head, barking furiously with mingled pain and rage.

Just at this point in the proceedings, as the four boys rushed to the aid of their champion, the door was thrown open, and two young men sprung in upon the freebooters. There was a quick stampede for the door, and a short, sharp scuffle; but the farmers would have come off victorious in their attempt to seize the whole party if it had not been that Caspar, seeing his master in jeopardy, dashed his head madly against the door of the hen-house, dislodging his painful encumbrance, and, with a fierce growl, sprang upon the young man who had laid his hand upon his friend. The shock, perfectly unexpected, staggered the man for the instant; and in that instant the boy whom he had caught with his right hand (holding another meanwhile with his left), but whose face he had not yet seen, broke from him, and with a bound cleared the distance between himself and the open door, and, in another minute, was almost out of sight, flying down the road with the dog in hot pursuit.

But the farmer was not much less swift of foot, and, leaving his other victim to his brother, he gave chase with such good will, that when he reached the house of Dr. Mason, a full half-mile from his own home, he was quite sure that he had seen his prisoner vault in at one of the lower windows as he entered the gate.

There was a light shining softly through the library blinds, and the young man rang the door-bell with a peal which startled the doctor and his daughter as they sat together, he reading aloud to her as she bent over her embroidery.

"Some one for me, I suppose," said the doctor, rising. "Twelve o'clock!" with a glance at the time-piece on the mantel. "I did not know it was so late."

"Why, Harland, is this you?" he asked, as he opened the door. "No one ill at home, I hope."

"No, sir; no sir," stammered the man, very unwilling, now that the doctor's kind, sympathetic face confronted him, to tell his errand. "But—but—Is your grandson at home, sir?"

"At home, and in bed these two hours past. You don't want to see him at this time of night, do you?"

"Well, sir, I'm much afraid you're mistaken, sir. Unless I've made the biggest blunder of my life, Dr. Mason, I caught him in my hen-yard just now, and chased him all the way home here. He jumped in at yonder window."

The doctor's face had darkened more and more heavily as the man spoke.

"Come with me," he said, gravely, when Harland concluded; and leading the way, he took him upstairs to Charlie's room.

The light from the candle in his grandfather's hand fell on the boy's face as it lay on the pillow, flushed and warm, but apparently quiet in sleep. Dr. Mason glanced at his companion, then leaned over the bed and spoke.

"Charlie!"

The name was softly uttered, and only a slow, somewhat heavy breathing answered him.

"You must have been mistaken," he said, turning to the young farmer.

"I wish I had been, sir," replied the man sturdily, "but I don't think it."

"But he could not have fallen into so sound a sleep so soon after such an exciting race."

"No, sir," was the sententious answer.

The doctor's face flushed. He bent again over the supposed sleeper, and this time the boy's name rang out in a sharp, strong tone.

"Charlie!"

He sprang up at once, and glanced round him with a startled look, his elbow resting on the pillow, his brown eyes lifted to his grandfather's stern face.

"What's the matter?" he asked, quickly.

"This is the matter," replied Dr. Mason, drawing aside, and pointing to Harland.

"Somebody sick?" asked Charlie, with a look of vague wonder.

"No, young master, nobody ain't sick," replied Harland, "unless you're sick of running. But you needn't try to put me off the scent that way. You looked sound asleep, and no mistake; but I know that curly brown head of yours if I didn't see your face; and here's the very clothes you had on too," touching Charlie's garments which lay on a chair near the bed. "Now I don't want to be hard on anybody belonging to the doctor, but this thing has gone on long enough, and it's got to be stopped; we farmers can't afford it, no way."

Every vestige of colour had faded out of Dr. Mason's face, leaving it almost gray in its pallor; but Charlie's ruddy cheeks were as bright as ever, and he sat gazing into the man's face with a curious blending of amusement and annoyance in his expression.

"You don't seem to remember that I don't know what you and Grandpa were talking about before you wakened me," said he, with a little laugh. "And, anyway, Grandpa," he added, a vexed look crossing his forehead, "I can't imagine why our friend here should be brought into my room at this time of night. If you had had no objection, sir, I should very much have preferred to have been called down stairs if he wanted to see me. There is some sort of misunderstanding here, of course: but if there is anything more to be said about it, I would be glad if you would take our visitor downstairs, while I get up and dress myself. I will follow you in ten minutes."

Nothing more perfectly innocent and open than the boy's whole manner could be imagined. Harland himself was almost deceived by it. He stood looking in amazement at the speaker, very much inclined to doubt the evidence of his own senses. But Dr. Mason had been deceived before by that innocent manner, and he was not yet satisfied. Leaning down, until his white head almost touched the brown curls, he said earnestly,—

"Charlie, be honest and true with me. Look into my face, my boy, and tell me whether you have been on Harland's farm to-night. Whatever fault you have been guilty of, be true to yourself and to me, and tell me, on your honour, whether you have been there."

The handsome eyes looked straight into the bending, entreating face.

"I tell you, Grandpa, solemnly, that I have not been within a mile of Harland's farm since sunset."

"Thank God for that!" said Dr. Mason, and lifted up his face, and looked at the farmer.

"I think that there has been some error," said he kindly. "I am sorry that you have been wronged in this way again; but I cannot believe that my boy has had anything to do with it."

"I don't know how to believe that I'm mistaken, sir," replied Harland in a doubtful, uncertain tone. "I saw the young fellow go into that window downstairs as plain as I ever saw anything in my life. And as to these pants, I'd swear to them in any court of—"

Harland paused, and the doctor's heart stood still; for, as the man in his earnestness laid his hand upon the article in question, a faint "Peep, peep, peep," issued from the garment. In another moment his hand was plunged into the pocket, and drawn out again, holding a small chicken, drenched and half suffocated in the mass of crushed eggs with which the pocket was filled.

A farther examination brought forth more eggs, all broken in the boy's flight and hasty disrobing of himself, and a brood of twelve tiny chickens, just hatched, and every one dead.

But not one word of triumph or vengeance did the farmer utter. If he had been alone with the false young marauder, it is more than likely that he would have dealt him summary, and by no means light, punishment; for his little chickens were his soul's delight; and he was, besides enraged at the deceit which had been, with at least some measure of success, practised upon him. But the grey head bowed wearily upon the wrinkled hand, as the doctor stood with his elbow leant upon the mantel, his pale face looking steadfastly down upon the now guilty face on the pillow, held him silent.

And when Dr. Mason turned to him at last, saying, "If you would be kind enough to leave us until to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, I should be glad;" he went from the room with a low-spoken "Good night, sir," as gentle and as sad as if he had been leaving a house where death had cast its shadow.

Some time had passed since Harland had left the room, and still Dr. Mason stood leaning against the mantel, looking down at his grandson without speaking.

"Well, Charlie," he said at last, as if he had been waiting all this while in the hope that the boy might have something to say which might in some measure palliate his fault.

"Well, sir," said Charlie, relieved beyond expression by having the long silence broken, and speaking with an embarrassed laugh, "I'm afraid that small chicken has floored me pretty thoroughly."

Then he cried out with a great cry, as if the boy had struck him with a knife so sharp as to have cut to his very heart—

"Don't, don't! O Charlie, Charlie!" and turned away his face, and covered it with hands which trembled as Charlie had never seen them tremble before.

For a long while there was silence again between them; until, unable any longer to endure the sight of the bent figure and drooping head, the boy crept out of his bed, and, touching his grandfather's shoulder, said gently,—

"I'm sorry, grandpa; on my word, I am."

"On your word?" repeated Dr. Mason, without even turning towards him. "What is your word? Five years! Five long years of the deepest, strongest love of my old heart,—five long years of the most watchful care and training that I know how to give; and this is all that I have done! He can look me firmly in the face, and tell me an unblushing lie, and then laugh at its exposure!"

He seemed to be speaking to himself, in intense self-pity, rather than to his grandson, and after a little he turned and walked slowly from the room as if he had forgotten his presence.

Perhaps it was as well so. Perhaps no words of stern displeasure, no reproach or threat of punishment could have so humbled the boy, or have made his sin so hateful in his own eyes, as the sight of that usually erect, commanding figure, now crushed by shame and pain, and the broken tones of the deep, rich voice. When the door had closed upon his grandfather, he flung himself face downward on the bed, weeping and sobbing like a little child.

But Charles Stockton had wept and sobbed before. More than once in the five years since he had come to live in the shelter and the comfort of his grandfather's home, his affectionate heart had been touched by the grief with which his wrong-doing had darkened its brightness; but his sorrow had been only a wave which had broken in tears, and then rolled back; it had never reached the depths of his soul, and stirred into tumult the nobler impulses and powers which lay dormant there. Even now his paroxysm of repentance was not violent enough to last beyond a few moments; and long before his grandfather had even thought of going to his room, while he was still walking restlessly up and down the library floor, with his hands clasped behind his back, and his head drooped forward upon his breast, he had fallen fast asleep upon his tear-wet pillow.

Poor Charlie! No wonder that the doctor's brave heart trembled as he thought of his future; for the battle of life lay before him, and all his most trusty weapons were broken by misuse, or rusted by idleness and want of care.

(To be Continued.)

As a preventive of the Grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla has grown into a great favour. It fortifies the system and purifies the blood.

## "TEMPORARY INSANITY."

It is often said that no one would commit suicide if his mind were in a healthy condition. That may be said, however, of every other crime; yet overmastering jealousy is not held to excuse the murderer. In a very bad case that happened in a suburb of London a few years ago, where a son, an officer in the army, after a long and cruel persecution of his father, finally killed his father and then shot himself, the jury brought in a verdict of "Wilful Murder," and then one of "Temporary Insanity;" the parricide was buried in the same grave as his victim, with wreaths and crosses and "floral tributes," and all the rites of Holy Church. There is, indeed, no such thing as "temporary insanity" lasting ten minutes, unless all powerful passions are to be so described. And how does such temporary insanity differ from Satanic instigation? There is a mean between uncharitable harshness and the abnegation of all Gospel discipline. The clergy are the stewards of God's mysteries, and are bound to guard them and dispense them prudently. The great Church movement of this century was started by five letters from John Henry Newman to the *Record* on the revival of discipline as a note of the true Church. The movement has in some directions had marvellous success. In carrying out its first and best aim it has had, alas! no success at all.—*Church and Queen.*

## MISSIONARY WORLD.

## INDIA.

"The Brahmos have done a good work in their protests against the evils of caste, and in every public question of morals they are generally on the right side. But as their teaching on sin and atonement is much the same as the Unitarians', they have failed to impress on their followers any sense of the sinfulness of sin. They have never reached the poor and uneducated, and at the present time their influence is steadily decreasing.—*Church Missionary Intelligencer.*"

"The Northwest Provinces lie between the Punjab on the northwest and Bengal (or the Lower Provinces) on the southeast. Through the whole of their extent, from end to end, they are traversed by the two great sacred rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna. The Ganges, bursting in from the Himalayas on the plains at the peculiarly sacred place of Hurdwar (Haridwar, gate of Hari or Vishnu), holds the more northerly course, and flows past many large towns (Cawnpore among the number) to Allahabad, where the Jumna meets it, and the two great rivers flow in one stream past Benares into Bengal. The Jumna flows past the very sacred place of Muttra, past Agra and other large towns, and loses itself in the Ganges at Allahabad. The province is in an especial way the true home of the noble old Aryan race. Mr. Sherring, in his 'History of Protestant Missions in India,' speaking of the people of the Northwest Provinces, says: 'In place of the stunted, dark races of Bengal, of great vivacity, and of considerable keenness of intellect, you have a fine, stalwart people, tall, strong-limbed, often powerful, of noble presence, ready to fight, independent, of solid rather than sharp understanding. The Bengali is proud, but it is because he is subtle and quick-witted, and thinks he is capable of overreaching you. The Hindustani is proud, but it is because of his trust in his strong arm, because of his long pedigree, because of his well cultivated, manly habits.' He further says: 'Hinduism is in the fulness and maturity of its strength in these Upper Provinces, where it has acquired a strong compactness of an almost impenetrable character. Hence the greater difficulty of the progress of Christianity in the northwest than in Bengal, and, indeed, than elsewhere in India.' It was in these provinces that the chief scenes of the Mutiny of 1857 were enacted, and the names of many of its towns—Meerut, Cawnpore, Agra, etc.—are invested with a sad significance to many in this country to this day. The great masses of the rural population (the backbone, as they have properly been called, of the populations of India) have been, to a large extent, almost untouched.—*Church Missionary Intelligencer.*"

## SLAVERY BY CONTRACT.

The Australian papers have for a long while teemed with revelations about the contract labour slavery of the South Sea Islands, or what goes by the name of the "Kanaka-Labour Traffic." The Gilbert and some other islands are visited for the purpose of securing natives for Fiji, Australia and Guatemala, who sign a contract for five years' labour in the countries to which they are to be deported. Once there they are sold to planters for the term of years. It is doubtful if many of them understand our reckoning of time, and they are led to "sign" the contracts by deceit, and cruelly seized and constrained by little less than outright force, and the results, as in Guatemala, show great mortality among them; a small part only live out the five years, and fewer ever return to their homes. This traffic has carried off a third of the population of the New Hebrides; and the Queensland governors have received application from over 400 would-be agents to bring out these "black-birds."

It appears that a "tramp" steamer named *Montserrat* has been engaged in this business, carrying these victims to Guatemala, having just now landed some four hundred. It is in testimony that two years ago four hundred others were sold in Guatemala, of whom only one hundred and eighty now survive—the smallpox, malaria and other pestilences which seize these foreigners having carried off the rest. A few months ago the brig *Tahiti* was capsized with three hundred of these contract slaves aboard, all of whom perished.

The hope is expressed that as England has taken possession of the Gilbert Islands, this inveigling of men into peril and practical slavery may be stopped in that quarter, but as British sentiment has not been strongly enough against it in Australia and Fiji to stop the business at that end of the line, it is well not to be over confident about her course in the Gilbert group. An international compact is being sought to stop this whole nefarious business, and to bring these South Sea Islanders under the same protection from Christian—God save the mark—rum and firearms. Heaven speed the effort. Let the United States Government not take the back place in this humanitarianism, which for somewhat plausible reasons she did in the Brussels Treaty for the Congo. Let our people make the Government know that the humanitarianism of this country demands prompt action in the premises. The Pan Presbyterian Council at Toronto wisely appointed a deputation to go to Washington to urge action of the Government in this matter, and also to restrain the traffic in firearms and liquors with Western Pacific natives.

It is twenty years since Dr. Mackay, missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, began to labour in North Formosa. The result is in that part of the island at this day 2,605 baptized Christians, fifty native preachers, two ordained pastors, and many other workers.

From Tahiti and adjacent islands a band of not less than 160 evangelists have gone forth, carrying the message of salvation to other benighted tribes, and yet less than a century ago the ancestors of these evangelists were living in the grossest darkness and superstition.

It is estimated that the Presbyterian churches of the world have 4,093,000 members, of whom 1,709,000 are found in North America, 1,436,000 in Great Britain, and 753,000 on the Continent; and, therefore, the Presbyterian population, or adherents, cannot be much less than 20,000,000.

The North African Mission has opened work in Lower Egypt by sending there recently five missionaries, two of whom are males. In this part of the land there is a population of 4,500,000, mostly Mohammedans, and almost wholly without the Gospel. There are about forty towns with from 7,000 to 40,000 inhabitants, and five hundred towns with from 2,000 to 7,000 inhabitants.

There are said to be 3,000 spoken languages. The Bible has been translated into about 200 of them, but is accessible to fully two-thirds of the human race. The Mandarin Chinese affords communication to 200,000,000 souls: the English to 120,000,000; the Hindustani to 82,000,000; the German to 54,000,000; the Arabic to 50,000,000. The English-speaking people have translated most of the versions that now exist.

### A MONO MILLS MIRACLE.

A TALE THAT READS LIKE A NOVEL.

THE STORY OF GEORGE HEWITT HELPLESS FOR THIRTY YEARS—AT LAST FINDS RELIEF IN A SIMPLE WAY—THE STORY CORROBORATED BY RELIABLE WITNESSES.

Orangeville Post.

For several months, the *Post*, in common with many other journals of Ontario, has been publishing accounts of miraculous cures in various parts of Canada and the United States. We must confess, however, that we have paid little or no attention to these reported miracles, and probably our indifference would have continued to the end had it not been for a little incident that occurred in our office when Washburn's circus was in Orangeville a few weeks ago. Mr. Stewart Mason, a respectable young farmer of Albion township, called at our office on business on that occasion, and as he was leaving we happened to ask him—a course generally pursued by the newspaper man in search of news—if there was anything new in his vicinity. He replied that there was nothing very startling and followed this up by asking us if we had heard of the wonderful cure of a man named Hewitt at Mono Mills. We confessed ignorance, and then Mr. Mason said that from what he had heard it was undoubtedly another miraculous cure through the agency of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills. We had become so thoroughly imbued with the idea that the various details of miracles in other parts were only a new and catching fake in the booming of patent medicines that we must admit Mr. Mason's intimation of a genuine local cure at once excited our interest. We took a note of the name and quietly made up our mind to investigate the matter at our earliest convenience. We came to the conclusion that there must be something in it, for Mr. Mason, a respectable and reliable young farmer, would not for a moment be suspected of equivocating on a matter in which he had any interest, much less in one which did not concern him. A few days ago the *Post* despatched a representative to Mono Mills to make a full investigation of the alleged cure of George Hewitt. He first called on Mr. John Aldous, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, and after a few usual preliminaries asked if he knew a man named Hewitt, in the village. "Is that the old man that wasn't able to move a short time ago, and is now getting all right so fast?" queried Mr. Aldous. The reporter nodded assent, and in less time than it takes to tell it the quill-driver and the obliging Mr. Aldous were on their way to the neat and comfortable home of Mr. Samuel Benson, with whom it was learned Mr. Hewitt resided. The Benson home is in the eastern suburb of the village, and upon the reporter and Mr. Aldous calling, they were courteously received by the busy housewife, who was not too busy, however, to spare time to tell the *Post* all about her interesting boarder and his miraculous cure. Mr. Benson

was not at home, and the *Post* at once suspected that a gentleman between fifty and sixty years, who occupied a chair in a corner of the cosy room, was no other than the famous George Hewitt. The surmise proved correct. Mr. Hewitt shook hands with the scribe, remarking as he did so, "I could not have taken hold of your hand a few months ago." When the object of the visit was announced, Mr. Hewitt, who is an intelligent, well educated man, began to dilate in glowing terms on the wonderful change that had come over him. "Shall I tell you the whole story?" asked he of the reporter, and upon the latter intimating his desire to hear all, Mr. Hewitt gave him the following narrative.

#### MR. HEWITT'S WONDERFUL STORY.

"In old Ireland, thirty years ago, I was scaling a stone wall one day when I fell backward and had my spine injured so seriously that a short time later I became almost entirely disabled. The fatal effects of the fall were gradually but only too rapidly felt, and looking back on a stretch of time extending five years over a quarter of a century, there is little more in the prospect than a picture of pain and gloom and suffering. About twenty-eight years ago I came to Canada and am known around the country here for miles. Until twelve years ago I could sit on a chair when placed on it, and manage to move myself around a little. Then even that comfort was suddenly taken from me. One day I was unintentionally thrown off the chair, and the second fall may be said to have done all but end my life. There was not a ray of hope for me, not a sign of a break in the dark clouds. Ever since then my pitiable condition is known to every one in these parts. All power to use either arms or hands, legs or feet, completely left me. I could be propped upright in a chair, but something had to be put in front of me to keep me from falling forward. Usually a chair like this," and as Mr. Hewitt spoke he lifted and drew forward a chair which was near him, "was placed in front of me and on this I would rest my arms. Not only was all power left my limbs, but every feeling likewise. Why, you could run a needle right into my flesh and I would not know what you were doing unless I saw the act. A myriad of flies might light and revel on me, but I would be in happy ignorance of the fact. When I was laid in bed I could not get up or move unaided if I was given all creation. The only part of my system in which any strength seemed to remain, was my neck, but at last even my head fell forward on my breast, and I was indeed a pitiable sight. My voice, formerly as clear and ringing as it is to day, seemed to go like the strength and feeling from the rest of me, and sometimes I would scarcely be able to make myself understood. I know you hear me with incredulity, for you can scarcely believe that the helpless and hopeless invalid I have described is the man who now sits before you, cheery, vigorous and hopeful. On the legs, which a short time ago were helpless and seemed useless, I can now walk with a little assistance, being able last evening to go to my room with my arm on Mrs. Benson's shoulder. Why, man, a few months ago I could not do that on the promise of inheriting the kingdom of heaven." Here Mr. Hewitt stamped both feet on the floor with much vigour and enthusiasm. "In those days," he resumed, "if I ever wrote anything it was by placing the handle of the pen between my teeth and getting through with the work in that way. Don't ask me if I tried the best doctors. I spent a fortune, thousands of dollars, in trying to get cured. I consulted physician after physician, and paid some of them high fees for their services. They all failed, utterly and hopelessly failed, to give me the slightest relief. You can put that down in big black letters. Of course you have heard what has wrought this wonderful change in me. I read in the *Post* and other papers of the miraculous cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I never dreamed that there was even a glimmer of hope for me through the use of this much advertised remedy. Miracles might be worked on every side of me, but there was no chance for me. I was like the doomed leper, a hopeless outcast, a being whose sufferings and disabilities would end only with the period of earthly existence. One day I picked up a paper and read the Saratoga miracle, that case where Mr. Quant was so miraculously restored by the Pink Pills, and at once concluded to try the amazing cure on myself. There must be some chance for me, I thought, when a man who was as helpless as Mr. Quant got such relief. I had no money, but I sent for Mr. W. J. Mills, our popular and kind-hearted general merchant and postmaster, and he procured me a supply of the Pink Pills, and these I immediately commenced using with the joyful result I have described. My voice is fully restored, my head is upright once more, my chest (once so shrunk and hollow) is rapidly filling up, I am quickly securing the use of my legs and arms, and can feel the slightest touch on any part of me. Is there not a miracle here, indeed, and would I not be a base ingrate if I refused to sound the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? Even if I get no better than I am now I shall be forever grateful for what has been done for me. But I have great hope that the cure will go on until I am completely restored. I drove down to the village last twelfth of July. It was in April I commenced using the pills, and the friends who saw me could scarcely believe their eyes. It was like the appearance of a spectre or an apparition. "Oh, I tell you, sir," said the grateful man with enthusiasm, "it is my full intention to write a pamphlet on all that I have gone through, on all that has been done for me, and you may be sure that the chief prominence will be given to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a boon which cannot possibly be too widely known."

#### THE STORY CORROBORATED.

The reporter could scarcely believe that Mr. Hewitt's voice, now so silvery and resonant, was ever the squeaky, feeble and indistinct organ of speech he had indicated, and the scribe questioned Mrs. Benson on this point. She said that every word Mr. Hewitt had related was literally true, and on the question of the restoration of his voice she was corroborated by Mr. Aldous, and other respectable witnesses whom the reporter met in the village later in the day. Mr. Aldous said he was not surprised at the hesitancy of people about believing the wonderful cure. He did not think that he himself could credit it if he had not been an eye witness of the whole affair. He had known Mr. Hewitt for years, knew that his former utter helplessness was as he had described, and either he had to say it was not Mr. Hewitt who sat before him or to admit the miraculous escape. "These pills," said Mr. Aldous, "are certainly a wonderful remedy."

The reporter shook hands with Mrs. Benson and the cheerful Mr. Hewitt, and started forth into the street a doubting Thomas no longer, first promising to transmit to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Mr. Hewitt's lavish expressions of thanks for what their wonderful Pink Pills had done for him. "Here we are," thought the scribe, "in the cold and practical nineteenth century, but here's something right here in this village of Mono Mills mightily closely bordering on the miraculous all the same."

After leaving the Benson home the reporter sought out Postmaster Mills, whom he found equally eloquent in his praise of the wonderful Pink Pills. "They're certainly a great remedy," said he, "and anyone that doubts this has only to be told about George Hewitt's case. I suppose you have heard the whole story, and there's no use in my wearying you. The pills have undoubtedly worked the amazing change that is to be noticed in Mr. Hewitt's condition. It was I first sent for the pills for him, and I can testify to the striking change." The reporter further learned that the Pink Pills were kept for sale by Mr. Mills, and that the demand for them was large and increasing. The representative of the *Post* conversed with many other citizens of Mono Mills regarding Mr. Hewitt's case and found all agreed on the question of his former condition, his restoration and the remedy. Every one in and around the village, in fact, appeared to know all about the cure, and Pink Pills seem to be a household word in that section. On the *Post's* return to Orangeville Mr. Richard Allan, ex warden of Dufferin County, dropped into our office. The ex-warden resides about three miles from Mono Mills, and was asked if he had heard anything about what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for Mr. Hewitt. He had read all about the case, and was unhesitating in expressing the opinion that this was a striking instance of great results following the use of the pills. "I'm not much of a believer in wonderful cures I read about," said the ex-warden, "but I have known Hewitt for years, and this change in him is certainly astonishing." The *Post* was surprised to hear that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were extensively known in this section, but after the Hewitt narrative it was not surprised to hear of great beneficial results following the use of the great remedy. We are disposed to conclude from what some parties told us, that the base imitation business is already entered upon by unprincipled persons, and the public will do well to see that the Pink Pills they purchase have all the marks of genuineness advertised by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of whatever nature.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper, at fifty cents a box, or six bottles for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

#### A GRAND SCHOOL.

The Canadian Business College, of Hamilton, presents the best advantages for acquiring practical knowledge that this country affords. It has been established for thirty years and has to-day over a thousand graduates in business life. Those desiring particulars should send for the catalogue, to R. E. Gallagher, Principal, Hamilton, Ont.

WE would call your attention in another column to the well known clothing house, Oak Hall, King street east, opposite St. James Cathedral, which is the largest Clothing House in the city, and forms one of the many Stores of the Largest Clothing Corporation in the Dominion. Those desiring to purchase supplies for the winter should not fail to see them before placing orders.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. I consider it a remedy no house should be without. J. F. CUNNINGHAM. Cape Island.

THAT sting on my finger means "Bring home a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT."

THE poetical talent in the country has now a chance for earning substantial rewards. Esterbrook & Co., 26 John Street, New York, are offering \$1,000 in prizes for poems on their pens. Write for circulars.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. K. MacLennan, was inducted to the pastoral charge of Levis, Presbytery of Quebec, on the 22nd ult.

THE Rev. Dr. McDonald, Seaforth, has been laid up for two weeks with a severe attack of illness. His many friends, however, will be pleased to learn that he is recovering.

THE Rev. W. T. Herridge, one evening last week, threw open his house to the young men of the congregation, a goodly number of whom were present. The evening was pleasantly spent in songs and games.

THE "At Home" which was intended to be held on the 9th of this month in Knox College under the auspices of the Literary Society has been postponed until after Christmas owing to the serious illness of the wife of the steward.

THE Rev. Samuel Carruthers preached his closing sermon in the Waterloo Presbyterian Church Sunday week to crowded audiences. The church was preached vacant last Sabbath by the Rev. A. M. Hamilton of Winterbourne.

MR. R. S. McMICKING, having resigned the position of Superintendent of the Sunday School of St. Andrews, Victoria, B.C., after a faithful and efficient service of many years, was waited upon at his residence by the officers and teachers and presented with an easy chair and address.

At a meeting of the united congregations of the Fordwich and Gorrie Presbyterian Churches, held in the former place, a unanimous call was extended to Rev. James Cameron, at a salary of \$800 per annum. These congregations have been for over a year without a pastor and their selection was made with the greatest care and unanimity.

ST. ANDREWS CHURCH INSTITUTE, Ottawa, held its first public meeting last week, Rev. W. T. Herridge occupying the chair and Mr. W. D. Lebeaur delivering a lecture on Tennyson. At the close of the lecture Mr. Justice Patterson and Sir James Grant moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer.

THE Rev. Dr. Ghosh Howie, of Lebanon, addressed a large and deeply interested meeting in Lakehead on November 29, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. Revs. Messrs. McEwen, Bartlett, Grant and McDonald warmly commended Dr. Howie's fearless spirit in uttering disagreeable truths, and an enthusiastic vote of thanks was accorded to the Rev. Doctor.

THE Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of Division Street Church, Owen Sound, held a very delightful thanksgiving meeting on October 31. Although the night was very unfavourable there was a large number of ladies present. An interesting programme was carried out. Mrs. Somerville presided, and an inspiring address was given by Mrs. Hamilton, of Keady. Thank-offering amounted to \$65.

THE Rev. F. D. Millar, Yarmouth, N.S., Convener, states that the Assembly's Committee on Systematic Benevolence has sent out to all the Clerks of Presbyteries blank returns sufficient for the congregations within their bounds. Also blanks for the use of Presbyteries, so that the summary of congregational returns may be uniform. If any Clerk of Presbytery has failed to receive the blanks forwarded, duplicates can be secured by addressing Mr. Millar.

THE annual meeting of the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Blyth, was held on Thanksgiving Day. The reports submitted were very satisfactory. The Communion roll shows a net increase in the membership, and the contributions by Sabbath collections, pew rents and envelopes were in the aggregate higher than any previous year. The total contributions exceed \$2,000, of which between five and six hundred dollars are for missions. This is one of the most prosperous congregations in the county of Huron.

THE Rev. John Neil, B.A., presided at a service of praise held in the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Bloor Street East, last week. The service consisted of organ and vocal solos, two anthems, and a trio "Protect us Through the Coming Night," which was sung with much taste and effect by Miss Florence M. Glover, Miss Edith J. Miller, and Mr. Alex. M. Gorrrie. The anthem "The Radiant Morn," sung by the choir, was also much appreciated, and Miss Glover sang Torrington's "Abide With Me" in an exceedingly artistic manner. The other artists were: Miss Minnie Bauld, Miss Agnes Forbes, Mr. Francis T. Chambers, and Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, all of whom deserve high praise. The service was much enjoyed by the many who were present.

A DEPUTATION from the Toronto Presbytery, consisting of Rev. G. M. Milligan, Rev. J. Wait, of Laskay, and Mr. John Carlyle, held a conference on a recent afternoon with the elders and trustees of Westminster church as to the spiritual and financial condition of the congregation. They found everything in a very satisfactory state, and a general conversation took place on matters relating to church government. In the evening the deputation addressed a meeting of the congregation, in the course of their remarks congratulating the members on the harmony and prosperity that prevailed. These visits are being made to all the congregations within the bounds of the Presbytery.

THE pulpit of the Central Presbyterian Church was occupied on Sabbath morning week by Rev. J. A. Morrison, B.A., a young minister who graduated with distinction in the Montreal Presbyterian College, after which he took a post-graduate course in Edinburgh, and has now returned to Canada with a view to settlement. From the words "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ" he preached a most eloquent sermon, in which the Gospel was magnified as the power to regenerate humanity. Its conflict with and victory over the great religious systems of the world proved its superiority to all of them, not only because of its divine origin and character, but because of its adaptability to human

needs, and its glorious purposes. There was a large congregation, and great attention was given to the young and eloquent preacher.

MRS. STRAITH JAMIESON, who spent eight years in China, as a missionary with her late husband, addressed a large meeting in St. Andrews church, Markham, on Thursday evening, November 23, under the auspices of the W. F. M. S. Miss Thynne, President of the Society, occupied the chair. Mrs. Jamieson's address upon, what she saw and heard in Formosa, China, was extremely interesting and instructive. She held the large audience spell-bound for considerably over an hour, and she would have been listened to attentively for another hour. She made a deep impression by her intense earnestness and clear and forcible descriptions. Mrs. Jamieson is doing a great work in a quiet and modest way, and should receive encouragement from all who can give it.

At the Sunday afternoon Gospel meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, of Pittsburg, spoke on "The Manifold Worth of the Sabbath." He drew the distinction between Sabbath and Sunday, pointing out that the former meant "rest," while the latter had more of a secular meaning. No matter what the name, however, the day should always be remembered and honoured as "The Lord's Day." Sabbath labour, he said, was slavery underscored, and Sabbath breaking was to attack the higher right to life and health, rights of conscience and the rights of God. The discourse was listened to attentively by a large audience, and the singing of Master Eddie Reburn was a pleasing feature of the service. Dr. Crafts preached able discourses at both the morning and the evening services of St. James Square Presbyterian Church.

THE annual thanksgiving meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of St. Andrews Church, Lindsay, was held in the school-room of the church recently. All the ladies of the church as well as the members, were invited, and as a consequence the school-room was almost filled. The collection, which amounted to \$63, was entirely voluntary. Each person had been provided with an envelope and asked to contribute what they wished as a thanksgiving offering, enclosing a text of scripture which expressed their own particular cause for thanksgiving to God during the past year. The President, Mrs. McLennan, presided and was assisted in the devotional exercises by Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Hamilton. After the reading of reports by the secretary and treasurer, the texts, which had been enclosed in the envelopes, were read by Mrs. H. McLean and Miss McLennan. A motion was carried that the election of officers for the year '93 be held for this year in the month of December instead of January as formerly, for this reason—the annual meeting of the Lindsay Presbyterian Society will be held in Lindsay in February and it was thought advisable to leave the January meeting free to transact business in connection with it. Mrs. Hamilton, in a few well-chosen words, expressed the regret of the society at the death of Mrs. Samuel Smyth, who was a faithful member of the society since it was first organized. Mrs. Burling then dedicated the thanksgiving collection to God in prayer. Miss McSweyn and Mrs. M. McLean sang a sacred duet in a very pleasing manner, after which two essays were read, one by Mrs. T. Stewart on "Thanksgiving," pointing out causes for thanksgiving and acceptable methods of rendering it; and the other by Miss Florence Fair on "India," pointing out the pressing needs of India. Thanksgiving stories were read by Mrs. McAlpine and Mrs. J. H. Paterson, after which a recitation was given by Miss M. Gordon, which brought this very successful meeting to a close.

KILSYTH correspondence in the Owen Sound Advertiser says: The induction of the Rev. G. C. McNabb into the Kilsyth Presbyterian Church was made the occasion of a very pleasant gathering. On Tuesday afternoon at 2.30 the church was packed to its utmost capacity, and such good order prevailed one could hear a pin drop. The meeting was opened by singing the 125th Psalm, Miss Smith, of Tara, presiding at the organ. An excellent sermon was then preached by Rev. Mr. McKittrick, of Annapolis, from the words "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation," which not only reached the ears but also touched the hearts of many people. After singing again Dr. Waits, of Owen Sound, addressed Mr. McNabb in presence of the congregation, impressing upon him the great importance of the work upon which he was now entering. Rev. J. Hamilton, of Keady, then gave some excellent advice to the congregation on their duties to their pastor, after which he conducted Mr. McNabb to the door and introduced him to the people. All then repaired to the manse, where the ladies, always remembered for their hospitality, had a bountiful supper spread for all. After partaking of refreshment the people returned to the church, where an excellent programme was carried out. The Tara choir gave some fine selections, which were well rendered. Particularly worthy of mention was a quartette sung by four gentlemen, "Speed Away;" also a piece by the choir, "Throw out the life-line." Interspersed with the songs were short speeches from Rev. Mr. McKittrick, Rev. Dr. Waits and Moderator Hamilton. Mr. Maclean took the hearts of all with his well-timed remarks and the rendering of "Alone in the Twilight." Last but not least we listened to a splendid address from the Rev. Mr. McNabb, the newly-inducted minister, who more than ratified the favourable impression he had already made. May his work be prosperous and his mission a labour of love.

ABOUT two years ago Principal MacVicar conducted the opening services of the new church at Avonmore, within the bounds of Geogary Presbytery. On the 27th ult. he preached anniversary sermons to the same flock. The occasion was one of the deepest interest and warmest enthusiasm on the part of the people. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity at the Sunday services and on Monday night. Dr. MacVicar spent Monday in pastoral visitations along with Mr. Brownell, a de-

vout and godly elder, and drove some ten or twelve miles for this purpose. At night he spoke for over an hour on the position and work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, including the part she takes in secular and religious journalism through the enterprise of her members, and in founding and developing colleges, especially theological seminaries. In this connection he referred to the growth and influence for good of the institution over which he presides, and declared emphatically that what the Church needs most is a large number of godly, strong and thoroughly-trained men to occupy her pulpits and mission fields. He passed in rapid review the Mormons, Home, French, and Foreign Mission work in which the Church is engaged, and called for more earnest prayer and for greater liberality in support of it all. Mr. N. A. MacLeod, B.A., student of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, acted as chairman of the meeting. He was missionary at Avonmore last summer and his services were greatly appreciated by the people. Brief addresses were delivered by the Revs. MacKenzie, of Roxboro, and McLeod, South Finch. In proof of the Christian harmony which prevails in the neighbourhood, it may be stated that members of all the leading Protestant denominations and of the Roman Catholic were present at the Sunday and Monday meetings. The Rev. Mr. Garvin, of the Methodist church, assisted on Sunday night. This was as it should be. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell in unity." There was no tea drinking or sale of bazaar articles at exorbitant prices, but the people, with the utmost unanimity, subscribed about \$1,000 to their church debt—thus almost extinguishing it. It is hardly necessary to add that the energy and liberality of the Avonmore congregation are highly commendable.

THE annual thank-offering meeting of Toronto Auxiliary Canadian McAll Association, was held on Thursday, December 1, in the library of the Y. M. C. A. In the absence of the president, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mrs. J. L. Brodie, one of the vice-presidents, occupied the chair. Treasurer's report showed a balance of \$287 on hand, the thank-offering amounted to \$30.25 and the subscription of \$10 was given in, but we have not done as well as last year. Miss M. Falby read a letter from Dr. McAll, dated from London, where Mrs. McAll and he will reside a part of each year to seek new workers and new subscribers to fill the places of those called away by death and otherwise, to maintain the old, and if possible arouse fresh interest in the work in France. Mrs. Wilson, Neemuch, Central India, then gave a most interesting address, in which she said that "every missionary is interested in all mission work." It had been said that Paris lays down laws for the world in fashion and other more weighty matters. Mrs. Wilson did not agree with this, but said, "its influence is certainly far-reaching; if France were Christianized it would have a most beneficial effect on our French-speaking countrymen." In speaking of the "women of India," we were told that those of high caste are kept in zenanas, the common people have to go about their work; the children are as free as little English girls until they are married, but this takes place when they are very young and they are then taken to live with the husband's family. Infanticide is now forbidden, but girl babies are not welcome, because they must be married and it takes a great deal to purchase a husband. It is absolutely necessary for a son to perform a certain religious rite after the father's death or he will remain in the Hindoo hell. Some Hindoo reformers talk about having their wives educated so as to be their companions, as they see the English wives are. One woman told that her husband had taught her all he knew himself, but this was an exceptional case. The little wives of India have very sad lives. A widow with sons receives a good deal of respect in some places. In Bengal the widow's head is shaved, her jewellery taken from her and she is forbidden to marry. The cruel manner in which they are treated



ON TRIAL. That's a good way to buy a medicine, but it's a pretty hard condition under which to sell it. Perhaps you've noticed that the ordinary, bit or miss medicine doesn't attempt it.

The only remedy of its kind so remarkable in its effects that it can be sold on this plan is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As a blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder, there's nothing like it known to medical science. In every disease where the fault is in the liver or the blood, as Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, and the most stubborn Skin, Scalp, and Scrofulous affections, it is guaranteed in every case to benefit or cure, or you have your money back.

To every sufferer from Catarrh, no matter how bad the case or of how long standing, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't cure it, perfectly and permanently, we'll pay you \$500 in cash." Sold by all druggists.

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It reaches various forms of Dyspepsia that no other medicine seems to touch, assisting the weakened stomach, and making the process of digestion natural and easy.

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Depression and Debility.

None Need Suffer.



Household duties are so many fold, the women up far too much, prevent open air recreation. Thus the internal functions become paralyzed health and joy have fled. But to all who imbibe freely and often of nature's life-giving

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pleasure and strength will return. Unspeaking. Never knew it to fail. Never, never, never.

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British and Foreign.

FRANZ AUGUST STOCKER, of Bale, the Swiss author, has died aged 60.

LADY JEUNE says that the Duke of Westminster gives away \$300,000 a year.

THE Old Kirk of Arbroath was destroyed by fire on a recent Sunday morning.

THE Countess of Aberdeen is to open a bazaar in Aberdeen to raise \$15,000 for aggressive temperance work.

THE Rev. A. Irvine Robertson, of Clackmannan, conducted divine service in Balmoral on Sabbath week.

THE Rev. Donald MacLean, senior minister of Carnish Church, North Uist, died at Dunbar recently.

THE Rev. Dr. Lynd conducted special services in Ballygoney Church. The collections wiped out the debt.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND's new Christmas booklet will be entitled "The City Without a Church."

A NEW gaol, finished at Glen Innes, N. S. W., six years ago, at a cost of \$60,000, has never had an inmate.

DR. STALKER's "Life of Christ" has been translated into Japanese, and his "Life of St. Paul" into Spanish.

THE Marquis d'Hervey de Saint-Denis, the well-known Chinese scholar, has died in Paris in his seventieth year.

DUNDER Presbytery have resolved to memorialize the school board in favour of a continuance of temperance teaching.

THE Rev. William Ballantyne, of the North U. P. Church, Langholm, has resigned his charge owing to ill-health.

COLLEGE SQUARE CHURCH, Belfast, gave a welcome to the pastor, Rev. A. Cuthbert, on his return from the Pan-Presbyterian Council.

THE Bishop and Dean of Wakefield hold mass meetings in the circus on Sunday evenings, at which the address is illustrated by a magic lantern.

THE Rev. Dr. Blair, of St. Johns, Edinburgh, preached in St. Georges the annual sermon of the Young Men's Guild. The male-voice choir of the guild led the praise.

THE several meetings in celebration of the centenary of Bridgend U. P. Church, Dumbarton, were brought to a close with a service of praise by the musical association.

THE Lord Lieutenant has been pleased to reappoint Rev. Robert M'Cheyne Edgar, Moderator of the General Assembly, to be one of the Commissioners of Education in Ireland.

THE friends at Gardenmore, Larne, have presented Rev. James and Mrs. McGranham with a solid silver tea service and a gold bracelet on the occasion of their removal to Belfast.

KILSYTH Church, which has been closed for six months for alterations and repairs, has been reopened by Rev. Dr. Elder Cumming.

DR. KOHN, the son of a Jewish pedlar, has been elected Archbishop of Olmutz. This is an incursion on an aristocratic preserve, for the income of the bishopric is said to be \$200,000 a year.

THE Rev. Daniel M'Neill, of Holm, Kirkwall, has received the degree of M.D. from Glasgow University. Orkney Presbytery, at a recent meeting, warmly congratulated Dr. M'Neill on obtaining this honour.

THE Rev. William Davidson, LL.D., of Bourtie, is delivering the Burnett lectures in Marischal college, Aberdeen, the subject of the series being "Theism, as grounded in Human Nature, Historically and Critically Handled."

TAIN Free Church Presbytery recommended Rev. Alexander Lee, of Nairn, for the Superintendency of the Home Missions and Highland Committee work. At next meeting Rev. Mr. M'Callum is to move an overture asking the Assembly to repeal the Declaratory Act.

AMONG legacies to religious and benevolent institutions, amounting to \$16,500, left by Miss Helen Macfarlane, of Paisley, is one of \$2,500 to the Church's schemes, another of \$2,500 to the Session of Paisley High Church, and a third of \$1,500 to the National Bible Society.

THE Rev. Alexander Fraser Russell, M.A., senior minister of Kilmodan and South Hall Church, in the Synod of Argyll, died recently at the age of seventy-eight in Edinburgh, where he had been living retired for some time. The present Lord Provost of Edinburgh is his son.

THE Rev. Robert Jeffrey, deputed by the Standing Committee of the Irish Assembly Board of Missions, proceeded to Peniche, where he identified the body of Mrs. Beatty, and saw it reverently interred. The search is being continued round the coast for the body of Dr. Mary McGeorge.

STOMACH ACHE.—We all know what it is; we acquired a perfect knowledge of the "Pet" in our youth, after a raid on things we were expressly forbidden to touch. Our mother gave us Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER then, and, strange to say, no other remedy has been discovered to this day to equal it. Old popular price, 25c. for Big New Bottle.

STRONG AND PROSPEROUS.

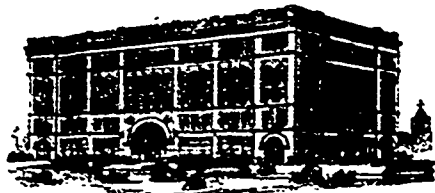
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Household Hints.

CHRISTMAS CAKES.

From Harper's Bazar.

MANY rich cakes improve with time, and it has always been the custom with the best Southern housekeepers to make their Christmas cakes several weeks in advance of the holidays. The following recipes are among the best used:

CHRISTMAS PLUM CAKE.—Cream one pound of butter and one pound of sugar together; add the beaten yolks of eighteen eggs, one gill of molasses, one pound of sifted flour, one table-spoonful of coarse flour, and altogether for five minutes. Add three pounds of seeded raisins, one pound of dried currants, half a pound each of almonds and sliced citron, well floured, two ounces of grated cocoanut, one table-spoonful each of ground allspices, mace, and cloves, and two grated nutmegs; lastly, add the beaten whites of the eggs. Mix well, pour in one large tin, two smaller cake moulds, and bake in a moderate oven for six hours; ornament when cold with fancy sugar-plums and a wreath of holly.

CHRISTMAS BLACK CAKE.—Cream three pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of butter together; beat in three pounds of flour; beat twenty-eight eggs separately, and add, with five pounds of seeded raisins, four pounds of dried currants, one pound of sliced citron, one ounce each of cinnamon and nutmeg, half an ounce of mace, cloves, and all-spice. Mix and beat well. Turn into a very large cake mould and bake for six hours. This cake will keep for years.

CHRISTMAS FRUIT CAKE (a creole recipe).—Take a pound of butter, a pound of powdered sugar, fifteen eggs, a pound of sifted flour, a pound and a-half of raisins, half a pound of currants, half a pound of citron, half a pound each of candied cherries, orange and lemon peel, one grated nutmeg, half a table-spoonful each of cinnamon and mace, a tea-spoonful each of ground cloves and ginger, and the juice of two lemons. Seed the raisins; wash and dry the currants; slice the citron, orange, and lemon peel thin; beat the butter to a cream; add the sugar; beat the eggs until very light, and add them to the butter and sugar, then gradually sift in the flour. Mix all the fruit together and pour over it. Mix the spices in the batter; add the fruit; mix thoroughly; add the lemon juice, and beat again. Line a large cake pan with greased paper, turn in the batter, and bake in a very slow oven for four hours. When done remove carefully from the pan; let cool. Ice and ornament the top with candied cherries, strawberries, or other small candied fruit.

HOLIDAY CAKE.—Blanch three-quarters of a pound of shelled almonds, and slice in halves; chop half a pound of citron; mix them together and roll in sifted flour; add to six well-beaten eggs and three-quarters of a pound of sugar; mix well, and sift in a pound of flour. Butter long shallow cake pans, put the batter in them, and bake in a quick oven. When done, take out, roll in sugar and finely pounded almonds. Put away in a tight tin box, and these cakes will keep for a year.

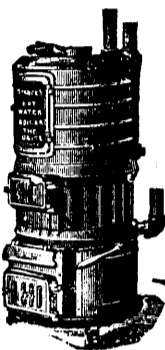
WHITE FRUIT CAKE.—Cream one pound of butter and one pound of powdered sugar together; add the beaten yolks of sixteen eggs, and a pound of sifted flour with two table-spoonfuls of baking-powder. Slice three pounds of citron, blanch a pound of almonds, and grate one cocoanut; add to the batter, with the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Line a cake pan with greased paper, turn in the mixture, and set in a moderate oven. Bake slowly for two hours; when cold, ice with cocoanut frosting. If kept in a close tin box, this cake will keep two or three weeks.

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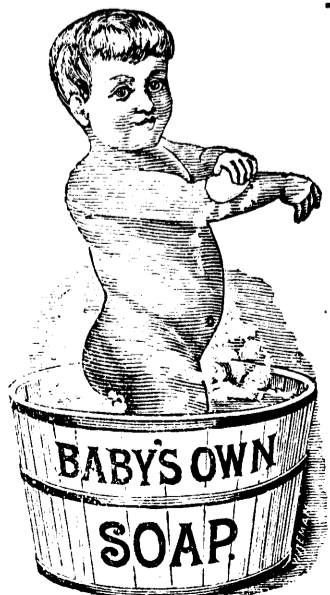
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Household Hints.

FROM the early days of good cookery apple sauce has been an honoured accompaniment of a dish of roast pork or of pork chops. An equally desirable accompaniment of pork chops or of sausages is fried apples. These should be cut in slices about a quarter of an inch thick, across the core of the apple, which may be removed with an ordinary apple corer. Select tart, well-flavoured apples for this purpose, dip them in batter and fry them to six minutes in boiling fat. Or, if you prefer, fry two or three pieces of salt pork until they are crisp and brown, and fry the rings of apple in the hot fat thus obtained. Do not crowd the apples in the pan, but put only as many as will lie flat in the bottom. When they are fried on one side turn them on the other. If the apples are fried in this way without the batter the peel should be left on. Otherwise they become too soft to handle conveniently. While upon the subject of pork it is well to remind readers that thin slices of pork, dipped in egg and then in bread crumbs and fried in fat for a moment till a delicate brown, make a good accompaniment for a dish of fried mush on the autumn breakfast table. Sausages of fresh pork may now be found in perfection and are never more delicious than on these crisp, cool mornings, when they are accompanied by the lightest and sweetest buckwheat cakes. Unless you are positively certain of the trustworthiness of your sausage-maker it is always better to buy the pork and make sausages at home. If you are provided with a good meat-chopper, such as is useful in the family for preparing hashes, croquettes and other minces, this is not a difficult thing to accomplish. One of the simplest and best rules for country sausage calls for about two pounds and a-half of pork, three quarters lean and one-quarter fat. Mince this meat as fine as possible with a machine. It must be ground to a paste. Add a heaping table-spoonful of salt, a table-spoonful of black pepper, a table-spoonful of powdered sage, and a scant teaspoonful of summer savory. English housekeepers would add a salt-spoonful of allspice and half the amount of cloves. Use your taste in this matter. Mix all the ingredients through the sausage meats with the hands, turning it again and again, so that every part shall be evenly seasoned. Roll the sausage meat into balls, and fry it for breakfast in its own fat. It will keep all winter, when made by the quantity, if it is packed down in earthen jars, covered with melted lard to keep out the air, and set in a cold cellar. A nice way of cooking country sausage balls is to dip them in egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry them in boiling hot fat like croquettes. Correctly speaking, no fat ever boils, but this is a term used by cooks to indicate that degree of heat which browns a piece of bread almost the instant it is thrown in it. Another good way of cooking sausages is to bake them. Make them into balls, separate them in a baking pan by oblong slices of bread, turn them from one side to the other as they brown and baste them thoroughly. Sausages may be properly served with a ring of fried apples around, or they may be served around a mound of mashed potatoes, or of apple-sauce in which there is very little liquid. Some cooks go so far as to serve sausages as a garnish to roast turkey, but this does not seem to be in the best taste.

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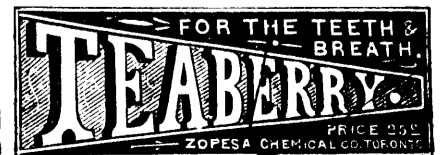
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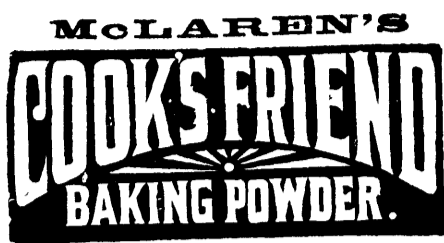
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Miscellaneous.

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MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Stephen, on the 26th ult., by Rev. Colin Fletcher, John Hackney, son of Mr. John Hackney, of Osborne, to Miss Eliza, second daughter of Mr. Wm. Kowtchiff.

At the residence of the bride's father, Port Perry, on the 29th ult., by Rev. John McMechan, Dr. W. R. Gillespie, of Toronto Junction, to Bertie, eldest daughter of D. Campbell.

At St. Andrews Church, on Wednesday, the 30th November, by the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, J. W. S. McCallough, M.D.C.M., of Alliston, Ont., to Alice Margaret, third daughter of William and Jessie Kerr Lawson, Toronto.

DIED.

At Kenyon, Dunvegan, Ont., on the 14th ult., Margaret McCraig, wife of Angus Bethune, aged 90 years and 10 months, a native of Glenageil, Inverness, Scotland.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BRANDON.—In Portage la Prairie, Tuesday, March 14, at 3 p.m. BROCKVILLE.—At Winchester on the second Tuesday in December, at 7 p.m.

BRUCE.—In Knox Church, Paisley, on 13th December, at 11 a.m. GUELPH.—In Knox Church, Guelph, Tuesday, January 17, at 10.30 a.m.

HURON.—At Goderich, on the 17th January, at 11 a.m. KINGSTON.—In St. Andrews Church, Belleville, 3rd Tuesday in December, at 7.30 p.m.

MAITLAND.—At Wingham, on Tuesday, 13th December, at 11.15 a.m. MONTREAL.—In the Presbyterian College, on Tuesday, January 10, at 10 a.m.

OWEN SOUND.—In Division St. Hall, Owen Sound, Tuesday, December 20, at 10 a.m.

PETERBOROUGH.—In St. Pauls Church, Peterborough, on second Tuesday in January, at 9.30 a.m.

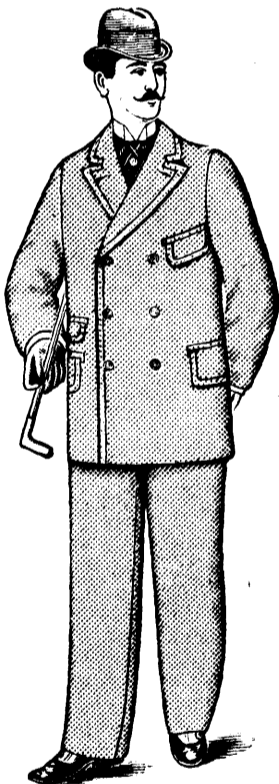
QUEBEC.—In Morrin College, Quebec, on the 22nd February, at 4 p.m.

SARNIA.—In St. Andrews Church, Sarnia, on second Tuesday in December, at 2 p.m.

SAUGERN.—In Knox Church, Harriston, on December 13, at 10 a.m.

STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Mitchell, on January 17, at 2 p.m.

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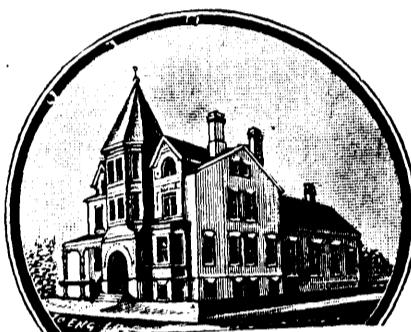
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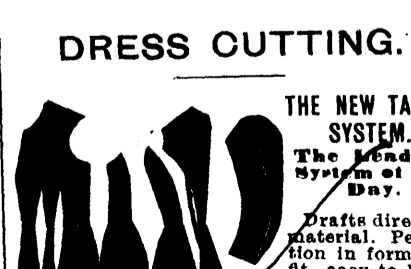
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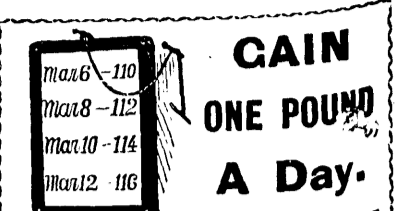
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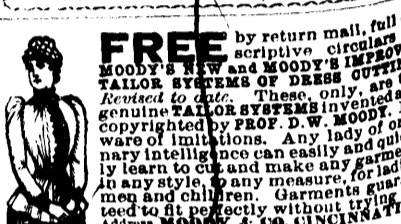
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