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British American Presbyterian

Vol. 4—No. 45.]

TORONTO, CANADA, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1875.

[Whole No. 201

Contributors and Correspondents.

DIARY IN THE EAST.

HAZARETH, TIBERIAS. (Continued.)

Sometimes we were looking north-east over the well wooded slope of Tabor to the Galilean hills, among which Safed continually stood forth crowning a long steep hill, and well deserving to be supposed to be the "city set on a hill," of Matthew v. We took nearly an hour to ascend Tabor, and were very glad to rest under the fine trees which we found near the convent on the summit. We were invited to enter and rest there, but much preferred the shade of the trees amid the grass and wild flowers, and with a lovely prospect before us. A little tip of Lebanon now peeped over the nearer mountains. I felt it quite an era in my life when thus I first got a glimpse of "that goodly mountain and Lebanon," which, like Moses, I had so longed to see. To see it first from Tabor too, was very delightful, here all alone we had Lebanon, Tabor, and Hermon together, and could recognize the beauty of the words in which the psalmist tells of God's power as seen in creation, "The north and the south, thou hast created them: Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name." And as we think how in that same psalm the unchangeableness of God's covenant with David through David's son, and David's Lord is described, may we not look forward to some happy future day when these glorious "mountains and hills" shall indeed "break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands," when the curse is removed, which now weighs so heavily on the land of Israel, and the veil is taken away from the heart of Israel, and they turned to the Lord. We spent some hours on the summit of Tabor. The large saddle-bags carried by some of the horses contained abundance of ready cooked provisions, which we enjoyed leisurely. Then we wandered about examining the excavations, which have laid bare the large remains of an ancient church. There are still older remains of walls of large hewn stones. One old gateway we found quite deserted. Its Arabic title of "Bab el-Hawa," "Gate of the Winds." It faces the east, and the strong sirocco wind blow through it so violently that we could hardly stand. But high as the wind was, it had no cool freshness in it, and we were glad to get out of the Gate of the Wind, and take shelter under the trees from both sun and wind. The view eastward from Tabor was quite a new scene to me, for it not only commands a long stretch of the Jordan valley, with the mountains of Gilead beyond, but also the hills around the Lake of Gennesaret. Only a small part of the lake itself is visible from Tabor, but from the position of the hills around it, its form can quite be traced, and as the portion visible lay glittering in the sun, I felt as if this view of itself was enough to reward me for any amount of fatigue.

The hills on the eastern side seemed much of the same character as those I had seen all the way from Korak on the south, bounding the Dead Sea and the Jordan valley, and their peculiar level outline cut into by deep gorges, showed how the plateau land of Bashan rises gradually beyond the deep declivity by which they break down to the deep chasm in which the Sea of Galilee lies.

Refreshed by our long rest, Mr. V. and I started to walk on down the mountain, leaving the others to follow with the horses. We wanted to have a better opportunity of examining the wild flowers, and various grasses, and trefoils. Some of the latter had most curious seed. The walk was very pleasant, and we went on until we were uncertain about the trail then sat under a magnificent tree till the others joined us. Black birds were singing most deliciously. It was the first time I had heard them in Palestine, and their sweet song added greatly to the charm of the scene. Soon the W.'s overtook us, and we mounted, and rode off along the foot of Tabor, which soon showed a much more precipitous side than that one which we had mounted. It was here quite thickly wooded, and there was an undergrowth of broom and other gay flowering shrubs. One of these more deserved the name of tree. My friends called it the mock orange. The flower is almost exactly like the orange flower, but has no scent, and the leaves are not nearly so solid as those of the orange tree and have a gray underside. The only drawback to this lovely scene was the heat, and multitude of flies which attacked the poor horses. Mine got desperate, and shook itself so violently every few minutes, that I felt as if I must be shaken off its back. Our track was a very good one, over undulating ground, with only here and there a swampy bit left by the long continued rains. We only passed one village as far as I remember. The only thing at all worthy of remark on the way was the ruins of two very large Khans standing close together. They date from the sixteenth century, when

they were built for the use of the great caravans that were then wont to travel this, the great road between Egypt and Damascus. Travellers were more plentiful, and certainly much better cared for in Palestine in those days. Even now this place is the scene of a sort of weekly fair for the inhabitants of Tiberias, Nazareth, and the village between, but when we passed it there was not a creature to be seen. We stopped near the ruins to water our horses at an abundant spring, and then passed on our way. It is counted a five hour ride between Tabor and Tiberias, and we took all that to it from B. a pony being so slow.

We were all beginning to feel very tired when, on going up a long gentle slope, Mrs. V. proposed to me to have a canter to the top. She had been at Tiberias before, and knew what awaited us when we surmounted this slope, but did not tell me about it. In that way I had a most delightful surprise. The slope was so gentle that it did not at all prepare me for finding the ground suddenly sink down almost from my horse's feet in a steep declivity, at the foot of which lay Tiberias, while the lake of Galilee was all at once spread out before me, deep down amid the mountains that embosom it. It was near sunset, and I only wish I could convey to my readers some idea of the beauty of the scene under that lovely evening light, and with the last rays of the sinking sun striking on Hermon's snowy crest, and on the mountains on the eastern side of the lake. I was quite unprepared for so much beauty to add to the sacred interest of that lake, on the shores of which our Lord so often wrought his wonderful works, and "spoke as never man spake" in the hearing of the multitudes that crowded around him. There was the lake in the same form of beauty on which our Lord must so often have looked, there were the hills on which he passed whole nights in prayer, there were the waters on which he had walked, when in their wildest storm they owned him their Maker, and obeyed the slightest word of the man Christ Jesus. But where are all the populous cities that studied the margin of the sea, and sent out their thousands to follow the Lord from place to place? Gone, all gone with the exception of this poor little town of Tiberias, and the wretched little hamlet of Modjol, which still marks the abode of Mary of Magdala. The very sites of most of the great cities where our Lord taught and worked miracles is a matter of doubt, and the endless disputes as to the ruins supposed to represent Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida, do but the more strikingly evidence the fullness of the truth of the words of Jesus, when he spoke of the destruction awaiting those highly favoured, but impotent cities.

After feasting our eyes for some time on the view, we descended the steep road to Tiberias. The town surrounded by walls and shaded by a few palm trees and towers looks well from above, but it is a miserable place. The walls are broken down in many places, partly by earthquakes, which are not unusual in Tiberias. The streets are narrow lanes of poor-looking houses. We rode through them to the convent, where we hoped to stay. It is situated close to the lake, and is said to be clean, at least by comparison with the other houses of Tiberias. As soon as we rode into the convent court, we began to fear there was little hope for us. It is but a small building, and the number of horses picketed in the court showed that a large party was already established there. After waiting a little, a monk came to the door, and politely expressed his regret at the utter impossibility of receiving us into the convent, which was already so full that he did not know what to do with all the travellers in it.

As we had no tents there was now no alternative for us but to go to the house of a Jewess who receives travellers. The first look of things in her house was much better than we expected. Entering a little court, we passed through the sort of large room without a front wall which is so common in northern Palestine, and is called a Lewan. We were then taken into a large vaulted room, which, though rather cellar like, felt delightfully cool in comparison with the outer air, which was almost like the breath of a furnace. The only furniture was one very small table and a huge water-jar, which made me think of the huge water-jars of the feast at Cana in Galilee.

Opposite the door there was one large window without glass, which opened on another court, which was on a much higher level than our room, so that the inhabitants of the court could sit outside their doors and inspect us at their leisure. Below the window was a broad divan with cushions, which served for seat by day and bed by night. Another small room of much the same nature was also put at our disposal. Our servants and some of the people of the house slept outside our door in the open Lewan, the roof of which would keep off the heavy dews, while the open side admitted any air that was to be had. After supper we consulted about what was to be done next day. Our plan had been to ride round the shores of the lake examining the ruins of sites here and there, and going on to Safed, stay the night there, and go back to Nazareth on the third day. And the weather been cooler, or at least had there not been sirocco, we could easily have managed this interesting trip, but after our day's experience of the sirocco, we felt it would be impossible to attempt it, especially with such a wretched beast to ride as B. had. The next plan was to get a boat and go in it to Tell-Ham, where are the ruins believed to be Capernaum. In this way we could see the lake without the fatigue of riding. We sent for some fishermen who had a boat they were willing to hire out. Their demands at first were very exorbitant, but they came down a little, and we

engaged them. They wished us to start quite early, as there was then most likelihood of a favorable breeze to help us on our way.

Having thus arranged for the next day we retired early, and all slept well but myself. The small jumpers whose kind is said to reside in Tiberias, were much too numerous and lively to let me rest, so that when it was time to get up, I had hardly begun to sleep. But I was thankful that the others had been better off. We did not get off till near 8 a.m., which was a pity, for the little breeze which there was at first soon died away, and then we had to depend on the oars, which the men used but lazily. The boat was a good sized one, unsteered, except a little bit at either end. On this little corner at the stern we sat or reclined, and as I lay there (half-sick with the smell of fish after my sleepless night), I could not but think how the Lord, on this same lake, lay "asleep on a pillow" in "the humber part of the ship," when the great storm of wind arose, and the terrified disciples awoke him with their cry for help. It was easy to believe in the possibility of such sudden storms on the lake of Galilee. The mountains that hem it in are cut here and there by deep gullies, down which the winds must sweep in sudden squalls that will raise the sea at once. Even the slight breeze which we had in starting caused a considerable swell, and as we were carried to the boat by the men, it was through considerable waves that broke on the shore. Just as we were embarking, some fishermen were drawing a net to shore full of fishes. It was a most interesting sight, reminding us of the wonderful draught of fishes drawn from this same lake, when the Lord directed the fishermen of Galilee, whom he thus gave a symbolic proof of his power to make them "fishers of men."

(To be continued.)

The Westminster Confession.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.
Sir,—In reply to your correspondents in your issue of December 10, permit me as briefly as possible to reply to their objections, and define more clearly a position which they do not seem fully to comprehend.

It is true, as one of your correspondents observes, that the recent union of Presbyterians took place on the basis of the then existing standards of both branches of the church, the Westminster Confession being included among its subordinate standards. This being the position of both branches of the church previously, there could be no objection to their uniting on these terms. But the fact that union was accomplished on the basis on which we formally stood, does not at all, on Presbyterian principles, bind us down forever to maintain intact every jot and tittle of these subordinate standards, should it become the mind of the church generally, that it would be more in conformity with the teachings of our ultimate standard—the Word of God—to revise them, or alter our relations towards them. It is quite competent for our Canadian Presbyterian Church to do this, in a constitutional manner at any time, and that it should do so is what we plead for, who desire that our ministers and office-bearers should be freed from the undue pressure of the "traditions of men." And in thus seeking for a greater measure of Christian liberty, with which Christ has made us "free," we are not "disloyal" to our church, but are seeking its good, as we regard it. To do otherwise would be disloyalty to higher principles, to conscience, and to God. They who seek the reform of a church in any particular by constitutional means, are no more disloyal than were, for instance, the American subjects who sought abolition of slavery in opposition to what was then the constitution of the United States.

I should like to know in precisely what light your correspondents regard the Westminster Confession. Do they, surely, regard it as inspired. They do not, surely, regard its antiquity gives it a character of semi-inspiration, or semi-infallibility? If so, the decrees of the Council of Constantine have a still greater claim on our reverence. On what principle are the Westminster Divines of 1649 to be considered more authoritative interpreters of Scripture than the present ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Canada?—that we should be committed for all time to their views on all points of speculative theology? Your correspondents give no good reasons for this, nor can they. They may possibly have heard or read the address given by the present Moderator of our General Assembly at the consummation of union, the very time when one of your correspondents thinks we had all bound ourselves irrevocably to every iota of our subordinate standards. Let me recall to his mind a portion of that address: "Not as though I had attained either were already perfect, as it was the feeling of Paul, even when he had become such an one as 'Paul the aged,' and so it is the feeling of every believer, so should it be the feeling of every church in regard to itself. No church is entitled at one and the same time, to disclaim infallibility theoretically, and claim it practically. We justly revere the man of Westminster in 1649, but they were not inspired prophets more than we, and no larger union will be accomplished if we hold in regard of them, or other churches in regard of their founders, that every part and parcel of what they established is as little to be touched or altered as the words of evangelists or apostles, or indeed, as if they had all been written down in some New Testament Book of Leviticus." It is on these principles, so clearly laid down at the very threshold of the union, that we ask for a relaxation of the rigidity of the Confession.

As to the question whether the Bible

needs a special interpreter, whether it be the "arch," as Roman Catholics say, or "the Confession," as your correspondents say, I appeal to the Confession itself: "All things in Scripture are not alike plain in themselves, nor alike clear unto all, yet those things which are necessary to be known, believed and observed for salvation, are so clearly propounded and opened in some places of Scripture or other, that not only the learned, but the unlearned, by a due use of the ordinary means, may attain unto a sufficient understanding of them."

The "Confession" here makes a strong distinction between the clear and essential truths of the gospel, and those which are not "alike plain in themselves, nor alike clear unto all." Let the church be as distinct as it chooses in regard to the former; but surely it is not unreasonable to ask that it should not force upon us dogmatic statements which all Presbyterians cannot accept, in regard to the latter. The maxim—"In necessary things unity, in unnecessary things liberty,"—in all things charity,—should surely be as much a maxim of each individual church, as it is of evangelical Christianity. As I said in my last letter, the church has an undoubted right to maintain purity of teaching in all the essential doctrines of Christianity, but on St. Paul's principles of Christian liberty, and on the "Confession's" principles that "God alone is Lord of the conscience," she has not a right to bind down the consciences of her ministers or people to every point of a complicated dogmatic system, embracing much that is speculative and non-essential.

As one of your correspondents appears anxious that I should specify some of the statements of the "Confession," which many of us regard as "doubtful" (I did not say "false"), I will "specify" three—not for the sake of provoking an endless controversy on matters regarding which the greatest theologians have differed—but simply to show what I meant by saying that we consider that the "Confession's" dogmatics and draws conclusions in regard to points on which it would be far better reverently to accept the simple words of Scripture, etc. (The word "similar" in my former letter was a typographical error, and should have read "simple.") Many Presbyterians, in common with the great majority of evangelical Christians, cannot, and do not, accept the dogma known as the "reprobated impenitent," which I think all modern commentators agree, is not to be found in the Bible. They do not believe that He who "will not have the death of a sinner," and who "will have all men to be saved, and to come to a knowledge of the truth," has "foreordained to everlasting death, dishonour, and wrath, any of those whom we are elsewhere told He will have to be saved." I think I am safe in asserting that not one-tenth of our ministers hold any such belief which virtually makes the will of God the source of evil and misery, and I, for one, have never met with any Presbyterian who did. There are also many Presbyterians who, also in common with the great majority of their Christian brethren, believe that, as Scripture tells us—Christ "died for all," "tasted death for every man,"—and not as the "Confession" tells us, that some were "passed by"—undoubtedly to dishonour and wrath—"left unregenerated in the redeeming love of God. And believing these things, we do regard the dogmas of the "Confession" on these points as "conveying dishonouring conceptions of God." Furthermore, the greater number of Presbyterians hold the principles of religious liberty to their fullest extent, and do not believe that, as the "Confession" tells us, it is "the duty" of the civil magistrate to "take order that unity and peace be preserved in the church, that the truth of God be kept pure and entire, that all blasphemous and heresies be suppressed, all corruptions and abuses in worship and discipline prevented or reformed, and all the ordinances of God duly settled, administered, and observed." Were any "civil magistrate" to interfere in regard to the administration of the ordinances in any Presbyterian Church—even were it to support the most "orthodox" and approved modes of worship—what a storm of indignation would be aroused! Yet, the above is the distinct teaching of the "Confession," which your correspondents would have us humiliate in all points, or leave the church!

The question is not whether some Presbyterians do or do not believe in all the clauses of the "Confession," but whether those who do should seek to force the consciences of those who do not, or ungenerously tell them that they may leave a Church which they love because they cannot adhere to its Confession in all speculative and non-essential points,—touching matters "too high" for any human mind to sound. The non-enforcement of these clauses would not prevent any one who thinks them in conformity with Scripture from believing them as fully as he chose. We ask no authoritative deliverance of our belief regarding them. We simply ask that they may be left open questions, being decidedly non-essential. Are any of our Presbyterian brethren really prepared to say to us, "You may be earnest and devout followers of Christ, sincere believers in the Presbyterian form of Church government, heartily united with us in all the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel,—but unless you are prepared to accept with us certain human opinions regarding speculative and inscrutable matters, we will disown you and unchurch you—send you forth to wander in to other Churches, or to form a church for yourselves!" This may be the voice of a few. It will not, I am confident, be the voice of our church generally,—to whom, surely, the consciences and followings of their living brethren should be dearer than the maintenance intact of any

human document, however ancient and venerable! This "forming of new Churches" on account of differences in minor points, has been the cause of our Protestant Christendom, or its greatest weakness in the eyes of both Roman Catholics and skeptics, and it is directly opposed to the spirit and teaching of both Christ and His Apostles.

Did I ever say that the Apostolic Confession of Faith in Christ did not "comprehend all the doctrines of a saving and sound creed?" On the contrary I maintained that it did. The words of St. Paul (to take one among many of such eminently simple confessions)—"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, or shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."—show clearly enough the apostolic idea of a "saving creed." But does this give any warrant for the idea that a "saving creed" must contain dogmatic statements as to the eternal purposes of God,—not revealed in Scripture, and concerning which the most devoted Christians have always differed, and must probably always continue to differ so long as we "see through a glass darkly?" Nothing is more remarkable in St. Paul's teaching than his defence of Christian liberty in regard to the minor matters which, even then, threatened to divide Christians, such as questions of "days," "meats," and even the most important one of circumcision, or uncircumcision. When you "wound the weak consciences" of your brethren, he says, "Ye 'sine' against Christ." "Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new creature." "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified," says St. Paul! But in maintaining its present relations to the Confession, our church demands that its office-bearers shall "know" a great deal more—more than many of us think, than, with our present light, can be known.

Undoubtedly, as one of your correspondents says, "there never was need of more faithful men and true" to stand on the watch-tower of the church. But this need is not to be supplied by a rigid formal adherence to a complicated "Confession," but by the anointing and teaching of the Spirit of Truth—making men indeed preachers of Christ, not of the "Confession." Men must be faithful, in the first place, by being true to themselves and their consciences, and if they are faithful and earnest preachers of the "Truth," as it is in Jesus, why should their Christian liberty in minor matters be "judged" by comparing them with the opinions of men who lived more than two centuries ago, and who were certainly influenced by the spirit of their age in regard to various matters—while the general consensus of the Church of Christ has decidedly changed.

As I have no wish to rest the views I have advocated on my own individual opinion merely, knowing by how many Presbyterians they are shared, permit me in conclusion to commend to your correspondents the following extract from a printed sermon by the Rev. G. M. Grant of Halifax, one of the ablest ministers of our Church, one of the most energetic leaders into union, and Moderator of one of the four uniting bodies. The sermon was preached in 1866, before the Synod of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and afterwards published by the request of the Synod for the benefit of its members:

"The Churches have been false to the very principles on which they were based—the rights of individual reason and conscience. 'Where Jesus Christ is, there is the Catholic Church,' said Ignatius. 'Where the Spirit of God is, there is the church and all grace,' said Irenaeus. 'He that is good enough for Christ is good enough for me,' said Robert Hall. The churches have not thought so. The founders of each gave it a Confession of Faith and directory of worship, which, like every good constitution and Christianity itself, had both an historical and philosophical basis. Did they mean to put that in place of the Word of God? No! But does our reverence for the church of our fathers require us to stifle free thought and be satisfied with forms of sound words? That is asking us to be traitors to our fathers and unfaithful to the inspiration which God breathes into the souls of every generation of faithful men. Are we alone to have no freedom to criticize, to investigate in that domain in which 'our fathers' walked so freely, because they had faith that there was wisdom in God's Word sufficient for all the wants of the age? Or are we to be unreasonably told that if on any point our opinions become modified, we may leave the Church? What does such ecclesiastical terrorism mean? The 'bribery and corruption of the timid, the offer of a premium on dullness, a premium on indolence, a premium on dishonesty.' It says 'abandon thought, all ye who enter here!' Its equivalent word in politics would be 'if any man thinks that the constitution or laws can be amended, let the ingrate renounce his citizenship!' That would be intolerable! It is equally intolerable when doctrinaires would rigorously apply it to the Church. Of old the Pharisee cast out of the Synagogue one whose eyes the Lord had opened, and Jesus met him and said, 'for judgment I am come into the world.' Verily that church is 'judged,' is unchurch'd, which is anxious to see true servants of the Lord go forth from it because they cannot pronounce perfectly all its shibboleths."

Yours, etc.,
A. LAY PRESBYTERIAN.

Miss Thompson, painter of the "Roll Call," is engaged upon a picture representing the return from the "Valley of Death."

Pastor and People.

"Follow Thou Me"

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

What a motto for every-day use our dear Master gave us all when he said to Peter, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me!" It fits so many cases. Here, for example, is an obscure, hardworking pastor, who reads in his religious journal of the wonderful successes of a Moody or a Spurgeon: how one of them preaches every Sunday to six or seven thousand auditors, and how the other is blessed to the conversion of several thousands of souls in a single year. He throws down the paper in a sort of envious despair, and feels that he is an absolute nobody in the vineyard of Christ. "What is all that to thee?" whispers the Shepherd's voice. "Follow thou me!" Ashamed of himself, the humble country parson turns to his Bible and his unfinished sermon again, determined that he will do his best, even though his name never figures in the bulletins. If the Master smiles on him it is enough. To save even one soul is reward for a lifetime's toil.

How often a self-distrustful Christian tries to excuse himself from active labours in the church or Sunday-school with the stereotyped apology: "If I was gifted like A or B, I would be as active as they are in teaching or in public prayer or speech." Friend, the way to attain to larger gifts is to employ the gifts you have. Give Jesus thy one talent, and then he may trust thee with two. If you cannot speak glibly in a prayer-meeting, then stammer out your heart's thoughts in the best fashion you can. It may be that your few broken words may accomplish more than another man's fluent harangue. I had an old disciple once in my church I would rather hear stammer out ten sentences than hear some others expatiate for an hour. He was a man who lived in "close groups" with Jesus. If you have no brilliant or thrilling experience to relate in the meeting, then tell the honest story of how you do feel and what you are striving after. It is always a satisfaction to hear a man speak the truth. Christ judges his servants according to what they have; never according to what they have not.

There is a gentle rebuke, too, of our murmuring discontent in these words of our Lord. Perhaps some poverty-stricken brother who reads this paragraph has an uprising of the old Adam in him every time he goes to church. He sees Judge A driving up in his carriage, or Elder B come in with his richly-dressed wife and daughters, and mutters to himself: "How is it that other people get up in the world so, while I can hardly keep a coarse coat on my back?" What is all that to thee, brother? Follow thou Him who had not where to lay his weary head. If thou art not rich, thou hast not the temptations of wealth, and never will be called to give account of a large stewardship. It is hard to be poor; it is hard to fall behind in life's race and see others pull triumphantly to the goal; it is hard to lose our only wee lamb, while our neighbour has his table crowded with a group of rosy-cheeked children; it is hard to drink the bitter cup of disappointment. But memento that the Elder Brother draws up very close to such, and puts the arm of his love about them, and says very sweetly: "What is all this to thee, my child? Thou art mine. If mine, thou art heir of Heaven's glory. Where I am thou shalt be. Let not thine heart be troubled. Whom I love I chasten. What is this poverty, or failure, or bereavement to thee? Follow thou me, and thou shalt have treasures in Heaven. If thy feet are sore, follow me, and the green pastures will be all the softer by and by. If thy cross is heavy, let me share it with thee."

"Patience, my child, thy Saviour's feet were worn; Thy Saviour's heart and hands were weary here; His garments stained and travel-worn and old, His vision blinded with the pitying tear. Shall the disciple be above his Master or the servant expect to be above his Lord?—N. Y. Independent.

Moody at Northfield.

The Springfield Union says Mr. Moody's work here has been a great thing for the old North Church, and has infused new life into it. They have not seen such a visitation for many years, and no wonder the pastor, Rev. T. J. Clark, is encouraged, and preached this morning with more than usual power. The church was full, and that has seldom been the case during the past dozen years, since the unfortunate division in the society on the matter of selling the pews. The preciousness of such a season to such a people cannot be over-estimated. Old wounds are healed, and long estrangements are forgotten.

Among the young converts are a number of the old residents, who before Mr. Moody's coming, had not been in the old church for a decade. One of the most conspicuous conversions is that of a prominent business man over fifty years of age—a man of wealth, but a notoriously profane man. He is a leader in the town, a man of the kind that you can always tell where they are. Outspoken, bluff, hearty, and profane, he attended Sunday-school to-day, and broke down during the singing of an old hymn familiar to his childhood. He wept like a boy, and he was not ashamed of it either, nor he! He had taken two days to consider the matter, having attended the meetings, and having become interested. Mr. Moody's business way of putting the subject had caught his attention where forty ministers had failed to do so. It is worth something to have such a man come out and boldly tell his old associates that he "is as far for God now as he was for the devil before." This man is not alone. We heard to-day of another prominent business man over fifty years of age, who has also come out emphatically "on the side of the Lord and Brother Moody." Of course it is impossible to say just how many have met with a change of heart during this revival, for the number of those almost persuaded is always large; but there is every reason to believe that among the North church people alone there

are already over twenty converts fully persuaded, and beyond the slightest hesitation.

The homely words of a big, brawny farmer to his son, as the two drove away from the church to-night ahead of us, are quite true, and may be taken as very just testimony of a more or less general application: "I tell you what, Jim, I think that man has done me a good deal of good—that's what's the matter."

Thoughts of Heaven.

When the busy cares of the day are ended, when white-winged peace has descended into our hearts, and we have yielded to her soothing influence, it is sweet, in twilight's holy hush to think of the glories of Heaven, to be divested for a time of all thoughts pertaining to earth, and to be wafted, in imagination, to the New Jerusalem. We enter the abode of the ransomed Israel, the city whose streets are of gold, whose pearly gates gleam in the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness, where all its beauty and glory, and there rest beneath the smile of our Creator, who sits upon the "great white throne," and rules, with the sceptre of Divine love, the angelic hosts which surround Him, with crowns upon their heads, and hands clasping the palm of victory, and who shout "salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

We turn our enraptured gaze to the Father, and lo! He who wept in the garden is there; He who hung on the accursed tree as a propitiation for the sins of a wicked world, and whose dying prayer was, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The angels saw him look with love upon his crucifiers, yes, even upon the soldier who pierced his side; they saw the sweet smile of resignation with which He said, "It is finished." They saw him rise on the third day from the sepulchre; saw him enter heaven, and now they praise him eternally.

Blessed Jesus! what a privilege we should deem it to glorify Thy name. Why should any fear death, since Thou hast robbed it of its sting, and the grave is deprived of its victory by the glorious sacrifice! Hast Thou not promised life eternal to all who ask and believe? Can not all, who come to Thee in an humble, contrite manner, drink freely of the water of life, and share the joys of thy bright city, the beauty of which surpasseth all understanding? Yes, verily, Thou has promised it, and Thy promises are all-answering. We will be happy beyond our highest hopes when we enter the heavenly portals, and meet the loved ones gone before. Then—

"Down beside the wondrous river, Where the trees of healing grow, We will walk and worship over— To that city we will go."

Roman Catholic.

CONVERSION TO PROTESTANTISM OF PRINCESS JULIA OF BATTENBERG.

A congratulatory address from the (Dublin) Priest's Protection Society on her conversion from the errors of the Church of Rome, has been forwarded to the Princess. She has sent a reply, dated "Heilbronn Castle, June 16, 1875." It states: "I beg that you kindly express to the members of the society, my most heartfelt and sincere thanks. I feel deeply touched at this proof of sympathy from a foreign country, and especially as it comes from a society of men who from their former position in the Church of Rome, can appreciate better than most people the important step I have just taken. I join you in wishing that others may also, as I have been, through the grace of God, be brought to the true religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to experience what a blessing it is to put one's sole faith and trust in our Lord and Saviour."

By a law lately passed by the Council of Geneva, Switzerland, the corporations of the Sisters of Charity, and the Little Sisters of the Poor have been dissolved, and their property taken in charge by the State, that it may be devoted to purposes of charity and beneficence. So sharp and sweeping is the confiscating law, that many Protestants have feared that its excessive severity would cause a reaction, and the last state of the matter be worse than the first. But the Grand Council of the Canton was inexorable, and the Sisters of Charity will find their way out of Geneva as they were compelled to leave Mexico. It is a bad day for Rome.

Death and Eternity

In the midst of joys and sorrows we are called upon to remember that there is another life beyond the grave; hence the solemn admonition: "Prepare to meet thy God!" Death cuts down all alike. It makes no distinction between the rich and the poor, young and old. We cannot but know that we cannot take our earthly possessions with us. Wealth which has been accumulated by perseverance, and oftentimes privations, cannot be taken with us. We have nothing to take unless we have laid up our wealth and treasures in heaven. If we have secured Christ as our everlasting portion, all is ours. Earthly pleasures will vanish. Our dearest ties of friendship will be dissolved; but we have nothing to fear. Jesus is ours. Even through the dark valley of the shadow of death He will be with us.

Dear reader, which shall be your portion—wealth and friendship here on earth, with which we must part, or Christ, whom the world itself cannot separate us from? Our Heavenly Father has given us time, place, and opportunities for repentance. Reader, how are you improving it? The present is with us, the future with God. Improve the present. Death often cuts short our fondest hopes and expectations. Death is sure; life is not. To meet God in peace we must prepare for it. We must meet God sooner or later. Escape is impossible. We must meet Him as the King of terrors or in peace. Friend, which shall it be? Will you not decide the question now? Prepare to meet thy God.—Selected.

A happy thought comes from a happy heart; it will come from no other, but it will go to another.

The Dying Christian.

(Published at the earnest request of a reader, although we believe it appeared in our columns before, two or three years ago.)

My day is dipping to the west,
The gloaming 'tis the noon,
I hear the sough of Jordan's wave,
We'll manna travel thro';
Yet 'tis no Jordan's wave I fear,
Nor tremble at the strife,
But, oh this sunning of hearts,
This leaving home and wife!
What the world's better things,
A father's hand above,
Where lost friends are awaiting us,
And a'yeon follow soon,—
This rousing of the after strings
That feather heart to heart,
O, it gives me purer human nature,
An' mak's a laith to part.
Gae rax roe by the Bible, wife,
While yet I'm in it 'see,
For death creep o'er me ead eife but,
An' flap my fatim' o';
An' ca' thou a' to my bed side
T' see their father die,
For nature's crumbling fast awa',
I hae na lang t'ree

My wife, na weans, we'll manna part,
So duna sob so sair,
But dight the tears frae aff your face
An' let us join in prayer—
An' let us join in prayer to Him
That's wanting me awa',
That he may be a faithful frien'
An' father to you a'.
He wald, he sang the 'pairtin' song,
His voice was firm an' clear,
An' ro' th' fourteenth of St. John;
Nor did he shed a tear.
He turned his glazins' o' to heaven,
An' raised his withered hand,
An' safely through Jordan's wave
He's reached "the better land."

What Shall I Render to God.

And now, my soul, I must ask thee again and again, What shall we render to the Lord our God for the innumerable benefits He hath done unto us? Which way now? Thy grace prevents and follows me; and many times, when I have given myself for lost, Thou hast, by some sudden and surprising turn of mercy, delivered me from my calamities and fears. When I went wrong, Thou hast brought me back and guided me in the right way; when I offended, Thou hast reproved and chastened me; when I was in heaviness, Thou hast supported my spirits; when I fell, Thou hast set me up again; when I stood, Thou upheldst me. Thou didst enable me to know Thee more truly, to believe on Thee more steadfastly, to love Thee more vehemently, to follow Thee more eagerly. And now, O Lord my God, the joy of my life, the light of my eyes, what requital shall I make Thee for all Thy inestimable mercies? Thou commandest me to love Thee, but how can I ever love Thee enough?—Augustine.

Making Peace.

Among the benedictions uttered by the Saviour, and recorded in the fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, we have one on peace-making: "Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God." It is always wiser and more blessed to make peace than to break peace, hence the blessedness of making peace. Peace is always to be preferred to war. It is the most blessed of all estates, and the one attended with the greatest degree of well-being and prosperity. The nation that is continually at war must come to poverty and ruin, and so it is with a community, a church, or an individual. To be always fighting is to exhaust our strength, having wasted much of it in a fruitless conflict. Let our efforts, therefore, be for peace.

Enthusiasm.

Mr. Moody illustrates his idea of Christian enthusiasm by the following: "There was an old man I wanted to see when I first went to Europe in 1867. I was told not to fail to go to Edinburgh and see Dr. Duff at the Assembly. I stayed in Edinburgh a week to get a little of the old man's fire. He made an appeal for India. He plead for an hour and a half for India, and at the end of the hour and a half he fainted away. They took him up and carried him to the vestibule. When he revived he said, 'I didn't get quite through; let me go back and finish.' They said, 'If you go back it will cost you your life.' 'Well,' he said, 'I shall die if I don't.' So they carried him back. As they passed up the aisle the people rose, and tears flowed down every cheek at the sight of the old veteran. He said to them: "'Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you have got no more sons to give to India? I have spent twenty five years of my life there, and I have come back to die; there is plenty of money in the bank, but your sons are not willing to go. If a call comes from the Queen to go there in the army, they are ready. Is it come to that that the Lord calls for recruits for his kingdom and they will not go?' And turn me to the moderator he said, 'If there is no one to go to India I will return to them, and let them know that there is one old Scotch man that can die for them, if he can't live for them.' "My friends, that is what I call enthusiasm."

One of the most interesting things in the Holy Land is the fact that one meets everywhere, in daily life, the things that illustrate the words of the Lord. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, and no one is allowed to go out without a light. Throw upon your lattice in the evening and look out, you will see what seem to be little stars twinkling on the pavement. You will hear the clatter of the sandals, as the late traveller rattles along. As the party approaches, you will see that he has a little lamp fastened to his foot, to make his step a safe one. In an instant the verse comes to my memory, written in the same city three thousand years ago—"Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path."

The peace of God is rare among us. Some say that it is rarer than it was. I know not how that may be; but I see all manner of causes at work around us, which should make it rare. We live faster than our forefathers. We hurry, we bustle, we travel, we are eager for daily, almost for hourly news from every quarter, as if the world could not get on without us, or we, without knowing a hundred facts which merely satisfy the curiosity of the moment, and as if the great God could not take excellent care of us all meanwhile. We are eager, too, to get money, and get more money still—piercing ourselves through, too often, as the Apostle warned us—with many sorrows, and falling into foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. We are luxurious, more and more fond of show—more apt to live up to our incomes, and probably a little beyond, more and more craving for this or that gewgaw, especially in dress and ornament, which if our neighbor has, we must have too, or we shall be mortified, envious. Nay, so strong has this temper of rivalry of allowing no superiors, grown in us, that we have made nowadays a god of what used to be considered the basest of all vices—the vice of envy—and dignify it with the names of equality and independence. Men in this temper of mind cannot be at peace. They are not content; they cannot be content. But with what are they not content? That is a question worth asking. For there is a discontent as I have told you ere now which is noble, manly, heroic, and divine. Just as there is a discontent which is base, mean, unmanly, earthly sometimes devilish. There is a discontent, which is certain, sooner or later, to bring with it the peace of God. There is a discontent which drives the peace of God away, for ever and a day. And the noble and peace-bringing discontent is to be discontented with ourselves, as very few are. And the mean, peace-destroying discontent is to be discontented with things around us, as too many are. Now, my friends, I cannot see into your hearts; and I ought not to see. For if I saw, I should be tempted to judge; and if I judged, I should most certainly judge rashly, shallowly, and altogether wrong. Therefore, examine yourselves, and judge yourselves in this matter. Ask yourselves each, am I at peace? And if not, then apply to yourselves the rule of old Epictetus, the heroic slave, who, heathen though he was, sought the peace of God, long, long ago. Ask yourselves with Epictetus, am I discontented with things which are in my own power? That is, discontented with myself, or with things which are not myself? Am I discontented with myself, or with things about me, and outside of me?—Canon Kingsley.

PRAYER is not simply petition. It is largely that, to be sure, but it is more. It is communion with God. It is a means of drawing nearer to Him. It enables the Christian to become familiar with God. The little child does not simply ask his father for gifts. He communicates his ideas to him; he speaks of his childish hopes, and sorrows, and joys. And the father does not say only, I will grant this or withhold that. He talks with his child of various things; he lifts up the child's ideas by the power of his own. Child and father hold communion—become intimate. So it may be, so it ought to be, with the child of God. In proportion to one's Christian experience is his desire for this communion and fellowship. The devout soul echoes the Psalmist's words, "My soul thureth for God; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." This communion, moreover, increases one's ripeness of Christian experience. There is no better method of growth in grace than the habit of constant communion with the Father of spirits. It is the secret of progress heavenward. It explains the difference in the rate of advance of Christians. One halts along; another runs. One is of comparatively little use in effort, another is abundant in every good word and work. The reason is, one is content with simply offering few and feeble petitions; the other holds communion with God; pouring out his soul before Him, and there comes to him an elevation of spirit, a heavenliness of mind, that makes him joyous and strong and effective. In numberless instances has the promise been fulfilled—"they that wait upon the Lord renew their strength; they mount up with wings as eagles; they run and are not weary; they walk and do not faint."

It appears from the Secretary's report lately, read at the annual Session of the various divisions of Sons of Temperance in North America, that numerically, Ontario ranks second among all the divisions, whether of the United States or of the Dominion of Canada, its membership numbering 10,418—Eastern New York, with a membership of 12,535, taking the lead. In increase in membership during the last year, Nova Scotia is first, there being a recorded addition to its forces of 2,401, while Ontario comes third on the list, with an increase of 1,250, and New Brunswick stands in the eighth place. This cannot but be gratifying to the temperance men of the Dominion.

Random Readings.

We should learn never to interpret duty by success. The opposition which assails us in the course of obedience is no evidence that we are mistaken.—Newman Hall.

SCARCELY have I ever heard or read the introductory phrase, "I may say without vanity," but some striking and characteristic instance of vanity has immediately followed.—Franklin.

"WHEN there is no recreation or business for thee abroad, thou may'st then have a company of honest old fellows in leathern jackets in thy study, which may find thee excellent diversion at home."—Thos. Fuller.

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owning what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error, and more humility to acknowledge it.

Nothing is mine but sin. Nothing, not saving knowledge and sanctifying wisdom; not repentance, not faith, nor love; in short, nothing Christian have I from myself. It is all grace received—a gift from God.—W. T. Bower.

THE Rev. Dr. Hall has well said that the constant attempt to justify every work and word of the Lord is liable to breed doubt; while a simple declaration of the truth as from God often confirms and strengthens the hesitating mind.

THE disciples of Jesus move through this world always a stranger, nowhere tolerated, no where at home; and even should he settle anywhere it is uncertain how long the world and his foes would allow him to remain. In such a case comfort comes from Christ.—Gessner.

ARGUE not with a man whom you know to be of an obstinate temper; for when he is contradicted his mind is barred up against all light and information; arguments, though never so well grounded, do but provoke him, and make him afraid to be convicted of the truth.

THE meteor, if it once fall, cannot be rekindled. When those who once flashed before the eyes of the religious public with the blaze of a vain profession, fall into open and scandalous sin, it is impossible to renew their glory. Once break the egg of hypocrisy, and who can repair the damage.—Spurgeon.

"Whosoever will, may come." I thank God for that word whosoever. If God had said that there was mercy for Richard Baxter, I am so vile a sinner that I would have thought he meant some other Richard Baxter; but when He says who soever, I know that includes me, the worst of all Richard Baxters.—Baxter.

CHRISTIANS who neglect their church duties because an unpopular man is to minister, do despite not to him, but Him who sends him. An old Scotch lady gave a pointed reply to a minister who knew he had offended her, and expressed surprise that she should come so regularly to hear him preach. Said she:—"My quarrel's wi' you, mon; it's na wi' the Gospel."

LIKE most garments, like most carpets, everything has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joy on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

So ought we to watch as those who feel that the battle is not fought, and therefore we can not lay down our armor and our sword. We should so live as those who know that the race is not run, and therefore they press forward. We ought to be prayerfully dependent upon God, as those who know that if they were left by divine grace they would go back into perdition.

WE must come to the study of the Bible as pupils, not as judges; to find not what ought to be said, but what God has said; as inquirers after truth, not as advocates seeking arguments. Though the truth revealed is divine, the language in which it is revealed is human, and therefore reference must be had to the laws of language. It is the student and not the book, that needs to be spiritualized.

WE hold to earth and earthly things by so many more links of thought, if not affection, that it is far harder to keep our vision to heaven clear and strong; when this life is so busy, and therefore, so full of reality to us, another life seems by comparison unreal. This is our condition and its peculiar temptations, but we must endure it and strive to overcome them, for I think we may not try to flee from it.—Dr. Arnold.

THIS passionate love of nature, which began in the sons of imagination, has from them passed on to the universal people, and become one of the finest characteristics of the time we live in—some of the few efforts we have against sordid selfishness, absorbing pursuit of wealth, endless competition, and embittering divisions of classes and sects among us. In this love of scenery we have a touch of that nature which makes the whole world kin.—Principal Shairp.

SHOULD FEWBLE CHURCHES CONTRIBUTE TO THE SUPPORT OF FOREIGN MISSIONS?—The last Foreign Missionary has an able article on the "reasons why our feeble Churches as well as the larger should contribute to the cause of foreign missions?" It says: "The hundreds of our feeble Churches have themselves received mission funds, some of which were given by very poor people. The widow's mite, and the gifts of poor, struggling needle-women have helped to give the Gospel to farmers who have comfortable homes, and some of whom have large farms. With what emphasis, then, should our Saviour's words, 'freely have ye received, freely give,' resound in the ears of every congregation that has received the help of the Church? The Sawdust Island Churches, though they still receive help from the American Board, are, out of their deep poverty—such poverty as never appears among us—sustaining a vigorous foreign work in the 'religious islands' beyond."

Our Young Folks.

The Lemurs of Madagascar. The monkeys of other lands are, however, rejoined by the lemurs—graceful little creatures of many different varieties. There is a great resemblance in their attitude and manner of life to the ape, so that they have been styled monkeys with the fox's muzzle. Their agility is marvellous; they leap through the air to a great distance, settling on a branch, which perhaps bends under their weight, and dart off again in evolutions of astonishing rapidity. A wood frequented by troops commands the astonishment and admiration of the traveller, from the intelligent appearance and incessant gambols of these lively animals. The largest kind are about three feet in length, while the smallest are not larger than a rat. The true lemur, which is distinguished by a long snout and tail, professes to be a fruit eater, but does not object to crunch a small bird, a lizard, or insect. These are diurnal in their habits; while the chirogales, possessing short paws and pointed teeth, shun the light, and only appear in twilight and moonlight, when they make great havoc among lizards and small game. These curious mammals are characteristic of Madagascar; other species do exist elsewhere, but the nocturnal kind are found nowhere but in this and the Comoro Islands.—From Popular Science Monthly for October.

The Crippled Lamb.

A little crippled boy, ten years old, could only use one leg; and as he could not run about with the other children, his mother used to amuse him by reading to him. She used to read to him the twenty-third Psalm, and told him that Jesus was that shepherd, and read to him what Jesus said about it in John's Gospel, and told him all about the sheepfold, where the shepherd carried the lambs to keep them from freezing of winter nights, and to keep them from the dangers of dogs and wolves. Then he asked his mother, "Where was Jesus' sheepfold?" She told him the Church, and who were Jesus' lambs, and how, standing at the door, he said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Then she told him the story about Jesus and Peter at the Sea of Galilee, and how Jesus said to Peter, "Feed my lambs."

"Then said he, 'Ma, why can I not go into the Church, Christ's sheepfold? I am sick and crippled; surely he wants me, and you said he cared most for the sick and weak.' "O," she said, "my son, you are too young yet; when you get to be fifteen, you shall go to the communion."

He felt disappointed, and said, "Ma, why did you tell me about this when I am too young, and make me love Jesus so much that I want to be one of his lambs in his sheepfold, and then tell me I can't?" So at night he asked his father about it, and told him all about what his mother had been telling him. His father said, "It is all right, my son. Wait six months, and see if you can be a better boy, and live up to your profession."

On the next Sunday afternoon his father was hauling him out on his little wagon, to refresh him, for he looked unusually pale and pensive, and in the fold they saw a flock of sheep, which ran away of fright, leaving a little lamb white as snow, bleating most piteously, and struggling to get after its mother, but could not walk. The father pulled up the wagon by it, so they could see what was the matter; and taking it up, he found that one of its legs had been broken, the sight of which greatly affected the little cripple. He went when he looked at it; and when his father asked him why he was so troubled, he said, "O, the poor lamb is just like me—it can't go and play with the other lambs. Its mother leaves it, and it can't go after her; she can't put it in the fold where it will be warm and safe, and it can't go itself."

The father's heart was touched, but still he did not see the trouble in that little heart; so he said, "you sit here, and I will go and carry the lamb to its mother; and if she won't let me come up to her, I will put it carefully in the fold, where she can find it."

The little cripple, looking upon his father with his large eyes, lustrous with tears, said, "No, father, no; let's leave it; wait six months, and see if it lives or not; and if it is not a cripple then, you can put it with its mother in the fold."

The stupid father at last got his eyes open, and his heart too, and replied, "I will put the lamb with its mother in the fold, where it ought to be, and you may join the Church, too, if you wish."

The little sufferer did not join the Church on earth, for in a few days he was taken sick, and after a few hours suffering, in which he was out of his mind, he came to consciousness, and calling his parents, recalled the last Sabbath's ride and the crippled lamb, and said,—"Papa, you carried it to its mother in the fold; that was kind, papa, and now Jesus has come to take your poor crippled lamb up to his fold," and in a few hours the crippled lamb was in the Saviour's bosom.

Few of our boys and girls know the value of good handwriting; if they knew it they would spare no pains to acquire it. To many a young man a good handwriting is worth five hundred dollars a year; yes, and to not a few, a thousand dollars a year or more. A good hand or a bad hand will turn the scale of success, or defeat in securing valuable posts of labor. Then, if you write to one who does not know you, your letter gives him his first impression of you. If it is a badly expressed and badly written letter, he sets you down, perhaps, far below your real worth. This is an injustice to yourself. Moreover, a badly written letter, or article, or report, takes up the time of the reader needlessly; and this is a wrong to him. Acquire a clear, readable hand. This you can do. Then, if you can learn to write with ease, rapidity, and beauty, so much the better. A Christian should try to do well everything that he does.—Fr.

Lessons of the Guibord Case.

The Guibord case has excited a good deal of comment in the United States. Under the above heading our able contemporary, *From Herald* of Boston, has the following:

"The extraordinary circumstances connected with the death of the Papal ecclesiastic at Montreal, to prevent the burial of the body of Joseph Guibord in the Catholic burying-ground, have more than a local interest. Considered as an exponent of the policy of that priestly authority at Rome which is stretching out its iron hand over these United States, with the avowed intention of subjecting our civil institutions to its own control, they cannot be other than instructive to us. The Bishop of Montreal is only the puppet of the Jesuit conclave at Rome, which, at the present moment, rules the papal world through that silly old man, the Pope, whom they have flattered into an insane belief of his own infallibility. The Catholic ecclesiastics in our country, from the newly-fledged Cardinal downwards, are likewise puppets, worked by wires in the hands of the same Jesuitical authority that inspired the Montreal Bishop in his battle against poor Guibord's bones. Hence they stand ready, when ordered by their Roman masters, to repeat here what has been done by their fellow slave in Montreal. We do well, therefore to make serious note of a case which may yet be duplicated within our own borders.

The most superficial examination of this disgusting affair forces upon a reflective mind the conviction that the chief rulers of Romanism consider submission to their arbitrary authority as of higher importance than faith, morality, and observance of the religious rites of their church. This will appear if we ask who was this Joseph Guibord, to whose remains they have refused sepulture these six years past? What was his character? what his offence? Was he immoral, irreligious in their sense, an enemy of their church? By no means. On the contrary, he had been a most faithful adherent. He had, indeed, been very highly esteemed by their highest church authorities, both in Canada and Rome, because of his valuable services in translating their catechisms and rituals into the Indian tongues, for the use of their missionaries among the children of the forest. What, then, was Joseph Guibord's offence?

"It seems scarcely credible, in this nineteenth century, but it is true, never theless, that this man's remains are being treated like the carcass of a dog because he refused to withdraw from a literary club which had the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Moliere on the shelves of its library. Had Guibord simply withdrawn from the Canadian Institute, and remained in every other respect the same man, the priests would have buried his bones with ecclesiastical honours. His sole offence was a manly refusal to obey a mandate which had no Scriptural or reasonable authority. For this the priest refused him absolution, and the Bishop denied his bones a place in a grave which he had bought with his own money. Had he been an open violator of every command in the Decalogue, yet submissive to priestly authority in the matter of the Institute, they would have buried him, as the priests did a week or two since, that vile pugilist who was murdered while engaged in a drunken brawl in New York. What can be plainer, therefore, than that unreasoning submission to their arbitrary authority is of a vastly greater importance in the eyes of Romish priests than the religious and moral character of their dupes? For the former they have cheap and ready absolution; for the latter they have no forgiveness, neither in this world nor in the dread hereafter."

How Readest Thou?

This is an age of reading. The world is full of reading matter. The press teems with such, and there is no lack of this kind of information and these sources of improvement. And they are precious sources indeed. For it is much better to be wise than to be mighty and rich. The latter often flees away and leaves us alone and destitute; but knowledge and wisdom are fast friends. They stand by us and remain with us when all other sources or means of entertainment have gone. How then are we using these means? How readest thou?

- 1. We should read slowly and carefully. It is not the rapidity with which we get through a book or a paper, or the amount of matter which we read, that makes us learned or wise, but it is the amount of careful attention which we expend upon our books and papers which aid us very largely in making our reading a profit.
- 2. We should read with reflection. We must think on what we read, and thus master the thought pursued, and, in a certain sense, make it our own. This is our great object of reading. We do not and we ought not to be slaves to the opinions of others. We ought not to read simply for the purpose of memorizing the thoughts which others have recorded, but we should use these thoughts as suggestive of other thoughts, which, when formed, will be our own, because they have passed through our own minds, and are the result of our own careful reflections.
- 3. It is a very good plan when we read to take notes. This will not only aid our memory to retain what we read, but it will make us exact. We will, through this means, make ourselves precise in our thinking, and will accomplish a great deal in the way of getting knowledge.

DR. HOLLAND says in *Scribner* that the jury system has outlived its usefulness and ought to be abandoned. Whether we could get anything better may be a question, but certainly recent results from the sworn twelve have not been such as to make us revere the old system except because of its age. The man who is on trial, especially if he is a man of some character and intelligence, must look with disgust and dread at the average juryman who steps into the box to pronounce on his life and happiness.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON LI.

REVIEW—THE MINISTRY OF JESUS

GOLDEN TEXT.—But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name.—John xx. 31.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus preached peace.

We have now concluded the study of the gospel of John and we may with advantage look back on it, as it may be compared with the other gospels, and as it presents to us the ministry of Jesus. For it gives us a different (not contradicting, but completing) view of our Lord's labors from that presented by the other evangelists.

(a) *The Gospel compared with the others.* They were written—according to the best evidence we have—in the order in which they stand, Matthew and Mark dating about the year 69, Luke probably about five years later. (The evidence is that of Christian writers such as Irenaeus, Papias, Clement, and Origen.) John does not write till a quarter of a century later, when many of the persons with whom Jesus had to do were dead, and when delicacy to the living did not act as a restraint.

Matthew (whether he wrote in Hebrew at first or not) writes for Hebrews, quotes Old Testament Scripture freely, gives expositions of truth that suit the Hebrew mind, pointing out the spiritual side of the Hebrew laws and exposing their corruptions. He writes "to the Jew first." In Matthew we see Jesus "coming unto his own" (John i. 11), and his own "receiving him not." We hear his denunciations of "Scribes, Pharisees, hypocrites;" and we see their resentful hate, and their plans for his betrayal and murder. The divine authority of Jesus is taught by Matthew as strongly as by John. See Matt. xi. 25-30 and xxviii. 18-20.

Mark was Peter's companion, and relates what Peter told. (The outside evidence of this from the early Christian writers is clear and uniform.) Naturally incidents, curious facts, vivid occurrences, came into this gospel, in which Jesus is seen at work, "going about doing good." It is a gospel for the active Roman mind, turning to God.

Luke owns his obligations to eye-witnesses (Luke i. 1-4). Who so fit as John, whom he must have often met? He writes in a broad and comprehensive spirit. He is educated, has travelled much, is companion of the apostle of the Gentiles (Col. iv. 4; 2 Tim. iv. 11). His mind, dwelling on Christianity—a religion for the world—seizes the aspect of the truth, and the words and facts of Jesus' life that so present it. For the Holy Spirit in inspiring the sacred writers works no needless miracles, but uses the natural qualifications of the writers.

John, on the other hand, is the disciple "whom Jesus loved" (John xix. 26); he had the mother of our Lord under his roof from the crucifixion onward; he was most probably connected with her, and so with Jesus, by family ties. His leaning on his bosom is an outward sign of the intimate intercourse he had with the Master.

If any one is fitted to describe the inner life and aims of Jesus, John is the man. He dwells on what the other gospels omit, and when he refers to the same things that they report, it is to connect his incidents with what was already known. He does not dwell on what was accepted already, just as Matthew and the others do not give the loftiest views to minds only opening. Like their Lord, the Evangelist taught men "as they were able to bear it" (Mark iv. 33).

2. *As it presents to us the ministry of Jesus.* Matthew and the others had detailed his public addresses, like the "Sermon on the Mount" (Matt. v., vi., vii), the parables of Matt. xiii., and the prophetic words of Matt. xxiv. But John deals—as is fit—more with the private ministrations of the Master, as a glance at the gospel will show; and no better Review of the Quarter could be arranged than that which would settle this conviction in the mind, and render the reading of John intelligent and still more interesting. For about this gospel the battle between faith and unbelief is hottest, and all admit that if John's gospel is divine, the rest are undoubted.

In ch. i. 38, Jesus sees two disciples of John following him at the unselfish Baptist's bidding, and he invites them to his lodgings. John is one of the two. Sixty years after, John remembers that momentous hour which first brought him into contact with the Saviour. "It was about the tenth hour." Then we see him dealing with, and attaching to him Philip, Peter, and Nathanael. There is yet no public ministry.

In ch. ii. we have the details of the marriage-miracle. It was a private festivity. Jesus and his mother, and his brethren, and his few disciples were there, and the last named beloved on him. (There is much in favor of the view that John was the bridegroom—Salome his mother. See Matt. xxvii. 56 and Mark xv. 40.) John is in the background, but he tells us how "this is the first miracle," and it is neither like the Baptist in the wilderness, nor like the monkish life of a later time. The events at Jerusalem (v. 13-16); are narrated to explain later movements (ch. i. 1-3).

In ch. iii. we have the interview with Nicodemus. How much is in this conversation! How radical the change he proclaims to be essential! Then how can it be brought about? By believing on Jesus (ch. iii. 16), who is lifted up as Moses, etc. (v. 14), and all this as the outcome of divine love (v. 16).

Ch. iv. is another sermon to a single person—the woman of Samaria. The town, the well, the scenery—all are there to this day, and fit the Scripture perfectly. He lays bare her heart and life, declares himself as the living water, and makes her a messenger of mercy to her town's people, who detain him a couple of days, receiving personal teaching. A second miracle performed in Cana (probably John's home) is reported in iv. 46-55).

Ch. v. reports the healing of the impotent man at Bethesda, and the personal dealing with the man in private (v. 14), out of which miracle comes indeed the public discussion of the claims of Christ, and the law of the Sabbath.

Ch. vi. reports the miracles of the loaves, which excited so much popular enthusiasm among the Jewish Galileans that it became prudent to retire to Capernaum, on the way to which a miracle was wrought for the benefit of the disciples (v. 10-21). Out of the miracle of the loaves came the public lessons of the heavenly manna.

In ch. vii. viii., John reports his teaching at Jerusalem, the address of our Lord being drawn out by questions. This is emphatically the case in

Ch. ix., where the healing of the blind beggar leads to the opening of his eyes, and to the sharp discussion of Christ's claims, and to the breach with Judaism, as the Church of God, which came when in ch. x. Christ as the good shepherd claims the other sheep (v. 16), and asserts his unity with the Father.

In ch. xi. he is before us as the loving friend of the family at Bethany. After the miracle indeed, he cannot be hid, and John reports briefly his triumphal entry into Jerusalem (ch. xii. 14, 15), which roused the enemies of his cause to desperate measures. The forward John describes his ministry as it promoted the benefit of the disciples.

In ch. xii. he washes the disciples' feet, and deals with them all, and especially with Judas. He is seen in the midst of the group, preparing them, one by one, for the coming events.

Chs. xiv., xv., xvi., are all of the same retired inner ministry. He inboses himself to the little tremulous company, much as a father might, before departure from a family; closing with the prayer of ch. xvii.—a prayer without parallel in the history of the race, like which there could be no other!

And now in John's gospel his ministry is over. But how much he has disclosed—of the Father, of the Holy Ghost, above all of himself as the Revealer of the Father. This was the part of his teaching John was employed to unfold.

"The only begotten in the bosom of the Father" (ch. i. 18), is to declare the invisible God. To this object the Evangelist cleaves.

Many other things, he is careful to tell us, Jesus did and taught (ch. xx. 31). To unfold him in this character—as the Son of God, that men might be saved, is the aim of this gospel. (See p. 186.)

Let us learn from this gospel (1) How great a Saviour we have. A star is wonderful. So is a single gospel. The number of stars deepens our amazement. But it is deepest when we see the order running through the maze. So the gospels have an order, and John sets it forth, shows us the key to the mysteries. Jesus is God manifest in the flesh, and manifesting God.

(2) How near he can come to us. He can, he does deal with us one by one. A ruler, a lawyer, a fisherman, a beggar, he teaches one by one. None too high—none too low. How he values souls!

(3) What an object of love he is! Master with his servant. Teacher with his pupils. Friend with his friends. Son with his mother. There is none like him. He is "altogether lovely." Others we love at a distance, but familiarly disenchant us. He is the greater and the dearer the nearer we come to him.

It is commonly supposed that women are unfitted by nature and training for the hardships of travel in new and wild regions. But those who read the wonderful adventures of Sir Samuel Baker in African exploration, will find occasion to modify their opinions. Mrs. Baker was as good a traveller as Sir Samuel himself, and her patience and cheerfulness kept up the spirits of the party when they were at the last stages of despair. She seemed essential to the success of the enterprise, for she was not only the nurse of the sick and wounded, and the helper of the weak, but her forethought provided for many great emergencies. On one occasion the whole party might have died of hunger but for her foresight. Finding that the kings and chiefs were becoming hostile and bringing in few provisions, she laid by, unknown even to her husband, twelve bushels of flour for a time of need. The need was speedy and urgent; for soon after the party being obliged to fight their way back to Fowera, could neither buy provisions nor forage for them. Their supply gave out, and starvation seemed imminent, when Lady Baker produced her flour, and the whole company were jubilant over their deliverance and full of wonder at her forethought. The truth is, that although "woman in our hours of ease," may be "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," yet she possesses an amount of grit and forethought for which man does not give her sufficient credit. On the battle field man is her master; but in the hospital ward, where unflinching devotion, quick and intelligent action, and calm judgment are required, woman becomes the ministering angel that leads the sufferers back to life and hope.—*Express*.

THERE is a single fact which one man opposes to all the wit and argument of infidelity, viz.: That no man ever on his death-bed repented of being a Christian.

Outward religiousness, unattended by heart piety, does a man serious injury, by rendering him superficial and unreal in all that he does in reference to God; and as God desires truth in the inward parts he will not parley with dishonest men.

Miscellaneous.

THE POPULATION of New York, is 1,050, 115.

THERE are two feet of snow near Winnipeg.

THE ORIGINAL SCULPTURE of Niagara was Ouhagarah.

SPAIN has concluded a general treaty with San Domingo.

ADDITIONAL fortifications are to be constructed in Bermuda.

MR. B. ASTOR, of New York is dead. He was worth \$160,000,000.

A GERMAN ART GALLERY is being formed in Liverpool, England.

THEODORE ROSKOPF, the well known painter at Berlin, died Oct. 17th.

MISS RYE, died with His Excellency the Governor-General on the 25th ult.

A MAN was frozen to death on Broadway, New York, on the morning of Dec. 1st.

THE UNITED STATES CAB is \$2,118, 397,212. Two thirds of it is held in Europe.

FIFTY THOUSAND dollars worth of lobster shells left Halifax a few days ago in the *Cassiope*.

TEN THOUSAND persons passed in and viewed the body of the late Vice-President Wilson, U. S.

YARWORTH, N. S. has sent to sea two new ships this year, each worth \$50,000 or upwards.

A GREAT MANY clergymen are required for California, climate delightful; there is no winter.

ELEVEN LIVES were lost from the wreck of the *Sunny-side*, near West Point, Dec. 1st.

A MANUSCRIPT written by Barant, the Dutch explorer, in 1580, has been discovered in Nova Zembla.

A HINDOO employed on the S ring estate, Jamaica, beheaded four children from religious frenzy.

THREE MEN were suffocated by an escape of coal gas on board the *Adrienne*, at Vernon River, on the 20th ult.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY was formally observed in the Churches as a day of intercession for Foreign Missions.

THE BROTHERS Wainwright have been convicted of the murder of Harriet Laue, Whitechapel Road, London, in September.

GUSTAVE DORE has been for some time engaged on a picture thirty feet by twenty feet, representing Christ's entry into Jerusalem.

THE *Iron Duke*, which sank the *Languard*, has been nearly sunk herself by the main sluice of the vessel being left open.

THE CENTRAL HOTEL, at Lake George, N. Y., with stock and furniture, was totally burned on the night of the 30th ult. Loss \$10,000.

A DEALER of St. Mary's, Ont. sold to the merchants of Stratford on the 29th ult., a ton of fresh tomatoes in hermetically sealed cans.

THE GALE on the 28th and 29th ult. was very destructive on the lakes. The thermometer at Sault St. Marie was seventeen degrees below zero.

THE DEATH is announced of Prof. Thomas Hewett Kay, philologist, of London. In 1821 he was mathematical professor in Virginia.

A FEW DAYS ago, a tidal wave ten feet high, swept up the Parrot River Somersetshire, England, sinking one vessel and damaging twenty others.

THE BRITISH iron-turret ship, *Monarch*, of the Channel fleet, came into collision on the 28th ult. with the *Holt*. Both vessels were considerably injured.

A LARGE QUANTITY of provisions sent by the Dominion Government to Manitoba on account of the grasshopper plague has been frozen up on the Red River.

THE POST OFFICE report for the Dominion, for 1874, has just been issued: the information it contains is important. On the 1st Jan. 1875, there were 4,706 post offices, of which 2,943 were in Ontario and Quebec, 633 in New Brunswick, 368 in Nova Scotia, 86 in Manitoba, 47 in British Columbia, and 179 in Prince Edward's Island. The number of miles travelled over in the year was 13,923,180. There were 99,368,500 letters and postal cards carried; 29,000,000 newspapers; 102,800 parcels; 1,562,900 registered letters; 1,482,200 franked letters, professedly in the service of Her Majesty, which is considered a very extraordinary number, and indicative of "something wrong somewhere." The expenditure was \$1,695,480, and the revenue \$1,470,207. The money orders issued amounted to \$6,815,329. The money order offices were 705. Post office Savings Banks are still only established in Ontario and Quebec. On the 30th of June 1874, there were 266, the number of depositors was 24,068, and the amount credited to them \$8,204,065. The letters and postal cards for the last five years have increased from 24,500,000 to 99,368,500, that is 60 per cent. The revenue during the same space of time has increased 46 per cent. The increase in the letters from Canada to the United Kingdom was 66,110, and from the United Kingdom to Canada 69,947. The postage collected on the correspondence with the United States during the year was \$478,516.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS AND READERS.

There seems to be some misapprehension on the part of old subscribers...

For the past two weeks names have been coming in pretty freely...

Our Premium is giving good satisfaction. A Minister writes: "Your offer is a most generous one..."

THE YEAR BOOK will be forwarded to parties who ordered copies as soon as published...

We occasionally receive a letter without a name. Last week we received two money letters...

British American Presbyterian. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1876.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

In our last week's issue we referred in an editorial upon this subject to an address of the Kingston Sabbath Reformation Society...

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

A meeting of this now famous Christian organization was held lately in Belfast. An exchange says there was a large attendance...

"The Rev. T. Y. Killen, Belfast, then moved that the members of the conference have heard with the greatest satisfaction of the work of awakening and revival with which God has been blessing many places in these and other kingdoms..."

The condition of Christians in Turkey occupied a prominent place in the Conferences of the Alliance. The Rev. William Wright, missionary of the Irish Presbyterian Church at Damascus, was present at the meeting...

hoped, may lead to more vigorous action.

A letter was received from the Italian branch of the Alliance, asking for the next Conference to be held in the city of Rome. This was supported in an earnest speech by a delegate from Italy...

A POOR MAN.

There lately came to a close in the city of New York, at the advanced age of eighty-five, a life that may well permit a moral if it cannot adorn a tale. In those days when the race for riches is so general and so eager, it is instructive to read the public estimate after his death of one who succeeded in this struggle to a degree perhaps beyond any man of his time...

Some men who have amassed great riches have lived lives of true nobility in the discharge of the social and public duties of life. The process of becoming wealthy has been one that has developed and improved them in almost every way.

W. B. Astor inherited \$20,000,000 to begin with, and it became, it is supposed, at least five-fold. How was it done, and what kind of a man did it make of him? It was accomplished in part by the value of property, caused by the rapid growth of New York city, so that his whole work was just watching, using and hoarding.

We learn the following interesting item from the annual report of the "Woman's Christian Union," Chicago, held last month, in the hope that it may lead to the spread of a similar work amongst ourselves. A society was formed in March of last year. It originated in a call made by a lady at the noon-day prayer-meeting for a temperance meeting to be held in one of the churches.

a spark of true nobility, or a drop of the milk of human kindness, would choose to stand in his place, or have attached to their memory the loathing and contempt such a life and character excite.

ANNUAL MEETING G. D. SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Grand Division of Sons of Temperance held their annual meeting on Dec. 7th at Braintree. In the Grand Scribo's report allusion was made to the importance which the question of Prohibition was assuming, as the ultimate and only effective remedy for the evils of intemperance...

In the evening a large public meeting was held in the hall of the Y.M.C.A. On the platform were the leading members belonging to the Order, and several friends from the United States.

After a stirring and animated contest, the following were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year.

Rev. J. W. Manning, Almonte, was elected G.W.P. for next term; John McMillan, Toronto, G.W.A.; Thomas Webster, Brantford, Grand Scribo; Rev. John Finch, Whitevale, Grand Treasurer; Rev. Donald Fraser, Port Elgin, Grand Chaplain; Byron J. Wade, Clinton, Grand Conductor; John Bingham, Tyrone, Grand Sentinel.

It was on motion of Representative G. M. Rose, seconded by Rep. Thomas Carwell, it was resolved, with only one dissenting voice, "That the Representatives of the Order of the Sons of Temperance in Ontario, in Grand Division assembled, highly approve of the series of resolutions passed by the Convention of Temperance men, held in Montreal during the month of September last, and do hereby pledge ourselves as individuals, and as a Grand Division, to do our utmost to spread the principles therein set forth, and further, to support all candidates for Parliament, who, if returned, are prepared to advocate Prohibition in the Legislature of Ontario and of Canada."

Schemes were discussed with regard to future action, and it was resolved to continue the lecture work, and organize new Divisions.

Very favorable notice was taken of the work done by the Ontario Temperance and Prohibitory League, and it was highly commended for introducing to Canada lecturers from Great Britain. The President, Mr. Robert Maclean of Toronto, and two of the lecturers, Mr. William Bell, of York, England, and Mr. D. Ramsay, of Glasgow, Scotland, attended during the session, and helped in various ways to assist in the public meetings and in the private deliberations.

We learn the following interesting item from the annual report of the "Woman's Christian Union," Chicago, held last month, in the hope that it may lead to the spread of a similar work amongst ourselves.

A society was formed in March of last year. It originated in a call made by a lady at the noon-day prayer-meeting for a temperance meeting to be held in one of the churches. This meeting was large and enthusiastic. A committee of fifty ladies was formed, and appointed to visit the city council to protest against the repeal of the law prohibiting the traffic in liquor on Sabbath. That appeal was denied; but a society was formed which has been doing good work. The number of members of the Union since its commencement has been one hundred and fifty.

The attendance has varied from seven to three hundred, numbering at present from seventy to eighty daily. After having attended more than one hundred of

these meetings consecutively, with scarcely a day's absence, I desire to put on record to the glory of God, my estimation of the marvellous manner in which the interest of these meetings has been sustained the entire period. Without the attendance of clergymen, except in very rare cases, sustained by women and reformed men, coming together strangers—the one theme temperance and salvation by Christ—I have never yet seen a meeting other than interesting and refreshing. The miracle of the daily manna has been renewed; and the testimony of all has been, This is a wonderful work, and God is in it. There has been the secret of its power. The rills that flow from unending fountains deep down in the earth are sure to be marked with verdure and beauty.

THE MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT GRANT.

This important annual state document was presented to the Senate and House of Representatives on the 7th inst. It is very significant of the importance the subject is assuming, that the first matter specially noticed after a flattering contrast between the position of the country now, and as it was one hundred years ago, is that of the Public Schools. It is well known that fears are beginning to be very generally entertained in many States that the Romish Church is about to make an attempt to divert a portion of the public funds from their originally intended use to the support of schools, in which the tenets of that church may be taught as a part of a secular education.

"No sectarian tenets shall ever be taught in any school supported in whole or in part by the State, nation, or by the proceeds of any tax levied upon any community."

Attention is also drawn to the immense amount of church property—\$100,000,000—and to the rapidly increasing amount of it, which bears no share in the public burdens, and it is suggested that laws shall be made allowing no property whatever, except church edifices and burying places, to escape untaxed. The fact that by the year 1900 the amount of such property untaxed will foot up to \$800,000,000, shows clearly the folly of the principle of not taxing it, and the President points out that such a state of things continuing might lead, as it has led in other States, to sequestration as a State necessity. We believe the plan proposed in the message to be sound and true, and it is when the effects of the opposite and commonly received principle become so glaring and monstrous that its folly is made evident.

Strong and most emphatic opinions are also expressed respecting the necessity of rooting out polygamy and other equally shameless and destructive kinds of licensed immorality.

The state of foreign relations and the importance to the well-being of the country of the resumption of specie payments, are the other chief matters touched upon in the message.

Ministers and Churches.

PORT LEWIS.—On Sabbath the 5th of Dec., Mr. Malcolm Campbell and Mr. Donald Stalker were ordained to the eldership of St. Andrew's Church, Huntingdon, P.Q.

THE Rev. Burton, of Belleville, has been lecturing most acceptably before the Dundas Knox Church Self-Improvement Association. His subject was "Astronomy."

THE induction of the Rev. John Hogg, as pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Oshawa, took place on Tuesday of last week. A report of the interesting proceedings is crowded out of this issue.

HUNTINGDON, P.Q.—During the last eighteen months, 130 new communicants have been added to the roll of St. Andrew's Church. There is now a membership of 300, and under the Rev. Mr. Muir the congregation has been eminently prosperous.

THE Rev. Mr. Patterson having resigned his charge at Bobcaygeon, Mr. A. Tully, on the recommendation of the Home Mission Committee, and in compliance with the earnest request of the people, has been appointed to labour during the next three months at Bobcaygeon.

KNOX CHURCH, Woodstock, is to be furnished with chandeliers, so that the evening services may be held in that portion of the building instead of the basement, as heretofore. The ladies of the congregation have taken the matter in hand, the result is not at all doubtful.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Peterboro', of which the Rev. J. M. Roger, M.A., was for many years pastor, was formally declared vacant last Sabbath week. Rev. Mr. Smith of Grafton, filled the pulpit, and preached a valedictory sermon, after which he went into the history of the Church, and Rev. Mr. Roger's connection

with it for the past forty-two years, and spoke in a very energetic manner, urging a conciliatory spirit on the part of all, and the necessity of speedily filling up the vacancy.

On Thursday the 9th inst., a number of the friends connected with the Markdale congregation took possession of the house of Mr. Thomas Campbell, where the Rev. John A. McAlmon boarded, and after unloading their sleighs and cutters of numerous baskets, they proceeded to present Anna with a beautiful cutter and buffalo-robe, amounting in all to the value of \$70. After which a very pleasant evening was spent by all. The table was soon spread with an abundant supply, which was also apparently enjoyed by all present. The ladies of this congregation by their many acts of kindness are doing much towards making their pastor's duties pleasant, and we hope also profitable. With the blessing of God upon us as a people this will soon become a large and flourishing congregation.—Con.

LEARNERS Presbyterian Church, Colborne Township, one of the congregations in connection with Knox Church, Godorich, was opened on Sabbath, 5th Dec., services being conducted in the morning by Rev. J. Sioveright, in the afternoon by Rev. H. Ure, and in the evening by Rev. J. Y. Hartly. The Church is a neat frame building, and great spirit and liberality have been shown by the Presbyterian community in the neighbourhood in the erecting of it in a very short space of time. A social meeting was held on the Monday evening following, which, like the meetings on the previous occasion, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was largely attended. The proceeds of the opening services amounted to \$181, leaving a debt of \$50, which it is expected will be liquidated within the week. The Church is not yet entirely finished, but it is the intention of the Building Committee to proceed with the work as expeditiously as possible.

Correspondence.

Dr. Campbell's Case.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—As an allusion by one of your correspondents to the case of Dr. John McLeod Campbell is not strictly connected with my letter on the Confession, I prefer to refer to it separately. It is quite true that a number of Evangelical ministers united with the "Moderators" against Dr. Campbell. It is not, however, quite correct to identify Dr. Chalmers with a movement with which he had no sympathy, not even being present at the Assembly where Dr. Campbell was deposed. He always was and continued to be till his death a warm friend of Dr. Campbell's, and must have sympathized to some extent with the teaching for which his friend was deposed, since he pronounced the work of T. Erskine on the "Freeness of Gospel," containing the same teaching, "the most delightful book that ever was written."

Your correspondent has noticed one of my reasons for inferring a considerable change of opinion in Scotland in respect of the doctrine for which Dr. Campbell was deposed. He has not referred to others. I do not know whether he would call Mr. Moody also a "semi-Polagian." But certain it is that Mr. Moody preached throughout Scotland this very doctrine, with the express sanction and endorsement of numbers of the most eminent and earnest Scottish ministers. It was the fullness and directness with which he preached this doctrine which was the very life and power of his successful preaching. Yours, etc., A LAY PRESBYTERIAN.

Hymnology.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

I think we ought to keep agitating the question of the Hymnology for the united church. Every one, except a few that are prejudiced, admits the unsuitableness and insufficiency of our present collection of psalms and paraphrases. There is not sufficient variety in them. There is a difficulty in finding anything suitable to certain subjects. People of culture not accustomed to our version of the psalms, dislike them. They speak of them as doggerel. They say the beauty of the psalms is spoiled. Our church is not for the Gael alone, who through early use may esteem this version, but it ought to adapt itself to all classes and nationalities.

We have not uniformity in this matter. Congregations that belonged to the Kirk use a collection of hymns in addition to the psalms and paraphrases. Most of the congregations that were formerly U. P., use another collection. Some that were Free Church make use of the English Presbyterian Hymn Book. In some churches Sankoy's Hymns are used at the prayer meetings; in others a collection made by the late Wesleyan Church.

Would it not be better for the united church to take action and authorize and recommend a good hymn-book? The "Presbyterian Hymnal," prepared by a committee appointed by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, is an admirable collection. The music is set to the words. It was mainly prepared by Dr. Duryea. We have no man in Canada so admirably qualified for the work. We take Dr. Hodge, an American, as our standard and leader in theology. Why go to England or Scotland for our Hymnology? The Americans are their acknowledged leaders in this respect. I hope this matter of the Hymnology of our church will soon be happily settled. D.

A GREAT FIRE took place in New York, Dec. 9th, involving a loss of \$920,000.

Collier's History.

(Continued.)

OLD EDINBURGH. NEW EDINBURGH. The chief events were the execution of John Resby at Forth, in 1497, for Lollardism. The most prominent men in Scotland at this time were Cardinal Beaton, the Pontifex Maximus, and the Earl of Arran. George Wishart, the last victim of Beaton's bigotry, suffered at St. Andrew's. Within a few yards of the spot where his ashes lay, Beaton was slain. Seized by the Regent and sent to France, he was condemned to the gallows for life; but God had decreed otherwise. The harsh treatment of the Protestants under Mary I. of England drove him from the Continent. Through years of exile and bondage he cherished the hope of preaching the Protestant doctrine at St. Andrew's, long the fortress of the Roman faith in Scotland. On the 10th of June, 1559, from the cathedral pulpit of that ancient city he poured forth his fiery eloquence. The voice of Knox struck through the land like an electric shock. To the hatred between Scots and Saxons there was added the discord between Catholics and Protestants. The English nation was then divided into three great parts, the Episcopalians, the Romanists, and the Puritans. The translation of the English Bible was almost the only fruit of this conference. Henrietta, as a Catholic, hated the Puritans. Laud, almost a Papist in his opinions. The National Covenant, by which they bound themselves to oppose the revival of Catholicism. Charles died after an illness of less than a week, having first declared himself a Romanist, and having received the last rites of the Church. The King attended a public celebration of the Roman mass. The Jesuits began anew their dark and terrible plottings in London. These, as Catholics and Celts, were violently hated by the lower order of the nation. A doggerel ballad, called from its burden "Lillibulero," in which two Irish Romanists congratulate each other on the approaching massacre and triumph of Popery, set the whole nation, and especially the army, in a flame against James. "It is zeal for the Church of Rome."

Presbytery of Toronto.

Presbytery met on the 7th inst. Dr. App Moderator. The attendance was large, not only of members, but also of delegates from various congregations and mission stations, whose presence had been required to consider on the arrangements in regard to them. It was proposed to arrange the congregations and stations referred to in the following groups: 1st group, Mono Centre, Mono West and Mono Mills and Caledon East, 3rd, Charleston and Alton, 4th, Cheltenham and Caledon West, 5th, Albion, Sandhill, and Mansions Corners, 6th, Knox Church, Brampton, and Mount Pleasant 7th, Weston and Malton, 8th, Knox Church, Vaughan, and Woodbridge. On these proposed groupings the several representatives expressed their sentiments, doing so, of course, in regard to the localities in which they were severally interested, and, with scarcely an exception, the spirit evinced was good and Christian like. It was afterwards moved and agreed, that the Presbytery, having heard the delegates of the various congregations and mission stations, and also the ministers whose pastoral relations are likely to be affected by the contemplated arrangement, and having observed with great satisfaction the general disposition on the part of both ministers and people to fall in with the arrangement, but having also ascertained that difficulties in the way of entering into it probably exist at three points at least, viz., in the Mono group, the Cheltenham and Mount Pleasant charge, and in Knox Church, Vaughan, and Albion, appoint the following committee, Messrs. Alexander, Macdonnell, Cameron, Carmichael, King, Smith, and King, (convener) to visit these points, and others, if deemed necessary, and in the event of securing the concurrence of the ministers and congregations in the arrangement contemplated, empower the committee to cite all the congregations and mission stations affected to appear for their interests at next regular meeting of Presbytery, with the view of bringing the matter to a practical issue, and generally to take any steps which may be necessary to secure success in the matter. A report was given by the committee previously appointed on Church Extension for the city of Toronto, to the effect that in consequence of action taken by said committee, 198 persons, connected with the several congregations in the city, had become subscribers to the association; that from \$350 to \$340 had been subscribed to its funds—a large portion of which had been also paid—and that there is considerable likelihood that in a short time the number of subscribers and the amount of subscription will be largely increased. The report was received and adopted, with cordial thanks to the committee. It was stated by Principal Caven, that the students who board at Knox College had recently held a meeting, and through delegates appointed by them, had applied to the Senate for a service to be held in said college each Sabbath evening during the session; and the Principal asked the Presbytery to express its mind in regard to this proposal. After some consideration, it was moved by Mr. Cameron, seconded by Mr. Macdonnell, and agreed, That the Presbytery express its cordial concurrence in this proposal, of the senate of Knox College, to hold an evening service for the students residing in the building, and its best wishes for happy results from the effort. A committee, previously appointed, submitted a plan for holding missionary meetings throughout the bounds. The plan was adopted, and the deputies will, at these meetings, give information regarding the late union and the several schemes of the church, agreeably to a resolution passed by the General Assembly. After various other items of business were transacted, extending the meeting to a late hour, the Presbytery appointed next ordinary meeting to be held in the usual place, on the first Tuesday of February, at 11 a.m.—R. MONTEATH, Pres. Clerk.

Presbytery of Lindsay.

A meeting of the Presbytery of Lindsay was held in Woodville on the 30th ult. The Moderator, Rev. A. Currie, in the chair. The minutes of last meeting were read and sustained. Communications from Sydney Presbytery, C-pe Broton, were read, intimating that the Rev. Mr. McDougall declined the call from Cambridge and Fenelon, owing to destitution in the Presbytery of which he is now a member. Rev. J. T. Paul reported his having dispensed the Sacrament of the Supper in Cambridge on the first Sabbath of Oct. The Presbytery agreed to assist Rev. J. T. Paul in supplying Cardon Station until the 1st of March. A scheme to guide the Presbytery in holding missionary meetings throughout the winter season was next attended to. It was agreed to raise funds for the Presbytery by levying a tax upon all the congregations within its bounds for the current year at the rate of ten cents per member. The Presbytery decided to appoint a deputation consisting of the Rev. Messrs. Murray, McNabb and Campbell, and Mr. J. C. Gilchrist, elder, to make a tour through its entire missionary field for the purpose of infusing fresh vigor, reorganizing Boards of Managers, and effecting other changes they might deem necessary. The Session Records of the various congregations within the bounds were ordered to be produced for examination at the next regular meeting, which was appointed to be held (D.V.) in the Presbyterian Class-room, Woodville, on the last Tuesday of February, 1876, at 11 a.m.—J. L. MURRAY, Pres. Clerk.

THE THERMOMETER last week in Vermont was seventeen degrees below zero.

REV. MR. YEWENS, the new Incumbent of St. Paul's, Mount Forest, was recently presented with a sum of money and useful articles by his parishioners.

A SQUADRON of the British fleet, with crews numbering 3,000 men, are ordered from the East Indies to the Mediterranean. They are to sail through the Suez Canal.

Address of the Kingston Sabbath Reformation Society to the Citizens of Kingston.

The Committee of this Society have had under consideration the question of shop closing on Saturdays, and they believe that a united effort on the part of the community would result in changing the custom of keeping shops open till a very late hour on Saturday nights, which greatly interferes with the profitable observance of the Lord's Day. It is therefore respectfully suggested by the Committee, First. To Employers, that they pay their employees not later (if possible) than mid-day on Saturdays. Second. To Purchasers, that they make their purchases early on Saturdays, and thus remove the necessity for keeping the shops open till a late hour thereon. Third. To Merchants, that they close their shops not later than 9 o'clock on Saturday nights. Fourth. To Ministers, that they use their influence to promote the proposed change. Signed on behalf of the Committee, W. SNOODGRASS, President, JOHN MAIR, Secretary. Kingston, Nov. 12th, 1876.

Intemperance a Crime.

In dealing with intemperance, we must not confine ourselves to a single view of it. The dealer in spirituous liquors is a proper subject of legal enactment, as is thrown around him, even by the law which authorizes him to sell his death-bringing merchandise. His trade cannot come to an end too soon; and that this may be accomplished, the most effective means should be employed. The conscience of the people must be aroused, a public sentiment adequate to the greatness of the work must be created, and then wise action must be taken. This is a matter demanding well directed intelligence, and most careful consideration on the part of the pious, the philanthropic and the patriotic. But the dealer is not the only guilty one. To sell liquor as a common beverage is an offense the magnitude of which we have not the least inclination to lessen or mitigate. At the same time the drunkard cannot be held guiltless. The law of God and reason alike condemn him. The people of France seem to have adopted something of the same idea. The wine cure for intemperance proved a failure, its only result was to increase drunkenness. At last the French Assembly has been compelled to adopt severe repressive measures. Disfranchisement has been made a penalty for repeated acts of drunkenness. Every one who has been "condemned twice by the police for the crime of open drunkenness is held to be incapable of voting, of election eligibility, and of being named for the jury and any public offices," etc. If a law of this kind could be adopted in this country, it would speedily bring to nought the influence of drinking house politicians in our nominating conventions and elections, and would place a stigma upon drunkenness which would do much to deter from the crime.

Temperance.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars when in session in London last July instructed the executive committee to take steps towards obtaining the Pontifical sanction to members of the Roman Catholic Church belonging to the Good Templar Order. In pursuance of this instruction, Dr. Lees, Grand Worthy Counsellor, drafted a letter at the request of the committee, and it was sent to Cardinal Manning, with the view of commencing some action for presenting the claims of the Order to the Pope. Cardinal Manning courteously invited the chief officers of the Order to meet him. Messrs. Malins, Grand Worthy Chief Templar, Kirton, G.V.S., and other members of the national executive had an interview recently at the cardinal's house, Westminster, where he gave a very decided expression to his great sympathy with the objects and aims of the Order, wishing its operations good speed, but held out no hope of the removal of the interdiction which forbids Roman Catholics to join. There are many Catholics among the English Templars, and while numbers left on the pronouncement of the interdiction, many have remained in connection with the Order. The failure of the latest measure will, no doubt, cause further secessions. A conference of clergy and ministers of all denominations in Birmingham was held on Tuesday in the Friends' Meeting-house to discuss the question of the evils arising from the drinking customs of this country. The circular convening the meeting stated that the conclusion had been arrived at that an attempt should be made to unite the religious bodies of the town in some concerted action. A Committee of the Society of Friends recommended the securing of a more efficient control of public houses by an adequate staff of inspectors, a reduction of the number of public houses, and of the hours of sale on working days, and an entire closing on Sundays. Counsellor White presided, and some fifty ministers of religion were present. Several addresses were delivered, and resolutions condemnatory of intemperance and advising the policy just mentioned were passed. It was decided to forward a petition confirmatory of these resolutions to both Houses of Parliament.

ONTARIO PROHIBITORY LEAGUE.—A meeting of the Council of the League was held yesterday afternoon in Shaftesbury Hall, the President in the chair, with a full attendance of members. Thirty eight applications for the office of Secretary were presented. Mr. Spence, the gentleman who has so efficiently filled the office for some time past, was re-elected. LONGEVITY.—In the Province of Quebec, there is in the Rev. Mr. Muir's congregation, Huntingdon, an aged couple whose combined ages are 200 years. The husband, James McNair, is 105 years, and his wife is 95. They are natives of Argyre shire, Scotland, and have resided upwards of forty years in Canada. They are both in the enjoyment of good health—the husband able to chop his own wood, and the wife to manage her domestic affairs.

Stanley in Africa.

We extract the following from the last letter received from the traveller, Stanley, from the heart of Africa. It is exceedingly interesting in its bearing upon the opening for missionary labour in this hitherto unknown land.

RELIGION AT COURT—TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY.

MTESSA'S CAPITAL, UGANDA, April 14, 1876.

I had almost neglected to inform you and your readers of one very interesting subject connected with Mtesa which will gratify many a philanthropic European and American. I have already told you that Mtesa and the whole of his Court profess Islamism. A long time ago, some four or five years, Khamis Bin Abdullah (the only Arab who remained with me three years ago as a rear-guard, when the Arabs disgracefully fled from Mirambo) came to Uganda. He was wealthy, of noble descent, had a fine, magnificent personal appearance, and brought with him many a rich present, such as few Arabs could afford, for Mtesa. The King became immediately fascinated with him; and really few white men could be long with the son of Abdullah without being charmed by his presence, his handsome proud features, his rich olive complexion, and his liberality. I confess I never saw an Arab or Mussulman who attracted me so much as Khamis Bin Abdullah, and it is no wonder that Mtesa, meeting a kindred spirit in the noble Arab of Muscat, amazed at the magnificent figure, the splendor of his apparel, the display of his wealth, and the number of his slaves, fell in love with him. Khamis stayed with Mtesa a full year, during which time the King became a convert to the creed of Khamis, namely, Mohammedanism. The Arab clothed Mtesa in the best that his wardrobe offered. He gave him gold embroidered jackets, fine white shirts, crimson slippers, swords, silk sashes, daggers, and a revolving rifle, so that Spoko's and Grant's presents seemed quite insignificant.

Until I arrived at Mtesa's Court the King delighted in the idea that he was a follower of Islam; but by one conversation I flatter myself that I have tumbled the newly raised religious fabric to the ground, and, if it were only followed by the arrival of a Christian missionary here, the conversion of Mtesa and his Court to Christianity would be complete. I have undermined Islamism so much here that Mtesa has determined, henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian Sabbath as well as the Moslem Sabbath, and the great captains have unanimously consented to it. He has caused the ten commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal, as Mtesa can read Arabic, as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and, though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I shall become one if such success is so feasible.

THE GRAND FIELD FOR CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

But, O that some pious, practical missionary would come here! What a field and a harvest ripe for the sickle of the Gospel! Mtesa would give him anything he desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, etc. He might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher that is wanted here. The bishops of all Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing here with the intelligent people of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand agriculture, and can turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man that is wanted here. Such a man, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and his Son, and live a blameless Christian, be inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in God. He must belong to no nation in particular, but the entire white race. Such a man or men Mtesa, King of Uganda, Usoga, Unyora, and Karagowa—a kingdom 360 geographical miles in length by fifty in breadth—invites to come to him. He has begged me to tell the white men that if they will only come to him he will give them all they want.

Now where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for a mission than Uganda? Colonel Linnant de Bellefonds is my witness that I speak the truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The Colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and has become an ardent well-wisher for the Waganda as I am.

Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black pagans of Africa, who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the University's Mission at Zanzibar and to the Free Methodists at Bombasa, and to the leading philanthropists, and to the pious people of England. Here, gentlemen, is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them, and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Christianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is most dense. I estimate the number of his subjects at 2,000,000. You need not fear to spend money on such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its costs tenfold with ivory, coffee, other skins of a very fine quality, or in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all those products is immense.

The road here is by the Nile, or via Zanzibar, Ugo, and Unyanzambo. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the province of the Upper Nile, is the most feasible. With permission, I would suggest that his mission should bring to Mtesa, as presents, three or four suits of military

clothes decorated freely with gold embroidery, with half a dozen French kepis, a sabre, a brace of pistols and suitable ammunition, a good fowling piece and a rifle of good quality, as the King is not a barbarian; a cheap dinner service of Britannia ware, an iron bedstead and counterpane, a few pieces of cotton print, boots, etc. For trade it should bring fine blue, black, and grey woolen cloths, a quantity of military buttons, gold braid and cord, silk cord of different colors, as well as binding, linen and sheeting for shirts, fine red blankets, and a quantity of red cloth, a few chairs and tables. The profit arising from the sale of these things would be enormous.

For the mission's use it should bring with it a supply of hammer, saws, augurs, chisels, axes, hatchets, adzes, carpenters' and blacksmith's tools, as the Waganda are apt pupils, iron drills and powder for blasting purposes, tools, a couple of good-sized anvils, a forge, and bellows, an assortment of nails and tacks, a plough, spades, shovels, pick axes, and a couple of light buggies as specimens, and such other small things as their own common sense would suggest. Most desirable would be an assortment of garden seed and grain; also white lead, linseed oil, brushes, a few volumes of illustrated journals, gaudy prints, a magic lantern, rockets and a photographic apparatus. The total cost of the whole need not exceed \$5,000. HENRY M. STANLEY.

The Midnight Sun in Norway.

On the night of July 1st, we had our first view of the midnight sun. It lasted only twenty minutes, when an island shut out the view. But just then we got a sight of one of the most wonderful displays of color which the most experienced among us ever saw. Ahead of us, ten miles or so, were several lofty islands. Around these the midnight sun cast a wreath of the most delicate hue of purple; a shade which no painter could match, and so unearthly, so glorious was the sight, that for some minutes we all stood in mute admiration.

We had cloudy weather the next day, but the third of July opened perfectly clear and remained so through into the next day. We were all on deck watching for midnight, and as soon as the minute-hand of the clock began to move into the first hour of the fourth of July, sun-glasses were brought out, and the power of the sun's heat at midnight was tested. One man burned a hole in the top of his hat, another lit his pipe, others burned holes in the dresses of those ladies who insisted on having some fairy memorial of the occasion. It was a wonderful thing to see the sun at midnight shining in all the splendor of mid-day. His distance above the horizon was about three or four times his diameter. For a couple of hours he did not seem to change his position relative to the horizon, but appeared to move, if at all, horizontally.

The birds fly about, and the cattle feed at midnight as in mid-day. We see people walk about the streets of Tromso at one and two o'clock in the morning, and even little children run about at midnight.

OPENING OF KNOX COLLEGE.—A picture (interior view) of the opening of Knox College, in the new building, appeared in the Canadian Illustrated News of Oct. 30th.

No doubt some of the readers of the PRESBYTERIAN would like to have a copy as a slight memorial of that happy occasion in the history of the College. The Rev. Mr. Fenwick of Metis, Que., will send to any address for two cents, a corrected copy of the picture. (The artist in copying the sketch for the News, has made a few slight mistakes). Mr. Fenwick will, also, send to any address, pictures of the Gregorian Medal in honour of the St. Bartholomew massacre, Aug. 24, 1572, on the following terms: Carte de visite size fourteen cents, cabinet size, twenty-six cents.—Com.

The Working Men's Temperance Association of Napanea has already accomplished much good in the community, and the members, as will appear below, have moved to accomplish still more. They have agreed to organize a Mutual Benefit Society, to be open to members of the Association only, the admission fee being fifty cents and the weekly tax ten cents. If a member falls sick or is incapacitated for work, he is allowed a certain sum per week from the funds of the Society—\$4, we have been told, but as this amount seems extra liberal we presume it is wrong. In case of his death each member is assessed \$1 to defray the funeral expenses—the balance going to his widow or children. At the end of each year, should the funds of the Society exceed a certain amount, the surplus is divided among the members thereof. This, if successfully carried out will practically work the benefit of a mutual insurance company, and prove a great boon to those who, perhaps, without the protection and encouragement of the Association, would spend ten times the amount of tax they are asked to pay to the Society at the bar of some grogery.

Nineveh was 14 miles long, 8 miles wide, and 46 miles round, with a wall 100 feet high, and thick enough for three chariots abreast. Babylon was 50 miles within the walls, which were 75 feet thick and 106 feet high, with 100 brazen gates. The temple of Diana at Ephesus was 42 feet to the support of the roof, it was 100 years in building. The largest of the Pyramids was 481 feet high, and 853 feet on the sides, the base covered 11 acres. The stones are about 60 feet in length, and the layers are 208 feet. It employed 360,000 men in building. The labyrinth of Egypt contained 800 chambers and 12 halls. Thebes, in Egypt, presents ruins 28 miles round, and contained 360,000 citizens and 400,000 slaves. The Temple of Delphos was so rich in donations that it was plundered of \$50,000,000, and the Emperor Nero carried away from it 200 statues. The walls of Retze were 18 miles round.

THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT consider President Grant's message not very assuring.

Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. F. SENE, AUTHOR OF "FIELD," "ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mary Trevelyan made no answer, for she could not bear to prolong a conversation in which so much that was absolutely abhorrent to herself was attributed to one of whom personally she knew no evil; but could she have guessed what kind-hearted Charles Davenant's motive had really been for being so persistently determined to make those revelations to her, how would her serene spirit have been troubled, and her deep tender heart pierced with an anguish of terror!

The true state of the case was simply this: one morning, a day or two previously, Charlie Davenant had been sitting reading in the bow window of the drawing-room, where Mrs. Wyndham was also established in her easy chair, when Laura came in with a piece of embroidery in her hand, an art in which she had exquisite skill, in addition to her other accomplishments. She took a low chair, and sat down opposite to her step-mother, nodding to Charlie to show that she was cognizant of his presence, and said, "I have come to have a chat with you Mrs. Wyndham."

"Indeed!" said the lady. And to what am I indebted for so unusual a favour? There was never the smallest pretence of affection between these two; and it was one of the strange contradictions of Laura's very singular character, that with all her artfulness she was recklessly outspoken whenever it did not interfere with her schemes that she could be so; her answer was prompt, and to the point.

"Because I want you to tell me all about Mary Trevelyan."

"What is there to tell?" said Mrs. Wyndham, indolently; "you know her history as well as I do; she is a friendless orphan, and Mr. Lisle's adopted daughter."

"Yes; but I want to know what her history is in connection with Bertrand Lisle."

"Simply that in all probability she will become his wife."

"What ground have you for saying that?"

"Mr. Lisle's letter to myself," said Mrs. Wyndham, yawning. It was less trouble to answer her step-daughter's sharp questions with a direct reply, than to make any attempt at holding back what she saw no reason for concealing.

"What did he say? tell me exactly," said her imperious questioner.

"Oh dear me, Laura, how can I remember all he said; and I destroyed the letter."

"That was just as well perhaps; but tell me what was in it. You cannot have forgotten how you got the impression that Mary was to be Bertrand's wife?"

"Mr. Lisle said he had reasons for wishing such a union above everything in the world, that he intended to make it his dying request to his son that he should marry her, and that he had not the slightest doubt it would be Bertrand's own desire, as he was convinced they were mutually attached to each other."

"Did he say if there was any engagement between them?" asked Laura, eagerly.

"He distinctly said there was not, and that he knew the subject had not then been approached by them."

"And they can scarcely have engaged themselves since, over the old man's new-made grave," said Laura.

"No; I can tell you they have not, for I wanted to know what was to become of Mary after her year with us was out, and I asked her in so many words if she was engaged to Bertrand, and she told me she was not."

"Yes, and she told me she had not the remotest idea where she was to go after she left us," said Laura. "That is all right, I quite understand the whole affair; it is one of these family arrangements that will never take place."

"Why should it never take place?" said Mrs. Wyndham, looking at her inquiringly, out of her sleepy eyes.

"I do not feel called upon to reveal all the mysteries of my prophetic soul," said Laura, laughing, as she rose, and folded up her work, having ascertained all she desired; "only I can tell you this, Mrs. Wyndham, that Bertrand Lisle will never engage himself to Mary Trevelyan!" and she walked out of the room with the light of triumph in her gleaming eyes.

Charlie Davenant listened in perfect silence to this conversation; and now he said quietly to Mrs. Wyndham, "Do you expect Mr. Bertrand Lisle here at any time, Mrs. Wyndham?"

"Yes; he has written to tell me that he hopes to pay us a visit in the spring in order to see Mary Trevelyan. I think it is rather cool on his part, considering that I had not invited him; but he is my cousin of course."

"Then you have agreed to receive him?"

"Oh yes; I could not do otherwise. He will be here some weeks."

"And Laura knows it?"

"Of course!" and she turned round, apparently with the determined purpose of going to sleep in her chair.

"Just so!" said Charlie to himself, as he left the room. "I see it all. Bertrand Lisle, the diplomatist, living in gay Italy, a man in the first society, is the very beau ideal of a husband for Lurline. She has made up her mind to win him, and she will succeed, I fear; and if Mary Trevelyan loves him, as no doubt she does, it will go far to crush the life out of her, for she is not one to love lightly or to change, I am very sure. Poor, sweet Mary? so still, so pure, so white! She always reminds me of the sculptured angels in the cathedral at home. I cannot bear to think of her being made to suffer, perhaps to the death, by our unscrupulous syren. I will try to warn her. Perhaps, if she knew what Lurline really is, she could put her lover on his guard, or prevent him coming here at all, which

would be wisest. At least, I will try what I can do."

And Charlie did his best, as we have seen. He was exceedingly shrewd and observant, and he had been very much struck by the beauty of Mary Trevelyan's character, even during the short time he had known her. He had penetrated to the depths which lay beneath her stillness of manner, and had recognized the noble self-devotion, the pure truthfulness, the sweetness of charity which were hidden there; and although she seemed too far above himself for him to dream of falling in love with her, he was yet rapidly drifting into a feeling of most deep and sincere friendship for her, which made him intensely anxious to save her from future suffering.

Nevertheless, his well-intentioned effort had not proved very successful: one of Mary Trevelyan's most amiable qualities was her complete possession of that special element of heavenly charity which "thinketh no evil." It was almost impossible for her to harbour an uncharitable thought of any one. She had the most generous trust in the goodness of her fellow-creatures, and it was unendurable to her to believe that Laura could really be such a character as Charlie represented her.

Charlie Davenant made one more attempt to show her that at least there was deep design hidden under most of Laura's notions. He had noticed, with his usual shrewdness, that, for some reason or other, Laura persistently resisted all Miss Trevelyan's entreaties that she would let her hear her sing. Mary herself sang charmingly, with a low contralto voice, singularly touching and pathetic in its tone, and it had been one of her chief attractions to Bertrand, who was passionately fond of music—a fact which Laura had succeeded in drawing from her on one of the many occasions when she questioned her guest as to Mr. Lisle's tastes and fancies.

But it was quite in vain that Mary asked for the pleasure of hearing her, which John Pemberton owned to her was often bestowed on him when she was out of the way. Laura had always some convenient excuse for putting it off to another day which never came.

One evening, when it was dusk, Mary was coming home from the village, where she had soon made her way both into the hearts and homes of the neglected people, when she found Charlie Davenant waiting for her at the gate.

"Come round with me this way, if you are not in a hurry, Miss Trevelyan," he said, pointing to the gravel path which led round to the back of the house. "I have a pleasure in store for you, and I have been waiting to waylay you before you got into the house."

She followed him at once with a smile, thinking that in his good-nature he had prepared some pleasant surprise for her. He led her round to a part of the shrubbery near the open window of a little room which was used by Pemberton and himself as a study. As they drew near it there suddenly fell on Mary Trevelyan's ears a sound which she could scarce believe belonged to this gross lower earth at all. It was a voice of melody so wildly sweet, so exquisitely soft and thrilling, that a tremor ran through all her frame as the celestial harmony rose and fell on the dying night breeze like the harmonious echoes of heavenly strains. Never in her life had Mary Trevelyan heard or imagined anything equal to the beauty of this wondrous singing. It seemed hardly possible it could come from a human voice, and it was unlike any style of music she had ever known. There was no accompaniment of an instrument; yet it seemed almost impossible that a single voice could produce all the marvellous effects which floated on the air—now sounding like the sweetest wail of sorrow, now like a joyous bird carolling among the trees, now like an echo giving back the perfect notes with the most ethereal delicacy of tone.

"What is it? where does it come from?" asked Mary, quite bewildered.

Charlie drew her to the open window, and there within the room sat Laura, looking more like the lovely witch of the Rhine than ever, with her gleaming eyes and flowing hair, while John Pemberton, lying on the ground at her feet, was gazing up into her beautiful face with enraptured eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

There was nothing poor John Pemberton liked so much as to talk of what seemed to him the transcendental qualities of the syren to whom his whole honest heart was so loyally devoted, and Mary let him talk to her about Laura's voice as much as he liked, while her own thoughts had flown to that one from whom they were never long absent.

"How charmed Bertrand will be with her," she innocently reflected, little dreaming how for Bertrand alone the Lorelei had striven to hide her gifts that they might burst upon him with a stranger, sweeter charm.

The days and weeks were speeding onward, now counted by Mary night after night as she laid down to rest, with the joyous thought that there was one term less of four-and-twenty hours to be passed, before she could see again the bright blue eyes that even in absence seemed ever shining in upon her life with a light that nothing else could give. He wrote to her often, charming tender letters, full of everything that was interesting to himself, as if he did not doubt her entire sympathy and oneness with him, and she answered, speaking ever of his concerns rather than her own, and when she had occasion to allude to those with whom she sojourned, talking of them always kindly and gently, with no hint of evil in connection with any one of them; she heard, too, often from nurse Parry, who was very dismal and unhappy away from her darling.

Autumn came and went, and winter certainly was dreary on... at Chivorley, but when the frost set in Laura found amusement and excitement in skating with Pemberton and Charlie on a little lake near the rectory, where the perfect grace of her lithe supple form showed to wonderful advantage, as she skimmed along like a bird with her pretty hands extended,

and her long hair floating out upon the breeze.

Meanwhile, Mary left alone, went stealing silently into the miserable cottages, where the poor were forgotten in their want and suffering; all she had, and it was little enough, was expended in trying to relieve their grinding poverty to some extent, and even when her wardrobe required renewal she denied herself the tasteful dresses which a young girl naturally likes to wear, in order that she might have more to give away. Her self-denial in this respect placed her at a great disadvantage by the side of Laura, who was always dressed to perfection, as her father knew to his cost; for, poor as they were, the necessary sum for Laura's toilette was never allowed to be stinted in the smallest degree. But if Mary, in her plain black dress, looked unattractive beside Laura's lovely radiant figure, she seemed as an angel clad in shining garments to the poor people shivering with cold and pinched with hunger, to whom she brought comforts of every kind.

One morning, when all the frost had disappeared, and the air was moist and fragrant, Laura was standing at the drawing-room window looking out towards the shrubbery which bordered the green rectory lawn. She was watching Mary Trevelyan, who was outside, at some little distance, with the greatest curiosity as to what could possibly be the meaning of her proceedings, and of the unusual animation she was displaying. She had seen her first walking very slowly along the foot of a mossy bank which shelved upward to a group of fine old trees, evidently searching for some object which she was eagerly desirous to find, and for a time apparently her search was without avail; but suddenly Laura saw her bound forward, and kneel down upon the moss, while, with the utmost care, she took her treasure, whatever it might be, from the ground. Then Laura saw her rise, and stand holding it with both her hands, the one below the other, while she gazed down upon it with such a look of radiant joy on her pale calm face, as never certainly had shone upon it during all the time she had been at Chivorley.

The Lorelei's curiosity was too strongly excited not to be gratified at once, and in a moment she had opened the French window at which she was standing, and ran, fleet and graceful as a deer, to the spot where Mary's dark-robed figure stood within the shade of the trees.

"What have you found, Mary?—what is it?" exclaimed imperious Laura; and at the first sound of her voice Mary started, and made a movement to conceal her treasure, but as Laura came close to her, with the bright piercing eyes scanning her face, her perfect stillness of manner returned, and without a word she opened her half-closed hand, and let her companion see what lay there. A simple treasure indeed it seemed—only a little dewy violet laid on its own green leaf, with a faint exquisite fragrance issuing from it, like the breath of the infant spring. "A violet!" exclaimed Laura, much surprised. She was silent for a few moments evidently pondering over the matter; then she looked Mary full in the face. "There is something under this, Mary Trevelyan, I am certain. The sight of a violet alone would not have animated you suddenly as much as if you had received a new soul, like Undine in the story. Tell me, what does it mean?"

"It means spring," said Mary's low voice; and a soft happy smile played on her lips.

"Spring?" said Laura, slowly, while her subtle unscrupulous spirit laboured to probe her friend's secret. Suddenly she clasped her little hands triumphantly.

"Spring! I have it! I know what it means. Your brother Bertrand comes in the spring."

"Laura, he is not my brother," said Mary, turning, and looking at her calmly, though her lips were quivering.

"Oh, I always forgot he is not so actually; it seems to me so like it, you know. His parents were quite a father and mother to you."

"They were my kindest friends—no more. My father and mother lie beneath the great Atlantic, and I have no brother or sister in the world."

"I will be your sister, if you like, just as I think Mr. Lisle ought to be your brother."

"Laura, I believe I have explained to you before that I cannot think it right to try to establish false relationships, which are not of God's appointment."

"Oh, very well," said Laura, with her light laugh. "It will come all to the same thing in the end," and she darted back across the lawn. Mary followed more slowly, bearing her little fragrant prize carefully in her hand, while she murmured, "He said he would come with the violets—with the violets; and this is the first!"

Any one less intensely reserved and delicate in her feelings would have enclosed this violet to Bertrand in her next letter; but she would not even thus remind him how the hope of his coming was the rainbow of promise on the horizon of her thoughts; she laid her tender floweret close to the precious white rose, which had felt the beating of her true heart night and day since Bertrand gave it to her, and waited for the fulfilment of the dear hope of which it was the harbinger.

And he came with the violets. A few mornings later, while the family were at breakfast, the letters were brought, and Laura's keen eyes quickly spied out one in Bertrand's handwriting, which she had learned to know, for Mary, and another, also from him for Mrs. Wyndham; on this last she pronounced at once, saying, "Here is a letter for you, Mrs. Wyndham, from Mr. Lisle; shall I read it for you, and tell you what is in it, as you are having your breakfast?"

"People generally like to read their own letters, Laura, but it would be more trouble to fight with you for it than to let you have your will," said her stepmother, languidly; and the Lorelei had torn the letter open before she had done speaking.

Mrs. Wyndham, while she sat thinking so deeply, that poor John Pemberton could not win another glance from her all through the breakfast hour. Charlie Davenant's good-tempered laughing face meantime clouded over in a manner most unusual to him. During the months that had elapsed since Mary Trevelyan came to the rectory, the young man had watched her quiet silent course with a thoughtful scrutiny, which had in it an element almost of reverence, for she had impressed him as no one else had ever done with the heavenly beauty of that charity of which so lovely a picture is drawn in the Scriptures, and which seemed to him completely to represent in all its manifold yet harmonious qualities, the charity that suffereth long and is kind, vaunting not itself, seeking not its own, enduring all things, hoping all things, believing all things, walking ever in the more excellent way. He noted, with keen interest, the contrast between her and the brilliant woman who had so fascinated him for a short time. Laura had been to him like a dazzling meteor flashing through the air, and shedding round a thousand sparks of brightness; but Mary was like the silver moonlight, white and still, shining steadfast in its pure serenity over the wild waves of the troubled sea.

Had Charlie Davenant been a few years older, with an assured income and a post which could give some confidence for his future and his career, he would probably have allowed himself to think of Mary Trevelyan as one whom he might at least dream of winning to himself one day; but as it was, he felt her to be so far removed from him in every way, that he never thought of regarding her but as a "bright particular star," appearing for a time above his earthly path, to lure his eyes and heart heavenward far beyond even herself.

And there was another reason why he never permitted his enthusiastic admiration to express itself, outwardly in more than honest friendship; he felt certain that Mary had already given to Bertrand Lisle the rich undivided treasure of her whole heart's affection; he had watched her when his letters came, he had scanned her face when his name was casually mentioned, and he had seen the light that stole into the soft dark eyes, the tremor of the sweet lips, the faint flush on the pale cheeks.

"She loves him," he said to himself that morning, as he had many a time before; "and she will love him even to the death, yet the Lorelei, who does not know what it means to be true to any one but herself, will lure him from her to gratify her worldly ambition, and my star will be left to fade away alone in a long dark night of anguish! What can I do—what can I do to save her!"

The matter seemed the more difficult to poor Charlie because his father wished him to come home for a few weeks at Enstour, which would prevent his being at Chivorley during most of Bertrand's visit.

(To be continued.)

A Woman's Warning Against Fashion.

Fashion is a much more subtle temptation, because the eye and taste get gradually demoralized. Some periods are worse than others in this respect; but there will always be tendencies to be guarded against—either those that are actually indecent, or merely to indecorum; e. g., the quietest bonnet of the fashion of 1876 would have been most indecorous in 1830, and could have been worn by no respectable person, though now the "cottage bonnet" would be an enormity. But when, in the beginning of the century, ladies, trying to be classical, wore hardly two petticoats, and backed out of the room like nixies for fear their fathers and aunts should be horrified by the statue-like outline of their torsos, fashion went a good way beyond the simple indecorous. And the same may be said of the height of the corsage, and probably always will be; for some women will always unfortunately be found, who are sufficiently loyal to modesty, to be willing to attract by display of themselves; and there are others who thoughtlessly imitate them, because they will not be outdone; and thus a public fashion is formed, which absorbs the thoughtless, and makes others afraid of the suspicion of prudery. Once for all, exposure is always wrong; whatever be the fashion, it is a Christian woman's duty to perceive when indecorum comes in, and to protest against it by her own example and influence, though not by censoriousness. Relative indecorum should also be guarded against. The first entrance of a fashion that tends to a bold appearance ought to be resisted. Mannish dresses are undesirable on this account; and it is well to cultivate the shading of the face as much as possible—no wearing such hats as are largely durable because others have them. Exposure of the face is one of the great tendencies of the time; and, though it is not exactly indecorous in itself, yet the bold confronting of notice that is involved in going out with a totally unprotected countenance, thrown into prominence by the head-dress, cannot be modified in itself; nor does a veil coming close over the nose materially alter the matter. Crinolines were only absurd, not indecorous, therefore it was not worth while to go against the stream; but the low corsage and tight skirt and some kinds of head-gear, should be avoided at any cost of singularity. Colors likewise are involved in the matter of modesty. What is obtrusive is never fit to put on, for it brings eyes upon the wearer. There is no need to give instances. Most of us understand that there is a difference between brightness and gaudiness; and if, unfortunately, we are born without the eye to see what is appropriate, observation from others will generally teach it. To be conspicuous is the special thing to be avoided. Glaring contrasts, hasty adoption of fresh modes—all that challenges observation—are inconsistent with the soberness and "shamefacedness" which form part of the Christian woman's adorning.—Charlotte M. Yonge.

When our work becomes a pleasure, it is we that make it so; we are a sunshine upon it, receiving the reflection in return.

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BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.

These are much better than boiled; the crust is made the same way, but with less shortening.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.

Into a frying-pan pour a cup of cream; when this is hot, pour in a dozen eggs, previously broken into a dish. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, so that the eggs will be evenly done, and serve immediately.

DELMONICO PUDDING.

One quart of scalding milk, eight table-spoonfuls of corn-starch wet in cold milk; stir into the milk with the yolk of three eggs beaten well, a little salt and four table-spoonfuls of sugar. Take off the fire, flavor to taste, froth the eggs, and put in the oven and brown.

SALT FOR CATTLE.

Salt should be furnished to all animals regularly. A cow, an ox or a horse needs two to four ounces daily. Salt increases the butter in the milk, helps the digestive and nutritive processes, and gives a good appetite. The people of interior Europe have a saying that a pound of salt makes ten pounds of flesh. Of course, salt only assists in assimilating the food; it does not make flesh, nor bone, nor muscle.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.

The old way to make these is to make the dough same as for cream tartar biscuits. Take a piece of the dough, either roll or pull it with the hands till it is about half an inch thick. Take of corod and par. 1 apple, a half or quarter, according to its size, put it in the centre of the dough, make it up into a round ball, pinching the dough together; if too thick when it is closed, cut off a piece of the dough. When all are made drop them into boiling water and boil them half an hour. Use sauce made with a cup of sugar and a cup of water boiled together for a few minutes; thicken with a little corn starch; add a small piece of butter and a little nutmeg.

EAT SLOWLY.

Many a man has been choked to death in attempting to swallow his food before he chewed it long enough. Food in the stomach, surrounded with its juices, is like pieces of ice in a glass of water; for as the ice melts from without inwards, so the stomach juices dissolve the bits of food from without inward; and, as the smaller pieces of ice, the sooner they are melted, so the smaller the bits of food, the sooner they are dissolved, and pass out of the stomach to be distributed to the system, giving it life and warmth and vigor. But if the pieces of food are large, they begin to rot before they are melted, causing heaviness, belching, nausea, or other discomforts. These make bad blood, contaminating the breath, sending dullness to the head, depression to the spirits and a universal feeling of unwellness, lasting sometimes for a half a day or a whole night. Therefore, eat slowly, with deliberation; talk a great deal at meals; cultivate cheerful conversation, and let any man or woman be considered a domestic enemy and pest who says or does anything at the table calculated to cause a single unpleasant sensation in any one present.—Hall's Journal of Health.

COMMON SENSE VENTILATION.

Colonel Waring says, in *The Atlantic Monthly*: "The best practical statement I have met about ventilation was contained in the remark of a mining engineer in Pennsylvania: 'Air is like a rope; you can pull it better than you can push it.' All mechanical appliances for pushing air into a room or a house are disappointing, what we need to do is to pull out the vitiated air already in the room; the fresh supply will take care of itself, if means for its admission are provided. It has been usual to withdraw the air through openings near the ceiling, that is, to carry off the warmer and therefore lighter portions, leaving the colder strata at the bottom of the room, with their gradual accumulation of cooled carbonic acid undisturbed. Much the better plan would be to draw this lower air out from a point near the floor, allowing the upper and warmer portions to take its place. An open fire with a large chimney throat, is the best ventilator for any room; the one half or two-thirds of the heat carried up the chimney is the price paid for immunity from disease; and large though this seems from its daily draft on the wood pile or coal-bin, it is trifling when compared with doctors' bills, and with the loss of strength and efficiency that invariably result from living in unventilated apartments."

FEEDING THE SICK.

Sad mistakes are made by hundreds of well-meaning folks in their method of administering nourishment to invalids. It is the custom to keep the delicacies intended to tempt their appetites constantly within their reach. The result is, that instead of feeling any desire for the jellies, broths, etc., thus obtruded upon their notice, the sight of them creates loathing and disgust. Sick people should never be haunted with food in this way. Even persons in health would lose their relish for choice dishes, if condemned to live in a larder, surrounded night and day with all the dainties of the season. If you have anything rare and delicious for your patient, surprise him with it. A pleasant surprise is a good tonic, and you may excite the palate by springing a refreshing rarity upon him unexpectedly. Never hand a sick man a pile of eatables, telling him that you expect him to devour the whole of it. Feed him on the infinitesimal plan, with fairy morsels; and as soon as he has taken what he requires, remove the remainder. In visiting sick rooms, how often one finds bowls of arrowroot and sago, daubs of jolly, cups of beef tea, fragments of dry toast, slices of oranges, and the like, mixed in among black draughts, boxes of pills, plasters, leeches, and other abominations of the "healing art." No wonder the pale and languid inmates have no appetite.

Let us who profess to be Christians, bear with those who do not. We should recollect that we have the light, and that as God was to us, we ought to be good to others.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

On the 26th November, in Woodstock, the wife of G. H. Patten, Esq., of the birth of a daughter...

MARRIAGES. At the residence of the bride's father, on the 10th ult., by the Rev. W. H. Bell, M.A., Mr. John Livingstone...

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 17th ult., by the Rev. Jas. Brookbridge, of Stratford, Ontario...

On Thursday, the 30th ult., at 25 Victoria street, the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Dr. Jennings...

At Bradford, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. Dr. Cochrane, M.A., D.D., Father-in-law of the bride...

On Wednesday evening, the 28th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. John Anderson...

On the 30th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Wm. Hay, of Scotland...

At Chesterfield, on the 31st November, by the Rev. Wm. Robertson, A.M., Smith's Point to Maria Ferguson...

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 30th November, by the Rev. R. Hume, M.A., Mr. James Farrow...

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