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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE are requested to say that the Rev. J. W. Handford, of this city, will (D.V.) deliver his celebrated lecture on Martin Luther, at Oakville, on Friday, 10th Jan. next. Proceeds in aid of the Manse Fund.

THE American and Scottish Presbyterian and the American Reformed Churches have formed a union in Japan, and combine their theological schools in a seminary at Tokio. A building for the seminary, to cost \$3,000, is to be erected.

TOWARDS the close of the term the pupils of Weston High School had a highly successful social and literary entertainment, at which the Principal, E. Wallace, B.A., was made the recipient of a congratulatory address and a copy of "Chambers' Encyclopedia."

THE Rev. Mr. Andrew, Presbyterian missionary of Muskoka, has been canvassing the congregations in the Lindsay Presbytery for the erection of a church at Huntsville. Taking circumstances into consideration he succeeded very well. He speaks in very high terms of that part of the country around Huntsville.

THE Roman Catholic journals of Mexico are very violent against Diaz, and urge war with the United States. A Journal called the *Bandera Nacional* denounces the Americans as enemies of God. The toleration of Protestantism by President Diaz is considered the highest of crimes by the Romanists.

It is said that Dean Stanley will shortly publish a pamphlet containing his opinions on the Disestablishment question in Scotland. He thinks that the Church in the Highlands should be disestablished and disendowed, and that a royal commission should be appointed to inquire into the circumstances of Scottish Churches generally.

WE notice that there is an article on "The Shorter Catechism" going the rounds of the American Religious press, credited to the "Earnest Worker." The article in question first saw the light in our editorial columns on 7th September last. The "Earnest Worker" must, we hope inadvertently, have taken it without giving due credit.

THE annual missionary meeting of the East Puslinch congregation was held in Duff's church last Monday night. The pastor, Rev. Alexander McKay, D.D., presided. Addresses were given by Rev. D. D. McLeod, Rev. R. Bentley, Rev. W. Masson, Mr. J. Dalgleish of Galt, and James McLean, Esq., merchant at Aberfoyle. There was a large attendance and a good collection for Foreign Missions.

THE leading French newspapers congratulate the country on the satisfactory solution of the recent difficulty, and seem satisfied with the composition of the new ministry. The clerical journals, however, are loud in their denunciation of the new arrangements. They affirm that "insurrection has triumphed"; and the fact that a Protestant holds office in the administration adds an element of bitterness to their hostility which it would not otherwise have possessed.

THE Rev. G. M. Milligan, M.A., of this city, lectured at Strathroy recently on "What the Sun-beams Say." The "Dispatch" gives an outline of the lecture, and adds:—"It was in the filling up of the frame-work that the power of the lecturer was displayed; and those who heard him enjoyed a rare treat. The audience was delighted and instructed for about an hour with a perfect avalanche of wit, humor, apt illustrations and sound deductions." Our London readers will have an opportunity (D.V.) of listening to Mr. Milligan, on the same subject, on the evening of the 28th inst., in St. Andrew's Church.

ANOTHER case of ultra-ritualism in the English Church will probably come before the law courts shortly. Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, already known to fame in connection with such matters, refuses to remove from his church (St. Alban's, Holborn) a picture of the Virgin Mary and a large crucifix, lately introduced. The Bishop of London wrote to Mackonochie requesting him to have the objectionable articles removed; but he declines to do so. The correspondence between them appears in the "Times," and in his last communication, the contumacious incumbent expresses his determination to abide whatever consequences may arise from his disobedience.

A SOCIETY called "The Sabbath Alliance of Philadelphia" has recently been organized in that city. Its object is "to awaken a deeper interest in the Sabbath; to instruct more fully the public, by means of addresses, tracts, books, etc., in relation to its nature and binding obligation; to seek to enforce existing laws of the State forbidding its violation, and if necessary to secure additional legislation for its further protection." All members of Christian churches, in the city and State without reference to denominational distinctions, are eligible to membership in this association. No doubt the need of such an organization was felt during the late contest with the managers of the Permanent Exhibition. We hope that it will be found useful, and that similar associations will be organized in other places, for unfortunately the need of them is not confined to Philadelphia.

A PUBLIC meeting of the Knox College Metaphysical and Literary Society, was held in the Convocation Hall of the College, on the evening of Friday the 14th inst., presided over by Rev. Professor Gregg, M.A. An essay by Mr. J. C. Tibb, B.A., on "The Covenanters," and a reading entitled, "The Deluge," by Mr. Angus McKay, were well received. The College Club then relieved the proceedings by rendering "Winds gently Whisper" in good style, and a debate followed on the question, "Does a Republican System of Government tend to foster communism and infidelity?" Messrs. John Johnstone and A. B. Baird, B.A., maintained the affirmative side of the question, and the negative was taken by Messrs. David Ross, M.A., and W. A. Hunter, B.A. The debating power of the disputants was frequently applauded by an intelligent

and attentive audience. After singing the doxology the meeting was closed with the benediction.

THE first social re-union of the season in connection with the Gould street Church Band of "Hopeful Gleaners" was held at the residence of Mr. John Y. Reid, Pembroke street, on the evening of last Friday, and was a most agreeable gathering. An attractive programme, made up of songs, readings, and piano solos, having been exhausted, a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Reid (who, by the way, spared no efforts to make the evening a pleasant one to those assembled in their comfortable parlors) brought the proceedings to a close. Such meetings are calculated to be useful in more ways than one. Not only is the treasury of Mission Bands replenished, but members of the same church are brought together to an extent unattainable in almost any other way.

THE Woodbridge Congregation, organized about two years and eight months ago, have the near prospect of entering a neat, substantial brick church, which has been erected during the past summer. The Church will be dedicated next Sabbath, the 23rd inst., when services will be conducted by Rev. Principal Caven, Rev. J. M. Cameron, Toronto, and Rev. W. Aitken, of Vaughan. On the following Monday evening, the 24th, there will be a Social Meeting. Addresses will be delivered by several well known ministers. The Choir of Gould Street Church, Toronto, has kindly promised to be present. Arrangements have been made with the Toronto, Grey, and Bruce Railway to run a special train. Regular train leaves Union Station, at 3.45 p.m. Special leaves Woodbridge at 10.30 p.m., for Toronto. Tickets to Woodbridge and return, 75 cents.

REV. K. JUNOR, who was lately appointed as a missionary of our Church to the island of Formosa, and who has in the past been laboring in Bermuda, preached in Cote Street Church, Montreal, last Sabbath. He said there were three missionaries of the Presbyterian Church in Formosa; of these Dr. Fraser, who went out two years ago, was obliged to return on account of the loss of his wife. Rev. Mr. McKay went out six years ago, and already there were twelve churches there. More help was required. So great was the population of the Chinese empire to which Formosa belonged that if the Chinese were proportionately distributed over the whole world one in every three of the world's population would be a Chinaman, and yet in China there was but one Christian missionary to each million of people. The Island of Formosa contained three millions of people. The missionaries there itinerated among the villages, preaching the gospel and teaching the young. There were two races on the island, the aborigines on the west, a treacherous and somewhat barbarous people, and the Chinese on the east, hard-working and peaceable. The attempt of the English Presbyterian Church to establish a mission among the former was unsuccessful, but Rev. Mr. McKay landed in an unknown part of the island without a knowledge of the language, and had secured glorious results. A large hospital was established in connection with the Mission, in which nearly four thousand patients had been annually treated, and patients on leaving it went to their distant homes telling of what they had seen and heard, and what had been done for them. He asked them to remember the mission in their prayers and contributions.

INSTALLATION OF PRINCIPAL GRANT.

On the afternoon of Wednesday the 5th inst., the ceremonies connected with the installation of Principal Grant commenced in Convocation Hall, Queen's University, Kingston. At four o'clock the procession entered, consisting of the Janitor, the Chancellor and Sir John Macdonald, the Trustees and Benefactors, Principals Caven and McVicar, the Senate, the Professors of Royal College, Elective Member of the University Council, Graduates and Alumni. These, along with a large number of other gentlemen (ministers and laymen) took seats on the platform. The installation opened with the reading of the forty-seventh psalm, and prayer by Rev. D. M. Gordon, B.D., Ottawa. Berg called upon by the Chancellor, the Registrar read the minutes of the appointment made at a meeting of the Board of Trustees held on the 2nd of October. The Chancellor then put to Mr. Grant the questions prescribed by Statute 39, and having received explicit and satisfactory answers, declared him to be fully installed Principal of Queen's University. This first part of the proceedings was then closed with the benediction. In the evening the City Hall was filled to its utmost capacity by a most intelligent and respectable audience, and when the academic procession entered, much enthusiasm was manifested in favor of the new Principal. The proceedings were opened by the reading of Scripture and prayer by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., after which came the

CHANCELLOR'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Cooke, addressing the newly installed Principal, expressed in felicitous terms, in the name of the Convocation, the very great satisfaction that was felt by its members when they found that he had been appointed to the Principalship and that he had accepted the appointment. Describing the qualifications which he considered indispensable for the proper discharge of the duties of principal of a University as well as those other qualities of mind and heart which might be desirable though not always absolutely necessary, he stated his firm conviction that Mr. Grant possessed all these qualities—the necessary and the desirable. In closing he paid an eloquent tribute of praise to the character, the ability and the services of the late principal.

Principal Grant, who was received with great applause, then delivered the following

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

MR. CHANCELLOR AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVOCATION:—Permit me in the first place, to thank the Governing Body of the University, for having unanimously appointed me to the honorable position into which I have now been installed, and to thank all others connected with the institution for cordial congratulations and hearty welcome. When my attention was first called to the vacancy, caused by the resignation of one whose name shall ever be associated with the stability and prosperity of Queen's College, and my own name was freely mentioned in connection with the appointment that fell to be made, many considerations prompted me to decline, by anticipation, the high honour. My work hitherto has been that of a pastor, preacher, churchman; not forgetting—and not finding inconsistent with that work—the duties incumbent on each and all of us as citizens and members of the common weal. I liked my work and had no desire to change. The grooves had been worn smooth by long use. The trust of my people, and of my brethren in the Provinces by the Sea, made it everything that the heart of man could wish. I believed that an older and more scholarly man, a more systematic theologian, and one whose tastes would change all the duties of the position into pleasure could be found. These considerations gave way before what I felt was the united and independent call of the Church. In coming to you, I have simply obeyed that call. Another side of the question had to be considered. Queen's is no mere Divinity Hall. It is an University with a Royal Charter. It has its Faculty in Theology, a well-equipped Faculty in Arts, and a Medical College affiliated and in living connection with it. The relation of the Medical College to the University is peculiarly happy. The Professors manage their own affairs and pay their own way; but their action shows that they recognize the importance of being united to a University that is not only an Examining Board and a Fountain of Honour, but also a Teaching Body. Their students are thus enabled to avail themselves of the classes in Chemistry,

Botany and other branches of natural history, and also of those classes that are universally recognized as essential to a Faculty in Arts, and to a liberal education. Such a liberal education every intending physician should resolve to acquire. It should not be enough for him that he has studied his own bread-and-butter subjects. And merely professional education gives a one-sided development to the powers of the mind, and leaves the student with marked limitations of ideas, and altogether an imperfect, because a one-sided man. And it is only in men of the Bailie Nichol Jarvie type—and that type though respectable is not the highest—that the being a bailie, a physician, or a clergyman, is honor so overwhelming, that it makes him forget that he is a man, and that no honour and no gold can compensate for neglect of that which makes the man. Besides, in order that anyone should rise to distinction even in his own profession, two things are requisite. First, well educated mental powers; secondly, a thorough knowledge of the facts and principles of his profession, and the former is by far the more important of the two. How then shall we most successfully develop our mental powers? Certainly not by confining students to one class of subjects. What is known as a liberal education, should be given to those who are to be our men of business, the officers of our army, our lawyers, our farmers, and emphatically to our doctors. In an appendix to his Philosophical Discussions, Sir William Hamilton reviews the evidence that was given before a Royal Commission on the propriety of a liberal education for physicians, and he sums it up thus: "The authority of all Universities out of Scotland, and of the whole disinterested intelligence in this and every other country, professional and non-professional, intra and extra academical." Were he writing now, he would—unfortunately for us—have to write "out of America," and not "out of Scotland." It is then a matter for congratulation that the connection of the Medical College with the Queen's, is of such a nature that intending and actual students of medicine can study those subjects which, according to the testimony of all nations, tend to produce "a general and harmonious evolution of our mental faculties and capacities in their relative subordinations." May the connection become more cordial and increasingly useful! May the result be, that the majority—if not the whole body of Physicians who go out from Queen's College, shall be Bachelors of Arts or of Science as well as Doctors of Medicine! And to this prayer—which regard for my own physical well-being inspires in me—all the people say Amen;—for they are all deeply interested in such a consummation.

But here the question came up, is it wise for the Church to undertake the burden of a Faculty of Arts in connection with Queen's? Or as others put it, is it wise to maintain a Faculty of Divinity in Queen's? For our University has many candid friends, and they speak their minds as candid friends are wont to speak. One looks at her head admiringly, and cries, how beautiful you would be if only you were all head! Another gazes at her corporation, and enthusiastically exclaims, what a magnificent torso you would make! On this subject it is enough to say that life is too short to be always discussing the same subject. The question of consolidating our various institutions delayed the union of the Churches for two or three years. It was found that Knox College, whose honoured head we all gladly welcome to-night (loud applause), though then without buildings or endowments, refused to move East; that Montreal Presbyterian College, to whose Principal we extend an equally cordial welcome (loud applause), though without endowment, would not move West; and it could not be expected that old Queen's, with buildings and endowments, would abandon her limestone foundations in the ancient Capital of Canada. The matter then "took end," as far as legislation is concerned. But it only took beginning, as far as action is concerned. The Church in accepting Queen's, of course, meant to preserve, cherish and honor her. Her special friends, in insisting upon the maintenance of her integrity, of course meant to develop and strengthen her in every department. They considered that Ontario was too vast a country for one College, however nobly endowed that College may be; that there was an undoubted advantage in a combination of the Arts and Divinity Faculties when the constituency was extensive enough to support both; that Queen's had too illustrious a record to consent to extinction; that her vitality had been proved by sur-

viving shocks that had killed other institutions; that the number of students who flocked to her halls showed that she supplied to the country a felt need; that she was required by the Church now, and might be still more required in future. As far as Provincial action was concerned, it was surely well, it seems to me, that Ontario should devote the whole endowment accruing from the land set apart for University education to one good College, rather than fritter it away on several institutions. If others are in existence from local, denominational, or other necessities, let the necessity be proved by the sacrifices their friends are willing to make for them, and the real extent of the necessity by the survival of the fittest. The existence of one amply endowed from Provincial resources will always be a guarantee that Provincial educational interests shall not be sacrificed to the clamours of an endless number of sects and localities, and a guarantee also of the efficiency of the various Colleges, the Provincial College included. Competition, when there is room for it, is a good thing even in education. Dr. Chalmers thought that the best possible condition of things for promoting the religious well-being of a country was an Established Church surrounded by a vigorous Dissent. I quite agree with him when the country happens to possess a free historical National Church;—I would submit whether a similar condition of things does not offer the best security for the educational welfare of Canada. That Queen's is a necessity is perhaps sufficiently shown by the nearly 200 solid proofs she can show in the shape of students. But much requires to be done before we can say that the University is discharging her work fully, and is therefore secure. We have no right to ask young men to attend an institution unless we believe that there are in connection with its various Faculties all the means and appliances required according to modern standards for full mental development or professional training. In order that Queen's may stand on this broad and solid foundation various additions are indispensable. The necessity of a new Convocation Hall for its own sake and for the sake of having more class-rooms is universally acknowledged. In order that the degree of B.Sc. may be on an equal footing and occupy an entirely distinctive position from that of B.A., an additional Professorship of Physics is needed. Any one who has seen the appliances with which Professor Dupuis has to work must feel ashamed that he has not a well-equipped Laboratory. And additional Bursaries and some really good scholarships are much required. But it is in the Faculty of Theology that enlargement is immediately called for. Thanks to the John Watkins foundation, a lectureship of Elocution and Sacred Rhetoric is now permanently provided. But we must have a third professorship in Divinity at once. The General Assembly at its last meeting acknowledged this, and urged us to raise the required endowment as soon as possible. Has Queen's no single friend wealthy and large hearted enough to establish this chair, and so earn our undying gratitude, and link his name for ever with our Divinity Hall and the training of a Canadian Ministry? If not, surely there are half a dozen willing to undertake it between them. Let them come to the front, and I will guarantee that many others, according to their several ability, will follow their example until everything really necessary has been done. One thing more I ought to mention is required—pecuniary independence of the Mother Church. In the most generous manner she has for many years given us £550 sterling per annum. We have no right to ask that the grant should be continued much longer. We have always been an independent Church, but our recent auspicious union indicates that the Canadian Church expects to do its own work with its own means; and that the aid of the Mother Churches should be sought only for our new Provinces in the North-West, for newly arrived emigrants, or to wind up the threads of old work. Have I tramped out too much ground for our labour? Every one who knows the facts of the case will bear witness that I have referred only to what is indispensable. And when the Principalship was offered to me I knew that the old friends of Queen's meant to confer no barren honour, but that they in effect said: "You may depend on our honest cordial support; we have made sacrifices for this University in the days of Liddell, Machar, Cook, Leitch, and Snodgrass, and we are not sorry; we see the good fruits in our own day, and from the policy that characterizes the administration of the College we know that our children and children's children shall see fruit yet

more abundant; we are ready again and more ready than ever." From the letters that poured in upon me I know that the institution had younger friends also enthusiastic alumni and others, ready to rival the deeds of those who laid its foundations and built its walls. Great things may be asked from such men. We ask nothing for ourselves. We ask all for Canada. Canada has no past. We begin to count a past only after centuries of noble achievements. We do not boast much of her present. But we know that she has a future, and her Colleges are essential to the glory of that future. Speaking for my brother Professors I may say that we will do all that in us lies. Like our fathers we are willing to cultivate learning on a little oatmeal. But fervent zeal and unconquerable will must fail if supports do not come up to strength. You have brought me here. Was I rash in reading these words between the lines of my appointment, "depend upon us for sympathy and loyal aid"?

I have spoken of the Union of the Churches as indicating the growth of Canadian sentiment. This was the potent force that most of us obeyed. Our fathers were as godly as we, loved Christ as truly as we. Yet they divided on questions purely Scottish, and standing apart,

Each spoke words of high disdain
And hatred to his heart's best brother.

We forgot the things that are behind, and united our scattered ranks. Why? The felt necessities of Canada, a common love for this dear land welded us into one. God be praised that our Church now is the Church of our fathers, and the Church of our own land also! May He perfect His work and pour into all hearts such tides of Christian and patriotic love as shall overflow the barriers that divide us from other Churches, and that appear so formidable to weak faith. And as the Colleges of a country are the great foci of patriotic and religious sentiment may He especially bless our Colleges!

This Canada of ours, though a very great, is a very young country, younger far than most of us are wont to think. Canada is only ten or eleven years old. Before 1867 there were indeed Provinces called Upper and Lower Canada; but these were little better than parishes, neither of them being much bigger than France or Germany! But the Canada of to-day requires three oceans to embrace her on three sides, and the watershed of a continent to mark her limits on the fourth. Within these boundaries there is scope for the widest ambition and every conceivable variety of national life; and we are unworthy of our fathers' names and our fathers' history, if ungrateful to Him who hath appointed the bounds of our habitation, we shrink back from the glorious work of giving shape, life, and beauty to such a home. How then shall we best discharge our duty to this land that the Lord God hath blessed with treasures from the field and forest, of prairie and mountain, of lakes and rivers, of deep mines and fruitful seas? Let the history of other countries supply an answer to the question. What has made Scotland take so outstanding a position before the world? One answers, her Parish Schools. But the School is nothing without the schoolmaster, and it was in her Universities that all her best schoolmasters were educated. Another answers, her Church. But where did the Ministers of the Church receive that mental and religious training that fitted them to be the guides of a free, intelligent, and religious people? Look to England. "Tell me," said a wise statesman, "what Oxford and Cambridge are to-day, and I will tell you what England shall be to-morrow." Look to Germany. How is it that the nation, which for centuries was trodden down, sawn asunder, and peeled, is now the first power in Europe? And the answer is, because of her Universities, because she is now so thoroughly the best educated country in the world, that she is first, and the second is—nowhere. Did not one of my predecessors then speak the words of soberness when he said that the institution of Universities is a mark of thrift in the people that support them; and that without the elevating influence of the University and its allied institutions, this country can never reach the high distinction to which its material resources evidently point. Look to the United States, if you desire further evidence. If there is one thing more than another that our neighbours legitimately pride themselves on, it is their astonishing capacity of taking care of themselves in all things—bargains, treaties, and investments generally. The dollar is too sacred ever to be treated lightly.

Where are they now making their heaviest investments? Let the golden shower falling incessantly on Cornell, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and scores of similar institutions answer. Single individuals invest their tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars in Colleges, because, as they say, "it pays."

II. What are the influences streaming from Universities that make them such potent factors in the material, intellectual, social and moral development of the country? First, knowledge imparted and truth discovered. Though no University now-a-days pretends to teach the *omne scibile*, the knowledge acquired by students of English Language and Literature, of Classical and Modern European Languages and Literatures, of History and kindred subjects, is indispensable; and the study of Physics, mathematically and experimentally, of Chemistry and Natural History, in well furnished laboratories, is leading to new discoveries every day. A second and more valuable influence is that thorough mental training which prepares the mind "for powerful, easy and successful energy in whatever department of knowledge it may more peculiarly apply itself." Those studies, therefore, should be encouraged in a college which are gymnastic in their effect rather than necessary on their own account, which are valuable, not so much for the facts imparted as for the ulterior progress they enable the students to make. While all admit the utility of Classics and Mathematics as mental gymnastics, they are in my opinion, inferior in this great respect to the various branches of Mental Philosophy, such as Logic proper, and practical or applied Logic, Psychology, and Metaphysics—the science of what we can think, know and do, the only science that reveals to us not only how ignorant we always must be, which, in the noble language of Hamilton, "tells us at once of our weakness and our worth, and is the discipline both of humility and hope." "Laudabilior est animus," says St. Augustine, "cui nota est infirmitas propria, quam qui, ea non respecta, mœnia mundi, vias siderum, fundamenta terrarum et fastigia cœlorum, etiam cogniturus, scrutatur." Would that all men of science understood these words! But a third force still more valuable that a University fosters is a truth-loving spirit. The great enemies to the attainment of truth are those of our own household, those prejudices which Bacon well named idols, prejudices often most deeply seated in men who boast their immunity from them, our own pride, passions, selfishness, and one-sidedness. Well, the University brings hundreds of young men together, who meet on one platform. A true democracy is found only in Universities. No respect is paid there to clothes, to wealth, or rank. Ungrudging homage is paid to talent, industry, and character. They discuss, they emulate, they contend. In the collision, the mind is cleared of cant and unwholesome vapours—is braced and toned. In these encounters defeat is no disgrace, while victory ensures only modesty. A homage to truth, the knowledge that truth is the peculiar possession of no one sect or party, the conviction that truth is one and therefore harmonious and consistent, this is the spirit the true student receives from the University.

My highest ambition, Students of Queen's, is to foster this spirit in you. As patriots, we must not be satisfied with dreaming dreams: we must belong to a party. As Christians we must not stay in the closet nor fly to the desert; we must belong to a Church. But sell yourselves to no party or sect. Supremely loyal to Christ alone, ever follow that which he reveals, no matter whither it seems to lead. *Sic itur ad astra*, "Happy is he whom truth by itself doth teach," says Thomas a Kempis, "not by figures and words that pass away, but as it is in itself." * * * From One Word are all things, and all things utter One Word. * * * He to whom the Eternal Word speaketh is delivered from many an opinion." He is on a rock who knows that truth is one even as God is one; that though His revelations are sporadic, multi-form, and often dark, the glorious beauty of the All shall yet be seen; and then he shall be vindicated who possessed his soul in patience, and kept his mind free from conceit, arrogance, and intolerance.

Permit me to say a few words concerning those three functions of an University, especially concerning the Spirit in which Truth should be sought. 1. Piety and learning are both dishonoured when even for a moment it is imagined that there is any incompatibility between them. They are always friends not enemies. Heat and light go together. Yet the notion is widely spread among certain classes in a confused

kind of way that ignorance is the mother of devotion, or, at any rate, that ignorant people are apt to be the most devout, and that learning is the mother of unbelief, or that learned people are apt to be godless. Robert Hall, when a boy, knew so much for his years that he was kept on probation a good while before being received into the Church. The worthy deacons felt that where there was so much knowledge there could not be much grace. This spirit accounts for the apologetic manner in which learning is sometimes referred to, and for the pointless sneers launched at scientific men by ignoramuses not worthy to unloose their shoe's latchet. Very appropriate is Sprat's observation on such *unco' guid* people: "The Jewish law forbids us to offer up to God a sacrifice that has a blemish; but these men bestow the most excellent of men on the devil, and only assign to religion those men and those times which have the greatest blemish of human nature, even a defect in their knowledge and understanding." Get knowledge then; and remember that one fact accurately known is of more value than hazy notions about a dozen. 2. Learning by itself is not wisdom. You may be a Barr or a Porson in classics; a senior wrangler in mathematics; you may observe with the accuracy and patience of Darwin; you may become a thesaurus of facts on any and every subject; and yet be little better than an intellectual hodman. As Selden puts it in his wise 'Table-Talk' "No man is wiser for his learning; for it only administers matter to work in or objects to work upon." Seek then the cultivation of all your faculties, the development of your character to all its rightful issues, attain to "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." Thus may you hope to escape from the degrading idol-worship of materialism or pantheism, of formalism, fatalism, or pessimism, one or another of which has enslaved so many learned men in all ages. 3. But something more is needed than escape from the false. We must attain to the true. And in order that we may know the truth, have faith, the right kind of faith, faith in Him who ever has been and now is light, life, and love. Never dishonour yourself or Him by imagining that "He requires your lie," or that you may find Him out in inconsistencies unless you shut your eyes to one or other of his revelations. "God is one, as we meet Him in the Old Testament and the Oldest, in the New and the Newest," says Joseph Cook in his sparkling, pithy style. "There are four Testaments, an oldest and an old, a new and a newest. The oldest Testament is the Nature of Things; the newest is Christ's continued life in the present influences of the Holy Spirit. The oldest and newest are unwritten; the old and the new are written; but the voices of the four are one." The Boston lecturer states an old and familiar truth that is too large for the grasp of most men. Yes, the four voices are one and all the four are required to give the full revelation of the truth; as in music the four chords are required for perfect harmony. He who does not hear all the four knows God imperfectly. But most men's ears get so accustomed to and so filled with the one voice that their profession or manner of life brings them in contact with that they can hear no other, and when you call their attention to another, they wave you aside impatiently or gaze on you with a pitying look, and if you persist, they use bad language and call you hard names. This is not wholly to be wondered at, for each voice by itself is very beautiful, and its undertones, heard only by trained and attentive ears, are even more exquisite than the full volume of sound that every one can hear. The four testaments are one, and yet each is a living whole and perfect. A summary of all truth is in each. *Novum Testamentum latet in veteri; vetus Testamentum patet in novo.* If we only had insight to perceive, if only our minds were filled with the Holy Spirit, we might construct our system of truth from any one of the four, just as Cuvier, from a bone, constructed the whole organism to which it belonged. For all God's works are perfect from the beginning. As Bacon I think says in one of his essays: He does not make a living thing as man makes a statue. Man first constructs one part independently, then he begins at another part, and then at another. God wraps up in the first germ the whole form that is afterwards to be developed. Had we insight we could see the perfect oak tree in the acorn. But we would be badly off if God gave us only acorns. It follows as a consequence from all this that the four Testaments may be investigated and interpreted fearlessly. God cannot be inconsistent with Himself. Partial views come not

from Him, but from us, from our narrowness and intolerance, and such views are dishonoring to Him. This consequence every one admits theoretically, but few carry it out, and most of us put difficulties in the way of its being carried out. There are two classes of men who especially distinguish themselves as obstructionists. The one class believes nothing but what is old; the other believes nothing but what is new. It is difficult to decide which are the greatest enemies of truth, though a curious characteristic of both is that they always speak as if they had the sole monopoly of truth. Along with this pride in themselves, there is also contempt for all not of their school. They take care to give themselves honorable names. The one class call out, we are the orthodox; the others cry lustily, we are the advanced thinkers. It follows, of course, that the vast mass of men between those extremes are hopelessly in error, and incapable of thinking. Beware of both classes. You can easily detect them. Their speech betrayeth them. They are always gnostics, even when with a pride that apes humility they call themselves agnostics. This tone characterized them in the Lord's day. "We know," said they, "that God spake unto Moses, but as for this fellow, we know not whence he is." St. Paul had to contend with both classes. "We know that it is wrong to eat meats offered to idols," said the narrow Jews on the one side; and with equal pride the cultured Greeks on the other side sneered, "We know that an idol is nothing." And to both Paul said, "if any man think that he knoweth anything, he knoweth nothing yet as he ought to know." When a man boasts in newspapers and at public meetings that he is orthodox, suspect him. When he assures you that he is an advanced thinker, avoid him. As a rule, both are pretentious humbugs, and will come to naught. No doubt, both serve some useful purpose in their day, therefore have patience even with the impatient. Hold fast your faith. They can do nothing against the truth. What though the "Finality men" have been engaged from the year one, in endeavoring to stereotype the existing state of knowledge and to say to the human mind, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no farther'; what though the Aristotelians, who in the middle ages included the whole scientific as well as religious world, determined to keep the boundaries of knowledge at the limits ascertained by Aristotle, inscribing on the trivium and quadrivium laid down in his four modes, "*Ne plus ultra*," the human mind has gone on, the voice of God has called out "*plus ultra*," the thoughts of men have widened, searchers for truth have sailed beyond Aristotle's pillars of Hercules, and found glorious seas and continents beyond. The four testaments and the four voices are one. Cultivate, then, a cordial spirit towards criticism and science. Accept thankfully the undoubted results of the one, the facts of the other. Bear with their theories, for even unproved theories may be useful to them as working theories. Suppose (e.g.) that the Darwinian theory is not established, that it is only a puerile hypothesis, as Dr. Elam, I think, shows. It was at any rate useful to Darwin, and it will soon pass away and be forgotten. Suppose that it is established; what possible harm can result to theology? As Professor Asa Gray points out in his pleasant "Darwiniana," it only means "that what you may have thought was done directly and at once was done indirectly and successively." Or suppose that we hear that a missionary somewhere has found men with tails; or that a chemist in Germany has succeeded in making albumen; or that Bastian has proved that there is such a thing as spontaneous generation; that in organic matter, out of which every germ of antecedent life has been expelled and has been excluded, protoplasmic specks have developed, which in their turn developed into organized matter, vegetable or animal, what is the response of the true believer? A wail of despair, a plunge into scepticism, the rejection of Christ, whom he has long known as his light, life and Lord? Certainly not. He adores God and confesses that He is inscrutable. He acknowledges that he must re-arrange his old theory of matter and of the universe. He gives ungrudging praise to the discoverer and the man of science. First of all, however, he asks, are these things so? And he finds that, so far as any rate, they are not—that the first is a canard; that albumen has not yet been made; and that Beale, Tyndal, Huxley, and others have, by experiments more rigorous and exhaustive than Bastian's, proved him mistaken. Even then does the true believer take up a cry of exultation against Bastian? No; for he honors his spirit and the method

by which he seeks to discover the truth. He learns that his experiments and the experiments of those who detected his mistake have widened our knowledge of nature; have shown us how universally diffused are the germs of life; how infinitesimally small, yet how potent and of what persistent vitality they are; and he understands in some degree the commercial, social, and sanitary value of this knowledge. The investigator has not discovered what he sought. Let us sympathize with his disappointment, for he sought in the right way, and he has discovered what is perhaps of more value to us. This is the only spirit in which religious men should meet men of science. Are they not seeking to interpret an authentic book of God? Are they not, then, also theologians? You say that they pursue their studies in a spirit antagonistic to religion, and that they hold anti-Christian opinions. That may be. But the very sciences from which has come the bane supply the antidote. Collect all the facts and rightly interpret them, and you will find that they prove subversive to all anti-Christian theories. You say that they invade the province of theology proper. Well, the theologians first taught them the bad lesson by treating the Bible as an inspired scientific text-book. And even if modern scientists are arrogant and unphilosophical, let us now show them a more excellent way. You say that they unsettle men, that men's faith gets shaken. What do you mean by faith? Is it not the blessed light of Truth, by which at our peril we are to walk? How can that be injured by the reception of more light? But if faith refers only to words, notions, conclusions compacted into a system, the sooner that is thrust into the background the better. System is a good thing, a necessary thing. Every man must throw the truths for which he thinks he has sufficient evidence into some shape or system, else his mind will be a chaos. But that form is a mere human thing, a convenience for himself and others. Should he substitute that for truth, he is an idolator, an idolator of self. The best system can never be as good a thing as what Dr. Duncan called "the Biblical Concrete," for we never see life except in the Concrete. All systems are necessarily more or less imperfect. It follows, then, that the wise man will not attach great importance to them; and he will bear with the professed believers in all so long as he sees that they are honestly striving to carry out in life what they say they believe. He will judge them not by their words but by their fruits; for, as Bunsen says, action and not thought is "the final object of man, the highest reality of thought, and the safest, if not the only safe standard of truth."

III. And now suffer in conclusion a few words with regard to my duties as Professor and Principal. I have to apologize to the Divinity Students for the inadequate preparation I have made for my special classes. They must bear with me this session. The fault is not wholly mine. My appointment to the chair is so recent that there was no time except to wind up the work in which I have been engaged for the past seventeen years. I intend therefore to give few lectures, but to make diligent use of text-books, and as Dr. Chalmers phrases it, 'to mingle the conversational or questionary process,' and 'the extemporaneous treatment of subjects with the more formal preparations of my solitude.' I do not know that you will lose much by this; for as the same distinguished divine observed when giving his introductory lecture to the Moral Philosophy Chair of St. Andrew's University, to fill which chair he had resigned the charge of the crowded parish of St. John's, Glasgow, "it has long been my sentiment, that for the objects of practical education, there should be much of the free and colloquial intermingled with the formally and severely elaborate, on the part of a master." If this be a good way—and I think it is—with a moral philosophy class, it must be still better with classes in Theology. It has indeed long been my opinion that our Divinity Halls should be not so much schools for teaching the doctrines and polemics of Theology, as institutions where students would be trained for the practical work of the ministry. No doubt, it is a valuable mental discipline to disentangle the deposit of truth from the colluvies of heresies and schisms. But we may presume, that in accordance with the common law of the Presbyterian Church, the men who enter our Divinity Halls have previously had their minds disciplined by a liberal education. And it is not mediæval heresy, nor indeed any heresy extracted from the Bible that the theologian of our day has most to dread. The heresies he must be prepared to combat, next to the

great heresies of life, are those formed outside the Bible, those which regard the Bible itself as the greatest heresy, and a good philosophical education is the best preparation for successfully combating these. Just as in the best medical schools, clinical instruction is more and more taking the place of mere lecturing, so it seems to me that a Professor of Theology does his work best who trains intending licentiates for their actual life work, teaches them good methods of work, and seeks to infuse into them the spirit of their sacred office. To know how to prepare and deliver discourses so as most effectually to reach the heart and carry conviction to the understanding, to conduct worship so that all the congregation shall feel that they are worshipping, to preside at prayer meetings, so that the promised presence and power of the Holy Ghost shall be experienced by all present, to organize Sunday schools and work them efficiently, to know how to enlist the young men and young women of the congregation in Christian work under his superintendence, to make the session a living power, to evoke and regulate a high Christian liberality, is more important for a minister than to have at his fingers' ends every phase of the Gnostic, Arminian, or Bourignian controversy. My young brethren, you are to be teachers of highest truth. In order to teach it you must live it. You are to preach Christ, the bread of life. Your people must see that He is your life, that you are no mere cuckoo, uttering other people's notes, but a living, thinking soul, a man honestly modelling his life on his faith, and moulding the outward world also, as far as in him lies. We are the commissioned servants of the Eternal. To us.

"Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the Eternal silence."

We can afford, then, to wait. Our work may not make a noise in the world. It may not be seen by men and cannot be judged by men. It shall not be hailed with "the hosannas of a drivelling generation." But it shall be found after many days. Without intending it, we act like the Egyptian architect who was ordered by his monarch to inscribe the royal name on the lighthouse he was erecting. He did so. He cut the name on the outer plaster, having first graven his own on the stone beneath. Time soon effaced the plaster, and when the monarch's name was forgotten, the artist's stood out and was honored.

As Principal, I am related not to the Divinity Students only. I belong to the young men whose object in attending College is to fit themselves for whatsoever their hands may hereafter find to do; to young men who are to be lawyers, engineers, mineralogists, merchants, farmers; and to the medical students. Gentlemen, suffer from me a few words of comradeship and counsel. It is not so very long since I was at College. Well do I remember those halcyon days. And when the tide of life flows feebly through my veins, and the shadow of death waits at the door, their memories shall gladden me and inspire me with hope. What shall I say to you? I know how little you care for advice, not from disrespect, but because you are young, strong, self-sufficient; and I shall therefore say little. I would not if I could give you the wisdom of the aged. You must wrestle for that—each for himself. For the discipline and meaning of life is in the chase rather than in the quarry. Each of you is a bark freighted with hopes, prayers, and unspeakable interests. And you have only one voyage to make. No one is allowed to try a second. Know then that he who enfeebles or degrades himself at the outset can by no means escape loss, and can barely escape final and irretrievable shipwreck. Sacred, beneficent and stern are the obligations that rest on you. You may not be studying for the ministry; but a noble life is the best ministry. And that ministry is a debt you owe to God and man, to family and country. Pay it to the uttermost farthing. Pay it by the power of the Holy Ghost whose temples you are.

Congratulatory addresses were read and presented from the Medical Faculty, the Æsculapian Society, and the Affiliated Societies of Queen's University. To these addresses Principal Grant made suitable replies, closing with the following words addressed to the students:

"As your official head I should not close without giving you some advice. Let me give you the three rules as applicable to your studies which Lord Brougham was fond of quoting. The first two were the golden rules of that great statesman Patriot, Mathematician and Literary man, the Pensionary de Wet-
1. Do only one thing at a time. 2. Never put off till

to-morrow what you can do to-day. 3. Always finish one thing before you begin another. My young brothers, pray for me. I bring a stout heart to the work that has been given me to do. But to discharge aright the duties of the honorable and responsible position that has been assigned me, I need wisdom from the wisest and strength from the strongest."

Addresses of the same congratulatory character were afterwards delivered by Principal Caven, Principal McVicar, Dr. Jenkins, Sir John Macdonald, Dr. Sullivan, Mr. John Carruthers, Mr. James Croil, and Rev. R. Campbell; and Principal Grant closed the proceedings with the benediction.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

KNOX CHURCH congregation, Galt, have determined to wipe off their church debt of about \$13,000 by a personal canvass.

DR. COCHRANE begs to acknowledge receipt of Three Dollars, as a Thanksgiving Day offering to the Home Mission Fund, from "Simcoe."

THE new Presbyterian Church, Brantford, is fast approaching completion. A very pretty tower adorns it. The basement will probably be ready for occupancy by Christmas.

THE congregation of Doon and Hespeler recently presented Rev. G. Haigh, their pastor, with \$152.00 towards buying a horse, harness, and phaeton. This was supplemented by a buffalo robe, and a supply of oats and other produce. Mr. Haigh has also, on various occasions been the recipient of substantial presents from members of these congregations.

THE Rev. Duncan Cameron, of South Kinloss and Lucknow, was, a few days ago, presented by his people with a valuable horse. Mr. Cameron has been six years in his present charge; has been indefatigable in his labours for the spiritual good of those to whom he ministers; and has won the esteem not only of his own congregation but of the public generally.

THE Rev. Mr. Hutchinson and family recently moved into the manse at Shanty Bay. It will be remembered that a commodious house and an acre of land attached was generously given to the church last summer by Judge Gowan, of Barrie. On this property a stable and driving house have been erected by the members of Guthrie Church, so that the minister's family will doubtless have a comfortable home.

ON Thanksgiving Day, the congregation of the Presbyterian Church, 9th Line Beckwith, tarried after the services were over, and presented their pastor, Rev. Mr. McAllister, with a purse of \$51.50 as a token of respect and esteem, and also an acknowledgment of services by both the Rev. gentleman and his estimable wife in the Church and Sabbath School. Mr. McAllister made a very appropriate reply.

WE notice that the Woodstock papers give a report of an eloquent sermon preached on Thanksgiving Day at Princeton, by the Rev. J. Little, formerly of Nassagaweya, and now pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that place. We have not room for the report, but we are glad to see that Mr. Little is so highly appreciated in his new field of labor, and we have no doubt that he will be as popular there as he was in Nassagaweya and Hamilton.

THE first concert for the season of the Mission Band, in connection with the Charles St. Church, Toronto, was held in the School Room recently; Rev. R. D. Fraser, M.A., in the Chair. The advantage of the increased accommodation provided by the recent improvements was very apparent. The audience room was well filled; and the table of useful and fancy articles and the refreshment table received due attention. An excellent programme of music and readings was presented. Forty Dollars was added by the entertainment to the funds of the Mission Band.

THE Presbyterian Sabbath School, of West Puslinch, closed for the season on the 4th inst. A social was held in the church on the following Friday, when twenty-one books were given as prizes to the children for general proficiency, good conduct and regular attendance. Several of the children repeated the shorter catechism from beginning to end, together with verses of Psalms and passages of Scripture. The prize books were provided by the teachers with their own money, and indeed they are worthy of honourable mention for the interest they have taken in this work during the past seven months. The children's

penny contributions are to be given to the Orphan's Mission in India. This was the best examination ever held there.

THE anniversary of the ordination of the Rev. R. Fairbairn, B.A., of Esson Church, Oro, was held on Tuesday, and although the bad roads made anything but pleasant travelling, as usual a large company met. The provision made was abundant and of the choicest description. After all had secured sufficient of the "good things," Mr. T. M. Edmondson was called to the chair, which he always fills with satisfaction to young and old. Suitable addresses were given by Rev. J. G. Sanderson, Rev. R. Fairbairn, B.A., and others. Musical selections were also given which added to the enjoyment of the meeting. Mr. Richard Anderson was agreeably surprised by the presentation of a family Bible and Psalm Book in recognition of his services as precentor, and his usefulness in the Sabbath School.

FROM the Seaforth "Expositor" we learn that on Wednesday evening last, the children belonging to the Sabbath School class of Miss Nettie Goldsmith, waited on her at the Manse, and presented her with a most flattering and affectionate address, accompanied by a gift in the shape of a valuable coral set, consisting of necklace, cross and bracelet, and a silver perfume bottle. The little folks composing this class have been under Miss Goldsmith's instruction in the Sabbath School for several years, and the presentation was made as a parting gift, on it having become known that Rev. Mr. Goldsmith had finally decided to accept the call presented him from St. John's Church, Hamilton. The simple but touching and affectionate language of the address, to say nothing of the impromptu gift, showing as it does the affection which the children entertain for their teacher, and their regret at the prospect of separation from her, must be gratifying in the extreme to the estimable young lady, and will, we are sure, be taken as a reward for the earnest labour she has bestowed in their best interests.

ON the evening of Tuesday, the 4th Dec., about fifty of the young people of the congregation of Springville took forcible possession of the Manse. Their proceedings commenced with the reading of a very affectionate address, and the presentation of a purse to the pastor's wife. Mr. Bennett in as suitable terms as possible under the circumstances responded on behalf of Mrs. Bennett. The address was read by Mr. John Laing, and the purse presented by Miss Stewart. After a short address by Mr. Bennett, succeeded by devotional exercises, the happy company began to separate at 12 o'clock. The gifts of Tuesday evening were augmented by sundry loads of wood and bags of oats, from the older members of the congregation to the pastor direct. Every year since the formation of the pastoral tie, in 1872, similar proofs of kindness have been bestowed, though this is the first time that public notice has been given of the congregation's liberality towards the pastor and his family.

PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.—A meeting of this Presbytery was held in the usual place on the 11th current, Rev. J. M. King, Moderator. Present with him twenty-two ministers and ten elders. Professor McLaren reported that he had preached to the congregation of Knox Church, Toronto, and had moderated in a call, which was given unanimously in favour of Rev. Dr. D. Inglis, Brooklyn, U.S., to be colleague and successor to the present pastor, Rev. Dr. Topp. It was also stated that the congregation had agreed to offer Dr. Inglis an annual salary of \$2,500, and to give an equal salary to Dr. Topp. The Professor's conduct in moderating was approved of. The call was then read, and was found to be signed by 255 office-bearers and members, and thirty-eight adherents. The call was sustained, and ordered to be transmitted with relative minute to the proper quarter; and Dr. Topp, Professor McLaren, Dr. Robb, and Mr. Blaikie, were appointed commissioners to prosecute the same. Rev. J. R. Gilchrist reported that he had met with the congregation of Zion Church, Orangeville, and had moderated in a call which was given unanimously in favor of Rev. J. M. McIntyre, Harriston, in the Presbytery of Saugeen. Mr. Gilchrist's conduct in this matter was approved of. The call was then read and was found to be signed by seventy-five members and eighty-one adherents. Messrs. McKittrick and Munro, Commissioners from the congregation, appeared and were heard, who stated that the salary proposed to be given would be \$800. The call was sustained, and was ordered to be transmitted with

relative papers to the Presbytery of Saugeen; also, Mr. Gilchrist was appointed to act as commissioner to said Presbytery, and prosecute the call. It was reported by Rev. C. E. McLaren that, in terms of appointment, he had gone to Ballinfad and met there with persons wishing to be organized as a regular congregation, that after receiving church certificates from twenty-five persons he had organized them as applied for, and that other fifteen persons were reported to him as desirous of becoming members of the congregation, but they had not yet obtained papers of disjunction. Mr. McLaren's conduct in this matter was approved of, and the twenty-five persons aforesaid were declared to be a regular congregation, under the jurisdiction of the Presbytery. Also the following were appointed an interim Session, viz: Mr. McLaren, moderator; Mr. John Henderson, Mr. James Laidlaw, and Mr. A. McLachlan, elders, with power to said moderator to take the usual steps, when deemed advisable, for the election and ordination of elders. Rev. J. M. Cameron reported that in terms of appointment he had gone to Leslieville on the 16th ult. and organized as a regular congregation there fifteen persons who had given him certificates from other congregations, and that more recently he had received certificates from thirteen others, making the total number twenty-eight. Mr. Cameron's conduct was approved of, and the twenty persons were declared to be a regular congregation, etc. Messrs J. Grant and A. Heron appeared as commissioners from the Mission Station at York Townline, and applied for regular supply of sermon, in connection with the congregation of Leslieville; promising as remuneration for such supply not less than \$200 per annum. The application was complied with; and the Home Mission Committee were instructed to give supply accordingly. The Presbytery then proceeded to consider the question of some re-arrangement as to certain congregations. Messrs. Thomas Russell and John Clarke, commissioners from Alton congregation, handed in a paper, which was read, from said congregation, and were heard in connection therewith, proposing that Melville church congregation be severed from them (as said congregation desired), to be united with the congregation of Ballinfad; and that they at Alton be put under the pastoral care of Rev. A. McFaul. On motion made, the former of these proposals was agreed to, viz., that Melville church congregation, Caledon, be united with Ballinfad; and as to the latter proposal, it was resolved that it be deferred till next meeting of Presbytery, and that all the congregations concerned—that of Alton and those under Mr. McFaul's care—be cited to appear for their interests at said meeting. Agreeably to notice previously given, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell submitted an overture to the General Assembly anent corresponding with other Presbyterian Churches, for the purpose of securing, if possible, common action in a Hymn Book. Mr. Macdonnell moved, and Rev. M. Macgillivray seconded, the adoption and transmission of the overture. In amendment it was moved by Rev. Dr. Robb, seconded by Rev. J. Alexander, that in present circumstances the transmission of this overture be not adopted. On a vote being taken, the amendment carried, and the Presbytery resolved accordingly. A circular on Sabbath school work was read from a committee appointed by the General Assembly, and it was agreed to appoint a committee, consisting of Revs. J. M. Cameron and M. Macgillivray, and Messrs. Wm. Rennie and J. L. Blaikie, to prepare a report for next ordinary meeting, on the recommendations contained in said circular, and that said recommendations be then disposed of. Application was made on behalf of the congregations of Mono East, Mono Mills, and St. Andrew's Church, Caledon, for the appointment of one to moderate in a call; and after some consideration it was agreed to appoint Rev. A. McFaul to moderate as applied for (on certain financial conditions), and at such a time as the session may determine on. Rev. R. D. Fraser, as convener of a committee previously appointed, reported that said committee had prepared and issued to all parties concerned printed circulars for holding missionary meetings throughout the bounds. The Committee were thanked for their diligence therein. A large amount of time was spent on the report of the General Assembly anent "Ecclesiastical Procedure;" and various other matters were taken up and disposed of. Finally, the next meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held in the usual place on Thursday, the 3rd of January, 1878, at 11 a.m.—R. MONTEATH, Pres. Clerk.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Belford's Monthly Magazine.

Toronto: Belford Brothers. December, 1877.

The present number begins the third volume of this attractive periodical. Great improvements have from time to time been made both in its appearance and in the character and variety of the matter which it contains. It is now one of the most readable magazines that can be found on the parlor table. The most weighty article in this number is that on "Scientism" by S. F. Dawson. It is an able contribution to the defence of Christianity against the attacks, not of true science, but of that ill-arranged, undigested smattering of knowledge for which the writer has invented the name which places at the head of his article. We have in this number the concluding paper of the interesting and well-illustrated series called "Up the Thames." Dr. Cammell continues to furnish "Fragments of the War of 1812" at a rate which, if it continues, will soon provide materials for a bulky volume. Mr. Longfellow's Poem "Keramos" will not hurt that poet's reputation. For those who have leisure for lighter reading than the articles we have mentioned, abundant provision has been made in the pages of this magazine.

Fictions and Errors in a Book on the Origin of the World.

By John G. Marshall. Half. Methodist Book Room, 1877.

This is a pamphlet of eighty-two pages purporting to be a criticism of Principal Dawson's recent work on the Origin of the World. To the name of the author as given on the title page is added the distinction "formerly Chief Justice, etc., in the island of Cape Breton." This would-be critic tells us that he feels "sufficiently informed and qualified to deal suitably with this work of Dr. Dawson," because he "some years ago published volumes containing answers to the notorious and profane 'Essays and Reviews,' and the still more infidel writings of Colenso; also subsequently, in pamphlet form, answers to other publications on this same subject of creation." Of course the ex-chief-justice is the best authority as to how he "feels," but the result of his labours shews very plainly that he is not "sufficiently informed and qualified" for the work he has undertaken. His classifying Dr. Dawson's work with such writings as "Essays and Reviews," and the works of Bishop Colenso is enough to show in the very outset that he has utterly mistaken the character of the book and is not qualified to deal with it. If Mr. Marshall were well enough informed he would know that most of the views which he attacks are not peculiar to Dr. Dawson, but are held by the majority of intelligent men. In all fairness this critic should not have singled out and attacked one book; he ought to have set forth his views as opposed to almost everything of any value that has been written on the subject during the last forty or fifty years. But it is not in information alone that he is deficient; he also lacks the cool and patient temperament necessary for his work. His criticism consists principally of flat contradiction and a good deal of toothless scolding. Without endorsing everything that Dr. Dawson says, we feel pretty safe in stating that so far as this criticism of Mr. Marshall's is concerned, his work stands intact.

The Canada Christian Monthly.

Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson. December, 1877.

In his opening article we think that the editor has mastered the very difficult and sorely vexed question: "Should Pastors meddle with Politics?" The next article is headed, "To the Rescue" and it urgently advocates the introduction of Biblical instruction into our public schools. Under the heading "Living Preachers" we have an able and stirring sermon also by the editor. It is entitled "Light struggling with Darkness" and was preached in the Presbyterian Church, Chatsworth, on the 4th ult., being the Sabbath after the riot which took place there in connection with the liquor-selling prosecutions. The text is Isaiah xxi. 11, 12: "The morning cometh and also the night;" Mr. Cameron having on a former occasion during the Dunkin Bill agitation in the county of Grey, preached from the first half of the passage, "Watchman what of the night?" We give a few extracts, wishing that we had space for more:

"Is not the very thickness of the darkness a sign of dawn?"

When properly understood, that disgraceful riot is a hojols sign. You have read history in vain unless you have noted that men are always beaten and their cause hopeless, when they abandon logic and take hold of cudgels, when they abandon law and betake themselves to force. There is, it is commonly reported, in the possession of a man in this village, who saw the blow struck, a piece of stick, some three or four feet long, and of heavy size, which was broken in two pieces, at the second blow, on the shoulder of one of these men who were pursued and pelted, as you have just heard, as if they were wolves from one of these swamps. That "cudgel" broken in two, as such arguments at last are always, is the last argument of the "Licensed Victuallers." Last fall that Association hired men to argue against us on the public platforms. They reasoned then with hard words and soft arguments; their friends now argue with hard words and hard sticks. These stones and sticks are their arguments, but to us they are prophecies of coming victory. The first gun fired at Fort Sumpter settled the doom of slavery in the United States; the first blow struck with a deadly weapon, in favour of the repeal of the Dunkin Act in this county, settles the fate of the repeal agitation.

"What is done in one place may, with God's help, be done in another. There are also hopeful signs in the promises made by our Premier and other leading statesmen, that in Ottawa this winter the trouble arising by the clashing of local and federal jurisdiction, will be removed and fresh power put in the hands of temperance people. The two jurisdictions work together at present like a machine which had one section of its wheels made in one shop, and another section in another shop, but all this can be righted by turning all the wheels out of one shop. Patience, good brethren, Rome was not built in one day. This is not a battle, but a war."

"Let us persevere in our conflict, on the platform of civil law, with strong drink. Some have been getting discouraged, and no wonder, with the spectacle that was meeting your eyes week after week in the county town. The enemies of the temperance cause have been all along working so as to bring the law into disrepute, and thus prepare for raising the cry of repeal. Do not be caught in their snares. When they tell you that the Dunkin Bill does not work well, tell them that no one denies it. When they say that it has grave faults, tell them that it needs no ghost to make that revelation. When they say the Bill must be amended, tell them that will be done when the Dominion Parliament meets. But when they say Prohibitory Legislation is a failure in this county tell them (though the words are more pointed than polished) that "Fools and children should not see half-finished work." Judged by the rule many apply to the matter just now on trial, Christianity would have been voted a failure after its first six months; for it did not get on very fast, and the "big folk" were against it, and sticks and stones nearly drove it off the field. But "nearly was never killed," and Christianity is still in the field, a "bush burning but not consumed." Let our short motto this winter be—"ONE FULL, FAIR YEAR of trial, and then we will see about repeal." "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season you shall reap, if you faint not." What a joyful reaping when strong drink, with its strife and misery, will cease from this county."

M. GUIZOT'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

In the last number of *Christianisme au XIX. Siècle*, the following extract from M. Guizot's will is printed:

"I die in the bosom of the Reformed Christian Church of France, in which I was born, and in which I congratulate myself on having been born. In remaining attached to her, I have always exercised that liberty of conscience which she allows to her adherents in their relations with God, and which she invoked for her own basis. I have inquired, I have doubted, I have believed in the sufficiency of the human mind to resolve the problems presented to it by the universe and by man, and in the power of the human will to govern man's life in accordance with its law and its moral purpose. After having lived, acted, and reflected long, I have remained, and still remain, convinced that neither the universe nor man suffice either to explain or to govern themselves naturally by the mere force of fixed laws to which they are subject, and of human wills that are brought into play. It is my profound faith that God, who created the universe and man, governs, upholds, or modifies them either by general and, as we say, natural laws, or by special and, as we call them, supernatural acts, emanating, as do also the general laws, from His perfect and free wisdom and His infinite power, which it is given to us to acknowledge in their effects, but forbidden to understand in their essence and design. Thus I have returned to the convictions in which I was cradled. Still firmly attached to reason and liberty, which I have received from God, and which are my honour and my right in this world, though I have returned to feel myself a child under the hand of God, sincerely resigned to my large share of weakness and ignorance, I believe in God, and adore Him without seeking to comprehend Him. I recognize Him present and at work not only in the fixed system of the universe and in the inner life of the soul, but also in the history of human society, especially in the Old and New Testaments—monuments of revelation and divine action, by the mediation and sacrifice of our Saviour Jesus Christ for the salvation of the human race. I bow myself before the mysteries of the Bible and the Gospel, and I stand aloof from the discussions and the scientific solutions by which men have tried to explain them. I trust that God will allow me to call myself a Christian; and I am convinced that in the light in which I am about to enter we shall see clearly the purely human origin and the vanity of the greater part of our discussions here below on Divine things."

HOLINESS is not blind. Illumination is the first part of sanctification. Believers are children of the light.—*Baxter.*

NONE shall be saved by Christ, but those only who work out their salvation; we cannot do without God, and He will not do without us.—*M. Henry.*

INDIA.

The India of to-day is not the India of which you read in books. It is a very different thing; "the old order changeth." Thank God, it is changing, and the new order is better. Many cruelties have been suppressed, many wrongs redressed, many abominations have been swept away, many blots have been wiped out. You have an inquiring and an earnest people there, a people who are accepting Christian civilization, a people who are letting go the gods worshipped by their fathers. The Word of God there is not bound.

I want ability to portray the wonderful manner in which God has removed the stumbling-blocks out of our way. Government patronage of heathen temples is at an end; the priests are left to manage the property themselves, and they mismanage it; they fritter away the revenues, and the votaries refuse to support the temples. The car of Juggernaut is rotting away.

The country is ruled by equal laws. In the good old days of native rule there was one rule for the rich man, and another for the poor; one for the Brahmin, and another for the Soodra. A crime committed by a Brahmin was no crime at all. If a Brahmin robbed a Soodra, the crime was punished by a small fine; but if a Soodra robbed a Brahmin, he was to be put to death. What did the British do? Did he adopt that code? Did he administer it in the courts? No, he looked at it, and he did not like it, and then he shook his mane, lashed his sides in anger, tore the Indian code into shreds, and stamped it under his feet. He said, "A man's man for a' that," even though he be a Pariah; and from that day, men of every caste and no caste have been ruled by equal laws.

Formerly the Christian convert had to pay a terrible penalty for his faith. He not only lost caste and social position, but he could not legally succeed to his patrimonial inheritance. Think how such a law would operate as a bar against the spread of Christianity. But the *lex lvi* was passed. It declared that neither change of faith nor loss of caste should affect rights of property. That was a mighty change; and now a young man of good family and good prospects can embrace the religion of Jesus without necessarily making himself a beggar.

Another abomination swept away is the law that forbade the Hindu widow to re-marry. When I say that a widow might be a girl who had never been married at all, but simply betrothed to a young man, who happened to die, you will see what a cruel custom that was. But it was rigorously enforced until the voice of British justice was heard pleading for the widow; and the strong arm of British justice rescued the poor woman from the bondage of an inhuman custom. A Hindu widow may now marry again, and the marriage is honourable and valid. But, though the old law would not allow the Hindu widow to marry, it did give her the option of being burnt alive with the corpse of her husband. Only the other day our country was shocked by the intelligence of a case of suttee which occurred in the border state of Nepal. Widow burning is a very old Hindu custom. In British India it went on until Lord William Bentinck, a thorough Englishman and a Christian of a high type, said: "You shall not burn any more women." That is the kind of man for a monument. For the sort of work that he did, strong men were needed.

And what did Sir Charles Napier do in Scinde? He heard that a group of Brahmans were preparing to burn a widow; and he sent them word he would not allow the sacrifice. They came crowding into his tent in a state of great excitement. "The British Government," said they, "promised that they would not interfere with our sacred religious customs, and we don't interfere with yours." "Very well," said Sir Charles, "as it is your custom to burn widows, go and prepare the funeral pile and burn the woman; I won't prevent you; but my country has a custom; and when men burn women alive, we hang the men and confiscate their property; and, while you are preparing the funeral pile, I will get the gibbets ready, and hang every Brahmin concerned in the burning." The Brahmans knew that he carried out all his threats, and need I say the widow was not burnt? Sir Charles was a man of short despatches, and of very short methods. The gallant soldier once sent home a despatch worthy of a Roman: "I have Scinde." Then he put his foot down and stamped out the last spark of the suttee fires on the soil of Scinde, for had he not conquered it for a woman,—a woman,—the most gentle, the most tender, the most womanly, the most Royal, the most Imperial of all her sex, our Queen Victoria, whom may God long preserve!

I think that services like these entitle the British Government in India to the gratitude of the civilized world. I think they are some set-off against the sins committed in the early days of British rule. Cruel and inhuman customs have been suppressed; the four castes have been levelled by equal justice; the silly science of the sacred books has been swept out of the schools; a free press, free writing, and free speech are established. A million of children are in daily attendance at the schools, and fifty thousand of those pupils are girls. You have nearly half a million of people connected with the different Churches; native Christians are contributing many thousands annually for the support of their own pastors; you have the Scriptures translated into the vernaculars of the land, and there is an influential and rapidly increasing Christian literature. Your Missionaries may go where they will and preach the gospel; no man will forbid them; the country is entirely open, it is ripe for your Christian labour. Disciples of Jesus Christ! "Say not ye, There are yet four months, and the field cometh harvest? Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—*Rev. J. Walton.*

A MAN may be a heretic in the truth; and if he believes things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy. There is not any burden that some would gladly put off to another, than the charge and care of their religion.—*John Milton.*

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

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1877.

IMPROVED CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

OUR readers for the most part will have read with pleasure the communication from Mr. John McLaren, Professor of Music, Montreal Presbyterian College, which we published last week. The Professor's letter deals with a subject important and pressing at this time—a subject to which we have sought to do justice both editorially and otherwise, as acknowledged by our esteemed correspondent.

The suggestion of the Professor of Music, to the effect that we open a column for practical hints on church music, is one upon which we will be only too happy at once to act. Anything we can do to further the interests of congregational singing, we need not assure our readers, will not be wanting in the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. Our aim is to represent worthily the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and this in every point affecting her welfare.

The value of good congregational singing we cannot over-estimate. It is the part of the service in which all alike are interested. The youngest as well as the oldest worshippers can contribute something to the general effect, when they have been trained to sing the praises of the Lord. We are all at one upon this subject, and we therefore do not need to go into such questions as the use of instruments or hymns in worship. Every minister in the Church desires to have the best possible congregational singing. If his people only use the Psalms of David for praise, there is no less need for attention to their rendering by musical expression. Where hymns are employed, it does not follow that the singing will be any better. It is a matter—this of congregational singing—that demands and indeed *commands* the attention of all who would worship God in spirit and in truth.

The Montreal Presbyterian College is to be congratulated on having on its staff of Professors, one who devotes himself exclusively

to instruction in music. It must prove of great advantage to those who are being trained for the pulpit—to have both a theoretical and practical knowledge of music. Hitherto, ministers have been singularly obtuse on the subject. With all the rhythmic power of Dr. Chalmers in composing sermons, we question if he had an ear for cadence in the correlated matter of praise. Over and over again we have heard ministers say that they could not tell one note from another. This want or defect does not belong to the category of moral turpitude. But it is a great want nevertheless. It is no wonder indeed that musical performances in churches have been regarded as crude and inharmonious by the accomplished practisers of the art, when we remember that the aggregate musical talent of a session and congregation is often little more than *nihil*. But with such professorships as that occupied by Mr. McLaren, we may well look for great improvements in the matter of congregational singing. It is noticeable in the present day that there is quite a number of ministers who can in an emergency raise the tune. Let us trust that very soon every pastor will be able from his own knowledge and skill to take a prominent and intelligent part in the musical rendering of praise by his congregation. It would be well for the other colleges to follow the example of Montreal, where musical professorships have not been already established.

It remains for us to observe that much good in reference to congregational singing could be accomplished through systematic training of the children of the church. Let it not be supposed that we undervalue what has already been done in this respect. On the contrary, there is not a more gratifying consideration than that much attention is being everywhere given to the young in regard to music. There cannot well be too much of this. Children are naturally fond of singing. They are as a rule easily taught to sing. The Sabbath school will do much to promote the singing ability of the young. If children are being instructed in the art and science of music, it is easy to see the vast and important influence they will exert upon the future of congregational singing. When they become the pillars of the Church, its strong members and adherents, they will not be likely to forget an accomplishment which has proved a source of so much pleasure in the past, and they will be all the more inclined to take part in congregational practices, which are so necessary to secure the desired result of the earnest and harmonious singing of God's praises.

FALLING OFF IN HIS PREACHING.

HOW familiar we have all become with this expression! Nor is this wonderful, when we remember that we hear it almost every day, in reference to our own and other ministers. The falling off, though it may be real, may, however, be only imaginary.

Let it be true that the minister is not preaching with so much power and eloquence as when he first became pastor of the congregation. There must be some reason for the change, and there are many that might, and ought to be considered, before that of actual unfaithfulness on his part. It must be borne in mind that he is only a man, subject to the

same laws and conditions as other men. "None of us liveth to himself," the minister nor any other man. He, too, has need of sympathy and encouragement. A heart made hopeful and happy by continual appreciation and support is congenial to vigor of mind and flow of soul; but what of neglect and disappointment? Distracting cares as to what we shall eat and what we shall drink are not conducive to fertility of imagination, nor well fitted to inspire to patient toil. To dwell undisturbed in the higher realms of thought, to indulge the fancy in lofty flight, and to repose the soul in heavenly communion, while the butcher's and baker's bills remain unsettled upon the desk, is almost as uncongenial and hopeless toil as in Egyptian servitude to supply the accustom-tome tale of bricks deprived of straw.

Nor is this the only fruitful source of disappointment. Born with him into the world, and clinging unconsciously to him wherever he may go, there is an irresistible desire in man for the approbation and esteem of others, especially of those whose good he seeks. Conscious of its possession he can bear up bravely against misfortunes and prove himself strong in the hour of difficulty. With it even the weak are made strong, and without it the strongest are made weak indeed. Therefore, to ask any man to preach with heart and energy, while the majority of those pledged most solemnly before God and man to encourage and sustain him remain at home, through indifference, or attend the service of some other church to the neglect of their own, is to demand that which it is impossible to render. If the morning is cloudy or the evening cold, before deciding to remain from church the people ought to remember that the pastor will be expected there, cold or cloudy though it be, and that those present will expect him to preach with his accustomed eloquence and zeal to almost empty pews. Let him know that you appreciate his labors by kindly treatment, by constant attendance upon his ministry, and by honoring him for an uncompromising devotion to his Master's will, and it is not likely that there will be any falling off. Neglect these things, and the best and greatest man will disappoint you. Niagara is as little likely to run against the current as the smallest streamlet.

But there is not necessarily any falling off in the preaching in order that we may lose our interest in it. One may starve in the midst of plenty. We need exercise that we may have appetite, and we must have spiritual activity that we may have spiritual desire. A crust of bread to a man made hearty by honest toil will prove more agreeable to his taste than all the dainties of all the zones to the dyspeptic epicure who only lives to eat. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst for the bread and water of life, for they shall be filled whenever the gospel of Christ is faithfully preached. A child may scatter the seed, but if the soil be good it will grow up as luxuriantly and bring forth fruit as largely as if planted by the most skilful agriculturist. It was the plainest fare that our Lord provided for the multitude when he fed them with bread and fish. He might have spread for them the richest feast, but they were hungry after continued waiting upon Him, and there was no complaining. "They did all eat and were filled." Ask and ye shall receive, seek

and ye shall find, for there is a hid treasure in the plainest and simplest exhibition of the gospel of Christ. The word preached did not profit ancient Israel because "it was not mixed with faith in them that heard it." It was a stumbling-block to the Jews and foolishness to the Greeks, "but unto them which are called both Jews and Greeks" "the power of God and the wisdom of God."

THE death of Rev. David Inglis, D.D., which took place at Brooklyn, N.Y., on Saturday morning, will be deeply regretted throughout the Presbyterian Churches of this continent; but no where is the blow more keenly felt than in this city, and especially by the congregation of Knox Church, who had recently extended to Dr. Inglis a unanimous call to be coadjutor pastor with Dr. Topp. The disease which caused his death is said to have been miasmatic fever, by which the kidneys were fatally affected. Dr. Inglis was born in Greenlaw, Scotland, in 1823, so that he was in the fifty-fourth year of his age when he died. A more extended notice of him will appear next week. Many are the friends throughout Canada who rejoiced at the effort of Knox Church congregation to bring Dr. Inglis, and who now deeply sympathize with them in their disappointment.

STATE OF RELIGION.

THE following circular has been addressed to the clerks of Presbyteries. It is hoped that the means that have been adopted this year will tend to general returns being received from Sessions, Presbyteries and Synods:

MY DEAR SIR,—There has been mailed to your address in common with every minister of the Church, the annual sheet on the State of Religion, containing questions, etc. As much of the efficiency of the Schemes depends on Clerks of Presbyteries bringing the matter before the Court, and securing the necessary action thereon, the Committee would respectfully ask your assistance and kindly co-operation. But for some Clerks taking an interest in the scheme, it is feared there would be whole Presbyteries, some years, unrepresented. Last year every Presbytery in the Church, except Newfoundland in the extreme east and Manitoba in the extreme west, had the matter under consideration, and sent up their reports to their respective synods—numbering upon the whole three hundred and sixty-five congregations, and it is believed that a far greater number of congregations will report this year, and that a much deeper interest will be awakened. Lindsay was the Presbytery that was most distinguished last year in point of reporting congregations, every one within the bounds having sent in its sheet more or less filled up. In most of the Presbyteries a committee is struck to take charge of this scheme with the Clerk for convener, who, receiving the congregational reports, makes up his return for the Synod. Some of the Clerks did excellent service last year in this way, but in those cases where the Clerk cannot be expected to assume this duty, some other has to be appointed in his room.

As the Synod of the Maritime Provinces has already been held, the Clerks of Presbytery belonging to that section of the Church will please make up their reports as last year, and instead of sending them on to me, let them send them on to the Rev. J. W. MITCHELL, OF MITCHELL, ONTARIO, who has kindly consented to make up the annual report this year for the General Assembly, on or before the 1st of May, 1878. Synod Clerks will also be pleased to send their reports to Mr. Mitchell as soon as the Synods are over, so that Mr. Mitchell may have time to complete his work for the General Assembly.

DUNCAN MORRISON, Convener of the General Assembly's Committee on the State of Religion.

Owen Sound, 27 Nov., 1877.

N.B.—Particular attention this year is called to the Question bearing on Family Religion, No. 1.

OPERATIONS OF THE HOME MISSION COMMITTEE.

THE following circular from the Convener of the Home Mission Committee for the western district, has been sent to every minister in Ontario. We re-print it, as containing information interesting to every reader and contributor to the fund:

THE NECESSITIES OF THE FUND FOR 1877-78.

The following outline of the Operations and Necessities of the Home Mission Fund for the current year, is respectfully submitted for the information of our congregations. It is desirable in urging the claims of the fund, that reference be made to the facts submitted, as presenting a strong argument for exceptional liberality during the current year.

OPERATIONS. The report submitted at last Assembly contained the names of seventy-eight congregations, or 101 Churches supplemented by the fund from \$50 to \$300 per annum. Also the names of 264 Mission Stations or 115 Mission fields, under charge of the Committee, and receiving aid from \$50 up to (in some few cases sanctioned by the Assembly) \$500.

The families connected with these Supplemented Congregations and Mission Stations number 7,383, the communicants 9,548, and the attendance upon ordinances 24,190.

In addition to these, special mention must be made of Manitoba, with its thirteen groups, or Mission fields, and thirty-three preaching stations, representing 292 Presbyterian families, 250 communicants, and with an attendance of 875. Also the Muskoka district, the Parry Sound district, the Manitoulin Islands, the Hastings Road Mission field, British Columbia, and finally, Prince Albert on the Saskatchewan, transferred at last Assembly from the Foreign to the Home Mission Committee.

In addition to the ministers already laboring in Manitoba, namely, Messrs. Matheson, Scott, Northwick, Donaldson, Bell, Stewart, and Macellar, assisted by the Professors and students in the college, and the Rev. Dr. Black and Rev. James Robertson, the Home Mission Committee at its last meeting, appointed the Rev. Peter Straith, the Rev. W. R. Ross, and the Rev. Alexander Campbell, to proceed at once to the Province. Two additional labourers are urgently needed for the field, and the Committee are hopeful of securing suitable missionaries to meet the urgent demands of the Province before the close of the year.

FINANCE.—At the close of the financial year, 30th April, 1877, the Committee reported to the Assembly an indebtedness of \$2,389.40. On the 1st of October the indebtedness was \$3,440.67, and adding the claims now due for supplemented congregations and mission stations \$9,809.47, makes a total of \$12,250.14 as the debt resting upon the Home Mission Committee at the present date. To this, in estimating the expenditure for the year, must be added the moneys due Mission Stations and Supplemented Congregations next April, the support of such special fields as Muskoka, Parry Sound, the Manitoulin Islands, British Columbia, and our increased staff in Manitoba. There is also, as instructed by the Assembly the sum of \$2,000 to remove the debt upon the Manitoba College, making as nearly as can be estimated a total of \$38,500, which is required to enable the Committee to meet its liabilities at the close of the financial year in 1878.

I add no further remarks. Surely, in view of what has been stated, our congregations will cheerfully respond, in supporting the Home Mission scheme of our Church, by largely increased contributions during the present year.

WM. COCHRANE, Convener of Home Mission Com.
Brantford, December, 1877.

IN MEMORIAM.

On St. Andrew's day, the 30th ult., died James Kirkpatrick, late Treasurer of the county of Wentworth. He was born of a respectable family near Ballymena, Ireland, in the year 1784, and vividly recollected the conflagration of the rebellion of 1788. He chose the profession of a civil engineer; was married in 1813; emigrated to Canada in 1815, and has ever since resided in the county of Wentworth, Ont., where he raised a large family and filled many public positions. He was early employed by the Government, first in laying out numerous townships and then in valuing Indian and Government lands. When about sixty years of age he was appointed Treasurer of Wentworth county, which office he held until the 1st of March last, when the infirmities of age compelled him to resign it. In business he was distinguished for his sterling integrity and self-abnegation. As it was his constant aim to live above suspicion, he avoided those speculations which have enriched mere grasping men in the infancy of this country, and was content with what he honestly earned by his profession. In religion he was a rigid Presbyterian. The church in which the late Rev. Mr. Christie, of Flamboro', completed his lengthened ministry was built on a site granted for the purpose by him. In this unpretending edifice he and his family worshipped until his removal to Hamilton, when he connected himself with St. Andrew's Church of that city, then ministered to by the late Rev. Alex. McKid. In this congregation he continued during the remainder of his life. About the year 1845 he was ordained an elder, and held that office until his death. He was never absent from his pew, no matter what the weather, until prevented by old age. Without making any parade of his religion, he lived a life of faith and prayer, and frequently spoke of the sovereignty of God in that attribute which afforded him comfort and confidence in his sad trials and family bereavements. In private life he was hospitable and genial in his social intercourse. He was never better pleased than when he saw the ministers of religion surrounding his table. He was to all a kind neighbor and a

sincere friend. His heartfelt piety seemed to grow apace as he advanced in life. His disposition sweetened and his demeanor to all was kinder. The secret of this was the fact that he spent a portion of each day in searching the Scriptures and in secret prayer. The morning was his favorite time for this exercise. While his faculties remained he spoke much of dear departed ones who had gone before him into the spirit world, and rejoiced at the near prospect of joining them there. About the last effort he was observed to make was to sing a snatch of a psalm to one of the old church tunes with which he was familiar. Who knows what blessed vision was revealed to him in those dying moments? Then he fell into a gentle sleep, and peacefully passed away.

His mortal remains were buried in the family plot in the Hamilton cemetery, and the funeral was attended by a numerous concourse of old friends and acquaintances, some of whom had come from a great distance. Long will the name of James Kirkpatrick be affectionately remembered and respectfully spoken of by hundreds whom he benefited by his timely counsels. The "Old Treasurer" has passed away, and it will be long ere his equal in all respects be seen again.—COM.

PRESBYTERY OF STRATFORD.—This court met in Knox Church, Stratford, on the 11th inst. A committee was appointed to visit Burns' Church, East Zorra. A minute in relation to Mr. Musgrave's translation was adopted, setting forth the Presbytery's estimate of his ability, fidelity, and zeal as a minister of Christ. It was agreed to cite the congregations of St. Andrew's, North Easthope and Hamburg to appear for their interests at next meeting, in relation to the discontinuance of ordinances at the latter place. A letter from the office-bearers of Knox Church, Stratford, was read, intimating that they had received a telegram from Mr. McLeod, of Liverpool, communicating the fact of his acceptance of the call from said Church. The Presbytery made provisional arrangement for his induction on the 30th of January next. A circular from the Foreign Mission Committee was read, asking the Presbytery to arrange for persons appointed by them to address the congregations. A committee was appointed to make arrangements as desired, and appoint members of Presbytery at the same time to address the meetings. The consideration of a circular on Sabbath school work was postponed. Mr. Boyd was appointed on the Synod's committee on the state of religion, and to prepare a report on that subject, from returns to be made by the congregations of the bounds, at or before next ordinary meeting. A committee was appointed to ascertain the Presbytery's rights and responsibilities in relation to the Brooksdale church property.

LINDSAY PRESBYTERY.—The Presbytery met at Uxbridge on Tuesday, 27th November—were present ten ministers and six elders. Arrangements were made for the Annual Missionary Meetings, viz.—1. Uxbridge, Leaskdale, Scott, Sonya, Manilla—Rev. E. Cockburn, Convener. 2. Cannington, Wick, Greenbank, Sunderland, and Verdonant—Rev. J. Campbell, Convener. 3. Beaverton, S. Mara and Longford, North Mara, Balsover, and Carden—Rev. J. McNabb, Convener. 4. Woodville, Eldon, Kirkfield, Victoria, Digby and Head Lake—Rev. J. L. Murray, Convener. 5. Lindsay, Cambray, Glenarm, Fenelon Falls, Somerville, and Cobocunk—Rev. J. Hastie, Convener. The Committee appointed to draft a report for a Sabbath School Convention, reported, "that a Convention of Sabbath School Teachers of the Presbytery be held in the Presbyterian Church, Cannington, on the first Tuesday of February, 1878, at the hour of 10 a.m., to hold three sessions, viz., at 10 a.m., 2 p.m., and 7 p.m. That the following be provisionally officers to arrange the programme for said meeting—Rev. J. Campbell, Rev. D. Cockburn, Rev. A. Currie, Messrs. J. C. Gilchrist, J. Jamieson, Woodville; and Mr. Scott, Cannington; Rev. J. Campbell, President; Mr. J. C. Gilchrist, Secretary. The Report was received and adopted. Supply was arranged for Mission Stations. Mr. McLeod gave notice that he would move at next meeting that the representatives to the General Assembly have their expenses paid, and the Rev. J. Campbell, that he would move for the reconsideration of the arrangement made, that the Presbytery Meetings be held alternately at Lindsay and Woodville. Next meeting of Presbytery, was appointed to be held at Woodville, on Tuesday, 26th February, 1878.—J. R. SCOTT, Pres. Clerk.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

MORE THAN CONQUEROR.

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

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Erlesleigh's utterance became choked by the vehemence with which she had spoken, and she paused, gasping for breath. Anthony remained gazing at her in silence, while a look of dismay and almost of terror gradually stole over his face, as he pondered on her last words. He had grown very pale, when at length he spoke.

"Mother," he said, "I do not as yet of course at all understand the nature of the evils you dread for my brother, and therefore I cannot estimate the extent of the service you require at my hands on his behalf. But surely—surely—when you speak of the surrender of my life—the abandonment of all my hopes, you do not intend me to give up the work to which I have dedicated my whole existence? You do not mean that I am to desert the cause of the African slave, for which I have resolved to live, and if need be to die!"

"I do!" she answered, starting from her pillows and clasping her hands with passionate energy. "Is not my Rex more precious to me than all the races of slaves that ever trod the earth? ought he not to be so to you also—his only brother? In any case—know this—that unless you cast aside for ever all your former schemes, and give yourself up to dwell here with my darling, to guide him day by day, and hour, from all the dangers seen and unseen, which shall assail him, you will rob you mother's death-bed of all hope and peace; you will torment me even in that other world, where surely souls remember all they have loved on earth; and, crueller far than any anguish you may bring on me, you will be the destruction of my dear and noble boy; you will turn all the fair promise of his life to bitterest ashes of despair; you will make his fate such that it would have been better for him if he had never been born; aye, and for yourself, too, in your just remorse. Can you hesitate, Anthony Beresford? will you not give me the unreserved promise which I ask?—your dying mother?"

He gave a heavy sigh, and then said, very gently, "My dear mother, it is impossible that I can make you any answer, far less give you so tremendous a pledge, while I still remain in ignorance of the secret meaning of all that you have said. Tell me what it is you fear for Rex, and how far any protection of mine can avail him, and then I shall endeavor to ascertain in what form God may will to use my life; whether for this cherished child, rich in all the world's best possessions, or for the many thousands who so long have stretched forth their chained hands in vain, appealing for pity, with a claim which I have held to be stronger upon me than any other I have ever known, because as yet, at least, they have no helper. But, dearest mother," he added, "I fear you have not power to speak more now; you seem very faint."

Mrs. Erlesleigh signed to him to give her another glass of the cordial, and when she had taken it, she said feebly, "It is true that strength fails me to tell you all I would have you learn, but death leaves me no time to postpone the revelation; it is well that, little as I thought to leave my Rex for years to come, I yet had sufficient forethought, in the uncertainties of life, to leave a record of all that I would explain to you now if only this panting breath would let me do it." She took a paper from beneath her pillow as she spoke, and put it into Anthony's hand. "You must read this here by my side," she said, "and that without delay, for I cannot bear this anguish of suspense another hour, even if I could be certain that such a space of time would yet be given me on earth. Take it, my son, and read it now, while I follow the glance of your eyes along each line with the passionate pleading of my heart that it may win your compassion for my Rex, and secure for me your pledge to give yourself to him, and to him alone, so long as life shall last for both."

She lay back then on her pillow, folded her hands in an attitude of entreaty, and fixed her eyes on Anthony's troubled face as he unfolded the paper and read the following lines, bearing a date in the summer of the previous year:—

"I, Marian Erlesleigh, write this record with the intention that it shall never be seen, excepting in the improbable event of my sudden death—improbable because I am at present in perfect health and strength—but should I be unexpectedly cut off by any accident, which would leave me no time for final preparations, I then bequeath this paper to the person who, at that time, shall stand in nearest relationship to my dearest son, Reginald Erlesleigh. I pray that it may be his brother, Anthony Beresford; but if he should not survive me, let that one who shall be most closely linked to Reginald by ties of blood read the solemn appeal I shall herein make to him, with all the fatal reasons which render it needful, and then let him show mercy to me and to my darling by granting my request, even as he himself shall hope for mercy in the world to come. Excepting as a provision for sudden death, and that on behalf of the son who is dearer to me than life, I should have never trusted to any written document the facts I am about to record; for I would, in truth, rather cut off my right hand than that they should be known, inasmuch as they refer, alas! to errors committed by my most beloved husband, Francis Erlesleigh. May it not be some excuse for him that the fatal deeds which marred his life and left a stain upon his character, none the less real because it was concealed, were accomplished during the two years of my separation from him, at the period of my marriage, when he was embittered by my dislike, not knowing the falsehood which had caused it, and reckless in all his actions from a sense of hopelessness, and distrust in his fellow-creatures. Yet, alas! I am constrained to admit that the tendency which led him on to deadly evils had been but too fully developed before he ever saw me, and that he had given way to his taste for gambling from the time when he first entered the army. No one who has not had experience of this fatal vice can have the least idea of the terrible power which it seems to possess, drawing its victims on from one error to another till it leads them into such crimes as they could never

have believed it possible they should commit, and certainly this was eminently the case with my poor Frank. Up to the time of his separation from me he had never swerved in the least from honour and truth, although he had indulged in his inordinate passion for gaming to an extent which had swallowed all the money he possessed or could obtain from any available source; but there is no stopping short in that career whose fatal fascination can master in the end every principle of right, and quench all better aspirations. Stung to the quick by my abandonment, Frank found that the excitement of the gaming-table had become an imperative necessity, which he must gratify at whatever cost, although he knew then that he had already placed himself in a position which made it impossible for him to do so in any honorable manner—all that he possessed as a younger son was gone, his elder brother, who had refused to help him any more, was still alive, and engaged to be married, so that he could not even raise money on his expectations as his possible heir, and he was, besides, largely in debt.

"Precisely at this juncture, by that fatality which causes a sudden temptation to start up at the very moment when it is calculated to be most attractive and most easy of execution, an opportunity offered itself to my poor husband of obtaining a large sum of money with which he imagined he could repair all his losses; according to the gambler's hopeful creed, which satisfied him that the tide of fortune was certain to turn in his favor after the long continued ill-luck which had brought him down so low. He could not resist the mad imperious longing to become possessed of this sum that seemed to be his only chance of salvation from utter ruin; but—oh, that I should have to write it!—the mode by which it was to be obtained was nothing less than a fraud, involving not himself only, but also, without their knowledge, two of his most intimate friends. One of these—Henry Vivian—was the person whom, next to myself, he had perhaps always loved the best. They had been companions at school and college, and were then brother officers, and the attachment which bound Vivian to Frank was especially deep and tender, such as a man might feel for a favorite brother, to whom all his confidence and trust was given. With Dacre, Frank's friendship was of a more ordinary kind, though circumstances had drawn them into a good deal of intimacy; but my darling husband was indeed beloved by the whole of his brother officers, and by all who knew him, for there never was a man who exercised greater fascination upon others, or who possessed more charming qualities, despite his one great fault.

"I cannot bring myself to enter into the details of the fraud by which my poor misguided Frank did, after long struggling with his sense of honor, at last obtain the money he coveted. His own name was sheltered by the nature of the transaction; and of this I am certain—that if he had been aware that greater risk attached to the reputation of his friends, he never would have let himself be drawn into the fatal net, whatever might have been his doom without the help it gave; he believed, in truth, that his friends would never know their names had been used—that he should gain a hundredfold more than he had taken, and would repay to all the double of what they had lost, till there remained not a trace of his secret swiftly repaired crime; all these expectations failed most hopelessly; a few nights' play, when his persistent ill-luck followed him, and his own recklessness, increased with every disappointment, was sufficient to deprive him of the vast sum for which he had sinned so deeply; and ruin, dire and complete, came down on himself alone, but on his two friends, who by some untoward circumstances were believed to be the really guilty persons, while Frank was supposed to be only innocently made to share in their machinations. He attempted to make the truth known, that the reprobation freely given to them might fall upon himself, but his self-accusations were not believed, and just at that time the death of his elder brother from an accident in Egypt, where he was travelling, obliged Frank to leave England suddenly for the East, and when he returned—no longer the ruined younger son, but the possessor of Darksmere and all its wealth—the false results of his fault had overtaken both Dacre and Vivian, they had been dismissed the service, and had disappeared, overwhelmed with ruin and disgrace."

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Erlesleigh had been watching the expression of Anthony's face with increasing anxiety as he read the painful record it had cost her so much to write, and at this point in her narrative there was no mistaking the look of indignation and disgust with which he learnt that his stepfather had not only perpetrated a fraud, but one of which the discovery had brought punishment upon the innocent and left unscathed the guilty. She trembled before the just wrath that gleamed from his clear, honest eyes, and caught his hand suddenly in hers. "Anthony, Anthony! it is not for man to avenge the sins of the fathers on the children. Oh, let not the errors of my husband, buried with him long since in the grave—let them not steel your heart against my Rex; he is innocent—as yet, at least!"

"Do you not know, mother, that I hate injustice?" said Anthony, almost sternly. "I trust that I shall never deal unjustly by any one, far less by my brother and your son."

"Read on then," she said, falling back on her pillow, "it is only Rex that I can hope to shelter now. You will condemn my poor husband, I know; but I am going to him," she continued, stretching out her arms with a gesture of longing. "I who have never ceased to love him, who ever forgot that he was guilty to remember only that he was intensely dear, my faithfulness can reach him still, although no earthly censure can disturb him any more. I yield his memory, then, to your severity, if only you will be tender to my helpless living son."

Anthony did not answer, but silently resumed his task. The record continued thus:—

"My husband returned from the Continent, to be received by his tenants with enthusiasm. They were well pleased to exchange his brother, who had always been an absentee, for a squire who promised to reside permanently amongst them. The sad error of which I have spoken had been committed

in a remote part of Ireland, where he had been stationed with his regiment, and while still abroad he had heard indirectly of the discovery of the whole affair; of the ruin which had overtaken his friends, and the singular chance by which he himself had escaped detection, and, finally, of the total disappearance of both Vivian and Dacre. Had these two men not placed themselves thus absolutely beyond his reach, my husband assured me that he would have confessed the whole truth, to his own utter misery, in order to clear them from the cruel disgrace which had fallen upon them so unjustly; but, although he secretly made every possible effort to find them, he could obtain no clue whatever to their place of concealment. The affair had been but a nine days' wonder even in the locality where it had taken place, and soon the whole circumstances, and even the very names of Dacre and Vivian, ceased to be mentioned or remembered. Frank believed, therefore, that no confession of his could reach them or benefit them any more, and he had not the moral courage to criminate himself with no result so far as they were concerned; and with the certainty that he would thereby put an end for ever to all the hopes of happiness that were even then opening out so brightly before him—for he and I had met again—both free, both faithful, and we had learnt the unworthy falsehoods which had kept us apart, and were looking forward to a life of unutterable joy together; but lest those who may read this record after my death, should too harshly condemn my beloved husband, let me state in his favor that to me he confided all the truth of his past errors. Surely it is a trait that speaks well for him, despite his faults, that he told me plainly he would not marry me unless I knew him in his worst aspect, though to lose me would be more terrible to him than death itself.

"I was shocked indeed when I heard of what he had been guilty, but ah! I loved him so devotedly that even greater crimes than his could not have availed to tear my heart away from him. I had known of his fatal taste for gambling from the commencement of my acquaintance with him, and if it had not then deterred me from yielding to the intense fascination which he exercised over me, it was not likely that even the knowledge of the dark fruit it had borne, would estrange me from him just when I was revelling in the happiness of having found him all my own once again, after our cruel separation. I did, however, make one condition, in consequence of his confession, before I consented to our union, and that was that he should take a solemn vow to abstain from gambling for the rest of his life. He took the oath, and he kept it; but I must, for my Rex's dear sake, tell all the truth, and, therefore, I own that Frank's passion for this fatal vice was so irresistible that I believe he would have yielded to it again had I not literally put it out of his power to do so, by guarding him incessantly through my own constant presence from the slightest power of indulging his terrible desire to have the dice in his hand once more. I insisted that we should live always at Darksmere, knowing that in London I could not have watched over him with the same persistent care, and I would not allow a single person to be invited to the house who would have been capable of tempting him to gamble. I offended many of his old friends by this conduct; and he himself would have resented it had he not loved me so fondly that all I did seemed right in his eyes; but I gained my object, I did keep him from his terrible vice during the remainder of his life. Had his term of existence been less sadly brief I doubt if even I should have had power to restrain him. But, alas! our perfect happiness was destined to be fleeting as the summer sunshine, and in the very midst of its cloudless brightness that dark day dawned which consigned my darling to the grasp of a cruel death, and me to a living wretchedness which has known no abatement of its passionate regret up to this hour. He was gone—the light of my eyes and desire of my heart—and I was fain to have followed him and joined him swiftly in his tomb, but for his son's sake I lived, and for that son alone I have told the secret of his errors, which no tortures should have wrung from me for any other reason; but without this explanation the dangers which threaten Rex would never be understood in all their significance.

"I knew nothing of the perils lurking in the future for my beloved son till one day, when Francis Erlesleigh had lain in the grave about three weeks, I received a letter in a handwriting which I did not know, and found, to my amazement that it was from Henry Vivian. I had known both him and Richard Dacre at the time of my acquaintance with Frank, before my first marriage, and I knew that they presented a singular contrast to each other in every respect. Vivian was a noble character, generous, open-handed, confiding, a thorough gentleman in mind as well as by birth, but with a most sensitive disposition, and a good deal of eccentricity in his tastes and fancies. Dacre, on the contrary, had begun life in a somewhat low station, without fortune or connections who could help him, and by his own exertions and an indomitable resolution, which he was prepared to carry out with a total disregard of principle, he rose from the ranks to the position he then occupied as an officer in the army; he was clever and cunning, heartless and perfectly unscrupulous, and I well remember my poor Frank telling me one day that he had never known any man who could exercise such a concentrated power of malignant hatred against those who offended him as Richard Dacre. Well was it for my husband that he died before he learnt, as I did, how terribly this statement was to be verified in his own case.

"Henry Vivian commenced his letter to me without any date, and he had taken care to have it sent to me through some private medium, so that I should not know from what part of the world it came. He said that tidings had reached him of the death of Francis Erlesleigh; and since the grave had closed in such sad and sudden fashion over the man who had been first his dearest friend, and then his cruellest enemy, he would not address to me, a widow, and desolate, the words of just opprobrium and abhorrence which my husband's conduct had so justly deserved. Only, in defence of such peace as that treacherous fraud had left him, he must explain to me what the consequences of it had been to himself, and the position to which it had reduced him now. The baneful effects of a crime, once committed, he said, were never limited to what might be supposed to be their immediate result, but went on in still widening circles, as

with a living power of evil, which no repentance or reparation could ever restrain or restore; and thus, he said, the cruel act of my unhappy husband had pursued himself with relentless malignity up to the hour in which he wrote to me. It had driven him an outlaw and an exile from his native land, and he had fled into distant regions where he hoped his dishonoured name would not be known, and a peaceful life might yet be permitted to him, though in a very different sphere from that he should have occupied, and in order to dispel his utter loneliness, cut off from all who had been known to him heretofore, as he then was, he married the young daughter of a man of influence in the city beyond the Atlantic where he had made his home. Vivian went on to say that he strove to forget in her love the disgrace and anguish of the past, never having revealed it to any of his new connections, but he found that it pursued him still. Some sinister rumour brought suspicion to the mind of his father-in-law. This gentleman made searching inquiries, and discovered that he had given his only child to a man who had fled, disgraced, with a dark stain on his reputation, from the country that would harbour him no more; and the father—a magistrate in high position—was driven almost frantic with furious indignation when the whole truth was made plain to him. He came to Vivian's house in a paroxysm of rage, and dragged his daughter away, declaring she should not remain with a man who had married her under false appearances; and when Vivian resisted her being thus torn from him, so terrible a scene ensued that the shock was too much for the poor young wife. She was taken ill, and in four-and-twenty hours she was dead, leaving him alone with a little motherless infant, to fight with his hard destiny as best he might. He had been compelled to fly once more; public execration drove him from the town so soon as his young wife was buried out of his sight, and at the time he wrote to me he had resolved, utterly broken down, embittered, and despairing as he was, to take refuge in some spot where he might for ever hide himself from the sight of men, and live with God and nature only.

(To be continued.)

BIRDS IN WINTER.

"How do the birds manage at night and in tempestuous weather?" is a question often asked me. I was when it was believed that many of them hibernated—especially the swallows—burying themselves in the mud like frogs, or curling up in rocks like the bats; and the phenomenon of the appearance of a few summer birds during "warm spells" in winter was assumed to prove that they had been torpid, but had been waked up by the genial warmth, as bats often are. It was not three months ago that I saw in an English newspaper a letter from a man who claimed to have found a hedge-sparrow (I think) torpid somewhere in the mud. But the search for proofs of this theory discovered that the birds supposed to hibernate migrated, while of the birds which remained in this latitude through the cold months we saw more in warm, fine weather, for the reason that they then forsook the sheltered hollows and cosy recesses of the woods where they had retreated during stormy days, and came out into the sunlight. The dense cedars and close branches of small spruces and other evergreens afford them close shelter, and thickets of brambles are made use of when these are not to be found; hollow trees are natural houses in which large numbers huddle, and the cave-like holes under the roots of trees growing on steep banks are favorite hospices. The grouse plunges through the snow down to the ground, where it scrapes bare a "form," or crawls under the hemlock and spruce boughs which stoop to the earth with the weight of snow, and allows the white mantle to drift over it, subsisting the while on the spruce-buds. When the storm ceases it can easily dig its way out, but sometimes a rain and hard frost follow which make such a crust on the snow that it cannot break its way up through, and so starves to death. The more domestic sparrows, robins, and flickers burrow into the hay-mow, find a warm root in the barn near the cattle, or, attracted by the warmth of the furnace, creep under the eaves or into a chink next the chimney of the greenhouse or country dwelling. The meadow-lark and quail seek out sunny nooks in the fields, and crouch down out of the blast; while the woodcock hides among the moss and ferns of the damp woods where only the severest cold chains the springs. Along the coast many turkeys go to the sea-shore for a milder climate.—*Appleton's Journal.*

TO BE PITIED AND BLAMED.

The public is startled every now and then by the report that some girl, well educated and respectably reared, has gone from parents, home, and all the attractions of refinement and social position, with some man whom she had known for only a short time and of whose history and character she is entirely ignorant, who has ruined and then deserted her, leaving her to shame and remorse. So frequently has this occurred and so generally has it been made known, that one would suppose that every young woman of ordinary intelligence would be so effectually warned against the consequences of such a course as to deter her from it, even if her own delicacy and sense of propriety did not do it. But repeated examples do not seem to be successful in keeping pure-minded girls from the wiles of skillful scoundrel. No longer than two weeks ago a beautiful and accomplished woman, who had been a teacher in a western city, came to this city with a "commercial traveller," to whom she had been engaged to be married on the 1st of September, but who persuaded her to leave home without having the ceremony performed and accompany him to this city, where he promised to marry her. On the way hither they stopped at various places where he professed to have business, and after having spent a few days with her here, he deserted her.

Over such wrecks as this the tear of pity must be shed, while indignation must burn against the betrayer and destroyer. Injury has been done which can never be repaired. Prospects have been blighted which can by no ordinary possibility be restored. And then this is generally the beginning of a career whose only progress is to lower depths. How terrible

the blow to parents and friends! What agony to those who watched so carefully over the ruined one and nursed her so tenderly! But then the inquiry comes up, Did she not know that she was doing wrong? The very fact of listening to the addresses of one of whom she knew nothing, without consulting parents or friends, was a very gross impropriety. And that she should entertain the thought of leaving home clandestinely with a mere adventurer, proves her to have been either silly or sadly inclined to evil ways. That the result of such conduct could be only ruinous was as plain as daylight. Therefore, whilst we pity the ruined one from the depths of our hearts, she cannot be acquitted of blame.

The time has come when girls and young women should know that those who solicit their company without being introduced by responsible persons, ought to be looked upon with suspicion and avoided; that strangers who seek to allure them from home while parents and friends are to be kept in ignorance, are villains; and that men who ask them to go anywhere or to do anything which must be kept from the knowledge of mothers and fathers, should be at once scorned and driven away.—*Pres. Banner.*

SWILL-FEED.

Perhaps you have heard of animals that were fed upon the swill of distilleries, and have learned how diseased they become on such bad food. The swill is probably not very unpleasant to the taste. Perhaps it is a little exciting and enlivening in its effect, and easy enough to swallow. But it does not make good blood and solid muscle. The distiller has spoiled it. It is unwholesome slop, and it cannot nourish and strengthen the animals as rich corn and sweet clover would.

You think it bad enough to feed the bodies of animals on swill, do you not? But what would you think were you told that multitudes of boys, and girls too, are feeding their immortal minds and hearts on stuff that is worse than the swill from foul distilleries! Slop "story papers" and thin "dime novels" make up a mess that is enough to bloat and infect the souls of those who read them. There are many vile books, papers, and pictures that are poisonous in their impurity.

Yes, we repeat, and would press the thought upon you, that flashy, exciting, and long-strung-out tales in cheap "story papers" furnish a swill-like reading that is as bad for your minds and hearts as the distillery swill is bad for the bodies of animals.

What food for the mind can there be in foolish, lying tales about bloody "Indians," coarse "scouts," tricky "trappers," or lawless, cruel "pirates" and "robbers"? What kind of manliness and common sense and business judgment will a fellow have who soaks his mind in that bad kind of swill? What sort of manners and morals will he be likely to grow into while he keeps the memory and heart full of the unnatural, silly stuff spouted by make-up characters in a flimsy story about thieves, robbers, pirates, or "Indians"? Will not crazy schemes and wild dreams run through his head? Will he not be aimlessly thinking about sudden good fortune, mighty feats of foolish strength and unheard-of courage, and about distressed "maidens" and lucky "lovers"?

If you want to be a MAN among men some day, if you want to be a real hero, you must not feed yourself on swill, but on true, good, sensible things. Turn away from the slop flood of "story papers" and cheap novels, and feed your heart and fill your mind with the stirring facts of real soldiers in history. Read the wonders of science and discovery. Drink in the beauties of real poetry. Enjoy the sweet charm and uplifting influence of the noble life-stories of men and women who have lived and worked and loved and suffered in real life.

Above all, feed on God's Book. In it you will find wonderful history, sweetest story, finest poetic thought, and deepest wisdom. Grow up on Christ's words; they are "Spirit and life." Read and obey them, and be strong and good and wise forever.

A LAUGHABLE FRENCH MIRACLE.

Father Bridaine was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything that he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of the village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak he rose, according to his custom, and went to say his prayers at the neighbouring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar, who asked alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing," said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand into his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard, wrapped up in a paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and seeing four half-crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle. He gave the money to the beggar, and hastened to the church to announce the miracle. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with the greatest unction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Bridaine in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches; he had performed the miracle with the curate's crowns.

CONSOLATORY THOUGHTS ON THE MANKHOOD OF CHRIST.—Did the Word become flesh? Then He can supply us with a perfect pattern and example for our daily life. Had he walked among us as an angel or a spirit, we could never have copied Him. But having dwelt among us as a man, we know that the true standard of holiness is to "walk even as he walked." (1 John ii. 6.) He is a perfect pattern, because He is God. But He is also a pattern exactly suited to our wants, because He is man. Finally, did the Word become flesh? Then let us see in our mortal bodies a real, true dignity, and not defile them by sin. Vile and weak as our body may seem, it is a body which the Eternal Son of God was not ashamed to take upon Himself, and to take up to heaven.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

MESSRS. MOODY & SANKEY began their work in Providence, December 1.

THE Boston Y.M.C.A. gave a Thanksgiving dinner to 175 young men. A thoughtful, homelike act.

THE Duke of Norfolk, at his recent marriage, presented his wife the pearl necklace of Mary Queen of Scots.

THE bullion product of the Pacific Coast for nine months ending October 1st, was \$36,053,700, nearly half of which is gold.

NEVADA men do not dare now to beat their wives, as whipping-posts for such brutes have been authorized by the Legislature.

THE playing of a music-box and talking were lately distinctly heard by telephone through the cable under the English Channel.

THE railway bridge, two miles long, spanning the Tay, at Dundee, Scotland, has been officially pronounced safe and ready for traffic.

NOVEMBER 17 the bells of Westminster Abbey pealed their annual commemoration of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, its second foundress.

TEMPLE BAR, the gateway to the city of London, is to be removed, and the end of Fleet street, which it separates from the Strand is to be widened.

A MISSIONARY at the Tombs, New York, says that of 1,030 boys under fourteen imprisoned there, a little over 200 were Protestants and over 800 were Roman Catholics.

THE Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has forwarded his annual gift of \$5,000, a thanksgiving memorial of his good wife, to the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, which educated her.

A FRENCH Huguenot congregation that has for generations met in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral has celebrated its 327th anniversary. They are about to join the Presbyterian Church.

THE Rev. T. K. Cheyne, of Balliol College, Oxford, has prepared a list of the principal Biblical proper names, with explanation, arranged on a consistent and strictly philological method.

SOME Koords sacking an Armenian town found three boxes of Bibles which they took, selling as many of them as they could. They were not the regular Bible Society colporteurs.

PIAZZI SMITH, the astronomer royal of Scotland, after careful observations on the weather for thirty-nine years, warns the people of Great Britain of the coming of a cold wave at the end of this year.

DR. NEUBAUER, sub-librarian of the Bodleian Library, has found in a recently-acquired Hebrew MS. a Chaldee text of the Book of Tobit, which is in all probability that from which St. Jerome mainly prepared his version.

THE degree of Dr. of Civil Law has been conferred upon Charles Robert Darwin by Cambridge University, England. At the gravest part of the ceremony there was lowered from the ceiling the effigy of a monkey, bearing the inscription "Missing Link."

THE "National Baptist" says that Mr. William Quarrier of Glasgow has, by his own efforts, lifted 600 children out of the gutters and placed them in comfortable homes in Canada and elsewhere. He is now building cottage homes where he means to train boys to useful trades and girls for domestic service. Such a man is a public benefactor.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the supply of the Chair of Evangelistic Theology, occupied by Dr. Duff, who is at present laid aside by severe bodily ailment. In Edinburgh the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Barclay Church, has agreed to take the first year's, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Smith the fourth year's students. In Glasgow the work has been undertaken by Dr. Smith and Murray Mitchell, and Mr. Wilson. In Aberdeen it is proposed that Dr. Murray Mitchell should occupy the chair in March.

A PRIVATE telegram from Rome to the *Scotsman* says that the following ecclesiastics will be created Cardinals in a Consistory to be held in December, namely: The Nuncio at Paris; the Nuncio at Vienna; Monsignore Agostini, Archbishop of Venice; and Monsignore Celesia, Archbishop of Palermo. In the same communication the hierarchy for Scotland is set down as follows:—(1) Archbishop of St. Andrews, residing at Edinburgh; (2) Bishop of Glasgow; (3) Bishop of Lismore, residing at Oban; (4) Bishop of Aberdeen; (5) Bishop of Whitmore (candida casa), residing at Dumfries; and (6) Bishop of either Dunkeld or Dunblae.

A LIBERAL JEM IT.—It is thus that Pere Curci is designated in all the papers; but this designation is not quite correct, seeing that Pere Curci was never liberal, and is no longer a Jesuit. Pere Curci is a Neapolitan, refined, enlightened, brilliant, fertile in talent. As a preacher he has been listened to in every part of Italy; as a politician he started the *Civiltà Cattolica*, the organ of the Jesuits. For some time, impressed by the danger threatening Roman Catholicism in Italy, he dreamt of a reconciliation between the Pope and Victor Emmanuel. This accommodation had nothing very liberal in it, but it was an accommodation. On reading his memorial on the subject, the Pope expressed much displeasure, and returned it to the General of the Jesuits with this annotation—"A tissue of impertinences and follies." Suddenly this memorial appeared in a Florentine Review. Hence the action which was taken with regard to Pere Curci, and his condemnation and expulsion from the order of Jesuits. Now, what did this memorial propose? To accept Victor Emmanuel as the King of Italy on condition that the Pope should be suzerain, that the Roman Catholic religion should be the religion of the State, that all anti-Christian laws should be repealed, and that the Pope should reside at Rome as the Sovereign of Italy. And this it is that is intolerable and that could not be entertained by a Roman Catholic.—*Christianisme au Dis-mecisme Sicile.*

ANNIVERSARY MISSIONARY MEETINGS, BION-
TREAL.

The third evening was devoted to Foreign Missions, when the platform of Erskine Church was again well filled by the leading laymen and ministers of our Church in the city. The audience was large and appreciative. The Chair was occupied by Principal Dawson, LL.D.

Mr. JAMES CROFT, said as Major Malan, who was connected with the mission work of the Mother Church, was to follow him, he would do very little more than give the names of the missionaries of the Church in Canada, and an idea of the solid mass of heathenism the Churches of Christ were endeavoring to penetrate. The population of the globe is estimated at 1,375,000,000 of human beings. Nine hundred millions were heathens, three hundred and forty-eight millions were Christian in name, and one hundred and twenty millions were Mohammedans, so that there is four-fifths of the population of the globe that do not recognize that Name by which we expect to be saved. The work was not a hopeless one. In 1820 the American Board of Missions sent out its first missionary to the Sandwich Islands. If he was properly informed, the Sandwich Islands are as much Christian to day as the United States. Only a very few years ago, a young native of Rarotonga, one of the Navigator's Islands visited the British Museum, and was shown a Rarotongian idol, which he examined with the greatest interest, and stated that it was the first time he had seen an idol. And yet in John Williams' time there were thousands of such idols in that island. At Erromanga, one of the New Hebrides, where John Williams and the Gordons, from Nova Scotia, were martyred, and where the population is now gradually dying out, there are 3,000 Christians. At another island a marble slab is erected, which states that thirty years ago, when Rev. John Geddes landed there, there was not a single Christian, and when he left there was not a single heathen. He proceeded to review the "foreign" mission fields of the Church in Canada. In the first, Trinidad, S. A., there are 10,000 people, including 15,000 or 20,000 coolies. The missionaries are Revs. Grant, Martin, and Christie. Ten or twelve years ago Rev. Mr. Martin was sent there to establish a mission. At the present time there are four Indian catechists, all educated Brahmins, and fifteen schools with five hundred scholars, and Mr. Grant, the missionary, while in this country, stated that fifteen of the scholars could repeat the whole of the Westminster catechism from beginning to end. In the Island of Formosa, Revs. McKay, McGregor, and Fraser laboured, and another missionary was going there. Messrs. McKay and Fraser, at the close of five years' labour, could count ten chapels with five hundred native attendants. They had admitted seventy-five into the Church after the closest possible examination. He also had eleven native students of theology, who travelled and studied with him wherever he went, and assisted him in his labours. In India there were two ordained missionaries, Rev. James Campbell, and Douglas, formerly of Cobourg, who has been there but a short time; also five ladies, Misses Blackader, Fairweather, Rogers, Forester, and McGregor, who, together with native assistants, constitute a staff of about fifty.

He wished to say a few words about one hindrance only to the work, and that the principal one. It was not the hardness of the heathens' hearts; for he believed their's were as soft as ours. It was not because we did not send good men, but it was because of the unaccountable selfishness of the people in Christian lands. He must say, for this the ministers were a great deal to blame. Water would not rise higher than its own level, and the missionary spirit of the people would not rise above the pulp. The people must have information. Missionary sermons should be preached oftener than once a year, and the Church would not be right on this question until such sermons were delivered oftener, and made a regular institution of the church.

Major Malan, the next speaker, now travelling on this continent for the purpose of giving information respecting the missions of the Presbyterian Church, said he had for twenty years known what heathenism is—in India, China, and Africa. His desire in speaking was to strengthen their faith in Jesus Christ and in the power of the Holy Ghost. He testified to the fact that a missionary's wife was equal to a missionary in the amount of work she assisted her husband to perform. He spoke of the necessity existing for the church at large to believe in the power of the Holy Ghost, otherwise they could not expect very great results to follow their labours. Sometimes the fruits of a missionary's labour were a long time coming. A German missionary laboured for thirty years without apparently making one convert, yet he was the means of awakening the conscience of one heathen, who became a Christian and who had been seen by the speaker teaching his coolies on the Sabbath. His greatest wish in life was that his friends might give up idolatry. He next spoke at some considerable length on the power of Jesus Christ to save, and urged his audience to lay hold of that power.

The missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," was next sung.

Rev. Mr. Farries, of Ottawa, next spoke of the objects of the Missionary Board, two of which had already been dealt with, viz.: Home Missions and French Evangelization. The sphere of the first two were within the bounds of the Dominion, the third recognized no boundaries and distinguished only between those who had and those who had not the Word of Life. There was a certain class of people who thought that Foreign Missions could be neglected without affecting their relationship to Christ. The aid coming from those who thought so would be spasmodic and vary according to the moods of the giver. But there was a number whose name was legion who dared not leave it alone, but who were compelled to prosecute it from very love for it. He held they were bound to prosecute it. He then dwelt upon the means by which increased faith in the Church would tend to develop, also by organization among congregations and Sabbath schools.

The Rev. Principal Grant was next introduced, and addressed the meeting as follows:

I spoke last night of the prime obligation on us as patriots

to prosecute Home Missions vigorously. To-night I would speak of the prime obligation on us as Christians to undertake Foreign Missions.

1. The object for which the Church was established by Christ was the conversion of the world. There is no doubt of this fact. The words of Christ have a calmness and—I may say the word without irreverence—a statesmanlike breadth, as unlike as words possibly can be to the heated outpourings of the visionary, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and disciple all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you all the days, even unto the end of the world, Amen." Mark the four alls. The instruments for effecting the great object, and the power by which they were to effect it, and their method of procedure were just as clearly pointed out in the last words uttered by Him before He rose into the deep blue of Judean skies from the brow of Olivet. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." There is no doubt about all this. The instrumentality seemed ridiculously disproportioned to the work that was to be done. Suppose, for example, that there were no Christians in the world now but this congregation, and that the work were imposed on us. No help from the other congregations of our Church, no help from other denominations in Canada, no help from the United States, no help from Great Britain and Ireland, or Australia, no help from Christian Europe. We would think that the task imposed not only asked that we should be martyrs, but martyrs to the extent of absurdity. Yet our resources are infinitely greater than theirs were to whom Christ addressed the commission.

This, then, was the object for which the Church was established! Who would think it to judge by the ordinary language, thoughts, manner, expenditure, style of life in one of our congregations! Suppose that an angel were to enter one of our Montreal Churches on a Sunday forenoon, and sought for information from some of the elders as to the sincerity of the worshippers. Angels, remember, are very practical beings. They fly very swiftly; they delight to do His commandments. He asks them, the elders, are all these Christians? Not a doubt of it! They love Christ? Yes. They believe His word? Yes. They are carrying out His commands? Yes, as well as you can expect from imperfect human beings. Well, he would probably say, let me bring this matter to two practical tests: (1) How much do these people annually spend on themselves for necessaries, comforts, luxuries, or to add to their capital? Without going into details it would be safe to say, that there are a hundred families in the congregation who spend an average of \$3,000 each, or in all, \$300,000. How much do they give to carry out their Master's great command? Probably they give half as much as they spend on themselves, or \$150,000 a year! Our six hundred congregations do not make up one-fifth of that amount. (2) Well, continues the angel, I will apply another test. There is something that men love more than their money. They love their children. They must believe there can be no such honor on earth, as to wear the livery and bear the commission of Him on whose head are many crowns. Doubtless there is not a family in this congregation that does not educate one son and one daughter for these lofty posts! Oh, not at all. They give their sons to trade, to law, to professions that promise gain. If they are very rich they don't bring them up to anything in particular. The youths then learn to smoke, play, loiter elegantly about the Club, shoot pigeons, pheasants and such warlike animals; to drive tandem or unicorn, and all that sort of thing. As for their daughters, they dress well, read four or five novels a week, dance charmingly, and do other things of the kind. And then all meet on Sundays and sing, or listen to the choir singing "Onward Christian Soldiers," etc. Why, this congregation has not given one Missionary, male or female, to the Church of Christ in the whole course of its history. It has not given one minister to the Church. It has given thousands to the service of the State, to the world's hard work in one way or another, to fashion, to fortune, to fame; yea it has sold them under bondage to gold, to lust, to drunkenness. It has seen them join hand in hand with the devil, but it has not spared one for the direct service of Him they call Master! And then we wonder that there should be skeptics and infidels, and materialists. We think it hard that they should call us hypocrites, and modern Christianity a varnished heathenism!

2. Such was the object for which the Church was established. Tho' the Church has been to an awful extent unfaithful, still if we view its history from a point sufficiently high to see its whole course and the direction of its main current it will be clear enough ever to a superficial observer that it is in this direction it has ever been tending, and that it has never wholly lost the inspiration of this great commission. There have been two periods in which the Church as a whole threw its strength into this great work, and a third period is, we think, commencing. The first period begins with Pentecost and extends over the first two or three centuries. Its fruit was the nominal conversion of the Roman Empire; of races that had lost their old vigour with the decay of their old faiths; of the lands which enclose the Mediterranean. Many people speak as if this were all that Christianity had accomplished. If it had been so there would now be no such thing as Christianity in the world. Those races were incapable of receiving the religion of Christ in its purity and simplicity. They were corrupted by wealth, enervated by nameless vices. Those lands needed the scourge and flood, and scourge and flood were sent. The eighth or ninth century found North Africa, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, all Eastern Asia, Mahometan, yielding to a purer faith and a nobler life than could be found in the boasted Christianity they had made for themselves. The rest of Christendom repeatedly submerged by wave after wave of barbarians from Central Asia, and Northern and Central Europe, until scarcely a remnant of the old glories remained. Those lands in Europe that are now the centre of Christendom, were vast wildernesses peopled by rude, untameable

barbarians. Then commenced the second period, and it ended about the fourteenth century, with all Europe, except Turkey, acknowledging one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, in one language, under one ritual and one head. How was that accomplished? By miracles of faith and prayer, of Missionary devotion and sacrifice.—Missionaries going out into the wilds of heathenism, not by twos and threes, but by scores and hundreds at a time, not only men but women banding themselves together to convey, regardless of peril, the light of the Gospel and the light of such Christian civilization as was then enjoyed to Central, Northern, and Western Europe. Until we really know something of the "dark ages," the less we sneer at them the better.

The Protestant Reformation broke up the forced and frozen unity of the Mediæval Church. It then took the Protestant Churches three centuries to defend what they had gained; to engage sufficiently in internal quarrels, until they should at last come to understand partly themselves, their principles, and their position. Suppose that the great Protestant Churches had spent some of their immense energies during those three hundred years on heathenism! What would the results have been?

(1) At home less schism and less negative theology; fewer schisms about trifling differences in doctrine and ritual; and less of negative theology, either in the form of a dead rationalism or of a dead Confession.

(2) Abroad, victories for Christ gained by the whole army such as now only the little corporal's guard, known as the Moravian Church can point to. That noble society commenced mission work 140 years ago. Then it was that Count Taugendorf told the brethren of the hard lot of the West Indian slaves. Two rose up and said "We will go." How? they were asked, "We will walk to the nearest port and work our passage out." But the masters will not let you preach to the slaves. "We will offer ourselves as slaves that working beside them we may tell them of Jesus." Is it any wonder that that Church prospered. One hundred years ago one of its first Missionaries baptized the first negro convert in Surinam. Now that Mission numbers twenty-two thousand. The Moravian Church has prospered internally. One hundred and forty years ago it numbered six hundred members. Now in the three home Provinces, of Germany, Britain, and America, it numbers twenty-seven thousand members. But much more has it prospered abroad. It counts seventy thousand members in its Foreign Mission Churches. This is the only Church whose Foreign Missionaries outnumber the ministers at home. And the Moravians have never sought easy fields of labour. They have been the chivalry of Christendom and have gone only to the weakest and most degraded of the sons and daughters of men; to races that are dying out, to nomads who are always most difficult to reach and influence, to tribes that other Churches have ignored as beyond redemption. You find them 'mid the eternal snows and ice of Greenland and in the pestilential swamps of the Tropics. They do not despair of Papuans, Hottentots or Australian aborigines. They are the outposts and advanced guards of Christendom, and they show us what may be done when the whole army is inspired, and the advance is made all along the line.

And when is that day to come? When! It is now dawning. The rosy fingers that betokened its approach began to spread over the sky more than half a century ago, and now the white light of early dawn is seen. Take a survey of the heathen world as it now is compared with what it was fifty years ago. Africa girdled with Mission Stations, its coast line lit up at almost every point with a Pharos. Its vast bulk is pierced from every side. On the West we see the Missions of Bishop Crowther, the United Presbyterian Mission under the noble Anderson and his band, and many others; on the South we hear of the fifty years labours of Moffat; we visit the Lovedale Mission where Major Malan gave such unselfish assistance to the Missionaries, and a dozen others; on the East the Universities Mission, the Lake Nyassa Missions of the Scottish Churches, well named after the lion-hearted Livingstone; on the North from Egypt, look at Madagascar, now a Christian kingdom; at the Sandwich Islands, a second Christian state redeemed from heathenism; at the Fijis Islands, a Christian colony through the labours of the Apostolic Hunt and his colleagues; at New Zealand and the South Sea Islands fragrant with the memories of Selwyn and our own Geddies, with the martyr memories of Bishop Patteson, John Williams, and our own Morrison and the Gordons. Go on to Asia, and see Mission Stations lighting up the coast of Syria and Asia Minor; Nestoria and Persia irradiated with the same light; go on to India, and find nearly a million of native Christians, including every caste from the highest Koolin Brahmin down to the Shaners of Tinnevely; and, aboriginal tribes of the Kohls honoring the memory of John Evangelist Gossner; the Santals, etc. There the memories of Schwartz, Henry Martyn, Carey, Marshman, Ward, Heber, Duff, Ogilvie, Wilson, Nisbet, the devoted bands sent out by Gossner, and scores of other honored names meet us wherever we go; while living missionaries, European, American, and thank God, Canadian too, meet us in every province and city. Eastward to Burmah, we tread in the footsteps of Adoniram Judson, as we pass from village to village of converted Karens. And now we reach Formosa where our own noble Mackay is labouring, with God's rich blessing on his labours; we cross to China, and as we mourn for Carstairs Douglas, just called to receive his crown, we hear the loud Macedonian cry from the one hundred and thirty missionaries gathered in conference at Shanghai to the whole Christian world, "Come over and help us to conquer great China for Christ in this generation."

We go on to Japan, and look in on Bishop Williams in his little one-roomed Japanese hut, his Palace, Cathedral, and Schoolhouse, and when we ask why he has no better accommodation, learn that as he had devoted his life to the cause he does not think it much also to devote two thirds of his small income to mission work.

When such men are in the field we do not wonder when we are told (1) that the membership of Foreign Mission Churches rescued from heathenism within the last sixty years is said on good authority, to be greater than the membership of the whole Christian Church at the end of the first century;

(2) that the rate of increase in those Churches is greater than the average rate in our home Churches; (3) that in proportion to the money spent, there are more conversions abroad than at home; (4) that every Missionary enterprise has succeeded to a greater or less extent. Yet we are told that Missions are a failure. Yes, they are, just as Christianity is a failure, a failure because of the awful power of sin in us, because of the awful deceitfulness of sin. We are only one quarter converted ourselves. We have hardly learned the alphabet in Christ's school yet. When we are fully converted, when we have learned to devote ourselves to Him, and to dedicate our all to His cause, when Christendom precipitates itself in avalanches of love on heathenism as the Crusaders marched to the conquest of Christ's sepulchre with the cry "God wills it," then the sun shall have risen to the zenith and even the blind shall see. That day is beginning, and oh! shame and eternal loss to us if in the great conflict we have little or no share.

"Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nature in commotion
Prepared for Zion's war."

You remember the description in "The Vision of Don Roderick" of the varied host that marched to the Peninsular War under the Duke of Wellington, the English regiments, the Irish regiments, and the "Loved warriors of the Minstrel Land." In the next war that may have to be fought for the honor or interests of the Empire, there will be Canadian regiments too. And what shame would mantle our faces if we learned that in the march the Canadians lagged behind, or that they failed in the thick of the heavy fight.

But here is a host infinitely more varied. Under the banners of King Jesus, all races and colors march. Shall we not take our share? How are we to do it? By system. Little can be accomplished by spasmodic effort. Nothing is done in war by *franc tireurs* and *Bashi Bazonks*. We cannot all go. The Church must train men; must send the fittest, must equip them properly. To do so, one hundred times the amount now raised is needed. How is it to be done? Only by John Wesley's plan "All at it and always at it."

How many voices call us! The ghosts of our martyrs.

"Their dead bodies lie in the streets of the great city which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified." Norman Macleod's dying voice calls us, for he too gave himself for India. Duff with the last energies, as of a volcano, now nearly burnt out; true men from every quarter of the field, from whose failing hands the banner is falling.

But not their voices do we hear. We hear the voice of Him who died for us, and who now with living voice gives the command to us—his sacramental host. If we disobey, He cannot forgive our disobedience.

The Meeting was closed with singing and the Benediction. Thus ended the first series of Anniversary Missionary Meetings of our Church in Montreal.

So gratifying has the success been, that we are happy to learn that they are to be continued hereafter every year—we trust that many other cities and towns will follow the good example set by our Montreal friends.

The surest way of being deceived is to think yourself cleverer and more cunning than anybody else.—*Rocheval*.

Nothing more hinders a soul from coming to Christ than a vain love of the world; and till a soul is fired from it, it can never have true love for God.—*Bunyan*.

The difference between heathen virtue and Christian goodness is the difference between oars and sails, or rather, between galleys and ships.—*Augustus Hare*.

The character of a wise man consists in three things: To do himself what he tells others to do; to act on no occasion contrary to justice, and to bear with the weaknesses of those about him.—*Samuel Smiles*.

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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- TORONTO.—Knox Church, Toronto, on 3rd January.
- LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on 26th of February.
- BARRIE.—At Barrie, 1st Tuesday of February.
- STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, on 29th January, at 10 a.m.
- WHITBY.—In St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, on 3rd Tuesday of December, at 11 a.m.
- SAUGEN.—At Mount Forest, on the third Tuesday of December, at 2 o'clock p.m.
- OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on Tuesday, 18th Dec., at 10 a.m.
- KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Tuesday, 8th Jan., 1878, at 3 p.m.
- PARIS.—At Tilsonburg, on Tuesday 18th Dec., at 7.30 p.m.
- LONDON.—In first Presbyterian Church, London, on Tuesday 18th Dec., at 2 p.m.
- OTTAWA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, on Tuesday, 5th February, at 3 p.m.
- CHATHAM.—In Wellington Church, Chatham, on 18th December, at 11 a.m.
- PETERBOROUGH.—In the Mill Street Church, Port Hope, on the third Tuesday of January, at 1.30 p.m.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES 25 CENTS.

BIRTH.

- On the 23rd October, 1877, at "Harrow Lodge" Jeremiah's Road, Vepery, Madras, the wife of the Rev. Andrew Dowsley, B.A., Church of Scotland Mission, of a son.
- At Simcoe, on 18th Dec., the wife of Mr. John Henderson, station master G.W.R., Harrison, of a son.

MARRIED.

- On the 12th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. David Wallace, of Edwardsburg, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel Montgomery, of the same place.

International Lessons.—LII.—Review Chart.

NO.	LESSON.	A. D.	PLACES.	PERSONS	EVENTS.	GOLDEN TEXTS	TOPICS.	TEACHINGS.
XL.	Paul in Palestine. 1. AT CAESAREA.	58	Caesarea.	Paul. Philip. Agabus. Brethren.	The sorrowful journey—Prophecy—Dissuasion—Decision.	None of these things move me.	The courage and perseverance of Paul.	True courage is prompted and sustained by faith and love.
XLI.	2. AT JERUSALEM.	"	Jerusalem.	Paul. Mob. Soldiers.	Paul worshipping—Seized—Beaten—Rescued.	The servant is not greater than his Lord.	Counted worthy to suffer shame for His name.	One may be zealous for the temple, and sin against the Lord of the temple.
XLII.	IN THE MOB.	"	"	Paul. Mob. Chief Captain.	Paul explains his mission and asserts his citizenship.	Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites.	Persecuted, but not forsaken.	God directs and protects His servants. Our citizenship is in heaven.
XLIII.	BEFORE THE COUNCIL.	"	"	Paul. Council. Ananias. Sects.	The Arraignment. The Blow. The Appeal. The Dissension. The Vision.	And they were not able to resist.	They shall deliver you up to Councils.	The comfort of a good conscience. God is with His people.
XLIV.	3. AT CAESAREA. BEFORE FELIX.	"	Caesarea.	Paul. Felix.	The prisoner's defence. The governor's perplexity.	And as he reasoned of temperance and righteousness.	Conscience bearing witness.	A condemning conscience is bad, but a seared conscience is worse.
XLV.	BEFORE AGRIPPA.	59	"	Paul. Agrippa. Festus.	"Judged for the hope." Meeting with Jesus at Damascus.	I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision.	Old things are passed away.	The necessity of conversion. A changed life is the best proof of a changed heart.
XLVI.	ALMOST PERSUADED.	"	"	"	The prisoner bears witness to the truth and pleads with his judges.	Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.	Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.	Better in bonds with Christ, than free without him.
XLVII.	On the way to Rome. IN THE STORM.	60	Mediterranean Sea.	Paul. Sailors. Soldiers. Centurion.	The storm. The driven ship. The vision. Words of cheer.	I will trust in Thee.	The Lord sitteth upon the flood.	Possessions worthless in comparison with life. None lost who trust in Jesus' word.
XLVIII.	DELIVERANCE.	"	Malta.	"	Refreshment and thanksgiving. Cargo cast out. Ship aground. All saved.	He bringeth them into their desired haven.	I will deliver him, and honour him.	God never forgets a promise. Imitate Paul's unselfish thoughtfulness.
XLIX.	AT MELITA.	"	"	Paul. Sailors. Barbarians. Publius.	Paul suspected, then honoured. Publius and others healed.	I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians.	Some have entertained angels unawares.	The fickleness of popularity. Be not forgetful to entertain strangers.
L.	At Rome. WORKING FOR CHRIST.	62	Rome.	Paul. Guards. Chief Jews.	Paul receives enquirers—preaches the Gospel—writes letters.	I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome.	Paul the prisoner of Jesus Christ.	There are no circumstances where a Christian cannot work for Christ.
LI.	DYING FOR CHRIST.	66	"	Paul. Timothy.	The Charge. The Command. The Conflict. The Crown.	I have fought a good fight.	So run that ye may obtain.	To preach the Word is the great work of Christ's ministers. Are we pressing toward the mark for the prize?

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A MITE SONG.

Only a drop in a bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty,
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
And some toys; they were not new,
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

Only some outgrown garments;
They were all I had to spare;
But they'll help to clothe the needy,
And the poor are everywhere.

A word, now and then, of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say;
But the poor old man died happy;
And it helped him on the way.

God loveth the cheerful giver,
Though the gift be poor and small;
What doth He think of His children
When they never give at all?

"DON'T LEAVE YOUR KEY!"

A BRIGHT girl stood chatting a few last parting words with her family before leaving home for a short visit. As her father kissed her, he laughingly said, "Be careful, puss, when you reach N., and then you'll be all right." Her mother, with her kiss, uttered a fond "God bless you," as all good mother's do; but grandmother's parting words, given in a feeble, tender voice, were, "Don't leave your key behind, Ruthie." "Why, grandma," laughed Ruth, "my key is safe; I would not be so careless as to leave that at home." "But the other key, the golden key of love and kindness, which unlocks all hearts, you will carry that, will you not, Ruthie?" whispered gentle grandmother. "Dear grandma, thank you for reminding me. I hope I will carry it all the way, and use it too," and the young lips sweetly kissed the aged ones.

Dear grandmother's voice is hushed forever in this world, but the "golden key" she carried to the last; and as she unlocked all hearts here, I think she will wear the key, even there. And Ruth, does she remember the tremulous whisper of long ago? I think she does.

We sometimes hear that "no person would ever want to study human nature in a railroad car, for there it is to be seen in its worst phases;" but recently we have noticed that some travellers carry their golden key even in a railway car. An old lady entered our car, who had a long distance to travel and was alone. A much younger lady accompanied by a child, followed and seated herself behind the former, with whom she soon fell into pleasant conversation. After about fifty miles of travel, the child being hungry, his mother gave him a sandwich. The old lady cast one of those amusing, wistful glances at the lunch, which plainly said, "That must taste good;" at least thus the younger lady interpreted the look, for she said kindly, "If you have no lunch I would enjoy dividing with you." She accepted what was offered in a thankful, deprecatory way, I thought, and soon after they parted to change cars. As the elder tenderly shook hands with her new-found friend, she said, "We may not see each other again, but I do rejoice at having met you this

once; your pleasant sociability will not be forgotten in the coming years."

Soon after their departure three young boys entered, cadets, I judged by their dress. They occupied a seat together, laughing and talking as merry as three bobolinks. One of them, named Fred, and his big satchel, had a seat to themselves. As new-comers enter the car, several gentlemen (?), each occupying a seat to himself, watch a troubled, rather forlorn looking stranger, who, seemingly unused to travelling, presses her way onward to find a seat. They look at her, as helpless and confused, she totters along, both hands loaded. Her eyes have an appealing, timid look, as they glance first one side then the other. As she reaches Fred's seat he shows that he has a big, full heart, by jumping up, and saying with a graceful little bow, "Please take my seat, madam." He vanished into another car, but his "golden key" had unlocked more hearts than one. The old lady in the quaint old style dress arranged her L'indles about her, and soon the helpless look faded out of her face, and a thankful, satisfied expression took its place, the change so quickly made that it was like a picture thrown from a stereopticon—before one is entirely gone the other grows in beauty before us. A half-hour later the little fellow returned for a glass of water, and as he passed her she looked at him fondly and the aged lips parted. Did they say, "God bless you, child?" I think they did, but I was not near enough to hear.

And why not be kind and helpful in a railroad car? Does any one who says, "Don't study human nature in a railroad car," suppose that the "recording angel" stands, even for one moment, with pen suspended, because forsooth we are *travelling*, and consequently expected to only think of number one?

An aged, crippled man got in at a way-station one drizzly day; his hair was long and white as snow, and his face wrinkled and sorrowful. He tremblingly advanced and tottered to a seat about the centre of the car. He put his satchel on the floor, and folded his trembling hands in his lap. Soon a party of gaily-dressed ladies entered. They found, of course, that they must separate, and closely scanned countenances before getting seated. The old gentleman drew himself closely in one corner of the seat, and offered a seat beside him. No; their manner showed the disdain they felt at the offer from such a source. They did not even thank him as they passed on to what they considered more eligible seats; that is, near glossy broadcloths or glistening silks. Presently a young girl entered; her presence was like a fragrant breeze; one glance spoke of loveliness. Her travelling-dress was rich, and her whole costume spoke of refinement. Two or three young gentlemen sprang from their seats as this vision of beauty appeared, offering them to her, but she smilingly declined; instead, she stopped at the old gentleman's seat, saying, in a low, sweet voice, "Is this seat engaged, sir?" "No, dear," answered the poor old voice. "Then I will sit here, if you please." She entered into conversation with the guileless old man, and found that he had recently buried his wife, and was on his way to see a dying daughter. When the old man reached his destination he arose, and with trembling limbs started down the aisle, while his poor hands

held the satchel. But this young girl could not see him get off alone, this poor, sad old man. She arose quickly, took his satchel in her strong, young hands, and sent him on his way rejoicing. There were some sneers and some low-spoken words at her expense, but she did not see or hear them.

Ah, after all, a railroad car is not the worst place to study human nature, for Christianity carries a "golden key" even there.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

A DOG HERO.

A steamboat, with a great many passengers, was sailing swiftly down the river. Among those on board was a mother, with a child about a year old, and a nurse. The nurse held the child in her arms until she began to be weary, and then stood it on the railing at the stern of the vessel, and held it to keep it from falling. The little one was active and full of glee, and in its baby play gave a sudden spring, escaped from the arms of the nurse, and fell into the water. A cry of alarm arose; the engine of the steamer was at once stopped, and the passengers as well as the sailors rushed to the side of the vessel to lower the row boat; but to get it in order required precious time. Meanwhile the infant, held up by its clothes, was fast drifting away in the distance. The mother, wild with alarm, implored those around her to save the child.

Just then a gentleman, with a large Newfoundland dog following close behind him, pushed his way through the crowd. Reaching the stern of the vessel, he called the dog, pointed to the child, still visible by its dress, and said, "Nep, go get it." Neptune stood up with his paws on the railing, and looked. Catching a glimpse of the pink dress in the water, he barked and wagged his tail. "Go get it," said the gentleman, and Nep plunged into the water, and swam in the direction of the child, the people watching with the most intense interest. Just as the dog seemed about to reach it the child sank. A cry of distress arose from the whole crowd. The poor mother fainted away. In another moment the dog also disappeared, and after a few seconds, which seemed a much longer time, he came to the surface, and lo! in his mouth he had the baby, held tight by its dress. Turning around, he began to swim toward the steamboat, the people cheering him with joyous shouts.

The sailors, who had at last got the tangle out of their ropes, met him with the row boat, and took both on board, and soon the mother with tears of rapture, clasped her baby in her arms. Finding her little one unharmed, she asked to see the dog, and she put her arms around his neck, all dripping as he was, and kissed his head, and thanked him for saving the life of her darling.

How much old Nep understood of what she said I do not know. No doubt he saw that everybody was happy, and that a good thing had been done, and that he had had a hand in it, or at least a paw. And so he gave his dripping hide a vigorous shake, which sent the water flying all over the people, and then sat down, wagging his tail, and looking around, with his tongue out, as if asking whether there was anything more he could do for them.—*Major Canis*.

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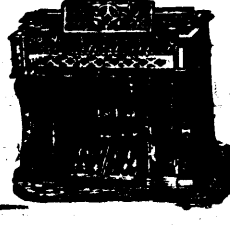
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