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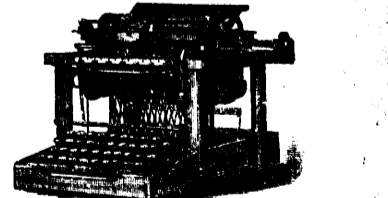
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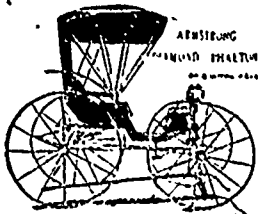
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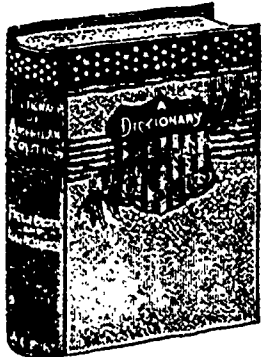
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VOL. 21.

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THE Executive Committee of the Pan Presbyterian Council, which is to be held in Toronto next September, is to meet in New York City on the fourteenth of April, at which date the Presbyterian Union of New York will tender the Committee a reception. An inviting programme for the occasion is being prepared.

THE latest production from the pen of the late Dr. Cairns is a brief but generous tribute to Dr. Donald Fraser. A very appreciative article on Dr. Cairns appears in one of the Newcastle daily papers from which we learn that, in his frequent visits to that city, Brunswick Chapel—the "Wesleyan Cathedral" as it is called from its great size—was always at his service.

WORD comes that the authorities in charge of the Mormon Tabernacle, at Salt Lake City, have placed that edifice at the disposal of the Presbyterians for a meeting to be held there on May 15. This is the first time in its history that the building has been given for any other meeting than those connected with Mormon services. This offer is made in view of the possibility that many of the delegates to the meeting of the General Assembly in Portland, Oregon, would spend that Sunday in Salt Lake City.

MR. THEODORE BENT has given to the Royal Geographical Society the results of his recent investigation of the Great Zimbabwe ruins in Mashonaland. He regards them as not connected with any known African race, but as plainly the remains of a garrison for the protection of a gold producing race in remote antiquity. That race he believes was in Arabia. The Bible is full of allusions to Arabian gold, and travellers tell that little gold was produced in that country itself. Mr. Bent actually found a gold-smelting furnace with crucibles, and also tools for extracting gold.

ONE of the clauses in the Scottish Home Rule Bill of Dr. Hunter, M.P., provides that the Scottish Legislature shall not make any law for the purpose of establishing or endowing any religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or imposing any disability or conferring any privilege on account of religious belief; or abrogating or derogating from the right to establish and maintain any place of denominational education, or any denominational institution or charity; or prejudicially affecting the right of any child to attend a school receiving public money without attending the religious instruction of that school.

A CONTEMPORARY says: A deep impression was made on Glasgow Presbytery recently by the addresses of Messrs. McLean and Stevenson, two students introduced as deputies from the Students' Missionary Society by Professor Lindsay. They represented that in the Glasgow College fifteen stud-

ents had signed an expression of their desire to go to the foreign field, and in the medical classes there were eight connected with the Church who have the same object in view. Dr. Lindsay said he had the names of thirty-five willing to go. It was agreed to lay the matter before the Church that the means might be obtained to take advantage of the offers.

GLASGOW Presbytery, after considerable discussion, has agreed not to print the notes of the Assembly's commission on the religious condition of the people lest injury be done by the publication of confidential communications. A digest, however, has been framed, and there is a desire on the part of many members that it should be printed. It recommends the erection of additional churches or mission buildings in the parishes of Cathcart, Maryhill, St. George's-in-the-Fields, Shettleston, Calton, and Govan. The speech of the Rev. Dr. Watt indicated a coming battle between him and the commission over their remarks about Anderson Church. Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang seems ready for him.

It is stated that the question of ordained home missionaries will be raised in the Free Assembly in connection with the case of Mr. Campbell N. Moody, a probationer of the Church, and at present missionary in Free St. Johns, Glasgow. Mr. Moody applied to the Glasgow Free Presbytery to be ordained to home mission work. The Presbytery found that the application raised interesting and important questions with which they were not in a position to deal, and they recommended that Mr. Moody should approach the General Assembly by petition, transmitted through the Presbytery with a recommendation that the Assembly would give the subject its earnest consideration. We have gone beyond this point in our own Church, for we have numerous mission stations worked by men who have been ordained for the purpose, although not inducted into a regular pastoral charge.

THE Toronto Children's Aid Society is about to issue contribution boxes, and asks that any of our readers who can make good use of them by placing them in banks, offices, stores, factories, also in church porches, would send word that they will take one. It is desirable that this be done within the next ten days, as on the number of offers will depend the number to be ordered of the manufacturers. The box is very neat, it is made of iron, of Japanese pattern, bronzed, and will take up but little room. Those offering to take them should say whether they want to fasten them or just leave them loose. This Society is doing a grand work for destitute children, and every lover of little children should help if possible. As the funds of the Society are low and it has now the care of the Children's Shelter, as well as its other necessary expenses, it is suggested that as many of those who offer to take boxes as can spare a contribution should send one to help pay for the expense of manufacturing the boxes. The secretary will be glad to forward a concise description of what the Society is trying to do, to any one applying for it. Address, J. Stewart Coleman, 32 Church Street, Toronto.

THE visitors appointed by the Synods of Toronto and Kingston, and Hamilton and London, the Rev. Robert Johnston, of Lindsay, and Rev. E. Cockburn, of Paris, were at the Ladies' College, Brantford, on Tuesday week, from nine a.m. to six p.m., examining the various classes. The classes of Mrs. Rolls, the lady principal, in history, of Miss Macdonald in English literature, Miss Oughtred in mathematics, Miss Brändt in French and German, Dr. Cochrane's class in natural theology, and Mr. Cockburn's in Biblical literature, as well as the primary class under Miss Lundy, and Miss Hart's calisthenic class, were all thoroughly examined and tested as to their proficiency. The Rev. Mr. Johnston at the close expressed his unqualified admiration of the manner in which the

classes were evidently handled by the governess and teachers. He had always entertained a high opinion of the thorough training given in the Brantford College, but did not expect what he had seen. The prompt replies given, and the evidently intelligent grasp that the pupils had of the different subjects, reflected the highest credit upon the staff. At the close of the examinations the pupils assembled in the drawing-room, where music, vocal and instrumental, and readings were given by Misses Boles, Scott, Austin and McCallum. The examiners did not confine their examination to the classes, but went minutely over the whole building, which they found admirably kept, and adapted in every respect to ensure the happiness and comfort of the pupils.

DANIEL LOTHROP, member of an eminent Boston publishing firm, died recently. His funeral services were simple but impressive. No words of fulsome eulogy were spoken, but those of honest praise as befitted a stalwart man who had an honourable object as the goal towards which his life-work tended and, having it, laboured for and attained it. Before a full representation of those who had laboured with him and looked up to him as head and inspiration of the extensive business plans his energy matured; before a large proportion of the book men of Boston and of the associate trades that contribute toward the manufacture of books; before a host of friends and acquaintances who honoured and loved him, the words were spoken that ended the last chapter of his life-story, fittingly typified by the great closed book that lay before the altar as the floral tribute of the hundred employes who had helped him in the manufacture of the thousands of books his business tact has given to the world. A brief service in the parlours of the Hotel Bellevue, led by Rev. Dr. Smith, the author of the famous hymn, "America," prefaced the reception of the remains at the New Old South where the pastor, Rev. Dr. Gordon, in brief but strong, earnest and sympathetic words of characterization and consolation displayed the attributes that served to make Mr. Lothrop's life one to remember with satisfaction and to refer to only in praise. The Beacon Male Quartet made the simple service still more impressive by their choice rendering of the three hymns that were especial favourites with Mr. Lothrop, a fitting accompaniment to his favourite poem, feelingly read by Dr. Gordon.

THE *Christian Leader* says: Rev. Alexander Stewart, LL.D., of Ballachulish, lectured on Monday week in Oban on the "Philosophy of Gaelic Proverbs." Dealing with Gaelic proverbs, he said, was like tossing up new-mown hay—all was fresh and pure and heartily exhilarating. It was simply wonderful how very rarely a Gaelic proverb was in the least degree indelicate or offensive; and even the very few that one could reject because of their indecency were on examination found to be importations from foreign sources. Rolled up in Gaelic proverbs there was much quiet humour and sly inuendo; but sound, shrewd sense, couched in brief felicitous phrases, was above everything else their distinguishing characteristic. The more closely were these proverbs examined and sifted, the more apparent did it become that the Gaels of Albyn were—as to a large extent they still are—a highly moral people. The proverbs that inculcate truth, justice, and uprightness of character and conduct were very numerous, many of them as old as the Píngalian times, and a few from the times of the Druids. Dr. Stewart quoted many proverbs peculiar to the districts of Lorn and Lochaber, and gave a racy explanation of their meaning and application. The following, amongst others, were quoted: Bette be poor than a liar. He that lies would steal if he was not afraid. Say but little, but say that little well. The spoken word or the bird on the wing cannot be recalled. If you are athirst God has given you the stream. Eat to satisfy your hunger and you will always be healthy; a man may eat quite enough without besmearing himself up to the very ears and eyebrows. The belly is a hard taskmistress. He that makes his bed in the mire must necessarily be dirty.

Our Contributors.

CRITICISM AN EASY THING TO DO.

BY KNOXIAN.

"Criticism, however brilliant, is a comparatively easy thing. It is easier to criticize the greatest things superbly than to do even small things fairly well."

That was one of the many sensible observations Dr. Stalker made to the students of Yale in his excellent introductory lecture. It was a good thing to say and will stand illustration and rubbing in.

It is easier to criticize the work of the engineer who built the Victoria bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal than to make a plank crossing over a ditch.

It is easier to criticize the architecture of the finest building in Toronto than to make a hen coop.

It is easier to criticize the building and management of the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways than to make a wheel-barrow and run it straight for one-eighth of a mile.

It is easier to criticize the management of the Allan or Cunard Line than to paddle a birch bark canoe ten yards without upsetting.

It is easier to criticize the management of the largest farm in Ontario than milk one kicking cow or drive a live hog out of a potato patch.

It is easier to criticize the management of a bank or any other financial institution than to earn ten cents honestly. Many a man does criticize financial concerns who never earned ten cents honestly during his natural life.

It is easier for a corner grocery loafer to say how every business concern in town should be managed than to take off his coat and split one armful of stove wood for his wife.

It is easier for some electors to say how this Dominion should be governed than to mark their ballots in such a way that a county judge can decide which candidate they voted for.

It is easier for some delicate citizen to tell Mr. Mowat how the liquor traffic should be put down than for them to get safely through a mild colic without the use of ardent spirits.

It is easier to criticize any newspaper in the Dominion than to write one paragraph for its columns or make a readable report an inch long of a public meeting.

It is easier to criticize the best article ever published in the Dominion than to write the first sentence of the article or select a suitable heading for it.

A cheeky priggish fellow can easily criticize the style of any speaker or writer, though his own style may be so bad that it absolutely defies criticism.

It is easier to criticize the management of a school than to spell a monosyllable correctly. We have known some very severe critics in educational matters who displayed marked individuality in spelling. Individuality is not a bad thing, but it is possible to have too much of it in the spelling and pronunciation of words.

It is easier to criticize the work done in a theological hall than ring the bell for the students to come down to their morning hash. All you need do in the one case is wag the unruly member; in the other you must work all the muscles of the arm.

It is easier to criticize the best book ever written than use "shall and will" correctly, or be sure that you always get your pronouns properly connected with their antecedents. We have heard people talk quite oracularly about books who punctuate as if they put their commas in a pepper-box and shook the box over their manuscript.

It is easier to criticize the manner in which a doctor treats a difficult case than make one bread pill. Thousands of people say they know exactly what the doctor ought to do who don't actually know how to make a bowl of oat-meal gruel.

It is easier to sit on a back seat in a court-room and say how Mr. S. H. Blake, or Mr. Osler, or Mr. Kerr, or Mr. McCarthy should conduct a difficult law suit than stand up in court and say "my lord" with the proper inflection.

It is easier to criticize the best speech ever delivered in Canada than rise with elegance before a thousand people and say "Mr. Chairman." Thousands of people do the one every day who could not do the other if their lives depended on the success of the effort.

It is easier for people who have no children to say how a family of twelve should be trained than to give a cross baby one dose of soothing syrup.

It is easier to criticize the best choir in Canada than sound "do" correctly.

It is easier to make regulations for all the Sabbath schools in Canada and star at a dozen conventions than keep one small boy from fishing on Sunday if the small boy inclines that way.

It is easier—much easier—for some people to criticize the best sermon ever preached in Canada than find the text in one of the minor prophets.

Criticism is always cheap and easy. To make small remarks about the way other people do things and do nothing yourself is just about the smallest business a mortal ever engaged in. As a rule the business is as useless as it is small. The Church and the world would be mightily helped if all people who profess to be rational would try to realize how much easier it is to criticize the greatest things than do even the smallest things fairly well.

SERMON REVERIES.

NO. VIII.

Richter, otherwise affectionately known as "Jean Paul" by those thousands of English readers which he possesses body, soul and spirit in so far as their German reading goes, figured in the sermon on Sunday p.m. last. Those impulsive Germans call him "the largest, softest, most loving heart in literature—heart pure, too, of the purest—Richter the unique—the only." His prose is of the most poetic character, and while it makes excellent reading if you have patience and diligence, it is middling serious as a whole. When the preacher mentioned Richter I thought of these few notes which I had of him, and could not help thinking, as I often have done. Well, if Richter were French, would he be even appreciated? Such is the difference between the north-east and south-west of Western Europe in so far as the people are concerned. Some one has said truly that "Richter's reason was all imagination, and his imagination was all fancy." The trouble was it remained all fancy, and never assumed that completeness and form of eternal fitness which would commend itself to us in this practical age. The sermon was based on the martyrdom of the saints, and was a touching exposition of the trials of the early fathers from John on Patmos downwards. Of course such a sermon meant lots of historical and other points as illustration periods; the work was well performed. The reference to Richter of course occasioned in my mind a reference to bygone days, spent so happily in German literature; that vast mine so freely offered to English readers, and I am afraid not quite appreciated, excepting of course Goethe and Schiller, who mayhap have many followers among us. Take Heine. He was one of the greatest of German *litterateurs*. True he was very unfortunate, but his genius was of a very high order, and makes up fully for all his mishaps. Of course the French might with a certain propriety claim Heine, for the reason that many years of his life were spent in Paris. Ah! what a life to lead. Bedridden for eight years in a small chamber, dying a slow, miserable death; what wonder is it that we find among his verses one such as this:—

How wearily time crawls along
That hideous snail that hastens not,
While I without the power to move,
Am ever fixed to one dark spot.

His wit, however, made him much esteemed in Paris, and he earned the sobriquet of a second Voltaire. He jested constantly at all nationalities, and especially so at England. "He verily believed," he said, "that God was any day better pleased with a cursing Frenchman than a praying Englishman." Of his adulation for the great Napoleon surely every one has heard. It was his grand passion, and can be comfortably borne with by latter day Englishmen.

It is far greater pleasure to turn to Schiller. His was indeed a career to be proud of, and yet he was not proud of it, although he wanted to be very much. He was determined to be great, and died at forty-five, before he saw his sun at its highest point. For it reached the very highest possible point in German literature, and to-day even is still stopping there, as if stilled by the command of a second Joshua of literature. One of Schiller's grandest traits was his honest belief in a higher ideal and state; as opposed to Voltaire's scoffings, although he suffered from that blight which the brilliant Frenchman threw over all energetic young minds in both countries, his poem of three words, "The Words of Faith," is very helpful:—

Man is Free created—is Free—
Although his cradle may be a prison,

And Virtue, is Virtue an empty sound?
Man's life is to follow her teaching.

And God, in holy, eternal love,
Reigns when humanity falters.

Oh trust in these words of mightiest power
They are the wide world's treasure.

On Goethe, Uhland, Lessing, the brothers Grimm, the Schlegels, the great myth delineator Hoffman, we will not at this time enlarge, nor is this indeed the place for even as much as we have done; but circumstances seemed to urge us that way.

Of other allusions of this sermon which struck me forcibly enough to leave an impression, there is one more only of which I shall speak, and that is the living martyrdom suffered by many a tired and anxious mother in even our cheerful land to-day. Oh those corner-loafing habits, how they must wear out the truly thoughtful, loving mother. And how much of it is being done. Why, go along any of our streets on a Sunday afternoon, and dozens of active, energetic young men are standing unconcerned, spitting and smoking, and making a general nuisance of themselves. Now, how such a condition of things is to be prevented is a problem. They might of course be invited into Sunday school or Bible classes, and are, no doubt, dozens of them taken in that way; but the fact remains that the very ones who most need the looking after not only scorn any invitation to go to meetings of any kind, but do so in very saucy and at times insulting manner. The mothers of such as these undergo martyrdom of a severe and heart-rending kind; and merit our heartiest commiseration.

A short sermon surely presages the return of summer with its vacations, and yet last Sunday felt anything but summery. A cold, lasting and piercing north wind crept over the land

with a truly March-like howl. I was just thinking that these summer vacations play havoc with our Church revenues, and yet how are you going to prevent it? There appears to be latent in the general breast the idea that during an absence from the kirk it is not necessary to provide for the carrying on of the Church expenses. So many a very thoughtful person in other matters is quite the reverse in Church matters. In a Church of ordinary description the revenue falls off from June until September fully fifty per cent., so that treasurers have to arrange temporary advances to tide over the hot spell. This should not be, and we hope our friends in leaving for the summer will remember their Church promises.

The *Record* was spoken of on Sunday, and this reference is timely for me. I often used to wonder when Brother Croil was in charge whether he would ever make any change in the paper. In fact whenever the bundle came to hand I used to speculate on a probable change, but no, always the same old familiar face greeted one. The new *Record* is not a great advance, not yet good enough, Brother Scott. We want a better paper if more has got to be charged; if we are to have one, why not combine one or two of our excellent papers, and have something worthy of Presbyterianism?

CURLY TOIP.

DOWN THE CARIBBEAN.

BY REV. JOHN MACKIE, M.A.

IX—TRINIDAD.

On board the steamship *Australian*, the heartiness of whose genial Scottish captain and the attentions of whose officers and stewards anticipating all wants and desires, ensure the full enjoyment that a voyage can impart, we quickly lose sight of the gentle slopes of Barbados in our onward rush to Trinidad. Long-looked-for rain has been falling in the night and early morning hours, and the air is cool, and the sky still cloudy, making it uncertain whether showers or sunshine will be the order of the day. Our course is considerably further north than that taken by the great Genoese navigator 400 years ago. On waters never before traversed, and certain as was his wont that they would bear him to lands never before trodden by European foot, he vowed that he would dedicate the first-discovered to the Holy Trinity. It was on the last day of July, 1498, when not only water, but the hearts of all save one were beginning to fail, that the joyful shout of land was heard from the sailor at the mast-head, and curiously enough not only three distinct mountain peaks were seen, but on approaching, these three were found to be the summits of one great mountain. No marvel that to a man of Columbus' mind it was a sure and certain sign that heaven had approved his vow and accepted the name "La Trinidad"—the Trinity.

These mountains are on the southern shore. Our approach will be by the northern, and if no head winds arise, tomorrow morning early will reveal to our eyes, not longing certainly for the sight like those enduring and daring mariners of long ago, yet longing also, the coast of a new world full of strange things, but having also familiar faces, and loving Christian hearts.

THE DRAGON'S MOUTH.

Quickly the day and night have passed, and on our left hand there is now stretching a beautiful range of serrated wooded hills, some of them mountains breaking abruptly at the touch of ocean into huge precipitous cliffs. Here and there, but far between, are tiny bays with yellow sand, a little cottage and the feathery heads of lofty palms. Before us are the Bocas, a huge rocky promontory covered with cacti and aloes, cut into four islands by the opposing forces of the Caribbean and the Orinocco, and through the middle one of the channels, called the Dragon's Mouth, we enter the Gulf of Paria. From close to our sight, and sweeping away into invisibility, is the peninsula of Paria, part of Venezuela; and on our left is an almost semi-circular shore, at first fretted with islands and rocky, then low and sandy and widening into a plain fringed along the sea with coconut palms, and dotted with cottages that grow thicker and thicker, till the capital, Port-of-Spain, is reached, fronted with a forest of masts, while behind hills upon hills rear their hooded heads into a cloudless sky.

ST. ANN'S MANSE.

As we stand on the bridge, lost in admiration, a welcome to the strong Doric accent of Scotland's eastern coast rises from a little boat below, dancing on the yellow waters—yellow as ever the waves of Tiber were—and looking down we see the kindly face not only of a fellow-countryman, but of a fellow-presbyter. Soon we are on the shore, and courteously treated as usual by the customs officials. We are driven without delay to the Manse of St. Ann.

Who Saint Ann was, and how her supereminent virtues came to be recognized by the Presbyterian Church, we are not careful to enquire. We have indeed heard a voice both strong and loud declaring that she was "the grandmother of God, the tallest in devotion, the deepest in humility, the largest in charity, and of the most pleasant odour in sanctity; whose treasure and crown was the giving being to her who gave it to God; who was by her daughter exalted into so dazzling a throne of glory that there is only, about it the Trinity of uncreated persons, the humanity of Jesus Christ, and the holiness of her daughter, Mother of God; that through Saint Ann we must address ourselves to the Virgin, and by the Virgin to Jesus Christ, and by Jesus Christ to God the Father, who can refuse nothing to His Son, and

more than He can to His Mother, or she to hers, who is Saint Ann." Unfortunately, however, all men have not faith, so their pages of history are fewer and less richly embellished, and their purses, if they be presbyters, are considerably lighter. What a pilgrimage to the Free Kirk of Scotland in Port-of-Spain might bring to the coffers of the worthy incumbent thereof, were he not so worthy, and so slow to believe as miraculous the signs and wonders which he needs must see, it is impossible to reckon. Grandmother's mutch, or apron, or barnacles, or darning needle could easily be discovered, but we will not suggest. We shall only add that with Government House hard by, this name is also closely identified, so that a visible relationship exists between Church and State, pleasing to one who has not lost the appreciation of the loaves and fishes of an Established Church, and peculiarly pleasing because here the connection is between the Free Church of Scotland and the Government of Trinidad.

The Manse is a house of cedar; and whoever and whatever Saint Ann may have been, it will more than satisfy her many Canadian and Scottish friends to know that the lady that to-day dispenses hospitality within its walls has lost none of those graces that adorned her life when she lived among them. Close beside it is the church, a structure of stone, built after the simple, perhaps the economical, taste of a generation gone, but which is sure to give place, before long, to a cathedral worthy of a bishop that is so universally and deservedly appreciated and esteemed, and that can, with an ability and courtesy characteristic of a Scottish divine, maintain the validity of Presbyterian orders against the arrogant assumptions and assertions of high-flown Episcopalians to be found alas! even in Trinidad.

A large space in front is ablaze with colour, the countless variegations of crotons, the lavender masses of the plumbago, and, underneath, beds of coral amaryllis and unknown beauties. Round the porch and balconies of the manse are luxuriant clusters of the wax-plant, beautiful sprays of white with crimson centre, called the bleeding heart, and bunches of the tasseled coral hibiscus; while at the gate stand as stately sentinels a superb pair of majestic cabbage-palms. Behind is a grove of bananas, oranges, mangoes, and towering to a height of 100 feet at least, the cocoa palms with bunches of nuts at the base of the magnificent plumes. As the sunshine ever upon it, so may the blessing of God be.

PORT-OF-SPAIN.

With Port-of-Spain we were prepared to be disappointed. A filthy, mal-odorous place! An oven where one's vitals are roasted! The most uninteresting and certainly the most unhealthy city in the West Indies! Shunned by all tourists, and visited with fear and trembling by those whom business urges! Such were the warning voices we heard as we came along. They proved to be the voices of depreciation and slander, unfortunately heard everywhere and often of every one and every place, if only a listening ear is found, which alas! is not always difficult to find. What an agreeable surprise awaited us! Port-of-Spain, embowered in verdure, and as nothing when seen from the harbour, expands from her substantial piers and wharfrage into a vast area of asphalted streets, lined with stores of every variety, spacious, rich and tempting as any that the most flourishing city in the eastern or western world can display; filled with the roar of tramway cars and cabs and private carriages with crested doors and liveried servants, bakers' and butchers' vans, and all the other appendages of civilized life; and brilliant with the ceaseless flow of high-fashion oriental and occidental. Aside from the bustling thoroughfares are tranquil squares, where, under the grateful shade of palm and ceiba and tamarind, and amid the perfumes of countless flowering shrubs, the wearied and over-heated may rest and quench their thirst at the playing fountains, and feel afresh the ennobling sentiments that the sight of statues to the truly good and great is calculated to awaken. Long avenues of charming villas and palatial mansions lead away to a perfect fairyland of suburban residences, wide spreading Savannahs with mammoth trees, rare botanical gardens like as a dream, and the glorious everlasting hills. Churches, with their towers and spires on every cogn of vantage, pour on the perpetual summer air the sweet chimes and merry peals and doleful knells, as befit the varying circumstances of human life. Ecclesiastics there are of every type from the primitive presbyter in simple garb, but of a dignity and gravity springing from the consciousness of a divine right to teach and rule in Christ's holy Church; the Codrington curates and rectors, of peculiar intonation and impressive manner, as the channels of communicable grace and the only accredited messengers of heaven; the Highland and Irish priests, generally a little overgrown and melting, with the rugose complexion somewhat toned down, but ready to hold out the hand of friendship, and the fragrant *succubin*, the French and Spanish priests in their flowing robes, always courteous and affable, but generally of a distrustful look; the monks, in their peculiar garb of grey, and doubtful white, and often on slowly-pacing donkeys manifestly conscious of their honourable burdens, down to Anglican Episcopal gaiters, or rather Demararan, for hence the anointing chrism, and Roman archiepiscopal scarlet, glaring at each other, and rampant, like the lion and the unicorn. There are educational institutions of which any city might be justly proud, from which a lad of the lowest origin and the duskiest hue can go forth with a well-disciplined and furnished mind, and \$750 for three years, to reap all the advantages of a university course at Edinburgh. There is a public

library, with spacious reading-rooms, where over 20,000 volumes may be consulted, and the multitudinous periodicals, weak and strong, that are poured upon the earth may be leisurely perused. There is a hospital that, like a palace, stands in the midst of acres of shaven lawn, brilliant shrubberies and gigantic trees, built on the most approved principles, furnished with every modern appliance, and in which Edinburgh skill is daily exercised with the usual beneficent results. There are police barracks of imposing appearance that cost close upon \$450,000, where are kept in that comfort which they justly merits the tall, dark, handsome guardians of the peaceful citizen's person and property. There are law courts of considerable architectural pretensions, filled with learned, busy and wealthy lawyers, for wherever the coolies exist, cases and litigation are rife and eternal, and for much speaking, with whatever result, the fee, ever in proportion to the length of the speech, is promptly and ungrudgingly paid. There are Government buildings of grand dimensions, with all the departments that State affairs ever necessitate, and the countless officials wearing that look of *ennui* which continued high pressure of duty unflinchingly and rapidly produces.

As for cleanliness! No city even in Holland, where scrubbing goes on from morning till night, and peradventure throughout the night, can vie with Port-of-Spain. The concrete channels in every street are like mountain runnels, clear and sparkling in the sun; and the glossy corbeaux, the quick-eyed scavengers of every corner, whether peacefully plying their vocations in the streets and squares, or lazily flapping their pinions in the sultry air, or drowsily resting on roof or pinnacle or lofty palm, are, like the storks at Strasbourg, a peculiar ornament to the city.

But the terrible unhealthiness of the place! Why, it is the healthiest part of the whole West Indies, if statistics are of any account, a very sanitarium for sufferers from catarrh and chest diseases. Yellow-fever never approaches its shore; cholera appears at the rarest intervals; even la grippe, the tightness of whose grasp all nations sufficiently know, passed by with the gentlest touch; dysentery and ague come only at the call of imprudence and ignorance; and for the maladies found in every clime there is, when they come, the highest medical skill available; and for the dead, common as the living in every land, there are sacred acres of unbroken stillness, beautiful and fragrant with flowers that foretell unwithering bloom, and vocal with those hopes that blend the brightest lights of heaven with the deepest shadows of earth.

Ah! but the intolerable heat. It is Barbadian talk; there is no intolerable heat. Sun-stroke is never heard of; car horses never drop upon the streets, as often elsewhere in summer time; the calendar marks off no dog-days, where it is specially true that prevention is better than cure, and the little favourite is straightway muzzled. There is no hour in the day in which walking abroad or riding or driving is dangerous to health and life. There is not even a different garb in make or texture from that worn by ourselves in our warmest days. It is only our July and August continued, every day in every month and always, a hot summer day. We may tire of them, but we can bear them without any effort. We may prefer snow and ice and degrees below zero for three or five months in the year, but even whilst preferring, there is pleasure in a clime that knows no cutting east wind, that flings its roses and jasmine round our windows every morning, and places on our table every day fresh-gathered fruit.

Such is Port-of-Spain, the queenliest city in the Caribbean, and the capital of the grandest, the richest, the healthiest, but the least developed and the least known of all the islands—Trinidad.

(To be continued.)

BIBLE WOMEN FOR FORMOSA.

MR. EDITOR,—On a wooden bench in a little square Chinese house close by Go-ko-khin chapel sits a gray-haired mother. She is dressed in her best, with hymn-book in hand. Baskets have been piled up in one corner, bedding has been neatly put away and the earthen floor swept, for it is the Sabbath Day, and she has just returned from Church. Round the door and within are careless, unkempt women and children, who will not pay heed just now to "the doctrine" as they have come to examine my dress, so conversation is interrupted, but she tells me of early days and how hard it was for her and her family at first to stand alone against all the neighbours, but how God defended them, and they loved to listen when Dr. Mackay and students would spend days at a time in the chapel. "And now," she said, while the tears would drop in spite of her bright face, "my husband is dead, and my children and grand-children so far away, but whenever I feel lonely I just pray to our true God and sing hymns, and that makes me think of the meeting-place till I'm quite happy again." On account of her intelligence and experience she is respected by all around her. A mother in Israel, too, for one son gave himself to the ministry. Already her influence has done good; but almost free now from family cares would she not be a comforter to many a sorrowful woman could she give her whole time at needy stations in opening up for others the pure bright fountain that has refreshed her own soul for nearly twenty years of her journey?

In a small room not far from Oxford College lay a devoted Christian teacher dying. I was not present, but attended the

funeral. His last dying charge to his wife was "Never, never give up the Christian religion." Her answer, "You know me better than that, you know I never will." "Teach it constantly to our little boy"—the only child. She promised. That woman had had years of training. Nothing very showy about her, no gossip, but sensible, modest and lady-like. For months before her husband died, although caring for him and doing her own washing and cooking, etc.; besides often listening to Dr. Mackay's lectures in the College she had found time to commit to memory a New Testament Catechism of more than a hundred pages, more than eighty Psalms and paraphrases and hymns, besides many passages of Scripture and the names of all the women mentioned in the Bible, giving account of each. I listened to her reciting with not a little unexpressed admiration, for I knew she too had taken her turn when necessary to help Mrs. Mackay with teaching in the Girls' School.

Why might not such a woman spend weeks at a time at a country chapel teaching women and children to read and write and going in and out to homes of heathen sisters trying to win them for Christ?

These are but two Christian Chinese women out of many. No lack of labourers, both men and women. The only lack is means to set them free to go forth and give all their time and strength and energy where the need is so great.

ANNIE STRAITH JAMIESON.

FAMILY LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES.

MR. EDITOR,—I read every day of the great troubles in various American States and cities with divorces. There is a very melancholy one just now going on between the Ryan family at Chicago and New York. I also read daily of the most terrible murders—sometimes by wives and sometimes by husbands of their partners. I also read of very many instances of men shooting their affianced partners because the affianced or non-affianced will not marry them in various cities. It has been asserted that there were 325,000 divorces in the various American States in about twenty-six years. That was about the figures given. Just think for a moment of the momentous amount of domestic broils—disturbances in family life—heart aches and regrets among children and friends such divorces must have caused! It is terrible to contemplate. We are about one-twelfth in number as compared with the Americans, and in twenty-six years have not had, I am certain, one hundred divorces in the whole Dominion, but should have had about about 2,783 if we were as bad as the Americans. Why is this difference? It is vicious habits—a degraded European population from the Continent flooding the States. The *Globe* and some other papers are crying out about our small increase in population in twenty-six years, and especially in ten-years. Would it not be better to have less people and more virtue? I believe every young man—every family—that emigrates from us to the United States is injured morally—as a rule, of course—the rule is not general to all—but the majority are morally injured. Why? it is asked. Because the American rules of society are loose. Children are badly brought up. Sunday laws are badly observed—if at all. Theatres are lewd and vulgar. The vilest part of the population of Europe often goes there. Only think, 500,000 people emigrated there last year—90,000 more than in 1890. Who were they? They were greatly from socialistic orders I dare say. Socialists, as a rule, disregard family purity in life. They are infidels in religion. Now we may easily imagine why so many divorces happen.

The evil effect of divorces comes about in families in this way: The man or woman divorced has children. These have to go with one or other of the parents, and when grown are ready to imitate their example.

If the divorced parents again marry (which is generally the case) new families are mixed with old families, and disputes arise and disorders among children. It is no uncommon thing in the various American States to find men and women who have been divorced several times. Is it then strange to find so much parental disobedience among children—so much vice in home life in these American States? If it were not for the Christian principles among them in Churches—which, like the salt of the earth, preserving the great body politic from absolute moral collapse in the United States, especially in the cities—it is difficult to tell what might happen, especially in the coming generation, when the population will be much larger. Americans, and some of our own people at times, point at our small five millions of population, but how much better is it to have a homogeneous and virtuous people, with less money, less luxury, and, above all, less vice? The Lord Jesus very plainly told the old Jews what He thought about divorces—their wickedness and moral pollution—and only admitted the practice in one instance, where nature was outraged and the marriage vows were broken by gross breaches of conduct.

We little know—cannot imagine—the evils that would flow into our great Dominion if it were flooded by vicious American customs, and a great corrupt European emigration were to come to our country—should what some hasty and foolish people (we are thankful not very numerous) bring about political annexation, or any state of things leading to it. We will aid our neighbours all we can by noble religious examples and a beautiful domestic life in families.

CHARLES DURAND.

Toronto, March, 1892.

Pastor and People.

LIFE WORTH LIVING.

Is life worth living? Yea to him that lives;
Whose soul hath caught the music of the spheres;
Who o'er all earth-jars heavenly music hears,
And to attune his life thereunto strives.
Is life worth living? Aye, to him that gives
His life to God through few or many years;
Come talents one or ten; come faith or fears;
Come freedom's glorious strength or prison gyves.
God, give Thy sons to live love-leaven'd lives,
To lift themselves to Thee by lifting others,
To know that charity the spirit thrives,
That selfishness the fire from heaven smothers;
To know that he that lives is he who gives,
Who counts the world his home, all men his brothers!

—*Temperance Record.*

ON PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., PH.D., GALT, ONT.

THE MINISTERS' HELPERS.

"More servants wait on man than he'll take notice of," so sings the old Church poet, George Herbert. And what is true of man in general is true also of the minister in particular. He in his work has a cohort of helpers, many of whom, it may be, are not regarded as they should be.

Of official helpers he has his elders and deacons and managers who work in their own distinct spheres with more or less of fidelity and love to the Lord. Where this motive obtains, good, enduring work will be done, through good report and **M** report. They will seek to do their duty irrespective of the praise or blame that comes to them; they will steadily hold on their way whatever wind may blow and whatever storms may beat about them, because they clearly recognize the fact that they serve neither men nor minister simply—but these in the Lord Christ. He who works from the highest motive will necessarily include all the lower motives. The value and the permanence of Christian service spring from all being done for Christ's name sake. To labour that the approbation of the minister or the congregation may be enjoyed may be good, but to do so first of all to have the smile of Christ is far better.

The best men invariably are those who work from the highest motive. When the eye is single the whole body is full of light.

When elders and deacons and managers have this thought livingly and constantly before their minds all their work is holy and heavenly, to whatever it may relate. And it need not be said it should ever be with them the great principle whence their action flows.

Next to these may be placed the godly women—non-official helpers—whose devotion to the cause of Christ has been its main stay and its principal strength in every age. At the cross Matthew tells us were many women, beholding afar off, which followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto Him; among whom were Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children.

These were leaders of the innumerable host who were to follow, in the same devout and consecrated spirit, the Lord Jesus in all ages. How many women Paul salutes in the sixteenth of Romans! In his Epistle to the Philippians he asks Epaphroditus to help those women which laboured with him in the Gospel. Women to-day are the most aggressive in Christian work, the most inventive of new plans and the most diligent in the carrying into effect of new and heroic enterprises for the leavening of society with Bible knowledge and the spirit of holiness. The mention of some of their works raises a monument to their praise. They seek to apply the Gospel-balm to every social bruise that they may all be healed. In visiting the sick, in ministering to the destitute, in fighting the foes of the weak, in helping up the fallen, in proclaiming the truth of God, in intercessory prayer—in seeking to save, they are foremost. We cannot conceive what the Church of God would be without them and their service. Without them, humanly speaking, it would soon perish. They who run a tilt against women as helpers in the work of the Gospel need to read their New Testaments a little more carefully!

Beyond these the minister has many helpers who aid him unconsciously or unintentionally. The live minister will be a wide-awake man who will not allow anything to escape him. He will mark, learn, and inwardly digest all that comes within his ken. He will not move about like a mere mechanical mummy, blind, heedless, heartless, dead to all about him; unconscious of the throbbing, pulsing life that beats against him as the incoming tide breaks itself upon the rocks. He will rather be like the aspen leaf, sensitive to the least touch, alive to every influence, and though he may make no outcry when he is hurt, and sing no song when he is pleased, and not lift his eyebrows when he is enlightened, yet he is like the plants, drinking in the moisture of the atmosphere, the light of the sun's rays and feeding on the food of the soil in which he is planted and growing steadily onward. Everything ministers to him. The most casual remark opens heart depths to him; the most trifling action shows how the nature trends; the life of the lowliest makes known the force of his word and the value of his doctrine. Helpers are all around him, aye even those who would willingly be his hinderers become to him helpers. They teach him more than they think. "Fas

est et ab hoste doceri." John Newton wrote on one occasion to the Rev. William Bull as follows: "Send me 'The Way to Christ' (by Jacob Behmen). I am willing to be a debtor to the wise and to the unwise, to doctors and shoemakers, if I can get a hint or nota bene from any one, without respect of parties. When a house is on fire, Churchmen and Dissenters, Methodists, Papists, Moravians and Mystics are all welcome to bring water. At such times nobody asks 'Pray, friend, whom do you hear?' or what do you think of the five points?" The old pauper woman of Darvel who made Norman McLeod "gang ower the fundamentals," even though it was at the cost of breath and lungs, was a helper of his. She made him see this, that the poorest and lowliest in the parish had a keen appreciation of sound doctrine and was not to be trifled with on that score. Imagine the beautiful sight of the old pauper woman after Norman McLeod had done, giving him "a hearty welcome as a true ambassador of Christ." The confidence of the people is not only the comfort of the preacher, but the guarantee of his success.

William C. Burns tells us, in his diary, of a woman who had her seat on the pulpit stairs, and who declared to him that "all head learning could not enable a man to feed the lambs; there must be first repentance, as in the case of Peter." He goes on to say: "She exhorted me with spiritual earnestness to watch for individual souls, saying, 'You may lose a jewel from your crown, though you do not lose your crown you may lose a jewel from it.'" She was a wise and sympathetic helper. Would that there were more like her!

Dr. Stalker, in that inspiring and invaluable book for a young preacher, "The Preacher and His Models," tells a story full of pathos, which will bear carrying about and remembering, it is so helpful. When Dr. J. H. Wilson, of the Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh, was going to be ordained to his first charge he was leaving his home in the country to travel to the city and his mother came to the door to bid him goodbye. Holding his hand at parting, she said: "You are going to be ordained to-day, and you will be told your duty by those who know it far better than I do; but I wish you to remember one thing which perhaps they may not tell you—remember that whenever you lay your hand on a child's head you are laying it on its mother's heart." Who that reads will forget that?

When Henry Martyn was curate of Mr. Simeon in the Church of the Holy Trinity in Cambridge, undertaking likewise the charge of the parish of Lolworth, a small village at no great distance from the University, at this place at the very beginning of his ministry an incident occurred which made a deep impression on his mind. An old man who had been one of his auditors walked by the side of his horse for a considerable time, warning him to reflect that if any souls perished through his neglect their blood would be required at his hand. He exhorted him to show his hearers that they were perishing sinners, to be much engaged in secret prayer, and to labour for an entire departure from himself to Christ. Henry Martyn received the exhortation that was so timely in the spirit in which it was given and profited by it.

One of the leading men of our time observes: "It has often astonished me to observe how easily ministers' wives in this respect (of true womanliness and Christlike sympathy, free of all class feeling) find for themselves the right path. One would think it would be very difficult sometimes for those who have been brought up in cities or in a secluded circle to adapt themselves suddenly to a remote and unselect society; and they have not, like their husbands, had the opportunity of meditating long on the duties of a public position. A hearty and cordial humanity in the members of a minister's family lends an immense assistance to his work."

The wise minister has helpers all around him and constantly coming to him with their messages. It matters little whether they be friendly or hostile—from both he gets stimulus and encouragement and warning. As Samuel Rutherford preferred an active devil to a sleeping one, so may every minister wish to have an enemy who will stir to effort rather than one who will lull to sleep. He, like the skilled mariner, makes use of every wind, let it blow from what quarter it will. He tacks, and takes out of an adverse gale help on his course. He seeks wisdom whereby to do this. And to him the promise is fulfilled, "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

Nothing is too small or too insignificant to be passed by contemptuously by him. He is the man—the person—who leads, who leavens, who lifts up the community Christ-ward and God-ward, and who is touched and stirred and helped by everything that transpires.

THE SIN OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

The secret of the failure of more than one young convert—yes, and of many a young minister, too—has been overweening self-confidence. "He that trusteth his own heart is a fool." To every beginner in the Christian life we would say: You cannot trust yourself too little, and you cannot trust Christ too much! In fact the real conflict with you will be just this: "Shall I trust myself or my Lord and Saviour?" Your soul has no soul-lifting power, any more than your body has to lift itself by grasping at the straps of your boots. You can no more find your way to heaven without Christ than you can find your way through the Mammoth Cave without a guide or a torch. Let poor Peter in Pilate's court-yard show you what a poor figure a boastful Christian cuts when he relies on his own strength.

THE WORLD'S WEIGHT OF SORROW.

There are seasons when the heart staggers, oppressed by the burden of the world's weight of sorrow, and one pauses to ask: How can this be borne? What of the myriads everywhere who suffer, the myriads of whom we have never heard, whose names we do not know, whose faces we shall never see? The daily papers, with their accumulations of crime, calamity and woe; the accounts brought to our doors by every wind, of fair lives wrecked, of noble prospects blasted, of reputations dishonoured, of weak yielding to temptation, are enough to madden one were there not always the strength of eternal right to which to cling.

Think of it, mothers. Every criminal, whose guilt robs him of human pity, came into this world by the portals of human life; was cradled in a mother's arms, was a baby over whom some woman's heart rejoiced and was triumphant. These boys who have become thieves and assassins, and around whose names execration gathers in a thick cloud, were as beautiful, as innocent, as sweet once as your baby boys are to-day.

A few years, and what ruin has been wrought.

Is there not need of a radical change in the bringing up of children? Is there not danger that the breaking down of old-fashioned bars has brought into our households a perilous license?

Where are the children who ought to be in church on the Sabbath? What has become in many cases of the family altar? Is the Bible a revered and honoured book in every Christian home, or has its reaping grown perfunctory and intermittent? What about rigid ideas of honesty? Are they inculcated and enforced? Truth! Is it practised and insisted upon?

Do not let us grow hard or insensible over and under the world's weight of sorrow? Surely it presses, and herein is our comfort, on the heart of Jesus, who came to save His people from sorrow and from sin. Sin is at the back of sorrow. In a world free from sin there would be joy and peace.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

THE SINNER'S BURDEN.

I suppose it is not fashionable now to read "Pilgrim's Progress"—more's the pity! But you remember enough of it, I dare say, to know where the pilgrim got rid of his burden—viz., at the Cross. Dear friend, a weight far too heavy for you to carry will cleave to you like a clinging curse, and will crush you down at last. The burden of sin, the burden of guilt, the burden of an evil conscience, the burden of separation from God, which is the true death, the burden of future judgment—is your back fit to carry all that? Well, then, why do you not turn yourself to Him and say:—

My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there?

Most of you know that strange and infinitely pathetic picture that represents the Jewish scapegoat, panting, wounded, ready to die, on the salt margin of the Sea of Death, whither it has been hounded, with the sins of a nation upon its head. The solitude, the sorrow, the suffering of Jesus Christ are faintly shadowed by that. Lay your hand on the head of the Sacrifice, and say: "Behold! I put my sin where God has put it, on the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world."—*Rev. Dr. A. Maclaren.*

PRAYER.

"Prayer," says Tertullian, "nourishes the poor, controls the rich, raises the fallen, props the falling and preserves the standing. Prayer is the bulwark of faith, our arms and weapons against the adversary, who waylays us on every side. Therefore let us never go about unarmed."

"How many," writes Origen, "have been exposed to temptations more burning than flame, and yet came out of them unharmed, without even the smell of the hostile flame having passed upon them—and what shall I further say? How often hath it happened that those who were exposed to wild beasts, to evil spirits and to cruel men, have muzzled them by prayers, so that they have not been able to touch with their teeth us who were the members of Christ. We know, also, that many who have been deserters from the statutes of God, and were just swallowed up by death, have been saved from destruction by repentance, and God has again wiped away the tears from their eyes. The whole life of a saint should be one great continuous prayer."

FINDING YOUR MISSION.

To find your mission you have but to be faithful wherever God puts you for the present. The humbler things He gives in the earlier years are for your training, that you may be ready at length for the larger and particular service for which you were born. Do these smaller, humbler things well, and they will prove steps in the stairs up to the loftier height where your "mission" waits. To spurn these plainer duties and tasks and to neglect them is to miss your mission itself in the end, for there is no way to it but by these ladder-rounds of commonplace things which you disdain. You must build your own ladder day by day in the common duties.—*Rev. J. R. Miller.*

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE THINGS.

Just a little dew-drop brightens up the flower
Growing by the way-side or in shady bower;
Just one little songster, singing in the tree,
Makes the place around him ring with melody;
Just a little candle shining in the dark,
Drives away the shadows with each tiny spark.

So each little effort, though 'tis small and weak,
Will be blessed of Jesus if His aid we seek;
Just one cup of water, given in His name,
Just a song of praises, just a little flame,
Shown to those about you in some word or deed,
To the great Light Giver will some other lead.

JOHN WANAMAKER TO YOUNG MEN.

To live for Christ is far better than nursing the bonds of a railroad, or the stock of a bank, or listening to the hum of the wheels of the mill. A single shake of the telegraph wire may unsettle a man, and make a rainy day for him and a heavy heart. It is well worth while for a man to have before him as a dream a fine country seat, a garden, quietness, a splendid position in the city; but if that is all he has got, what little satisfaction it will be to him when he comes to that time when he will go upstairs and say, "I am not very well to-day; I guess I won't go to the office;" and the next day: "Perhaps you had better go for a doctor." He lies with his face to the wall; and all the great stores he has built, all the great activities that have felt the touch of his fingers fade out of his eyes, and he thinks of the other shore, and of what treasures he has laid up beyond the stars. I tell you, then, young men, we want something more than the things of the present life. What a splendid picture that is of Mr. Gladstone going into the little church and reading the lessons! Is he less great because he believes in God and because he witnesses for His name? I think the greatest wreck of all in this world is the loss of a young man. When he goes down the world is poorer than for anything else that could be lost.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

"I have no influence," said Elsie Lee to her old friend, Miss Tomasin. "Why, I am so timid when in company with others that I hardly dare raise my eyes or open my lips."

"That may be," replied the old lady, "and yet you are always exerting your influence wherever you go. You cannot help yourself. An hour ago I bought a little bunch of violets from a German flower girl, and I set them on yonder shelf, beside my dear mother's picture. It is a very tiny bunch, and a person entering the room would very likely not see them, for they do not challenge attention. But every nook and corner of the apartment feels their presence, for their fragrance is pervading the atmosphere. So it is with you, my dear. You love your Saviour, and you try to serve Him. You think you cannot speak for Him, but if you live for Him, and with Him, in gentleness, patience and self-denial, that is better than talking. It does more good. The other evening young Halcomb, who is thoughtless and giddy, made a jest of a verse of Scripture in your hearing. You wished, I saw, to protest against his act, and tried to do so, but the words would not come. Yet your pained look, your quick blush, your instinctive, indignant gesture, spoke for you, and the young man turned and said: 'I beg your pardon, Miss Elsie.' Was not this a proof that he saw and felt your condemnation?"

Silent influence is stronger than we sometimes think, for good and for evil. Let us not underestimate it. The light of day, the warmth of spring, the nightly dew, and the snow, enshrouding tree and flower, are all voiceless; yet have they influence—the influence of loving deeds.

HOW HE BEGAN.

Young men who are making their own way in preparing for any chosen profession or occupation have many examples for their encouragement. The following story of what a man accomplished who had many obstacles to overcome conveys its own lesson. We do not know who wrote the account, but it well deserves repeated publication:—

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the bank of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered the cotton factory as a "piecer." He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labour. But then and there in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Riddiman's "Rudiments of Latin."

He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings. At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools. He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a piecer to a spinning-jenny. He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them in the "jenny," with the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end. He worked at the cotton spinning in the summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter. He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.

EVERYBODY LIKES HER.

There is a type of girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and say: "Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now, the reason you like her is a subtle one; without knowing all about her you feel just the sort of girl she is.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not aggressive and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And by-and-by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore you like her?

EXCLUDED.

"Why did you and the little Brown girls go off by yourselves this morning, and leave Susie Smith crying on the corner?" asked a young girl of her little sister the other day. "She wanted to go with you, and was almost heart-broken when you laughed at her and wouldn't let her come. She leaned her head against the fence-post, and sobbed for nearly half an hour after you were out of sight. What made you treat her so? What had she done?"

"She hadn't done anything," answered the little sister, half sulkily and half apologetically. "Only we had a secret, and she wasn't in it, and we didn't want her tagging round."

"Tagging round!" echoed the elder, hotly, "I should like to know what harm it would do if she did tag you round, poor child? I don't believe your precious secret was anything she couldn't have known just as well as the Brown children. Something about that Christmas fair, I suppose. It was cruel to shut poor little Susie out of the good time and make her miserable."

A silence followed this reproof, broken by the girl's mother speaking from the next room to ask how the new Charade Club was coming on, and who had been elected at the last meeting. The answers to these questions turned the conversation in another direction, and the elder girl chattered gayly about the new scheme for some minutes before her mother asked if the Jones sisters had been invited to join.

"The Jones girls? Why, no. Nobody knows them very well, and there are enough without them."

"But perhaps they would like to belong."

"I dare say they would, and they are pleasant enough and well-bred, and clever, and all that sort of thing; but they have never been exactly in our set, and the club is a little bit exclusive. They really have no claim to be asked. It isn't ever very easy to explain that sort of thing; but you understand, don't you, mother? You see how it is?"

"I see exactly how it is," was the quiet reply. "They haven't done anything to deserve exclusion, and are particularly fitted to belong; but you have a club, and they shan't be in it, and you don't want them tagging round. It is perfectly safe, my dear; they are too old to enlist sympathy by crying on the corner."

Big sister and little sister exchanged startled glances, and the elder opened her mouth to speak, but changed her mind and shut it again in silence; but little Susie Smith was initiated into the Christmas secret next day, and before the month was out the Jones girls were elected to the too exclusive Charade Club, at the suggestion of that member who had been assisted to imagine their feelings by the sight of Susie's tears bedewing the front fence.

WHAT IS FAITH.

A poor little wild Irish boy, taught in a mission school, was asked what was meant by saving faith. He replied, "Grasping Christ with the heart."

A young Portuguese convert being asked what she meant by faith, replied, "Me think this. God say to me 'Maria, I promise you something very, very good.' Me not know what it is; me wait, perhaps, long, long time, but me sure God not tell story. Me quite happy. God say He give, and me quite sure God will give—that me think faith. God says, 'Maria, Me do it;' me quite sure; no want to see. God says, and that enough for Maria. That's faith, is it not?"

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have consumption—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

April 10,
1892.

THE KING IN ZION.

Psalm ii.
1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him. Psalm ii. 12.

INTRODUCTORY.

The authorship of this second Psalm is ascribed to David in the Acts of the Apostles. Its historical setting is supposed to be the conflict that David had with the Syrians, as recorded in 2 Samuel x. But that it related to David alone no critic worthy of the name has ever maintained. It is unanimously conceded that it is one of the distinctively Messianic Psalms. One of them says: "It is well known that the Messianic interpretation of each and every Psalm, which is claimed by the advocates of the Christian system as directly and exclusively predictive of Christ, was received by the Hebrews long before our Lord's coming without any misgiving or trace of antagonistic opinion." It is a clear prediction of Messiah's character and kingdom. The Psalm is divided into four parts.

I. Opposition to Christ's Kingdom.—The Authorized Version reads: "Why do the heathen rage?" The Revised has: "Why do the nations rage?" The Jewish nation was regarded as the nucleus of God's kingdom. They only had the knowledge of the true God; all other nations then living were idolaters, heathen. To them the terms Gentiles and heathen were synonymous. The Revised rendering is, however, the more strictly correct. Here the nations are represented as being actively opposed to God's kingdom. They were violently opposed to it, as is denoted by the term rage. They were angry because it was gaining ground, and were furiously opposed to its principles. It was so in David's day, and when Christ was upon the earth, and there is among the nations still a direct opposition to the kingdom of God. It is, however, a vain opposition. The Psalmist says: "The peoples imagine a vain thing." They scheme and plot to overturn God's reign of righteousness upon the earth, but they cannot succeed. They imagine a vain thing—something impossible of accomplishment. The kings and rulers of the nations are here represented as combining and plotting against the Lord and against His anointed. History shows how in the early centuries it was the purpose of the Roman emperors to root out Christianity from the world, but it survived these and all subsequent attacks. There is no mistaking the Messianic character of this Psalm, for the Messiah is here called the Lord's Anointed. It was a custom always observed among the Jews that when a king was enthroned or a priest consecrated they were anointed with oil, symbolic of the grace imparted and the qualification bestowed for the sacred office to which the individual was set apart. The name Christ is the Greek equivalent of the Anointed. He is the anointed King and the consecrated High Priest in things pertaining to God, and who has made atonement for the sins of the people. These rulers are represented as saying: "Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us." This is the essence of sin, rebellion against God. God's sacred laws, designed for man's highest welfare, are felt to be irksome and unendurable. In their impatient hatred they simply resolve upon their own destruction. They assume an attitude of defiance to the omnipotent God.

II. How God Views Man's Rebellion.—The kings and the rulers of earth are perturbed and restless in their rage. In their impotent fury they hurl defiance at heaven, but "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh." In the imperturbable calm of His infinitely holy being, God, who is the everlasting King, smiles at the purposeless rage of puny man. The Lord shall have them in derision. Their schemes shall fail, for the Lord shall speak to them in His wrath. God's wrath is not vindictive anger. It is the overwhelming might of His holiness. His indignation against everything that is evil. He first speaks, He warns them, and then He will vex them in His sore displeasure if they continue in their rebellion. The calamities that befall those powers that set themselves to oppose the progress of Christ's kingdom in the world are unmistakable manifestations of God's sore displeasure. Those who incur this displeasure place themselves in the greatest danger. "Yet," says Jehovah, "have I set My king upon My holy hill of Zion." Here is the one true King and the one stable kingdom. The others may appear strong and powerful, but notwithstanding all their hatred and plotting God has set His King, the King who rules the universe with infinite righteousness, on the holy hill of Zion. That is the central throne on which the King has been set, and His kingdom ruleth over all. At this point the Anointed King speaks: "I will tell the decree." His reign of righteousness had been decreed in the counsels of eternity. As the Son of God He was to be the Saviour and the King of Men. There is no change in the purposes of God, and when He speaks of this day it includes all time. It expresses the intimacy of the relationship between the Father and the Son. Then Jehovah says: "Ask of Me." This implies that prayer is always fitting. The Son is told to ask of the Father. The Son is King and the nations are His by inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth are to be His by possession. He will make the conquest of the world by the power of divine truth. That is the weapon by which He conquers. Those who determinedly oppose His kingdom will have to face His irresistible might, for it is added: "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," or a spiked mace, as it is sometimes explained. The kingdoms that will not serve God shall perish. That is the law which the history of the past vividly illustrates. Then the helplessness of those obdurate opponents is further described in the words that follow: "Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel." Vessels made of clay thrown violently on the ground are shattered to pieces. So will the power of those who purposely hinder the advance of God's kingdom be shattered. The Psalmist then makes a present and practical application of the grand truth he has been commissioned to prophesy. He calls on kings, rulers and all leaders of the people to learn wisdom and instruction from what he has told. God's purposes are certain of ultimate fulfilment. It is foolish as well as wicked to resist the onward march of His kingdom. They are exhorted to serve the Lord with fear. They are to obey God's will and help forward His kingdom. They are to do so in an earnest and reverent spirit, "with fear." Also with joy, but they are to join trembling with their mirth. They are further exhorted to kiss the Son. Doing loving homage to Him from the heart is meant. If the devotion and service are feigned, not real, then His anger will be inured, and the end will be miserable, "lest ye perish in the way." The Revised Version makes a change in the words that follow. It reads: "For His wrath will soon be kindled," clearly intimating that delay and indecision are dangerous. Consoling, encouraging and instructive are the closing words of the Psalm, "Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The terrible nature of sin is seen in the rebellious hatred with which God's kingdom is opposed.

Christ's kingdom rests on the most secure foundation possible—the eternal decree of God.

Safety and blessedness can only be found in humble and sincere submission to the rule of Christ in the heart.

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The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30th, 1892.

THE New York *Evangelist* calls THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN "the handsomest of our Dominion exchanges," and Claudius Clear, probably the editor of the *British Weekly*, says in that able journal that "as a constant reader of the Toronto *Week* and CANADA PRESBYTERIAN he is aware that Canada is advancing in literature as in other things." We never fish for compliments, but when they come from such a high source as the *Evangelist* or *British Weekly* we are vain enough to enjoy them just a little. Most of our readers will enjoy them a little too.

THE *Herald and Presbyter* has been taking the census of the journals in the Presbyterian Church North, and finds eleven journals alive and most of them prospering, while about forty have "fallen asleep for want of the things which are seen and temporal." Most of the defunct journals had good editors, but they had no field. An editor, however good, cannot make a successful journal without subscribers any more than a preacher, however eloquent, can make a congregation without people. One of the funny things about human nature, especially clerical human nature, is that so many people not conspicuously successful in their own calling are quite certain they could publish a successful newspaper. Some try, and find that in the school of experience the fees are often high.

THE sudden death of Mr. H. E. Clarke, one of the representatives of Toronto in the Local Legislature, will remind many of our readers of the death of Judge Breckenridge while addressing the General Assembly in Detroit last May. Both gentlemen died from heart failure, the immediate cause no doubt being the excitement produced by public speaking. It seems a comparatively easy thing to deliver a short address, but the effort often taxes the speaker much more than hearers usually suppose. There are few things any man can do that strain the human system more than the delivery of animated sustained argument. Nothing but a stern sense of duty should induce a man who has heart trouble to address his fellow men.

THE strike on the Canadian Pacific Railway has been settled in a manner highly creditable to all the parties concerned. The matters about which the trainmen and the management differed have been referred to arbitration, the strikers have all been taken back to their positions and the trains on the great railway are running as usual. Perhaps the most pleasant thing about the whole business is that the arbitrators are not railway magnates or expe. of any kind; they are five locomotive engineers taken from the road. Their selection is alike creditable to themselves, to the strikers, and to the railway management. The striking trainmen must have unbounded confidence in their fellow labourers, and the management must consider their engineers a trusty lot of men.

NO doubt the members of the Ontario Legislature are glad that the present session has so far been one of the most harmonious ever held in the old buildings. With a single exception the sittings have been as quiet as an ordinary meeting of Presbytery, and much quieter than some Presbytery meetings of which we have all read and heard. Had Mr. Clarke fallen in the midst of a violent parliamentary wrangle, the whole province would feel hurt. He passed suddenly away while quietly

criticizing a commercial Bill before the house. The lesson should not be lost. People who foment and enjoy strife, who think a fight is a fine thing even in the Church, may see the day when their past fights will not look like fine things. If they don't see matters in that light while they live their friends will after they are gone.

NOT long ago a respected minister of our Church when presiding at a meeting held to call a pastor, asked the people to be kind enough not to use the word "candidate" when referring to ministers who had preached during the vacancy. The word he thought, and very properly thought, was not a happy one to use in spiritual connection. A much more unsavoury word is gradually finding its way into the Churches. We frequently hear of ministers who can "draw" and of some who have no "drawing" power. The word is odious and should never be used by people of reasonably good taste. It belongs to the class who think that the only matter to be considered about a religious service is the "crowd." Say that the theatre draws, or that the saloon draws, or that the race course draws, but don't put God's house on a level with these drawing forces. The trial of a gentleman or lady murderer or their public hanging after trial would draw more people in any community than a sermon by the best theological professor in the Church. They would not be the same people, but there would be more of them.

THE rush to the North-West has begun in real earnest. One night about two weeks ago 800 people, chiefly from Western Ontario, left the Union Station for Manitoba and the North-West, and they were followed a few evenings later by nearly a thousand more. This is a fine business for the prairie region, but it will soon begin to tell on Ontario. Some of our pastors will soon have as many parishioners on the prairies of the North-West as they have at home. There is no use in grumbling about the matter. The Church must just adapt its machinery to the changing circumstances of the country. The young men who go West and take a Summer Session at Winnipeg will find ample work right at their hand. What better arrangement could any spirited young man desire? Plenty of room and work and opportunities for congregational growth are just the things an earnest young preacher desires. Building up a new cause in a growing town is a much more satisfactory kind of work than trying to make a congregation where there is neither room nor material.

THE latest news from England makes it highly probable that the Liberals intend to make the Behring Sea troubles a party question. The Government will then be forced to do some belligerent talking, and the news from across the water will be decidedly warlike. Our readers will bear in mind that a general election is within sight. The authorities at Washington are said to be in a serious mood, and the "tail-twisters" of both parties are active, but it must be remembered this is a Presidential year, and both parties want the Irish vote. The politicians who talk about war may easily overdo the business. Thousands of Englishmen have immense sums of money invested in the United States, and they do not wish to injure their own property. Thousands more have near relations there, and do not want to see them shot down to secure jingo votes. It is just possible too that bidding for the Irish vote in the States may cost the politicians many other votes worth much more than the votes of the Fenians. The common sense of the people in both countries will prevail. If the Salisbury Government is certain of defeat, most likely it would rather go under on a question of Foreign policy than on any other.

PREACHING in vacancies has a new terror. It consists in publishing in the local papers the names of all those who have preached in the vacancy with the intention of showing how the elected man has triumphed over them. Quite likely many of those who preached had not the remotest idea that they were preaching with a view to a call. Some of them may have distinctly said they were not doing anything of the kind. We lately heard of a case in which a well-known young minister gave a day's preaching to a vacancy on the distinct understanding that it was given as a neighbourly

act, and, to his own disgust and the surprise of many in his own congregation, his name was soon afterwards paraded in the local papers as a beaten candidate. No pastor-elect of any sense can fail to regret such occurrences. He knows, or at least ought to know, that his success in his new field will not depend to any extent on any vote he may have had over other preachers who may not have been candidates at all. Besides there is always a possibility that the public, in looking at the list, may say the congregation did not make the best possible choice. The settlement of Presbyterian pastors is attended with quite a sufficient number of difficulties without adding a new one.

DR. PARKHURST is doing some good work in New York city that may prove much more useful than defending the Higher Critics or revising the Confession of Faith. In a number of sermons he has scorched the police, the municipal authorities and the police court judges in a manner that has made them angry enough to assassinate him. In a recent sermon he said:—

There is little advantage in preaching the Gospel to a young man on Sunday if he is going to be sitting on the edge of a Tammany-maintained hell the rest of the week. Don't tell me I don't know what I am talking about. Many a long, dismal, heart-sickening night in company with two trusted friends have I spent since I spoke on the matter before, going down into the disgusting depths of this Tammany-debauched town, and it is rotten with a rottenness that is unspeakable and indescribable, and a rottenness that would be absolutely impossible except by the connivance, not to say the purchased sympathy, of the men whose one obligation before God, men, and their own conscience, is to shield virtue and make vice difficult. I spent an hour in such a place yesterday morning, and when we came down the steps I almost tumbled over a policeman who appeared to be doing picket duty on the curbstone. To say that the police do not know what is going on, and where it is going on, with all the brilliant symptoms of the character of the place distinctly in view, is rot. I do not ask any one to excuse or to apologize for my language. You have got to fit your words to your theme. We do not handle charcoal with a silver ladle, nor carry city garbage out on the dumping grounds in a steam yacht. And any one who, with the easily accessible facts in view, denies that drunkenness, gambling and licentiousness in this town are municipally protected, is either a knave or an idiot.

It seems utterly impossible for the good forces in New York to get or keep the evil forces under control. The city has long been a dumping ground for the worst elements in Europe, and the first bad mistake was made when the evil elements were allowed to obtain control of civic affairs. Perhaps there were too many Christians in New York at that time who believed in the Plymouth doctrine that the best way to prepare for the next world is to allow the present one to go to the devil.

RELIGIOUS IMPOSTURE.

THE pathway of history is strewn with the wrecks of religious impostures that have risen, culminated and faded in almost every land. The stolid peoples of the north as well as the excitable races that inhabit sunnier climes have alike yielded to the strange fascination of religious delusion. Weak human nature seems to be susceptible to the cunning of the conscious impostor and the misguided fanaticism of the sincere if half-insane enthusiast. An age like the present, when an enlightened Christianity on the one hand, and materialistic realism on the other, are prevailing forces, it might be expected that the foolish vagaries of unbalanced minds or deliberate deceivers would find but little encouragement. Facts, however, do not accord with this rational presumption. This nineteenth century, like those that have preceded it, has been rife with religious delusions. The list of absurdities put forth in the name of religion is by no means short. The most notable, as it has been the most extensive, is the Mormon delusion, the character of which Professor Eliot's unaccountable escapade cannot alter. Many have wondered how it was possible for such a pretentious and unhallowed system of so called religion to find adherents in the heart of civilized lands, but it has found them by the thousand, though it is apparent that its main force is spent and that the inevitable disintegration has now begun.

The latest and most absurd delusion is that of which the self-styled Prince Michael is the leader. The tenets and pretensions of this new absurdity are for the uninitiated only matter of conjecture. The Book of Mormon is accessible to Gentiles, and an idea can be formed of the system that Joseph Smith says was revealed to him, but the Flying

Roll has not yet been put into general circulation. Only isolated facts, and these not in all cases verified, have been divulged to the public. Serious accusations are laid to the charge of the leaders of this movement, but until they have been established by trustworthy evidence it would be unfair to regard them as proved, although there is nothing inherently improbable in the suspicions that have been aroused. The marvel is that from some of the principal cities in the Dominion the House of Israel movement has drawn adherents, some of whom have yielded to the persuasion of relatives and have withdrawn, some of them in disgust, others of them with reluctance, while some have resisted entreaty and remained steadfast in their devotion to Prince Michael.

Is this man labouring under some inexplicable mania, and therefore unconscious of the wrong he is inflicting on his unstable and credulous dupes, or is he a cool, calculating impostor, who thinks he can exploit the weakness of silly women and feeble-minded men? At this stage it is not easy to determine, but events will soon tell. The movement is destitute of vitality, and the poor man may be soon stranded in obscurity or in the ward of an asylum for the insane. The worst and most blasphemous feature, which would otherwise divide itself between laughter and tears, is the claim of the man to be considered the Christ. The preposterous character of this claim in a measure indicates that the poor man is unaccountable. The whole affair is one of the sorriest that has emerged for some time.

Regrettable as these strange manifestations are, they are not without signification. It may be all very well in certain quarters to rail against dogma and dogmatic teaching, but what better safeguard have we against the grossest absurdities palmed upon ill-assorted and ill-informed minds than the great fundamental truths of the Gospel? Let Christian parents and Sabbath school teachers zealously discharge their duties and be faithful to their sacred trust. Those who have been well trained in the home, in the Sabbath school and in the Bible class do not form the raw material for spiritual imposture.

EXPANSION OF THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

THE development of active interest in Foreign Missions, the prevailing characteristic of the Church at the present time, is still extending. Every Evangelical Church in Europe and America is feeling the influence of the movement. Christian women are taking a more prominent and active part in the work of extending the knowledge of the Gospel than has been visible since the apostolic age. Another notable evidence is the diffusion of the missionary spirit among the young. Never before was the spirit of consecration more generally felt. Young men and young women in large numbers are expressing their willingness to serve in the work of the Gospel in heathen lands. So general has been this self-surrender that at the present moment the missionary organizations of the Churches are unable to avail themselves of the services of many devoted youths solely because they are without the material resources necessary for the maintenance of those ready to go forth in the name of the Lord.

In Scottish exchanges recently received there is a record of a very pleasing and hopeful incident. At a meeting of the Free Church Presbytery of Glasgow, Professor Lindsay introduced a deputation of students who informed the Presbytery that quite a number of them in the various divinity halls had resolved to devote themselves to Foreign Mission work. In the hall at Glasgow fifteen of them had signed a pledge to this effect; and there were more than twice that number, both of theological and medical students, who were anxious to engage in mission work in foreign lands. No wonder that the members of Presbytery were delighted with what they heard. The Rev. Mr. Howie voiced the general feeling when he said that in the whole course of his ministry he did not think he had listened to a statement more thrilling. It was, he said, a great contrast with the time when Dr. Duff rose in the Assembly and rebuked the younger ministers of the Church for their want of self-sacrifice. Mr. Howie moved that the Presbytery express its cordial satisfaction at the statement that had been made, and call upon the people to respond in a spirit of increased liberality to Foreign Missions so as to enable the Church to make use of these offers of service. This was seconded by Dr. Stalker who suggested that the students themselves should address the congregations and thus make a direct appeal to the

members of the Church. Experiment has shown that this is an excellent method, beneficial alike to the students, those they address and profitable to the sacred cause for which they plead. Dr. Taylor said, among other things, that the statement the students had made was full of significance and impressiveness. Strictly speaking, it was a challenge to the Free Church. Here were men willing to go, and it would be a dark day for the Free Church if the means for enabling these men to be sent were not forthcoming.

This expansion of the missionary spirit is one of the most healthful and hopeful signs of the times. Scholastic speculation and higher criticism conjectures may be all very well in their place, but in the practical work of Christianity there is a still higher value. The active endeavour to give a helping hand to the fallen and to proclaim the message of salvation to those sitting in the region and shadow of death may prove a better solvent for doubt and uncertainty than to brood over the theories that originate in German rationalism. Whosoever is willing to do His will shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God. The Church that seeks to extend the blessings of the Gospel to the regions beyond is sure to experience a fuller, a steadier and a stronger spiritual life pulsing in her veins.

THE POWER OF REBUKE.

WHENEVER a preacher of more than average force of character and of well-defined individuality comes out boldly in defence of some neglected truth, or in denunciation of a great evil, he is sure to be made the subject of adverse criticism. True he is also certain to receive the approbation of those who sympathize with him in the opinions he expresses, and of others who differ from him, but who respect manly independence and devotion to duty. All the same the minister who is not unmindful of the fact that he is by virtue of his sacred calling a censor of morals must make his account with severe, adverse and often unreasonable criticism. While not insensible to the good or bad opinion of his critics, and while prepared to give to all they pertinently say a candid hearing, he is not to be deterred from doing his duty. He must not modify or silence his condemnation of wrong simply because his words are deemed a little too strong by some fastidious critic, and because they exasperate evil doers who have conscience enough remaining to apply his rebukes to themselves.

Evils are not corrected by scolding and querrulous fault-finding, but neither are they abandoned because the fashionable preacher refers to them in the vague and meaningless language of pulpit conventionality. Popular, present-day sins must be spoken of just as they are. The dishonesty of the market-place, the frauds of commerce, the trickery of professional life, social vices and crimes and other only too manifest evils need to be spoken about in the forcible terms that Anglo-Saxon speech supplies. The great temptation to occupants of the pulpit, even to those of strong moral nature, is to prophesy smooth things, to speak gently, so that conscious offenders may not suffer too much uneasiness. No great moral reform was ever effected by the gentle whispering, the rounded, mellifluous yet meaningless periods of the courtly pulpiteer. For great and good work men of robust moral fibre are urgently needed. The Evil One does not withdraw his forces when politely requested to do so. Modern evils require men whose words are half battles to deal with them. Moral conflict cannot be waged without forceful expression.

Those who entertain the idea that strong denunciations of evil are incompatible with the meekness and gentleness of ministerial character would do well to recall the manner in which the prophets spoke to the men of their generation. Neither did the apostles use honeyed words when occasion called for reproof. He who spake as never man spake denounced the evil-doers of His day in a manner which no man may venture to do. He knew, as none other could know, what is in man, and His estimates of men and their deeds were the result of absolute unerring knowledge. The preacher of righteousness in these days needs grace and courage to enable him to declare the whole counsel of God. Congregations may well put in practice on behalf of their pastors the request that Paul addressed to the Christians at Ephesus: Praying . . . for me that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel . . . that I may speak boldly as I ought to speak.

Books and Magazines.

THE REVIEW OF THE CHURCHES. (London: James Clarke & Co.)—This ably-conducted monthly continues to present an excellent and varied array of information respecting the work of the various Churches.

THE STORY OF THE TOKEN. By Robert Shiells. (New York: John Ireland.)—This neat little volume contains a well and clearly-written account of communion tokens, so long used in the various families of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Shiells has found delight in pursuing his careful enquiries into the history of his subject, and the result is a most interesting and readable little book, which is all the more attractive because of the carefully engraved *fac similes* of so many different tokens which it contains.

THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. (Toronto: The Canada Educational Monthly Publishing Co.)—The March number of this excellent magazine devoted to educational interests opens with a good paper on "Patriotism in Education," by J. Castell Hopkins, and it is followed by one on a kindred theme, "The Spirit of Patriotism," by Miss E. J. Preston. Other questions discussed in the number are, "The Place of the Classical Languages in Modern Schools," "The Teaching of Geography with Special Reference to the British Empire," "English Literature in Schools" and several others of practical value.

THE BIBLICAL THEOLOGY OF DR. BRIGGS. Traced to its Organic Principle. By Robert Waits, D.D., LL.D., Assembly's College, Belfast. (Richmond, Va.: Whittet & Shepperson.)—This treatise, justly regarded as one of the ablest that has appeared on either side of the Atlantic, has excited much comment and favourable judgment on the part of British Presbyterians and scholars, and as published above has arrested the attention of the American press. Since its recent appearance in the "Presbyterian Quarterly," to which the distinguished author contributed the original manuscript, there has been such a demand for its republication that it is now printed in pamphlet form, which can be obtained at a merely nominal rate from the publishers.

A LARGE outline map of India has just been issued by the Presbyterian News Company, showing the location of the Presbyterian mission stations in Central India. The district is coloured red, and the exact positions of the stations are shown by a star. The boundaries of the other provinces are shown and the principal cities and towns. The map is unusually large, the scale being thirty-two miles to the inch. The map, which was designed by the Mission Council in Indore, will be invaluable to those interested in the mission stations of the Presbyterian Church, their relative positions to each other being easily determined on a map so large. The Foreign Mission Committee has decided to send a sample copy, free, for each congregation in the Western Section to the Presbytery Clerks for distribution.

MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS. By Elizabeth C. Vincent. (New York: Thomas Whittaker.)—The author thus explains the origin of this very beautiful sketch of the life of Mary the Mother of Jesus: "I have looked for a long time for some simple, Scriptural sketch of the Virgin Mary's life and character, but I have not been able to find one. Almost everything that has been written about her is involved with theological controversy, heresy or legend. So, with two or three suggestions from Bushnell's and Robertson's sermons, and allowing only logical inferences from the Scriptural story, I have written this little sketch, hoping that it may help our dear girls to love her and to grow like her." The booklet is charming in its simplicity and may be read with pleasure and profit by every woman, young or old.

THE portrait of Mrs. Humphry Ward, prefacing the March number of *Book News* (Phila.), shows the author of "Robert Elsmere" and "David Grieve" to be a sweet-looking English-woman. A review of her latest work and a critical biographical sketch by John McClung, of New York, appropriately appear in the same issue. The "Descriptive Price-List of New Books" covers all the new books of the month, and each work receives fair criticism, so that to learn just what to read or what to leave, one has but to consult the pages of this valuable literary magazine. A two-page review of Ben Butler's long-promised book gives a fair notion of its scope and worth. The article on "Beast and Man in India," the book by Rudyard Kipling's father, will interest every lover of dumb animals. The issue is illustrated, and contains over sixty pages of book news.

TRANSFORMERS AND SPIRITUAL CHAMELIONS. By Major-General H. Aylmer. (London: James Nisbet & Co.; Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co.)—Much has been written on the questions that part the Protestant from the Roman Catholic Church. This is a new and earnest controversial work, written in a Christian spirit by a worthy member of the Church of England, a man whose sympathy with evangelical Christianity is clearly apparent throughout the entire volume. It is not with the older, but with the modern aspects of the Church of Rome that Major Aylmer deals. The Tractarian Movement, the position of Dr. Newman, Count Cavour and others who have exerted an influence on the thoughts of men in this generation are briefly sketched. The doctrines and practices of the Church of Rome come up for consideration. Though the author disclaims literary merit, he is a vigorous thinker and a logical reasoner. His work deserves a careful perusal; it is one well fitted to enlighten those who read it.

PLANTATION LIFE BEFORE EMANCIPATION. By R. Q. Mallard, D.D., New Orleans. (Richmond, Va.: Whittet & Shepperson.)—Slavery, happily on this continent, has for nearly a quarter of a century been a dead issue. Even those whose hatred of the institution while it existed can now listen to what can be said truthfully on behalf of many who had to do with negro slaves. To say that all slave owners in the Southern States were cruel and brutal taskmasters, would be a libel on some of the best people in the South. In this little volume Dr. Mallard presents in a pleasingly-written manner much that will interest and inform the reader. In his preface he says: The purpose of the author has been to portray a civilization now obsolete, to picture the relations of mutual attachment and kindness which in the main bound together master and slave, and to give this and future generations some correct idea of the noble work done by Southern masters and mistresses of all denominations for the salvation of the slave.

Choice Literature.

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A KING OF TYRE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.

BY JAMES M. LUDLOW, AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As Hanno, under the terebinth of Ben Yusef, narrated the substance of all this to Hiram and Zillah, he bade them feel the tough leathern suit, like that of a Phœnician soldier, in which he had disguised himself. The stiffness of the leather served to hide its uneven thickness, for its lining was quilted in tiny blocks, each of which was nubbled with some precious stone, or padded to protect some delicate setting or cluster of gems. He twisted a bit of iron from the end of his sword-hilt, and poured out a handful of diamonds. He mimicked the tricksters who draw pearls from various parts of their bodies, except that he left the pearls and emeralds and rubies in the hand of Zillah, and possessed no power of the wizard to make them vanish. He grew hilarious.

"Come!" said he. "Let us play the chase by the robber. I will be the victim. You shall catch me and take me to your own den—the booth over there—and slay me alive—for all this skin belongs to you."

But Zillah could not be provoked into mirth. Hanno, in narrating the events that followed her escape from Apheca, had not told her of her father's curse, reserving that part of the story for Hiram's ears alone. She was oppressed by what she thought of as her own unskillful conduct; and in her mind Hanno's zealous interest in their behalf had led him into robbery. Hiram's sympathy with her awakened scruples in his own mind that perhaps he would not otherwise have thought of.

"I cannot take these things, good Hanno," said he. "Why not? They are yours, and have been for more than twenty moons. Indeed, you should not only take them, but demand usury on them, too. Recall Ahimelek's dowry contract with yourself. You told me it was for a thousand minas, and for a half of all the revenues of his ships; the same as this contract with Rubaal. By the laws of Tyre all this comes with your bride. That he villainously sought to kill you, to break his daughter's heart, does not touch this fact under law, however it may affect your feelings. I did not steal these things from him, for they were not his, and have not been since the day of your betrothal, or if there were any doubt of that, they are not his since your marriage. And, by the name of Jehovah, into whose land you have come, to no other hands than yours shall they be given! Besides, you are not merely Hiram and Zillah; you are the king and queen of Tyre. They belong to your throne. Loyalty to your throne compels your retention of them."

"Nay," said Zillah, "your own pledge was to put them into some temple, under the protection of the god."

"The true temple of God is a man, and that temple's true revenues are the man's rights," said Hanno, oracularly. "I will fulfil my pledge best if I leave them at your feet, and go back to Tyre. I will then kiss my hand to the sun, and swear I have done my duty."

"Hold!" interrupted Hiram; "it may be that Manasseh can help us in the matter. He is of the priestly line, and perhaps can find a safe place in connection with the temple at Jerusalem. We need a better guarded treasury than our pockets. Put you have not asked the news from Samaria that the messenger who accompanied you brought. I will read it:—

"Manasseh, son of Josada, of the tribe of Levi, to Marduk, son of Baal, and to my lady Zillah. Greeting."

"My wedding with Nicaso, daughter of Sanballat, satrap of Samaria, will be on the seventeenth day of the seventh month, which is Tishri. My lord Sanballat bids me welcome you among his most honoured guests. My own summons may be best read in your thoughts, O my friend, for thou knowest my heart. My salutations to Elnathan and the house of Ben Yusef!"

The following day the Phœnician party left the hospitable home of their Jewish host. They proceeded southward by the Sea of Galilee, striking the road that leads by Mount Tabor. They encamped for the night near the western slope of that beautiful mountain. The sunlight that lingered on its symmetrical crest when the dusk filled the plain about them they interpreted into good omen, notwithstanding that it was a superstition or religion of the sun-god.

As the morning broke, they observed that a large camp of Persian soldiers had been formed near them during the night. Enquiry revealed the fact that this was the escort of Nehemiah, the Tirshatha of Jerusalem, who was coming from Susa, where he had been for several years, having assumed that the affairs of Jerusalem were sufficiently settled to allow his return to the Persian capital—a place that, although he was a Jew, still held many of his interests, and where he was allotted a high rank as the former cup-bearer of the king.

The Tirshatha was accompanied by a detachment of Persian cavalry, whose horses were tethered between the tents. By the central pavilion stood the tall spear; floating from its head the ensign of the commandant. Smoke wreathed from a score of fires, where the morning meal was being prepared.

At a sudden bugle blast the entire scene was transformed. The tents fell; the fire was trampled out; horses were harnessed; camels knelt to receive their burdens. In a few moments the gallant cavalcade, followed by the baggage train, and guarded at the rear by a detachment of horsemen, crowded the road.

As they passed the camp of the Phœnicians, now ready for the journey, the Tirshatha sent his messenger to learn who were his neighbours. Upon hearing they were merchants, he bade them join his party, and invited Marduk to ride by his side.

The Tirshatha was mounted upon a superb horse, equipped with expensive trappings embossed with gold, his bridle of silk inwoven with threads of gold; the saddle cloth a rich purple embroidered in gold. The rider's habit was in

keeping. His purple tunic was adorned with flower-work, as were his flowing trousers. His sword-hilt was of gold, studded with gems. A massive chain of gold was about his neck. He wore the conical cap projecting forward at the top, as if to make a shade for the face. The officers of his suite were in array approximating in splendour that of their chief.

Marduk returned the cordial salutation of the Tirshatha as he rode up to his side.

Nehemiah opened the conversation genially. "Marduk, a Phœnician merchant? The name is new to me, except that on this journey I have heard it spoken with respect. I thought I knew all of your trade who were accustomed to visit our Jews' land."

As he said this he gave a quick glance with penetrating eyes into the face of Marduk—a glance that took in every feature.

The Phœnician felt that there might be some suspicion in this, and deftly foiled it.

"Your people are increasing rapidly in wealth under the stimulus of your government, Tirshatha; and many merchants who used to trade elsewhere are now attracted hither. You will see many strangers at Jerusalem, my lord."

"Your compliment is more kind than considerate, replied Nehemiah. "Our people have little wealth as yet, and cannot buy much of such rare goods as you evidently carry."

"Yes, but by buying and selling my wares they make gain."

"You are going to Jerusalem, then, sir merchant?"

"To Samaria first."

"Oh! to deck out Sanballat's daughter for her wedding?"

said Nehemiah, with a sneer.

"I believe she marries one of your people."

"Yes, but it is most ill-advised," replied Nehemiah, with undisguised ill-humour.

"How? Any alliance between Samaria and Jerusalem must strengthen both."

"Nay, it is an alliance of clay and iron that makes the iron brittle. Our people, Marduk, are of peculiar customs, religion, and mission. Again and again have our old kings tried to widen their prosperity by widening their alliances, but have always failed. The Persian government is wiser. It does not seek to make all the provinces it conquers to be alike in their laws and worship. It allows each nation to retain its own, and only asks loyalty and tribute. King Cyrus commissioned us to return from Babylon and rebuild the temple. So did Darius, and so Artaxerxes has sent Ezra the Scribe and myself to reconstruct our own peculiar system. We condemn no other people by maintaining the pure blood of our own. Over yonder is the ruin of the palace of Jezreel. You know the place, perhaps its history. One of our kings, Ahab, married Jezebel, daughter of one of your kings of Tyre; but it wrought only trouble. We are now crossing the great battle-plain of E. Araelon. Every Jew thrills at its sacred memories. Deborah and Barak here conquered Sisera, the general of the Canaanites. Yonder is Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan fell fighting the Philistines; and there is the valley of Jezreel, where Gideon vanquished the Midianites. All these were battles for our integrity, as a people, and especially that no other God than ours should be worshipped in our land. Even a Phœnician, with your legends of a thousand years, must respect the lessons of our history. But let us not dispute, Marduk. What is the news of your country by the sea? Will Rubaal get and keep the crown, think you?"

"Why not?" asked the merchant.

"At Susa he is not thought of with favour," said Nehemiah. "The sacrifice of the former king, Hiram, is regarded as a cruelty that Persia must frown upon, even if she allows freedom of religion; and the other Phœnician kings are afraid of the precedent of allowing the priests to have such influence that a king's life is in their hands. Therefore the kings are all opposed to Rubaal, and the Great King would not antagonize them. He depends too much upon the Phœnician fleet to alienate their loyalty."

The Tirshatha plied Marduk with questions regarding all the lands adjacent, the condition of roads, names of the chief men in the towns across the Jordan, to which questions the merchant gave uncomfortably meagre responses. His ignorance occasionally brought those keen eyes of Nehemiah to a suspicious scrutiny of his countenance.

As they parted company, the Tirshatha remarked to his chief officer:—

"That man knows both too much and too little. Have an eye upon him."

The following day the Phœnician took the short road from Dothan to Samaria, while the Tirshatha's party kept to that running by Shechem, and leading them more directly to the Sacred City.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The hill of Samaria was in a blaze of colour. Every tent of the army of Sanballat floated its gay streamer. Rivaling these were the displays of the various chieftains of neighbouring tribes, who had come to honour with their presence the wedding of the Samaritan princess. The extravagance of Oriental fashion vied with that of martial splendour; gaudy turbans with polished helmets; brilliant robes with gleaming breastplates; palanquins of fair women with the mail of the heavy war horses. Furlongs of bright cloths hung from the trees, and draped the stone columns that still stood as the relics and reminders of the glory of this old capital of Israel. In cool nooks were skins of wines, while troughs were overrunning with the new-pressed juices of apples and grapes. There were jars of confections, spiced to kindle the thirst that the free-flowing liquors were to quench. Games, dances, songs, the thumping of stringed instruments, the whistle of pipes and the ringing of trumpets, gave vent to the spirit of abandon among the motley crowds of people.

Sanballat entertained within the palace the great chiefs, whose spears, adorned with their various insignia, were stuck into the ground, in semicircular array, in front of the grand entrance. There was Geshom, the Arabian, and a score of braves from Idumea, Moab, and Philistia, who lounged at the tables. Even Tobiah, the Ammonite, was not forgotten; indeed, his presence was a special pleasure to Sanballat, whose magnanimity rose with the conviction that he had at length circumvented his rival in gaining alliance with the Jews. These worthies drank to one another, and to one another's gods; to the sun-god, to Baal-Shamayim, lord of heaven; to Melkarth of Tyre, to Chomosh of Moab,

to Milcom of Ammon, to Moloch of Philistia, to Dagon of the coast, to Succoth-benoth of Babylon, to Nergal of Cuth, to Ashima of Hamath, to Nibhak and Tartak of the Avites, to Adramelech and Anammelek of Sepharvaim, to Jehovah of the Jews, and to Astarte the goddess of love. With clinking cups and hilarious shouts they invoked the blessings of all gods upon the bride and groom. They drank until they knew not to whom they drank, each one making a God of his own belly. Then they bepraised every one his own possessions and prowess, and they scattered oaths and blows; indeed, all had a right merry time, as the proprieties of the occasion and the rude manners of the age and people prompted, until the soberer servants removed both the viands and the guests together.

At nightfall the hill of Samaria seemed a mass of flame. Torches flared upon the palace walks, bonfires filled the grove with ruddy light, amid which the trees and the moving people seemed like weird spectres.

A bugle blast sounded from afar. The crowds gathered near the open roadway that led to the palace. The clatter of hoofs was soon heard, nearer and nearer, louder and louder, while shouts rent the air. A band of wild riders dashed up the garlanded avenue. The soldiers and populace battled against them with waving torches, tufts of grass, and shrieks of mimic rage. The cry of the assailants was—

"Manasseh! Manasseh!"

They pressed up to the palace front. Some, dismounting, beat upon the gates. These were flung wide. In the opening stood Sanballat, surrounded by as many of his noble guests as were able to get upon their feet. With angry voice the Satrap demanded the cause of this irruption. A chorus of hoarse voices replied:—

"Nicaso! Nicaso for our Lord Manasseh!"

Sanballat parleyed with them.

"Would you rob a father of his only child?"

"Yes," was the response, "and of a hundred only children. One for each of us if they were like Nicaso." And a score of witticisms, some sharp, some scurrilous, were hurled at him.

At length, with well-feigned fear, Sanballat led forth his daughter. She was elegantly robed and crowned. A spirited horse, superbly caparisoned, was led to her side. Without awaiting the proffered assistance, Nicaso leaped upon his back. The horsemen led her captive, followed by a procession of maidens who wailed in feigned lament the fate of their comrade, amid the amorous gibes and jokes of the young men. They brought Nicaso to the happy bridegroom's tent.

Thus far they had followed the custom of the East-Jordan tribes in mimic seizure of the bride.

Nicaso, however, delighted in breaking through all proprieties. The flashing lights and shouts excited her wild blood, and, instead of dismounting to receive the embrace of her new lord, she dashed away from the crowd, crying, "Let him have me who can catch me!"

Her horse was sure-footed and keen-eyed, and galloped among rocks and through by-paths without the guidance of even the single rein that his mistress threw upon his neck. Down among the tents of the soldiers, out on the high-road towards Shechem, back through the woods, now flitting like a spectre in the darkness, now all a gleam with her bejeweled crown and robe as she passed some bonfire; thus the daring girl led, and yet eluded, the pursuing crowd.

Manasseh, though surprised at this unexpected postponement of the moment when he should clasp his fair possession really admired the adventurous frolicsomeness of his bride, and accepted her challenge with equal spirit.

Was it the happy guidance of some goddess of love, or the quick eyes of Nicaso that watched his coming, that brought their horses together at two converging paths? Their beasts reared and plunged at the shock, like two waves clashing in counter seas. Nicaso's steed galloped away riderless.

Cries rose: "She is thrown!"

In fact, at the moment of the collision she had thrown herself from her horse fairly into Manasseh's arms, and, with crown awry, hair dishevelled, her black eyes flashing with merriment, a magnificent picture of wild queenly beauty, was borne by her lover to his tent.

As she jumped to the ground some portion of her clothing caught upon the trappings of the horse, and she would have fallen had not Marduk extended his arm and relieved her.

"Marduk, you have fulfilled your part of our covenant," said Manasseh. "Let me take my bride from your hand, as you took yours from mine."

The bridal pair disappeared in the nuptial tent.

For seven days the festival was kept up. Then the young Jew set out for Jerusalem with his bride. The Phœnician's party accompanied them. Nicaso's wardrobe burdened as many camels as did the merchant's wares. Among his rich robes was stored a strange article for such a collector: a heavy leathern suit of a Phœnician soldier

(To be continued.)

THE BEST AUTHORITIES,

Such as Dr. Dio Lewis, Professor Gross, and others, agree that catarrh is not a local but a constitutional disease. It therefore requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which effectually and permanently cures catarrh. Thousands praise it.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation and all troubles of the digestive organs.

CLEVER WOMEN

quite realize that by the great law of progress something is always being brought out to make life pleasanter. The latest thing introduced is the "Health" undervest for ladies, made from the very finest Australian wool and which every good doctor in Canada agrees is a perfect safeguard against cold, whilst being at the same time well fitting, warm, and luxurious. When you go down town step into any first class dry goods store and ask to see these goods. If you do not see the word "Health" plainly stamped on the garment, don't buy it as it will not be the genuine article. They are made in special light weights, and new styles, for spring and summer wear.

FAME, WEALTH, LIFE, DEATH.

What is fame?

'Tis the sun-gleam on the mountain,
Spreading brightly ere it flies;
'Tis the bubble on the fountain,
Rising lightly ere it dies;
Or if here and there a hero
Be remembered through the years.
Yet to him the gain is zero;
If but only in the air

May be heard some eager mention of their name,
Though they hear it not themselves, 'tis much the same.

What is wealth?

'Tis a rainbow still receding
As the panting fool pursues;
Or a toy that youth, unheeding,
Seeks the readier way to lose;
But the wise man keeps due measure,
Neither out of breath nor base;
But he holds in trust his treasure
For the welfare of the race.
Yet what crimes some men will dare
But to gain their slender share

In some profit, though with loss of name or health:
In some plunder spent on vices or by stealth!

What is life?

'Tis the earthly hour of trial
For the life that's just begun;
When the prize of self-denial
May be quickly lost or won;
'Tis the hour when love may burgeon
To the everlasting flower;
Or when lusts their victims urge on
To defy immortal power.
Yet how lightly men ignore
All the future holds in store,
Spending brief but golden moments all in strife,
Or in suicidal madness grasp the knife!

What is death?

Past a dark, mysterious portal
Human eyes may never roam;
Yet the hope still springs immortal
That it leads the wanderer home.
Oh, the bliss that lies before us
When the secret shall be known,
And the vast, angelic chorus
Sounds that hymn before the throne!
What is fame, or wealth, or life?
Past are praises, fortune, strife;

All but love, that lives forever, cast beneath,
When the good and faithful servant takes the wreath.

—The Academy.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

NOTES FROM KAFFRARIA.

The Rev. P. L. Hunter, writing from Gillespie Station, says: You may remember that on coming here two years ago, the chief Jojo promised to put up two huts for us on the site of future building. Time after time I came on visits, but found no huts, yet on each occasion renewed promises were made that on my next visit I would find them ready. I trusted the chief's promise, but it was a vain hope—the huts are not yet built! You may fancy the astonishment of the people who saw in the course of a few weeks a substantial house of brick rising from the ground, and assuming proportions far beyond their highest efforts.

Chief Umfundisi, with whom we were staying, rode over frequently to watch the building, and on returning would exclaim in wonder, "Oh, the house is beautiful! It is growing very fast!" His people had built for us a small low hut, but had left off before finishing the work, wishing me to give them beer. I promised to kill a goat and make a feast instead, for those who had been doing the work, and were you to judge by the large company who gathered to the feast, you would imagine the work was nothing less than building a whole village!

Women and children are expected to do all the work,—they are the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the children, the herds and weeders, the milkers, the grinders, the nurses—in fact, everything they can do, and many things they cannot. It is a common sight to see a little lad trying to guide a plough drawn by six fractious oxen, while the father or elder brother quietly looks on, with scarcely a hand to help. It takes the women a whole day to go to the bush, six or eight miles off, chop a bundle of wood, and carry it back on the head. These bundles vary in size according to the strength of the bearer; but some weighed at the store out of curiosity, turned the balance at over eighty pounds.

On one occasion, when I had left Mrs. Hunter at Sulenkama, and was present here with the waggon, a woman asked when "her mother, my 'inkosikazi' was coming?" I replied, "How can she come? Don't you see the waggon there?" "Oh, she will come on her feet," said the woman. "But she can't leave her child," I said. "Then she will carry the child on her back." A very simple solution of a four days' journey by waggon, but quite a natural one to these women, who often do the same.

One of our communions was specially impressive as be-

ing the first when adults joined the Church by baptism. One was Leah, Jojo's chief wife—a woman of fine character and eager to learn. Eliza, the other woman, had Christian friends; while Enoch, the third, who is teacher of the school, had come from one of our stations as a candidate. All are exercising a very decided influence for good among the people. Let us pray that this may be but the earnest of a rich ingathering from the Amaxesibe.

INDIA.

There can be no doubt that the heart of India is at the present time turning towards Christ with the deepening conviction that He is India's Saviour. For instance, we are told that during the last Haridwar festival the belief was widely prevalent that the power of the Ganges is about to depart, and that it will now be in vain to visit it for the purpose of receiving any spiritual benefit. "Then why not receive Christ?" said Mr. Thacknell of the American Presbyterian Church to some of the people who had made the statement to him. "We shall see," they replied. If Abana and Pharpar, if "Ganges' holy tide," are felt to possess in their waters no miracle of cleansing to meet India's deep sense of sin, this but prepares the way for recourse to that other stream, flowing so full and so free, in which every sin-stained soul may wash and be clean. Even now men are musing in their hearts, and the chariot is in the act of turning Jordan-wards.

Another proof. Let us hear what the active Hindu assailants of Christianity are saying to the worshippers of Vishnu and Siva. The following is the translation of a passage in one of the Tamil issues of the Hindu Tract Society: "If we continue to sleep as we have done in the past, not one will be found worshipping in the temples in a very short time; nay, the temples themselves will be converted into Christian Churches. Do you not know that the number of Christians is increasing, and the number of Hindu religionists is decreasing, every day? How long will water remain in a well which continually lets out, but receives none in? If our religion be incessantly drained by Christianity, without receiving any accessions, how can it last?" Does it not seem as if a cry were heard through the air, "Great Pan is dead?"

Another sign of the times, suggestive and prophetic, is the simple fact that there are native schools, the authorities of which are willing to admit Christian teaching. Mr. Longman of Calcutta, one of the agents of the London Missionary Society, tells us in a recent article, how he and his colleagues are in the habit of receiving applications from vernacular schools for pecuniary support. In such cases they give a regular grant towards the expenses of the school, upon the condition that one of their evangelists is allowed to teach the Bible to all the children attending it; and they are only prevented from extending this work indefinitely by want of funds. Now, is not this a door swung wide open? and more even than an open door—an openness of mind to the teaching of Jesus. Mr. Longman describes a journey in the course of which they visited two schools—the one a Hindu and the other a Mohammedan—from which such applications had been received. And there are other schools in the same neighbourhood which would gladly welcome an evangelist if the missionary had the means of sending him. Would that the Church took full advantage of an opportunity like this! The door is open—held open from within; the children are gathered, waiting; but the teachers come not, or come to so few. Yet the teachers could be found—native Christians capable of the work, and willing to be sent. The golden harvest is plenteous, the labourers even are not so few as in some other fields; all that is wanted is the absolutely necessary support of the labourers.

AFRICA—UGANDA MISSION.

The C.M.S. has received letters from Uganda down to the middle of September. Mr. F. C. Smith was at Mengo, the capital, at the beginning of September, and gave an encouraging account of the work in Busoga, at the north end of the lake. The chief, Wakoli, was friendly, and the people anxious to learn. Mr. Smith was purposing not to return to Wakoli's, however, but to a place about three days' journey from Mengo, where the people had offered to build a church. Four Baganda Christians were to accompany him to labour at various out-stations under his superintendence; they were to be entirely supported by the Church in Uganda.—Walker and Baskerville have been at work in Budu, a province south-west of Mengo. Walker reports of the people there: "I have lived with them for more than three months without spending anything. Many other Christian chiefs offer to provide all that the country will supply for any one who will go and live there and teach the people."—Ten new members of Church council have been elected at Mengo. Three of the Christians there wish to go to work among the Wusukuma at Nasa, at the south end of the lake. One of them, named Natanilli, might have been one of the biggest chiefs in the land, but he preferred passing it on to his brother, and giving his whole time to preaching. He is one of the newly-elected elders (was elected unanimously), and quite a boy to look at. Mr. G. L. Pilkington has sent home the Epistle to the Galatians, which he has translated with the aid of Henry Wright Duta, and is now translating Exodus. He writes: "I have the names of thirty-six chiefs who have offered to build for and feed a European residing at their place. I could easily add to this list if I tried. The political outlook in Uganda is by no means free from anxiety. On the recovery of the country in October, 1889, the Roman

Catholics and the Protestants agreed to divide the chief offices. Mwanga's adherence to the Romanist party, however, gives it a certain measure of popularity, and some of the chiefs who were then appointed to their office and the lands attaching to it by the Protestants have subsequently declared themselves Romanists. Hitherto those that have changed have laid down their office, but the Romanists are now making a determined effort, on the plea of religious liberty, to secure for chiefs changing their adherence the retention of their privileges. Fortunately, Captain Lugard is not likely to give in to them.

TIBET.

Most Christians know that Chinese Tibet is the only country in the world whose doors are yet closed against the Gospel, but not all are acquainted with the fact that for nearly forty years the agents of the Moravian Mission have been patiently waiting and working to obtain an entrance. They have three stations in the Western Himalayas, two of them, Kyelang and Poo, being within British territory; and the third, Leh, being in Ladak, which is under the rule of the Maharajah of Kashmir, and where the language of the people is Tibetan. The two former stations were occupied very early, but it was only within the last few years that the missionaries have obtained a footing in Leh, which is a valuable centre of missionary enterprise. It now contains mission buildings and a hospital for medical mission work. Dr. Jones of Birmingham, a Baptist by profession, has been appointed to succeed Dr. Marx at Leh. The converts are very few in each station, all the converts at present not numbering more than forty. But though the work of the Moravian missionaries has been more a work of waiting, it has not been an unfruitful waiting; for, when Tibet is opened to the Gospel, the missionaries who enter the country will find ready for them a Tibetan dictionary and grammar, and a translation into Tibetan of the whole New Testament and other books of the Bible. Many efforts have been made by the missionaries to enter the country, but so carefully are the entrances guarded by Chinese officials, that success has hitherto been simply impossible. Yet the workers "tread firmly," and who knows what God may accomplish during this centenary year? Many Tibetans are beginning to lose confidence in their Buddhist faith, and even their lamas or priests help to confirm their suspicion. At the days of Buddhism are numbered. May the prayers of Christ's people arise to heaven that the doors of Tibet may soon be opened!

CHINA.

A proclamation has been issued by the Taota of Kain completely acquitting Dr. Greig. Reference is made in this official document to the "great grace and condescension" with which foreigners are treated by the Chinese. The Chinese view of the case is given in detail, but the following sentences, which occur towards the end of the proclamation, are sufficient to point out how officials view the matter: "Yan Kwei Chang, because he lost his child, and could not find him, suspected the foreigner of exercising undue and evil influence. In the heat of passion, and without satisfying himself by clear enquiry, he forthwith assaults the foreigner and his assistant; and then brings a false charge against him. Really he has committed a grave mistake! Therefore, in addition to punishing Yan Kwei Chang and others, as by law provided, I feel it my duty to issue this proclamation for the information of the public." The proclamation closes with these words: "Do not wilfully create disturbance and bring condign punishment upon yourselves. Tremble and obey."

It would appear that the hospital and dispensary in Kirin are locked up during the absence of Dr. Greig, who is at present in Britain.

CATARRH is not a local but constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla to effect a cure.

IN shoemaker's measure three sizes make an inch. Esterbrook's pens are made in all shapes and sizes to suit every writer.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen, —In driving over the mountains I took a severe cold, which settled in my back and kidneys, causing me many sleepless nights of pain. The first application of MINARD'S LINIMENT so relieved me that I fell into a deep sleep and complete recovery shortly followed.

Annapolis.

JOHN S. McLEOD.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC LINERS

All carry St. Jacobs Oil—in fact, no ship sailing from London or Liverpool is considered ready for sea until sufficient quantity of St. Jacobs Oil is on board to last the voyage. St. Jacobs Oil conquers pain. It acts like magic. It penetrates; it reaches the seat of the disease, and relieves pain directly. It is wholly an outward application for the speedy and permanent cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, Sciatica, soreness, sprains and strains. One trial will convince the most incredulous.

"No baking powder is gaining public favor so rapidly as Cleveland's."

One reason is people like to know what they are eating, and the composition of Cleveland's baking powder is given on every label.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

Mothers

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Ministers and Churches.

PROBATIONERS desiring appointments at West Adelaide and at Arkona should apply to Rev. W. G. Jordan, B.A., Strathroy, Ont.

THE Sunday school in connection with the Church of the Redeemer, Deseronto, has the honour of being the banner school in the Presbytery of Kingston. It has the largest attendance.

THE Alumni Association of Knox College hold their annual meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 5 and 6. The programme is an interesting one. Arrangements have been made to billet Alumni from a distance in homes in the city.

THE Auxiliary to the W. F. M. S. of Knox Church, Kincardine, has just closed a most prosperous year. The sum of \$230 has been raised, all of which has been the result of direct contributions. Much interest and spiritual life have been shown by the Society.

THE Montreal *Witness* says: "The Rev. Ghosn B. Howie, Ph.D., of Mount Lebanon, Palestine, whose lectures in this city will be remembered by readers of the *Witness*, has revisited Palestine since, and is now lecturing in Windsor, Scotstown and Sherbrooke to large audiences." He is now in Three Rivers, and is to be in Niagara Falls on the 17th April.

THE Executive Board of the General Assembly's Sabbath School Committee will meet in the Y.M.C.A. Board Room, Toronto, on Wednesday, April 6 h, at 9.30 a.m. Members of Committee who can make it at all convenient to attend are urgently requested to do so. Advantage may be taken of the reduced railway rates in connection with the closing of Knox College.

THE anniversary services of the First Presbyterian Church, St. Marys, held recently, were a success in every particular. The Rev. W. A. Hunter, M.A., of Erskine Church, Toronto, occupied the pulpit both morning and evening and preached two eloquent and instructive sermons which were attentively listened to by large congregations. On Monday evening the reverend gentleman gave a lecture on the "Good Old Times," which was certainly not only interesting and instructive, but also showed plainly the marked advancement which has been made in material, social and religious development during the past century.

IN an item inserted under "Ministers and Churches," in our issue of 2nd March, a statement of a contemporary was quoted, implying that Rev. Mr. Jack, of Maitland, N.S., had candidated for the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Victoria, B.C., to which Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Collingwood, has been called. Mr. Jack, we are informed, although requested by Mr. R. Erskine, in the name of the committee of the congregation having the matter in hand, to supply their pulpit "with a view to filling the vacancy," declined, and in reply to further correspondence refused to become in any shape an applicant for the vacant pastorate.

THE Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, wishing to make its annual meeting more profitable, decided to devote the afternoon and evening of Wednesday, May 11, to the discussion of questions of vital importance to the cause of religion within its bounds. The committee appointed for the purpose has prepared the following programme: 2.30 p.m.—French Evangelization: 1. Methods of French Evangelization, Rev. L. Morin, Montreal; 2. The Bearing of French Evangelization upon our National Life, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, Ottawa. 7.30 p.m.—Our Young People: 1. How can we bring the young into fellowship with Christ? Rev. J. Ross, B.D., Perth. 2. Young People's Societies, Rev. C. H. Cooke, Smith's Falls. Very profitable discussions are anticipated.

COMMUNION service, as celebrated at the Church of the Redeemer, Deseronto, Sunday, March 13, will be remembered with deep gratitude to God for His manifest presence and blessing. After an exceedingly profitable address to the new communicants, in which Rev. W. B. Floyd among other things spoke kindly and loyal words in behalf of the absent pastor, Rev. R. J. Craig, baptism was administered to two adults. The Clerk of Session then read the names of nineteen persons who had been examined by the Session. All these on profession of their faith rose and entered into covenant with God through the Church and were given the right hand of fellowship. Eight of these persons had been prepared through a devotional service which Mr. Floyd calls the Enquirers' Class, which has been fruitful of much good to the young people. It is said that quite a number are already in preparation for the next communion. Eight new members joined the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour in the evening and much credit is due to the Lookout Committee, under the direction of Miss Stoddart.

THE new Presbyterian Church at Beachburg was opened recently. The Rev. E. Scott, M.A., editor of the *Record*, preached in the morning and afternoon, and the Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Renfrew, in the evening. The church was literally packed at each service, especially at the morning and evening services, the isles, platform and every available seat being occupied. On Monday evening a tea-meeting was held, when over 800 were present and a number were unable to gain entrance. The pastor, Rev. R. McNabb, presided. Able and interesting addresses, interspersed with choice selections of music by the choir of Calvin Church, Pembroke, were delivered by the Revs. M. D. M. Blakely, G. D. Bayne, W. A. Hanna and J. D. Ellis, and by Messrs. Pattison and Scott. The collections on Sabbath amounted to \$167, and the proceeds on Monday evening to \$218, in all \$385. The church is a substantial brick building built from plans and specifications prepared by Mr. W. R. Gregg, Toronto. The audience room is entered from tower on south-east corner, and porch at south-west corner. The basement is well arranged for Sabbath school work. The cost, including fur-

naces, is about \$5,700, and is paid but \$2,000, which is fully covered by subscription.

THE Montreal *Witness* says: John Lohead, a bright and promising student of McGill University, Montreal, died recently in the General Hospital. Although just finishing his second year in medicine, he was but eighteen years of age. He was the son of the Rev. J. S. Lohead, formerly in the Presbytery of Montreal, but of late years the pastor of Park Hill, in the Presbytery of Sarnia. The young man had not been feeling well for the last fortnight, but on Friday, being much worse, his doctors ordered his removal to the General Hospital. On Saturday alarming symptoms developed, and his father was at once telegraphed for. He arrived about four hours before his son's death. The sad news spread rapidly among his fellow-students, and certainly there were but few of them who had not heard of it. At fifteen minutes past seven the secretary's large room at the General Hospital was crowded with them, and the members of the McGill Y.M.C.A. conducted a short religious service. The remains were then removed to the Grand Trunk station, where from 150 to 200 students assembled to pay the last token of respect to their late friend. Among others present were noticed Dr. James Stewart, Dr. Elder, Dr. Hamilton, superintendent General Hospital; Rev. J. Nichols, Rev. Dr. Smyth, etc. The students had provided a magnificent flower pillow—very large—in lilies, white roses, etc., and the words "Our Classmate, 1894," wrought on the top in flowers of dark colour. Some one led the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the young men sang it with great earnestness and feeling. Many of them wept, for John Lohead had been a great favourite with them. The sorrow-stricken father addressed a few words to them, and then took his seat in the car, where he guarded the flower pillow in front of him as if it were the one thing he had left to him. At 8.40 the train moved out of the station. The young man was well-informed; a great student; had an unblemished character. During this last college session he had been a regular worshipper in the American Presbyterian Church, and a faithful member of the Bible class in connection with its Sabbath school. Mr. Ames, his teacher, and Mr. Kingman, the superintendent, speak of him in very warm and affectionate terms.

ON Tuesday, March 15, the Presbytery of Ottawa met at 2 p.m. in the Church at Russell for the purpose of inducing the Rev. Orr Bennett, B.A., into the pastoral charge of the congregations of Russell and Metcalfe. There was a good attendance of the people to greet their new pastor. The Rev. J. H. Beatt, of Cumberland, presided on the occasion. The Rev. J. M. Goodwillie, M.A., of Osgoode, preached the induction sermon from the text, Rom. xii. 1. After putting the usual questions to the pastor, Mr. Beatt solemnly inducted him by prayer to his charge. Dr. Moore, of Ottawa, then addressed suitable words of counsel to the newly-inducted pastor, and Mr. Beatt similarly addressed the congregation. Mr. Bennett was introduced to the members of the congregation present as they retired at the close of the service. Mr. Bennett is a son of the Rev. Wm. Bennett, of Springfield, Clerk of the Presbytery of Peterborough. He has lately returned from Scotland, where he had gone to prosecute his studies in order to furnish himself more fully for his life's work. In the evening there was a social meeting to welcome Mr. Bennett. The church was filled with an enthusiastic gathering. Dr. MacDougall occupied the chair. On the platform besides the newly-inducted pastor were the Rev. Dr. Moore, of Ottawa; the Rev. J. H. Beatt, of Cumberland; and the Rev. J. C. Campbell, of the Bible Society, Ottawa, formerly pastor of the congregation; the Rev. Mr. Austen, of the Methodist Church of Russell and Metcalfe, and the Rev. Mr. Osborne, of the Methodist Church of Bearbrook. These gentlemen addressed words of greeting and cheer to the young minister and his people on this auspicious occasion. The choir, which was only formed for the first time a few days ago, gave admirable renderings of a few hymns during the evening and gave an earnest of what they might do in the future in leading the praise of God in His house. Mr. Beatt gave two hymns entitled "Flee as a Bird" and "Ah, Long Ago." An excellent repast of tea, coffee and cake was served during the evening. Altogether a most enjoyable evening was spent, and Mr. Bennett must have been cheered and encouraged by the enthusiastic welcome he received at Russell. May he be long spared and much blessed in his work for the Lord.

PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON.—This Presbytery met on March 15th. Grants for supplements were considered. Three charges were removed from the list. The grants now asked for are, Smithsville, \$50; Dunnville, \$150; Port Colborne, \$300; Louth, \$100; Locke Street, Hamilton, \$250; Niagara, \$100; Cayuga, \$150; Hagersville, \$200; Ancaster, \$3 per Sabbath; Merritt, \$1.50, and Fort Erie, \$4. Arrangements for supply of vacancies and mission fields were made. Resolved to apply to Synod for transference of Waterford and Windham Centre to the Presbytery of Paris. Messrs. James Murray and G. Rutherford were appointed to serve on the Synod's Committee on Bills. Mr. John Gray, of Windsor, was nominated as Moderator of Synod. Reports on Temperance, State of Religion, Sabbath Schools were ordered to be transmitted to Synod. Approval was expressed of the Bill now before Parliament for the better observance of the Lord's Day. Resolved also to petition for the closing on the Lord's Day of the Canadian department in the Chicago Fair next summer. The induction of Mr. F. Ballantyne at Bunly was fixed for April 7. A call to Mr. J. A. Hamilton from Hullett and Londesboro was laid on the table. Commissioners to next General Assembly were elected, viz.: Mr. Lyle, Dr. Laidlaw, Dr. McIntyre, Messrs. Robertson, Smith, Shearer, Dr. Laing, Dr. Fraser, Mr. Day, Mr. Cameron, ministers; J. Charlton, M.P., R. Lawrie, G. Rutherford, R. McQueen, A. McPherson, F. Reid, J. M. Dingwall, W. J. Leckie, M. Turnbull, T. D. Cowper, elders.—JOHN LAING, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF OWEN SOUND.—This Presbytery met in Owen Sound March 15, Mr. McAlpine, the Moderator, in the chair. The Presbytery approved of dividing the Synod, but preferred that the Western Division of the Church should be formed into five Synods with 125 ministers in each, and adopted an overture to that effect submitted by Dr. Fraser. Rev. J. Gillis was appointed ordained missionary in Lion's Head for two years, and to have oversight of the Indian Peninsula. Remit on College Summer Session was adopted in terms of the resolution of Toronto Presbytery. Reports on State of Religion, Temperance and Sabbath Schools were left for final adoption till the adjourned meeting. Application was made to the Augmentation Fund Committee for \$100 for Temple Hill, etc., and \$275 for Knox Church, Sydenham. Application was made to the Home Mission Committee for sums as follows: \$57 for Lion's Head, with \$50 for superintendence. Four dollars for Markdale and Crawford, \$3 for Hepworth and the Indian Peninsula, \$2 in summer and \$3 in winter for Berkeley, etc., also for \$3 for an ordained missionary in Johnson, etc. A letter was read from Mr. Bell in which he declined appointment in Johnson field, and stated that he had promised to return to Laurel etc., in Orangeville Presbytery. Commissioners were appointed to the General Assembly as follows: Messrs. Dewar, McLaren, Somerville and Rodgers, ministers; Messrs. Armstrong, Christie, Murray and Dr. Sloan, elders. Commissioners unable to accept the appointment are requested to notify the Clerk of Presbytery as soon as possible. Dr. Waits was granted two, and Mr. McLaren three, months' leave of absence. The resignation of Mr. Ross of Meaford was accepted to take effect May 15, and Mr. McLaren was appointed Moderator of Meaford Session after that date. Dr. Waits was appointed Moderator of Knox, St. Vincent, and St. Pauls, Sydenham, after May 15. Mr. McLaren presented annual financial statement duly audited. The report was adopted, thanks tendered, and he was re-appointed treasurer. Messrs. McLaren and Somerville were appointed to prepare an application to General Assembly to have Mr. Rodgers placed on the list of annuitants of Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. Messrs. Fraser, Waits and Somerville were appointed to draw up standing orders for the Presbytery and submit them to next regular meeting. Mr. McAlpine was appointed on the Synod's business committee. Mr. Yeomans gave notice that he would move that the June meeting should be held in Warton. The Presbytery then adjourned to meet in Division Street Hall, on Tuesday, April 10, at ten a.m., and the meeting was closed with the benediction. JOHN SOMERVILLE, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF ORANGEVILLE.—This Presbytery met on the 8th inst., at Orangeville, Rev. D. C. Hossack, M.A. LL.B., Moderator, in the chair. The attendance of ministers was good, but that of elders small. Elders' commissions were received from Mr. R. Currie of Laurel and Mr. A. Steele, M.A., of Orangeville. The Presbytery considered Mr. Hudson's resignation of Dundalk and Ventry. Mr. Edwards of Dundalk and Mr. Clark of Ventry stated that Mr. Hudson had done good work in those congregations and expressed their sorrow at his resignation. As Mr. Hudson pressed his resignation, it was accepted to take effect on the first day of April. Messrs. McRobbie and Wells were appointed a committee to prepare a minute on Mr. Hudson's resignation. Dr. McRobbie was appointed interim Moderator of Session, and to preach in those stations on April 3 and declare the pulpits vacant. Mr. Wilson submitted a very interesting report on Sabbath schools. It could not be as full as desirable as only twenty-six out of forty-two Sabbath schools reported. After considerable discussion the report was adopted and the thanks of the Presbytery tendered to Mr. Wilson. Mr. Farquharson presented an application from the congregations of First Chin-

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guacousy and Second Chinguacousy, asking liberty to change the names of these congregations so that they shall be known as Mayfield and Claude respectively. The application was granted in terms of the request. Mr. Campbell presented a carefully prepared report on the State of Religion which was adopted, and the thanks of the Presbytery tendered to Mr. Campbell for his diligence. The Presbytery decided that the ministerial commissioners to the General Assembly should be elected by rotation, according to date of induction in the Presbytery. And that the commissioners from the eldership be elected by rotation from the list of charges. The following ministerial delegates were appointed, viz.: Messrs. Orr, McColl, Hossack, Emes and Elliott. And the following charges are to be represented by elders, viz.: Grand Valley and South Luther, Erin and Ospringe, Claude and Mayfield, Puceville, Flesherston and Eugenia. The Presbytery considered the Assembly's Remits Anent the Probation Scheme, and approved of the system already in force. Anent the Summer Session, the Presbytery decided in favour of said Session at Winnipeg. The Presbytery approved of a salaried secretary for the Foreign Mission Committee, and nominated Rev. R. P. Mackay, B.A., of Toronto. The Presbytery nominated Rev. Principal Caven as Moderator of the next General Assembly. Messrs. Rowan of Knox Church, Caledon, and McFadyean of Waldemar stated that their stations were desirous of having an ordained missionary. Messrs. Hossack, Crozier and Steele were appointed a committee to procure supply. Mr. R. Currie of Laurel stated that the congregations of Laurel and Black's Corners, with a view to giving a call soon, agreed to raise \$500 annually and were preparing to build a manse, and asked the Presbytery to apply for a supplement of \$250. The Presbytery agreed to make application for said supplement. Dr. McRobbie stated that he had not been able to visit Grand Valley and South Luther anent supplement, but would do so next Sabbath (D.V.) and report to the Presbytery's mission agent. Mr. McColl stated that Mr. McLeod had not visited his congregations. He was instructed to have Mr. McLeod attend to that matter as soon as possible and report to the mission agent. Mr. Wells was appointed to visit Osprey charge, Mr. Crozier to visit Laurel and Black's Corners, and Mr. Campbell, to visit Caledon East and St. Andrew's, Caledon, and report to our Mission Convener. The Clerk read an application from Mrs. McClelland, widow of the late Rev. T. J. McClelland of Shelburne, to have her name put on the list of beneficiaries of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. The Clerk was instructed to correspond with the secretary of said Fund anent her claims and report at next meeting. The treasurer having reported that many congregations were in arrears to the Presbytery Fund, the Clerk was instructed to notify said congregations and urge them to pay said arrears. The Clerk read circular letters to the effect that applications would be made to the General Assembly for leave to receive ministers into this Church as follows: The Presbytery of Barrie on behalf of Rev. Joseph Brown, late of the Presbytery of Mankato, Minn., of the Presbyterian Church of the United States; the Presbytery of Stratford on behalf of the Rev. S. C. Graeb, a minister of the Evangelical Association of North America; the Presbytery of Montreal on behalf of the Rev. Edward Pelletier, formerly of the Congregational Church, United States. The Presbytery decided that the next regular meeting be held in Orangeville on Tuesday the third day of May next at eleven a.m.—H. CROZIER, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF WINNIPEG.—This Presbytery met in Knox Church, Winnipeg, on March 1. There were twenty-four members present, besides deputations from several mission fields. An invitation was read from the Winnipeg members of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society asking the Presbytery to meet the members and delegates of the Presbyterian Society at tea in the school-room at six o'clock. The invitation was accepted, and the ladies were thanked. The greater part of the afternoon was spent in discussing the half-yearly Home Mission report, which was presented by Dr. Bryce. Mr. Neil McLeod, an elder from Greenwood, presented the case of that congregation, asking that an ordained missionary be sent to them and that a grant of \$200 be provided. It was agreed to recommend these requests to the Home Mission Committee. After conference with Mr. Robertson, representative of Meadow Lea, it was agreed to reduce the grant to that congregation by \$1 per week. A deputation from Millbrook presented a petition asking that they be allowed to call a minister, and promising a salary to the amount of \$600 per annum. It was agreed that the request be granted; that the Rev. D. Anderson be appointed to preside at the meeting to be held for the purpose of calling a minister, and that application be made to the Home Mission Committee for a grant of \$300 per annum. On representations from the Rev. J. A. F. Sutherland and Mr. W. M. Fee, missionary, it was agreed that the grant to Clondeboye be increased by \$1 per week. The question of the supply of Bird's Hill for the remainder of the winter was referred to the Home Mission Committee, a difficulty of supplying it by the present arrangement having arisen from the badness of the roads. Notice was given by the Synodical Home Mission Committee that the grant to Blythfield would be reduced, beginning with the month of April. It was resolved to ask that no reduction be made, but that the grant be continued at \$200, the same sum as formerly. A similar notice was read to the effect that the grant to Dominion City is to be reduced from \$300 per annum to \$150. It was resolved in view of the recent settlement of the Rev. Walter Beattie that the Committee be asked to continue the former grant for another six months. On motion of Dr. Bryce, seconded by Rev. J. A. F. Sutherland, the report as a whole was adopted, and the Clerk was instructed to extend the congratulations of the Presbytery to the congregations of Fort William and Stonewall, which have become self-sustaining during the year. The report of the Presbyterian Women's

Foreign Missionary Society in session in another part of the church was presented to the Presbytery. It was agreed to nominate the Revs. Dr. Duval and C. D. McDonald a committee to prepare a resolution in reference to the work of this Society, and to present it at the session in the evening. In the evening a public missionary meeting was held in conjunction with the Presbyterian Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Addresses were given by the Rev. Dr. Duval, C. D. McDonald, J. A. F. Sutherland and Professor Baird. On re-assembling for business commissioners to the General Assembly were elected. Revs. Dr. Duval and David Anderson were chosen from the roll by rotation, and Revs. Dr. King and Dr. Bryce and John Pringle were chosen by ballot. The following elders were chosen: Rev. Professor Hart, Chief Justice Taylor and Messrs. C. H. Campbell, Donald Fraser, of Emerson, and J. L. Meikle, of Port Arthur. On motion of Rev. Professor Baird, seconded by Dr. King, it was cordially agreed to recommend an additional grant of \$50 to complete payment for the church recently erected at Meadow Lea. Rev. W. J. Hall, of Stonewall, resigned his charge on the ground that the amount of physical exertion required to overtake the duties of the charge proves too much for his strength. It was agreed to notify the Stonewall congregation and ask its representatives to appear for their interests at a special meeting to be held within a fortnight. It was agreed unanimously to recommend the appointment of a salaried secretary for Foreign Missions, and to nominate the Rev. Dr. Fraser for the position. On motion of Rev. Joseph Hogg, seconded by Dr. Duval, the Rev. Dr. Robertson was nominated as Moderator for the next General Assembly. A committee, consisting of Rev. Joseph Hogg, Rev. R. G. Macbeth and Mr. John Paterson, was appointed to prepare a report on the matter of the Distribution of Probationers and report at the next regular meeting. The Rev. J. W. Nelson, formerly of Nova Scotia, and recently engaged in missionary work in the Western States, applied for re-admission as a minister of the Presbyterian Church. It was agreed to make application to the General Assembly on his behalf. The congregation of Morris applied for a grant of \$160 to assist them in the erection of a frame manse, which is to cost \$300. The Presbytery agreed to recommend the application to the Church and Manse Board. The Presbytery holds its next regular meeting in Knox Church on the 10th of May, at 3 p.m.

OBITUARY.

DAVID S. CAMPBELL

On the evening of Sabbath, 25th February, Mr. Campbell, an elder of Knox Church, Mitchell, was suddenly removed by death, caused by aneurism. The sad news was a shock to the entire community in which Mr. Campbell was universally loved and respected. In Knox Church especially was it felt, for there he was a prominent figure, not only as a member but also as an elder.

The following sketch of Mr. Campbell's personal history is offered as a token of loving remembrance by one who loved him as a brother and companioned with him during the past ten years.

Mr. Campbell was born in the city of Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1841. His father, the Rev. James Campbell, was at that time pastor of the Silver Street Baptist Church, but shortly afterwards came to Toronto and took charge of the Bond Street Church, now known as the Jarvis Street Baptist Church. The late Hon. John McMaster was at that date an active worker in Mr. Campbell's congregation. The failure of his health caused him to leave Toronto and come to the county of Perth, which was to be the field of David's labours. Schools were then almost unknown, but the perseverance of the man was marked in the boy, for with a purpose all too rare we find him engaged in the day time in the labours of the farm and in the evenings with the ploddings of the student. With no help save that afforded by his mother, he passed his preliminary examination as a provincial land surveyor in 1862, and his final four years later. He then entered into partnership with Mr. W. Rath, P.L.S., and upon his death assumed the whole practice.

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His whole career was marked by integrity of purpose, candour in statement and justice in judgment. When sixteen years of age he professed his faith in Christ. In 1874 he united with the congregation of Knox Church, Mitchell, was ordained an elder in 1887 and appointed Clerk of Session in 1890. His walk and conversation were such as become the Gospel of Christ. Unobtrusive and retiring, he yet was a power for good. His kindly nature and genial sympathy won all hearts, and his life was an unbroken testimony of the power of Divine grace. A few jottings of Mr. Campbell's family connections may not be out of place. His uncle, William Greig, was Provost of Perth, and had the honour to

present "the keys" to Her Majesty on the occasion of her first visit to that place. Another uncle, James, was editor of the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, and still another, Alexander, was Principal of Perth Academy. Mr. Campbell was one of three brothers, all now dead. There are two sisters living, Mrs. Dr. Hurlbut, of Mitchell, and Mrs. Captain Neal, of Port Huron, U.S. Mr. Campbell was married in 1875 to Miss Murdie, of the Township of McKillop, who survives him. The earthly career of this brother beloved is closed, and our loss is his gain. "I heard a voice saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

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- On May 2nd, those who are entitled to prizes will receive them.
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- Competition closes April 30th. Prize winners' names will be published on May 2nd, 1892.

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British and Foreign.

THE Rev. R. M. Thornton was appointed Moderator of the Session at Marylebone.

THE Rev. John Stewart, of First Carrickfergus, has declined the call to Elmwood, Belfast.

THE Rev. Andrew Baird, B.D., has been inducted to the pastorate of Broughton Parish Church.

THE Rev. Cornelius Giffen, of St. Marys, Edinburgh, is about to receive the degree of D.D. from Edinburgh University.

THE Rev. William Balfour, of Holyrood Church, Edinburgh, is about to receive the degree of D.D. from Edinburgh University.

THE Rev. Newman Hall, of Christ Church, London, is about to receive the degree of D.D. from Edinburgh University.

A CALL from the congregation of Tullamore has been given to Mr. John Humphreys, B.A., a licentiate of Strabane Presbytery.

THE Rev. David Cathers, M.A., of Kirkton, has been elected to succeed Dr. McKee in the pastorate of Hawick Parish Church.

By the death of Mr. James Adams, of Belfast, several Schemes of the General Assembly come into legacies amounting to \$5,000.

THE Rev. David Lillie, B.D., of Elay, has been appointed to Watten Parish Church in succession to the late Rev. William L. Reid, B.D.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at Ravenna to erect a mausoleum to Dante. Subscriptions have been asked from the whole civilized world.

It is understood that Lord Tweeddale will be appointed again as Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

MAY Street Church, Belfast, raised during the year for all purposes \$5,940. The mission hall and schools, recently completed, cost \$8,000.

THE Rev. R. M. Lithgow, of Glasgow, has been appointed by the Continental Committee to the pastorate of the Church at Lisbon for five years.

THE Irish delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Council, which is to be held in Toronto, in September, are already arranging their plans of travel.

A CALL is being prosecuted in favour of Mr. John Hunter Gregg, a licentiate of Letterkenny Presbytery, to succeed the late Rev. J. Colhoun at Kilrea.

THE Rev. James Laing, who has been called as colleague to Dr. Alexander Whyte, Edinburgh, is regarded as one of the most promising young ministers in Scotland.

THE Congregational week of self-denial in England has been very successful. More than the \$50,000 asked for has already reached the coffers of the London Missionary Society.

THE Rev. W. J. McCaughan, minister of Mountpottinger Church, was asked to contest East Belfast, but declined to do so in consideration of the claims of his congregation.

THE Free Church Assembly's commission, which met last week, adopted resolutions of sympathy over the deaths of the Duke of Clarence, Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Donald Fraser.

SUCH are the ravages of the mice on the Borden farms that Langholm Presbytery have had to inform the Endowment Committee that they cannot aid in the proposed endowment of fifty parishes.

SIR FRANCIS DE WINTON, C.B., LL.D., lectured on a recent Sabbath evening to the St. Cuthbert's V. M. C. A., Edinburgh, on "Christianity versus Mohammedanism in Africa."

THE Rev. Charles Allan, M.A., of Edinburgh, has been ordained to the pastorate of East Bank Church, Hawick, vacant by the election of Professor Orr to the Chair of Church History.

THE Presbyterian Church in Ireland has lost a liberal supporter by the death of Mr. James Greer, J.P. Mr. Greer was Crown Solicitor for the county of Antrim, and a Senator of the Royal University.

AN interesting meeting was held in Ferryhill Church, Aberdeen, to bid farewell to Dr. Elmlicie, a medical missionary, who had been home on furlough, and was now returning to Ngoniland, Central Africa.

A CONVERSAZIONE is to be given by the Edinburgh corporation in the Museum of Science and Art on the occasion of the conference in the city in summer of the V. M. C. Associations of the United Kingdom.

THE Rev. Dr. Joseph Antony O'Shea, S.F., has seceded from the Church of Rome. With some other converts he attended a Protestant Church on a recent Sunday. Eight such conversions are reported from different parts of Ireland.

PROFESSOR W. GARDEN BLAIRIE'S "Life of Christian Frederick Schwartz," the missionary who did so much good work all over India, forms the 120th number of the biographical series issued monthly by the Religious Tract Society, London.

THE Free Church commission has appointed as corresponding members to the English Presbyterian Synod Dr. Smith, the Moderator; Principals Brown and Rainy, ministers; and Messrs. McCandlish and Lorimer and Dr. McEachan, of Bombay, elders.

THE Rev. John McNeill has been informed that as a result of his mid-day meetings in Glasgow the resorters to a restaurant popularly known as "The Wines of the Wood" have decreased in number from 250 to 50. He is glad to find, he says, that the "Wines of the Wood" are proving more palatable than the "Wines of the Wood."

THE Rev. James Taylor, D.D., once of Kenfield Street Church, Glasgow, and afterwards secretary of the Scottish Education Board, is about to receive the degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University. Dr. Taylor's work on the great governing families and his "Pictorial History of Scotland" give him a high place among Scottish historians.

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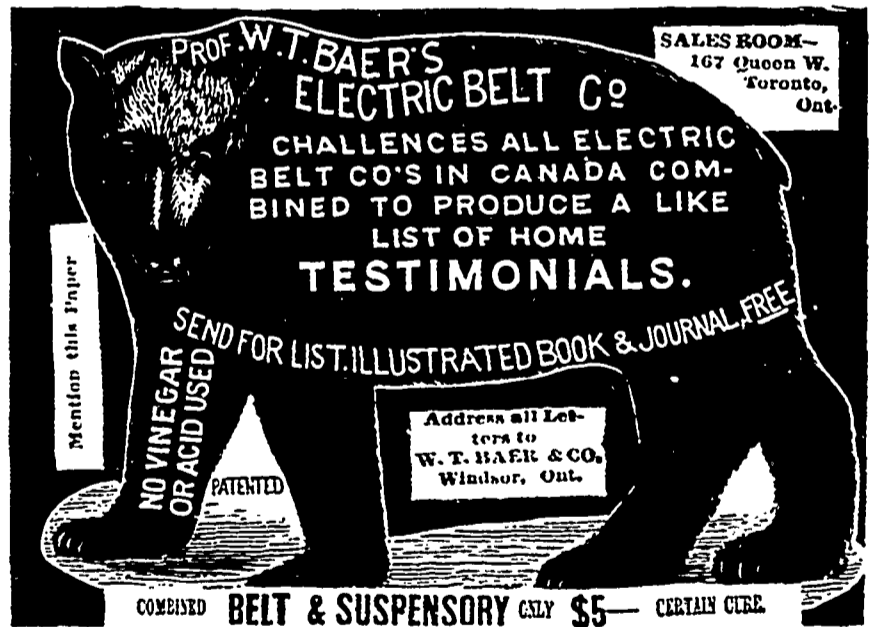
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THE CARE OF ONE'S CLOTHES.

One's apparel will last much longer, and also much replenishing be saved, if everything is well taken care of. Nothing pays better than this watchfulness, which only takes a little extra time and patience. Always, if possible, look over every article of wearing apparel each time it is taken off.

Shake dresses, brush them thoroughly and carefully; hang them away in the closet, and be sure that the loops are placed in the right places; a dress should never be hung up without loops. Many prefer to fold handsome dresses, wrap them in an old sheet and lay them in a drawer. I hang all of mine up in closets, always keeping a sheet pinned across evening or light dresses.

Never throw dresses over a chair or hang other articles over them in the closet, as it makes them badly wrinkled and injures them badly.

Cloaks and wraps, after being well brushed, should be hung up by a loop at the back of the neck, or they may be carefully laid in a drawer.

Fold shawls in their original creases and either lay them in a drawer or on the shelf, but never hang them up.

Hats and bonnets should also have as good care, putting them in boxes; or if laid on the shelf they should be wrapped in a piece of white cloth to keep them from the dust. When taking bonnets off, straighten and smooth the ribbons and flowers before laying away.

One large drawer in the dresser should be kept and especially dedicated to one's ribbons, laces, handkerchiefs, gloves, etc., also having separate boxes in the drawer for articles of a kind—laces by themselves, ribbons, etc.

Always, when taking off gloves, pull them out lengthwise, smooth them and lay carefully in a box set apart for them; never roll them up together and toss them aside like a bit of rubbish; and, if possible, do not fold them over in the centre.

Laces should be well looked after, and kept fresh, neat, and smoothly folded. Do not allow any of these smaller articles of the toilette to be thrown altogether in a drawer in a mass of confusion; it will take the freshness and neatness from them.

Shoes should never be thrown about, left to lie on the floor under the bed, to collect the dust, which surely injures them. Smooth them out, brush them, and if no buttons are off, no rips found, place them in the shoe bag or box. Never allow a button to stay off of a shoe, as it shows great negligence, besides hurting the appearance of the shoe.

Always have on hand a brush broom, a bonnet brush, a sponge and pieces of soft flannel, bottles containing ammonia, benzine and alcohol, and some cleansing fluid, to aid in removing spots of dust and dirt, stains, etc., from the clothing.

Keep every article carefully mended, as by that means it can be made to last much longer. Verily, a stitch in time does save more than nine. By all means never wear a stocking with even a very small hole in it, but change it as quickly as possible and darn it very neatly; so with all articles of wearing apparel.

COCOANUT DROPS.—Four tablespoonfuls of grated cocoanut, the white of one egg beaten stiff, and about two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar—a little more if the mixture seems too soft; drop on buttered paper and bake in a cool oven about fifteen minutes or until a pale brown.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—Dissolve a large tablespoonful of borax in a pint of boiling water; mix one-quarter of it in the water in which the wool is to be washed; put in one piece of goods at a time, using soap if needed, and, if necessary, add more of the borax water. Wash well and rinse in warm water. Shake well and hang where the goods will dry quickly.

BEEFSTEAK.—Put two large tablespoonfuls of butter together with three slices of lemon into your chafing-dish. Add one pound of beefsteak cut one inch thick. Cook slowly for ten minutes. Over this pour a gill of good stock (made by melting canned extract of beef in hot

water), then a gill of port wine; simmer for another ten minutes, when the juice of a lemon is to be squeezed over the steak; it is then ready to serve.

AS boiled chicken is not very sightly on the table, make your soup first, and then serve the fowl as "creamed chicken." Cut it up into blocks, and heat with sauce of the broth thickened with corn starch, a little milk or cream, and flavoured with celery-seed, nutmeg or mace. Serve with celery tops around the dish. Any thickened white sauce is improved with the yolk of an egg; oysters stewed and served *a la poulette* are done in this way.

ROASTED OYSTER CRACKERS.—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a bowl with half a pint of boiling water. When the butter is melted, put in a pint and a-half of oyster crackers, stirring them well, that all may get a slight coating of the butter and water. Spread the crackers in a shallow pan and put in a hot oven for ten or twelve minutes. They should be brown and glossy at the end of that time. Serve in a deep dish with the oyster soup.

SPANISH STEW.—This is an excellent way to use up tough cold beef. Take two or three pounds of cold meat and cut it into small pieces, put it in a stew-pan with a can of tomatoes, two good-sized onions cut in quarters and five or six sticks of macaroni broken into small pieces. Cover the stew pan and cook until the meat is reduced to shreds, which will be for three or four hours. If the gravy boils away add boiling water enough to make it the required thickness; season highly before serving.

RABBIT PIE.—One rabbit, a few slices of pork, either salted or not, one hard-boiled egg, a little mace, a few drops lemon juice, pepper and butter. Cut the rabbit into pieces, soak in salted water half an hour, and stew until half done in enough water to cover it. Lay some slices of the pork in the bottom of a pie dish, and upon these a layer of rabbit. Upon this lay slices of boiled eggs, pepper and butter. Sprinkle a little powdered mace, and squeeze a few drops of lemon peel upon each piece of meat. Proceed in this order until the dish is full, the top layer being pork. Pour in the water in which the rabbit was stewed, adding a little flour. Cover with puff paste, cut a slice in the middle, and bake one hour, laying paper over the top should it brown too fast.

SHEEP'S TONGUES WITH ITALIAN SAUCE.—Prepare the tongues and when tender cut through the middle; put them on a heated dish. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a sauce-pan, and slice into it one small onion; allow it to cook until the onion is yellow but not brown; then remove it from the fire until it is rather cool; add two tablespoonfuls of flour, stir it over the fire until well mixed, then add one pint of liquor in which the tongues were boiled. Add one tablespoonful of chopped ham, cloves and a level teaspoonful of salt, and a seasoning of white pepper. Stand this on the back part of the range for thirty minutes; then dish the tongues, remove every particle of fat from the surface of the sauce, strain over the tongues and serve. A can of chopped mushrooms may be added to the sauce after it is strained; then it can be simply reheated. They may be also served with tomato sauce.

BAKED SALT MACKEREL.—For six people use two salt mackerels of medium size. Soak over night in a pan of cold water, with the split side of the fish down. In the morning put a tin sheet in a dripping pan and lay the mackerel on this, the split side up. Pour a pint of sweet milk over them and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. When they have been cooking for twenty minutes, mix together two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Stir this mixture into the milk and finish the cooking. Lift the sheet out of the pan and slide the fish upon a hot dish. Pour the sauce over it and serve. This is a good dish for dinner, and can be served with potatoes in any form.

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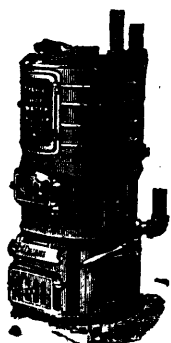


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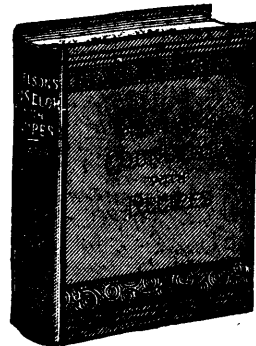
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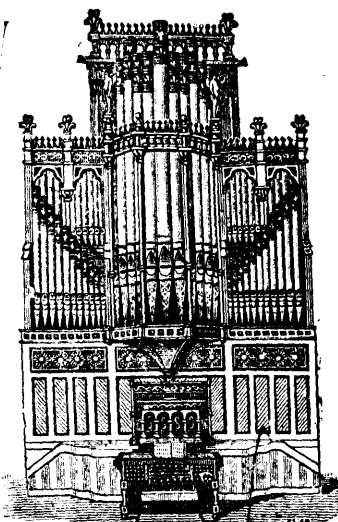
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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

BIRTH.
 At St. Andrews Manse, Williamstown, Ont., on March 13, the wife of the Rev. Arpad Givan, of a daughter.

MARRIED.
 In New York, on the 17th of March, by the Rev. James Barclay, M.A., of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, Hugh Graham to Annie Beekman Hamilton. All of Montreal.

At St. Andrews Manse, Peterboro', March 18, 1892, by the Rev. A. MacWilliams, B.A., George Harrison Chase, of Santa Cruz, California, to Catherine McIntyre, of Otonabee, County of Peterboro'.

DIED.
 At Berlin, on the 16th inst., Lily Marion, youngest daughter of A. McPherson, editor and publisher of the *Telegraph*, aged 19 years.

On Monday, March 21, at his late residence, "Dalgarragh Cottage," Hyde Park, London Township, D. George Mackenzie, County Clerk, Middlesex, aged 58 years.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BRANDON.—At Brandon, May 3, at 8.30 p.m.
BROCKVILLE.—At Brockville, second Tuesday in July, at 2.30 p.m.
BRUCE.—At Chesley, July 12, at 2 p.m.
CHATHAM.—At Wingham, Tuesday, May 10, at 11.15 a.m.
GLENGARRY.—At Alexandria, on July 12, at 1 p.m.
OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Hall, Owen Sound, Tuesday, April 19, at 10 a.m.
TORONTO.—In St. Andrews Church West, on April 5, at 10 a.m.
WHITBY.—At Pickering, April 19.
WINNIPEG.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Tuesday, May 18, at 3 p.m.

POLITICS

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CLOSE OF SESSION.

The Session will close on THURSDAY, 7th APRIL. There will be a meeting in the Hall at 2 p.m. for giving Diplomas, Certificates and Scholarships; and a Public Meeting in Westminster Church, Bloor Street East, at 8 p.m., when addresses will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Proudfoot, Rev. J. Carmichael, of King, and Rev. J. Somerville, M.A., of Owen Sound.

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Miscellaneous.

SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.

The Synod of Hamilton and London will meet in KNOX CHURCH, STRATFORD, on Monday, April 18th, at 7.30 p.m.

The Business Committee will meet at 4 p.m. Rolls of Presbyteries and all papers for the Synod should be in the hands of the Clerk at least ten days before the day of meeting.

Certificates entitling Ministers and Elders to reduced rate of fare on the return journey must be procured from the several ticket agents on starting.

WM. COCHRANE,
 Synod Clerk.

Brantford, March 30th, 1892.

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