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THE CANADIAN PRESBYTERIAN

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CONTENTS

	Page.
NOTES OF THE WEEK	97
OUR CONTRIBUTORS	
Notes from Winnipeg—Improved Congregational Singing—Intelligence of Female Missions—Resurrection Hope—The Home Sabbath School	98
Sabbath Reading, A Warning—The Holy Spirit in Relation to Christian Work	
A Munificent Gift	99
MINISTERS AND CHURCHES	101
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL	101
ADVERTISEMENTS	102
EDITORIALS	103
Consecrated Wealth—College Contributions	104
Education	105
CHOICE LITERATURE	106
WORDS OF THE WISE	106
SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER	108
OUR YOUNG FOLKS	109
ADVERTISEMENTS	110, 112

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Rev. Dr. Somerville, of Scotland, is meeting with much success in his revival campaign in Australia. In every town he has visited he has had large congregations and has awakened a profound interest in the salvation of the soul. Henry Varley is also in the country, following in Dr. Somerville's route; and he also everywhere meets with encouragement. The impression prevails that a great revival is to sweep over the land.

THE fall of Elexna is announced. Osman Pasha, who was wounded, surrendered unconditionally after a protracted struggle. Forty thousand prisoners, and twenty thousand sick and disabled troops are in the hands of the Russians. Serbia is preparing to take part in the war. The London "Times" urges that the time has arrived when mediation between Russia and Turkey is possible, and hopes the British Government will use all efforts to that effect.

THE following earnest plea for additional labourers in Formosa reached us last week. It is under date 14th October last:—"MR. EDITOR,—Will you kindly publish these few words: To servants of the Lord Jesus Christ throughout the Dominion of Canada: I call upon you aloud, 'Come over and help us.' I ask you to remember our blessed Lord's command, 'Go ye therefore and teach all nations.' Ever yours sincerely, G. L. MACKAY." We trust this modern Macedonian cry may find a ready response in hearts prepared by the great Teacher; and that our missionaries in China may soon have their hearts cheered by the presence of reinforcements from Canada.

THE decision against ritualistic practices in the Church of England, lately given by Lord Penzance in the case of the Rev. Mr. Tooth, of Hatcham, has been reversed by the Court of Queen's Bench. This reversal has nothing to do with the merits of the case, being based entirely upon an informality in Lord Penzance's procedure. He had been directed to hear the case "at any place in London or Westminster, or within the Diocese of Rochester." He heard the case in the library of Lambeth Palace; and some person given to ecclesiastical and legal antiquities discovered that Lambeth is not in London. Certainly it is neither in Westminster nor in the Diocese of Rochester. On account of this technical informality, slight as it may appear, the judges found themselves compelled, very reluctantly as they say, to reverse the sentence.

A RECENT writer calls attention to the progress of Turkey in the last fifty years. 1. Printed school books

in the spoken languages of the schools have been introduced; formerly there were none of these. 2. The press has become an active, living power; the government having itself a magnificent printing-house. Anything can be printed in any language of the country. 3. No newspaper in any native language was printed before 1740; now there are, or were before the war, fifty in the capital alone. 4. The Scriptures are circulated all over the empire in a dozen different languages. 5. Common schools are multiplied in some provinces very largely. 6. Religious liberty has greatly advanced, although by no means perfect. 7. The old practice of confiscation and death without trial has disappeared. 8. Education has largely passed out of the hands of the clergy and the mosques, and become secular. 9. The Code Napoleon has been introduced as of equal authority with the Mohammedan codes.

THE various Dunkin' contests seem to develop the brutality of the opponents of the measure in a marked manner. The recent acts of violence at Chatsworth are still fresh in the memory of our readers; and now we notice an outrageous assault on the Rev. Mr. Ball, of Guelph, during the contest in Wellington. The Fergus "Record" says:—"The Rev. J. B. Mullan, with whom Mr. Ball was staying while here, did not go direct home from the drill shed, but on the way stepped into a shop to confer with a few Dunkinite friends. Mr. Ball was thus left alone part of the way to the manse, and while he was passing along St. David's Street some parties who had hidden in the doorway about Mr. Snedden's shop rushed out, and one of them dealt Mr. Ball a heavy blow upon the side of the face, almost knocking him down. The cowardly rascal then ran off as fast as possible and his name has not yet been ascertained, although it must be known to several, for there were a number of people at or near the place at the time. This brutal and unprovoked attack upon a clergyman is one of the most outrageous affairs that ever took place in Fergus. And certainly Mr. Ball gave no offence, as his speech was marked throughout by moderation and tolerance.

THE annual meeting of Queen's University Missionary Association was held on the morning of the 10th inst., in Divinity Hall, when the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, A. H. Scott, B.A.; Vice-President, John Ferguson, B.A.; Corresponding Secretary, Hugh Taylor; Recording Secretary, James Cumberland, B.A.; Treasurer, James Mason; Librarian and Tract Distributor, John R. Pollock. Committee from Theological Faculty, Thomas Glassford, B.A., Joseph White, B.A.; from Arts Faculty, Andrew Love and John Chisholm. The Hall was well filled and twelve new members were added to the roll. The Mission work of the session was enthusiastically entered upon. Members who have been labouring in various Presbyteries throughout Ontario, Quebec, and the Maritime Provinces have returned physically invigorated and cheered by the encouragement and success they have received in their various Mission fields. Arrangements were made to supply mission stations and vacant congregations with services during the Winter. Of these a larger number than usual have applied for services. Committees were appointed to find suitable places for additional mission work in and around this city. Also to draft an address to be presented to the Rev. G. M. Grant, M.A., the Principal elect, upon his arrival. It was also unanimously resolved to continue the Stu-

dents' Sabbath morning Prayer Meeting in the classical class room as has been customary in former sessions.—J. CUMBERLAND, *Rec. Sec.*

HON. ALEX. MORRIS retires from the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba with a most creditable record. When he was appointed to that office five years ago, it was well understood that the task before him was no easy one; but he has succeeded in bringing that new province through a most critical period of its existence, and in educating its people to an acquaintance with the nature and principles of responsible government. His intimate and life-long acquaintance with the Indians has rendered him pre-eminently useful in concluding permanent treaties which will be of great benefit both to them and to the white settlers. It was not the government of Manitoba alone that lay upon his shoulders. Before the North West Territories' Act was amended and a special Governor appointed for them, Governor Morris and his council had to do all the work connected with the administration of the affairs of these vast regions; and no sooner had he got the North-West off his hands than he became *ex officio* Governor of Keewatin. The prompt energy and the untiring vigilance which he and his council exercised in preventing the small-pox plague, which broke out in the Icelandic colony, from spreading among the other settlers and the Indians will be long remembered. The name of Governor Morris certainly ought to occupy no mean place in the history of Canada.

ANOTHER French-Canadian priest has sent in his demission. The document is addressed to the Archbishop of Quebec, and signed "Georges Bernard Tanguay." It expresses the writer's great regard for the Archbishop, who had always treated him with much kindness, and for the reverend gentlemen of the Seminary of Quebec, at whose hands he had received a liberal education. But it goes on to say that in spite of all the ties which bound him to his kind patrons and associates in the Church of Rome, the writer could no longer conceal the light that God had given to him. "The more," says Mr. Tanguay, "I have studied the principles of philosophy and theology of the Church of Rome, the more I am certain that they are in opposition with human conscience, and that they contradict the word of God as the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ has given it us. These last two years I have tried to struggle against those lights which were coming from heaven. The idea of breaking forever those dear and sweet ties which attached me to the Church in which I was born; the Church of my mother, brothers and friends, and the Church of my country, frightened me. To separate me from all that my heart was loving on this earth; from all that I have learned to respect in this world, was a sacrifice above my forces. But I have prayed; and the merciful and almighty God, who has promised to grant everything we ask in the name of Jesus, has heard my prayer, and He has given me the courage which was failing in me. Now my Lord, I take the liberty to inform your Lordship that with the grace of God I have known the errors of the Church of Rome, and given them up, in order to follow the Holy Gospel of Jesus Christ." The demission closes with the statement that it is the intention of the writer to consecrate the rest of his life to the preaching of that Gospel which alone can give peace, light, liberty and life, to individuals and to nations.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

NOTES FROM WINNIPEG.

MR. EDITOR,—Looking over the columns of the PRESBYTERIAN I often express my surprise, and even regret, that so little correspondence should reach you from Manitoba. Perhaps no province in our Dominion is occupying so much the attention of the Canadian farmer, speculator or capitalist at this time as Manitoba and the North-West, among which are to be found to a very large extent representatives of the Presbyterian Church from all parts of the Dominion. Winnipeg, which is, and from its geographical position must be for all time, the entrepot to this and all other provinces that may be created north-west of this even to the Pacific coast, should be the point of interest from which should reflect the doings of Presbyterianism in the numerous settlements of this great North-West.

It is a matter of surprise and wonder to the many incoming settlers, on their arrival here, to find such a substantial place as Winnipeg, with all the marks of civilization and Christian privileges and institutions that are to be found in the most populous cities and towns in other parts of our Dominion. Young men, on their arrival here with letters of introduction from the various presidents of the Y.M.C.A. in various parts of Canada and elsewhere, are cordially received by our president and advised and directed according to circumstances. Our Church organizations are all that can be expected from a place so lately framed and filled in as this place, while in Winnipeg Presbyterians have been literally pouring in during the past season of navigation, and our own little church, of which I am now about to speak, has often been filled to its utmost capacity on Sabbath day with representatives of our Church from every part of the Dominion, but particularly from Ontario. While many have permanently located in Winnipeg, others, in the providence of God, will go into the interior another season, while others will come in to take their places here. I regret to say some of our people have left us on their arrival here in consequence of our church accommodation being so bad; and though Presbyterianism is very strong in Winnipeg, we have not as yet been in a position to raise an edifice for worship sufficiently large to answer the requirements of the body. In the year 1871 the Presbyterian church here was a small frame building, very unostentatious in its style of architecture, and as uncomfortable within as its external appearance indicated, being in size about 30x50. About four years ago it was found necessary to enlarge, and accordingly about twenty-five feet was added to the end of the building. The following year it was again enlarged by extending the new addition out from the side, thus forming the letter L. The year following, the place was again found too strait for its requirements, and again the old building underwent another operation. At a cost of about one thousand dollars another addition was made, enlarging the building from the side extension to the front. This addition has a flat roof, while the old part is gable-roofed, every addition being most marked from within, and from without it presents the appearance of being the out-houses or stables of a military depot rather than a place of worship. But I am glad to know that steps are being taken for the erection of a new house of worship, which I trust will be creditable to the body and an ornament to the place. I feel that I am trespassing on your space, and would only add that within this little church, God has often made Himself manifest, praise and prayer have ascended, precious answers have descended, and souls have been born to the Saviour; and among the ransomed choir above there are some who have blended their voices in songs of praise within the walls of the "church of many additions."

Winnipeg, Nov. 12th, 1877.

IMPROVED CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

MR. EDITOR,—Having read with interest an extract from a paper on the "Service of Song" in your issue of Nov. 23rd, from the pen of Mr. J. Spencer Curwen (son of Rev. John Curwen, the pioneer of Tonic Sol-Fa), I have been more fully convinced that good might result from further development of this subject through the medium of your valuable and now much improved paper. I am able to say that a like conviction is shared in by many of our ministers, theological students, precentors, organists, choir singers, and others

interested in the advancement of sacred music. Being deeply impressed with the belief that our people must be taught to read music, and that good congregational singing can come only from hearts awakened to the privilege, the duty and the dignity of the service, I am prepared to assist in any plans whereby these ends may be accomplished.

If you can spare a column for practical hints on Church music it would prove useful to us, and add interest to the pages of the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. I would ask those who have not read your extract from Mr. Curwen's paper to read it carefully, and I am sure they will find it profitable.

In view of the revival of our Church Psalm and Hymn Tune Book, it would be of great service to have this subject freely and fully discussed; and by placing in the hands of the General Assembly the fund of critical information which might be gathered through your paper, render material assistance in the work of compiling our new Canada Presbyterian Church Psalm and Hymn Tune Book.

The subject is wide, and important in the highest degree, and now that our Church is one in name, it would be well that we could unite our efforts in the cause of Psalmody reformation, and introduce improvements in all the departments of our service of song.

The rejection of inferior poetry; the criticism of defective tunes; the principles of adaptation; the standing posture while singing; the tendency to flatten; the best means of teaching and training our choirs and congregations; the use of prose and metrical chants; the rules of melody and harmony; how to secure the interest of ministers and congregations in the work; the receiving and replying to of questions on the subject; and many other matters relative to Church Psalmody which will readily suggest themselves, might be taken up from all quarters and be a means of stirring up the entire Church to greater efforts in the matter of improved congregational singing.

JOHN McLAREN, Prof. of Music, Mont. Pres. Col.
Montreal, Dec. 3rd, 1877.

INTELLIGENCE OF FEMALE MISSIONS,

LETTER FROM MISS BERNARD, FROM POONA.

I have been wishing all the week that you, who take so much interest in the work, could have seen what I have done. I have been so sorry, each house I went to with Mrs. Ross, that you in Aberdeen were missing it. Of course I can form no opinion whatever of the depth and reality of the ladies' interest, but there is no doubt whatever of the welcome Mrs. Ross gets, and of the affectionate terms on which she and Joanna are in most of the houses. It looks to me, from the outside, most pleasant work. The houses that I have visited are generally nice, and the ladies behave most politely. I have had one or two lessons in Marathi in the houses, and we become very friendly over my difficulties.

Yesterday, where we were visiting, there was a very nice looking girl, a teacher in the normal school. She told me she had been through the books of Euclid, and she knew enough of English for me to talk to her about the story of how Mary sat at Jesus' feet and heard His word, while she read the verses very correctly. She was no Mary, for her English Bible was mislaid and had to be brought to her. My comfort—and it is a very strong one—is in remembering that to listen to Christ's words was once just as little to us, and He is able to change all to her.

It is quite a sight to see Mrs. Ross among the native ladies—she looks so happy. I am sure her bright, cheerful way of teaching must make it attractive. This is the Communion Sunday;—it must be a solemn thing for Mr. and Mrs. Ross to meet for the last time the native Christians whom they have watched over and prayed for all these years.

Poona has already become a most attractive place to me. The weather has been delightful. Mr. and Mrs. Ross's kindness and hospitality are very great. Their deep interest and care for the mission work make me feel at home in their house at once. I wish it were so that they could stay one year more, but it is just God's will, and if the need is greater, His promise rises above every need. It strikes me, though my opinion is of no value, that here, as elsewhere, it is the native agency that does best, so that the Europeans' place is to train and keep up the native assistants. Mrs. Ross leaves behind her several such. I have been especially pleased with Joanna, she is so clever and bright, and seems to be altogether devoted to her work. The others do not speak much English,

so that I can have no personal knowledge of them. I am so very glad that I came to Poona, and thank you very much for sending me. Do not forget me for a single day—prayer comes so fast. Mrs. Edwards, the new missionary's wife at Bombay, was telling her class on Sunday, "The shortest way is round by the throne of God."

RESURRECTION HOPE.

FROM THE GABRIEL OF BUCHANAN.

In thy silent dwelling sleeping,
Brother! rest in Jesus' keeping,
Till the voice of the archangel
Shall thy peaceful slumbers break;
Then released from earth's pollution,
Safe from change and dissolution,
From thy sleep in joy and wonder
Pure and deathless shalt thou wake.

God shall order thy adorning
Like the radiant sun of morning,
As he rises fair and cloudless
From the mountain's dusky brow,
And these orbs so marred and sightless
He shall dower with vision nightless,
Till like stars of heaven forever
In thy head they burn and glow.

To thine ear shall then be given
Power to hear the praise of heaven
Till thy being thrill responsive
To the songs the blessed sing,
And thy voice for praise eternal
Be endowed with grace supernal,
Clear and loud to raise the anthem
In the temple of the King.

Then as Christ in power descending,
All the pomp of heaven attending,
Comes His faithful ones to gather
To His home of love and light.
Thou from earth in joy upspringing,
To His throne thy glad way winging,
Swift shalt fly as flies the eagle
Joyous in his sunward flight.

From His lips in music sounding,
There, with angel hosts surrounding,
Gladdes welcome shall He give thee
To His heart and His abode;
There unsullied and immortal,
Nevermore to leave its portal,
Eternal life thou shalt inherit
In the fellowship of God.

—C. INNES CAMERON.

THE HOME SABBATH SCHOOL.

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A PAPER READ AT A SABBATH SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

One of the gravest and most perplexing problems connected with Sabbath School work is the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient number of properly qualified teachers. It is admitted by every one that has given any attention to the subject, that a large number of the children are not well taught in the Sabbath school. Many indeed are not taught at all. They might as well remain at home if they can get any one to look after them.

In these circumstances one is constrained to inquire whether our present system of Sabbath school operations is not altogether wrong in principle, and a large proportion of the work now done in it should not be done at home. We certainly have departed widely from the original object of the institution. That object was to supply a substitute for parental instruction in case of parental neglect or incompetency. As the system is now conducted, we do not inquire whether or not parents are either willing or able. We expect if we do not urge that all the children of the congregation should leave their homes and the oversight of their parents on Sabbath afternoons in order to be publicly instructed. And if some parents under a sense of duty keep their children at home and instruct them personally, there are not wanting those who will affirm that such parents are setting a bad example.

Now the question forces itself upon us: Is not this conception of the sphere and work of the Sabbath school altogether mistaken? No one will dispute the principle that the Church is bound to see to the religious education of her children. If parents will not or cannot do the work, it is equally plain that the Church ought to provide a substitute. This substitute the Sabbath School affords; but if parents are able and willing to devote to the teaching of their children conscientiously, sympathetically and perseveringly, the same amount of time and attention that the latter secure in the Sabbath school, why should we induce or allow the children to leave their homes at all? Why not organize and carry out a Home Sabbath School enterprise, and thus relieve the Church of a

difficulty which has never yet been satisfactorily met and which is becoming more and more perplexing.

It is the parents' duty personally to give religious instruction to their children. The word of God insists on this. It is parents and not any other class of teachers who are commanded (Deut. vi. 7), to teach God's word diligently to their children. It is parents and not others who are enjoined (Eph. vi. 4) to bring up their children in the discipline and admonition of the Lord. If parents do their duty faithfully where is the necessity or the place for the Sabbath school.

At the same time the faithful performance of the duty systematically, as in the Sabbath school, will prove an inestimable blessing to parents and children. What treasures of knowledge and experience parents would acquire if for years they had pursued in their homes the vocation of the Sabbath school teacher? What development of mutual love and the love of home would thereby result in the case of the children.

It is true that there are circumstances which would justify the delegating of the work to others, but these circumstances are not common.

It cannot be urged that parents are generally incompetent. A large proportion are far fitter to teach their own children than the majority of the teachers that we have hitherto supplied or indeed are likely to supply.

It cannot be urged that parents generally have no time. The Sabbath afternoon, the time almost universally assigned to the Sabbath school, is a portion of the week which parents with scarce an exception can devote to the work.

We dare not set forward the Sabbath school as the children's church, as has been imprudently done by some. The tendency to that idea is an admitted evil in our present system and one that requires sharp vigilance to keep down.

There is something in the plea that the Sabbath school has means of instruction which the home can seldom afford. But is it not a fact that this advantage on the side of the Sabbath school is the result of the concentrated and exclusive attention hitherto paid to the latter to the neglect of the home.

But it is said, (and this is the main argument urged), that some parents will not teach their children at home, and they will not send them to the Sabbath school unless they are kept in countenance by the example of others.

There is a difficulty here, and the Sabbath school as now carried on meets it. But such a resolution of it is open to grave objection. Certain persons will not discharge their duty. The church interferes to do it for them; but they will not even submit to this unless it is made to appear that others are as neglectful as themselves, and the Church yields. Surely this is not the right way to meet the difficulty however it is to be met.

There are thus no over-mastering reasons why the Church should carry on the present colossal Sabbath school enterprise. But on the other hand there are evils resulting from this system which demand immediate consideration and remedy.

1. Children well brought up at home are exposed to evil influences from improper associations, and are sometimes led into habits of Sabbath desecration when going to the Sabbath school or coming from it.

2. The Sabbath school in appropriating the Sabbath afternoon takes away the more suitable opportunity which the majority of the working people have of personally instructing their children, and the best opportunity which parents and children have of becoming mutually acquainted.

3. It tends to weaken the parental sense of obligation to teach the children personally.

4. It tends to weaken the sense of obligation in children to attend the regular worship of the congregation. This tendency has already been so largely developed as to require a strong counter effort.

5. The Sabbath School by thus taking away the opportunity of Sabbath teaching at home removes one of the most powerful incentives to self-improvement on the part of the parents.

6. It throws upon the Church a great amount of work which does not belong to it, and which so far it has been utterly unable to perform.

Now, my proposal is this:—Relegate back to the God appointed teachers their legitimate work. Why should the Church stagger under a self-imposed burden, while the responsible bearers are standing idly by.

But to make the proposition practically effective it will not do to disband the Sabbath school and say to parents, Teach your children at home. We have hitherto turned the whole organizing force and ingenuity of the Church towards the development of the Sabbath school system. For the home, in this way we have done nothing. To make the home Sabbath school effective, it must share fully not only the countenance, but also the *practical support*, and the *systematic help of the Church*.

To this end I would propose the following plan:—

1. Organize in every congregation a "Home Sabbath School Association," comprising all parents and guardians, who shall engage to teach the children at home on Sabbath afternoons with the *same regularity and system as children are taught in the Sabbath School*.

2. Let such children as parents will thus undertake to teach be drafted into the Home Sabbath School, and let the names of parents and children be enrolled in the pastor's book as regular Sabbath School teachers and scholars.

3. Let the present International system of lessons, or any other common system, be employed, and let *parents be afforded all such help as is now freely given to teachers*.

4. Let a united meeting of the Schools be held quarterly in the church, when the work done shall be reviewed by superintendent or pastor.

5. Let such children as cannot be taught in this way be supplied by the Church with instruction either in the present or some other method, and take their place with the rest at the quarterly meetings.

Such is the scheme that in all humility, and not without much diffidence, I beg to suggest. It implies a vast and radical change upon present working methods. It will therefore meet with much opposition—the inertia of parental indifference, and the momentum of current ideas. But if the system proposed is right, if it is scriptural, we ought to grapple with the difficulty, and grappling with it, shall surely succeed.

The congregational Sabbath school is a glorious institution. Let no one think that I despise or undervalue it. But it has its own sphere. That sphere has reference entirely to the children of parents who either will not or cannot teach their own children. Wrought within that sphere it forms one of the most important aids of the Church, and should claim our most earnest endeavors to make it efficient. Travelling beyond that sphere it becomes cumbersome, unmanageable, a hindrance and an evil. It has done much evil already in weakening the sense of parental responsibility and the efficient working of the Home School. Let us go back to original institutions, duties and responsibilities. Let us begin to carry out the division of labor which God Himself instituted. Let us try "to turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children to the fathers." So shall this teaching difficulty vanish, and other and graver difficulties, shaping or shaped already, shall be taken out of the way, and home and congregation shall share the blessing.

SABBATH READING.—A WARNING.

In these days of keen competition for public favor, even the "religious press" needs to be jealously watched if growing evils connected with the above are to be guarded against. Especially I refer to publications circulated through our Sabbath schools. One would hardly think it necessary to warn our elders or Sabbath school teachers, not to mention ministers, against the "Northern Messenger," issuing from the "Witness" office, Montreal—a very excellent little *secular* sheet, "devoted," as it tells us, "to temperance, science, education, and agriculture;" but for the claims its publishers make—on what ground I cannot imagine—to have it introduced into our Sabbath schools, and the fact that some of our simple-minded Sabbath school officials are disposed to accept it on the recommendation of its publishers, and on finding in it some religious reading. Not long ago I had to negative such a proposal in our own school, and not long after a large parcel of "Messengers" came through the post-office "to be distributed in the Sabbath school." Instead of doing this I wrote to Mr. Dougall as an old friend of the "Witness" publications, remonstrating, and asking him if this course had his personal approval, and warning him of the bad effect upon Sabbath observance it must have. These enquiries were thrice repeated in as many weeks, but no response was elicited beyond the unceremonious stopping of my "Wit-

ness," paid for to the end of the year, without any explanation whatever, though promptly written for. However, the publication of this in your columns may have the desired effect of checking an insidious evil. From a member of the Assembly's Committee on SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

THE HOLY SPIRIT IN RELATION TO CHRISTIAN WORK.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CONFERENCE AT SHANGHAI BY THE REV. GRIFFITH JOHN.

The subject before us is not one of mere speculative interest. It is, on the contrary, one in which we are deeply concerned; for the relation of the Holy Spirit to our work is essential and vital.

The Gospel alone is the power of God unto salvation; and salvation from the guilt and dominion of sin—from mortal and spiritual misery—is the great need of the world. Believing this, we devote ourselves to the supreme work of making known the truth as it is in Jesus as fully as we can, and of commending it to heart and conscience in every possible way.

This is a *great spiritual work*; and to secure success in it, we need the abiding presence of the Spirit, and, through the Spirit, such a full baptism of power as will perfectly fill each one of us for the special work which God has given him to do. We are assembled now to pray for power, for *spiritual* power, and for the *maximum* of this power. We do not disparage other kinds of power. Natural gifts and graces are valuable talents. Superior intellectual power, for example, is a precious gift. It lifts its possessor to a position of imperial eminence above ordinary men, and assures him a commanding influence over their minds. There is, also, a sort of magnetic power with which some men are richly endowed by nature. It gives them the pre-eminence in every circle in which they happen to move, and clothes their words with a peculiar charm. These are valuable gifts, and great spiritual forces, likewise, when subsidized and sanctified by the Spirit of God. But there are comparatively few men who possess them in an eminent and commanding degree. There is, however, a power accessible to every minister, and to every convert, with which every one may be completely filled, and through which the weakest may be girded with everlasting strength. This is spiritual power, for the endowment of which we are entirely dependent on the spirit of God. "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Let us now try and realize our dependence on the Holy Spirit for every spiritual power essential to the accomplishment of our work.

In the first place, consider *our dependence upon the Holy Ghost as*

THE SOURCE OF ALL SPIRITUAL ILLUMINATION.

In ancient times, "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." The Bible is our only authoritative record or standard of revealed truth. The "things of God," as fact and doctrines, are fully revealed in this blessed Book. That anything essentially new in Christianity, in this sense, is essentially false, is a maxim of orthodoxy. Still the Bible is not enough for us. The vital question is, How are we to *know* "the things that are freely given us of God?" How are we to reach the sunlit summits of full assurance in regard to them? As teachers of a religion which claims to be alone Divine in its origin, and absolutely true, the power of clear vision and deep conviction in regard to its eternal verities is indispensably necessary to us. Without this power the minister must be weak and sickly. His words will not have in them the clear and emphatic ring of the earnest man of God, his work will be performed in a listless perfunctory manner; the heathen will listen to his message unmoved and unconvinced; and the churches under his charge will be devoid of light and power. The minister, of all men, needs to be able to say—*I know*. Doubt to him means nothing less than paralysis. He has constantly to deal with the very foundation truths of the religion which he is attempting to introduce; and if his eye is not clear, if his convictions are not absolute, and if his heart is not full in regard to these, his work will be to him a fruitless, joyless, burdensome task. But it is not easy in these days to abide in the region of absolute certainty and cloudless vision in respect to the verities of religion. The age in which we live is intensely atheistic and materialistic in its tendencies. The spirit of scepticism is abroad, and the citadel of our faith is persistently and furiously assailed. Miracles are declared to be incredible, and belief in the

supernatural is denounced as gross superstition. Even creation is denied, and under the reign of Law, God Himself is bowed out of His own universe. Men hardly know what to believe, and what not to believe, and hence the feeble faith, the shallow conviction, and the extreme worldliness that characterize even the Church of God in these days. "Mr. John," said one of our ablest ministers to me when I was at home, "the spirit of scepticism is carrying everything before it. It is everywhere in our churches, and actually creeping up our pulpit stairs. We have broken off from our old moorings, and God only knows whither we are drifting." Brethren, how are we to keep ourselves untainted by this noxious element with which the intellectual atmosphere of our age is so thoroughly impregnated? And how are we to obtain that clear vision of Divine things that shall absolutely exclude all doubt as to their reality, enlarge the faculties of our minds in respect to their deep significance, and intensify our sense of their overwhelming importance? Moreover, we have to repeat these truths day after day in their most elementary forms, and that to a people who seem almost incapable of apprehending and assimilating non-materialistic ideas. And hence there is a constant danger of these momentous realities losing their freshness and interest to our own minds, and their power over our own hearts. How is this danger to be averted?

Again I ask, how are we to attain to, or abide in, the region of full assurance and clear vision in regard to "the things freely given us of God," and how are our converts to be led into the enjoyment of the same unspeakable blessing? There can be but one answer to this question: We must all be filled with the Spirit. Before the Pentecost the apostles themselves were mere babes in this respect. Their apprehensions of truth were extremely dull, their vision limited, and their convictions feeble. When filled, however, with the Holy Ghost all this was completely reversed. In a moment their souls were bathed in the light of Heaven; all doubts passed away; and they themselves were so transformed that they became "a spectacle to the world, and to angels, and to men." The Spirit that guided holy men of old in recording Divine truth, is the Spirit that reveals them to the mind of the reader in their intrinsic reality, deep significance, and matchless beauty. The natural and normal condition of the human soul is that of one filled with the Spirit of God, and consequently full of light; and it is only in so far as the soul enjoys this fulness that it can apprehend spiritual realities as they are. The fully divinely illumined soul is beyond the reach of doubt in regard to these things; for the Spirit takes of the things of Christ, and so shows them to such a soul that the inward eye shall behold them with direct and open vision. Under this blessed illumination the eternal verities of the Gospel become clear Divine revelations to the mind, faith becomes a spiritual vision, and preaching becomes a description of what is seen and felt. The distant is brought near, the vague becomes distinct, and truths lying cold and dead in the intellect become instinct with quickening, vitalizing, invigorating power. And, above all, Jesus Christ Himself, in whom all spiritual truth is centred, is fully revealed to the inmost soul as a living, personal, ever present Saviour. "He shall not speak of himself; he shall glorify Me." Let us all be full of the Spirit, and our converts will be full of Divine light and power, and our little churches will become at once, what they ought to be, the lights of Heaven in this dark land.

Consider, again, *our dependence on the Holy Ghost* as

THE IMMEDIATE SOURCE OF ALL HOLINESS.

As missionaries we are in China, not only to preach truths and teach doctrines, but to represent Christ, and to build up a holy spiritual church, and for this purpose we need the power of holiness. Holiness is a mighty power; and the missionary cannot dispense with it. In this land, especially, is this power required in an eminent degree. Our every movement, our whole spirit and temper, our entire life are narrowly watched and criticised by this people; and our influence for good or for evil depends more upon our lives than upon our words. The ideal teacher of the Chinese is a holy man. "He is entirely sincere, and perfect in love. He is magnanimous, generous, benign, and full of forbearance. He is pure in heart, free from selfishness, and never swerves from the path of duty in his conduct. He is deep and active like a fountain, sending forth his virtues in due season. He is seen and

men revere him; he speaks and men believe him; he acts and men are gladdened by him. He possesses all heavenly virtues. He is one with heaven." This is a lofty ideal, but the Chinese do not look upon it as existing in fancy or imagination only. They believe that it has been realized in some instances at least, and I am convinced that no Christian teacher can be a *great spiritual* power in China in whom this ideal is not embodied and manifested in an eminent degree. He must be more than a good man; he must be a holy man, exhibiting "the vigor of every right purpose, and the intensity of every devout affection." He must be a man full of the Holy Ghost, and divinity within must energize mightily through him. He must be a man who will take time, not only to master the language and literature of this people, but to be holy. It is not ourselves—our poor selves—the Chinese want to see, but God in us.

The ideal Christian of the New Testament is a "saint," that is, a holy man, entirely consecrated to God, and devoted to righteousness and truth, and the ideal church of the New Testament is a spiritual temple built up of such living stones. Now, it is perfectly clear to my mind that as long as this ideal is not fairly embodied in the character of the church in this land, our progress must be slow and unsatisfactory. The question of thoughtful men in China is similar to that put by the Jews to Christ—"Who art thou? What sign showest thou then, that we may see and believe thee?" "Thou claimest to be from God, and the power of God unto salvation. But how are we to know that thou art not an impostor? Where are the proofs of thy celestial birth?" Brethren, what shall we give them as a reply? The Bible? Books on the evidences of Christianity? The probability is they would never read them—it is certain that few would be convinced by them. There is an argument, however, that would command their serious attention and profound respect, if it could only be presented with clearness and force, and that argument is the *blameless, holy* lives of our converts. It would be useless to supply them with books recording the lives of the saints of other days and other lands. We must be able to point to the saints of our own churches, and say, "Behold a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation." But how long are we to wait for this unanswerable argument for the Divine origin and power of Christianity? Looking down it appears as if we might have to wait many a generation. Looking up, however, there is no reason why we should wait at all. The Holy Spirit is the Author of all holiness. Every holy thought, every holy emotion, and every holy act are inspired by Him. He is both able and willing to make these babes in Christ, as well as ourselves, "holy and without blame before Him in love." Let us believe that a baptism of the Spirit is possible for them, and let us seek it on their behalf, and teach them to seek it, with intense and persistent earnestness. Let us do this, and ere long the heavens will open; and the Heavenly Dove, as a spirit of purity, will descend upon them, and consecrate them as a "holy temple for an habitation of God." Then the Church will become an embodiment of the mighty power, and an incarnation of the Divine genius of our blessed religion.

Consider again *our dependence on the Holy Spirit* as

THE SOURCE OF SPIRITUAL UNITY.

Unity is an element of power which we cannot dispense with. I am not speaking of uniformity, but of "the unity of the Spirit." Uniformity is not possible to us; and I am not at all sure that it would be desirable even if it were possible. The unity which we seek is that which we behold in all the works of God—unity in variety, the unity of life clothing itself in manifold forms. Humanity is one, but the races are many. The human body is one, but every member is not an eye. The landscape is one, but its beauty consists in a mixture of colors and forms. So it is in the spiritual world. "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit, and there are differences of administration, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but the same God which worketh all in all." With regard to our education, religious training, and mental powers and idiosyncrasies, we differ widely. We cannot be brought to see things precisely in the same light, adopt the same methods, and prosecute the same line of work. Neither is it necessary that we should. The right principle is for every man to make up his mind as to what is right and best for him, and throw all the soul that he has into it.

Then we are connected with different sections of

the Christian Church, and are representatives of different societies. This is an inevitable source of a certain amount of diversity in the outward aspect of our work. Again, men are often thrown together in the same mission, and compelled to work in association with each other, between whom there exists the least possible natural affinity. This is a real source of danger.

To enable us to dwell together in unity in our personal intercourse one with another, and to present an unbroken front to the common enemy in our work, the very God of peace and love must dwell in our hearts, and consecrate our entire nature as His everlasting temple. Being all in Christ, we are one in spiritual life, and we are so whether we recognize and acknowledge the fact or not. But what is necessary is that this element of oneness should become so full in each heart, and so clearly recognized and powerfully expressed by all, that our differences would be completely overshadowed by it. The unity we need, then, is the unity which is induced and perpetuated by the fullness of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and is productive of peace, mutual love, and, as far as practicable, hearty co-operation in work. We need the unity that would make it impossible for the demons of envy, jealousy, and unholy rivalry to show their heads between the different missions; and that would put a perpetual end to all uncharitable speaking and unbrotherly acting among the missionaries themselves. Where the Holy Ghost dwells and reigns, such things cannot exist. Before the descent of the Spirit upon the disciples, they had their rivalries, and their petty jealousies, and their unseemly disputations as to who should be the greatest in the kingdom; but the baptism of fire burned all that out of them, and they became *one* in Christ, and simply anxious to serve Him. Their mutual fellowship became unbroken; and all men knew that they were the disciples of Jesus by the love which they had one toward another. "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also that shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be *one*; as Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

Consider again *our dependence on the Holy Ghost* as

THE SOURCE OF SPIRITUAL JOY.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength." This is the joy of the Holy Ghost—a joy which differs entirely from all other joys, and surpasses them infinitely. It is the joy of conscious pardon, assured by the witness of the Spirit in the soul. It is the joy of adoption, which is the Spirit in the heart crying Abba, Father. It is the joy of deliverance from the power and dominion of sin. It is the joy which flows from soul-health and a fulness of spiritual life. It is the joy which springs from an inward realization of the fact that the Father and the Son have come to abide for ever in the breast. It is joy in God—gladness in Jesus.

The Apostle contrasts the fulness of the Spirit with the fulness of wine. "Be not drunk with wine, but be filled with the Spirit." On the day of Pentecost the people seeing the effect of the out-pouring of the Spirit on the disciples, said, "They are filled with new wine." The Apostolic Church enjoyed a wonderful fulness of the Holy Spirit; and as a consequence the element of joy was a very powerful one in it. The Christians rejoiced with joy *unspeakable*, and took *joyfully* the spoiling of their goods. And thus inspired with holy joy, they spoke the truth with boldness, and the word of the Lord sounded out from them.

We need the fulness of this joy. Without it our work will be a burden to us; and we shall toil on with the hearts of slaves, and the hearts of slaves are never strong. But especially do our native brethren need it. They had their pleasures in their heathen condition, both religious and sensuous. We have taken these away from them. How are they to be kept from falling a lusting for the flesh-pots of Egypt—for the leeks, and onions, and garlic of their pagan life? There can be only one way. The new religion must be made a joy to them. It is said of the sirens that their tenure of life was dependent on the successful exercise of their charms. They sang with bewitching sweetness, and so entranced anyone who heard them that he died in an ecstasy of delight. It is fabled that Ulysses, when he approached these enchantresses, stuffed the ears of his companions with wax, and lashed himself to the mast and thus escaped. When the Argonauts, however, passed the sirens, it is said that Jason ordered Orpheus to strike his lyre. The enchantment of his singing surpassed theirs, and the Argonauts sailed

safely by; whereupon the sirens cast themselves into the sea, and became transformed into rocks. This was music conquering music, melody surpassing melody, joy exceeding joy. It is something like this our converts must find in Christianity if they are to be kept from the power of temptation, grow in grace, and become valiant for Christ. The highest and best service we can render them is not to stuff their ears, and lash them to the mast. Let us rather teach them to drink copiously of the joy of the Holy Ghost, and they will thirst no more for the pleasures of their former life.

I wish I had time to dwell upon *our dependence upon the Holy Spirit as a source of another power of unspeakable value to the missionary, namely,*

THE POWER OF DEALING WITH HUMAN SOULS, both in public and private. Some men are richly endowed with this priceless gift. They seem to be able to look into the very souls of those with whom they have to deal, read them, understand their wants, sympathize with them, and talk to them with wonderful directness and instantaneous effect. They may, or may not, be profound thinkers or powerful speakers. But they are earnest, large-hearted men, and full of Divine force. They yearn for the salvation of souls; and their whole nature seems surcharged with an energy which they cannot call their own. When they speak, their hearers feel that a supernatural power is grappling with them, and forcing them to yield or to set up a conscious resistance. People are often at a loss to account for the influence which such men possess. As men they see nothing in them to account for it; but they are compelled to feel and confess that mysterious something with which their entire being is surcharged. Mr. Carpenter, of New Jersey, a Presbyterian layman, who lived many years ago, presents a most striking instance of this wonderful power. His education was very limited, and his mental endowments were of the most ordinary kind. Till anointed of the Holy Ghost, he was a mere cipher in the church. As soon, however, as he received that anointing, he became a man of marvellous spiritual power. The hardest sinners melted under his appeals, and yielded to Christ. At his death, it was stated that, by a very careful inquiry, it had been ascertained that more than ten thousand souls had been converted through his direct instrumentality. Finney is another instance. "Soon after his conversion," we are told, "he received a wonderful baptism of the Spirit, which was followed by marvellous effects. His words uttered in private conversation, and forgotten by himself, fell like live coals on the hearts of men and awakened a sense of guilt, which would not let them rest till the blood of sprinkling was applied. At his presence, before he opened his lips, the operatives in a mill began to fall on their knees, and cry for mercy. When traversing western and central New York, he came to the village of Rome in a time of spiritual slumber. He had not been in the house of the pastor an hour before he had conversed with all the family, and brought them all to their knees seeking pardon or the fulness of the Spirit. In a few days every man, woman, and child in the village and vicinity was converted, and the work ceased from lack of material to transform; and the evangelist passed on to other fields to behold new triumphs of the Gospel through his instrumentality." This is a wonderful gift. Would to God that every missionary in China possessed it in the highest degree.

I wish I had time to dwell, also, *on our dependence upon the Holy Spirit as*

THE INSPIRER OF EVERY TRUE PRAYER.

But why should I multiply particulars. Are we not dependent upon Him for every spiritual qualification necessary for our work, and for every real success in it? Do we want native pastors, teachers, evangelists, or deacons? It is the Holy Ghost who calls the right men to office, and fits them for the successful discharge of their duties. Do we long to see this people turn from their dumb idols and sins to the living God? It is the Holy Ghost alone that can convince them of sin, reveal Christ to their inmost consciousness, regenerate their souls, and lead them to faith and repentance. Do we wish to build up a holy spiritual church in this land? Do we wish to see the churches become self-supporting, self-governing, self-propagating? The Holy Ghost is the source of all holiness, of all spiritual life and light, of all consolation and joy, and of all power and efficiency, whether in the members individually, or in the Church collectively. Brethren, we will thank God for the natural gifts and the intellectual

culture which any of us may possess. But all such gifts and attainments are useless in this spiritual work without the accompanying power of God's Spirit. A man of ordinary intellect and education, if baptized with the Holy Ghost, is a vastly greater spiritual power than the intellectual giant in whom the Divine Spirit but feebly energises.

A MUNIFICENT GIFT.

MR. EDITOR,—I have great pleasure in handing you for publication the following communication just received. The gift, so munificent in itself, is most seasonable at the present time. May a rich blessing rest on the unknown donor, and may his zeal and liberality provoke very many. Yours very truly,
Toronto, 12th Dec., 1877. WILLIAM REID.

The Rev. Dr. Reid, Toronto, Ont.

REV. SIR,—You will herewith receive enclosed the sum of Two Thousand six Hundred and Fifty Dollars on account of the undemoted schemes of the Presbyterian Church in Canada:—

Home Mission	\$1,000.00.
Foreign Mission	1,000.00.
Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund	400.00.
French Evangelization	250.00.
	\$2,650.00.

Please insert this letter in the first issue of the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN as an acknowledgment of receipt of the same. Yours, etc., ANONYMOUS.
Toronto, 12th Dec., 1877.

KNOX COLLEGE STUDENTS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

—The following is a statement of the sums of money received by the Treasurer p to date.—I. Received from the fields occupied by the Society: Per J. Koss, Waubauskene and Port Severn, \$68.25; G. B. L. Co., \$60.80; Sturgeon Bay, \$18.00—\$147.05. Per J. Farquharson,—Manitoulin Island, North Side) Shegungah, \$8.75, Little Current, \$12.00; Gore Bay, \$14.25; Kagawong, \$14.35—\$49.35. Per J. Builder,—(Manitoulin Island, South Side) South Bay, \$13.25; Green Bush, \$17.12; Providence Bay, \$9.63—\$40.00. Per T. Scouler,—Rosseau, \$103.41. Per D. Findlay,—North Hastings, \$27.86. Per J. Mutch,—(McMurrich) Maganetawan, \$15.85; Chapman Valley, \$1.50; Spence, \$20.00; North Seguin, \$8.35; Doe Lake, \$10.00; Begg'sboro, \$3.50—\$59.20. Per S. Carruthers,—Cobocok, \$33.00, Digby, \$12.00, Head Lake, \$1.00—\$46.00. Per A. B. Baird,—Nipissing, \$25.00; Commanada, 11.25—\$36.25. II. Received from friends in other places. Per Mr. Gallagher,—Miss Annie McBeth, Madoc, \$4.45; North Hastings, 55c; Mr. Gallagher, \$5.00—\$10.00. Per J. B. Hamilton,—Grand Bend, \$4.50. Per J. Currie,—St. Andrew's, East Oxford, \$4.00, Sweaburg, \$2.00, Beachville, \$1.00—\$7.00. Per D. Munro,—Bear Creek congregation, \$21.95; Burns' congregation, \$39.51—\$61.46. Per J. Wilkie,—Barr Settlement, \$9.40. Per D. M. Beattie,—St. Andrew's Church Sabbath School, Fergus, \$8.00; Brampton, \$14.00, Malton, \$5.00—\$27.00. Per G. D. McKay,—Shower's Corners, \$11.00. Per P. McLean,—Glenelg, \$3.30; Rocky Saugen, \$6.85—\$10.15. Per A. Leslie,—St. Catherines, \$28.25, Port Dalhousie, \$10.25—\$38.50. Per Rev. A. A. Scott,—East Ancaster, \$13.75; A Friend, \$1.25—\$15.00. Per W. Fitzsimmons,—Lucan, \$5.10. Per A. McKay,—Burns' Church, Zorra, \$5.69, Two Friends in Listowel, 75c.—\$6.44. Per D. Currie,—Burns' Church, West Essa, \$18.00. Per J. Rodgers,—Woodville Congregation, \$5.00. Per J. Builder,—A Friend, \$3.00. R. Y. Thompson, \$5.00. J. Jamieson, \$2.00. Notwithstanding the liberality of its friends the Society is still considerably in debt, over two hundred dollars beyond what is already subscribed being needed to pay up the salaries of the missionaries employed during the past summer. Its friends are earnestly requested, by their liberality, to aid the Society in carrying on its work.—JAMES FARQUHARSON, Treasurer. Knox College, December 7th., 1877.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD.—That is the great point, to be joyful in God. There is no help for us in any creature. We are shut up as prisoners in the cells of these bodies, which debar us in the present from much real intercourse with human beings, even though they are our nearest friends; but if we have a mind to, we can get ever so near God, and our hearts filled with Him. I used to think of heaven as far away, but now I think that we are in the very midst of it, only we are shut up by our bodies till death lets us out. Sometimes a verse in the Bible or Daily Food opens up to me a world of meaning and clears away all my anxieties. I begin each morning in doubt and fear, and rise from my knees bold and confident.—W. Craig.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

REV. ISAAC BARR, of Point Edward, registered his name in the Canadian office, London, during the week ending Nov. 17th.

INGERSOLL can now boast of an Amateur Music Club. The members made their first appearance in public at the successful entertainment recently given by the ladies of Knox Church.

THE "Gazette" says: "The Rev. Mr. Hogg, of Oshawa, delivered a very eloquent sermon in St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, on Sunday afternoon." The sermon was in connection with St. Andrew's Society.

AT the meeting of Presbytery held in Seaforth on Wednesday of last week, Rev. Mr. Goldsmith signified his intention of accepting the call tendered him by St. John's Church, Hamilton. The Rev. gentleman will not likely take farewell of his congregation here before the first of January.

THE Rev. Mr and Mrs. Currie, of Keady, etc., moved into their new manse on Tuesday, the 20th of November. The building is of brick and is large and commodious, fitted out with all the modern conveniences. There is also a very suitable barn and stable attached. Since Mr. Currie's settlement last January two churches have been opened and now a manse finished which would do credit to either a town or country charge. God's people should rejoice at the work thus prospering in this new and important country charge.

At an early hour on Tuesday evening, the 26th ult., the Roxborough manse presented an interesting appearance. About sixty young persons, ladies and gentlemen of the congregation, unexpectedly took possession of the manse, and for several hours enjoyed themselves in singing sacred music. Afterwards the social table (covered with good things taken from well filled baskets) was surrounded by the company. Before leaving, Mr. H. McDiarmid, deputy-reeve of the township, in the name of the party, presented Mr. and Mrs. Cameron with a purse of money, and other considerate gifts, among which were two fine ewe lambs. After worship was conducted, the party retired, having spent a pleasant and profitable evening together.

THE induction of Rev. John A. McAlmon into the pastoral charge of the Dresden Presbyterian Church, by the Presbyterian Church of Chatham, took place on Tuesday 27th of November. Rev. J. R. Battisby, of Chatham, preached the induction sermon, taking for his text St. John v. 5-7. Rev. D. L. MacKechnie of Bothwell, presided and addressed the minister, and Rev. W. C. Armstrong, of Florence, addressed the people. Mr. McAlmon was paid one quarter's stipend by the congregation. In the evening a social by way of welcome to the newly inducted Pastor was held in the Church when addresses were delivered by Revs. D. L. MacKechnie, W. C. Armstrong, Dr. Tweedie, J. A. McAlmon, and Mr. Dimmick of M. E. Church.

FROM a special correspondent we learn that a most enjoyable and in every respect successful concert was held on Monday evening the 26th ultimo, in the Town Hall, Oakville, the object being the liquidation in part of the still remaining debt on the Manse of the Presbyterian Church of that town, of which the Rev. Mr. Meikle is the worthy and much respected occupant. The weather was most unpropitious, yet the hall was most comfortably filled by a large and appreciative audience. The chair was occupied by the worthy Mayor of the town, P. A. Macdougald, Esq., and the musical part was under the personal management of the talented organist of the "Metropolitan" Church, Toronto, Mr. F. H. Torrington, who was ably assisted by several well-known Toronto favourites—amongst whom may just be mentioned Miss Reid, and Mrs. Jenking, Messrs. Warrington, Hurst, Boddy, Lawless, and Wightman; Miss Lyall and Miss Kay also kindly assisted. Without wishing to give anything like invidious praise where all was so well rendered we cannot refrain from noticing especially the exceedingly well-rendered solos of Miss Reid, and Mrs. Jenking; whilst the comic songs of Mr. Hurst fairly carried the audience with him in their rapturous applause. Altogether the concert so far as a most varied programme was concerned was a pronounced success, and we are glad to add, netted the goodly sum (considering the inclemency of the weather) of about \$52. It is hoped that the small amount still to be met on the Manse may shortly be wiped out, and thus the heart of Mr. Meikle be gladdened, and we trust he will long continue to be the esteemed occupant of it.

AN ASCENT OF MOUNT ARARAT.

From the plain of the Araxes where the Armenians place the lost Paradise of man, rises an extinct volcano, of immeasurable antiquity; its peak, 17,000 feet high, soaring suddenly from the platform, which is but two or three thousand feet above the sea; its snow-line at the elevation of 14,000 feet, treeless, waterless, solemn, and solitary, one of the sublimest objects on the face of the earth. It is Ararat, the mountain of the Ark, the ancient sanctuary of the Armenian faith, the centre of the once famous kingdom, now the corner-stone of three great empires. On the top of its lowest peak, Little Ararat, the dominions of the Czar, the Sultan, and the Shah, the territories of the three chief forms of faith that possess Western and Northern Asia, converge to a point. No mountain save Sinai has such sacred associations, and Sinai itself has less of legendary lore attached to it. Persians, Tartars, Turks, and Kurds regard the mountain with reverence as genuine as that of the Christian races, for its majesty, its solitariness, and because they all believe in the Deluge and in the Patriarch, "faithful found." They are all equally persuaded that "Massis" (Ararat) is "inaccessible;" they are not to be convinced by any testimony of travellers who ascended Ararat in 1829, 1834, 1845, and 1856; and it now appears that they reject that of Mr. Bryce, who performed, in September of last year, the extraordinary feat of ascending the mountain of the Ark, alone. The narrative of Mr. Bryce's ascent fills one with wonder and delight, fires one's imagination like an astronomic discovery, and communicates to one something of the thrill and awe of the loneliness and immutability of the scene on which the solitary man gazed when he stood on the little plain of snow which forms the summit of Ararat. Mr. Bryce had set out on the ascent from Aralykh, with a companion and an escort of six armed Cossacks, accompanied by an interpreter; but the Cossacks failing them early in the undertaking, the interpreter was obliged to abandon the party at "the Governor's Well," the only high permanent camping-ground on the mountain, and Mr. Bryce commenced his solitary ascent of the awful peak, held by the Armenians to be guarded by angels from the profaning foot of man, and by the Kurds to be the haunt of Jinn, who takes vengeance on mere human disturbers of their devil's revelry. At eight o'clock he started, carrying with him his ice-axe, some crusts of bread, a lemon, a small flask of cold tea, four hard-boiled eggs, and a few meat lozenges, and climbing away to the left along the top of a ridge, came to a snow-bed, lying over loose, broken stones and sand, so fatiguing to cross that he almost gave in on the far side of it. There he found solid rock, however, and the summit of Little Ararat began to sink, and that meant real progress. At ten o'clock he was looking down upon its small flat top, studded with lumps of rock, but bearing no trace of a crater. Upon this point one Cossack and one Kurd had accompanied him—they were mightily amused by the ice-axe, and curious as to its use—but the Kurd stopped now, shivering on the verge of a long, treacherous snow-slope, in which steps had to be cut; and afterwards the Cossack, who had crossed the snow-slope, looked up at the broken cliff above them which had then to be scaled, and shook his head. Mr. Bryce made him understand by pantomime that he was to return to the bivouac below, bade him farewell, and set his face to the great peak, Little Ararat now lying 1,000 feet below the eye. He climbed the crags which had appalled the Cossack, and emerged on a straight slope of volcanic stones, which rolled about so that he slipped down nearly as much as he went up; and here the breathlessness and fatigue became extreme, owing to the thinness of the air; and the practical question was whether with knees of lead, and gasping like a fish in a boat, he would be able to get any farther. Going on again, he turned and got on another rock-rib, working his laborious way over toppling crags of lava, until perhaps the grandest sight of the whole mountain presented itself. At his foot was a deep, narrow, impassable gully, in whose bottom snow lay, where the inclination was not too steep. Beyond it a line of rocky towers, red, grim, and terrible, ran right up towards the summit, its upper end lost in the clouds, through which, as at intervals they broke or shifted, one could descry, far, far above, a wilderness of snow. Had a Kurd ever travelled so far, he might have taken this place for the Palace of Jinn. Climbing on and on, sometimes erecting little piles of stones to mark the way, the solitary traveller consumed the precious hours until he found himself at the top of the rock-rib, and on the edge of a precipice, which stopped farther progress in that direction, but showed him, through the clouds which floated around him—real clouds, not generally diffused mist—the summit barely 1,000 feet above him. The hours were wearing on; a night upon the mountain would probably mean death to the brave man (whose clothing was insufficient even for the day-time, for his over-coat had been stolen on a railway); the decision had to be quickly taken. He decided to retrace his steps from the precipice, climbed into the basin along the border of a treacherous ice-slope, and attacked the friable rocks, so rotten that neither feet nor hands could get firm hold, floundering pitifully because too tired for a rush. All the way up this rock-slope where the strong sulphurous smell led Mr. Bryce to hope he should find some trace of an eruptive vent, he was constantly gazing at the upper end of the toilsome road for signs of crags or snow-fields above. But a soft mist-curtain hung there, where the snow seemed to begin; and who could tell what lay beyond? The solitude must indeed have been awful then, for everything like certainty and calculation had ceased. From the tremendous height, Little Ararat, lying he did not know how many thousands of feet beneath him, looked to the climber like a broken obelisk. Only one hour was before him now; at its end he must turn back,—if indeed his strength could hold out for that other hour. He struggled on up the crumbling rocks, now to the right, now to the left, as the foothold looked a little firmer on either side, until suddenly the rock-slope came to an end, and he stepped out upon the almost level snow at the top of it into the clouds, into the teeth of the strong west wind, into cold so great that an icicle enveloped the lower half of his face at once, and did

not melt until four hours afterwards. He tightened in his loose little coat with a Spanish neck-scarf, and walked straight on over the snow, following the rise, seeing only about thirty yards ahead of him, in the thick mist. Time was flying; if the invisible summit of the Mountain of the Ark were indeed far off now, if this gentle rise stretched on and on, that summit must remain unseen by him who had dared and done so great a feat that he might look from its sacred eminence. He trailed the point of the ice-axe in the soft snow, to mark the backward track, for there was no longer any landmark, all was cloud on every side. Suddenly he felt with amazement that the ground was falling away to the north, and he stood still. A puff of the west wind drove away the mists on the opposite side to that by which he had come, and his eyes rested on the Paradise plain, at an abyssal depth below. The solitary traveller stood on the top of Mount Ararat, with the history of the world spread beneath his gaze, and all around him a scene which reduced that history to pigmy proportions, and a man himself to infinite littleness! While the eye was still unsatisfied with gazing upon this wonderful spectacle, the mist-curtain dropped, unfolded him, and shut him up alone with the awful mountain-top. "The awe that fell upon me," he says, "with the sense of utter loneliness, made time pass unnoticed, and I might have lingered long in a sort of dream, had not the piercing cold that thrilled through every limb recalled to me a sense of the risks delay might involve." Only four hours of daylight remained, the thick mist was an added danger, the ice-axe marks were his only guide, for the compass is useless on a volcanic mountain like Ararat, with iron in the rocks. The descent was made in safety, but by the time Mr. Bryce came in sight of the spot, yet far off, where his friends had halted, "the sun had got behind the south-western ridge of the mountain, and his gigantic shadow had fallen across the great Araxes plain below; while the red mountain of Media, far to the south-east, still redder than ever, turned swiftly to a splendid purple in the dying light." At six o'clock he reached the bivouac, and rejoined his friend, who must have looked with strange feelings into the eyes which had looked upon such wondrous sights since sunrise. Three days later, Mr. Bryce was at the Armenian monastery of Etchmadsain, near the northern foot of Ararat, and was presented to the archimandrite who rules the house. "This Englishman," said the Armenian gentleman who was acting as interpreter, "says he has ascended to the top of Massis" (Ararat). "The venerable man smiled sweetly, and replied with gentle decisiveness, 'That cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible.'"—*Spectator*.

FAITH IN THE FAMILY.

One of the most intelligent women I have ever known, the Christian mother of a large family of children, used to say that the education of children was eminently one of faith. She never heard the tramping of her boys' feet in the house, or listened to their noisy shouting in their play, or watched their unconscious slumbers, without an inward, earnest prayer to God for wisdom to train them, and for the spirit of the Highest to guide them. She mingled prayer with counsel and restraint; and the counsel was the wiser, and the restraint was the stronger for this alliance of the human and divine elements in her instruction and discipline. And at length, when her children became men and women, accustomed to the hard strife of the world, her name was the dearest one they could speak; and she who "had fed their bodies from her own spirit's life," who had taught their feet to walk, their tongues to speak and pray, and illumined their consciences with the great lights of righteousness and duty, held their reverence and love increased a thousand fold by the remembrance of an early education that had its inspiration in faith in God, and its fruit in the noble lives of upright, faithful men.

PRIVILEGES OF BELIEVERS.

Privileges like these, be it remembered, are the possession of all, in every age, who receive Christ by faith, and follow Him as their Saviour. They are "children of God by faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. iii. 26). They are born again by a new and heavenly birth, and adopted into the family of the King of kings. Few in number, and despised by the world as they are, they are cared for with infinite love by a Father in heaven, who, for His Son's sake, is well pleased with them. In time He provides them with everything that is for their good. In eternity He will give them a crown of glory that fadeth not away. These are great things! But faith in Christ gives men an ample title to them. Good masters care for their servants, and Christ cares for His.

Are we ourselves sons of God? Have we been born again? Have we the marks which always accompany the new birth,—sense of sin, faith in Jesus, love of others, righteous living, separation from the world? Let us never be content till we can give a satisfactory answer to these questions.

Do we desire to be sons of God? Then let us "receive Christ" as our Saviour, and believe on Him with the heart. To every one that so receives Him, He will give the privilege of becoming a son of God.—*Ryle*.

THE third to be noticed of the great powers on the mass of religious thought and feeling, is that which I have made bold to term the *Protestant Evangelical*. It is evident that we have here the very heart of the great Christian tradition. It has framed large communities; it has formed Christian nations; it has sustained an experience of ten generations of men. It has to a great extent made good its ground in the world of Christian fact. Open to criticism it is, but it is one great factor of the Christian system as it now exists; it is eminently outspoken, and tells of its weaknesses as freely as of its victories or merits. It rallies millions and scores of millions to its standard, and while it entirely harmonizes with the movement of modern civilization, it exhibits its zeal in the work of all works, namely, in uniting the human soul to Christ.—*W. E. Gladstone*.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

TO FATTEN GESE, an experienced practitioner says.—Put up two or three in a darkened room and give each bird one pound of oats daily, thrown on a pan of water. In fourteen days they will be found almost too fat. Never shut up a single bird, as geese are sociable and will pine away if left alone.

A GOOD AND DURABLE PASTE may be made by dissolving a lump of alum about the size of a nutmeg in a pint of water; add enough flour to give it the proper consistency, and bring to a boil, adding a few drops of oil of cloves after the paste is made. The alum prevents fermentation and fungoid-growths, the oil of cloves merely imparts an agreeable odour.

RECIPE FOR THE CURE OF ASTHMA IN CANARIES.—The following receipt has been found to work with unbounded success in cases of the above description. This is the season of the year when whistling birds cease their warbling, and leave their owners in a quagmire as to the cause. A trial will well repay the cost of the outlay:—Half an ounce of elixir of vitrol, half an ounce of honey, one ounce of sherry wine, mix well together, and from six to ten drops administered daily.

INTESTINAL CONSUMPTION.—Hester Brown, a coloured girl who was supposed to have swallowed a living reptile, and whose case attracted much attention last year, died on Monday at New York. The *post mortem* disclosed consumption of the lungs and of the bowels, Bright's disease and dyspepsia in all their worst forms. The Coroner accounted for the peculiar movements in Hester's abdomen, which her friends thought were made by snakes as the peristaltic movements of the bowels common enough in cases of consumption of the intestines.

POTTED BEEF.—Take a piece of lean beef weighing five pounds and free it from the skin and gristle; put in a covered stone jar with a half teacupful of water and stand the jar into a kettle of boiling water to boil from five to six hours; see that the water does not boil into the jar. When done, take it up and cut into shreds; then pound in a mortar with a seasoning of pepper, salt and ground cloves. When smooth and like paste, mix with it ten ounces of clarified butter; press into little jars, pour butter over the top and tie down for use.

TO BONE A TURKEY.—After a fowl is drawn, take a very sharp knife and carefully separate the flesh from the bones, beginning at the wings, and being very careful not to break the skin; scrape the flesh clean from the bones, going from the wings to the breast, then the thighs, then the legs; when all the bones are loosened, take hold of the turkey tightly by the neck and give it a pull, when the bones will come out, but this requires the greatest patience and care to do nicely, and it is far better to send it to a professional cook to do for you.

BOILED WHEAT FOR DYSPEPSIA.—A correspondent says:—"There is in this city a gentleman who for a number of years past has been in the habit of eating wheat (not cracked wheat), but uncracked wheat, boiled slowly for eight or ten hours for his breakfast. He was formerly greatly troubled with dyspepsia, but since adopting the wheat diet for the matutinal meal he has never been in the least troubled with stomach derangements of any kind. He claims that it acts very beneficially on the stomach and bowels, and that unlike cracked wheat and oatmeal it cannot be bolted even if one is so inclined, but has to be thoroughly chewed before swallowing. As the wheat requires to be boiled a long time, a sufficient amount is usually cooked for four or five days' use, and when wanted is simply warmed. This wheat cure, if it acts the same as others, is certainly an inexpensive one to try."

BUTTER MAKING IN SWEDEN.—The method known as the Swedish system of making butter consists simply of setting milk in deep cans, about 7½ inches in diameter by twenty inches long, and placing them in a pool of water filled with broken ice, so as to maintain a temperature as near forty degrees as possible, and in taking off the first twelve hours' cream for their export butter. This is churned immediately, at a temperature of from fifty to sixty degrees, freed from butter-milk, and packed in sealed tin cans, holding four and eight pounds. Thus made and prepared, it will remain sweet indefinitely. The milk after the first skimming is made into cheese, or remains until all the cream has risen and made into butter, known as the "seconds," used for home and domestic use. The Swedes claim that by taking off the cream containing the large globules, which first rise, a more solid and firmer butter can be made. At the same time, it is freed from the influences of the atmosphere and the germs of decay floating therein. Certain it is that, whereas the country was famous for producing the poorest butter of any country in Europe, it now under this system, produces the finest butter in the world.

BOILING MEAT.—There is all the difference in the world between boiling meat which is to be eaten, and meat whose juice is to be extracted in the form of soup. If the meat is required as nourishment, of course you want the juice kept in. To do this it is necessary to plunge it into boiling water, which will cause the albumen in the meat to coagulate suddenly, and act as a plug or stopper to all the tubes of the meat, so that the nourishment will be tightly kept in. The temperature of the water should be kept at boiling point for five minutes; and then as much cold water must be added as will reduce the temperature to one hundred and sixty-five degrees. Now if the hot water, in which the meat is being cooked, is kept at this temperature for some hours, we have all the conditions united which give to the flesh the quality best adapted for its use as food. The juices are kept in the meat; and instead of being called upon to consume an insipid mass of indigestible fibres, we have a tender piece of meat, from which, when cut, the imprisoned juices run freely. If the meat be allowed to remain in the boiling water without the addition of any cold water to it, it becomes altogether cooked, but it will be hard, almost indigestible, and therefore unwholesome.

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Mr. John Imrie, General Agent for THE PRESBYTERIAN, is now in Eastern Ontario pushing the interests of this journal. We commend him to the best offices of ministers and people. Any assistance rendered him in his work will be taken by us as a personal kindness.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1877.

CONSECRATED WEALTH.

A REMARKABLE feature of the present age is the number of munificent donors to educational, charitable, and religious purposes. This class is not confined to one nation or continent. There is not at the present moment a country in the civilized world that is not proud of its roll of philanthropists; and even from heathen nations we have, as in the case of the King of Siam and of the recently converted Queen of Madagascar, eminent examples of the largely benevolent propensity. The mother-land, in every one of her component parts—whether England, Scotland or Ireland—can point to a long line of public benefactors—to founders of hospitals, of all kinds of charities, of educational institutions, and of religious buildings. The name of Peabody, as that of the mammoth giver, can only be mentioned with gratitude, and all the more that being American born, he distributed his gifts between the land of his adoption and the land of his birth.

It is with much interest and deep gratitude that we have noticed within a few weeks mention made of the generous gifts of wealthy and influential persons. The city of New York, with all its sham life and corruption and shoddy display, is made illustrious by the number of her benevolent men. A few weeks ago James Brown, an eminent banker, left immense sums for a variety of institutions—charitable, benevolent, educational, and religious. His gifts will identify his name with Jersey College and the Theological Seminary of New York, as well as with the innumerable institutions which received these in proportion to their importance. It is somewhat remarkable that ever since the Rev. Dr. McCosh became President of Princeton College, there has been a constant and unbroken flow of valuable donations to its treasury, which have been the means of almost renovating in every aspect that ancient institution. In the same way the American colleges generally have

been recently benefited by the contributions of their wealthy sons; while in almost every city of the United States, churches are being built, ecclesiastical debts removed, charities established, and education placed upon solid foundations, by the voluntary offerings of the people. It is with pleasure we receive by cable the intelligence of the splendid gift of the Marquis of Bute to the University of Glasgow of well-nigh nine hundred thousand dollars. And it is good news from New York to learn that the widow of John C. Green, a man of princely benevolence, has devoted one hundred thousand dollars of his residuary estate to the cause of missions.

The caption of this article, "CONSECRATED WEALTH," does not shut out of view the offerings of the less rich, who constitute the middle and working classes. Wealth means whatever remains in excess of our incomes after deducting the expenses of living. While the few can count their hundreds of thousands which they have been accumulating during years, the many can look with pride upon their small savings from their hard-earned salaries. Whatever be a man's place in Society—let him give five, ten, or a hundred dollars, or even one dollar, to some religious or benevolent purpose, and his donation is to be classified under the denomination of consecrated wealth. He has given his savings to the cause of God. He thenceforth ranks with the historic givers—with the widow who gave her all, relying upon her renewed exertions for supplying the place of her precious mites, and with the Peabodys, the Hendersons, and the Browns, who have given large fortunes to the cause of Christ. In this view, what a sum of consecrated wealth there is in the world! The names of noble givers are legion. These labor to give. They save in order to give. They deny themselves that they may fill the mission-box or swell the church treasury. Nor would we exclude from view the donations of the poor widow, of the toiling artizan, of the ill-paid clerk, of the sacrificing working woman, which go to make up the grand total of our church and benevolent schemes. The widow's mite and the millionaire's fortune, given to the Lord, belong alike to what we call consecrated wealth.

The newly-installed Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, makes a special appeal in his Inaugural to all classes of the benevolent to endow schools and colleges with their benefactions. We trust that earnest heed will be given to his words. In this city, we have our Knox College, which is the pride of the Province, and is a vital organ of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. This noble institution is entirely dependent upon church collections and uncertain donations. It has to appeal every year for help to the constituency which has been assigned to it by the General Assembly. It remains in debt notwithstanding the efforts that have been made on its behalf. Why should not some of our wealthy merchants, and a number of our well-to-do tradesmen, combine, and raise a permanent endowment for Knox College, which would for ever free her of the trammels of debt and enable her to go unfettered to her important task of training candidates for the ministry? Why should not the endowment of Queen's be at once enlarged to the desired extent by a similar method? Why should not contributions

of a special kind flow into the treasuries of our Home and Foreign Mission Boards, and gladden the heart of the Church by thus opening up new channels of usefulness? Why is it we do not hear more frequently of something being left in the wills of deceased members to the particular Church to which they belonged? Why should any religious or benevolent society experience difficulty in carrying on its work for want of means? Canada is not a poor country. Her citizens are not all struggling for existence. Let us hear more of giving on the part of the people. Let all remember that the wealth which they consecrate to the Lord will come back to them in many different ways.

Before going to press we have just time to add a sentence to this article in order to notice the munificent donation made to the schemes of the Church by an anonymous giver in this city, as will be seen by the letter published by Dr. Reid in another column. The amount is two thousand six hundred and fifty dollars, and the donor's modesty seems to be only equalled by his benevolence. This is a noble example, and one that we hope to see largely followed.

COLLEGE CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE undesirability of depending merely upon special Sabbath collections for the schemes of the Church was illustrated in the College collection, which, by appointment of the General Assembly, was to be taken up on the first Sabbath of this month. Not only on that Sabbath, but also on the preceding one, when notice of the collection should have been given, the weather was unfavorable in many districts, the country roads being almost impassable for conveyances. The consequence was a much smaller attendance than usual and a comparatively small collection. In the present financial state of our several Colleges it is a matter of very great importance that the contributions should this year exceed those of any preceding one, and that the revenue should at least meet the expenditure of the year. We would therefore urge that in those congregations where the collection was made on the day appointed by the Assembly, an opportunity to contribute be given those who were absent on that Sabbath. If the collection has not yet been made in some congregations it should be done without delay, so that it may neither be forgotten, nor allowed to interfere with contributions for any of the other Church schemes. Let ministers and sessions see (1) that every congregation and station and mission field contribute; (2) that the contributions be somewhat in accordance with the ability of the people and the claims of the colleges; and (3) that all monies for college purposes be forwarded to the treasurers of the several institutions before the end of the present month. A very little consideration as to these points on the part of ministers will tell very materially on the financial position of our Theological Halls.

THE Ultra-Romanists of Switzerland admit that they have formed an association for buying up the doctors to the Old Catholic doctrine. They have secured two priests by the bribe of \$5,000 each.

THE Pope has required the General of the Jesuits to expel Padre Curci, the most powerful and the ablest writer in that Order. His crime is that he has expressed the conviction that there is no reason to hope that the Pope can regain his temporal power, and that perhaps the Church is better without it, and that the Pope had better accept the situation.

EDUCATION.

[There lately appeared in the columns of the *Evangelical Churchman* a series of three most valuable articles on Education by John Schulte, D.D. The first two were chiefly occupied with the elucidation of principles, and they well sustain the Doctor's reputation as a thinker. The last of the series deals practically with the present state of Education in this country as to moral training and the early inculcation of the truths of Christianity; and as we consider it useful and timely, as well as able, we place it before our readers in full.]

THE education of the will in right principles is called moral training. It comprises the bringing up in every kind of virtue. Virtue, in its full and widest sense, is the first element of civilization; without it, order cannot be maintained, nor life and property be sufficiently protected. All men of thought and reflection will readily admit that the moral training of the free will has to hold the first and principal place in education. Where such a training is neglected there may be *instruction*, but not *education*. There is a great difference between instruction and education. It is the proper training of the will that constitutes education.

But here lies all the difficulty of devising an efficient educational system. It is a comparatively easy matter to prescribe the quantity and quality of the intellectual instruction that shall be imparted to the mind of the youth of the country; any mere theorist of intellectual culture has sufficient fitness for this task. It is likewise, comparatively easy to procure teachers possessing the required mental and professional attainments; it is also not difficult to provide the means for the support of schools—the state has persuasive powers *sui generis*. All the labours of the great majority of our modern educationists have been a comparatively easy task; for they have not undertaken to solve the really knotty point. They have studiously avoided the real difficulty that we have to meet in every educational system. The great and all-important question is, how shall our children receive a proper, efficient moral training which will make them good men and useful citizens? Our educationists are silent on this point; they have made no adequate provision for efficient moral training. Their systems, in this respect, are lamentably incomplete.

But some will say, that provision has been made, in our system, for moral training, because the teacher is required to inculcate the natural principles of morality common to all men and creeds. But I hold that a purely natural or philosophical morality is not sufficient. The pagans, in a certain sense, could give, and gave the same. But was that sufficient? By no means. History bears testimony to the contrary. Such a natural or philosophical morality is dry and abstract; it lacks the necessary force, attractiveness, sanction and encouragement. Besides, such a morality is uncertain and indefinite; philosophers have held the most absurd and pernicious principles, and proved them by their reason, too. What we want is a Christian morality; but our present system, like the modern state, makes no profession or acknowledgment of Christianity.

They reply that the teacher is required to be a good moral man, able to inculcate moral principles both by precept and example. But what does this amount to? He is not required to be a Christian man. He may be an open and avowed infidel, provided his out-

ward conduct be in conformity with the natural principles of morality. Besides, we have as yet no regular teaching profession. Very few adopt teaching as their permanent employment. Most of our teachers are young boys and girls, who look upon the school as a stepping-stone to something better. However willing they may be, their youth is often against them in inculcating those great and serious principles which are the basis of all good and moral actions.

A system in which no provision is made for Christian moral training may work for a time, and that only as long as the country continues to be a Christian country, as long as Christian citizens and Christian trustees and Christian teachers have the control of the schools. But suppose the country became dechristianized, and such it must become in course of time under such a system, it would cease to be efficient. The natural principles of morality which are at present prescribed to be inculcated would cease to exist; because they are in reality Christian principles, and exist only there where the light of Christianity shines and gives them vitality. If we wish our country to retain an efficient educational system, we must train our children to be Christians. Mere morality without Christianity is practically a nonentity. If we have no young Christians we shall have no grown-up Christians. The hope of christianity lies in the Christian training of the youth.

But how is it at present? Is there anywhere a sufficient provision made for the Christian training of our youth? I am sorry to confess, I think, there is not. What are the three educational agents, Church, parents, and school, doing in this all-important matter? There are, for instance, the Sunday schools. No Church will surely presume to maintain that an hour's instruction on the Lord's day—and such instruction, too, as is generally given by inefficient teachers amidst the din, noise, and distraction, in a room where many classes are taught at the same time—constitutes a sufficient religious training. They are certainly praiseworthy institutions and effect a certain amount of good, but if we trust to them alone, they are not efficient enough to train the youth in Christian doctrine and spiritual life. They are evidently not the paragon, as some seem to think, to remedy the deficiencies of our present educational system. Experience convinces us of the contrary.

But there is the Christian and moral education which the parents are expected to give their children at home. Does that amount to much? Is it sufficient? In thousands of cases, the parents have either no time or no ability to bring up their children in a living Christianity. Very often, too, they are lukewarm and neglect this important duty. In other cases, the parents are sceptics or infidels, and do not care whether their children be moral or immoral, Christians, deists, or infidels.

As to the third agent of education, namely the school, we have seen that Christianity is practically excluded from it.

We perceive, therefore, at present, no adequate means anywhere to train the youth of our country in Christian principles, in a sufficient measure. We understand the difficulty of the matter. We wish Christians to take our place after we are gathered to our fathers.

But where is the authority that will make efficient provisions for Christian education? Where are the agents to train the young sufficiently in the fear and nurture of the Lord? What can the state do in this matter? We do not see that it can or will do anything. Giving us a national system, it seems to say: "I cannot do all; I must leave the religious element an open question; I go as far as I can go, and leave it to the free option of the school sections and trustees to introduce or not to introduce the religious element into their respective schools."

The state appears to be unable or unwilling to go further in this matter. But no; it has yielded in one instance. Determined men have brought pressure to bear upon it, and they have obtained their ends. The Roman Catholics have given the Protestants a good example, in this respect. With praiseworthy energy and perseverance they have struggled for and obtained a school system in which the religious element pervades the secular teaching. Whatever may be the motives of the priesthood, the educational principle is good, in this point. There can be no man more convinced of the errors of Romanism than I am; yet I am thoroughly convinced that their maxim, "that religion ought to season secular education," is true. We regret that Protestants in their eagerness for a *uniform national* system have allowed themselves to be deprived of the essential element of education. Queries: Is *uniformity* in education desirable? Is a *merely secular education national* for a *Christian* nation like ours? We believe that *uniformity* and *secularization* are two destructive enemies of a *free* and *national* system.

The whole question, therefore, in regard to a Christian education devolves, in the present state of things, on the Protestant parents and Churches.

In the meantime we must make good use of the means which we have, at present, at hand, and endeavor to make them more and more efficient. Let neither the Sunday school nor home education be neglected; and let the clergy of all the Churches unite in utilizing those provisions and privileges which the present School Act of Ontario, or the other provinces grants us. We fear that the clergy are greatly to be blamed for their want of interest in educational matters. The Act allows them to visit the schools, to teach there in their official capacity, and to imbue the minds and hearts of the children with the principles and spirit of Christianity. Alas, they lamentably neglect their duty in this respect and what is worse, their cursed sectarian jealousy and bigotry are often the cause of this sad neglect.

We all feel convinced that moral training is necessary; and we know, also, that there is no proper moral training without Christianity; it contains, in the most perfect manner, the laws which bring harmony into our faculties, which harmony gives glory to God, and peace and happiness to our whole being. Give a Christian education to the young, and they will observe during life the laws of honesty, morality and justice, and become virtuous and useful members of society. Education ought to take up the whole man in all his faculties, tendencies and relations. Thus only will it make him a perfect being as God wished him to be.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

MORE THAN CONQUEROR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

The three years spent by Anthony Beresford in Captain Saxby's vessel had an influence on his mind only less important than the period of his university career, which had won him so completely to the service of Christ.

During the whole of the English captain's investigations into the existing state of the African slave trade, both at Zanzibar from reliable authorities, and on the coast as a personal eye-witness, Anthony accompanied him, rendering him no small assistance from the keen intelligence and good sense with which he entered into all the details of the cruel traffic, and from the courage and energy with which he joined in the inland expeditions that were made from time to time by a picked body of officers and men; when at length the vessel was ordered home to make a report to the Admiralty, there was no man on board, from the captain to the lowest seaman, who had so thoroughly mastered the subject as Anthony Beresford. He knew the whole terrible truth respecting African slavery, and from first to last, during the inquiry, he had been filled with a burning indignation which made him long, almost fiercely, to rescue the unhappy victims, and avenge their wrongs. He had restrained himself, however, with all the self-command he could muster while he remained with Captain Saxby, as any independent action on his part would have been highly indecorous under the circumstances, but by the time the investigation was over there was no longer a shadow of doubt in his mind as to the peculiar form in which he was to accomplish the vow he had taken, that he would devote his life to the warfare with those evils which prevent this fair world from taking its true place as the kingdom of the Lord and of his Christ; not only was he determined, with the fullest premeditation, to employ his whole existence to working in such measure as might be given him for the suppression of the slave trade, but the surrender of himself to this task became the one desire of his soul, the alluring ambition of his life, for the realization of which he longed as ardently as ever youthful lover for the heart he sought to win.

This was the dream that had shone before his eyes with a glory caught from the rays of the Sun of righteousness, as he stood upon the mountain side and looked out over the waters that should one day bear him back to the desolate land of slaves. One scene he had witnessed there which had burnt itself into his memory as with lines of fire. A long string of dark-hued African men and women, bound together with cords which cut into their flesh, dragging their bleeding feet through the tangled brushwood, on their way to the sea-shore, where the slave-ships waited to carry them off into life-long captivity, and behind whom came the merciless traders, armed with whips, who drove them on with blows and curses till they fell exhausted, and then, if too feeble to rise again, they were left to perish in the lonely wilderness. And Anthony knew that, but a few days before, these hapless beings had been dwelling in peace and security in their own little village far in the interior, knowing no enemy and fearing no evil, when suddenly the troop of armed men had come down upon them and taken them captive ere they had time to think of resistance; their limbs were bound, their children torn ruthlessly from them, and one after another they were tied to the rope which linked them into a living chain of suffering humanity, and, thus secured, were driven out from the home they were never to see again.

From the hour when he saw this sight Anthony Beresford's resolve was taken to make the cause of the slave for ever his own, and, but for Captain Saxby's determination, he would have sacrificed his life then and there in the effort to release the poor captives before him; but this could not have been either righteously or safely attempted by the handful of English naval officers who, with himself, watched the mournful procession from a little distance without coming in contact with the traders. Far more serious measures, under the sanction of the Government, could alone effect any real good, and Anthony was forced, at the time, to admit that his cousin was right in compelling him to obey orders like the others, and return back to the vessel, whence a report of the circumstance would be sent to the proper authorities. He yielded then to reason and duty; but on his knees that night before the Master whom he served, he dedicated himself to work, in any way that might be permitted to him, for the suppression of the slave-trade on the African shores, and asked to be enabled to carry out his resolution with success in the unknown life that lay before him.

Captain Saxby's vessel had touched at Zanzibar again before returning to England, and Anthony had taken every means to ascertain from well-informed persons there what way he could best use his life for the cause he had at heart. He soon found it would be quite possible for him to be employed under official sanction in such a manner as to ensure his being able to effect much of what he most desired, while no restriction would be placed on any independent efforts he might make, though these would probably involve risks to himself that only enhanced the attraction of the work to his young ardent spirit.

Money would, however, be required, especially for any personal enterprises he might undertake, and Anthony speedily determined that on his return to England he would convert all his property into available means, which he could carry back with him to Africa, and that so soon as he could make all necessary arrangements, he would take leave of the mother who so little desired his presence, and set sail for the land of the oppressed, there to make his home among the dark-skinned races, whose defender and friend he would be.

This, then, was Anthony Beresford's one dream of life, and it shone before him then as he journeyed through the gloom of that night, with a light fairer and brighter than ever could have gleamed for him from any earthly joy, such as might have seemed attractive to most men of his age.

He was just at this time in a position to hold almost within his grasp the means of realising at last all the ardent hopes he had cherished ever since he returned to England, and that after long delays and difficulties which had been very vexatious to him. He had found it not nearly so easy as he had expected to convert his property into available funds, inasmuch as it consisted of some quarries in the north of England, which though in good working order, could not be disposed of without long and tedious negotiations which had now lasted more than a year.

Anthony had chafed vehemently at being held back for so many months from the enterprise in which he longed to embark, but his lawyers would not be hurried, perhaps because they looked on his plan as so Quixotic and unwise that they were not much disposed to facilitate his carrying them out; but Anthony was of age, thoroughly master of himself and his goods, and his determination had conquered their resistance, and brought matters to a point which rendered it certain that he should be able to sail for Africa in the course of a few weeks. The young man had found no difficulty whatever in obtaining his mother's consent to his expatriation; it was in fact somewhat a relief to her to find that he was about to remove himself and his interests so completely from the sphere in which she lived, for although she had never made any attempt to control the overwhelming and exclusive affection which she bestowed upon her son Reginald, yet her conscience often upbraided her for her unjust partiality, which she would be able to indulge without any remorse henceforward. She was perfectly alive to Anthony's worth, and had she been less perfectly self-reliant would have leant upon him without scruple in all her own or Reginald's affairs; but her strong will and keen intellect had enabled her always to depend upon herself, and she had never cared to do more than respect her eldest son for the great qualities which she fully recognised in him. Thus all seemed smooth for the speedy fulfilment of Anthony Beresford's cherished scheme, and despite the anxiety he felt at the tidings which might await him at Darksmeere Castle, his mind dwelt with pleasure through the long dreary hours of that night on all the details of his preparation for a final departure from England.

The tardy light of a cheerless October morning had dawned before Anthony reached the little country station nearest to his home. There had been a sudden change in the weather, as is often the case in autumn, from sunshine and soft breezes to a grey, cloudy sky, and a cold east wind; and Anthony felt strangely depressed and nervous as he stepped out on the platform, where he found himself expected. He had telegraphed the time of his probable arrival to Reginald, and found the Erlesleigh carriage waiting him, early as it was. He eagerly questioned the servants as to his mother's state; but they had received their orders the night before, and had driven direct from the stables without going to the house, so that they could tell him no more than that she had been so dangerously ill on the day before that it was not thought possible she could recover or linger long. Anthony had not loved his mother with the passionate tenderness of which his nature was capable, because it had been impossible for him altogether to resist the repelling influence of her persistent coldness; but his affectionate disposition could not quite be hardened against the one person who had hitherto had the greatest claim on his love, and his mother had been dearer to him than any one else, with the exception of his half-brother Reginald, to whom he was deeply attached. It was therefore with a heavy heart that he drove along the few miles of country road which separated him still from Darksmeere Castle, and found himself at last at the gate in the chilly gloom of the early morning.

It was a very fine old place, with an avenue more than a mile in length, which led through a beautiful park to the door of the ancient building that had so long been the abode of the Erlesleighs. Seen from the front, it was an imposing and somewhat grim-looking structure; but at the back it opened out into charming grounds, with a rapid river running through them, and an old-fashioned pleasure extending in mazy windings and leafy archways to a natural wood, which had been the growth of many centuries, and closed in the landscape for a considerable distance. Anthony glanced round on these familiar objects with a feeling almost of bewilderment, as he was being driven to the entrance at the back, which was always used by the family except on state occasions. It seemed so strange to find all looking precisely the same as usual when so great a change was perhaps impending over the inmates of the house. As the carriage drove up to the broad flight of steps which led to the door, Anthony saw his brother Reginald coming out, bareheaded, from the house, with hands extended to greet him, and in an instant he had sprung from his seat, and stood by his side.

The two brothers were strangely unlike. Anthony Beresford did not at first sight appear to be a handsome man, for he required to be known before the spiritual charm of his face could be detected; but Reginald Erlesleigh had a countenance of singular beauty, and a perfection of form and colouring in every respect, which rendered him as attractive in outward appearance as he was naturally lovable and winning in his manners and disposition. Some indication of a want of mental strength there might be in the face, fair as that of a woman, with its bright blue eyes, and curling chestnut hair, but there was nothing effeminate in his look, and the tall well-proportioned frame was that of a man possessing all the physical power befitting his youth.

CHAPTER IV.

The brothers met with a warm grasp of the hand. They had always been fast friends. The four years' difference in their age had never been used by Anthony as a reason for assuming airs of authority, and Reginald loved him heartily, and trusted him more entirely than any one else in the world. As yet, however, there had never been an opportunity for them to acquire any very intimate acquaintance with each other. Reginald had been educated entirely at home under a private tutor, and Anthony had always been at school and college. Since they had both grown to manhood, the voyage of the elder to Africa, and a more recent

tour made on the Continent by Reginald, had kept them apart, and neither at present knew anything of the inner life of the other. Still, they had many associations of childhood which linked them together, and Anthony laid his hand lovingly on his brother's shoulder as he asked the question that trembled on his lips, "Oh, Rex—our mother—?" He did not finish his sentence, for tears sprung into the clear blue eyes that looked so confidently into his own, and the young man answered by a single word—"Dying!"

"Is it really so? Is there no hope?" said Anthony, almost pleadingly.

"None. It has been hopeless from the first. It seems that she must have had for some time the seeds of a fatal insidious disease, of which she was not conscious herself, although she has suffered a good deal without thinking it necessary to mention it, but two days ago a violent attack of inflammation brought her malady to a fatal stage, and now they say she cannot pass the day." Reginald broke down as he spoke, and sobbed with an absence of self-control which denoted a weak nature.

Anthony was too sweet-tempered to be impatient of a feebleness he could not understand, but he spoke to his brother with a firmness of tone which compelled a reply, "Rex, you must tell me. In what state is she now? Can I see her? Can she speak to me?"

"Oh yes, thank heaven! for she has done nothing but cry out for you ever since she knew she was dying; the pain and delirium have quite passed away, which the nurses say is a very bad sign, but I was thankful when she became conscious, for the wandering of her mind was terrible."

"And she is sensible now?" asked Anthony.

"Quite. Ever since last night; and for the last few hours she has not ceased asking perpetually when you would come. I sat up with her, and it was most distressing to see her terror lest she should die before you came," replied Reginald.

"Poor mother!" said Anthony. "I should scarce have thought she would have cared to see me at all. It is very unlike what I might have expected, as you know."

"I think," replied his brother, "there is something weighing on her mind, which she wishes to tell you. I gathered that from one or two expressions she used, but I have not the least idea what it is she desires to communicate."

"Let me go to her at once, in any case," said Anthony; and while Reginald was trying in vain to persuade him to take some breakfast first—assuring him they did not anticipate any great change in his mother's state for some hours—a woman, who was evidently a sick nurse, came rapidly down the stairs, and said, "If you please Mr. Beresford, you are wanted at once in Mrs. Erlesleigh's room. She heard the carriage drive up to the door, and desired me to beg you not to delay a moment in going to her."

"I suppose she wishes to see my brother alone, nurse," said Reginald, wistfully, as though he would fain have accompanied him.

"Yes, sir; she particularly desired that Mr. Beresford should come to her alone. I felt afraid to leave her, and asked to stay at least in the dressing-room in case she became faint, but she said she could not allow any one to be within hearing, and I should be called if I was required."

"Then you must go without me, Anthony," said Reginald, with a sigh, "but I grudge every moment I spend away from her now. I know what her love for me has been," he added in a low voice to his brother. "Now that I am going to lose it, I feel that I have not valued it half enough."

Anthony could only press his brother's hand in silence. A peculiar sense of oppression seemed to be weighing him down, which was not merely distress at his mother's condition, it was a dim foreboding of future anguish to himself, of dark impending evil, which might have power to blot the sunshine from his life forever, and as he followed the nurse along the wide corridors which led to the sick-room, he felt unnerved in such fashion as he had never been in all his days before.

He paused for a moment at the door, which the nurse held open for him, and struggled to shake himself free of the mysterious weight on his heart. "Is not God over all, blessed for ever," he said to himself. "What terror can the future hold for the servant of Christ. Dark it may be, if so he wills it, but never desolate." Then he raised his head, and his brown eyes shone with their accustomed steadfast light as he passed into the chamber of death. The nurse went out, closing the door, and he was alone with his dying mother.

She lay on a bed from which all the curtains had been drawn back to give her more air, and the rays of the rising sun streamed full on her face through a large bow window near which she was placed. She had been propped up with pillows till she almost sat upright in the bed, and all that remained to her of life seemed gathered up into the wide-opened fiercely eager eyes with which she was looking towards the door. Her outstretched hands clutched the bed-clothes on either side, as if she would fain hold on to existence in this world till some special purpose she had in view was fully accomplished, and her still beautiful face, grey with the shadow of death, seemed almost convulsed by the terrible impatience that over-mastered her physical weakness.

As her son passed into the room she broke out into a hoarse, scarce articulate cry, which appalled him as he heard it.

"Anthony Beresford, come to me quickly! come, come!" What could be the cause of this anguish of excitement? he thought, as he advanced at once to her bedside; but instantly her thin delicate fingers had clutched hold of him with a strength he could not have believed they possessed, and with a voice strained to an unnatural pitch she screamed out the words, "Anthony, will you promise me to do that which I shall ask you? Will you swear to grant my last dying request? Will you pledge yourself to accomplish the task I shall give you to do? Speak—speak," she added, frantically, as he looked at her almost bewildered. "Speak," she repeated; "remember that death waits no man's time, and I scarce have a few hours left to do that which should have been done in a lifetime. Oh, the remorse of that inexcusable delay! I made

so sure of life, I thought I could do all that must be done for years and years, and now I have barely an hour. Oh, Anthony, why will you not give me your word? I care not if it is much to ask, you must promise.

"Mother, you have given me no time to speak," he said gently, "nor can I guess what it is you demand, but I think it is very certain I can refuse you nothing in such a moment as this."

Then she leant back on her pillows, and seemed to breathe more freely. She pointed to a cordial which stood on a table near her. Anthony poured out a glassful of it, and held it to her lips, and when she had taken it, her intense, nervous excitement seemed to subside, and she spoke with a stronger voice.

"Sit down, my son," she said, and he took a place by her side, thinking how seldom it was she had ever called him by that name; it moved his tender nature, and he took her hand and kissed it, tears moistened the eyes that shone with such unnatural brightness as he did so.

"I have not been good to you, Anthony," she said; "I have not loved you as you deserved, yet all my hopes are fixed upon you now. Forgive—forget the past; remember only that I am your mother, and dying."

"Dear mother, there is no need for you to make such an appeal. I have ever loved you, and if I can lighten now any load that weighs upon your mind I shall most thankfully do so."

"Ah you can, and you alone! Anthony, do you know what it is that makes the true agony of death for me? Not sorrow to leave the pleasant world," she went on more rapidly, "for when my husband died all power of enjoyment died for me; not terror of the judgment, though I might dread it, for I have loved my earthly treasures more than God; none of the feelings which in ordinary cases make human beings shrink back from the grave; no, the anguish of this departing of the soul which leaves on earth my impotent dust alone, is the knowledge that I must abandon my Rex, my darling, to the deadly malignity of evils that will most surely meet him with tremendous power so soon as my protection is withdrawn—evils that will assail him from enemies without, evils more insidious, more fatal, that will arise within him from natural weakness, from hereditary tendencies, from peculiarities of disposition, which are full of the most terrible danger. I tell you, Anthony, I could not rest quiet in my grave if I knew that I had left this treasure of my heart to battle alone and unprotected with such foes as seldom cluster round one hapless being on this earth—should I not know, even in this dust of death, that he was a prey to cruel influences that will torture and destroy him like rillures tearing to pieces some helpless dove, oh, my son, my son as well as he, though never, I own it, so intensely, passionately dear! What I ask of you is the promise that you will give yourself up to the care and protection of this my darling, my beloved; that you will make yourself his defender, heart and soul, against all the ills that threaten him, and which with my last breath I will teach you to know and to elude." She paused breathless, looking at him with intense anxiety in her haggard eyes, and he answered her with some surprise, "Mother, can you doubt that I should be ready to protect or assist my brother in any way that may seem to be required? I do not know, of course, to what dangers you specially allude, but in the mere fact that we are both your sons—even did I not for his own sake love him well—you might rest assured that I would ever assist him by any means in my power."

"Do you think that is enough?" she exclaimed, with almost frantic energy. "Do you think I meant only that you should show him ordinary care and brotherly affection? You have not understood. Oh, that I may have breath given me to speak all that I must say! Anthony, it is nothing less than the surrender of your whole life that I ask for, the abandonment of all your most cherished hopes and schemes on earth!"

(To be continued.)

CHARITY VERSUS SLIPPERS.

"Yes, rest is a great blessing, particularly when well earned; and certainly, if there is one thing conducive to rest, it is a pair of comfortable slippers!"

Be it known that I was addressing no one in particular, unless, indeed, my slipped feet, as they towered above me on the mantle-piece, could be supposed to constitute a listener. I think it is as well to explain that I am not in the habit of elevating my toes, Yankee fashion, or, indeed, of committing myself in any manner unbefitting the dignity of a rather fashionable clergyman; but now and then I indulge myself a little, and on this particular day I had been performing my Christmas charitable duties with a zeal which I thought deserved reward. This by the way.

"Yes," I continued, with no small satisfaction, "if ever I discharge my yearly duties aright, I have done so to-day, and that with great bodily and mental fatigue. I think my Christmas text will be, 'But the greatest of these is charity.' I could preach feelingly on these words."

"Rubbish!"

"Oh!" and I stared round the room, but nothing unusual met my gaze, save the waxy Christmas rose that my little daughter had placed on the table to gladden the eyes of papa. "Rubbish indeed!" I echoed, indignantly. "I wonder what could have put such a notion into my head. Rubbish! I only wish my hearers may follow their pastor's example. There will be no lack of charity then."

"Nonsense!"

There was no mistake about it this time, and as I again glanced at the innocent-looking flower, I perceived a little, wretched sprite, in yellow attire, nodding and grimacing at me from behind its white petals. "Pray, Sir," quoth I, rather testily, "what may you be pleased to term nonsense?"

"Your charity," and he grimaced again.

"Indeed! Perhaps you do not like good works?"

"Excuse me; I was merely insinuating that what you term charity is not the genuine article."

I felt myself getting rather hot. "Perhaps you would

favour me further with your opinions," I retorted with terrible irony.

"Certainly. I am Charity's clerk, looking after her interests; I don't consider that they flourish in your part of the world. You may have been doing your duty, but as for Charity—ugh!" and he snapped his fingers at me.

I was too astonished to speak, so he continued.

"Charity, indeed! Was it charity that induced you to hand over a larger gift than usual to the F.'s because they lived in a dissenting neighbourhood, and could lawd to advantage the church's liberality? Or, again, was it charity that made you dole out a smaller bounty to Widow B. and her family, because you suspected her of prejudice in favour of the Methodists? 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind'—was it charity, then, which made you neglect N., whose son was so uncivil to you? Or, again, was it charity which made you forget Mrs. A., who lives such a long way off from that bazar where you stepped in to buy some things for your children?"

"Really," I stammered, with blushing consciousness, "I could not forget my family. 'Charity begins at home.'"

"But it does not end there," quoth my mentor; "and 'Charity seeketh not its own'—that is Scripture, and your quotation was not."

"But I really forgot Mrs. A. and N. I regret it extremely."

"Do you? Then why don't you start off at once to amend your errors?"

"Really," I remonstrated, the mere suggestion sounding most unpleasantly—"really, I am quite exhausted with my day's work;" and I looked wistfully at my slippers, and the said slippers embracing my feet, looked placidly at their owner from their marble resting-place.

"Exhausted! Very likely; so are N. and A. and L., with all his little children, who will not taste meat on Christmas-day if you don't go to him."

"But I can go to-morrow," I groaned.

"Not at all. To-morrow you have to superintend your children's Christmas treat after writing your sermon. Think of L.'s little children, with no treat at all, not even the natural one of food! Go at once."

I thought of my own happy little ones, and I reluctantly thrust my feet into walking boots, preparatory to departing on my charitable expedition; but a few minutes later, my hall door was slammed in a very uncharitable fashion.

I wonder by whom!

I was very cold and tolerably cross when I returned to my study, and to my fire, which had dwindled down to its last embers, and to my much esteemed slippers, which last, boasting cosily on the rug, looked far more comfortable than their owner. Nevertheless, I settled myself in my arm-chair with the agreeable satisfaction of a man worn out in the performance of his duty, and who feels that, come what may, none can reproach him; and forthwith I began to soliloquize on the ingratitude of some of my poor people. "There," I reflected, "was John A., who only greeted me with black looks, as if my advent were a bore; and B. took the relief as a matter of course. As for that garrulous widow N., I thought I should never hear the end of her long complaints; not a thought as to my bodily fatigue in ministering to their wants. The only one who at all appreciated my doings was Mrs. P., the Irishwoman, who compared me to the Angel of Mercy—flattery, no doubt, but still very pleasant to a frame wearied in the exercise of charity."

"Hum," quoth my little friend, peering over the petals of my rose.

"So you are still there, my small mentor? Well, you may have your say now without incommoding me, as you can certainly not now reproach me with a want of charity."

"Oh, indeed," was the curt rejoinder.

"Well, and pray what have you to object to now?" and I settled myself back laughingly. "I am sure I have been very busy carrying out your injunctions. Pray what is troubling your mind now respecting my proceedings?"

"Not much. I was only remembering. 'Charity seeketh not its own.'"

"And of course I was seeking my own whilst plodding about those weary streets! You are remarkably cool in your conclusions."

"You were seeking praise."

"Yes; praise from those you ministered to."

"I dare say," I replied, sharply, feeling all the more nettled that I could not deny the fact. "Perhaps if you were fired to death, you would not object to a little sympathy."

"It was not sympathy you wanted—it was praise."

"You are a little demon; and I have done with you," I retorted, as I whirled my chair round, with my back to the tiny monitor.

"Demon or not," urged the voice behind me, "demon or not, I have not done with you. Do you hear your children shouting over their work in the next room?"

"Yes; they are preparing their Christmas tree for to-morrow."

"Why are your brother's children not with them?"

"My brother's children!" I faced angrily the impertinent questioner. "Perhaps, since you know so much about my affairs, you are aware that my brother and I have not spoken for years."

"Yes."

"And pray what do you mean by asking why his children are not with mine?"

"Are you going to let another Christmas pass, and enter upon a new year, without making up that quarrel?"

"Make it up! It is more his doing than mine. Let him make it up; I have no objections."

"He is the offender and you may be sure he will not come forward."

"He ought to."

"You have not to concern yourself with his duty, but with your own. Go at once to him, and strive to make up the breach."

"I have no such intention," I replied, sulkily; "it is not my place."

"And yet you are a clergyman, and intend preaching a sermon upon charity! Shame upon you. That is not charity."

"It is—the highest."

"Charity thinketh no evil," says the book you ought to know well. 'Charity suffereth long and is kind.'

"I am sure I suffered long."

"Charity beareth all things."

"Dear me. I am sure I have borne long."

"Yes; but not forgivingly."

"Well, if I were to attempt a reconciliation, I am sure Tom would frustrate my intentions; he would be most unwilling to make it up."

"Charity hopeth all things."

"But what has that to do with it?"

"Everything, if you are wishing to practise the virtue."

I mused: "Well, it is worth trying. I shall think of it to-morrow."

"To-morrow has plenty of work of its own; and first and foremost that said sermon on charity."

"Ah, well! I can see about it next week."

"Then you will have lost the opportunity of a Christmas reconciliation."

"What matter so long as a reconciliation is effected."

"Did you never hear that 'procrastination is the thief of time?'"

"Well, I certainly cannot think of going out to-night."

"You can if you choose."

"I can't if I don't choose."

"No, certainly not. Hark!"

It was my wife and children trying over their new Christmas chant, and the sweet voices rang out to the notes of the harmonium. I felt the sacred words echo through my heart, "On earth peace, good-will towards men."

Good will, ah! and with a sudden determination I seized my hat and again departed on an errand of duty.

Our friends are always more ready for a reconciliation than we fancy. Need I say that my long estranged brother greeted me with open arms, that his wife received me warmly, and that before half an hour had passed there were little ones climbing on the knee of their new uncle.

An hour later I was telling my wife of the additional guests to be at our party.

"Your brother!" she said, greatly startled; "you don't mean Tom?"

"Yes."

"Did you go to him?"

"Yes."

"James," she said, with a proud, loving look, "you are a saint."

I know it was the partial commendation of an affectionate wife, but still it greeted my ears pleasantly. "At least I try to be," I said, as I re-entered my study; "I try to be, and I trust success may attend me. Well, small one, are you satisfied?" This to the sprite in the flower.

"Not quite."

"What in the world do you want now?" I cried, quite aghast.

"The most difficult thing of all—that you should not make such speeches, or think such thoughts, as those of a moment ago."

"Eh?"

"'Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up.'"

A pang of remorse twitched me and almost for the first time in my life I uttered a prayer of humility.

It was a very merry party next evening, and we elders watched with delight our children gamboling round the gill-laden tree, but amidst all our glee the true words of my little mentor forced themselves on my thoughts.

"James," said my wife late in the evening, "I forgot to ask you what your text for to-morrow is?"

"'Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up.'"

She looked puzzled a moment. "Well," she said, "it is a very good text, and one to which I am sure you can do justice."

"Can I?" Next day I was complimented on my sermon. I trust that one of the most earnest listeners was the preacher. —*Sunday Magazine.*

If ever we would be lovely like Christ, we must be holy like Christ. Holiness is a Christian's comeliness.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing over it, he is superior. —*Lord Bacon.*

"MANY of the good things of this world, of which we have said these same shall comfort us, prove vexatious to us; and we are disappointed in that wherein we most promised ourselves satisfaction. If we say our bed shall comfort us, perhaps it is not a bed to rest on, but a bed to toss on; as it was to poor Job, when wearisome nights were appointed to him. Nay, such strangers are we to real pleasure in the things of this life, and so oft do we deceive ourselves with that which is counterfeited, that we wish to live to those days of life which we are told will be evil days, and those years, of which we are assured that we shall say, we have no pleasure in them. But the pleasures of religion are solid, substantial pleasures, and not painted; gold, and not gilded over; these *sons of pleasure* inherit substance. It is that of which the foundation is firm, the superstructure strong. The consolations of God are neither few nor small, while a vain and foolish world cause their eyes to fly upon that which is not. Wordly people pretend to the joy they have not, but godly people conceal the joy they have; as he did that found the treasure hid in the field. They have, like their Master, meat to eat which the world knows not of. It is not rational, and not brutish. It is the pleasure of the soul, not of sense; it is the pleasure of a man, not that which we have in common with the inferior creatures. The pleasures of religion are not those of a mere animal life, which arise from the gratifications of the senses of the body and its appetites; no, they affect the soul, that part of us by which we are allied to the world of spirits, that noble part of us, and therefore are to be called the true pleasures of a man. —*Matthew Henry.*

ANNIVERSARY MISSIONARY MEETINGS,
MONTREAL.

Last week we gave a full report of the first of these gatherings. The second was held on Wednesday, the 28th ult., and was devoted to HOME MISSIONS. The attendance was very large and the interest well maintained.

Joseph Mackay, Esq., occupied the chair, and in his opening remarks referred to the importance and growth of the work.

The Rev. Wm. Cochran, D.D., of Brantford, in the course of an earnest and eloquent address referred to the extent of the Home Mission field, and the self-denying labors of the missionaries, especially during the rigorous winters of the North-west. If the question of hardship was allowed to be considered, and he was offered his choice of a field, he did not know but that he would rather choose India as offering less possibility of hardships to be endured, than the Home Mission field of the North-west. There the missionaries had to travel twenty, thirty, and forty miles through an intensely cold atmosphere, and only reaching home after three or four days' exposure to the open air, no one could conceive of the hardships they underwent. He asked his audience to just imagine a young man leaving college with distinction and taking with him his newly-wedded wife, used to all the comforts of a good home and refined society to dwell in a shanty on \$400 from a church, and \$200 from the Home Mission fund. If this was the fact in some parts of Ontario they could form no conception of the privations suffered by Missionaries and their devoted wives in the North-west. The Church should feel that it had not even made an approach towards self-denial until it gave each missionary at least \$1,000 per annum. It must really feel the pleasure of giving. Men must put it to their consciences "How much can I not give." They should show by their contributions that the Union of the churches was more than a union in name. If they believed that this Dominion was to be converted to Christ the time had come for them to show it in deed, and by so doing they would be adding to their own spiritual welfare and the extension of the faith they professed.

After the singing of the hymn, "Whosoever Heareth,"

Rev. J. M. King, of Toronto, addressed the meeting. He said that there was no room for doubt that it was the duty of the Church in Canada to attend to the necessities of the pioneer settlers, and do everything possible to prevent them from lapsing into a carelessness for religion. It was not a very easy thing to enable an audience to obtain an adequate idea of the greatness of the work in this connection. In this vast western Home Mission field there are 150 distinct fields, each of them having some one, two, three, and four distinct points at which the ordinances of the gospel are administered, making in all 264 points. Some of these are situated in the old and some in the new fields. One or two require no assistance, a large number require comparatively small assistance, and soon will not need any, while many, and these are always growing, as new settlements spring up, require large assistance. He referred to the smallness of the salaries paid to the missionaries—\$300, \$400, \$500 and \$600 per annum, and the need of largely increased assistance. The work was not only vast, but it was rapidly growing. Within the past few years it had doubled, and within a very few years more it will have doubled again. How had it doubled so rapidly? In the first place, for half a century, old settlements in Quebec and Ontario had been neglected, and now, for the first time, were only making themselves felt. Secondly, the great increase of the work was the settling of Ontario. From Ottawa to the Georgian Bay the Ottawa was fringed with struggling settlements, sparsely populated, requiring assistance, and who only obtained the ministrations of a student during a portion of the year. These settlements were gradually increasing, and so soon as one is able to support a minister, two, three or more are knocking for help. Through Lake Nipissing, the Port Francis District, and Georgian Bay, there are poor settlements, which are never visited by a missionary at all. With respect to Manitoba, it was not necessary to say much. It was being settled rapidly, and if the Church did the work God had placed in its hands it will soon become necessary for it to spend on that field as much as it was now expending on home work in Ontario and Quebec combined. The work was not simply vast and growing, but deeply interesting, inasmuch as the population was composed of settlers from Scotland and Ireland and the older parts of Canada, who came with them a love of the Presbyterian Church, with its scriptural creed and pure faith. Assistance could not be denied them. He would like one or two of our rich merchants to see these people for themselves. That sight would be sufficient to stir their sympathy and support. There were among them earnest Christian people longing for the services of the Gospel, while others were vicious and utterly callous, and when the minister at the close of his season was compelled to leave he did not know which element of the population stirred the most powerful emotion within him. By all the ties of patriotism and religion these struggling members of the church should be nurtured and cared for, and if the Presbyterian Church, by neglect, allowed them to pass into another Church, they dared not, for shame, seek to regain them. With respect to the necessary means he urged self-denial and enlarged generosity. It was an enterprise that paid, and on its development he believed the great question of the future of the Presbyterian Church in Canada depended. Money was sometimes hoarded up and afterwards squandered by spend-thrift children. Far better to embark a portion of it in this venture. If the work was allowed to be taken up by other bodies, the Church would itself lose the truth which it had not the faith to communicate to those who have the right to receive it at the Church's hands. But he thought far better at the hands of the Church, and he might say that he did not know of anything that would reflect more healthfully or graciously upon it than this work, earnestly and successfully done. This work would do a great deal to promote the uniting of the Church, for sympathy was one of the means by which the Church was bound together. The direct result of the work, if properly conducted, would be the advance of the Church in numbers and wealth, and in the power of God in this Dominion. If they failed in sympathy for this work then the future of the country was not theirs and they had no right to claim it.

The Rev. Principal Grant said this was no trifling matter. It was one of the problems which specially commended itself to business men and women. It spoke to them as patriots and Christians, of their responsibility to prosecute a vigorous home mission scheme in Canada, and what better work did they want—none. It was the only mission scheme he had never heard a word against, and simply because it concerned home. He touchingly referred to the happy memories that word brought forward, and with patriotic eloquence spoke of Canada as the country which all who resided in should learn to love by the endearing title of "home," and seek to further its prosperity by every lawful means. If they were not loyal it was not because they had not a country to be proud of, the vast extent and beauties of which he dilated on. He spoke of the extension of church work, as being especially incumbent on cities—the centres of learning and commerce. Referring to the rapidity of the growth of the Church, he said that fifty years ago there was not over twenty Presbyterian ministers in the Dominion; now there are over six hundred. He went on to speak of the claims of the Church, and the marked results attending her ministry. At the Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, a missionary went over a year ago at the request of the people. Now a church was built, with schools in connection, and a congregation of 200 people. At Batiscou, N.B., a number of Scotch miners, settled, about 150 in number, and within the last eighteen months have had the services of a missionary, and some good work has been done. These two missionaries, and a third at another place, were all M.A.'s, had received nine years' college training, and each one could have obtained better payment in the "home" field (strictly speaking) had they chosen. The missionary at Batiscou had refused a call of \$250 additional, in order to dedicate himself to the mission work. It was a shame to call upon men to sacrifice themselves to the work. In conclusion he urged the necessity for increased means, and advised self-denial on the part of the wealthy from foreign luxuries, such as wine, cigars and costly dress, things which were not produced in this country, and which, therefore, could not affect its progress—and expending the money in the spread of the Gospel. They should learn to say, "We are willing to do for Canada what our fathers did in their day for their land." A collection was taken up, and the proceedings concluded with singing and prayer.

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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

HAMILTON.—In Central Church, Hamilton, on Tuesday, Dec. 18th, at 11 o'clock a.m.
 QUEBEC.—At Melbourne, on Wednesday, 19th December, at 10 a.m.
 WHITBY.—In St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, on 3rd Tuesday of December, at 11 a.m.
 SAUGEE.—At Mount Forest, on the third Tuesday of December, at 2 o'clock p.m.
 OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on Tuesday, 18th Dec., at 10 a.m.
 KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Tuesday, 8th Jan., 1878, at 3 p.m.
 PARIS.—At Tilsonburg, on Tuesday 18th Dec., at 7.30 p.m.
 LONDON.—In first Presbyterian Church, London, on Tuesday 18th Dec., at 2 p.m.
 OTTAWA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, on Tuesday, 5th February, at 3 p.m.
 CHATHAM.—In Wellington Church, Chatham, on 18th December, at 11 a.m.
 PETERBOROUGH.—In the Mill Street Church, Port Hope, on the third Tuesday of January, at 1.30 p.m.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

AMIDST the roaring of the sea,
 My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee;
 Thy constant love, Thy faithful care,
 Is all that saves me from despair.
 Though tempest-tossed and halt a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek;
 Let neither winds nor stormy main
 Force back my shattered barque again.—Cooper.

DRESS.—Look at our love of display in the matter of dress, not only at select parties, but in the sanctuary. Think of thirty yards of silk for a dress for a Christian woman, whose duty to God and the Church is to save all she can, that she may more abundantly give to objects of charity! Think of a consecrated woman with apparel costing hundreds of dollars upon her person, giving only a pittance to our poor fund! We all need to go back and take our first lessons over again in the school of self-denial.—*Christian Women.*

THAT WAS THE TRUE LIGHT.—The force of the expression "true" in this sentence, is well brought out by Arrow-smith in his commentary on this verse. He says that Christ is "the true light" in four respects. Firstly, He is undecaying light, the true light in opposition to all the false lights of the Gentiles.—Secondly, He is real light, true in opposition to ceremonial types and shadows.—Thirdly, He is undervalued light, true in opposition to all light that is borrowed, communicated, or participated from another.—Fourthly, He is supereminent light, true in opposition to all that is ordinary and common.

O, ETERNAL Light! without which we cannot live, abide with us in this sad world of night and sin. O, Sun of life, and grace, show Thyself to us specially, when we are about to quit this vale of tears! O, Prince of life! when our eyes are closed on the light of day, take us by the hand, and lift us up to the palace of Thy glory, where we shall behold Thee with open face, on the day of the resurrection of the just. With the warmth of Thy divine love, revive the ashes in our tombs on the great day of the restitution of all things; and from these ashes raise those plants which shall bloom forever, and adorn the paradise of God.—*Drelnicourt.*

THE street through which you walk every day; with whose sights and sounds you have been familiar, perhaps, all your lives; is it all so common-place that it yields you no deep lessons—deep and fresh, it may be, if you would only look around with discerning eyes? Engaged with your own special interests, and busy with monotonous details, you may not heed it; and yet there is something finer than the grandest poetry, even the mere spectacle of these multitudinous billows of life, rolling down the long broad avenue. It is an inspiring lyric, this inexhaustible procession, in the misty perspective ever lost, ever renewed, sweeping onward between its architectural banks to the music of innumerable wheels; the rainbow colors, the silks, the velvets, the jewels, the tatters, the plumes, the faces—no two alike—shooting out from unknown depths, and passing away forever—perpetually sweeping onward in the fresh air of morning, under the glare of noon, under the fading, flickering light, until the shadow climbs the tallest spire, and night comes with revelations and mysteries of its own.—*Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin.*

THE constant undivided union of two perfect natures in Christ's Person is exactly that which gives infinite value to His mediation, and qualifies Him to be the very Mediator that sinners need. Our Mediator is One who can sympathize with us, because He is very man. And yet, at the same time, He is One who can deal with the Father for us on equal terms, because He is very God.—It is the same union which gives infinite value to His righteousness, when imputed to believers. It is the righteousness of One who was God as well as man.—It is the same union which gives infinite value to the atoning blood which He shed for sinners on the cross. It is the blood of One who was God as well as man.—It is the same union which gives infinite value to His resurrection. When He rose again, as the Head of the body of believers, He rose not as a mere man, but as God.—Let these things sink deeply into our hearts. The second Adam is far greater than the first Adam was. The first Adam was only man, and so he fell. The second Adam was God as well as man, and so He completely conquered.—*Ryle.*

I REPEAT most emphatically that I am not ashamed of what are commonly called 'Evangelical principles.' Fiercely and bitterly as those principles are assailed on all sides,—loudly and scornfully as some proclaim that they have done their work and are useless in this day,—I see no evidence whatever that they are defective or decayed, and I see no reason for giving them up. No doubt other schools of thought produce great outward effects on mankind, gather large congregations, attain great popularity, and by means of music, ornaments, gestures, postures, and a generally histrionic ceremonial, make a great show of religion. I see it all, and I am not surprised. It is exactly what a study of human nature by the light of the Bible would lead me to expect. But for real inward effects on hearts, and outward effects on lives, I see no teaching so powerful as thorough, genuine Evangelical teaching. Just in proportion as the preachers of other schools borrow Evangelical weapons and Evangelical phraseology I see them obtaining influence. No doubt the good that is done in the world is little, and evil abounds. But I am certain that the teaching which does most good is that of the despised Evangelical school. It is not merely true and up to a certain point; and then defective and needing additions, as some tell us; it is true and good all round, and needs no addition at all. If those who hold Evangelical views were only more faithful to their own principles, and more bold, and uncompromising, and decided, both in their preaching and their lives, they would soon find whatever infidels and Romanists may please to say, that they hold the only lever which can shake the world.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON LI.

PAUL'S LAST WORDS.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."—2 Tim. iv. 7.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Titus ii. 6-15. The blessed hope.
- T. Titus iii. 1-15. Faithful counsel.
- W. 2 Tim. i. 11-18. Onesiphorus.
- Th. 2 Tim. iv. 1-8. Dying charge to Timothy.
- F. 2 Tim. iv. 9-22. Forsaken by all.
- S. Heb. xii. 32-34. Faith's Herbes.
- S. Rev. xii. 1-7. No more death.

HELPS TO STUDY.

The Book of Acts ends with apparent abruptness. The purpose of the sacred writer was to trace the progress of the Gospel from Jerusalem to Rome; and hence with the apostle's arrival at that city and a brief notice of his work there, the narrative concludes. But from casual allusions in the Pastoral Epistles and from the brief and imperfect traditions of the early church, we learn something of Paul's last days.

His appeal to Caesar was successful. Once more at liberty he for some years carried on his work, first in the East, and afterwards in the West. (Note 1.) But in the cruel persecutions under Nero, he was again arrested either at Nicopolis or at Ephesus, and suffered martyrdom at Rome, (Note 2.) shortly before Nero's death in A.D. 68.

His second imprisonment was very much more rigorous and terrible than the first. (Note 3.) It was during it that the 2nd Epistle to Timothy, Paul's last letter, was written. It is full of affecting allusions to his loneliness. All had forsaken him, at his first answer none stood by him. 2 Tim. i. 15; iv. 10-16. But he makes grateful mention of the self-sacrificing friendship of Onesiphorus, and the fidelity of Luke; 2 Tim. i. 16-18; iv. 11, and, infinitely better than all else, the Lord stood with him, 2 Tim. iv. 17.

Such were the surroundings of pain and shame and desolation in which Paul the aged penned his last words to the beloved Timothy.

I. THE APOSTOLIC CHARGE: Verses 1-5. I charge thee.—How earnestly does the apostle in both his letters to Timothy seek to arouse, encourage and strengthen him: 1 Tim. i. 18; v. 21; vi. 13, 20; 2 Tim. i. 6, 8, 13, 14; iii. 14.

Before God and... Christ, as actual witnesses of his life and work. We ought to walk as seeing Him who is invisible.

Who shall judge.—He came at first not to judge but to save. John iii. 17. But the second time he shall be manifested as the Judge (John v. 22, 23,) of the quick, the living, 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52, and the dead, John v. 27-29. And (I charge thee) by His appearing, His last coming in glory, and His Kingdom which he will then establish, Preach. The word means to proclaim as a herald does, to announce the coming King and prepare a way for Him in the hearts of men. The Word; God's, not man's.

Be instant—that is, be on the alert to preach, let no difficulties hinder, no opportunities pass unimproved. (Note 4.)

Reprove.—It is properly, convince by argument, Acts xx. 31.

With all long-suffering and with all doctrine, that is, with the greatest gentleness and with every suitable kind of instruction.

Paul would now justify his urgency. For the time, the perilous times predicted, chap. iii. 1, will come. They will not endure. This opposition can never justify cowardly or indolent silence, but must arouse to greater faithfulness. Sound doctrine, that is, teaching which is wholesome, healthy, by which Christians may grow. 1 Pet. ii. 2. Compare 1 Tim. i. 10; vi. 3; 2 Tim. i. 13; Titus i. 9; ii. 1. Such words are in contrast to the dis-tempered imaginations and utterances of false teachers whose words eat as a canker, 2 Tim. ii. 17. They will provide; abundantly for themselves teachers after their own lusts such as will pander to their corrupt propensities and preach smooth and flattering things. Having itching ears; more correctly, while they are tickled in hearing. Their vanity is flattered. They are given up to folly and falsehood. Notice the downward course. Turning away from the truth they are abandoned to fables, 1 Tim. iv. 7. Unbelievers are the most credulous of all men; they will believe anything rather than believe God.

Then follow three words of exhortation.

Watch.—1 Thess. v. 2-7. Endure (2 Tim. ii. 12,) afflictions. The Greek is one word which translated endure hardness in chap. ii. 3; and suffer trouble in chap. ii. 9.

Work.—The work of one who announces glad tidings. Make full proof; more correctly, fulfil it. Do not leave the work half done, Col. iv. 17.

We are always before God, never out of His thoughts. Let Him be in all our thoughts, 2 Chron. xvi. 9; Ps. cxxxix. 1-16; Prov. xv. 3, 11

To preach the Word is the great work of ministers. To it everything else is secondary, 1 Cor. i. 17.

There is nothing which the world needs so much, and which can do it so much good, as the faithful preaching of the gospel.

Those who reject the Truth become the dupes of falsehood. II. THE FINISHED COURSE: Verses 6-8.

For.—Here is another reason why Timothy should be more faithful than ever.

Ready to be offered, to be poured out as a drink-offer-

ing. Compare Phil. ii. 17, written during the apostle's first imprisonment at Rome. He thus compares his death not with a sacrifice proper, but with a drink-offering of a little wine and oil which was added to the sacrifice. Thus he hints that he suffers with Christ and for Christ, but not as Christ, who is the alone propitiation for sin.

I have fought a good fight.—The metaphor is drawn not from the field of battle, but from the athletic exercises of the gymnasium. I have wrestled a good wrestling, 1 Cor. ix. 24-27; 1 Tim. vi. 12; 2 Tim. ii. 17.

I have finished the course.—Here he compares his life to a foot race. Compare Phil. iii. 12-14; Acts xx. 24; Heb. xii. 1, 2.

He has almost reached the goal. I have kept the faith, as a trust committed to him, 2 Tim. i. 12.

There is laid up for me, the prize is ready, reserved in the safest place, Col. i. 5; 1 Pet. i. 4.

A crown of righteousness, the reward of the victor in the race; the prize, Phil. iii.; the incorruptible crown, 1 Cor. ix. 25; the crown of life, of glory, of gold, Jas. i. 12; 1 Pet. v. 4; Rev. ii. 10; iv. 4, 10. Righteousness possessed, enjoyed in fullest participation, is itself the crown of the righteous.

The righteous Judge.—There is here an allusion to the umpire of the Grecian Games, whose office it was to declare the victor and to bestow the crown; and a contrast to the unrighteous judge by whose sentence the apostle was about to be put to death.

At that day.—Not only because so great a day, but also because so much in the apostle's thoughts, chap. i. 12, 18.

All who love His appearing.—And none but those who love Christ and trust in Him, can love His appearing. Not only the great saints will be crowned, but the humblest that love Jesus.

"Let me die the death of the righteous," may be a mere idle wish, like that of Balaam. Let us seek to live the life of the righteous. To win the prize, we must run "the race set before us (Heb. xii. 1,) and reach the mark. Have you begun to run it? Do you say, The course is a hard one? So it is. Do you say, I am not strong enough for it? True, you are not. But had not Paul a hard course? His strength, not his own—all from Christ—and you may have the same. And is it not worth running? Would not his joy in the face of death be worth having? Is not the prize worth gaining?"

"On, then, to glory run— Be a crown and kingdom won!"

And if you have started, "so run"—"with patience" and "looking unto Jesus" (Heb. xii. 1, 2)—"that ye may obtain!"

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The writer—his place in the Acts—his work—the person addressed—his history—work—the charge to him—how enforced—his difficulties—the danger of fickleness—the punishment of our "own lusts"—Paul's expectation—his hope—his joy in others' hope—the appearing—by whom loved—why, and the lessons to be learnt.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. The best commentators are agreed that Paul, at the end of the "two years" of Acts xviii. 30, was released, and resumed his missionary journeys. The evidence is of three kinds:—

(a) The statements of the early fathers.—Clement of Rome, probably the Clement of Phil. iv. 3, and therefore a friend and contemporary of Paul; says in his Epistle to the Corinthian Church, that Paul went "to the extremity of the West" before his martyrdom. This phrase, used by a Roman writing at Rome, must mean Spain or Britain; and we know that Paul had not been to either in the period covered by the Acts. Probably Spain is meant: the apostle had intended to go there (see Rom. xv. 24, 28), and Chrysostom and other early writers affirm that he did. Eusebius and Jerome also say that he was released by Nero.

(b) The historical notices in the two Epistles to Timothy and that to Titus.—A careful examination will show that the journey from Ephesus to Macedonia, mentioned in 1 Tim. i. 3, the visits to Crete (Tit. i. 5) and Nicopolis (Tit. iii. 12), and the sickness of Trophimus at Miletus (2 Tim. iv. 20), cannot be placed anywhere before St. Paul's first imprisonment at Rome, and therefore imply a subsequent period of freedom.

(c) The style and contents of these three Epistles. The style is very distinct from that of the four Epistles of the first imprisonment (Eph., Phil., Col., Philem.); and the allusions to the organization of the Church, current heresies, etc., indicate a later period.

It is probable that Paul, on his release, proceeded first eastward, and fulfilled his intention of visiting Philippi and Colosse (see Phil. ii. 24; Philem. 22); that he afterwards took the long journey to Spain, and remained there about two years; that he then returned to the East, and visited Crete, Asia, Macedonia, Greece, etc.

The 1st Epistle to Timothy was probably written from Macedonia; that to Titus at some place between Crete and Nicopolis.

2. Some suppose that St. Paul's arrest was at Nicopolis (see Tit. iii. 12), on the coast of Epirus, opposite Italy. But the opinion that it was at Ephesus seems to have more in its favour. The touching allusion to Timothy's "tears," in 2 Tim. i. 4, might well refer to the occasion of Paul being dragged from him at Ephesus. That the apostle's chief accuser was "Alexander the coppersmith," is rendered probable by 2 Tim. iv. 14, which should read, "charged me with much evil in his declaration." The warning to Timothy to beware of him implies his presence at Ephesus; and this gives probability to the conjecture that he was the Alexander who was a leader among the Ephesian Jews at the time of the tumult of Demetrius (Acts xix. 33), and also the Alexander whom Paul had (at Ephesus) "delivered unto Satan" (1 Tim. i. 20), i.e., excommunicated (see 1 Cor. v. 3-5). As the chief witness, he would have to attend the trial at Rome; and to his conduct there the words would naturally apply, "he hath greatly withstood our words."

3. It has always been the tradition that Paul, in his second imprisonment, was confined in the Mamertine prison. Of this prison, two dungeons remain, one over the other. The upper one is only entered by an aperture in the top, and a similar hole in its stone floor gives access to the lower one. The historian Sallust, writing a century before St. Paul's time, describes it as, from its darkness, uncleanness, and foul air, a loathsome and frightful place.

He successfully defended himself from the first of the charges brought against him, which perhaps accused him of conspiring with the incendiaries of Rome. He was delivered from the immediate peril, and saved from the ignominious and painful death which might have been his doom had he been convicted on such a charge. We have no record of the final stage of his trial, and cannot tell the cause of its speedy conclusion. We only know that it resulted in a sentence of capital punishment. The privileges of Roman citizenship exempted Paul from the ignominious death of lingering torture, which had been lately inflicted on so many of his brethren. He was to die by decapitation; and he was led out to execution beyond the city walls, upon the road to Ostia, the port of Rome. The place of execution was not far distant; and there the sword of the headman ended his long course of sufferings; and released that heroic soul from that feeble body. Weeping friends took up the corpse, and carried it for burial to those subterranean labyrinthine where, through many ages of oppression, the persecuted church found refuge for the living and sepulchres for the dead.

4. The word instant or instantly in our version is used for five distinct Greek words. In Luke vii. 4, it means earnestly; in Luke xxiii. 23, pressing; in Acts xxvi. 7, fervently; in Rom. xii. 12, steadfast; and here, "on the alert!"

"MERCY AT THE WICKET GATE."

'Twas dark, and she, with inward fear,
Stood like a culprit, weeping near
The House in which my Saviour dwelt;
Such pangs my heart had never felt.
A voice addressed me from within—
"Lift up the latch and enter in."

I thought I was unfit to be
A guest to such a one as He;
I needed garments, new and fair,
Before I dared to enter there.
But still the voice was heard within—
"Lift up the latch and enter in."

But in my deepest heart I knew
That I had sinned—and basely too;
I trifled with His blood and tears;
I slighted Him months and years.
But still the voice was heard within—
"Lift up the latch and enter in."

But I would rather not comply,
Until to mend myself I try.
I need a better heart, before
I could be welcome at the door.
But still the voice was heard within—
"Lift up the latch and enter in."

Not now, I said, 'twill do again,
When I am free from all my pain;
No sighing ones are wanted there,
Where songs of gladness fill the air.
But still the voice was heard within—
"Lift up the latch and enter in!"

With all my sins and guilt oppressed,
With heart of stone within my breast,
Say! would your Saviour honoured be
With such a worthless guest as me.
"Yes!" said the voice that spake within—
"Lift up the latch and enter in!"

TRUTH is a queen who may be said to inhabit her own excellence; who reigns invested with her own native splendor, and who is enthroned in her own grandeur, and upon her own felicity. This queen condescending to reign in the world, for the good of man, our SAVIOUR came down from above to establish her empire upon earth. Human reason is not consulted in the establishment of her empire. Relying on herself, on her celestial origin, on her infallible authority, she speaks and demands belief; she publishes her edicts and exacts submission; she holds out to our assent the sublime and incomprehensible union of the most blessed Trinity; she proclaims the God-man, and shows him to us extended on a cross, expiring in ignominy and pain, and calls upon human reason to bow down before this tremendous mystery.—Boswell.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

DEATHS.

At Puslinch, Ontario, on the 22nd Nov., Mr. Malcolm Currie, a native of Cantyre, Argyleshire, Scotland. He was a man of good health, of most exemplary life, a quiet, most harmless, and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Currie's piety and wisdom are seen in the fact that three of his sons are ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Mr. Currie was in the Church on Thursday, the Thanksgiving Day, and left for home as usual, and on arriving home was detaching the horse from the buggy, when he was called to enter the mansion not made with hands, for which he was daily preparing. His funeral took place to-day, attended by a large number of friends and acquaintances, together with several ministers. The congregation he belonged to, and the Church at large, lost a good supporter by the death of the said Mr. Currie.—COM.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Translated from the German.)

THE FOUR SEASONS.

ERNEST had just put the finishing touches to a magnificent specimen of boyish art, in the shape of a snow-man. Proud of his achievement, and all aglow with the exciting exercise, he threw his cap in the air, and shouted aloud the wish of his heart, "O! if it would always stay winter!" Ernest's father heard his son's words, and wrote them in his diary. Winter went by. Spring came with its bright green grass, its chirping birds, and its soft mild air. Ernest went with his father at work in the garden. As they entered it the boy's eyes fell on the beds of beautiful flowers which the gardener had been transplanting from the green house. Hyacinths, sweet violets, and snow-drops, stood in ranks of rich beauty, and shed their charming perfume.

Ernest gazed long at these lovely children of spring. After a while his father asked, "Do you know what the season is that brings us these flowers?"

"O!" replied Ernest, "sweet spring is always known by its flowers. I wish it were always spring!"

His father quietly recorded this wish on the same page with the other. Before long the sun grew warmer, a multitude of singing birds dwelt in the trees; bright red cherries hung on the branches for birdie's supper and Ernest's. Many kinds of fruit ripened in the long golden days. Then Ernest took a pleasure trip, with his parents and some of his young companions, to a neighbouring village. They had their dinner in a vine-covered arbor. The rays of the sun pierced through the openings in the foliage, and lay in beautiful streaks of light on the ground. How delicious to Ernest seemed the nice sweet bread and fresh milk. By-and-by he had a feast of cherries and other luscious fruits.

"Do you not think," asked his father, "that summer is very delightful?"

"O yes," answered Ernest, "I would like if it would be summer all the time."

Again the little diary took note of the words of the thoughtless boy. Now the days began to grow shorter. The leaves were painted in colors of crimson and purple and gold. The evenings were chilly enough to make a blazing fire on the sitting-room hearth a welcome friend, and long enough to induce papa to bring out his books of entertaining anecdotes, while mother sewed or knitted and Ernest played quietly with some puzzle or other amusing game, after the next day's lessons were learned.

"This charming season will soon be over," said his father. "Winter is already at the door to drive autumn away."

"I am very sorry," said Ernest. "I wish it would stay away, and let autumn stay with us always."

"Do you really wish so?" asked his father.

"Indeed, I do."

Then the father called his little boy to his side and spread the diary out before him on the table.

"Read what is written here, my son."

Ernest read: "Dec. 20th—Ernest likes the

snow and is fond of winter sports. I heard him wish to-day that we might always have winter." On the line below: "April 3rd—Ernest worked with me in the garden to-day; he is fond of flowers, and is charmed with the fresh, sweet blossoms we found in the garden; he would like if it might be spring all the year round;" and following these two records, these words: "July 10th—Ernest spent a happy day with us in V. He feasted on fruit, and was delighted to lie under the cool shade of a tree and listen to the singing of the birds. On his way home, he gathered a fine bouquet of meadow flowers, and thought the little lambs charming in their innocent gambols. Ernest thinks summer the most pleasant season in the year, and wishes it would never again go away."

"Do you remember making these wishes, my boy?"

"O, yes, father, very well."

"And what new wish did I just now hear you utter?"

Ernest hung his head a little as he replied, "I wished it might always be autumn."

"Now, is this not strange?" asked his father. "In winter you think you like winter best, and are not willing it should go away and leave room for spring. But when spring comes you think nothing could be so delightful as its balmy air and pretty flowers, and imagine you would be perfectly happy if the year were one long spring-time. Then in summer you find so much to delight—the long walks in the woods, the berries, cherries and peaches. O! summer's charms are endless; why need it change to autumn? But now you visit the country, eat of the delicious grapes and pears and apples that autumn has brought us, gather dropping nuts, and run all day over the crackling leaves, and you would be content to keep this season of autumn beauties forever. Put all this together. What do you make of it, Ernest?"

"Why, that every season of the year is best in its time."

"Yes, they are all laden with good and rich gifts—all filled with joy. GOD has arranged all things more wisely than we poor, short-sighted men could do. If it had depended on you last winter, we should have had no lovely spring, no glorious summer, no charming autumn. You would have had the earth covered the whole year with snow, that you might make snow-men. How many pleasures we must have lost! It is well for us that the government of the universe is in the hands of the dear wise GOD. Otherwise how soon all would become deranged!"

TREES THAT WEAR HATS.

YOU never heard of such a thing! Of course not, and I am glad of it, for now I can have the pleasure of telling you something new.

These trees that wear hats—and there are I don't know how many hundreds of kinds of them—are very wonderful and beautiful. I dare say you have been in the woods and seen them a hundred times, even gathered them into baskets and carried them home.

I may as well tell you that you don't call them trees, but mosses—and it's only by the help of the microscope that you can see the perfect tree, and the cunning little hats that they wear.

These hats are not like your father's "stove-pipe." Some of them are round like a skull-cap; others are shaped like the helmets the old knights used to wear—you've seen the pictures of them. Some are high, with a long point, like a tent; and others look like the high fur caps the Russians wear. Some have long tassels on the top, like a gentleman's smoking-cap; and others are short and square like a paper hat. In fact, there hardly a shape of hat you ever saw, or could think of, that couldn't be found among these wonderful little trees.

They are not just to look pretty, either, any more than yours is. They cover and protect from the sun and rain, tiny seeds, till they are ripe and ready to start life for themselves.

Then, as the hats are no longer useful, they just fall off or tip over one side, and let the little atoms of seed fall on the ground, or sail off in the breeze to start a new family of mosses somewhere.

Their hats are not the only odd things about these little wonders. Part of the tiny plants we call mosses are called by the wise men liverworts—just because they don't wear hats. They carry their seeds in the daintiest little boxes and baskets, just the right size for a fairy.

The baskets are most elegant little things, and when filled with seed look like birds' nests, full of eggs. And all, you must remember, too small to be seen without a microscope.

When the seeds are ripe they get loose from the basket, and the rain washes them out.

The boxes are even more curious. They are tightly closed till the seeds are ripe, when they suddenly spring open and scatter the seeds afar off.

Just the bursting of the box would not throw them far, you know; but there's a most wonderful spiral spring coiled up in the box. It is the pressure of the spring that bursts the boxes, and scatters the seeds. Not all the boxes open wide; some just open a little door in one side, and the seeds drop out; others jerk a trap door off the top and shoot out the seeds.

The seed cups are not the only beautiful part of them. Their leaves—for they do have leaves, though you can hardly believe it, if you haven't a microscope to see them—the leaves are exquisitely beautiful, pointed, and often trimmed with white fringe on the end.

The delicate stems, with their branches, look under the microscope, exactly like a forest of evergreen trees.

These tiny plants were made to collect and keep moisture, and splendidly they do their duty. Long, and thick, and spongy, they hold every drop of water that falls into their arms, feeding it out gradually to the giant trees whose feet they cover. When their laps are too full to hold, the drops gather together and trickle off in a tiny streamlet; other little threads of water join it; it grows larger and finally becomes a broad river cradled, and constantly fed by the moss beds up in the mountains.

You see your old song is true, after all:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beautiful land."

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TORONTO, Dec. 11.

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RICHARD OWEN, OF TORONTO,

Druggist, deceased, for

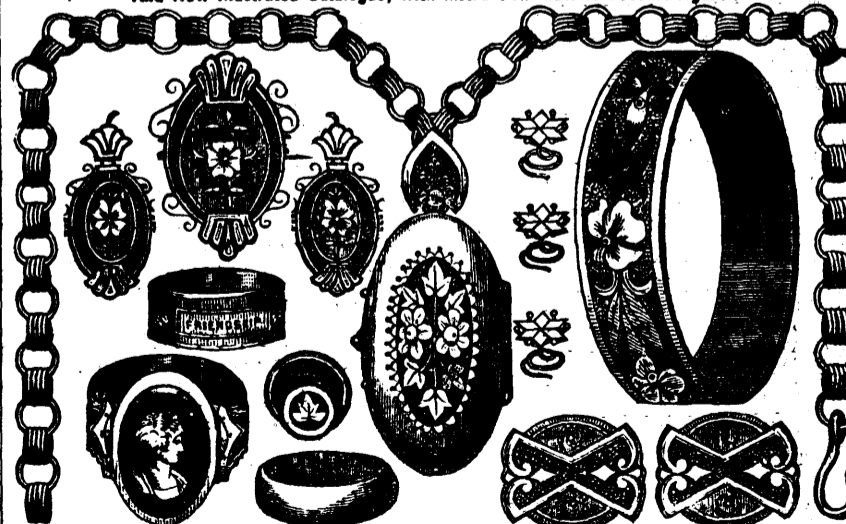
LETTERS OF GUARDIANSHIP, appointing her Guardian of Mary Jessie Maud Owen, infant daughter of the said Richard Owen.

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