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# THE PRESBYTERIAN

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Whole No. 512.

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SPECIMEN PAGE.

I. GOD: HIS ATTRIBUTES AND WORKS.

1 NIC.EA.—11.13.12.10. Rev. J. D. DYCK.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."  
**H**OLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
Early in the morning our songs shall  
rise to Thee;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!  
Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns  
around the glassy sea;  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down  
before Thee,  
Which wert, and art, and evermore  
shall be.  
Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness  
surrounds us;  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy  
glory may not see;  
Only Thou art holy; there is none be-  
side Thee  
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name  
in earth, and sky, and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

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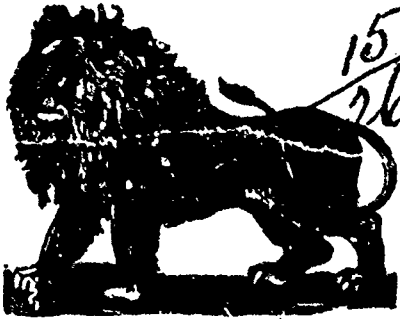
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RUST.—To remove rust from knives, cover them with sweet oil, well rubbed on, and after two days take a lump of fresh lime and rub till the rust disappears.

TO REMOVE WALL STAINS.—Oil marks on the wall-paper where careless persons have rested their heads may be removed by making a paste of cold water and pipe-clay, or fuller's-earth, and laying it on the stains without rubbing it in; leave it on all night, and in the morning it can be brushed off, and the spot, unless a very old one, will have disappeared. If old, renew the application.

FOOD FOR THE SICK.—A sick person, wanting nourishment and having lost appetite, can often be sustained by the following, when nothing else can be taken: Make a strong cup of coffee, adding boiling milk as usual, only sweetening rather more; take an egg, beat yolk and white together thoroughly; boil the coffee, milk, and sugar together, and pour it over the beaten egg in the cup you are going to serve it in. This simple recipe is used frequently in hospital practice.—New York Post.

ROCK CREAM.—Boil a teacupful of the best rice till quite soft, in new milk sweetened with powdered loaf sugar, and pile it upon a dish; lay on it, in different places, square lumps of either currant jelly or preserved fruit of any kind; beat up the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, with a little powdered sugar, and flavour with either orange flower water or vanilla; add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a teaspoonful of rich cream, and drop it over the rice, giving it the form of a rock of snow. This will be found to be a very ornamental as well as delicious dish for a supper-table.

THE ordinary length of the hair is from twenty inches to a yard, and its weight from six to eight ounces. The speed of the growth of the hair under ordinary circumstances, is half an inch per month. Observations have shown that the hair grows faster in youth than in age, by day than by night, in summer than in winter, when cut than when left uncut, and when frequently cut than when cut seldom. Constant shaving makes the growth more persistent, and increases the coarseness of the hair. After illness, in which the hair has fallen, if the patient be young, it is advisable to shave the head; otherwise the hair may remain thin and poor.

A RICE DESSERT.—Boil a large cupful of rice in water, and when about half done add a handful of large raisins, and finish the cooking with milk. When the rice is tender remove from the fire, and stir in a large spoonful of butter, a cup of sugar, and two well-beaten eggs. Butter a baking dish, and dust with cracker crumbs. Arrange the rice in the dish with alternate layers of canned peaches. Sprinkle the top with cracker crumbs, and dot with bits of butter. Bake half an hour. Turn the sauce, take the juice from the canned peaches, a cup of hot water, a small lump of butter, the grated rind of a lemon, and sugar to taste. Let it come to a boil, and thicken with corn-starch a table-spoonful to a pint of the liquid. If you prefer it, you can use in addition a hard sauce, to which has been added a well-beaten egg. This pudding may be made of canned peaches or strawberries.

THE SODA TREATMENT FOR BURNS.—For burns and scalds a good application, that can always be obtained, is cooking soda. Sprinkle the burnt surface at once with this powder, cover it with a wet cloth, or immerse the burnt part in alum water, strong brine, or soap-suds. A good salve for subsequent application is sweet oil and cooking soda, linseed oil and turpentine. The thing to be done is to protect the burnt surface against the influence of the air. An excellent application to make at once is a table-spoonful of unsalted lard, the white of one egg, and a teaspoonful of cooking soda, well mixed. Burns or scalds upon the face are best treated by applying mucilage or gum arabic. It forms a complete covering, and obviates the use of rags. Repeat the application every ten to fifteen minutes, until a thick, artificial skin has been formed. It is so transparent that the condition of the burnt surface can be seen from day to day. It ultimately scales off, and leaves a new skin, perfectly smooth and fair.

GOOD THING TO KNOW.

Professor Hermann, the wonderful magician, known throughout the world for his skill, used St. Jacobs Oil for a severe attack of rheumatism in the shoulder, and was cured by it. He considers St. Jacobs Oil a valuable preparation.

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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 9.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25th. 1881.

No. 47.

WE want all our old friends to help extend the circulation of THE PRESBYTERIAN. Premium Lists have been forwarded to all who aided in past years; but should any miss reaching their destination, a postal card intimating the fact will get an immediate reply. Now is the time to commence the work. New subscribers are entitled to balance of the year, free.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

PICTOU County, N.S., has adopted the Scott Act, and is now under temperance law.

THE theatres of New York receive annually seven millions of dollars, while less than three millions are expended in supporting the churches of the same city.

IT is said that a Bill is prepared, and only awaits printing, for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England, and that it is to be proceeded with at the earliest opportunity.

A SCHOOL for evangelists has just been opened in Paris. It will be open to all Christians of evangelical principles who may wish to devote themselves to pioneer work in France, either as evangelists, colporteurs, Scripture readers, or Sabbath-school teachers.

GRAVE fears are entertained for the safety of the Arctic explorers who sailed from New York in the Jeannette. The United States war vessel, the Alliance, which was sent in search of the missing explorers, has called at Halifax, Nova Scotia, with the information that it has discovered no traces of the adventurous travellers.

IT is believed that there are over 200,000 French Canadians, mostly Roman Catholics, in New England and New York, and it is proposed by the Rev. T. G. A. Coté, pastor of the French Church in Lowell, that a fund of at least \$20,000 be raised for missions among these people, and many Protestant pastors cordially approve the scheme.

THE Rev. W. Robertson Smith, who, by a decision of the last General Assembly of the Free Church, was removed from his chair in the Aberdeen College of the Church, has, along with eight other gentlemen, been "suggested by various members of the kirk session" for election to the eldership of the Free High Church, Edinburgh, of which, as is well known, Dr. Walter C. Smith is minister.

FOLLOWING on the refusal of the Duke of Hamilton to grant a site for a United Presbyterian church in the island of Arran, Scotland, comes the news that the Marquis of Bute, a pervert to Romanism, is trying to turn over a Presbyterian chapel on his estates to the Roman Catholics for a school. These tyrannical landowners seem to feel pretty well assured that they are on the safe side of the Irish Sea.

FEARS are entertained at St. Petersburg that with the return of the coldness and darkness of winter the Nihilists will resume their reign of terror and their work of outrage. Already revolutionary proclamations are being mysteriously distributed throughout the town; copies find their way into the barracks; and it is said, too, that the Emperor has lately received many missives of a threatening character both at Peterhof and Gatchinka.

IT is reported that a great awakening has occurred in several Spanish villages near Villafranca. In one the entire population, consisting of about 100 families, has become Protestant; in another, where the Romish Church had especially decorated the churches that it might be attractive, the attendants were only one old man, two old women, and five boys. The Government school, having no pupils, was closed, while that of the Free Church of Scotland had sixty-five scholars.

A PLEA has been filed to the injunction granted to the Rev. Wm. Wilson, of Como, in the Temporalities question. The plea sets forth that the Doble suit, now before the Privy Council in England, involves the same question, and that the present case cannot be tried until that is disposed of; and, in the second place, that the complainant has acquiesced in the status of the Board and of the chairman, inasmuch as he has accepted his apportionment from the Fund annually without protest.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, who was present at the Mansion House meeting in London, has written a letter to a member of the committee of the Anti-Opium Society, in which he says:—There is a crisis not only in the opium trade, but in the history of China. This, in fact, it was which brought me, as a Canadian, to your meeting. The Chinese are in the streets of Canadian cities; they are in the streets of all the cities of the New World. They will come in increasing numbers, for their labour is indispensable, and nothing can keep them out. And wherever they go, they will carry with them this hideous and very contagious vice, of which the guilt and the shame will rest partly upon England.

THE prospects of peace on the continent of Europe never were more hopeful than at present. The Emperors of Germany, Austria, and Russia recently had a friendly conference; now the King of Italy is on a visit to his brother of Austria. The visit is of a nature which would indicate that past jealousies are forgotten and future antagonism guarded against. Then it is said that Bismarck, who has received rather a rebuff in the German elections, does not look unfavourably on the accession of M. Gambetta to office, the impression being that he and Gambetta have met, and he has received an assurance that the latter's accession to power would not mean what at one time it would have meant—war.

AN important meeting, convened by the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Traffic, was held recently at the Mansion House, London, England, the Lord Mayor presiding. The first resolution, which was to the effect "That in the opinion of this meeting the opium trade, as now carried on between India and China, is opposed alike to Christian and international morality, and to the commercial interests of this country," was moved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and seconded by the Earl of Shaftesbury. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, Cardinal Manning, Mr. G. Palmer, M.P., Mr. Donald Matheson, the Bishop of Bedford, and Mr. Albright, and a deputation consisting of the Lord Mayor and the Earl of Shaftesbury was appointed to confer with the Prime Minister on the subject.

THE following programme for the Week of Prayer has been issued by the Executive Committee of the Evangelical Alliance: "Sunday, January 1st.—Subject for discourse: 'Renewed Consecration.' Monday, January 2nd.—Thanksgiving for the blessings, temporal and spiritual, of the past year and prayer for their continuance. Tuesday, January 3rd.—Humiliation and confession on account of individual, social, and national sins. Wednesday, January 4th.—Prayer for the blessing of God on His Church and His Word. Thursday, January 5th.—Prayer for the young and all agencies for Christian training. Friday, January 6th.—Prayer for the universal prevalence of peace and righteousness. Saturday, January 7th.—Prayer for Christian missions, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the conversion of the world."

THE recently organized "Toronto Coffee House Association" held its first annual meeting on the 15th inst. The chair was occupied by Lieut.-Colonel Gzowski, who stated in his opening remarks that he believed the coffee house movement would have the effect of lessening the terrible vice of intemperance. In Liverpool, England, a similar movement had originated six years ago, and at the date of the last

report there were forty coffee houses in that town. After portions of the charter had been read and the Treasurer's report adopted, the following directors were elected: Lieut.-Col. Gzowski, B. Homer Dixon, J. A. Paterson, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Wm. D. McMurrich, D. McLean, J. K. Macdonald, Rev. P. McF. McLeod, Hon. G. W. Allan, Geo. M. Rose, John Harvie, C. S. Gzowski, Jr., A. H. Campbell, Wm. Alexander, J. T. Small, Wm. Storm.

THE "Christian at Work" reminds its readers that this is the season for starting up the wheels of the Church: "It should be push, push, push in every direction. The Sunday school needs pushing, the mission work of the Church, all its spiritual and social activities. Be sure also and add another p—prayer. Push and prayer will work wonders. It would seem as if some souls were afraid of either. They tremble at the exercise of a little energy as if it would bring down the whole ecclesiastical establishment upon their heads in confusion, and set the chimney-bricks to whizzing in every direction. On the other hand, if they should enthusiastically pray and believe in an answer to their prayers, what an unsafe, mystical region they might be swept up into! Tempests and balloons, that is what they are thinking of. But soberly, can we appreciate what might happen if some souls went to work vigorously, heartily, their sleeves rolled up? And then, what if they fell to praying, actually believing that their prayers would be heard? Some things would start—not the chimney-tops, but a great mass of the rubbish of sin now hindering the progress of the Master's kingdom. Try it this year; let it have a faithful trial; *push and pray.*"

THE following are a few sentences from the inaugural address recently delivered in Belleville by the Rev. D. Mitchell, President of the Ministerial Association of that city: "The very name Ministerial Association suggests its nature. It is founded upon the principle of a number of men having similar interests and a common work, combining for definite purposes. But it may be asked, have we, ministers of a variety of denominations, such a community of interest and work as I have just hinted at? Are we not separated by creed and confession, by principle and polity, by our traditions and practices, and therefore have little in common amongst us? To answer satisfactorily these and similar questions, we must eliminate the essential points of difference to see whether there is anything left. When we thus take away all that peculiarly distinguishes Methodism and Episcopalianism, the Baptist, the Presbyterian and the Independent Churches, is there nothing upon which we may lay our hands? There is Jesus Christ, the one Mediator between God and man; there is faith in Him as the Saviour of mankind; there is the service of our common Lord, implying submissive obedience to His will, and earnest and prayerful exertions to extend His kingdom. There are fundamental principles represented in the views we hold in common concerning human depravity, man's need of divine help, and the prospect of eternal life. We all accept the Scriptures as the Word of God, we believe according to some one theory or another in the holy Catholic Church, and it is our conviction that the Head of the Church provided for the establishment and continuance of the Christian ministry. . . . We represent separate interests, it is true. We attend to those according to the constitution and laws of our denomination. We have a work going on independently of all other branches of the Church. But the moment we touch the purely spiritual, the truth of God, the conversion of souls, the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, we then stand upon the lofty platform of citizenship in the heavenly inheritance. The Living Water has not the smell and taste of earth. The Bread of Life has not the flavour of any particular soil. In this region of thought and experience we have everything in common. It is here we meet as brethren to study essential principles, to follow out higher truths, to consider the best way and means of reaching the positive objects of the Christian ministry."

**OUR CONTRIBUTORS.**

**MIS. IONARIES RI QUIRED FOR MANITOBA.**

MR. EDITOR.—Allow me to direct the attention of our young ministers to the present wants of our mission work in the Presbytery of Manitoba. Nine mission fields, with about fifty stations, are just now without any services in connection with our Church. In these are found over 400 Presbyterian families. When the missionaries lately appointed arrive three of the fields will be occupied, but we have nobody for the other six. When it is remembered that Mr. Rowat, in consequence of severe family affliction, is unable to come, and that Mr. J. S. Stewart, our esteemed missionary at Sutherland, has been obliged to return to Ontario because of Mrs. Stewart's continued illness, it will be seen that we receive just two additional labourers. Other Churches get missionaries—our Church is as strong as any of them—and shall our fields go uncultivated? The districts are new and large, the settlements scattered, and the people in only moderate circumstances, but in every one of these fields we have the materials for one or more good congregations. We need young men of piety and zeal—men of physical strength and mental power—men warm of heart, clear of head, and sound of body—men who can rough it—put up with humble fare and a hard bed, and not grumble. Such men will find the people kind and hospitable; they will have the satisfaction of seeing the work growing, and be cheered with the thought that they have done something in laying the foundation of society in a new land. The longer I live here, and the more I see of the country, the more important does its future seem. A very large number of the present population belong to our Church. In the districts I lately visited more than one-half of the settlers are Presbyterians. Can we retain them? They will not willingly leave the Church of their fathers, but if we neglect them, what wonder if they join other communions. No Church ever had a finer opportunity than ours has in this new land. Can we rise equal to the occasion? Much rests with our young ministers. Who is willing for a year or two to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ? The Sub-Committee in Toronto, of which Dr. Cochrane is Convener, will be only too glad to correspond with men suitable for the work. To day I was told that 4,000 men would be engaged in the woods east of Winnipeg this winter. Should not some one be sent to preach the Gospel to them?  
 JAMES ROBERTSON.  
 Nelsonville, Manitoba, November 10th, 1881.

**THE HASTINGS MISSION FIELD.**

I intended at the time writing an addition to the Rev. Mr. Mitchell's interesting letters describing our trip on the Hastings Road in August last, but pressure of work prevented. More recently I noticed a generous offer of \$500 a year for five years, to be spent in mission work either there or in the Muskoka District. Whether that comes this way or no, may it stimulate others to do likewise, as the clamant needs of the entire home field are not sufficiently felt by the people of our Church.

If we claim to be the most scriptural Church, as we do, we should shew it by being the most aggressive. In a new country, with work before us, and a nucleus to begin with, should we ever beat a retreat? We do not in French Evangelization work or in the foreign field; we do in the home field. By the policy pursued (for want of funds, I grant), our cause has shrunk in the townships to the south of this, and the Mission stations around St. Paul's and St. Columba's have shrivelled up. Not only so, but application was made this spring by another body for the use of St. Columba; and one church has been built to the west of St. Paul's, and another is now building to the east of it, by a body a few years ago an entire stranger to this district, thereby drying it off too. Who is to blame for this—Presbytery, preachers or people? Iron mines especially, and gold mines also, are bringing lots of strangers in, and it is to me a cause of deep regret that, notwithstanding the population being nearly double, our membership is now not half what it was when I had to give these charges up from over-work.

Let me now shew the present state and requirements of what is called, not very correctly, the North

Hastings Group, that are allowed every winter, for want of means and men, to lie comparatively fallow. And shall they be allowed to shrivel up also? Some of the elders do not possess clothes enough to make a proper appearance in our Church Courts, and have not money enough to pay the expenses that would be incurred, yet they give in their poverty from \$10 to \$20 a year for the fragmentary services they receive.

**I.—THANET AND THE RIDGE.**

As the Ridge is the more important station, it may be considered the central one. It is thirty-six miles north of Madoc and six miles west of the Hastings Road. The soil around it is very good, but very limited in extent. By way of compensation, within a few miles both of it and Thanet there are very valuable deposits of iron ore. The owners of two of them value these at \$100,000 each. It is a pity that outside companies are the owners, because no supply was sent to the people this summer. Thanet church was occupied by another body, and application was also made for the Ridge church. The soil is very rocky, the population is sparse and poor, but liberal for their means. Their log churches may be said to be built by themselves, and if help is needed anywhere it is needed here.

STATIONS.	FAMILIES.	COMMUNICANTS.	DISTANCE IN MILES.	CHURCHES.	TOWNSHIPS.
The Ridge .....	18	38	.....	1	Wollaston and Lake.
Nugent .....	3	3	7 N.	1	.....
Thanet .....	12	22	7 E.	1	Limerick.
Beaver Creek .....	3	3	12 S. E.	1	Tudor.
Jordan .....	7	4	18 S. E.	1	.....
Total .....	43	70		5	

The distance between Nugent and the Jordan is twenty-five miles. There is no church of any other name in these townships as yet save our own. Less than one ordained missionary should not be thought of, and a third church should be put up in Nugent, where there are forty Protestant families.

**II.—L'AMABLE.**

STATIONS.	FAMILIES.	COMMUNICANTS.	DISTANCE IN MILES.	CHURCHES.	TOWNSHIPS.
L'Amable .....	17	26	.....	1	Faraday and Dangannon.
Bancroft .....	21	30	5 N.	1	.....
Moore Settlement .....	10	6	12 N.	1	.....
Bronson .....	4	3	12 E.	1	.....
Keston .....	13	13	12 E.	1	.....
Smith .....	10	10	12 E.	1	.....
Orr .....	12	12	12 E.	1	.....
Total .....	107	72		6	

L'Amable is forty-six miles north of Madoc. The soil for miles around the central station is superior, and the people are generally intelligent; the water power is considerable, and valuable iron deposits have been found around Bancroft. There is one handsome, roomy church in L'Amable, and one should be built at Bancroft with the least possible delay. There is only one church of another denomination in the entire field, and that need never have been had our Church been more alive. The people are able enough, if they only thought it, to call a minister. The place is sure to develop into an important centre at a very early day. What more desirable field could a young man, full of the spirit of his Master, want?

**III.—CARLOW AND MAYO.**

STATIONS.	FAMILIES.	COMMUNICANTS.	DISTANCE IN MILES.	CHURCHES.	TOWNSHIPS.
Carlow .....	66	70	.....	1	.....
Dod's Corners .....	25	14	10	1	.....
Long Lake Settlement .....	15	20	17	1	.....
Total .....	106	124		3	

Carlow is twenty-one miles north east of L'Amable, or seventy miles from Madoc. For miles around the church the soil is rich, and easily worked as the garden of Eden. Such trees! such wheat! such oats! Mayo is more of a rolling country, but has much good land in it. The people are anxious for an immediate settlement. Lumbering is carried on in both townships in the winter season. One church should

be built as soon as possible at Dod's Corners. Two or three other stations should be formed in the regions beyond. It would not pay to have an ordained missionary for the whole field. A minister should be settled in Carlow with the least possible delay, and a missionary is needed for Mayo. As yet no other church is erected, or even spoken of. At Carlow the attendance on Sabbath is 200; the Sabbath school numbers eighty-five. At Dod's Corners the attendance is 100; the Sabbath school, forty-five; and at Long Lake (south) the attendance is fifty, and the Sabbath school twenty-five.

**IV.—MAYNOOTH.**

is over twenty-four miles north of L'Amable, or seventy miles north of Madoc. The Roman Catholics, as the name implies, at one time almost wholly possessed the region. They are thinning out some now. They have a church, but the signs of ecclesiastical prosperity about it are not very apparent. It is confessedly difficult to work this extensive district, and our missionaries have as yet met with poor success. It may be thus divided:

STATIONS.	FAMILIES.	NUMBERS.	DISTANCE IN MILES.	CHURCHES.	TOWNSHIPS.
Maynooth .....	18	19	.....	1	Herscell.
L'v. gstone .....	3	4	7 N.	1	McLure.
Harcourt .....	12	3	13 W.	1	Wicklow.
Bartlet Settlement .....	17	17	10 S. E.	1	Harcourt.
Monteagle Valley .....	20	20	15 S. E.	1	Monteagle.
Little Carlow .....	11	11	12 E.	1	.....
Total .....	81	86		5	

Two churches ought to be erected at once—the one in Maynooth, and the other in Monteagle Valley. There is a very considerable amount of good land in these townships, but our Presbyterianism is not so sturdy as we would like to see it. Lumbering is extensively carried on during the winter months. In these four groups of stations there are comprised twenty-one stations, 337 families, 322 communicants, and the material for Sabbath schools is over 500. There are four churches built, or on the way, and five that ought to be built immediately. The evidence that the Lord has given us the whole region to cultivate for Him is apparent. The majority is ours, and the rest is for the gathering. I see that our Presbytery has authorized Dr. Smith to secure one ordained missionary for the twelve townships. It has tried this twice before and failed; it will fail again. This is playing at Home Mission work merely. The people are sick at heart in waiting these many years to have pastors settled among them, and they sometimes ask me how is it that so much money is raised for French Evangelization and for Foreign Missions, and so little for Home Missions. I tell them I cannot say, though the proportion for these objects compared with this is as \$1 is to five cents; or a Coolie or Chinese soul is worth twenty times that of a white man. I do not complain of these schemes getting too much, but I do complain of this scheme getting too little. It delights me to notice that Kingston Presbytery gives for the schemes of the Church a far larger percentage than any other Presbytery. I do not think it gives too much, and I do not believe in the levelling down process, but in the levelling up, that there may be something like equality throughout the entire body. The Lord arouse our people as they have never been aroused before to the vastness and the needs of this Home Mission work of ours!  
 MADOC.

**THE NEW HYMN AND TUNE BOOK**

MR. EDITOR.—In your issue of last week, "Precentor" very properly puts in a strong protest against the new Hymnal with music being issued with uncut leaves. That plan has been tried already by more than one denomination in Canada and the States, and in every case proved a complete failure. I at one time joined the choir of a congregation of the Methodist Episcopal Church in one of our western counties, where an uncut Hymnal had been introduced. The choir faithfully tried to learn all the tunes in the book. Six months' persevering effort enabled them to stagger through the tune under any given hymn. About the same time the last brave singer in the congregation "stopped short, never to sing again" while that state of affairs lasted. The attempt to sing the tune written under each hymn was abandoned, and when the hymn on page 24 was announced, our

leader selected the tune, perhaps, on page 430. The strange spectacle then presented itself of both choir and congregation holding their books open at two places at once, and attempting to "keep track" of both words and music by playing peep-bo from side to side of the "centre-bit." Our sense of the becoming soon compelled us to discontinue this "double shuffle." "As you were" was suggested, the uncut Hymnals were packed away, the choir—standing in couples—seized their "lutes" with their outside hands advanced, and their old hymn-books with their inside hands, and sang in the good old way—the congregation following at a respectful distance behind—as usual. I am convinced that similar results would follow all attempts to introduce the "uncut" into our Presbyterian congregations. Besides, as a matter of business the publishers should issue a "cut" edition, as, in the event of the uncut being brought out, everyone, knowing its uselessness, will canvass against it, while they would take pains to induce their fellow-worshippers to provide themselves with copies of the "cut."

ANOTHER PRECENTOR.

Caledonia, November 14th, 1881.

### HYMNAL WITH TUNES.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me a few words in reply to the friendly criticism of "Precentor" in your issue of the 11th, and of "A. Henderson" in your last issue.

One remark on a point of fact. "Precentor" is mistaken in saying that there are "no marks of expression used." He will find the hymns (with very few exceptions) marked *p*, *f*, etc., in the same manner as in most modern hymn books. The chief objection made in both communications is to the adoption of the "fixed tune" system. Let me state in the briefest way a few points:

1. Nearly all the hymn books lately issued are on the "fixed tune" plan. The new United Presbyterian book, which has been in use for some time in Scotland, and the new Hymnal of the Free Church of Scotland, which is in course of preparation, are both on this plan.

2. Permission to use a good many of the best tunes in our book was obtained on condition of their being set to no other hymns than those for which they were composed.

3. The children of our Sabbath schools have been accustomed to the "fixed tune" system in Bateman's and Saukey's books, and no difficulty has arisen from the great variety of tunes.

4. The tunes in our new book are for the most part simple and easily learned. With the exception of the "Te Deum" and "Gloria in Excelsis," and two or three other doxologies, there is nothing beyond the capacity of the average precentor and the average congregation. In a large number of cases a second-tune has been inserted because it is more popular than the first one.

5. There will be in every congregation chosen hymns as well as "its own chosen score or two of tunes," and this fact goes a long way to meet the objection based on the large number of tunes. "Precentor" reckons that "there will be at the most fifty hymns that can be sung from a hymn book with nearly four hundred hymns in it to select from." The probability is that from fifty to a hundred hymns will be all that will be ordinarily used by any one minister. The difficulty, therefore, of arranging with the precentor or the choir will not be by any means so great as is imagined. Moreover, it will not be impossible, though it will be inconvenient, to use in some cases a different tune from the one set to a particular hymn.

The Committee considered very carefully the question raised by your correspondents, and came to the conclusion that the "fixed tune" system was the better. Whatever difference of opinion there may be on this matter, I trust that the book which has just been issued will be fairly tried before it is pronounced "practically useless" even for congregations with but little musical cultivation. I am persuaded that the difficulties in the way of using it are vastly over-estimated.

D. J. MACDONNELL.

Toronto, Nov. 21st, 1881.

*THE marked improvement in nearly all branches of business, consequent on the general good harvest and fair prices of all kinds of produce, should make a canvass easy. A push all along the line for renewals and new subscriptions is sure to result in large accessions to our list in every locality.*

### QUEEN'S COLLEGE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

The first meeting of the above Association was held in the College on Nov. 5th, when reports of retiring officers were received, and new officers elected for the current year. The following are those elected. President, Geo. MacArthur, B.A.; Vice-President, L. W. Thom; Corresponding Secretary, John Young; Recording Secretary, John Hay; Treasurer, John Moore, B.A.; and Librarian, John McLeod. The other members of the Executive Committee are David Forest, D. A. McLean, A. McAulay and L. Perrin. Several new members were added to the Association.

The next regular meeting was held on Saturday Nov. 19, the president in the chair. The report of the retiring treasurer showed a balance on hand from last year of \$36.95 after all liabilities were met. This, together with the largely increased subscriptions of students from their various fields, places the financial affairs of the Association on a more solid footing than ever before. Three of the students who laboured directly under the auspices of the Association reported as follows:—Mr. W. J. Shank; laboured in the Presbytery of Kingston, in the mission field known as Hinchinbrooke and Sharbot Lake, fifty miles north of Kingston. He had in all four stations—Piccadilly and Kennedy's Hall to the south, and Tryan's Settlement and Sharbot Lake ten miles further north. These he supplied on alternate Sabbaths. The country he reports as generally very rough and rocky, but though the people were troubled very much with drought and bush fires (with which they had to fight for weeks), yet the attendance at services was very good. There is a flourishing Sabbath-school at Piccadilly, and through the valuable assistance of Mr. McKillican, of the Montreal Sabbath-School Union, schools were started in each of the other stations also. Sharbot Lake is undoubtedly the most important station, as it is the proposed Junction of the Toronto and Ottawa R. R., and the seat of the large charcoal works lately started, as well as a great summer resort. These stations are to be supplied regularly by the Association during the winter months.

John Hay gave an interesting report of his work at Merrickville, Farmersville etc., in Brockville Presbytery. The early part of his work was much hampered by the desire of the Presbytery that he should keep up regular services in two places so far distance as the above—they being over twenty-five miles apart. So at the request of the people of Merrickville, and with consent of the Presbytery, he gave up Farmersville in July, and concentrated all his efforts upon one group of stations viz, Merrickville, Buzzitt's Rapids, etc. The result was most satisfactory. Though the people here have not had regular service for years, yet they have now, with the help of Presbytery, secured the services of an ordained missionary amongst them for a year.

A. McAulay reported from the Mississippi station, seventy miles north of Kingston. This is a new group of stations, there never having been regular services there before. Owing to this, the people are very backward, but still anxious to hear the "glorious Gospel." The country is too rough for farming, and the chief interests are lumbering and mining. There were in all seven preaching stations, which necessitated his holding five services weekly. At Mississippi station he preached for a while in Allen's saw-mill, but the noise of the water made it so inconvenient that, under his own leadership, the people resolved to build a log school-house. The attendance here often exceeded 150. He distributed tracts and hymn books amongst the hundreds of miners and lumbermen, and traversed the greater part of four townships. When we remember that all this was done on foot, often through rough woods and wet marshes, we ought to appreciate the labours of Mr. McAulay.

Chas. L. Herald, who laboured in Muskoka, was absent on account of illness, but two letters were read, one from the people amongst whom he laboured, and another from Rev. R. Moodie, of Stayner (convener of Barrie Presbytery), expressing a high appreciation of the services he rendered, and a strong desire that he should return to them next summer. Mr. McNeil not being prepared to report, a most successful and enthusiastic meeting was brought to a close with prayer and praise.

JOHN YOUNG, Cor. Sect.

*CLUB Agents for THE PRESBYTERIAN may secure a number of valuable standard books as the result of a few hours work. Write for Premium List.*

### KNOX COLLEGE STUDENTS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The second monthly meeting of this Society, for the present term, was held in the College on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst. After devotional exercises, six of the students who had been engaged in mission work during the past summer presented their reports. The two Muskoka fields heard from were Baysville and Katrine and Emsdale. The readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN have already had a very interesting account of these in the published report of the Rev. Mr. Findlay, of Bracebridge. The missionaries to St. Joseph's Island and Bruce Mines, in Algoma, gave an encouraging statement of their work. During the summer the sacraments were administered in these two fields by the Rev. Mr. Strath, of Paisley. In the former place twelve united with the Church, and four in the latter.

Essex Centre was occupied by the Society last summer for the first time. It is a thriving village of between 1,200 and 1,400 inhabitants, and is situated in Essex County, on the line of the Canada Southern Railway. The nearest Presbyterian congregation (Rev. Mr. King's) is fourteen miles distant. The Canada Methodists kindly gave the use of their church for holding services in during the summer, but as the Presbyterians desire to have a place of worship of their own they are already moving in that direction, and are intending to commence building operations next spring. It is expected that Essex Centre, with two adjoining stations, viz, Woodslee and Brainard, will ere long be self-supporting. The Chatham Presbytery, on being informed of the prospects of the field, unanimously passed a vote of thanks to the Society, and also undertook to supply the stations during the coming winter.

The other field heard from was Turtle Mountain. This district, situated in the south-western part of Manitoba, is about 180 miles from Winnipeg, and is being very rapidly settled. Eighteen months ago there were only thirteen settlers, but now there are about a thousand, the majority of whom are Presbyterians. About six hundred of the settlers have purchased farms from the Government, while the rest are waiting for the sections set apart for railroad purposes to be placed in the market. The price of goods is very high owing to the cost of transportation, the charge for freight from Winnipeg being three dollars per hundred pounds. The South-western Railway is expected to be constructed as far as Turtle Mountain in about a year. The Society's missionary found a comfortable home with an adherent of the Roman Catholic Church, who not only treated him with the utmost kindness, but gave his store for the purpose of holding services in. There are six preaching stations in that district, and in each of these public worship was conducted fortnightly during the summer. Your readers may have some idea of the labour involved in overtaking the work when it is stated that every alternate Saturday the missionary walked thirty miles, and the next day seventeen, preaching three times. Besides these six places, Badger Crossing, situated thirty miles east of Turtle Mountain, was eight times visited during the summer. It may be stated that there was not a single house in this long stretch of thirty miles, which the missionary had to travel on foot. Arrangements are being made to erect a Presbyterian church at Zulu, one of the stations: The building is expected to be ready for occupation next spring, and is to be called "Knox Church."

After the reports were disposed of, a letter was read conveying the thanks of the Barrie Presbytery to the Society "for the valuable services rendered by the Society's representatives this summer, as well as in former years." The Clerk also asked for statistical information respecting the various stations within the bounds of the Presbytery, that this might appear in the annual returns published by the General Assembly. Two verses of the missionary hymn were then sung, and the meeting was closed with the benediction.

JAS. A. HAMILTON, Cor. Secretary.

THERE is at present, among our neighbours in the United States, some talk of having "Gospel cars" on the railroads to afford opportunity for social worship or for social Bible study. In noticing this movement the "S. S. Times" is, perhaps inadvertently, too severe on smokers. "After all," it says, "why should the travelling Christian public have fewer privileges on the railroad than the smoking public?"

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### SOME MISTAKES IN TRAINING CHILDREN.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, GALT.

It has always been an exceedingly difficult duty to perform with entire satisfaction, to train up children as they ought to be trained. And that arises, mainly, from what children are; they are *persons*. They have a mind, and a heart, and a will of their own, which give them, each, an individuality which must be recognized. The potter can shape the clay upon the wheel into whatever form he chooses; the cabinet-maker can make anything he pleases out of the walnut or pine; the blacksmith can forge the iron or steel into any pattern he desires; and the sculptor can fashion the marble block into the image of man, or beast, or flower, as he list; but it is altogether different in training up a child. These all work upon dead, inert matter, that is utterly passive under their hands, but in forming a child to virtue and nobleness, spirit—free, volatile, wilful spirit—has to be controlled and conformed to the ideal character in the mind of the parent. And that requires the exercise of every Christian grace; thoughtful consideration, to adapt means to the ends; love, to draw out the heart with its mighty affections; prayer, to engage help from on high in securing the object sought; faith, in the grand possibilities open to God for the child, though far beyond the reach of man; and patience, that the seed sown may have time to grow. But in the very best how much is wanting, and with them how many mistakes are made—mistakes often comparatively small, yet exerting an evil influence on the lives of their children! Some of these we purpose pointing out, and offer what may assist in correcting the evil. A very common mistake that is made is this:

#### FORGETTING THAT THEY ARE ONLY CHILDREN, AND NOT MEN OR WOMEN.

Great injustice is done to them in this, for so much is expected of them that they are incapable of performing or realizing. What they really are, must always limit, and in a great measure determine, what we must always look for from them. To expect a joyous, lively, happy-hearted child, that skips about quite careless of all surroundings, like the lambkin on the lea, to be staid and sober like one with the weight of sixty summers on his head, is quite unreasonable—it is unnatural. And to fight against nature is always to lose the day. Yet many parents, and these chiefly among the cultivated classes, put their children under such restraint that the child-nature loses its freshness, and sweetness, and bloom. Goethe, in his autobiography, calls this "a great contradiction;" and adds, "I refer to the fact that they are urged and trained, by parents and teachers, to deport themselves moderately, intelligently, and even wisely; to give pain to no one from petulance or arrogance, and to suppress all the evil impulses which may be developed in them; but yet, on the other hand, while the young creatures are engaged in this discipline they have to suffer, from others, that which in them is reprimanded and punished. In this way the poor things are brought into a sad strait between the natural and civilized states, and after restraining themselves for awhile, break out, according to their characters, into cunning or violence." Augustine, in his "Confessions," speaking of his childhood, says very truthfully, and with much force as to the grievousness of the mistake of which we are speaking: "Our sole delight was play, and for this we were punished by those who yet themselves were doing the like. But the elder folks' idleness was called 'business;' that of boys, being really the same, is punished by those elders, and none commiserates either boys or men. For will anyone of sound discretion approve of my being beaten as a boy, because, by playing at ball, I made less progress in studies which I was to learn, only that as a man I might play more unbecomingly? And what else did he who beat me? Who, if worsted in some trifling discussion with his fellow-tutor, was more embittered or jealous than I when beaten at ball by a playfellow?" Let the children be children, and speak and act as children. He who is never a child is not likely ever to be a man. Another mistake often made is this—

#### A VACILLATING ENFORCEMENT OF AUTHORITY.

That is a very serious matter, for none have sharper eyes to note any weakness than children; and when

they see any relaxing of the rein, they quickly take advantage of it. It is with the authority of parents as with any chain; it is no stronger than its weakest link. A cool, calm, firm tone of command is most influential and most salutary. Boisterousness is always a proclamation of weakness, while quiet, low speech always betokens force and reserved strength. Sometimes orders are given and laws laid down thoughtlessly, which are not enforced, either because they cannot be, or because they never were intended to be, and in either case this is an evil done to the child and parent alike. The parent loses his power over the child, and the child loses his respect for the parent. Hence, it ought to be a principle constantly acted upon, never to command the doing of anything but what *must* be carried out. Let the authoritative word, spoken after much thoughtful consideration of all the circumstances and of all the requirements of the case, be law, with which there will not and can not be any trifling, and of which there cannot be any evasion. This is one of the highest and best moral lessons the child can have. As Rev. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, properly observes: "Parental commands and parental discipline are of the nature of an external revelation of moral law. And what was a mere parental law to a child of ten, comes, through the child's obedience to it, to shine in its own light, and to carry with it its own authority by the time the child is fifteen." Many things contribute to lessen the parental authority, and none more than the lack of that manly character that takes an interest in all that affects the children. Character is felt within the home as well as without the home. This is one of the principal sources of efficient authority. It seems to be hinted at in that Word of God respecting Abraham: "I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him." Dr. Thomas Guthrie, on leaving Arbiriot for Edinburgh, determined not to lose his command over his children by totally neglecting them, hence he laid his plans as described in the following passage: "Living in the parish, on the very borders of sin and misery, the hours of the day were exposed to constant interruption from my poor wretched parishioners when I was in the house. But most of the day was spent outside among them; and by evening I was so tired and exhausted that I was fit for nothing but the newspaper, light reading, or the lessons or play of my children. Anyway, I had resolved on coming to Edinburgh to *give my evenings to my family*; to spend them, not in my study, as many ministers did, but in the parlour among my children. The sad fate of many Edinburgh ministers' families warned me to beware of their practice. Spending the whole day in the service of the public, they retired to spend their evenings within their studies, away from their children, whose ill-habits and ill-doing in their future career showed how they had been sacrificed on the altar of public duty. This I thought no father warranted to do." Would that many ministers and merchants would follow in the steps of Dr. Guthrie! It would make many homes, renew others that languish, and fill all with a presence and power strong as life and fragrant as new-born roses or new-mown hay. It would give them warmth and attractiveness beyond all conception. Another mistake made in training the children is this—

#### NOT INSISTING ON THE PERFECT DOING OF WHAT IS COMMANDED.

Allowing things to be only half-done. Passing over disobedience. Is that not the true description of wilful disregard of any commands? And what habits grow out of it—habits that are the ruin of bright hopes and great abilities. All admire perseverance as an element of character, but all are not careful to note that it is developed chiefly by doing everything as completely as it can be done. By always doing the very best one can do. The highest happiness in life, and not unfrequently the greatest success, springs out of the heart of that fact as an oak out of an acorn. Goethe's father saw clearly what danger lay in imperfect doing. Goethe says: "My father was particularly pertinacious on this point of completeness. What was once undertaken must be finished, even if the inconvenience, tedium, nay, uselessness of the thing begun were plainly manifest in the meantime. It seems as if he regarded completeness as the only end, and perseverance as the only virtue. If, in our family

circle, in the long winter evenings, we had begun to read a book aloud, we were compelled to finish, though we were all in despair about it, and my father himself was the first to yawn. I still remember such a winter when we had thus to work our way through Bower's 'History of the Popes.' It was a terrible time, as little or nothing that occurs in ecclesiastical affairs can interest children and young people. Still, with all my inattention and repugnance, so much of that reading remained in my mind that I was able, in after times, to take up many threads of the narrative." Goethe's experience is common to all who have gone right through to the end of any book, or of any duty; whatever the difficulties, disagreeableness, after it has been done, the mere doing has developed and strengthened an element in the character which is of inestimable value in this work-a-day world. The mistake we are speaking of makes children and men molluscous creatures; the correction of it makes them strong, stalwart vertebrates. Justice to them demands that they shall, by all means, be inspired with desires after the noblest possible character, and that they shall be taught that it is largely the result of faithful and self-denying toil. This will save them from vain expectations and sad disappointments, and nerve them to noble effort.

#### YOUR TELEGRAM.

REV. R. C. I. JAY, WALKERTON.

One of the best prayers in the Bible, and one urgently needed by every true Christian, is that precious telegram of David's, "Quicken me, O Lord."

In this gem we have the Need of every soul in earnest. The one tendency of all Christian life is to run down. The cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches mark the fatal down-grade. No patent-lever can run fifty years without winding up; no instrument, however rich its tone, can keep concert-pitch for a century without tuning.

Is a noble Christian life your life-long aim? Here you have at once the danger and the remedy: "Quicken me, O Lord."

In one psalm we have this prayer flashed nine times to heaven. Mark its beauty for an intensely practical life. Once, "Quicken me in Thy way;" once, "Thy judgment;" once, "Thy judgments;" once "Thy righteousness;" twice, "Thy loving-kindness;" thrice, "Thy word." With all his faults, David knew how to pray. Are you often tempted to live on the low spiritual level of your worldly neighbours? up with the telegram, "Quicken me." Do the shortcomings of life press your conscience? Do broken vows sternly confront you? on with your telegram, "Quicken me." Is your worship in grave danger of becoming formal? is work for Christ crushing you with its weight? at once cry, "Quicken me."

Have sufferings to be faced which will test your soul to the uttermost? never forget that Gethsemane came before Calvary. Yea, should aught come in to quench the energies of the soul, then let this prayer be the sovereign tonic, "Quicken me, O Lord."

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours."

But if there is the sore need and urgent prayer, so there is also the sure Helper of every soul in earnest. Bible study may help you much, Christian biography may often arouse, religious periodicals may give fresh zest, prayer-meetings may send up the memory far above zero, but in the midst of all there must be a living Christ. The memories of the Lord's table may be very sacred, life rapidly getting shorter may quicken the step, that open grave you last stood beside may bring great solemnity, but, far above all, there must be the presence of Jesus, "able to save to the uttermost."

The life of such a man can be condensed into one burning sentence: "Uncle John Vassar was a real Christianity." Then, whatever your need, your danger, your ambition, or your work, let this be your first telegram, "Quicken me."—*American Messenger.*

#### THE LAST DANCE.

During the occupancy of the city of Moscow by the French army, a party of officers and soldiers determined to have a military levee, and for this purpose chose the deserted palace of a nobleman. That night the city was set on fire. As the sun went down they began to assemble. The women who followed the fortunes of the French army were decorated for the

occasion. The gayest and noblest of the army were there, and merriment reigned over the crowd.

During the dance the fire rapidly approached them; they saw it coming, but felt no fear. At length the building next the one they occupied was on fire. Coming to the windows, they gazed upon the billows of fire which swept the city, and then returned to their amusements. Again and again they left their pleasure to watch the progress of the flames. At length the dance ceased, and the necessity of leaving the scene of merriment became apparent to all. They were enveloped in a flood of fire, and gazed on it with deep and awful solemnity.

At last the fire, communicating to their own building, caused them to prepare for flight, when a brave young officer, named Carnot, waved his jewelled hand above his head and exclaimed, "One dance more, and defiance to the flames!" All caught the enthusiasm of the moment, and "One dance more and defiance to the flames!" burst from the lips of all. The dance commenced; louder and louder grew the sound of music, and faster and faster fell the pattering of footsteps of dancing men and women, when suddenly they heard a cry: "The fire has reached the magazine! Fly! fly for your lives!" One moment they stood transfixed with terror; they did not know the magazine was there, and ere they recovered from their stupor the vault exploded; the building was shattered to pieces, and the dancers were hurried into a fearful eternity.

Thus will it be in the final day. Men will be as careless as those ill-fated revellers—yea, there are thousands and tens of thousands as careless now. We speak of death, the grave, judgment and eternity. They pause a moment in their search for pleasure, but soon dash into the world and forgetfulness as before. God's hand is laid on them in sickness, but no sooner are they restored than they forget it all and hurry on. Death enters their homes, and the cry is heard, "Prepare to meet thy God!" but soon, like Carnot, they say, "One dance more, and defiance to the flames," and hurry on. The Spirit of the living God speaks powerfully home to their hearts, and they shake, tremble, and are amazed; but earth casts its spell around them and sings to them songs, and with the cry, "Time enough by-and-by," they speed on, stifling the voice, till often, ere days or months have passed, the bolt has sped, the sword has descended, the Judge has come, and the soul is lost forever.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Two ladies were one day shewn into my office, and I only learned from the announcement that one of them, without it being precisely designated which, was Miss Havergal. Alas! for anything like instinct in these affairs, for I advanced to the wrong lady. I had, on the instant, mistakenly connected the serious, solemn-strained poems with the elder, graver-looking of the two visitors.

"No," said the lady, "I am not Miss Havergal; this is she;" indicating her companion.

I then clearly saw, smiling at my mistake, a bright, fair face, framed in a profusion of golden hair, the eyes positively glittering with intelligence and good humour. The owner of this pleasant face was of not more than middle stature and slight in figure. I may add that, as soon as the lips opened, you were struck with the unusual soft clearness of her voice. Always she was the same unaffected, transparently sincere lady; welcome in every circle as its ornament and grace.

There were at times lengthened intervals between receiving contributions from her, and then again one manuscript would follow upon another with rapidity. I recollect a conversation in which I chanced to make some allusion to this fitfulness of her muse, and she at once gave her explanation of it; and if it should seem to some minds, those of the harder, common-sense type, to border on a gentle superstition, they would, had they seen the unhesitating earnestness with which it was stated, at least have known that it was a real faith with the speaker.

"I cannot," she said, "write just when I would. Indeed, the poems are not mine, but my Master's. I just put down what He tells me; and I have to wait until He tells me. I do not understand what people mean when they speak of 'making' poetry. I have somehow to live mine before I write it. Then, a thought in my mind seems all at once to shoot out into a musical line, which I write like a child learning

a lesson, and look up for more. It is in that way anything of mine which does any good comes, and I have been left quite silent for months at a time, and even longer."—*Day of Rest.*

UNREST:

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"Our heart is restless till it rest in thee."

—*St. Augustine.*

There is a strange, wild wail around, a wail of wild unrest,  
A moaning in the music with echoes unconfessed,  
And a mocking twitter here and there, with small notes shrill and thin,  
And deep, low shuddering groans that rise from caves of gloom within.

And still the weird wail crosses the harmonies of God,  
And still the waters wander through His fair lands rich and broad;  
Grave thought explorers swell the cry of doubt and nameless pain,  
And careless feet among the flowers trip to the dismal strain.

They may wander as they will in the hopeless search for truth,  
They may squander in the quest all the freshness of their youth,  
They may wrestle with the nightmares of sin's unresting sleep,  
They may cast a futile plummet in the heart's unfathomed deep.

But they wait and wail and wander in vain and still in vain,  
Though they glory in the dimness and are proud of very pain;  
For a life of Titan struggle is but one sublime mistake,  
While the spell-dream is upon them, and they cannot, will not wake.

Awake, O thou that sleepest! The Deliverer is near.  
Arise, go forth to meet Him! Bow down, for He is here!  
Ye shall count your true existence from this first and blessed cry,  
For He waiteth to reveal Himself the very God in Christ.

For the soul is never satisfied, the life is incomplete,  
And the symphonies of sorrow find no cadence calm and sweet,  
And the earth-lights never lead us beyond the shadows grim,  
And the lone heart never resteth till it findeth rest in Him.

DID NOT KNOW IT WAS IN THE BIBLE.

A well-to-do farmer in Connecticut was one morning accosted by his pastor, who said: "Poor Widow Green's wood is out. Can you not take her a cord?" "Well," answered the farmer, "I have the wood and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor, somewhat vexed, replied: "I will pay you for it, on the condition that you read the first three verses of the 41st Psalm before you go to bed to-night." The farmer consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the Word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." A few days afterward the pastor met him again. "How much do I owe you for that cord of wood?" "Oh!" said the new enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the old widow's wants."

MINISTERS AND HIRED PREACHERS.

The Church of Jesus Christ cannot make ministers; she is the spiritual corporation of God; all that she can do is to recognize the ministers that are already made by the Spirit of God, having gifts, and graces, and fruits. It follows, of course, that universities, colleges and seminaries cannot make ministers. They can recognize their gifts. Then the Church comes forward to give them orders—that is, to ordain them and make them recognized by its members and by the world outside, as far as the world cares about it. At present I notice there is a great deal of complaint all over the land as to the comparative influence which prevails in relation to spiritual things. I think one of the causes is: the mistaken esteem that the Church has come to cherish in regard to the ministry. Stated supplies are arranged for months and sometimes for years. What can a man expect to do in this way who comes for three or six months with the people, having no expectation of seeing, forming no links of sympathy with the people? Those metallic links of mutual sym-

pathy and confidence along which the electric fire is wont to glide never have a chance to be constructed. Instead of there being a healthy, continuous work, there is the sensuous feeling of excitement. The churches must needs have one who has established a reputation elsewhere. They say: "Now we have got the man; he is very intellectual, profoundly metaphysical, or remarkably original or poetic; everybody must needs go where now we shall have an impression made." Where is it said in the Scriptures that a power shall be made of poetry or intellectuality? When the Church forgets this she robs herself, and we ought to pray that she have the right impression about the ministry. In the next place, what are these men to do? They are to teach men what God teaches them. There is no such thing as apostolical succession beyond that of teaching. The Church of Rome, that aims to be logical—though it has led her into many a dangerous error—has not been willing to throw away the idea of miraculous power. The Protestant Church has abandoned the idea, and it is logical that we should do so. Because an apostle has had a hand laid on his head, has he therefore a right to lay his hand upon the head of another? There is no statement in words in the Bible that this was a law.—*Dr. John Hall.*

THE ONE NAME.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with sweetness, and light, and love, and life; filling the air with odours, like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fear can live, soothing the wounds of the heart with a balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fullness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power—Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption—Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the Church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God; Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the angels and the redeemed unite their exalting, adoring songs around the throne of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret Thine own name, and Thou hast done it by Thy works on earth, and Thy glory at the right hand of the Father.

WONDERS OF THE CREATION.

The following paragraph is from the eloquent Chalmers:

About the time of the invention of the telescope another instrument was formed, which laid open a scheme no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other led me to see a world in every atom. The one taught that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand of the high immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. One told the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all insignificance, for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest and the waters of every rivulet there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless are the glories of the firmament.

The one has suggested to me that, beyond and above all that is visible to a man, there may be fields of creation that sweep immeasurably along and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me that, within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles, and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to include all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all the attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of His glory.



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TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1881.

HOW CAN WE INTEREST YOUNG CHILDREN IN MISSIONS?

BY being ourselves interested in them, and so well informed in reference to what is being done as to be able to give full and vivid information on the subject. We have said over and over again that, in order to awaken and sustain a living interest in anything, full and accurate information is indispensable. What is the use of ringing the changes upon its being the duty of both old and young to take a deep interest in missions to the heathen? In many cases not the vaguest idea is had about these missions, and how then can there be interest? Let the old make it their business to collect information, and then let them impart that to the young under their charge in a lively, interesting way, and they will soon see the difference. It won't do to say "anything," or to repeat some old stale anecdote having some supposed connection with missions. Children know better than to be interested in that way, and yet in a great many instances that is all that is going. Even about Formosa, our most celebrated mission field, what do many, both old and young, in the Canada Presbyterian Church know? Very little. They could not point it out on a map. They know almost nothing about its people, and they could not give an intelligible account of what has been accomplished by our missionaries. This is still more the case as far as India is concerned. How many could point to Indore on a map of India? We doubt if large numbers could tell how many missionaries our Church has there. We are sure they could not name all these missionaries. Why is this? Because they feel no interest in the matter, and because they have not been told neither in the way nor to the extent they ought to have been. It is a great pity that such should be the case, but it would be a still greater to shut our eyes to the fact and try to persuade ourselves that the facts are all in the opposite direction. If we are to have a missionary Church, the children must be taught and talked to in such a way and to such an extent as will, under God's blessing, make interest and effort come as matters of course. In connection with this subject we cannot but express our regret that letters from our missionaries are so few and far between. A constant supply of fresh information from our various mission fields, at home and abroad, would be of inestimable value to those who are endeavouring to awaken and sustain that interest in missionary work which is so much desiderated.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

THE meeting which was held in Shaftesbury Hall, in this city, on Friday last, and whose proceedings were, not very honourably, reported in the papers on the subsequent day, was important in itself, and may be still more so in its consequences. The subject under discussion is confessedly a delicate, as it is a difficult one. At the same time, it needs to be discussed openly, frankly, delicately, and from every point of view. It has been far too long ignored, as if the mere fact of a people generally closing their eyes on such a matter, and refusing either to think or speak of it, would bring the much-needed remedy as a mere matter of course. It is a perfectly pseudo-delicacy which affects such prudish silence, for it is a delicacy which helps the evil rather than hinders it. We dare say the Rev. Mr. Ransforth would not have said all he is credited with if he had thought it was all to be proclaimed on the house-tops the next day. Yet why should he have had any difficulty? It was all true, as many know right well, and the truth had better be spoken in all

frankness, and without any circumlocution, even though it make some who hold their heads high feel somewhat uncomfortable, and may lead them as nearly to the point of blushing as they may be constitutionally capable of. Indeed, if it do this, it will be so much the better; for any one who would seriously question the truth of the statements would be put down, by all who are even moderately well acquainted with what is going on in this city, and in every other on the continent, as an incurable "innocent," who scarcely knew he was in the world at all.

We don't think it is more than six or seven years since a well known and highly-esteemed citizen of our Queen City gave in the "Mail" newspaper a very graphic and yet a painfully saddening account of his experiences during one night among the higher-class houses of the kind referred to by Mr. Ransforth. He went openly, in his own name, with a policeman, and the cab stood at the door in each case till he returned. We need not give the particulars. Any one who has a file of the "Mail" can read it for himself. This, however, we may recall from that saddening narrative, viz., that in visiting eleven of these first-class establishments, the gentleman we speak of (and we don't mention his name simply from not being able at the moment to remember whether or not he wrote over his own signature, though we think he did) was so struck with the style of furnishing prevailing in the houses visited, that he could not but conclude that wealthy married men were their chief supporters, while he was nervous all the while lest he should meet some of his fellow-merchants and associates, which would have been awkward for all parties. Now, some people may think that such things should not be referred to, even in the most distant and delicate manner. We think differently. The evil is an eating cancer which is consuming the very vitals of society, and that to a far greater extent than is generally suspected. At the same time, we cannot but add that we have no sympathy with the remedial measures suggested by Mr. Ransforth and by some others at the meeting in question. The "stamping out" process we acknowledge would be a very difficult one, perhaps impossible; but the licensing would be in almost every respect worse, without any compensatory advantages. What is needed is a widespread elevation of the moral tone of the community, with a far more general and anxious effort on the part of parents and teachers and ministers to put the youth of both sexes on their guard against the very first appearance of courses of conduct which, however apparently innocent, in the end lead down to death. We have often wished it were possible, for instance, to get every young woman convinced of what every man knows to be a fact, that genuine love is full of tenderness and reverence, and will always shrink, with something approaching to horror, from the most distant approach to anything like indelicacy, in word or action, in the presence of the object loved. Love involves all but an infinite respect, and there can be no possible respect where the ultimate issue is dishonour. When will the time come when every young woman will resent, as the deadliest insult that can possibly be offered her, any approach to those too common familiarities which so frequently pave the way to ruin and death?

We are quite aware that even to say as much as we have done may, to not very enlightened prudery, appear offensive and unbecoming. If so, we can't help it. A great deal more ought to be said, and will have to be, if the evil complained of is to be grappled with in any satisfactory manner, and to an extent which will give even the slightest promise of ultimate success.

AGNOSTICISM IN THE LAW COURTS.

OUR readers may have noticed that in a case tried at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, the evidence of Mr. L. J. Belford was not taken, because he avowed himself to be an Agnostic. His words, as reported, are, "I am an Agnostic, and I do not believe in anything I cannot prove; I do not believe in God." He also said he did not know if there is a future world; that "very likely my conscience is part of what you call a Supreme Being." Mr. Belford may or may not have wished to give evidence in the case; on either supposition he was freed from the obligation that a believer would have been under to tell the truth at his peril. No wonder that Mr. Justice Osler expressed his regret that the law of Canada did not provide for taking evidence in such a case.

That expression of regret deserves more than a passing notice. Undoubtedly the learned judge is right, that the evidence of such a man may be of use by "conveying to the mind of the judge as much conviction as if given under oath," and certainly lawyers accustomed to weigh evidence would not err very far in forming a proper estimate of the evidence given. But it may be asked further, whether an investigation held without any witnesses being sworn would not be more likely, in most cases, to bring out the truth as satisfactorily, if not more so, than the present method? Any statement made on oath, unless invalidated by counter testimony, is allowed to stand for truth; and as the verdict must be in accordance with sworn testimony, it is evident that a prejudiced witness, whose testimony cannot be rebutted, may give a wrong colouring to a whole question involved. Still, that false statement must form part of the ground for decision. Perjury, we know, is by no means uncommon in our courts; and even when the suspicion is very strong, the judge cannot reject that as testimony. He must give it full value. Besides, Quakers and others give evidence without swearing, and generally are even more reliable than the average witness. A conscientious man will not give false testimony, either with or without oath; and a man who will knowingly give false testimony will be very apt to perjure himself if he is not in danger of being exposed. The number who will speak truth solely from a regard to their oath is comparatively small, and as a general thing these would on cross examination come out with the truth even without the oath. Testifying in court is a most important matter, and it may happen that issues of great value may depend on what an Atheist alone can tell. Why then should the cause of truth suffer because an Atheist may not be sworn? It is certainly a testimony to the public estimate of the value of religion and the fear of God, that the word of an Atheist is not thought reliable, and to deny him the right of testifying is a reflection on him personally, at which he may or may not be offended; but it is going too far to assume that all Agnostics are unreliable, and it may be seriously injurious to the interests of another if a case is decided on sworn evidence which is false, and which could be set aside by the statement of an Atheist. Truth has nothing to fear when full and free inquiry is made, and it will not be made any safer by taking sworn testimony as the only ground of evidence.

**MORE SABBATH PROFANATION.**

WE mentioned a few weeks ago that the Telephone Company were likely, at an early date, to require the presence of their clerks for ordinary work on the Sabbath day. The notice to this effect we understand has now been given, and the usual alternative of obedience or dismissal will of course be presented to every one in the company's employment. Not the most distant approach to the very semblance of an excuse for this step can be indicated except the all-prevailing one of money-making. Not contented with the gains of six days of the week, the company wishes to lay the whole of it under contribution for the increase of its "pile." Conscience, decency, family comfort, and necessary physical and mental rest, to say nothing of religious worship, are all to be thrown to the winds in order that the telephone people may catch a few stray dollars, and enable greedy, unscrupulous traders to steal a march upon their more reasonably disposed neighbours by getting the start of them in closing bargains, or in seeing how stocks are going. It is possible that it may be pleaded that such an arrangement as the one proposed will be very useful for those who have sick friends about whose welfare they are anxious, and with whom they can talk all the morning. Nay, we can even imagine that the opportunity for sermon-hearing will be pleaded, for Mammon has always been impudent and hypocritical even to shamelessness. But all these and such like excuses, if they are pleaded at all, are mere subterfuges to hide in some measure the hard, cold, disagreeable fact that even the smallest amount of physical rest from ordinary toil is gauged by those whose one thought by day and dream by night is to make money, but whether honestly and honourably or the reverse seems a matter of very small moment.

The late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, used to say that he trembled for his country when he read the prophecies of the Old Testament and remembered that God was just, because in these writings were depicted a state

of society very similar to that which prevailed in the England of his day, and all his historical readings and ponderings led him to the conclusion that such courts persisted in, whether among the Jews or any other people, led in due time to social lock and ultimate disorder and revolution. Our great trading companies, and many individuals as well, equally unscrupulous, with their bullet-headed, superciliously godless greed of gain, may smile contemptuously at the idea of Old Testament prophecies having any application to them, and their ways of working, and may in their own foolish, feather-headed fashion, talk of fanaticism and narrow-mindedness when any attempt is made, as they phrase it, to "clog the wheel of business" and thus retain intact to the tolling millions the sacred pillars of their weekly rest. But all this affected indifference and contempt—the offspring at once of godlessness and greed—will not keep the intelligent, right-thinking Christians of Canada from protesting against all such short-sighted and nationally injurious proceedings, or from doing anything in their power to expose the hypocrisy and prevent the wrong.

We, at any rate, know no sensitiveness about quoting Old Testament prophecies, and cannot even imagine ourselves making an apology for referring to such an ancient and with too many such an antiquated book as the "Word of God." Some people say the Old Testament is too old—one rather prominent *litterateur*, who virtually claims omniscience, if not a good deal more, has recently, in a foolishly oracular fashion, even recommended Christians to repudiate it altogether on account of what he calls the "tribal religion" which he says it teaches; but with those who study that Book in either a devout or an intelligent spirit, it will always have a strangely modern character, as when it falls it will carry the "New" along with it to the grave.

Will the managers of telephones, telegraphs, railways, taverns, candy shops, etc., who are all vying for ample liberty to ply their trades on every day of the week, allow us to quote a passage which they might all be the better for studying, and which we have no doubt is new to most of them, if not to all?—

"Hear this, O ye that swallow up the needy, even to make the poor of the land to fail, saying: 'When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn? and the Sabbath, that we may set forth wheat, making the ephah small and the shekel great, and falsifying the balances by deceit? that we may buy the poor for silver, and the needy for a pair of shoes; yea, and sell the refuse of the wheat?' The Lord hath sworn by the excellency of Jacob, Sure I will never forget any of their works. Shall not the Lord tremble for this, and every one mourn that dwelleth therein? and it shall rise up wholly as a flood, and it shall be cast out and drowned, as by the flood of Egypt. And it shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord God, that I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and I will darken the earth in the clear day; and I will turn your feasts into mourning and all your songs into lamentation; and I will bring up sackcloth upon all loins, and baldness upon every head; and I will make it as the mourning of an only son, and the end thereof as a bitter day."

Small wit and enormous self-conceit, with the due modicum of profanity, may make merry at the idea of Jewish times or Bible warnings having anything to do with modern ways and modern workings. Nay, they lead men to say with Claverhouse, "To man we can be responsible, and as for God we shall take Him in our own hands;" but all that will not change the facts, and will not make it less true that certain ways of individual or united action have still in the present day, as they have had in days gone by, a natural and necessary tendency to produce not only an enormous amount of personal suffering and degradation, but, if persisted in, to issue in social confusion and national ruin.

MRS. STRETTON'S new story, "Cobwebs and Cables," is commenced in this issue.

ON the evening of Monday last, the Rev. Principal Grant lectured in Shaftesbury Hall, in this city, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. His subject was "Joseph Howe, the Canadian Politician and Man of Letters."

SOMEBODY who has a liking for figures should compile a statement shewing at a bird's-eye view how much the Churches of the Dominion do for missionary purposes. Probably the exhibit would make some people feel uneasy, but that would be a good kind of feeling for them to have. The trouble just now is that they feel too easy about such matters. Our neighbours across the lines surpass all other Christians in getting up comparisons of this sort. From some

statistics lately published, it seems that the Methodist Church North has a membership of 1,700,000. These followers of Wesley raise annually for Home and Foreign Mission purposes \$560,000. The membership of the Presbyterian Church North is 581,000. These followers of Calvin raise for the same purposes \$738,744. That is to say, there are three times as many Methodists as Presbyterians, but the Presbyterians raise for Mission purposes nearly \$200,000 more than their Methodist neighbours. Clearly the doctrine of predestination does not prevent these American Calvinists from using means. It never does.

DR. PARKER, of the City Temple, puts these pointed questions to preachers.—"How do you speak? Do you make a rumbling noise in the back of your mouth as if you had bronchitis, and were smothering your bronchial tubes with cotton wool? If you speak with the wisdom of men and of angels, the cotton wool will beat you." True, every word of it. Hundreds of good sermons are lessened in their effects by this kind of "cotton wool." There is another difficulty just now, however, against which too many preachers have to contend—over-heated and badly ventilated places of worship. There are not many preachers in Canada who cannot remember school-houses and small churches in which they laboured and perspired until nearly fainting. It requires an extraordinary amount of grace to keep a preacher in a proper frame of mind while he watches a church official put more fuel in the stove when the room is already twenty degrees too hot. The idea of preaching effectively in such an atmosphere is out of the question. The people go to sleep, and the preacher has a heavy cold on Monday. Paul could not keep a congregation awake and interested in some churches. The average preacher is not allowed to go around on Saturday and smash the windows, as Spurgeon is reported to have done to a church that the deacons refused to ventilate. By all means let people have plenty of fresh air as well as a free gospel. The two things go well together, and there is not much use in preaching to a congregation stupid with foul air, and sweltering in heat. At such a service there is always more perspiration than inspiration.

MR. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, leader of the free thinkers in the United States, has decided to offer no further opposition to the Christian religion. Mr. Frothingham tells his friends that he has not recanted; he does not believe in revealed religion any more than he ever did, but he thinks that, after all, there may be some truth in Christianity, and he has therefore determined to cease opposing and wait for light. Evidently Mr. Frothingham did not like some of the company he got into since he so ostentatiously dropped the title "Reverend." He says, "Such men as came forward as teachers in the free-thought movement were out-and-out materialists," and "a dead materialism" he says, "he abhors as deeply as any evangelical clergyman he knows." Well, it has always been so. Men who go off at a tangent always do get into queer company. Heterodoxy, like poverty and politics, causes a man to have strange bedfellows. Mr. Frothingham says:—

"The creeds of to-day do not seem in my eyes to be so wholly groundless as they were then, and while I believe the next hundred years will see great changes in them, I do not think that they are destined to disappear. To sum up the whole matter, the work which I have been doing appears to lead to nothing, and may have been grounded upon mistaken premises. Therefore it is better to stop; but I do not want to give the impression that I recant anything; I simply stop denying and wait for more light."

Instructive words these, and none the less instructive for their tone of sadness. The work which Mr. Frothingham has been doing appears to lead to nothing, and the "creeds" do not seem so wholly groundless as they once did. Quite so. Free-thinking leads to nothing but odious materialism, and the men with the creeds not only do work which leads to something, but even the creeds themselves improve on acquaintance. All this has been said a hundred times by orthodox men and orthodox journals, but it is just the very thing that Mr. O. B. Frothingham and the class he represents have been vigorously denying. Mr. Frothingham says when he was in Europe lately "Evangelical religion was stronger, and the churches better filled; there was more of the religious spirit abroad than when he was there twenty years ago." He also says "revealed religion" is stronger here than it was twenty years ago. No doubt of it. Free-thinking hurts its own disciples most.

## CHOICE LITERATURE.

## COBWEBS AND CABLES.

BY HESSA STRETTON.

## CHAPTER I.—ABSCONDED.

Late as it was, though the handsome office clock on the chimney-piece had already struck eleven, Roland Seston did not move. He had not stirred hand or foot for a long while now; no more than if he had been bound fast by many strong cords, which no effort could break or rattle. His confidential clerk had left him two hours ago, and the undisturbed stillness of night had surrounded him ever since he had listened to his retreating footsteps. "Poor Acton!" he had said half aloud, and with a heavy sigh.

As he sat there, his clasped hands resting on his desk and his face hidden on them, all his life seemed to unfold itself before him; not in painful memories of the past only, but in terrible prevision of the black future.

How dear his native town was to him! He had always loved it from his very babyhood. The wide old streets, with ancient houses still standing here and there, rising or falling in gentle slopes, and called by quaint old names such as he had never heard elsewhere; the fine old churches crowning the hills, and lifting up delicate tall spires, visible a score of miles away; the grammar school, where he had spent the happiest days of his boyhood; the rapid river, brown and swirling, which swept past the town, and came back again as if it could not leave it; the ancient bridges spanning it, and the sharp-cornered recesses in them where he had spent many an idle hour, watching the boats row in and out under the arches; he saw every familiar nook and corner of his native town vividly and suddenly, as if he caught glimpses of them by the capricious play of lightning.

And this pleasant home of his; these walls which enclosed his birthplace, and the birth-place of his children! He could not imagine himself finding true rest and a peaceful shelter elsewhere. The spacious old rooms, with brown wainscoted walls and carved ceilings; the tall and narrow windows, with deep window-sills, where as a child he had so often knelt, gazing out on the wide green landscape, and the far distant, almost level line of the horizon. His boy, Felix, had knelt in one of them a few hours ago, looking out with grave, childish eyes on the sunset. The broad, shallow steps of the oaken staircase, trodden so many years by the feet of all who were dearest to him; the quiet chambers above, where his mother, his wife, and his children were at this moment sleeping peacefully. How unutterably and painfully sweet all his home was to him!

Very prosperous his life had been; hardly overshadowed by a single cloud. His father, who had been the third partner in the oldest bank in Riversborough, had lived until he was old enough to step into his place. The bank had been established in the last century, and was looked upon as being as safe as the Bank of England. The second partner was dead; and the eldest, Mr. Clifford, had left everything in his hands for the last five years.

No man in Riversborough had led a more prosperous life than he had. His wife was from one of the county families; without fortune, indeed, but with all the advantages of high connections, which lifted him above the ranks of mere business men, and admitted him into society hitherto closed even to the head partner in the old bank; in spite even of the fact that he still occupied the fine old house adjoining the bank premises. There was scarcely a townsman who was held to be his equal, not one who was considered his superior. Though he was little over thirty yet, he was at the head of all municipal affairs. He had already held the office of mayor for one year, and might have been re-elected if his wife had not somewhat scorned the homely bourgeois dignity. There was no more popular man in the whole town than he was.

But he had been building on the sands, and the storm was rising. He could hear the moan of the winds growing louder, and the rush of the on-coming floods drawing nearer. He must make good his escape now, or never. If he put off flight until to-morrow, he would be crushed with the falling of his house.

He lifted himself up heavily, and looked round the room. It was his private office, at the back of the bank, handsomely furnished as a bank parlour should be. Over the fireplace hung the portrait of old Clifford, the senior partner, faithfully painted by a local artist, who had not attempted to soften the hard, stern face, and the fixed stare of the cold blue eyes, which seemed fastened purposefully upon him. He had never seen the likeness before as he saw it now. Would such a man overlook a fault, or have mercy for an offender? Never! He turned away from it, feeling cold and sick at heart; and with a heavy and very bitter sigh he locked the door upon the room where he had spent so large a portion of his life. The place which had known him would know him no more.

As noiselessly and warily as if he was a thief breaking into the quiet house, he stole up the dimly-lighted staircase, and paused for a minute or two before a door, listening intently. Then he crept in. A low shaded lamp was burning, giving light enough to guide him to the cot where Felix was sleeping. It would be his birthday to-morrow, and the child must not lose his birthday gift, though the relentless floods were rushing on toward him also. Close by was the cot where his baby daughter, Hilda, was at rest. He stood between them, and could lay a hand on each. How soundly the children slept while his heart was breaking! Dear as they had been to him, he had never realized till now how priceless beyond all words such little tender creatures could be. He had called them into existence, and now the greatest good that could befall them was his death. It was unutterable agony to him.

His gift was a Bible, the boy's own choice; and he laid it on the pillow where Felix would find it as soon as his eyes opened. He bent over him, and kissed him with trembling lips. Hilda stirred a little when his lips touched her soft, rosy face, and she half opened her eyes, whisper-

ing "Father," and then fell asleep again, smiling. He dared not linger another moment, but passing stealthily away, he paused listening at another door, his face white with anguish. "I dare not see Felcitta," he murmured to himself, "but I must look upon my mother's face once again."

The door made no noise as he opened it, and his feet fell noiselessly on the thick carpet; but as he drew near his mother's bed, her eyes opened with a clear, steady gaze, as if she had been awaiting his coming. There was a light burning here as well as in the night-nursery adjoining, for it was his mother who had charge of the children, and who would be the first the nurse would call if anything was the matter. She awoke as one who expects to be called upon at any hour; but the light was too dim to betray the misery on her son's face.

"Roland!" she said, in a slightly foreign accent. "Were you calling, mother?" he asked. "I was passing by, and I came in here to see if you wanted anything."

"I did not call, my son," she answered, "but what have you the matter? Is Felcitta ill? or the babies? Your voice is sad, Roland."

"No, no," he said, forcing himself to speak in a cheerful voice. "Felcitta is asleep, I hope, and the babies are all right. But I have been late at bank-work; and I turned in just to have a look at you, mother, before I go to bed."

"That's my good son," she said, smiling, and taking his hand between her own in a fond clasp.

"Am I a good son?" he asked.

His mother's face was a fair, sweet face still, the soft brown hair scarcely touched with white, and with clear, dark gray eyes gazing up frankly into his own. They were eyes like these, with their truthful light shining through them, inherited from her, which in himself had won the unquestioning trust and confidence of those who were brought into contact with him. There was no warning signal of disloyalty in his face to set others on their guard. His mother looked up at him tenderly.

"Always a good son, the best of sons, Roland," she replied, and a good husband, and a good father. Only one little fault in my good son: too spendthrift, too lavish. You are not a fine, rich lord, with large lands, and much, very much money, my boy. I do my best in the house; but women do not save pennies, while men fling about pounds."

"But you love me with all my faults, mother?" he said.

"As my own soul," she answered.

There was a profound solemnity in her voice and look, which penetrated to his very heart. She was not speaking lightly. It was in the same spirit in which Paul wrote, after saying, "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;" "I could wish that myself were separate from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." His mother had reached that sublime height of love for him.

He stood silent, looking down on her with dull, aching eyes, as he said to himself it was perhaps for the last time. It was the last time she would ever see him as her good son. With her, in her heart and memory, all his life dwelt; she knew the whole of it, with no break or interruption. Only this one hidden thread, which had been woven into the web in secret, and was about to stand out with such clear and open disclosure; of this she had no faint suspicion. For a minute or two he felt as if he must tell her of it; that he must roll off this horrible weight from himself, and crush her faithful heart with it. But what could his mother do? Her love could not stay the storm; she had no power to bid the winds and waves be still. It would be best for all of them if he could make his escape secretly, and be altogether lost in impenetrable darkness.

At that moment a clock in the hall struck one.

"Well," he said wearily, "if I'm to get any sleep to-night I must be off to bed. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye?" she repeated, with a smile.

"Good-night, of course," he replied, bending over her and kissing her tenderly.

"God bless you, my son," she said, putting both her hands upon his head, and pressing his face close to her own. He could not break away from her fond embrace, but in a few moments she let him go, bidding him get some rest before the night was past.

Once more he stood in the dimly lighted passage, listening at his wife's door, with his fingers involuntarily clasping the handle. But he cared not go in. If he looked upon Felcitta again, he could not leave her, even to escape from ruin and disgrace. A agony of love and of terror took possession of him. Never to see her again was horrible; but to see her shrink from him as a base and dishonest man, his name an infamy to her, would be worse than death. Did she love him enough to forgive a sin committed chiefly for her sake? In the depths of his own soul the answer was No.

He stole down stairs again, and passed out by a side door into the street. It was raining heavily, and the wind was moaning through the deserted thoroughfares, where no sound of footsteps could be heard. Behind him lay his pleasant home, never so precious as at this moment. He looked up at the windows, the two faintly lit up, and that other darkened window of the chamber he had not dared to enter. In a few hours these women, so unutterably dear to him, would be overwhelmed by the great sorrow he had prepared for them; those children would become the inheritors of his sins. He looked back longingly and despairingly, as if there only was life for him; and then hurrying on swiftly he lost sight of the old home, and felt as a drowning wretch at sea feels when the heaving billows hide from him the glimmering light of the beacon, which, however, can offer no harbour of refuge to him.

## CHAPTER II.—PHEBE MARLOWE.

Though the night had been stormy, the sun rose brightly on the rain-washed streets, and the roofs and walls stood

out with a peculiar clearness, and with a more vivid colour than usual, against the deep blue of the sky. It was May-day, and most hearts were stirred with a pleasant feeling as of a holiday; not altogether a common day, though the shops were open, and business was going on as usual. The old bethought themselves of the days when they had gone a-Maying, and the young felt less disposed to work, and were inclined to wander out in search of May-flowers in the green meadows, or along the sunny banks of the river, which surrounded the town. Early, very early, considering the ten miles she had ridden on her bill-pony, came a young country girl across one of the ancient bridges, with a large market-basket on her arm, brimful of golden May-flowers, set off well by their own glossy leaves, and by the dark blue of her dress. She checked her pony and lingered for a few minutes, looking over the parapet at the swift rushing of the current through the narrow arches. A thin line of alders grew along the margin of the river, with their pale green leaves half unfolded; and in the midst of the swirling waters, parting them into two streams, lay a narrow islet on which tall willow wands were springing, with soft, white buds on every rod, and glistening in the sunshine. Not far away a lofty avenue of lime-trees stretched along the banks, casting wavering shadows on the brown river; while beyond it, on the summit of one of the hills on which the town was built, there rose the spires of two churches built close together, with the gilded crosses on their tapering points glittering more brightly than anything else in the joyous light. For a while the girl gazed dreamily at the landscape, her colour coming and going quickly, and then with a deep-drawn sigh of delight she roused herself and her pony, and passed on into the town.

The church clocks struck nine as she turned into Whitefriars Road, the street where the old bank of Riversborough stood. The houses on each side of the broad and quiet street were handsome, old-fashioned dwelling-places, not one of which had as yet been turned into a shop. The most eminent lawyers and doctors lived in it; and there was more than one frontage which displayed a hatchment, left to grow faded and discoloured long after the year of mourning was ended. Here, too, was the judge's residence, set apart for his occupation during the assizes. But the old bank was the most handsome and the most ancient of all those urban mansions. It had originally stood alone on the brow of the hill overlooking the river and the Whitefriars Abbey. Toward the street, when Roland Seston's forefathers had realized a fortune by banking, now a hundred years ago, there had been a new frontage built to it, with the massive red brick workmanship and tall narrow windows of the eighteenth century. But on the river side it was still an old Elizabethan mansion, with gabled roofs standing boldly up against the sky, and low broad casements, latticed and filled with lozenge-shaped panes; and half-timber walls, with black beams fashioned into many forms; and with one story jutting out beyond that below, until the attic window under the gable seemed to hang in mid-air, without visible support, over the garden sloping down a steep bank to the river side.

Phebe Marlowe, in her coarse dark blue merino dress, and with her market-basket of golden blossoms on her arm, walked with a quick step along the quiet street, having left her pony at a stable near the entrance to the town. There were few persons about; but those whom she met she looked at with a pleasant, shy, slight smile on her face, as if she almost claimed acquaintance with them, and was ready, even wishful, to bid them good-morning on a day so fine and bright. Two or three responded to this inarticulate greeting, and then her lips parted gladly, and her voice, clear though low, answered them with a sweet good-humour that had something at once peculiar and pathetic in it. She passed under a broad archway at one side of the bank offices, leading to the house entrance, and to the sloping garden beyond. A private door into the bank was ajar, and a dark, sombre face was peering out of it into the semi-darkness. Phebe's feet paused for an instant.

"Good morning, Mr. Acton," she said, with a little rustic curtsy. But he drew back quickly, and she heard him draw the bolt inside the door, as if he had neither seen nor heard her. Yet the face, with its eager and scared expression, had been too quickly seen by her, and too vividly impressed upon her keen perception; and she went on, chilled a little, as if some cloud had come over the brightness of the morning.

Phebe was so much at home in the house, that when she found the housemaid on her knees cleaning the hall floor, she passed on unconsciously to the dining-room, where she felt sore of finding some of the family. It was a spacious room, with a low ceiling where black beams crossed and crossed each other; with wainscoted walls and a carved chimney-piece of almost black oak. A sombre place in gloomy weather, yet so decorated with old china vases, and great brass salvers, and silver cups and tankards catching every ray of light, that the whole room glistened in this bright May-day. In the broad cushioned seat formed by the sill of the oriel window, which was almost as large as a room itself, there sat the elder Mrs. Seston, Roland Seston's foreign mother, with his two children standing before her. They had their hands clasped behind them, and their faces were turned toward her with the grave earnestness children's faces often wear. She was giving them their daily Bible lesson, and she held up her small brown hand as a signal to Phebe to keep silence, and to wait a moment until the lesson was ended.

"And so," she said, "those who know the will of God, and do not keep it, will be beaten with many stripes. Remember that, my little Felix."

"I shall always try to do it," answered the boy solemnly. "I'm nine years old to-day, and when I'm a man I'm going to be a pastor, like your father, grandmamma; my great-grandfather, you know, in the Jura. Tell us how he used to go about the snow mountains, seeing his poor people, and how he met with wolves sometimes, and was never frightened."

"Ah! my little children," she answered, "you have had a good father, and a good grandfather, and a good great-grandfather. How very good you ought to be."

"We will," cried both the children, clinging round her as she rose from her chair, until they caught sight of Phebe standing in the doorway. Then with cries of delight they flew to her, and threw themselves upon her with almost rough caresses, as if they knew she could well bear it. She received them with merry laughter, and knelt down that their arms might be thrown more easily round her neck.

"See," she said, "I was up so early, while you were all in bed, finding May-roses for you, with the May-dew on them. And if your father and mother will let us go, I'll take you up the river to the oyster island; or you shall ride my Ruby, and we'll go off a long, long way into the country, us three, and have dinner in a new place, where you have never been. Because it's Felix's birthday."

She was still kneeling on the floor, with the children about her, when the door opened, and the same troubled, haggard face which had peered out upon her under the archway, looked into the room with restless and bloodshot eyes. Phebe felt a sudden chill again, and rising to her feet put the children behind her, as if she feared some danger for them.

"Where is Mr. Sefton?" he asked in a deep, hoarse voice; "is he at home, Madame?"

Ever since the elder Mr. Sefton had brought his young foreign wife home, now more than thirty years ago, the people of Riversborough had called her Madame, giving her no other title or surname. It had always seemed to set her apart, and at a distance, as a foreigner, and so quiet had she been, so homely and domesticated, that she had remained a stranger, keeping her own habits of life and thought, and often yearning for the old pastor's home among the Jura Mountains.

"But yes," she answered, "my son is late this morning, but all the world is early, I think. It is not much beyond nine o'clock, Mr. Acton. The bank is not open yet."

"No, no," he answered hurriedly, while his eyes wandered restlessly about the room; "he is not ill, Madame?"

"I hope so not," she replied, with some vague uneasiness stirring in her heart.

"Nor dead?" he muttered.

"Dead!" exclaimed both Madame and Phebe in one breath; "dead?"

"All men die," he went on, "and it is a pleasant thing to lie down quietly in one's own grave, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. He could rest soundly in the grave."

"I will go and see," cried Madame, catching Phebe by the arm.

"Pray God you may find him dead," he answered with a low, miserable laugh, ending in a sob. He was mad; neither Madame nor Phebe had a doubt of it. They put the children before them, and bade them run away to the nursery, while they followed up the broad old staircase. Madame went into her son's bedroom; but in a few seconds she returned to Phebe with an anxious face.

"He is not there," she said, "nor Felicità. She is in her own sitting-room, where she likes not to be followed. It is her sacred place, and I go there never, Phebe."

"But she knows where Mr. Sefton is," answered Phebe, "and we must ask her. We cannot leave poor Mr. Acton alone. If nobody else dare disturb her, I will."

"She will not be vexed with you," said Madame Sefton. "Knock at this door, Phebe; knock till she answers. I am miserable about my son."

Several times Phebe knocked, more loudly each time, until at last a low voice, sounding far away, bade them go in. Very quietly, as if indeed they were stepping into some holy place barefooted, they crossed the threshold.

(To be continued.)

UNCLASSED MEN.

If any one wishes to know something of the unclassified and their despair, he has only to advertise for a junior clerk, a time-keeper, night-porter, or other employee of the untrained sort. For days he will be overwhelmed with letters from many parts of the country. Some of them will be couched in Addisonian phraseology, betraying evidence of high culture and considerable mental power. Others will be pathetic appeals for a trial, concluding with assurances of life-long devotion if engaged. Others will contain recitals of a struggle for bread so painful as to equal anything found in fiction. But if the advertiser wishes to know the darker depths in which many of the unclassified dwell, he will receive the applicants in person. The veil which hides the obscurer movements of society will then be lifted, and the spectator will be amazed at what he sees and hears. What waste of life, what corrosion of energy, what desperate tragedies! The terrible epoch for the unclassified lies from the twentieth to the thirtieth year. Friends and relatives of the same age are then entering upon the solid paths of life. They marry, set up establishments on their own account, become absorbed in new worlds, and forget bachelor acquaintances. The unclassified human being also longs, like others, to form those ties which are the dearest and the purest. He desires a wife and a bright home, an arena and a prize to stimulate what powers he has. But position and assured prospects are needed. The maintenance of his own existence is difficult and problematical. What parent would entrust a daughter to such an anomalously situated man? What girl would embark upon such a mad enterprise? The intolerable misery of the position sometimes so rouses the forces of the man thus placed, that he cuts through all impediments and makes a successful career after all. The affection of a good woman supplies a motive for exertion and perseverance which has saved thousands of men from the consequences of youthful mistakes and ineptitudes.—*Chambers's Journal.*

LITTLE THINGS.

More depends on little things than we think. It is said that Voltaire, when five years old, read an infidel poem, and he was never able to free himself from its effects. Scott, the commentator, while despairing, read a hymn of Dr. Watts, and was turned from a life of idleness and sin to one

of usefulness. Harper, about to drown himself, was carried the wrong way by his driver, and went home to write "God moves in a mysterious way." The rebuke of a teacher roused Dr. Clarke to great action, who had up to that time been slow in acquiring knowledge. Ole Bull, the great violinist, rescued from suicide by drowning, and taken to the near residence of a wealthy lady, became her protegee and soon acquired fame. Robert Moffat, the dis-tinguished missionary, reading a placard announcing a missionary meeting, was led to devote himself to work for the heathen. One step downward often leads men into the greatest guilt. It is the little words or actions that make or mar our lives.

SOMETIME, SOMEWHERE.

Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded,  
In agony of heart these many years?  
Does faith begin to fail; is hope departing,  
And think you all in vain these falling tears?  
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer:  
You shall have your desire sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented  
This one petition at the Father's throne,  
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,  
So urgent was your heart to make it known,  
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;  
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what He has begun.  
If you will keep the incense burning there,  
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered,  
Her feet were firmly planted on the Rock;  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.  
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,  
And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

—Robert Browning.

(Montreal (Canada) Post.)

A GOOD THING FROM THE STATES.

In this age of quackery, it is consoling to discover that there is something solid in existence, and that, though there are vendors who lie most cheerfully about their wares, there are others who tell the truth, and allow time to test the merits of what they offer for sale. As year after year rolls over, the frauds and the shams sink away out of sight in the pools and morasses of obscurity, while what is good and true stands boldly forth all the grander for its age and solidity. Thus while within the present decade thousands of patent medicines, puffed at one time to imitation, have sunk before the test of analysis, St. JACOBS OIL has bravely borne the strain, and is to-day renowned all over the world for its famous curative powers. It is truly one of the phenomena of the age we live in. The sale of this article is incredible. It is to be found all over the civilized world, and in a good many places where the people are not civilized—or, unfortunately, the bones of sorrowful men are cracked and ache with pain no matter what region the inhabitants, and we believe it is yet destined to be found in every house, and to supersede the many nostrums which still remain abroad to rob and defraud humanity of its money and its health. The firm of A. Vogeler & Co., Baltimore, spend half a million dollars yearly in advertising St. JACOBS OIL, and hence we may guess at the full extent of their enormous business. It is truly marvellous, or would be did we not know the circulation of this inestimable blessing.

DR. JESSUP, of Beirut, reports that unusual crowds have been attending services in the Greek Church, and that it is the preaching of Mr. Moody's sermons, obtained from the Beirut press, that has caused the stir.

MRS GARFIELD has announced her intention to have arranged and published a life of her husband, including his literary remains. The material for both are said to be abundant and easily accessible. It will be prepared in good measure under Mrs. Garfield's personal supervision.

THE Presbyterian Synod of Kansas might properly be called the "Polyglot Synod," for within its bounds, which extend over the Indian Territory, the Gospel is preached by members of the Synod in no less than nine different languages—English, German, French, Bohemian, Welsh, Cherokee, Choctaw, Nez, and Perce.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A lawyer in Central New York gives the following account of one of his first cases:

My client sued a neighbour for the alleged killing of a favourite dog. The proof consisted in the mysterious disappearance of the animal, and the possession of a dog's skin by the defendant, which, after considerable argument, was brought into court in evidence. It was marked in a singular manner, and was positively identified, with many tears, by the plaintiff's wife and daughter, as the undoubted integument of the deceased Bisc. In summing up to the jury, I was in the midst of a highly coloured picture of the virtues of the deceased, and of the love of the children for their four-footed friend, when I was interrupted by a slight disturbance in the crowd near the door of the little school house which served as court house. Looking around, I saw my client's youngest son, a tow-headed urchin of twelve, coming forward with a dog whose skin was the exact counterpart of the one put in evidence. The dog wagged his tail with good-natured composure, and the boy cried, in his childish treble, "Paw, Bosc has come home." I gathered up my law-books and retreated, and I never had perfect confidence in circumstantial evidence since.—*Harper's Magazine.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Free Italian General Assembly met lately in Florence. Father Gavazzi was re-elected moderator.

SPURGEON'S Pastors' College has 355 graduates preaching in Great Britain, who have gathered 43,336 persons into the churches.

PRINCESS BEATRICE has given £2,000 out of the proceeds of her Christmas book to the support of the Belgrave Hospital for Children.

A SEMI CENTENARY festival is shortly to be held by the Preston Temperance Society, which was the first "teetotal" organization in England.

ALEXANDER BAIN, LL.D., has been elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen University, Sir James Paget, F.R.S., D.C.L., was the unsuccessful candidate.

At the meeting of the Free Synod of Lothian recently a decrease of £6,000 was reported on the Sustentation Fund for five months of this year.

MR. SIR MOON, the pastor of the Chinese church at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, reports that 248 of his countrymen in those islands are Christians.

QUEEN VICTORIA has now reigned longer than did Queen Elizabeth. On October 25th she completed the 45th year of her reign, which was the term of Elizabeth's.

INCREASED observance of the Sabbath in Paris is shown by the fact that in the St. Rock quarter six thousand tradesmen now close their place of business on the Lord's Day.

THE women of Chicago Presbytery contributed \$10,000 last year to missions, recently sent out two young ladies to India have 62 flourishing societies in the 46 churches and the various Sunday schools of the Presbytery.

MR. SAMUEL POPE, Q.C., the recorder for the borough of Bolton, England, declared at a recent local option meeting, that during the twelve years of his recordership no total abstainer had been brought before him for trial.

SIR MOSES MONTEPIORE, of London, the greatly honoured Jew, recently celebrated his 98th birthday by distributing, for different charitable purposes, several packets, each of which contained 98 golden sovereigns.

THE conferences between the English and French Commission for the conclusion of a commercial treaty have terminated. It is semi-officially stated that many delicate questions were discussed in a most conciliatory spirit.

THE English Liberation Society has issued a circular for a new campaign, in which the opinion is expressed that the present is a favourable time to press the question of Disestablishment, with a view of inviting Parliament to act on.

THE Irish Presbyterian Church has organized an Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. Two donations were given toward it at the start, one of nearly \$10,000 and the other of \$5,000, which placed the project beyond the risk of failure.

REV. STUART ROBINSON, D.D., among other benevolent bequests, left \$25,000 as a disabled ministers' and widows' Fund, on condition that the General Assembly of the (Southern) Presbyterian Church organize an effort to increase it to \$100,000.

It is understood that Mr. Spurgeon will leave London almost immediately for the south of France where he will remain for some weeks. Towards the end of November Mr. Moody will probably preach one Sunday in the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

THE Dowager Duchess of Athole, who is a member of the Established Church of Scotland, in a published letter, gives expression to the annoyance she has more than once received by being misrepresented in Roman Catholic prints as being among the latest of Rome's recruits.

PRINCE BISMARCK is reported to have declared his opposition to the anti-semitic movement which has played such a large part in the recent German elections, and to have said that he would never entertain any proposal to curtail the constitutional rights of the Jews.

AT Liverpool, on a recent Sunday, there were only 63,576 in attendance at the 218 places of worship with sittings for 169,242. In 1853, a similar census showed 107,982 in attendance, when the population was 150,000 less, the places of worship only 154, and the sittings 132,393.

THE Queen, says the "World," never forgets her old servants. During one of her drives over the hills from Deeside to Donside, recently, her Majesty called on the parents of the man Philip, who died at Windsor in June, and placed a bouquet of flowers on his grave in the old kirkyard at Strathdon.

THE last portion of the ancient prison associated with the burning of Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer, known as the "Bocardo," or "Bishop's Hole," situated at the back of the "ancient hostelry, or Ship Hotel, in the city of Oxford, is about to be demolished, to make way for the extension of furniture warehouses.

THE Silver Star Brigade is the name of a somewhat peculiar juvenile organization which extends throughout England. It has a membership of 5,750. Each member, on joining, promises to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, tobacco, gambling, and bad language, and to uniformly strive to be loving, kind, and useful.

THE authorities of the city of Hamburg have arrested and imprisoned a Mormon elder, who had been some time since expelled from that city for endeavouring to make proselytes, and persuading them to embark for Salt Lake City. His offence consists in his return to the scene of his former operations for the purpose of renewing his propagandism.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH at Rome will hold 54,000 persons; the cathedral at Milan, 37,000; St. Paul's, at Rome, 32,000; St. Paul's, at London, 25,000; the cathedral at Florence, 27,300; at Antwerp, 24,000; at Bologna, 24,000; St. Sophia's at Constantinople, 23,000; and the Notre Dame, at Paris, 20,000. The cathedral lately built in New York will hold only 6,000.

## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE congregation of Musquodobit Harbour, N.S., have built a manse at a cost of about \$800.

THE Rev. T. Brouillette has accepted a call to the French Canadian Protestant colony of Washington Territory.

THE proceeds of a tea meeting held at the Presbyterian church, Bookton, on the 8th inst., amounted to about \$70.

AT a recent meeting of the Board of Management of Knox Church, Goderich, Mr. Armstrong was chosen precentor at a salary of \$200 per annum.

REV W D REES has accepted a call to Blackheath, East Seneca and Caistor. His induction will take place at Blackheath on the 6th of December.

ON the 15th inst. Mr. Malcolm S. Oxley, B.A., was ordained by the Presbytery of Ottawa and installed as ordained missionary at Chelsea and East Templeton. The congregations promise a salary of \$700 per annum and manse.

THE Presbytery of Manitoba has made arrangements with the Rev. C. B. Pitblado, pastor elect of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, to have his induction take place at the regular meeting of the Presbytery on the 14th of December.

AT a recent meeting, the congregation of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, appointed six members to act with the session in obtaining a successor to the Rev. Dr. Jenkins. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell and Rev. Principal Grant are spoken of in connection with the vacancy.

REV. GEORGE MCKAY has accepted a call from the congregation of Osgoode. His induction is to take place on the 29th inst.—Rev. Mr. Shearer of Bearbrook to preach, Rev. Mr. Munro of Manotick to address the minister, and Rev. Mr. McClelland of Russell to address the people.

AFTER the conclusion of the general business at the regular meeting of the Young People's Association of Cooke's Church, Toronto, on the evening of the 15th inst., an interesting address was delivered by the Rev. J. Kirkpatrick, pastor of the congregation and Honorary President of the Society.

A NEW Presbyterian church is approaching completion at Portage la Prairie, Manitoba. It is a frame building 70 feet long by 40 wide, with a basement under the whole. The height of the ceiling in the auditory room is 26 feet. The sitting capacity is calculated for 650 persons. The entire building will be warmed with hot air.

ANNIVERSARY services were held last Sabbath in connection with the Sabbath school of Erskine Church, in this city. Rev. D. Cochrane, of Brantford, preached three times. His sermon in the morning was more particularly addressed to parents, that in the afternoon to the Sabbath school children, and that in the evening to young men.

CHALMERS Church, Elora, held its anniversary services on Sabbath, the 13th inst., and a tea-meeting on the 15th. At both there was a good attendance, the tea-meeting netting about \$90, and the total receipts being \$170. The Rev. Mr. Dickson of Galt delivered a very effective address on the subject of "Model Church Members."

ON the evening of the 14th inst., Mr. E. A. Perry, late superintendent of the Daly street Presbyterian Church Sabbath school, Ottawa, about to leave for Winnipeg, was presented by the teachers and scholars with a copy of Chambers's Encyclopedia in ten volumes, and a butter cooler for Mrs. Perry. These gifts were accompanied by an address containing many kindly expressions of esteem, to which Mr. Perry made a fitting reply.

REV. MR. STRAITH, of Paisley, while at Teeswater recently, had a troublesome tumour of three or four years' standing removed from his side by Dr. Gillies of that place, assisted by Dr. Stewart of Brucefield, the reverend gentleman being thus saved the time, trouble, and expense of a journey to Toronto. The operation was performed with the aid of antiseptics and with little inconvenience to the patient, Mr. Straith being enabled to preach twice during his stay at the village.

ON the evening of the 15th inst., the Rev. D. H. Fleicher, pastor of the MacNab street Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, delivered the first of a series of lectures on his recent travels in the East, the subject

being "From Ismailiyeh to Jerusalem." There was a very large attendance; the school-room in which the lecture was held was crowded to the door, and many additional seats had to be brought in for the accommodation of the people. There was no set admission price, but a silver collection was taken at the close in aid of the Foreign Mission Fund.

AT the meeting of the Presbytery of Toronto, held in West King, for the ordination of Rev. J. W. Cameron, it was learned that the call from Ballinafad and Melville Church, Caledon, addressed to Rev. A. B. Dobson, had been accepted by him, and, agreeably to a resolution passed at last ordinary meeting of Presbytery, it was agreed to meet at Ballinafad on the 29th inst., at eleven a.m., for the purpose of hearing his ordination trials, and if satisfied therewith, to meet again at two p.m. for the purpose of ordaining him; Rev. F. D. McLaren to preside, Rev. John Pringle to preach, Rev. J. Alexander to give the charge to the minister, and Rev. J. R. Gilchrist to address the people.

THE annual tea meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, was held on the evening of the 17th inst. Rev. Mr. Lyle, pastor of the congregation, occupied the chair, and addresses were given by Rev. Messrs. Philp (Methodist) and Fletcher (MacNab street Presbyterian Church). Tables were laid in the lecture room, where the guests were abundantly supplied with tea, coffee, sandwiches, cakes, confections, etc. The various pieces of music were well executed, Professor Whish accompanying the vocalists on the organ. The proceeds were to be applied in payment of the balance remaining due on the organ account, and were supposed to be sufficient to meet it in full.

THE induction of the Rev. John Leishman into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Camden and Newburgh, took place on Tuesday, the 15th inst. There was a good attendance of the congregation. The Rev. D. Kellock of Mill Haven preached the induction sermon; the Rev. A. Young of Napanee, who presided on the occasion, put the constitutional questions and inducted Mr. Leishman into the pastoral charge of the congregation; the Rev. F. McCuaig of Kingston gave the charge to the newly-inducted minister, and the Rev. R. J. Craig, M.A., of Deseronto, addressed the congregation on their duties. At the close of the services the congregation gave a cordial welcome to their minister. Mr. Leishman enters on a very important field of labour with encouraging prospects of success.

PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON.—This Presbytery met on November 15th. Present, nineteen ministers and nine elders. A minute in relation to the death of Rev. William Craigie, and recording the high esteem in which he was held by the brethren, was adopted. Mr. Grant was appointed Moderator of the session of Port Dover. The sympathy of the Presbytery with Messrs. Goldsmith and Burson in their sickness was expressed. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for the supply of Kilbride. The call from East Seneca, etc., with additional names to the number in all of sixty-seven communicants and forty-four adherents, was sustained and accepted by Rev. W. D. Rees, and the induction was appointed to take place at Blackheath on Tuesday, the 6th December, at two p.m.; Mr. Walker to preside, Mr. Scouler to preach, Mr. Black to address the pastor, and Mr. Grant to the people. It was agreed to hold a conference on Sabbath Schools at next ordinary meeting in Grimsby on January 17th, 1882; also to take up the subject of Temperance in connection with the conference on the State of Religion. The remit on the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund was considered, and the proposed regulations were approved. The overture on the standing orders of the General Assembly, remitted for consideration, was also approved. A deputation from the Woman's Foreign Mission Society was received by the Presbytery, and it was resolved to recommend to all sessions the work of the Society.—JOHN LAING, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF GUELPH.—This Presbytery met on the 15th inst. in the lecture room of St. Andrew's Church, Guelph.—Mr. James Middlemiss, of Elora, Moderator. There was almost a full attendance of ministers, only three being absent, and a large attendance of representative elders. After making up the roll, and reading the minutes of last meeting, the stated clerk was allowed, at his own request, to enter his dis-

sent from the finding of a former meeting recommending co-operation with the Auxiliary at Fergus of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. The statistical and financial reports of the congregations, as published in the Appendix to the minutes of last General Assembly, were taken up and a committee was appointed to take into consideration blanks appearing in the returns and cases in which contributions seemed inadequate to the circumstances of the congregations, to correspond with parties, and report at next meeting. The committee appointed to prepare a scheme for Conference on Sabbath Schools and the State of Religion gave in their report, which was adopted and ordered to be printed, and the Committee was continued with instructions to make all further necessary arrangements for holding and conducting the Conference, which is to be held in St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, the 17th and 18th of January next. A circular from the Synod Committee on the State of Religion was referred to a committee for consideration and report at next meeting. The Presbytery took up the Remits from the General Assembly, but was unable to proceed on a Sustentation or Supplementing Fund, and on Temperance, in absence of action, at this date, by the Assembly's Committees on these subjects. It was agreed to approve the modifications of the regulations now in force, proposed by the Committee on the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, Western Section, submitted to the Assembly at their last meeting, and sent down to Presbyteries for their consideration. A Conference on Temperance was appointed to be held in St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, on the evening of the 18th of January, beginning at half-past seven o'clock, and speakers were named to introduce the subject to the meeting. The overture on Changes in Standing Orders was considered, and the first clause was approved, and the second modified by the omission of the latter part, and the substitution of "Committee on Bills and Overtures," for "The Moderator and Clerks of Assembly" in the first part. A call from the congregation of St. John's Church, Halifax, to Mr. H. H. McPherson, of Nassagaweya, and Campbellville, was next taken up. All the papers in the case were read. Commissioners in support of the reasons of translation, and the answers to the same, were heard. Mr. McPherson was next asked to signify his mind regarding the call, when he intimated his acceptance, after which it was resolved that the translation be granted, the Presbytery at the same time expressing their sympathy with the congregation at their being deprived of the pastoral oversight of one whom they esteemed so highly, and whose labours among them had been so abundantly blessed. Some time was spent in considering an application from Elmira, when ultimately a Committee was appointed to investigate the whole matter, make such explanations as they think necessary to the congregation, and report to Presbytery at next meeting. On the application of the Second Church, Garafraxa, Mr. Howie was appointed to supply them in the meantime, they promising to contribute at the rate of four hundred dollars a year for his support, with board. A certificate of transference from the Presbytery of Hamilton was read in favour of Mr. S. C. Fraser, who has come to reside in this bound. The clerk submitted a list of the schemes of the Church, and an agent was appointed to attend to each one. The clerk next stated that he had sent to all congregations a notice of their liabilities to the different funds, which required special attention. A reply was read from Mr. Tait to the expression of sympathy and condolence with him in his recent heavy affliction. It was left with the clerk to procure supply for the vacancies and stations in the bounds till next meeting, which was appointed to be held in St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, on the 17th January, 1882, at ten o'clock forenoon.

OUR advertising columns contain the announcement of Pickering College for the session of 1881-82, to which we direct the attention of those who may wish to provide for their sons or daughters a thoroughly useful and well grounded liberal education. The accommodation afforded by the buildings, grounds, etc., is excellent; the standing, ability and experience of the teaching staff are widely known: the Principal and other officers have proved themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them, and all necessary and judicious arrangements have been made both for thoroughly cultivating the intellect and giving careful attention to the moral nature.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

**CHATTERBOX JUNIOR.** (Toronto: Willing & Williamson.)—A year of this well-known children's periodical, bound in illuminated cover, with a beautiful coloured frontispiece, makes a very handsome Christmas present.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.**—With the first number for the season, which has just appeared, this lively and vigorous publication enters upon its ninth volume. It is issued once a fortnight during the session under the direction of the Alma Mater Society of Queen's.

**VENNOR'S WEATHER ALMANAC FOR 1882.** (Toronto News Company.)—Mr. Vennor's general forecasts of the seasons, based on meteorological knowledge and close observation, have been found sufficiently correct to be useful. It is when he comes down to weeks and days that he fails.

**THE PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL.**—This "organ of student opinion," originated last year as a private enterprise, enters upon its second volume with a very full editorial staff, under the auspices of the Alma Mater Society of the Montreal Presbyterian College. It is published monthly during the College session.

**STORIES OF ADVENTURE TOLD BY ADVENTURERS.** By Edward E. Hale. (Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price \$1.)—These are no day dreams, but real adventures—truth stranger than fiction—well told and tending to create a thirst for further information. Those boys who fall in with such books as this, and are attracted by them, are likely to grow up into well-informed men.

**LITTLE FOLKS' EVERY-DAY BOOK.** (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Co.)—Those children who get possession of this book will find it a very pleasant companion. It contains a nice rhyme and an illustration for every day in the year, two printed pages alternating with two blank pages to be used as a diary throughout the book, and each month begins with a full page coloured picture.

**CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND MIDSUMMER SONGS.** (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Co.)—This exquisite volume would be an acceptable gift to any ordinary child either at Christmas or at any other time. It sings pleasantly of innocent child life, the cheerful fireside, and the beautiful and breezy outdoors. The illustrations are charming, and the general get-up is very elegant.

**SONG SERMONS.** By Philip Phillips. (Montreal: Dawson Bros.; Toronto: Hart & Co.)—The compiler of this manual of sacred song is perhaps best known as "the singing pilgrim." The work is specially adapted for evangelistic purposes, and would answer well for the ordinary prayer meeting. It contains twelve complete services of praise and Bible readings. There are two editions of it—one with the words and music, the others with the words only.

**A PAGEANT AND OTHER POEMS.** By Christina G. Rossetti. (Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price \$1 25.)—The "Pageant" is a song of nature, dramatically marshalling the months of the year, each appropriately attended. It occupies thirty-two pages of the book, the remaining 176 pages being taken up with shorter pieces of miscellaneous character—religious and secular, joyous and sad, grave and gay. The author is already favourably known.

**THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.** (New York: The Century Company.)—The December number of this magazine (late "Scribner's Monthly") has for frontispiece a portrait of its late editor, Dr. J. G. Holland, and the opening article is a pretty full biographical notice of him. Among the illustrations we also find an engraving from a cast of the face of Abraham Lincoln, taken during life, and two portraits of President Garfield—one taken when he was sixteen years of age, and the other in 1880.

**AROUND THE HUB A BOY'S BOOK ABOUT BOSTON.** By Samuel Adams Drake. (Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price \$2.)—Mr. Drake is well known as a writer on historical subjects. In this volume he has succeeded in telling pretty much all that can be told about the city of Boston, past and present, in such a way that boys who get hold of the book will be apt to read it. The illustrations, which are very numerous, along with good printing and paper and a tasteful exterior, add much to the attractiveness of the book.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XLIX.

Dec. 4 }  
1881. }

BALAAH.

{ Num xxv  
10-19.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways."—James i. 8.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Num. xxi. 10-35.....Sihon and Og overcome.
- T. Num. xxii. 1-41.....Balak sends for Balaam.
- W. Num. xxiii. 1-30.....Balaam's Parable.
- Th. Num. xxiv. 1-25.....Balaam's Prophecy.
- F. Mic. vi. 1-16.....Balaam to Balak.
- S. 2 Pet. ii. 9-22.....The Way of Balaam.
- Sab. James i. 1-17.....Double-minded Man.

HELPS TO STUDY.

After the events which formed the subject of our last lesson the Israelites, passing by the territory of Edom for the reason mentioned, encountered the Amorites, defeated them, and occupied their cities. The territory of the Amorites was situated on the east side of the River Jordan, and was bounded on the north and south by the tributary streams Jabok and Arnon. This part of the country had formerly belonged to the Moabites, but the Amorites had taken it from them (chap. xxi. 26), hence it is spoken of as if it formed part of the land of Moab (as in chap. xxii. 1), although the actual limit of the country occupied by that people at the time was far to the south. The Israelites were not troubling the Moabites, but Balak, the king of the last mentioned, did not at all desire the proximity of such a powerful force, and he sent for Balaam to pronounce a curse upon the invaders. Balaam came, and after several unsuccessful attempts to obey his employer's behest—the curse in his mouth being always turned into a blessing—the episode which forms the subject of our present lesson occurred.

The following division of the lesson will probably be found convenient: (1) *An Angry King*, (2) *A Reluctant Truth-teller*, (3) *A Bright but Distant Vision*.

**I. AN ANGRY KING.**—Vers. 10-11. And was there not a cause? Balak had employed Balaam at a high price to curse Israel, and Balaam had not only failed to do so, but he had blessed Israel. Was not this a glaring breach of contract? Yes, the king of Moab had reason to be angry with the eastern soothsayer, but he had still greater reason to be angry with himself. When he found that he could not get a person to execute his project, its gross wickedness ought to have flashed in upon his mind and caused him to hang his head in shame.

Smote his hands together. This might have been in accordance with a mode common to all ages and countries, of expressing indignation or other strong feelings, or it might have been the usual eastern signal by which attendants are called. Perhaps Balak hastily resolved to order Balaam's head to be cut off, and then changed his mind. Some colour is given to this view by the fact that we afterwards find him telling the culprit to flee.

I called thee to curse mine enemies. It was a common notion among the heathen of that day that such persons as Balaam could, by means of sacrifices, call in the aid of supernatural powers to accomplish any required end. No doubt they regarded those sacrifices offered by God's own people as on a level with the incantations of the magicians.

And, behold, thou hast altogether blessed them these three times. He had declared them blessed, and foretold their prosperity. The king, thinking in his ignorant superstition that locality had something to do with the matter, had taken Balaam to three different points, probably following the Israelites in their advance towards the Jordan, but the result was unchanged.

Therefore, now flee thou to thy place—like a criminal running away from justice—like a person relinquishing a post for which he is totally unqualified, and returning to a position ("thy place") in which he will be more "in harmony with his environment"—like a strange dog that has got in somebody's way and is roughly ordered to "go home."

Lo, the Lord hath kept thee back from honour. The usual infidel sneer. Balak does not appear to have understood or believed that Balaam's obedience to Jehovah was a forced obedience. "How those men," says H. Clay Trumbull, "who are wise in their own conceit, and who think more of the things of this life than of those of eternity, do pity the poor creatures who have no one but God to take care of them, and who fail to sell out everything that is worth living for, when they might have got hard cash in return for it all. Why, there are modern Balaks who really think it would have been better for a man to have made a million of dollars in stocks or trade, by 'giving himself up to business,' than to have lived on from hand to mouth, winning the love of his home, dear ones, and of needy neighbours, by untiring service in their behalf through his utter devotion to Christ and Christ's loved ones. There are those who think it very foolish for a man to scruple at 'the ordinary methods in politics' or the prudent and common subterfuge to men of place and power, when by so slight a surrender of principle or of personal independence he could have . . . had anything he would ask for from the 'boss of the ring.' They see that the trouble with these poor fellows is that they will do as the Lord directs; but they pity them all the more for that. They shake their heads sadly and say with unmistakable regret: 'We thought to promote thee unto great honour; but, lo, the Lord hath kept thee back from honour.' These descendants of Balak are in every country."

**II. A RELUCTANT TRUTH-TELLER.**—Vers. 12-14. Balaam had come from the banks of the Euphrates, where Abraham had passed the day of his youth, where Shem had lived for five centuries, and where there still remained some corrupted knowledge of the name and worship of the true God in the midst of prevailing idolatry. He is not called a

prophet in the Old Testament, but a "soothsayer" or "diviner." He was credited with the power of cursing and blessing; and the questions whether he actually possessed such power or not, and if he did what was the source of it, have given rise to much discussion; but whatever power he may have been possessed of previous to his appearance in sacred history, it is plain that in pronouncing blessings upon Israel he was divinely inspired—employed by God, much against his own will, to give utterance to truthful predictions.

From the biography of this bold, bad man, Dr. C. S. Robinson draws the following lessons:

- (1) God keeps the steady hand of His control over even those who sometimes think themselves quite safely outside of His jurisdiction.
- (2) It is possible that even a bad man shall do God's will, and serve Him in high historic crises.
- (3) Mere natural endowments or spiritual gifts are quite insufficient for practical good, when the heart of the possessor is not right in God's sight.
- (4) An otherwise attractive character is sometimes ruined by one vitiating element.
- (5) Principle, and not feeling alone, is the basis of all true religious character.
- (6) See the sadness of a lost chance for a soul; a wasted opportunity for repentance; a crisis of existence with a hope for eternity in it neglected, and the door swinging closed.
- (7) It is quite useless to hope that a death-bed repentance and a salutary end will render the darkness of an undevout life satisfactory and safe.

**III. A BRIGHT BUT DISTANT VISION.**—Vers. 15-19. Balaam's prophetic words foretell the conquest of the surrounding nations by the Israelites, but they do not stop there; they reach forward into what was at that time the far-distant future—even to Gospel times, and perhaps to the last judgment.

I shall see Him, but not now. Abraham saw the day of Christ from afar, and was glad; Balaam saw it also, but it brought no joy to him. To the faithful patriarch, although the day was distant, the Saviour was near; but that was not the case with the unbelieving prophet.

I shall behold Him, but not nigh. "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him" (Rev. i. 7). Balaam, in his first prophetic utterance regarding Israel, had said: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his (chap. xxiii. 10); and the words have often been quoted by thoughtless people as the expression of a most pious sentiment; but they only express a vain wish, for the speaker evidently excludes himself from the class that he calls "the righteous," although he would like to share their lot in the end. The way to die the death of the righteous is to become one of them, and live their life. Somebody says that "good words are worth much." So they are, in the ordinary intercourse of life, although even there they are greatly improved by a backing of good deeds; but as an index of character, fair speeches, without a correspondingly pious life, are utterly valueless. Notwithstanding the beautiful language that came from the lips of Balaam, and the brilliant vision that his eyes for a few moments gazed upon, he is reckoned in God's Word among those who are described as "wells without water, clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved for ever" (2 Pet. ii. 15-17); and these words, "not nigh," so near the end of his last prophecy, sound sad—sad as the despairing wail of a lost soul.

OPPORTUNITY is rare, and wise men will never let it go by heedlessly.—Bayard Taylor.

DON'T judge a man by the clothes he wears; for God made one, and the tailor the other.

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## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### BABY THANKFUL.

Roaming in the meadow,  
Little four-year old,  
Picks the starry daisies,  
With their hearts of gold.

Fills her snowy apron,  
Fills her dimpled hands;  
Suddenly—how quiet  
In the grass she stands!

"Who made flowers so pretty—  
Put 'em here? Did God?"  
I, half-heeding, answer  
With a careless nod.

Dropping all her blossoms,  
With uplifted head,  
Forwent face turned skyward,  
"Thank you, God!" she said.

Then, as if explaining  
(Though no word I spake),  
"Always mun' say 'Thank you'  
For the things I take."

Oh, my little preacher,  
Glad in robes of praise!  
Would we all might copy  
Baby Thankful's ways!

Time to fret and murmur  
We could never make,  
Should we first say "Thank you"  
For the things we take!

### IN CAPTIVITY.

MANY years ago the pirates of Algiers were the robbers and highwaymen of the seas. They would run out with their little craft filled with armed men and take captive any ship they chose, especially if they thought it contained a cargo of rich goods, and had scarcely any guns and soldiers for self-defence. Sometimes they would set the crews of these ships adrift in small boats, and at other times they would take them to their own country and make slaves of them. Many are the sad stories told of sailors who spent year after year in this hard slavery, with no hope of getting away and with no chance of sending any message to their friends.

Matters are not so bad now, for both Great Britain and the United States made war upon Algiers and put a stop to their bad practices. They also made a treaty with them by which all the captives they had taken should be released, and there were found to be twelve hundred of them. We can hardly imagine how glad these men must have been to go out thus from their hated chains and slavery and hard work to seek for their homes and friends, where they had long been supposed to be dead.

It is a little curious that nobody thought to make enquiries how these men had managed to live, some of them many years, without any alcoholic liquors to drink, for in those days everybody drank, and thought it necessary to health. Probably one of the very first things they got when they were released and brought on shipboard was a glass of grog or some other kind of liquor. Everybody supposed it would do them good. They had scarcely any temperance ships or temperance societies in these days. No doubt it made them think of old times, and it half-stupified them and made them forget their troubles, but none of them took any note of its effect upon their health.

Happily, however, there was some one thoughtful enough to take notes afterward.

One of these men had been the captain of a merchant ship when he was taken captive by the pirates and carried to Algiers. His beautiful ship was destroyed, some of his crew were killed and some were set adrift in boats, his cargo was taken possession of by those wicked men, and he, handcuffed, abused, and half-starved, was dragged on shore and set to work at once on the public buildings. He was chained to another man, and they were obliged to turn out at four o'clock in the morning and work right on through the day, with no protection whatever from the hot sun, till four o'clock in the afternoon. Then they were turned into their cell, where they were provided each with a pitcher of water and a one-pound loaf of black bread.

This black bread was made of the black African wheat and of the sweet pod of the locust-tree. We sometimes see this locust-pod for sale on the fruit stands in the cities, and the children call it "St. John's bread." It is supposed to be the same kind of pod which the Prodigal Son fed to the swine and lived upon himself as his only refuge from starvation. This bread tasted good to our captive, because he became very hungry from his hard work and his long fast; but it was coarse, and this fare was very unlike the dainties and the wine that had graced his table when he was captain of the merchant vessel. And what was the effect upon his health, do you suppose? Why, he was never better in his life. He was lean enough, to be sure, but he never had a day's illness the whole nine months that he was a captive, though he had never a glass of wine nor a sip of punch to sustain him with all his hard work, nor to ward off the unhealthiness of the hot climate.

It did not occur to him that this abstinence had anything to do with his excellent health, for when he was released he returned to his old habits of eating and drinking, and soon he had to consult a physician about some complaint. It was the physician who discovered the truth and tells us this story, which shews how healthy people can be and how much hard work they can do without alcoholic liquors.

### TWO AND ONE.

*Two ears and only one mouth have you;  
The reason, I think, is clear:  
It teaches, my child, that it will not do  
To talk about all you hear.*

*Two eyes and only one mouth have you;  
The reason of this must be,  
That you should learn that it will not do  
To talk about all you see.*

*Two hands and only one mouth have you;  
And it is worth repeating—  
The two are for work you will have to do,  
The one is enough for eating.*

### CHARLIE'S LITTLE HANDS.

CHARLIE is the son of parents who earnestly desire that he should be good and happy. When he was a baby they gave him to God in baptism, and as soon as he could understand them, they talked to him about the dear Saviour. He loved to hear these stories, and would often come to them saying, "Tell me more about Jesus." He was affectionate and merry, yet he was self-willed and passionate. If checked in any of his pursuits

or crossed in his wishes, he would strike and kick even his father or mother. And if punished, he would fight and rebel in a most persistent manner.

This was a great grief to those who loved him so tenderly. They knew that unless he was controlled he would grow to be a wicked man. They talked and wept and prayed about their little son, and tried many ways to make him a better boy. If you look in the Epistle to James you will find these words: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of Him who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." So day by day—yes, many times a day—Charlie's mother asked God to give her wisdom that she might know how to subdue the wicked temper of her little boy. God does not break His promises, and He did shew her just what she should do. One day when Charlie was three or four years old she went into a room in the third story of their house, and saw the little fellow stretching so far out of the window that he had lost his balance and was just falling. She caught him, drew him in, and he at once struck her with all his force. She put him down quietly and left him till his passion cooled. Then taking him on her lap she said, "Charlie, who gave you these little hands?" "Jesus." "Who gave you these little feet?" "Jesus." "What did you do with them just now?" "Hit you." "Do you think Jesus gave them to you to hit and kick your mamma?" He looked thoughtful, and then said "No."

She told him how he could use them so as to please Jesus, and as she talked, his heart seemed touched. Many times that day he came sweetly to her, holding up his hands and saying, "Jesus gave Charlie these little hands." And God's Spirit evidently impressed the truth on his heart, for from that time his hands were no more used in anger. The loving disposition he had ever shewn when not angry now grew more loving, and shewed itself in cheerful obedience and devotion to his parents and their wishes.

He is now ten years old, and the joy of his home. When denied a request, however earnestly he has desired it to be granted, he at once replies, "All right," and turns to some other occupation.

To wait on his mother or carry out her wishes, seems to be the delight of his heart. And he loves to learn his Heavenly Father's will also, so that the Bible is his best-loved book.

Don't fancy he does not love play. I never saw a boy who loved it better. He is full of life and energy.

Dear children, how do you use your hands and feet? Ask yourselves, as you look at your wonderfully made hands, For what did Jesus give them to me? Why has He given me feet that can run so swiftly? O, do not let them be "hands of violence," or feet "that run to do mischief." There are many "little deeds of kindness" waiting for them; many errands of love. They may hand the "cup of cold water" to some thirsty mouth for "Jesus' sake," or the feet may help you to save your tired mother many weary steps. Won't you try?

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