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Ladies' Saratoga Wave.

Advertisement for hair goods featuring an illustration of a woman's head with styled hair. Text describes the product as a 'complete article' for hair care, listing items like wigs, switches, curls, and bang nets.

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Advertisement for Sutherland's Rheumatine featuring an illustration of a cat. Text includes 'SUTHERLAND'S RHEUMATINE' and 'THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM'.

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Letter from Mr. Wm. Harris, Bread and Cracker Maker, 14 Market Square, Hamilton. Hamilton, 12th July, 1882.

J. N. SUTHERLAND, Esq., St. Catharines. After years of suffering with rheumatism, I gave your Rheumatine a trial, and am happy to say with the best result, a cure. Yours truly, W. J. HARRIS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. The Rheumatine Manufacturing Co., St. Catharines, Ont. MESSRS. NORTHROP & LYMAN, WHOLE-SALE AGENTS, TORONTO.

Words of the Wise.

COLD BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Cover a shallow dish with paste, and then spread on it a layer of steak cut in small pieces; season it well; cover it with paste, and bake.

FOR DRESSING CRAPE.—Skim milk and water, with a little bit of glue in it, made scalding hot, will restore old rusty black crape. If clapped and pressed dry, like fine muslin, it will look as good as new.

FRIED SHAD.—Cut the shad across into rather large pieces, and if the fish is very thick split each piece through the middle; season with salt, pepper, dredge with flour and fry in hot lard. Turn the pieces of fish frequently that they may not burn. The roe should also be seasoned nicely, and fried. Serve sauce tartare with fried shad. Bass may be fried in the same way.

FRENCH BEANS AND PEAS.—French beans or haricots verts, as they are usually called, are most excellent when served alone. They should be cut up in the usual way, boiled till quite tender, drained, then put in the stewpan, be sprinkled lightly with pepper, salt, and very little flour, then tossed over the fire for ten minutes, with not less than two ounces of butter to each pound of beans. Peas may be treated in the same way. A little sugar may be substituted for them. Both peas and beans are best when young and freshly gathered. These vegetables are as nourishing as meat.

BEEF TONGUE.—If dried, a salted tongue must be soaked for some hours before it is dressed. It must then be put into cold water and gently brought to the boiling point; then, after the surface of the water has been cleared from scum, the saucepan must be removed from the fire only so far as to reduce the boiling to a gentle simmering. If dried, a tongue will require quite four hours' boiling; if simply salted, only three hours'. Whilst hot, the outer skin of the tongue must be peeled off, and it may be sent to the table either glazed or plain. The usual accompaniment to boiled tongue is boiled turnips.—Casell's Cookery.

LIME-WATER AND MILK.—The German town "Telegraph" says that experience proves that lime-water and milk are not only food and medicine at an early period of life, but also at a later, when the functions of digestions and assimilation are feeble and easily perverted. A stomach taxed by gluttony, irritated by improper food, inflamed by alcohol, enfeebled by diseases, or otherwise unfitted for its duties—as is shown by the various symptoms attendant upon indigestion, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, dysentery, and fever—will resume its work, and do it energetically, on an exclusive diet of bread and milk and lime-water. A bowl of cow's milk may have four tablespoonfuls of lime-water added to it with good effect.

SEASONING FOOD.—Many people have an idea that a finely flavoured dish must cost a great deal; that is a mistake. If you have untainted meat or sound vegetables, or even Indian meal to begin with, you can make it delicious with proper seasoning. One reason why French cooking is much nicer than any other is that it is seasoned with every variety of herbs and spices. These cost very little. If you buy a few pence worth at a time you will soon have a very good assortment. The best kinds are sage, thyme, sweet majorum, tarragon, mint, sweet basil, parsley, bay leaves, cloves, mace, celery seed, and onions. If you wish to plant the seed of any of these first seven mentioned in little boxes on your window sill, or in any sunny spot in your yard, you can generally raise all you need. Gather and dry them as follows: Parsley and tarragon should be dried in June, just before flowering; mint in June and July; thyme, majorum, and savory in July, August, and September; all herbs should be gathered in the sunshine and dried by artificial heat. The flavour is best preserved by keeping them in air-tight cans, or in tightly corked glass bottles.

IN TORONTO

Since the removal of Dr. M. Souveille's Throat and Lung Institute to its new quarters, 173 Church street, hundreds suffering from catarrh, catarrhal deafness, bronchitis, asthma and many diseases of the throat and lungs have received treatment by his new and wonderful instrument, the spirometer, which conveys medicines in the form of cold inhalations to the parts diseased. Physicians and sufferers can try it free. Poor people bearing certificate will be furnished with spirometer free. Write enclosing stamp for pamphlet giving full particulars, to Dr. M. Souveille, ex-aid surgeon of the French army, 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips' Square, Montreal.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 10.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1882.

No. 45.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. HOLLOWAY, an Englishman, has given \$2,000,000 to endow an institution for the higher education of women.

THE Presbytery of Cincinnati has adopted a sustentation scheme by which it proposes to lift up the salaries of all its pastors to a living standard.

NOT long ago Dr. Newman Hall handed over to trustees the title deeds of Christ Church, London, a magnificent building which cost more than \$300,000, and which is entirely without debt. Six years were required to build it.

REV. DR. CHAMBERLIN says: "There is a tremendous upheaval going on all through India at the present time, and I fear that Hindooism is going to fall to pieces before the Church of Christ is ready to seize the fragments of the ruins and build up the temple of the Lord."

THERE are now between three and four hundred Christian schools in China, containing over six thousand pupils. A Presbyterian lady-missionary, mentioning this phase of Christian work, claims that, through the agency of these schools, "before many years, if the Church be faithful to her trust, the whole Chinese Empire will be full of light."

BISHOP SIMPSON, of the Methodist Church, in an address at the laying of the corner-stone of a new church the other day, made the following point:—"One answer to those who assert that Christianity is dying out, is simply this—we build more churches. The line of argument cannot hold against the line of action. Infidelity builds no churches, founds no asylums, endows no universities. Unbelief provides no refuge for the infirm and poor, nor furnishes help nor comfort for those who weep."

DR BEGG, the leader of the anti-organ movement in the Free Church of Scotland, protests vigorously against their use in divine worship, as being mere "human inventions." In reply, the Edinburgh "Scotsman" argues that, in logical consistency, Dr. Begg has really no standing ground, as he allows his precursor the use of a tuning-fork. "If," as the writer puts it, "you allow the use of one instrument to suggest the first note of the Psalm, how can you object to the use of an instrument that suggests the subsequent notes?"

DR. W. M. TAYLOR and Dr. John Hall, speaking of church work in great cities, agreed that the only efficient work is done through congregations, and that spasmodic work, done out of the regular way, was clearly ineffective. Dr. Taylor, however, added, in reference to Mr. Moody's services, that, as far as "Mr. Moody was concerned, he did a great work in putting religion into the air, so to speak; that he has made it easier to talk to people on religious matters than it was before. He, in his way, familiarized the public mind with religion, and to that extent paved the way, and it is for the churches to follow up the advantages thus gained."

THE Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pearson made a remarkable statement before the Presbyterian Synod of Indiana lately. He said: "In November, 1875, I discovered that I myself was the principal obstacle to a revival of God's work. I had been preaching the most elaborate literary sermons I could produce. God showed me that I was labouring for human applause. I had a magnificent church building, and \$35,000 were spent on the interior decoration of that church. Then and there I said to God that I would renounce all the idols of which I had been conscious, if He would only let me do His work. While I was praying for the blessing, the church took fire, and in half an hour it was in ashes. We went into the Opera House, and I threw aside my elaborate manuscripts and the Holy Ghost came."

WM. H. VANDERBILT'S wealth, measured in solid gold, would, it is said, weigh ninety-three tons. His income, according to the same estimate, is two dollars per second, or \$86 400 per day. Jay Gould's wealth must be quite as much, and there are, perhaps, fifty persons in the country whose possessions would amount to \$10,000,000 each. In France there is a great deal of wealth, but it is better distributed than in the United States; for, outside of the Rothschild family, there are no such fortunes in France as in America. Our forefathers thought they had provided against large accumulations, when they decreed that landed property should be divided equally between the children of the original owners; but the vast increase of personal property through the operations of modern commerce has concentrated capital in very few hands. This will be a cause of trouble sometime, as the population grows larger, and jealousy is created on account of the disproportion between the poverty of the many, and the vast fortunes of the few. The only way to prevent a collision is for the rich to recognize the fact that they must make a good use of their wealth, regarding it as a trust for the benefit of their fellow-men.

AT the last meeting of the McGill University Literary Society, Professor J. Clark Murray delivered a lecture on College Literary Societies, their work and uses. The lecturer, in the course of his very able address, expressed his firm belief in the value of such societies as forming an important part of a University course. The benefits of a literary society, said the Professor, for discussing questions of a literary, political or social interest were the same as the end which a University course aimed at. This was to give to man the highest education he was capable of receiving. The culture he would thus obtain would develop all that was best in him. As practical benefits, their experience of how the society was to be properly managed would serve them in the future. The contact of student with student would create a tolerance of each other's opinions of great value in after life. He was convinced that the work done by such societies as this should no more be neglected than any part of their regular course of study. Mr. J. R. Murray occupied the chair, and at the conclusion of Dr. Murray's interesting lecture, Mr. W. Hunter, seconded by Mr. R. A. E. Greenshield's, moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Murray, which was unanimously carried.

THE Hon. Judge Stevens, of St. Stephen, N.B., has returned from a pleasant trip to the Old Country. He had an opportunity of hearing Mrs. Booth, the wife of the "General" of the Salvation Army, in the Music Hall, Edinburgh. Mrs. Booth spoke on "The present position and future prospects of the Army." Her address was marked by the most persuasive eloquence; her defence of the movement was powerful, and she held her audience of thousands in closest attention. She explained the nature and intent of the Salvation Army as being a body of converted men and women, joined together after the fashion of an army, whose intention was to make all men yield, or at least listen, to the claims of God to their love and service. The origin of the movement was in the year 1865, by its present leader, the husband of Mrs. Booth, who was brought up in the Church of England, converted among the Wesleyans, became one of the ministers of the Methodist New Connexion, and subsequently gave himself up to evangelistic work. Having travelled to the east of London, he was deeply impressed with the appalling fact that the enormous bulk of the population was totally ignorant, without real religion, and altogether uninfluenced by the existing religious organizations, and became convinced that some means, other than those existing, were necessary to make the millions who never attended church fear and love and obey God, and, if possible, save them from the abyss of misery, and from future wrath, and the formation of the Salvation Army was the result.

THE Rev. Dr. J. Murray Mitchell writes to the "Bombay Guardian" of some facts which he had learned at a

Missionary Conference held at Madras, where he met some eighty persons, men and women, most of whom were connected directly with missionary work in Southern India. He questioned them concerning the situation of affairs and the attitude of the people. Of the replies he received he says: "The rapid rise of the professedly Christian population in numbers was, of course, noticed: it has considerably more than trebled itself during the last twenty years, so that now the Protestant Christian community must be 350,000. But what about the moral and spiritual character of the converts? Emphatic testimony was borne to the fact that this was steadily improving; the third generation was declared to be far in advance of the first—although, no doubt, cases occurred of the sons of earnest Christians being much behind their fathers. All this was what one might have anticipated; but I inquired with some anxiety about the position of Christians socially. Most of them having been of low caste, and caste prejudices being so strong, and even bitter, in Southern India, could the Christians make their way in respectable professions and trades? The answers were much more encouraging than I had ventured to expect. Not many Christians seem to find their way into Government offices; but such professions as law, medicine, and engineering are quite open to them; and a fair proportion of the Christians enter these and other respectable avocations; and there is, on the whole, a slow, steady rise in the social scale."

HENRY W. HULBERT writes thus of the late Dean Stanley:—"To study a preacher's audience is to study the preacher. You may not be always able to draw exact conclusions, but frequently you may safely generalize. I was interested to note the character of the audience the great Churchman might draw. Almost every class of society seemed to be represented before me as I sat with others in the chancel. It was, perhaps, as intelligent an audience as ever listened to a preacher. There was the devout churchman fumbling diligently his prayer-book, there was the careless looker-on, there was the attentive, yet unsympathetic listener, attracted thither by admiration of the man rather than his creed. The preliminaries over, escorted by an usher, the Dean walked slowly to the pulpit. His form was slightly bent, his step was feeble, his face was sad, but about the eye there was a kindly look that showed that, under all the affliction of the hour, his great soul still struggled for his wayward, suffering fellow-men. Mounting the pulpit, he looked with eagle eye over the great concourse. Bowing his head, he offered a brief prayer. Opening his manuscript, he began, as was his custom,—'In the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, and the twelfth verse, we find these words: "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us,"—a typical text, by a typical man, in a typical place! As he proceeded to explain the context, and to catch the inspiration of the theme, his voice began to rise to that rich, mellow, yet forcible cadence which characterized all his public speaking. His figure straightened, his eye gleamed, his gestures became more frequent. He was soon launched upon the full tide of his favourite theme,—the necessity of wide charity, the beauty of benevolence, the grandeur of the spirit of forgiveness. It was what might have been called a 'broad sermon.' Not a sound was to be heard in the great Abbey, save the speaker's voice as it echoed from pillar and arch; and if the faces of the auditors told a true tale, there were awakened echoes in hearts which had, perhaps, slumbered many a year. The discourse ended, the remaining services passed like a dream, and, rousing myself, I soon felt the cool evening air beating on my face as I found my way along Whitehall. The great world seemed greater, the grandeur of living a noble life seemed more grand, and even the dark side of human nature reflected a rich glow of hopefulness—for God forgives us as we forgive others. The good Dean, at that time near the farther threshold of life, has since left us in the body; but who, of all the millions with whom he came in contact, is ready to say that he has left nothing precious behind him?"

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

THE PROPHET'S WATCH AND VISION.

SERMON BY A. J. MOWATT, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, FREDERICTON.

"I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved. And the Lord answered me, and said, write the vision and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it. . . . The just shall live by his faith."—Habakkuk ii. 1, 2, 4.

Habakkuk lived and prophesied, it is believed, in the reign of Josiah, just before the terrible Chaldean invasions that resulted ultimately in the destruction of Jerusalem, and the captivity. He seems to have held the office of choir-leader in the temple service, and was himself a composer as well as a singer and player. He was a man of fine poetic ability, distinguished alike for piety and patriotism, his deep soul on fire with holy enthusiasm and unquenchable zeal, a true prophet of the Lord. He gives us here in the text a glimpse of his prophetic experience, and that glimpse reveals him to us as one faithful to his trust, possessed with his mission, full of the Spirit of the Lord, and worthy of our study and admiration.

Now, we have first here the prophet's watch, "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch and see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved."

Habakkuk, being a temple official, probably occupied a room in the temple, an upper room, perhaps, whence he had a wide and far outlook. There he lived, and studied, and prayed, and thought, and wrote. From his high outlook, he seemed to feel that it was his very specially to guard the interests of the temple and nation, and to be ever on the alert to see and hear whatever was to be seen or heard that concerned and affected in any way these great interests. He watched with a keen, prophetic eye the course of events in the outside world, the policy of the nations around with regard to the people of God, the rapid and alarming growth of the Chaldean power, the slow but sure decline of the ancient faith, and the evident approach of a great crisis that was to issue disastrously to the Jews. All this he saw from his lofty watch-tower with absorbing interest, and he waited and watched to know what the mind of the Lord in it all might be, so that, as a true prophet, he might tell the people what they should be and do, where their safety was, and their life and hope.

And the true prophet of the Lord, now, as well as then, must feel that he has been set to watch for the people. Some preachers to-day have their study up in the church tower, whence, like the prophet of old, dovecotted in the wing of the temple, they have an extended outlook over all that is going on around and beneath them. But whether the preacher's study is in the church tower or in some humbler place, he must feel that it is his very specially to watch for the people. It is for him to keep a sentinel's eye all around the horizon of thought and action; to study passing events, the world's policy, the questions of the day, in so far as they affect the interests of Christ's Kingdom, the general direction in which things seem to be tending, whether upward or downward, forward or backward, so that he may be able, as a true prophet, to tell the people what it is theirs to be and do. No earnest preacher, who wants to be a help to men, a guiding-star to the people, a beacon-light to the world around, a blessing from heaven to his generation, can afford to ignore even the trifles of life, to be unobservant of what is passing in the street, or to shut his eyes to the interests and questions that concern the people, however trifling and unimportant these interests and questions may seem to be. Whatever makes men or mars them, whatever affects the people for good or ill, whatever helps or hinders their happiness and progress, whatever promotes or prevents their spiritual and eternal well-being—and so little may do that, so very little; pic-nics may do it, and parties; politics may do it, the questions of the day, the idle gossip of the streets, the price of bread, as well as the great questions of Church and State, philosophy and religion, God and truth—whatever, I say, may be of interest and importance to the people, must be of interest and importance to him who watches for souls. The man who knows men best can best serve them. The man who has been down with them into their joys and sorrows, is best able to tell them what to be and not to be. Hence, the Lord's prophet

is always one of the people; the Son of God has to be a son of man.

But while the true prophet's eye is to be open earthward to see what is going on there of interest to souls, for it is there where souls are lost and won, his ear is to be open and earnestly intent heavenward, to hear the Lord's instructions, His message to him for the people. It will not do for one, who would be the Lord's true prophet to men, to be always on the crowded streets, mingling with the people thronging there, or in their homes participating in their joys and sorrows, or in the place of public concourse taking a leading part in the world's affairs. It is not for him to be engrossed in business, burdened with care, harassed with work and worry, and full of the world. No. He must get away from the din and dust of active life, to the high and holy quiet of his watch-tower, and there alone with God, in deep thought and earnest prayer, he must wait patiently and watch devoutly for his message. As Christ sought the solitude of the wilderness and mountain-top for meditation and prayer, and as the prophet withdrew from the people and set himself upon his watch-tower to see what the Lord would say to him for the people: so the preacher to-day must have his study, where he can shut himself up, and there on his knees, with heaven open above him, his soul may hear the voice of the Lord telling him what to say to the children of men.

I know the prophet's watch-tower, the preacher's study, is sometimes perverted from its high and holy use. It is sometimes made use of as an outlook for whatever is strange in doctrine, outlandish in opinion, reckless, and bold, and wild in theological speculation. It is sometimes a sort of museum of odd knick-knacks, curious old literature, historic facts and fictions, specimens of natural history, relics of antiquity, and the newest of neologies. It is sometimes the forge-room where great sermons are beaten out, mighty dogmas are elaborated, ponderous polemic treatises, bristling with defiant arguments and epithets, are hammered out with hot and vehement effort. Sometimes, too, it is little else but a smoking-room, or for an after-dinner nap, or where a little light reading is now and again indulged in. Thus, what should be a real holy of holies, *sanctum sanctorum*, a place consecrated by the Lord's presence, the audience-chamber of the Great King, where He reveals His mind to His servants, the prophet's watch-tower, where, in the still midnight hours, or the quiet early morning, he listens raptly and hears clearly the voice of God, is sometimes degraded into something very different from what it should be.

But that is not always so. Like the prophet of old, the true preacher still lingers long there to hear what the Lord has to tell him for the people, and he goes not unrewarded. He hears a voice sometimes speaking in him out of the unseen holy, a voice that he knows to be the voice of the Lord—no wierd dream from heaven to men; and, with his face shining, and his soul on fire, he goes to them, and speaks in the name of the Lord, and men hear what he has to say to them as from the Lord. Oh, my hearers, what the world wants to-day, as much as anything, are consecrated studies. Watch-towers where earnest, holy men wait to catch the inspiration of heaven; mountain-tops where prophets and apostles go up to meet with God!

We have next here the prophet's vision: "And the Lord answered me and said, write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."

The answer came to the prophet as a vision, a sort of panorama of the events to come passing before his mind's eye, an unwinding of the scroll of time so that he could see outlined, more or less fully, what was to take place: living pictures, tableaux vivants, of the future—armies marching, cities burning, thrones toppling, temples falling, nations perishing, and out of the ruin something better arising in the after-time.

It was not at all uncommon for the prophet's answer to come to him as a vision, and it must have been all the more real and impressive to him. He saw what he had to tell, and thus he was able to tell it with a vividness and vigour such as he could not have done had he simply heard of it with the hearing of the ear, or had thought it out intellectually.

Then he was to write out the vision on tablets, write it out large and plain, and set them up, as we do public notices, where the people, hurrying along the street intent only on business or pleasure, may be able

to read them at a glance. "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."

A great many of the people then, as now, the general public perhaps, came not near the temple service to know the mind of the Lord, and they would not stop to listen to the words of the prophet croaking doom. They could not be reached in the ordinary way. So, as it was all-important that the whole people, not the few simply who went to church, should know the vision, the Lord directed the prophet to placard the city walls and fences with startling notices of the coming doom.

I have not heard of any one taking that view of the passage, but it seems to me a simple and natural one. Business men know the value of such means to reach the people, and they diligently daub fences, rocks, and trees, and walls with notices of what they have, and are able to do. And it would be all right, I suppose, if they did not tell so many huge lies. At all events, it pays. Why then, I ask, may the Lord not use some such method, on extraordinary occasions, to reach the attention and awaken the interest of the careless world with regard to this glorious, world-blessing truth? It is all-important to the people, all the people, the careless, godless, churchless, as well as the church-going and God-fearing, that they know the mind of the Lord; and, to get them to know it, the prophet must sometimes go out of the ordinary course.

And it is done, and not without good results. In the large cities of Great Britain, I have often noticed on the pavements and walls, in huge black letters, such notices as this: "Eternity! Eternity!" or this: "Prepare to meet thy God!" I did not like it. We call it sensational. We think it exceedingly bad taste, and question the Scripturalness of it. But the Lord directed the prophet Habakkuk to do something very much like it in his day. It may be we are just a little too fastidious about methods. We are very decorous and fine here in our churches, so respectable, too, and select and choice; but past our doors rush to ruin the masses of the people, and it may be a solemn question with us, and the churches generally, whether our methods are not at fault somewhere. Perhaps we should try more than we do to get the ear of the general public. If we have something from the Lord to tell them, something that concerns them, something that is of awful import to their souls, then we should get to them with it. I am not an advocate for out-of-the-way methods and services to draw the people; but still, I feel that the Lord wants His servants to get hold of the people's ears and hearts for him, and almost anything is better than sitting still and dying slowly, surely, here. Let us feel that the more that hear the truth the better, the better for themselves, for society, for the church, for the world, for the age, for the glory of God, and let us do what we can to gather the people in, and to get out to those we cannot gather in. Tablets, public notices, advertisements, have their sanctified uses. I hear the Lord saying: "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."

The clause, "that he may run that readeth it," is usually understood to mean the message from the Lord, the vision, on the tablets, was to be so plainly written that one on the run could read it. And, indeed, men are so careless and busy, so often on the rush, that you must take them on the wing, if you would get them. You can read patent medicine notices on rocks and fences as you dash along on the swiftest railway car, and the Lord would have His prophets so publish their messages from Him, that men would hear them and read them whether they would or not.

But it may mean something else than that. It may mean that the vision must be so clear to the dullest understanding, the dearest soul, so plain-spoken and conscience-reaching, so arousing, that careless, worldly, ease-loving men reading it, will run as for life. You see, there was a terrible woe impending. The Chaldean invasion was near. A dark war-cloud was gathering in the north, that would burst suddenly in blood and desolation upon the godless. And the prophet comes from the Lord to warn the people of the coming woe, and to tell them what to do to escape. To sit still where they are is to die. To attempt to fight their enemies is madness. To think that the strength of walls or the sacredness of the temple will save them is presumption. They must up and away as fast as they can. Just as Christ told His followers in the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, to get away to the mountains and hide there, so the prophet

before the Chaldean invasion gives much the same advice to the people. Christ's words are, "Let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains. Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house. Neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes." And the prophet was so to warn, that men would run for life, "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."

Now, I am not sure that that is the idea of the clause, still there is a great practical truth in such a view which it may be well for us to look at. Many are still in danger, the woe to come impending. Their souls hang over perdition, and they know it not, nor care. They live carelessly, wickedly. But the Lord sends His messenger to warn them. He is to be plain with them, to tell them the naked truth about themselves, to be anxious about them, and so earnest, to take hold of them with his compelling, constraining love and eloquence, and so to deal with their consciences, that they will start up, as if awakened out of a horrible delusion, and flee where there is safety. It is said that when Demosthenes harangued the Athenians, they wanted to go right away from his vehemence to fight Philip. It is said that Jonathan Edwards so preached of hell on one occasion, that his people were seen to hold on to their pews lest they would slide in, there and then. And we are so to preach of sin and salvation, that men hearing us will escape the one and embrace the other before us. We are to make the vision so plain, so real, so startlingly vivid, that men hearing it, or reading it, will run, as Lot ran from Sodom, and as Christ's followers ran from doomed Jerusalem.

But, ah! how cold our lips when we came to speak of Divine things! The words freeze, rather than fuse. We have seen no vision, heard no voice, and men's souls sleep on before us in the awful sin-stupor. And yet, there is a vision—a vision so shuddering, so gladdening—the vision of the cross, Christ crucified. Oh, let us speak of that to sinners, and if there is any eloquence in us, it must blaze, and men's hearts must burn. Let us show men the wondrous vision of Divine love, the blood of God's son as He dies for them on the cross, and if there is anything that will thrill their souls, arouse their dead energies, pierce their hearts with remorse, bring tears to their eyes, and awake to newness of life, that will.

The prophet's vision was one of life and hope. Dark as the prospect before the nation was, dismal as was the outlook, there was still something to hope for. In the very shadow of the coming woe he was able to preach to the people this cardinal gospel truth, "The just shall live by his faith." There always has been, in the blackest hour of the world's history and human woe, in the wreck of creeds and churches, in the downfall of the mightiest isms—there always has been life, hope, salvation, the strength that resists and overcomes, the goodness that holds and grows, to the man who has faith in God.

In conclusion, we learn here how solemn it is to be the Lord's prophet, how much depends upon his faithfulness, how close to God he should live, how terrible to bring something else to the people than the Lord's message, and how awful if he should fail in his mission. On his lips hangs the destiny of souls, the bliss or woe of men. If yon sentinel, pacing backward and forward in his lonely midnight watch, should sleep, or fail to give the alarm at the approach of the enemy, how disastrous, how terrible! And if the sentinels of truth on Zion's watch-towers should grow careless, and slumber and sleep, oh, the woe to souls! Who, then, is sufficient for these things? Brethren, pray for us.

We learn again here that woe is impending, and men's souls are in danger. If not, why those red lights flashing along the coast-line of the ages; if not, why these burning pages of truth; if not, why yon cross of blood and agony and death; if not, why all the tears, and cries, and pleadings of God and good men with men? Is it all a mockery, a huge sham, a weird dream of the night, this that would alarm; or is it truth, and is there danger? Are we doing right, doing just as we ought to do, to sit still here in utter unconcern, no fear, no heart-trembling, no shuddering of the soul, no quaking of the conscience, no creeping of the flesh, but stolid indifference, or to stay far away yonder in the broadways of the world, and mock and sneer at the Church, and the Gospel, and the Cross, as the stupid inventions of mad-cap fanatics and enthusiasts? Ah! you know there is danger. You feel it in your bones. You hear it in the wail of the ages. You

see it, may see it, ought to see it, in the grim efforts of men everywhere to escape the danger universally felt and feared. Sneer not, then, O men, if from Heaven to earnest, watchful souls comes the message, "Write the vision, and make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it."

And again we learn here how the woe impending, the danger threatening, may come not. "The just shall live by his faith." "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Let the guilty, trembling, woe-begone sinner look to the blood-stained cross, the wounded, dying Christ of God, and to him will come the peace of forgiveness, the joy of deliverance, the hope of Heaven. No death for him, but life, eternal life. Faith passes unhurt the seraphic sword, and plucks the fruit of the tree of life in the midst of the garden, and lives forever. O, my hearer, hast thou faith? Thy danger is great, but here is Christ. Believest thou? O, happy the soul that to-day is resting in Christ! How safe, saved!

FRENCH CANADIAN EVANGELIZATION.

The following summary of the work of the Board has recently been issued:—

According to the census of 1881, the French-speaking population of the Dominion of Canada is 1,300,000, or about one-third of the entire population. These are to be found in all the Provinces, but chiefly in the Province of Quebec, where they number 1,170,000 out of a total population of 1,350,000. The aim of the Board of French Evangelization is to give the Gospel of Jesus Christ to this class of our fellow subjects.

The work is carried on by means of three agencies—*Colportage*, *Mission Schools*, and *Preaching Stations*.

In many of the French settlements there is not a single Protestant to be found, and so fanatic and priest-ridden are the people that to attempt opening a preaching station or even a mission school would not only be a dangerous but a futile step. The only method of reaching the people in these settlements is by means of the colporteur going from house to house, scattering broadcast the seed of the Kingdom, conversing on Divine things with those willing to listen, reading with them the Word of Life, and, when permitted, leaving in their homes a tract or a copy of the Bible. In several of the most densely settled and spiritually destitute districts of the country, the Board during the year had seventeen self-denying colporteurs engaged in this arduous pioneer work. The number might be increased *tenfold* had the Board men and means at their disposal. Last year the Board distributed 3,064 copies of God's Word and about 24,000 religious tracts.

As soon as a group of families in any settlement have been brought to a knowledge of the truth and have abjured Romanism, one of the first steps is to open a mission school for the education of the young, and especially for the instruction in the principles of the Bible. During the year thirteen schools with eighteen teachers and four hundred and fifty pupils have been maintained by the Board.

In addition to the colporteurs and teachers, many of whom conduct religious services, the Board employed during the year thirty-two missionaries, of whom twenty-one are ordained ministers. Sixteen of these missionaries regularly conduct services in both English and French. About 5,000 people attend their services, and many conversions to Christ were reported during the year. One of the missionaries, an ex-priest from Italy, labours among the Italians in the city of Montreal.

The Board support a French Theological Professor in the Montreal Presbyterian College, for the training of French-speaking students for the ministry. At present sixteen such students are preparing for the work of the Board.

The cause of French Canadian evangelization has, by God's blessing, made rapid progress in recent years; and this notwithstanding the relentless opposition of the priests, who were never more bitterly opposed to the dissemination of God's Word or more zealous in keeping the people in slavish ignorance and superstition than at present.

Forty-five years ago there was scarcely a French Canadian Protestant to be found in the whole country; to-day thousands of men and women can be found who have renounced their allegiance to Rome, many of whom have, by God's grace, become humble followers of Jesus. Forty-five years ago there was not a solitary French Protestant congregation in

the land; to-day they can be numbered by the score. Forty-five years ago the Bible was virtually an unknown book in almost every French parish in the Province of Quebec; to-day there are few parishes in which the Bible cannot be found—few parishes which have not, to a greater or less extent, felt the influence of Bible truth. So recently as *ten years* ago it was difficult to gather together a congregation of twenty-five or thirty French Protestants in the city of Montreal; to-day there are in that city five regularly organized French Protestant churches besides several preaching stations.

POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES SCHOOL.

One of the most interesting departments of the work of the Board is that of the well-known central Mission Schools at Pointe-aux-Trembles. These schools, situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, nine miles east of Montreal, were founded in 1846 by the French Canadian Missionary Society, and transferred to the Board in 1880. On the Mission property there are two school buildings,—one for boys, which can accommodate about 120, and the other for girls, with accommodation for between forty and fifty. Upwards of 2,000 French Canadians have already been educated here. Many of these now occupy positions of trust and influence as ministers, teachers, physicians, lawyers, merchants, etc. Pupils are admitted between the ages of thirteen and twenty-five, the average age being about seventeen. A preference is given to the sons and daughters of French Roman Catholic parents and to the children of recent converts from Rome living in parishes where there is no Protestant school. The session begins in October each year, and continues for seven months. The pupils all reside in the buildings, and thus enjoy the advantages of a Christian home, under the watchful nurture of earnest, devoted teachers. There are five teachers, two of whom are married, and all of whom reside in the buildings. They are all earnest Christians, of devoted missionary spirit, thoroughly consecrated, it is believed, to their work. Special prominence is given in the schools to religious instruction, and to the teaching of the Bible on the points of difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics. In these every pupil is thoroughly indoctrinated, and it is no exaggeration to state that comparatively few of our English-speaking young men and women are better acquainted with their Bibles, or better able to give a reason for the hope that is in them, than can the pupils of Pointe-aux-Trembles when they leave the mission schools there. The Board have no hesitation in warmly commending these Institutions as worthy of public confidence, assured that no means are more likely, by the blessing of God, to be efficacious in the work of French Canadian Evangelization, and in advancing the cause of Christ in the Province of Quebec.

After deducting the fees paid by the pupils, and expense of repairs, etc., the average cost to the Board of each pupil is about \$50 per session. The Board are most anxious that the Institutions should be supported by means of scholarships of \$50 each, guaranteed by private individuals or by Sabbath schools. A particular pupil is assigned to the donor of a scholarship, to whom reports as to the progress made are forwarded from time to time. In this way a Sabbath school, contributing a scholarship, is put directly in correspondence with the mission school, and the letters, if read publicly to the Sabbath school, tend to keep up their interest in the work. Moreover the school can every Sabbath remember by name, in its prayers, the pupil it supports, and can scarcely fail itself to receive benefit by being thus directly brought into contact with the pupil educated by means of its missionary contributions.

The past session was, by God's blessing, one of the most successful in the history of the schools. The number in attendance was eighty-six. The schools were regularly visited and examined each month by a Committee of the Board. A superior class was instituted for the training of pupils as teachers and colporteurs, and to fit those who desire to do so to enter upon a course of study for the ministry or other of the learned professions. While the progress of the pupils in their studies was most commendable, and the order and discipline all that could be desired, the Board have special satisfaction in reporting that twenty-two of the pupils professed their faith in Christ, and after careful examination were admitted into the fellowship of the Church, the Rev. Professor Coussirat administering the ordinance of the Lord's supper in the end of March.

The following is the report of Mr. J. Bourgoïn, the Principal of the schools, for the past session :—

We have again reached the close of another successful session of the Pointe-aux-Trembles Missionary Schools. As we look back upon the past, we feel that we have abundant ground to be thankful. We are conscious more than ever were before that God has added His blessing to the work of our hands. It is, therefore, with feelings of deep gratitude to Him that we present to-day the following report of what has taken place during the session.

Eighty-six pupils have attended the school during the session, one-third of them belonged to Roman Catholic parents, a few were Protestants, and the rest children of converts.

Of those who were Roman Catholics on entering our schools, the majority have declared themselves as Protestants before taking leave of us. Their zealous researches after the Gospel truths, as well as their general conduct, bespeak well in favour of their new profession.

Twenty-two of the pupils have been converted to Christ during the session, and have become members of the Church, being admitted to the Lord's Table for the first time on the 29th of March. During no other session within our recollection did such a large number of pupils make a profession of their living faith in Christ as their Saviour.

Three of our young men are about to leave for mission fields, in which they will engage as colporteurs during the summer months.

We are glad to be enabled to say that the progress of our scholars has been very encouraging. If we take into consideration the shortness of the session, as well as the fact that they spend a part of their time in house-work, we cannot but say that their progress in literary attainments has been very satisfactory indeed.

As far as conduct is concerned, it is pleasing to record that it has been as good as can be desired. Our pupils have shown a desire to accomplish well their tasks. It seems as though they understood better than before that they have duties to perform not only towards themselves, but also towards their Creator and towards their fellow-men. These duties they seem to have striven to accomplish to the best of their ability. As a consequence peace, harmony and brotherly love have reigned in the schools during the whole of the winter months. Not only in their intercourse with us have our pupils been amiable, but also in their daily intercourse with one another.

Owing to sickness, we have had to close our schools a little earlier than usual. Although there were several cases of sickness, still, thanks to God none has been fatal.

On looking over the list of young men who passed through our Institute, we are glad to meet the names of some whose success of late deserves to be noticed. Three of these have just completed their theological course at the Presbyterian College in Montreal. Seven others are still pursuing their studies in the same college, with a view to the ministry of the Church. Two others have completed a course of study in the Law faculty of McGill College, and have taken the degree of B.C.L. One has also taken a gold medal on the completion of his Law course. Another one is at present studying medicine in one of the medical colleges of Montreal, and still another, a student for the ministry of our Church, has just taken the Governor-General's Gold Medal in McGill College. The doings of all these former pupils give us great joy, and we are not indifferent to the success which they meet.

Let us hope that a still greater number will become efficient ministers of the Gospel, while others will find their way into the liberal professions, where they will exert an influence for good.

Let our boys and girls go forth into the world carrying in their hearts a holy reverence for the God they have learned to love, habits of prayer, of activity and of industry, such as they have been taught to cherish whilst under our roof, and we have no fear for their success in their future career.

The Board are most anxious to increase the number of pupils next session to one hundred and thirty, and hope that the state of the fund will warrant them in so doing.

The sum of \$35,000 will be required to carry on the work of the Board during the current year, viz., \$27,500 for the general work and \$7,500 for the support of the Pointe-aux-Trembles Schools.

To maintain in efficiency this most important department of Christian work, the Board earnestly solicit the prayers and sympathy and increasing liberality of all the friends of the Mission, and, above all, the continuance of the Divine blessing and favour without which all else is in vain.

All contributions should be forwarded to the Treasurer,—addressed Rev. R. H. Warden, 260 St. James Street, Montreal,—from whom copies of the annual report, with names of contributors, can be obtained.

D. H. MACVICAR, LL.D., *Chairman.*

ROBT. H. WARDEN, *Secretary-Treasurer.*

GOD judges the external conduct by the heart, and not the heart by the external conduct.

THOSE who walk with God are governed by His eye, as good children are by the parent's eye.

WHILE saints walk with God they may expect to have the light of His countenance and the joys of His salvation.

MEN should take more care and surmount more and greater difficulties to attend public worship than they would to attend to their own personal, secular concerns.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

CONCERNING BAPTISM.—VI.

BY REV. W. A. M'KAY, B.A., WOODSTOCK, AUTHOR OF "IMMERSION A ROMISH INVENTION."

From the *Christian Standard*.

MR. EDITOR,—If you are not yet "sick of your definition of *baptizo*" (immersion in water), I would like to reason with you a little longer. Keeping your definition in mind, turn up, if you please, your "First Principles," page 64, and read the following sentence: "BAPTISM—or a change of state; a translation out of the world into the kingdom of God's beloved Son; out of a state of condemnation into a state of justification." Now substitute your definition—"immersion in water"—in place of the word defined, *i.e.*, "baptism," in the above sentence, and you have the following: "Immersion in water—a change of state; a translation out of the world into the kingdom of God's beloved Son," etc.

If this be true, then "immersion in water" is a marvellous thing, and your popular Western hymn should be proclaimed as far as earth's remotest bounds:

"Ho! every mother's son and daughter,
Here's the Gospel in the water."

I know the Church of Rome, and some in Protestant Churches, hold the view that water-baptism changes the spiritual state, as you teach in the above quotation; but I regard it as a very dangerous and soul-destroying doctrine, which has no warrant in the Word of God. Simon Magus was baptized (you say immersed). But was he "translated out of a state of condemnation into a state of justification?" No, he was still "in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity" (Acts xiii. 23). Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says: "I thank God that I baptized none of you, but Crispus and Gaius." But if baptism, or immersion in water, be "a translation out of a state of condemnation into a state of justification," then the apostle thanks God that he had not effected this blessed change in any of them, save two! How absurd. "Christ," says he, "sent me not to baptize." But can it be thought that Christ did not send the chief of the apostles to promote the great work of regeneration? We are told (John iv. 2) that "Jesus Himself baptized not." Did He never translate a soul out of a state of condemnation into a state of justification? Or did He never perform what you call, in the "Standard," of March 4th, "the consummating act in the process" of regeneration?

In one place you assure me, in an air of triumph, that the "cattle" which the children of Israel took with them through the Red Sea were "baptized." Pray, were the "cattle" "translated out of the world into the kingdom of God's beloved Son; or out of a state of condemnation into a state of justification?" Your logic limps badly. You must either change your definition of baptism, or else greatly moderate your claims for the magical powers of water-baptism.

Ah, sir, there is a baptism which I trust you, Mr. Editor, have experienced, but which your Romish watery theory makes little account of. There is real baptism, or the baptism of the Holy Ghost; between which and ritual or water-baptism the word of God makes a very clear and wide distinction: "John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost" (Acts i. 5; Matt. iii. 11). This is the "one baptism" (Eph. iv. 5) which alone can change the sinner's spiritual condition (1. Cor. xii. 13). To this one real, spiritual baptism, water-baptism, in whatever mode administered, is no more than the shadow of a man is to the man himself. Alas! when we see the shadow magnified as it were of more importance than the substance.

I emphatically deny that *baptizo* is a modal word, or that the word itself indicates any specific mode, such as dipping or sprinkling. To express the idea of sprinkling the Greeks had the words *rantizo* and *raino*, and to express dipping they had *duplo*, *buthiso*, and *dunai*. *Baptizo* has a clear, well-defined meaning, but that meaning is much larger, and, in the Scriptures, more spiritual than a mere dipping into or sprinkling with water. John was entitled the "Baptizer;" this designation being sufficiently comprehensive to include the moral and spiritual ends of the ordinance which he solemnized on so large a scale. How would it sound to designate him by a word indicating mere

mechanical action—John the Dipper, or John the Sprinkler? When our Lord demanded (Matt. xxi. 25) if "the baptism of John" were "from heaven or of men," did He merely ask if his mechanical act of sprinkling or immersion were from heaven? This baptism of John included his whole ministry, in its large and spiritual designs. Again, we are told (Acts xviii. 25) that "Apollos taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John." Would a knowledge of the mere mode of John's baptism have qualified Apollos to be a competent teacher? Are there not many persons known to you, Mr. Editor, who could "immerse in water" well enough, but whom you could not recommend as teachers in your church? Again in Acts x. 37, we read, "The baptism which John preached." Are we to infer from this that John's preaching consisted, exclusively or mainly, in instructing the people concerning the mechanical act of "immersing in water?"

Of course, in water-baptism there must always be some mode, but what is the specific mode, the word itself does not imply. The mode, however, may usually be learned from the context and surrounding circumstances. Thus we know that the mode of John's baptism was shedding forth and not immersion, from the words of Acts x. 44, 45, compared with the words of Peter in Acts xi. 15, 16. "The Holy Ghost fell on them that heard the word," "the gift of the Holy Ghost was poured out" upon them. And the descent of the Spirit instantly led the mind of Peter to recur to the baptism of John: "Then remembered I the words," etc. The Holy Ghost fell and was poured out, and this reminded Peter of John's baptism with water. But how could a pouring remind Peter of a dipping? It is quite evident from Peter's words that the water was poured forth by John, just as the Spirit is represented to have been poured out by the Lord. Jesus baptized the soul with the Spirit; John baptized the body with water, and the specific mode of the spiritual baptism is described by language derived from the mode of the outward visible baptism with water.

There are multitudes of non-modal words in every language. Take, for example, the English word *hurt*. If I say A. was hurt, it is surely a legitimate question for you to ask, *How* was he hurt? You observe the word hurt expresses a certain effect or condition, but not the mode in which that effect or condition is brought about; and hence you inquire after the mode by asking, *How* was he hurt? And so, when we are told A. was baptized, the question is always in place—*How*? Scores of similar illustrations might be given from words in every day use, but I shall confine myself entirely to the Scriptures.

I contend that the word baptize belongs to the same class as the words "wash," "cleanse," "anoint," "purge," "purify," "dedicate," "consecrate." These words are non-modal, *i.e.*, they clearly express something done, but the mode in which the thing is done is not specifically expressed in the word itself. Take the command of the Lord in Num. viii. 6 as an example: "Take the Levites from among the children of Israel and cleanse them." "Cleanse" expresses "the thing to be done," but not *how* it is to be done, for the very next verse tells us *how*. So in 1 Sam. ix. 16: "And thou shalt anoint him to be captain over My people Israel;" and in 1 Sam. xvi. 12, "And the Lord said, Arise, anoint him, for this is he." Here the word "anoint" expresses "the thing to be done," but the mode or manner of doing that thing is to be learned from other sources than from the word itself. And in my book, speaking on this very subject, and on one of the pages criticised, I introduce the word *anoint* to illustrate my view of the word *baptize*. On page 23, I use these words: "Anointing was done by pouring, as even Baptists will acknowledge; and yet 'to anoint' does not mean 'to pour.'" Why, then, may not baptism be done by sprinkling, although to baptize does not mean "to sprinkle." Surely this is plain enough. I cannot believe the editor is so blind (unless wilfully so) as not to see, in the light of these examples, that "baptize" may express something to be done without expressing specifically *how it is to be done*. But for fear he may not yet understand any meaning, I will give another example. In Ps. li. 7, we find the prayer of David in these words: "Purge (cleanse) me with hyssop and I shall be clean." Here the word "cleanse" expresses the thing to be done, but not the manner or mode of doing it. The mode of that cleansing is suggested in the Greek translation of the LXX. in the use of the word sprinkle (*rantizo*)

instead of "cleansing" or "purify." The Septuagint reads it, "Sprinkle me with hyssop," etc.

In the "Standard" of March 18th, you head your article "Another Piece of Sophistry," and, true to your heading, you practice the sophistry of using the word "immerse" to express "the thing to be done," as commanded by the word *baptize*. You speak of a "mode of immersion" in which "the water shall be brought over him until he is covered with it." Now the "bringing the water over the person" may be baptism, but it is not an "immersion," nor a "dipping," nor a "plunging." The learned Baptist, Dr. Carson, rightly tells us (p. 36), that "if all the water in the ocean should fall on a man, it would not be a literal immersion." That which separates us is this: "Is the person baptized moved and put into the element, or is the element moved and put upon the person?" I contend that in all kinds of baptism—classic, Jewish, Christian, real or symbol—the person or thing baptized is passive and receptive, while the element or instrumentality, used in or effecting the baptism, is always represented as being moved and put upon or brought into contact with the person or thing. This is sustained by all the examples in the classics older than the Christian era, and by all the examples in the New Testament. And this fact completely annihilates your gum-elastic Latin word *immerse*—*merse in*—as a substitute for the Greek *baptizo*, or the English *baptize*. Will the editor of the "Standard" point out one instance in Greek literature—sacred or profane—where a baptism was effected in the modern immersionist style, *i.e.*, by putting a person or thing into water or other element and then immediately withdrawing it? He will not. He may cry out, "Nonsense," "ignorance," "exaggeration," "Falsehood," etc., but all this can be said by men of much less learning and cultivation than he, and may be safely left to that class.

What we maintain is, that the word *baptizo* has no reference to mode at all, but to the object, effect, or condition contemplated. But while the word itself does not indicate mode, yet usually the mode of the baptism can be very easily determined by surrounding facts and circumstances; and a baptism by putting into water and immediately withdrawn has never been produced in the classics or Scriptures. I call upon the editor of the "Standard" to produce one.

[To be continued if the Lord will.]

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

"Harvey Mills has failed!" said Mrs. Smithson one chilly spring evening, as she ran in to see her next-door neighbour and intimate friend, Mrs. James. "My husband just came home, and he says that what we supposed to be a rumour only is a sad fact; the assignment was made yesterday. I threw on a shawl and ran right over to tell you. They are to keep the house under some sort of an arrangement, but they have discharged all their servants, and what in the world the Mills's will do, Mrs. James, with Mrs. Mills's invalid habits, and Miss Helena with her dainty ways and refined bringing up, is more than I know;" and pretty, shallow Mrs. Smithson looked at her nerve-loving friend and neighbour with the air of an epicure regarding some favourite dish.

"I heard all about it late last evening," said Mrs. James, adjusting the pink ribbon at the throat of her black silk dinner-dress, "and this morning I presumed upon our cousinship so far as to drive over and see how they were getting along. And really, Mrs. Smithson, you will be surprised when I tell you that, although I expected to find the family in great confusion and distress, I never saw them in such a comfortable way, and in such good spirits. The worst was over, of course, and they had all settled into the new order of things as naturally as could be. My cousin, Mrs. Mills, was sitting, as calm as you please, up there in her sunny morning-room, looking so fresh and dainty as she ate her crisp toast and sipped her coffee.

"Our comfortable and cozy appearance is all due to Helena," said she. "That dear child has taken the helm. I never dreamed she had so much executive ability. We were quite broken down at first, but she made her father go over all the details of business with her, and they found that by disposing of Helena's grand piano, the paintings, and slabs, and costly bric-a-brac her father had always indulged her in buying, we could pay dollar for dollar, and so keep the house. My husband's old friend, Mr. Bartlett, who keeps the art store, you know, and who has always taken a

great interest in Helena, bought back the paintings, statuary, vases, etc., at a small discount, and Baker, who sold us the piano a year ago or so, and who is another old friend, and knew, of course, just how we were situated, took it back, deducting only \$25.

"Helena has just gone into the kitchen. What she will do there I don't know, but she says she needs the exercise, that she has not attended the cooking-school here in the city for nothing, and that, so long as the meals are served regularly and properly, and the house is kept in good order, her father and I are not to worry." After she told me that, I drew my call to a close, and ran down into my cousin's kitchen to see her dainty daughter there. And what do you think? I found the girl at the sink, with her sleeves rolled up, an immense waterproof apron on, washing a kettle!"

"Washing a kettle!" repeated Mrs. Smithson, holding up both her soft, white hands in unmeasured astonishment.

"Yes, Mrs. Smithson, washing a great, black, greasy iron kettle that meat had been boiled in, and that had been left unwashed and gummy when the cook left. And, do you know, she was laughing over it all, and saying to her youngest brother, who stood near by, that she really liked it, for she now felt she was making herself useful."

"The idea! liking to wash kettles!" and the two fine ladies looked at each other in open-eyed wonder.

"It seems to me as if Helena Mills was trying to make the best of her father's altered fortunes, and was simply doing her duty in the premises," spoke Miss Carlton, Ida James's new drawing-teacher, who was that evening engaged in giving her pupil a lesson on the opposite side of the centre-table. She spoke earnestly and yet in a modest way, and it being the vogue in New City just then to patronize Miss Carlton, the pretty, accomplished graduate from Vassar, the two ladies looked at her amiably, and she went on:

"Somebody must wash the kettles, and it is always best, when one has a disagreeable duty to perform, to do it not only at once, but cheerfully."

"Yes, perhaps," replied Mrs. Smithson, "but how could a young girl of real native refinement" (both sides of the Smithson family were of the "old stock") "take so kindly to washing pots and kettles? The fact of it is, people have been mistaken in Helena Mills. She never possessed that innate gentility she has credit for. But every one finds their own level sooner or later."

These two women having thus summarily disposed of Helena Mills socially, they repeated their belief that the lovely and dutiful young girl had now found her proper level over and over in their set, until it was the common talk in New City.

Miss Carlton, in her round of professional calls among the so-called *elite*, was entertained in nearly every household with the information that Helena Mills had given up her studies even, and gone into the kitchen to work—"and, if you'll believe it, she likes it!" Then would follow reflections upon the natural ability and bias of mind of a young woman who was "fond of washing dishes."

This sensible, accomplished little drawing teacher was the only one to be found, who mingled in the "upper circles" of New City, who said a word either in praise or defence of Helena Mills's new vocation.

Miss Carlton always and everywhere protested that the young girl's course was not only praiseworthy, but beautiful. She maintained that every woman, young or old, high or low, who took upon herself the labour of elevating the much-abused as well as depised vocation of housework—upon which the comfort of every home depends—to a fine art was a public benefactor.

Miss Carlton's friends all listened and laughed, and then went on with their senseless and malicious tirade. She was heartily glad when her engagements in New City were ended, and she was no longer obliged to move in such "select" society, whose ideas were always a mere echo of opinions—no matter how trivial and foolish—which had been expressed by a few of its more wealthy members.

Mrs. Dr. Forbes, *nee* Miss Carlton, had heard very little about New City society for five years. But having occasion to pass through the place on the cars lately, she treated herself to a little gossip chat with the conductor, whom she had known as a New City gallant.

"There is no particular news, Mrs. Forbes," said he, "unless it is the engagement of Helena Mills to young Lawyer Bartlett, son of Col. James Bartlett, you remember, owner of the big corner art store. A capital choice the young squire has made, too. She's as good as gold, and everybody says she's the best girl in the city. She's a perfect lady, withal, and treats everybody well. Why, bless you, Mrs. Forbes, when her father failed in '75, she took entire charge of the family, and she has managed the house ever since.

"Her father is now in business again for himself, and employs more men than ever. Her mother, who had been an invalid for years, was forced by Helena's example to try and exert herself so as to share her daughter's burden to some extent. As a result of the new, active life she has followed, she lost all ailments, and is now a happy, hearty, healthy woman. Helena's brothers have grown up to be fine, manly, helpful fellows, and the whole family are better off every way than ever before.

"There was a great deal of talk at first among the big-bugs about Helena's 'pots and kettles,' and they used to say she had found her true 'level.' I always thought there was a spice of malice in their talk, for the girls envied her beauty and accomplishments. I am rather fond of telling them now that Helena Mills has found her 'level' in the richest, most influential, and just the best family in New City."

WHAT MISSIONARIES HAVE TO DO.

The first and most prominent duty of the missionary after he arrives at his field of labour is to acquire the language of the people, without which he can never become a very effective labourer. The task, under almost any circumstances, is a very labourious one; but in some fields it is much more so than in others. The difficulties, in some cases, grow out of the nature and structure of the languages themselves, and in others from the want of the necessary facilities for acquiring them. Where the language is written, where there are grammars and dictionaries to aid, and when competent teachers can be employed to assist, the task—in most cases at least—is comparatively easy. Steady, plodding labour will soon master it. But where the language is not written, where there are neither grammars, dictionaries nor competent teachers to be had, the task becomes one of immense labour. To master its sounds, to study out its idioms, to understand its grammatical structure, and thus be able to reduce it to a written system, requires years of labour.

When the language is mastered, however, the missionary is equipped for his work. The kind of work to which he will find himself called will be various. Ordinarily the ordained minister will address himself to the work of preaching the Gospel, as the main business of his missionary life. He will preach the Gospel everywhere and under all circumstances—in the street, chapel, in private houses, on the public street, in the open market, and on the long journeys which he will make from time to time into the surrounding country. He will soon find it necessary, however, to combine other labours with preaching the Gospel; as, for example, the circulation of the Scriptures and religious books; or translating the Word of God, when necessary; or preparing books and tracts in the native language; or superintending schools, and teaching, where native labourers are to be trained for public work. A number of our missionary brethren combine in their routine of labours almost all of these departments. The ladies of the mission devote their time quite as assiduously to teaching, to superintending day and Sabbath schools, to visiting the women at their own houses, or in receiving and instructing them when they visit the mission premises. Nor do they overlook the work of preparing and distributing books and tracts. Taken altogether, we do not know any class of persons, whether male or female, who are more laborious than our foreign missionaries. They occupy positions where work, from day to day and from hour to hour, becomes as it were an absolute necessity. There is so much ignorance to enlighten, so much error to be corrected, so much superstition to be exposed, that they find their whole life a constant conflict with surrounding evils. One of our missionaries represents himself as preaching three times every day in the week, and there are others differently employed, but yet performing quite as much labour. Our only wonder is how any of them can stand up to so great an amount of labour, especially when it is remembered that they are living—most of them at least—in climates so little favourable to health.—*Foreign Missionary.*

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1882.

WE are pleased to learn that the health of the Hon. John McMurrich continues to improve.

WE have a letter from Rev. Principal Caven, on the Endowment of Knox College, which we are reluctantly compelled to hold over until next issue.

HERBERT SPENCER, Evolutionist and Agnostic, has unwittingly given us a good point in favour of putting the Bible in our public schools. In an interview with a representative of the New York press, the philosopher dwelt at length on the fact that education is not a remedy for political corruption. Education, said he, only enables those "who before stole horses, now to steal railroads." "Not lack of information, but lack of moral sentiment, is the root of the evil." Exactly so. The people know enough, but mere secular knowledge will not even keep them from stealing railroads. We are not any better in Canada, nor can a purely secular education do any more for us than for our friends across the lines.

LAST week a scoundrel named Ellis, who has been carrying on evangelistic work among the Baptists in Nova Scotia, came to grief in St. John. The scamp has a wife and three children in Massachusetts, but fancying a woman in a town in Maine, in which he had been doing evangelistic work, he persuaded her to leave her husband and child and elope with him to St. John. The husband followed and had him arrested for adultery under an old New Brunswick law, and fined \$400, or two years' imprisonment. Ellis, it appears, made a great sensation in Nova Scotia, and no doubt enlightened some of the Presbyterians down there on baptism. Had he been carrying on his evangelistic work in any of our Ontario towns, and had he succeeded in making an excitement, it might have gone hard with a minister who refused to help him in his filthy fraud. If Ellis began in the spirit, he has certainly ended in the flesh. He is not by any means the only one of his class that has followed that order.

WHATEVER we may think of Henry Ward Beecher's theology, every one will admit that he did a right manly thing in retiring from the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn. There were no reasons why he should retire except reasons arising from his own sense of honour. The majority of the Association would no doubt sustain him, even if his theological views were more heterodox than they are. He might have provoked the more orthodox members of the Association into trying him for heterodoxy, and the trial would have brought him immense notoriety. But the old man did not do anything so questionable. Fearing that his ecclesiastical company might compromise some of his brethren, he left. Every minister who knows his doctrinal views are not in accord with the creed of his denomination should do exactly the same thing. To remain within the body and cause irritation in the whole Church, as well as trouble to its best members, and then pose as a martyr the moment the wheels of discipline are moved, is an ineffably mean business. A minister should know himself whether he is in accord with his Church or not, and if he knows he is not he should have the manliness to leave quietly.

ON all hands the question is asked,—How will this movement in favour of putting the Bible in the schools end? Everything will depend on what the Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians do in the matter. If they push the movement vigorously, a change will be made in the right direction, and made soon. If they move languidly, or let the matter drop, most likely we have seen the end now. A reasonably unanimous public opinion can carry any just measure in a free country like ours, but it must be brought to bear vigorously and continuously. There is no use in discussing the merits of the question at any length. It is simply impossible to raise a new point, or even to put an old one in a new light. The ground has been gone over again and again. The question now before the people is, Do you wish this change made in your Public School Regulations? If you do, say so, and keep on saying so, and the thing will be done. The old business of blaming Catholics for every evil in connection with our schools should be stopped. That has long been a cheap and easy way of explaining things. We don't believe Archbishop Lynch would raise his little finger to keep the Bible out of the Public Schools of Ontario. A very slight examination might reveal the fact that Agnosticism has more to do with the opposition than all the Catholics in the Province.

KNOX COLLEGE ENDOWMENT.

AS our readers will see from the report in another column of the meeting last week, the movement for the endowment of Knox College has been fairly inaugurated, and in circumstances most propitious and encouraging. All the friends present were most cordial in their endorsement of the scheme, and very many throughout the Province who were unavoidably absent, will be found to be equally interested, and equally liberal. When so much is done, chiefly by the wealthy members of other denominations, and by those of our own who are specially interested in, and specially connected with, the other Colleges of our Canadian Church, it would be an intimation that the friends of Knox College were either unable or unwilling to follow in the same course of enlightened liberality and zealous endeavour. It is a matter of notoriety that such pecuniary inability among the constituency of Knox College does not exist, and as to the unwillingness, the result of the present movement will, in due time, make the actual facts very clearly manifest. We have much pleasure in making the announcement that Mr. Jas. McLaren, of Buckingham, has already promised fifty thousand dollars as his personal subscription to the fund, and that it is fully expected another will follow with an equal sum. Such proceedings are something like the thing. They intimate at once enlightened zeal, and large-hearted liberality. But, while it is a matter for devout thankfulness to notice how the wealthy men are coming forward with their thousands, there is, we need scarcely add, plenty of room and need for the hundreds, and for the tens, which many, with equal liberality, and very likely with greater self-denial, are also willing and rejoiced to consecrate to this work.

It is an unerring and universally adopted standard of judging what may be the importance which any one attaches to an enterprise, whether of a secular or sacred character, to mark how much trouble he is willing to take, how much hardship to undergo, and how much money to give for its advancement and triumph. The grand private residence—the fine equipage—the magnificent entertainments, and so forth—how much? And then, *per contra*, the cause of Christ—the promotion of education, the general advancement of the community, etc., how much? The quiet, calm, enlightened striking of the balance in the court of conscience will enable every one, with a great deal of certainty, to come to a tolerably righteous conclusion in reference to his own feelings, plans, and these that each is chiefly, if not exclusively, concerned. He is not to "judge another."

There is something infinitely touching and suggestive in the following sentences from one of John Foster's lectures—sentences which many might do well to ponder:—"It may be here suggested, to imagine the feelings towards the close of life of men who remember having despised a good work in the time of its comparative feebleness, but have lived to see it struggle through its difficulties, and now advancing into strength and expansion. In minds incorrigibly bad

there is intense malignity (though perhaps no longer openly proclaimed). They regard the thing almost as a personal offence and insult, like what has been reported of the apostate Julian. But we would rather refer to such as were not positively enemies, whose 'despising' in a mitigated sense of the word (that is, depreciation standing aloof from a good cause), was from little faith, self-sparing, false prudence, worldly calculation. They have to remember their cold unfriendly looks at the concern and its advocates—their perverse ingenuity in finding or making objections—their predictions of failure—their assumption of sounder judgment in making them—how their favour was withheld, when worldly or irreligious men derided, how their assistance was refused when there was a pressing need of means. They have lived to see that the good cause could do without them, and that there were more generous, liberal magnanimous spirits to be found in the community. They have lived to see the discountenanced undertaking advancing in a hopeful progress. But no thanks to them that a new force has been brought into the field for conflict with error and iniquity, that some 'dark places of the earth' are partially enlightened, that there has been a little extension to the kingdom of Christ. A disconsolate feeling arises on such a review. 'I might have been rejoicing with them that rejoice,' there is mortification at the last, but a much better sentiment in a mind now rightly affected—regret."

Of course, it is very possible that many may be warm, enlightened, liberal friends of thorough theological education, without seeing their way clearly to co-operate in the effort for endowing either Knox or any other college. They may think that colleges like churches, ought to be supported from day to day, and from year to year by the free-will offerings of Christian people. If they think so, and act correspondingly in the liberal character of their current contributions, no one can have any cause for either objection or complaint. And no one, we are sure, will seek any. Every one must take the course of which his judgment and conscience most thoroughly approve. In any case, however, let all bear in mind how important it is for the future of our Church, that her theological institutions should be liberally supported, and let them see to it that, whatever plan they follow, they show a zeal and a large-hearted generosity in some measure commensurate with the issues involved.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN THE CHURCHES.

A RESPECTED correspondent, who signs himself "Episcopalian," writes to us in the following terms:

"In your issue of yesterday the statement is repeated that 'Canon Basil Wilberforce has declared his resolution to sign no more leases without a clause in them forbidding the liquor traffic.' Will you kindly repeat that he never has signed any leases without clause, and also mention that he declares if there were a liquor-selling place in his glebe he would burn it down before morning. To my thinking, few Churches, even in this country, are quite free from the reproach of the Church of England, inasmuch as they solicit contributions from those engaged in the traffic in the 'devil in solution.'"

We can assure our friend that the statement referred to was quoted from the "Pall Mall Gazette" with no desire to hold up the Church of England to special reprobation as a sinner in this respect above all the Churches in Christendom. It was far more to bring out Canon Wilberforce's earnest and fearless denunciation of the whole system spoken of than to point the finger of either reproach or condemnation at the Church of England. There are no more zealous, fearless, and self-denying workers in the cause of total abstinence and of every other well considered plan for the elevation of the people than are to be found in the Anglican Church. We give them all honour, and wish them all success in their zealous, self-denying labours in the crusade against intemperance. Besides, it is quite true, as our correspondent hints, that in this matter no Church can say "These hands are clean." All have in the past so far, wittingly or unwittingly, lent their influence and support to the disastrous drinking usages of society, which really have been the chief causes of the intemperance which has so greatly prevailed and so prevails still in most countries called Christian. All have had too much reason to say, "we are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul and hearkened not unto him." And they have all still too much reason to say the same thing.

But while we say this, it is at the same time but

justice to add that all the Churches of Christ are now moving more or less earnestly in this matter, and in the right direction. They are shaking themselves free of the abomination. Consciences are, in ever increasing numbers, becoming ill at ease on the subject. Light is breaking slowly and surely. Christian men and women, and Christian Churches as well, are beginning to realize more distinctly their responsibilities in the circumstances, and are acting accordingly. It is becoming increasingly evident that the Church of Christ must kill the liquor traffic or the liquor traffic will kill the Church. Every day, every year, the two are standing forth in more direct and deadly antagonism to reach each other, and the issue is becoming always more clearly and more generally recognised. Earnest, devout, well-meaning men have been long trying to find some *via media*—some compromise method which would leave the whole world "moderate drinkers," and not a single son or daughter of Adam a drunkard, or anything like it. But they are one after another discovering their mistake, and are honestly and manfully, though sometimes with a feeling of sorrowful regret, acknowledging it. They say in the language of the late Dr. Guthrie, "Let us no longer try either to muffle or muzzle the monster, but let us pass the knife of Total Abstinence at once and directly to his heart." The liquor interest may fancy (indeed seems to do so) that it is possible for it to regain all the ground it has lost and more; to have the taverns again opened till eleven or twelve o'clock on Saturday night, and perhaps to get a few hours on Sabbath, legally to prosecute the business of making drunkards; but we venture to say that in such expectations it makes a very great mistake. The current sets far more strongly than is frequently supposed in the opposite direction, and any changes in the liquor laws will be in the way of increased restriction, not of restored freedom. In a late article on the subject, such a paper even as the "Pall Mall Gazette" had to say: "Temperance reform, varying from the mere propagandism of total abstinence to the absolute prohibition of all intoxicants, seems destined to be to the great English-speaking communities what the abolition of slavery was to the preceding generation—a test of moral earnestness and an incentive to social and political exertion." And its witness is true. Everyone that can at all discern the signs of the times, cannot fail to see this. In short, the day is not far distant when it will be thought as monstrously inconsistent for any professed Christian to say a word in palliation even of the drinking usages of society, as it is now to hint at anything in defence of slavery.

MISSION WORK IN MANITOBA.

MR. EDITOR,—In a recent issue you strongly invited contributions regarding the mission work of our Church in this country, and it is in response to that invitation that I venture on this communication. It is the desire of men now, just as it was of the Athenians in the days of Paul—"to tell or to hear something," and when a thing has become somewhat customary and thus lost its novelty to ourselves, we naturally think it too commonplace to be worth telling to others. It is true here as elsewhere that custom soon makes and smoothes the grooves in which daily and weekly duties run, and, almost before one is aware, they have become so familiar that the novelty of the situation is gone. However, if anything that can be said about the ordinary work of a somewhat settled mission field can be of interest to your readers, or of use in promoting in any way the cause of our Church, you are welcome to it.

My present field of labour is Burnside, which as things go here is a comparatively old settlement, embracing a very moderate extent of territory, and with but one place of worship. The "pioneers" came into this district about twelve years ago, and at that time had for their neighbours none but Indians and half-breeds. Now all these have disappeared except as transient visitors, and the pale-faced Canadians possess the soil. The spiritual wants of the settlement are provided for by our own Church and the Methodists. The Presbyterians have about twenty-five families in connection with Burnside church, the Methodists not nearly so many. Burnside is not by itself considered sufficient to occupy the whole time and attention of one man, but there is no other station in the neighbourhood that can be conveniently wrought with it. It was supposed that a new station could be

established at West Portage with which it could be joined, but on trial that has proved impracticable for want of population, and at last meeting of Presbytery it was agreed to discontinue it in the meantime. The difficulty of providing supply for Burnside alone was happily solved by the people themselves. They proposed to increase their contributions so as to raise by themselves, in the absence of another station, the amount required to make up the salary along with the Home Mission grant, on condition that I should be allowed to remain with them; and in this they succeeded even beyond their expectations. As their movement was in the right direction, the Presbytery, in response to their laudable liberality, agreed to their request. Burnside, while perhaps the smallest in extent, occupies the enviable position at present of being the best contributing congregation in the Province for ministerial support. According to the subscription list for the current year the rate is rather over sixteen dollars per member and twenty eight dollars per family—a rate seldom reached in Ontario. Nor are they contributing at all beyond their ability or their duty. God has blessed them with a fertile soil and an abundant harvest, which has been all safely gathered in, and their increased liberality is no more than in proportion to their increased material prosperity. This congregation illustrates what may be expected all over the country in a very few years. Until the land gets into good bearing condition many of the settlers have little to save. But after they have reaped two or three harvests they are generally in a good position, and can afford to be more liberal.

With regard to the work in general, of course it is extending and developing rapidly with the rapid settlement of the country. So much is this the case that the present arrangements are manifestly insufficient for the carrying on the work in the most efficient and satisfactory manner. The present Presbytery of Manitoba is too extensive to be conducted altogether in accordance with the spirit and principle of Presbyterianism; but, as this matter will no doubt soon be considered with the view to dividing the field into two or three separate Presbyteries, I will not refer to it further in the meantime, but may on some future occasion.

JOHN ANDERSON.

Burnside, Manitoba, Oct. 30th, 1882.

ENDOWMENT OF KNOX COLLEGE.

MR. EDITOR,—It will be gratifying, to all who are interested in Knox College, to notice that the Church is beginning to waken up in regard to providing an endowment for this institution. Seeing what other Churches and other cities have done for colleges in which they are interested, it seems strange that the cities of the west and the wealthy men of this part of the Church, should not sooner have undertaken this work. Now that it has been entered upon, it is to be hoped it will not be allowed to fail. This is a work that peculiarly devolves upon the wealthy members of the Church. The other members are no doubt equally interested in it, but are not able to do much more than is required of them in carrying on the ordinary operations of the Church. Men, whom God has blessed with abundant means above the requirements of life, have here a noble opportunity of giving expression to their gratitude, and conferring a very great benefit upon their Church and country as well upon themselves. If individuals connected with our own and other Churches have in Montreal and Toronto nobly given their tens of thousands to the cause they feel honoured in advancing, are there not in the latter city a hundred who could and would give their thousand, for so necessitous and worthy a cause as this which now appeals to them? I believe there are, were the matter placed before them, and in the other cities of the west, the other hundred subscribers of a thousand could easily be found. This is a work our business men should take up and carry through at once. If they only would, they easily could. Why should ministers or professors be sent wandering over the land for a work like this, in a Church like ours, where the money that could do it lies in abundance? It should be done at once, for if it is allowed to become a matter of lingering begging from door to door, it is not likely to be successfully accomplished. Let our noble-hearted men of wealth take it in hand, and if entered on in a spirit of loyal and cordial devotion to the great interests at stake, the Church will be surprised at the ease with which it can be done.

We are too slow in our ways of doing such works as

this. We do them after delay, remonstrance and appeal, and the benefit of so good a work is largely lost to the Church. Within three months it might be done, and no one be the poorer, and our Church be honoured and encouraged by the doing of it. Surely we are not to be the one Church distinguished for this, that it lacks the Christian zeal, and patriotism, and enthusiasm, necessary to place one of its most honoured institutions above the wretchedness of a miserable poverty. I cannot believe this of our Church. In a recent letter of Dr. McKay, he tells of a converted heathen giving \$10,000 to a college in one of the cities of his country. Is our Christianity less potent than that which commands the resources of these noble heathen converts? No; what generous members of our Church have done, and are doing, proves that it is not.

This work, then, is not to be regarded as a painful task to be performed, but as a high privilege placed within the reach of the wealthy and the generous. And in this work will not some of these find the very opportunity they have been looking for, of doing some good work expressive of their gratitude to God, and that will greatly promote His cause, while it causes their own names to be remembered through many generations.

This work, then, can, and should be, done without the painful process of personal visitation and appeal by professors and ministers. They ought not to be subjected to such a task by generous and wealthy gentlemen. It is not their work. Let the gifts be sent in. No one can doubt for a moment that it is in the power of even a small number of our members to do this thing, and to do it in such a manner as would ennoble the generous donors, impart a fresh stimulus to all the workers in the College, and send out a thrill of encouragement and satisfaction to the remotest corner of the Church.

Let the work be entered on in this spirit. Let committees of business men in every city take it up, and before Christmas the happy announcement may be made to the Church that it is done. Every man who had a part in it would feel richer and happier. But I know men will not believe the Gospel, and many will think this too much to expect. Certainly, to expect generous deeds from some, is to expect too much, but to ask and expect from the servants of God, what is needed to carry on His work, is neither to ask nor expect too much. We believe that faith and generosity are not dead in the hearts of God's people, and that these will produce the necessary means in a manner fitted to shed new lustre upon our Church.

D. D. MCKEOD.

THE result of the vote in St. Andrew's Church, London, was against the introduction of an organ.

A GOOD story is told of Agassiz, the great naturalist. His father destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes, and fishes. The last, especially, were objects of the boy's attention. His vacations he spent in making journeys on foot through Europe, examining the different species of fresh-water fishes. He came to London with letters of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison. "You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly. "What have you learned?" The lad was timid, not sure at that moment that he had learned anything. "I think," he said at last, "I know a little about fishes." "Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night; I will take you with me there." All of the great scientific men of England belong to this society. That evening, toward its close, Sir Roderick rose and said: "I have a young friend here from Switzerland, who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much, I have a fancy to try. There is, under this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man." He then gave the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was, of course, extinct. "Can you sketch for me on the blackboard, your idea of this fish?" said Sir Roderick. Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated a moment, and then sketched rapidly a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old doctors burst into loud applause. "Sir," Agassiz said on telling the story, "that was the proudest moment of my life, and the happiest; for I knew, now, my father would consent that I should give my life to science."

CHOICE LITERATURE.

THROUGH THE WINTER.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Crying bitterly, Helen left the room, and rushing upstairs fell on her knees by her bed. She could not pray. She could hardly think. She was conscious of but one thing: that she was very miserable and yet must not stay to indulge her misery. She must go to work; and, as she remembered all she had to do, Helen's head sank lower, and her very heart seemed to sob itself out, as she pleaded:

"O God, my Father in heaven, forgive me—have pity upon me—help me. I did so want to be a good child to-day, and do my work heartily, and now, at the very beginning, I have made this wretched failure. My Father, help me: take me in Thine arms, hold me close to-day, do not leave me to myself. Teach me to do my whole duty lovingly, heartily, and O—." With a great longing for refuge and strength, humbly and penitently, Helen remembered and whispered the words that in moments of pain she had heard her mother often murmur: "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe."

The prayer was heard; the storm of passion passed; Helen's sobs and tears ceased. For a few moments she rested quietly with her head bowed on the bed; then the memory of all she had to do came back, and she rose, bathed her face and smoothed her hair. Her little Bible still lay on the bureau open at the verse over which in the early morning she had lingered so gladly: "Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, Rejoice."

Helen remembered and shook her head.

"I have no call to rejoice," she said, wearily; "only to repent and be humble." Bright as a gleam of sunlight, breaking through the clouds of a stormy day, came as in a whisper,

"It is to you the call comes. Rejoice because you can repent, because you have a Saviour touched with the feeling of your infirmities. Yea, rejoice alway."

Was it a new light upon a dark path?

"I must go to papa, now," she thought; but her first move was to the kitchen. There she found Ronald and Sibyl seated in their little chairs close by the stove, so impressed and distressed by the morning's trouble that they scarcely dared to speak; and, when Helen appeared, turned two little, pale, scared faces toward her.

"Why, you dear little children," she said, berding down and kissing them fondly. "Where are your boots and coats? On such a bright, beautiful morning as this you mustn't be crouching over the stove. Go, get your wrappings and sleds and run out; it is Saturday, and you needn't have any lessons. You may just play all day."

Cheered by her kind words the little ones ran off, and were soon out in the bright winter air, with all indoor troubles forgotten.

Helen's next act was to make two delicate slices of toast and a cup of her father's favourite tea, and taking them on a tray she went in and stood before Mr. Humphrey.

"Papa," she said, sweetly, "I am very, very sorry for what I said at breakfast, and for all I have done to displease you. Will you forgive me, papa? I will try and do better hereafter." She waited a moment; but, as her father only looked at her without speaking, she added, hastily,

"I am sorry the coffee was so poor; but I have made some tea and toast: will you take it, papa? Perhaps it will do your cold good."

With a cold "Thank you," Mr. Humphrey accepted her little offering, and with a lightened heart she went about other matters. The sitting-room was quickly put in pleasant order; on a little table near her father she placed his papers and magazines. Her plants were watered, the room upstairs arranged, and then with dainty hands, that seemed that day to have a secret understanding with flour and sugar that they were all to do their best, Helen went to her baking.

Pies, crackers, and cakes were all deftly and successfully made; even the bread rose up and gave unusual promise of lightness, sweetness, and goodness. Helen said to Matie that she had never baked so easily before, and secretly she wondered why it was. Had the morning storm cleared the atmosphere for the whole day? No, not the storm, but the lesson of humility which the storm had taught her.

At dinner-time Philip and Fred appeared; they had left the house immediately after breakfast and Helen had not seen them since. Their first look at her was an anxious one, but her bright smile reassured them, and they were soon talking and laughing gayly as usual.

"Helen," Philip asked, as they were leaving the dinner-table, "are you going to be very busy this afternoon?"

"I am afraid so, Philip, most of it—why?"

"Because it is such splendid sleighing now, and I thought if father was willing and you could go, Fred and I would get out the old sleigh and take you and the children for a ride. Can't you go, Nellie?"

Helen hesitated. "Have you asked papa?" she said.

"No; but I will, right away. If he says yes, will you go?"

"I will try to," Helen answered; "but it will be some time before I am ready."

"Never mind," Philip said, cheerfully. "Fred and I can wait. It will do you a world of good to go, and I think papa will consent. I'll ask him now."

Philip went back into the sitting-room, and soon came out toasting up his cap and whistling merrily.

"All right, Nellie," he cried, as he passed through the kitchen; we can go as soon as you are ready; hurry up, won't you?" And, without waiting for her answer, he hurried out-doors, and his merry voice was soon heard shouting to Fred to come and help him with the sleigh.

The next two hours were very busy ones in Helen's little kitchen: she doubted very much if she ought to go; but Matie joined her persuasions to the boys. Ronald and Sibyl came running in, wild with delight at the prospect of

a sleigh-ride, and the thought of it was so attractive to Helen herself that she determined to dismiss her scruples, and take the pleasure offered her. Matie flew around putting things in order with twice her usual energy, and when Fred came to know if Helen was ready, her kitchen work was done, and there remained only the basketful of mending, which she said to herself she could do in the evening.

It was a happy party that crowded into the old sleigh; the pure winter air was simply delicious to breathe; the sunshine was bright, if not warm; and the cold wind, if it did play tricks with their wrappings, good-naturedly rouged their cheeks, brightened their eyes, and being in a frolic itself, soon put them in the same mood.

"We will go down to the beach first and see the wreck," said Philip.

So they drove gayly down to the beach, and halted for a moment on the white, shingly sands to look at a large, strong, noble-looking ship, which had been driven ashore in a hard storm two weeks before. A number of men, landsmen as well as seamen, were busily engaged in work connected with the unloading of the wreck. Among them were ten or fifteen stalwart, noble-looking Indians—the last remnant of a once powerful tribe that for many years had been settled on a large tract of waste and hilly country near Quinneccoco.

With what a drowsy, gurgling sound the waters swashed up around the grounded vessel; with what merry shouts and good-humoured jokes the men saluted each other, as cheerfully and willingly they bent to their labours. One of them stopped to speak to the boys.

"She's all ready to go off," he said, in answer to some question asked by Philip. "The captain's only waiting for a tug: two or three days more of as fine weather as this," and he glanced up at the cloudless sky, "and they'll haul her off."

It was a pleasant sight, and they enjoyed it; but they were out for a sleighride, and it would never do to spend the afternoon on the beach; so the horses were turned, and away they flew through the main street of Quinneccoco, meeting now and then some friend or acquaintance who wished them a pleasant ride, until the village was left behind, and they entered the beautiful woods which lay between Quinneccoco and Riverton, a good-sized town, to which the boys proposed going.

How pleasant it was riding through those quiet woods! They did not feel the wind now, for the tall trees sheltered them from it. The snow lay deep and unbroken, with only here and there some tiny track of rabbit, bird, or dog, to tell of life that might be hungering near them. Helen enjoyed it with the zest of one who, after being for a long while half-fed, is suddenly provided with a rich banquet. She was a deep, passionate lover of nature, and since she had learned to look up from the beauty that thrilled and gladdened her soul to the hand that created it, and whisper "My Father," the world had seemed fairer than of old, and traced all over with hieroglyphics that, rightly read, told of Infinite Love watching with tenderest care his creatures and ordering all their steps.

"Helen," said Fred, breaking in on her musings as they came near Riverton, "what do you say to our going round by the old mill, and crossing the bridge, and going home the other way?"

"I think it will be very pleasant," Helen answered; "I always like to go by the mill; only take care, boys, that we don't get into any trouble."

"Trouble!" Fred repeated, scornfully. "Nellie, you are a perfect Godmother Fidget, with your take-cares and don'ts; what trouble can we possibly get into in going round by the mill?"

"I don't know," Helen answered, very meekly; "none, I hope."

"Don't you fret," Fred said, patronizingly. "Look out now, young ones, here we go. Now you'll see how we do it."

They were just opposite the old mill, which was working sad grinding away, while the waters in the race were seething, and foaming, and fretting against the stones which pent them in. Some tall old trees hung over the race; soft masses of snow fell every few moments from their branches down into the brown, whirling waters beneath, while shadows and sunbeams played hide and seek around them. The road here made a sudden curve, winding round to the other side of the mill, crossed over a bridge into a pleasant country of level fields and upland green pastures. Quickly the horses flew round the curve, trotted the short distance down the road, and reached the bridge.

"Take care!" shouted a voice behind them; "the bridge isn't safe. Come back, come back."

The warning was too late: the horses had been trotting fast; they were excited and eager for a race; the cries behind startled them, and in spite of the boys' efforts to hold them, they reared and plunged violently forward into a broken place in the bridge, while the sleigh was thrown over on one side, and its occupants dropped out into the soft snow without regard to comfort or safety. Fortunately none of them were hurt. Helen's hat was knocked off her head, and blown into the river, where, as she picked herself up and turned to look for it, she could see it floating seaward with the current. Ronald and Sibyl thought it great fun to be so unceremoniously spilt out of their warm sleigh into a snow-bank, and sat there regarding the scene with great interest. Several men were running at full speed to assist the boys; a sleigh had driven down to the bridge just behind them, and the gentleman, having secured his own horses, was already on the spot, standing at the head of the floundering, frightened animals, controlling and soothing them.

Helen, knowing she could not help, and thinking they might be less in the way on the ground, called the children from off the bridge back to the road, where they stood watching and waiting the result of the accident.

"O Nellie, how funny you look!" Ronald cried, as his eyes left the horses and came back to his sister. "Your hair is white with snow, and it is blowing all over your head just like—like shooting stars," he concluded, remembering suddenly the meteors he had watched the night before.

"Can't help it, Ronald," Helen replied, gayly. "My fate and John Gilpin's are alike—we both lost our hats—"

"Away went Gilpin neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig,
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig."

I'll tie my scarf over my head, if I can find it when we get back in the sleigh. I wish I knew if the horses are hurt, and if there is any hope of our soon getting on. Stay here, Ronald—you and Sibyl—and I'll go and ask."

Leaving the children, she stepped lightly on the bridge, but stopped, as she saw Philip coming to meet her with a stranger.

"Are you both safe—are the horses hurt, Philip?" she asked eagerly, as he came up to her.

"Not much, Helen; it is nothing serious; but the men say Jumping Jack is a little lame; he has hurt his ankle, I believe. We'll have to drive home very slowly—Fred and I; and it will be a very long and cold ride for you and the children; so, Nellie, this gentleman has offered to take you home, and I think you had better go."

Blushing deeply, Helen glanced up at the gentleman. She did not like being transferred to a stranger's care; she dreaded troubling and inconveniencing him. Perhaps, though her lips were silent, her face spoke for her; for, with a bow and a smile that at once quieted all her fears, the gentleman said:

"I shall be very glad to take you and your little brother and sister home, Miss Humphrey. My sleigh is roomy, and my way will take me past your father's. Will you allow me to put you and the little folks in the sleigh at once? It will be better for you than standing on this cold ground. And then in a few moments, as soon as I have seen your brothers started, we will be off."

"Thank you," Helen said, with a pretty dignity; "thank you, you are very kind."

And then, as she turned to go with him, thoughts and eyes went back to her brothers.

"Philip," she said anxiously, "you are sure—perfectly sure—Fred and yourself are unhurt?"

"Perfectly sure, Nellie," Philip answered with an affectionate smile. "But, Helen, what have you done with your hat?"

"Sent it on an exploring expedition, perhaps, to find the northwest passage," she said, lightly. "Don't look grave, Phil, dear. I am glad there is nothing lost but my hat."

"But you will take cold; you can't go home without it."

"I can because I must," she answered, with a smile; "and I won't take cold, Philip: I never felt less like it. Somewhere among the robes, if it hasn't followed my hat, there's a scarf. If you will find that, Philip, I will tie it on my head, and it will be better than my hat. You know Aunt Sarah said there was about as much warmth in that as in a Pharisee's charity."

Philip's only answer was to run and look for the scarf; and Helen, calling Ronald and Sibyl, walked with them to the gentleman's sleigh. They were soon seated, and kind, thoughtful hands tucked them in and arranged the soft furs around them so that no wind could reach them. Helen had never had just such care taken of her on a ride before, and even in the hurry and excitement of the moment she felt it, and thought what happy girls that gentleman's sisters—if he had any—must be.

Ronald and Sibyl were won at once by his pleasant smile and voice, and let him seat and do with them as he pleased, Sibyl saying, as he left them to speak to the boys,

"I s'pose Jesus sent him, Helen, and I guess he's very good."

Philip came back with the scarf, reported they were quite ready to start, and with a pleasant word of encouragement to him, the gentleman took his seat, touched his horses lightly, and they were off.

It was growing late; dark it could not be, for a full-moon threw its brilliant light upon their way, and combined with the snow-covered ground and leafless trees, with their long swaying branches to show them wonderful pictures of light and shade.

Now that the excitement was over the children were very quiet, and Helen was conscious of feeling very tired and a little troubled as she thought of the accident to the lame horse. She did not feel like talking; it would have been somewhat trying to have had to keep up a conversation with a stranger, though he had shown himself so kind, and she was grateful that, beyond a question or two as to her comfort, and one or two little things done to increase it, he made no demands upon her thoughts or words.

Her thanks were very gratefully given when she reached home, but she was answered in a manner to relieve all sense of obligation and convey the impression that he felt himself the one indebted; and with the hope that they would none of them receive any injury from their accident, and a pleasant good-night, he left her.

Sibyl was the first to run into the room where, alone in the deepening twilight, buried in sombre thought, Mr. Humphrey was sitting.

"O papa!" she screamed, "the horses got into a deep hole and upset us, and a kind, good, beautiful gentleman brought us home in his sleigh, and oh," she said, ending her story with a long-drawn sigh, "I'm so tired and hungry."

Mr. Humphrey had risen and stood now by the self, looking with gloomy eyes on his three children. In justice to him, it must be owned his first thought was for them.

"Were any of you hurt?" he questioned. "Helen, are you all safe? Where are the boys?"

"Yes, we are all safe, papa," Helen answered, trying to speak calmly. "The boys will be here soon. The bridge by the mill was broken, and the horses got into a hole, and Jumping Jack is lamed a little—not seriously, the men said who helped us, but the boys had to drive him very slowly; and a gentleman, who was just behind us, offered to bring us home in his sleigh. And I am very thankful we have escaped so well," she added, timidly.

"Escaped so well!" Mr. Humphrey repeated. "I dare say Jumping Jack will never be able to trot another rod; a good three hundred dollars this ride of yours will probably

cost me. Next time I let those boys have my horses they'll know better than to run them on broken bridges. Well, it is just my luck," he concluded, gloomily, seating himself again in his chair and only rousing, as Helen was leaving the room, to say: "I wish you would light the lamp, Helen, and let us have tea as soon as possible."

Helen complied with her father's wishes. The tea was soon served, and just as it was over Fred and Philip came in. They, too, were tired and hungry, and in great dread of what their father would say. But Mr. Humphrey, having once expressed his opinion, did not condescend to do so the second time. He only inquired particularly as to the hurt of the horse, and what had been done, and satisfied from the boys' report that it was only—as it proved to be—a temporary injury, took up his paper and devoted the remainder of the evening to its perusal.

"Helen," said Sibyl, as Helen was undressing her for bed that night, "Helen, won't Christmas be here very soon now?"

"Yes, dear, in about three weeks."

"Well, Helen, I've thought just what I want for a Christmas present; shall I ask God to give it to me?"

Helen would not chill the sacred child-faith.

"Yes, dear, if it is something right for you to have," she said; "what is it?"

"I want a new doll, Helen; a new, pretty, lady doll. I've had Celeste Angelica Louise until I'm tired of her, and this afternoon in the sleigh she broke her nose. Look here!" and Sibyl exhibited her disfigured doll with an expression of great disgust.

"You might have a new head for this body; how would that do?" Helen asked.

"It wouldn't do at all," Sibyl replied, decidedly. "Don't you see, Nellie, then there'd be two heads and only one heart between them. I want a new dollie with a new heart, and I'll keep Celeste to sit in her chair, just as old Mrs. Grant, who was hurt, does, and when I look at her I'll think—" Sibyl stopped suddenly and looked at Helen as if a new idea had entered her mind.

"What will you think, dear?"

"I'll think," Sibyl spoke very slowly, "how glad I am it is her nose and not mine that's broken, and I'll remember always to say,

"I thank thee, gracious Providence,
That thou hast kept me safe this day."

Can't I have the doll, Nellie?"

"I'll see," and, with a curious, mingled feeling of amusement and pain, Helen took her little sister in her arms and offered a short, fervent thanksgiving prayer.

"She is a curious child," she thought, as she kissed her and laid her in her bed; "sometimes she seems so worldly-wise, and again so full of child-like, almost angel-like simplicity. I do not know how to teach her, but the Good Shepherd does. His lambs are safe with Him."

(To be continued.)

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A teacher or a large public school in England has, during many years, been carefully teaching the children in his school, kindness to animals—to feed the birds, to pat the horses, and enjoy making all God's harmless creatures happy; and he now tells us that out of about 7,000 children that have gone out from his school, not one has ever been charged with a criminal offence in any court.

A celebrated French teacher (M. De Sailly) has been teaching the children in his school, ever since 1851, kindness to animals. He says it has had the best influence on their lives and character. He has found them "not only more kind to animals, but more gentle and affectionate toward each other," and he hopes that principles of kindness to animals will soon be taught in every school. In more than 5,000 French schools, regular lessons are now given the children on this subject, and hundreds, perhaps thousands of children's societies have been formed in the schools of England, France, and other countries, to protect animals from cruelty. Out of about 2,000 criminals in American prisons inquired of on the subject, it was found that only twelve had any pet animal during their childhood.

About 600 prizes are now given every year to the scholars in English schools who write the best compositions on kindness to animals. They have been presented to these scholars by the daughters of the Queen, and other distinguished persons, in the presence of large audiences, numbering at one time nearly 10,000 people.

WHAT A BLIND MAN DID.

John Metcalf was a native of the West Riding of Yorkshire, born in the year 1717, only a few miles from Harrogate. He lost his sight from the effects of measles when four years old, and very shortly became totally blind—utterly unconscious of light! His first efforts toward sustaining himself were made upon the violin. He became an expert performer on the instrument when a mere boy, and for many years attended as a musician at the "Queen's Head," in High Harrogate. At the age of five-and-twenty he had saved money enough with which to purchase a wheeled carriage and horses, for the conveying of people to and from places of public amusement. A few years later he sold his horses, and enlisted as a volunteer in Colonel Thornton's Volunteers, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk. He was soon released, however, and returned to Knarborough, where he was born, and commenced the business of a common carrier between that town and York, a distance of sixteen miles; and whilst thus engaged he served as a guide at night through the intricate passes, or when the tracks were covered with snow. As might be expected, strangers often hesitated about placing themselves under the guidance of a man so utterly blind that even the glare of the sunlight upon the snow was not perceptible to him; but he never failed them. Over the trackless waste he would conduct travellers, when, as far as the eye could reach, only a sheet of unbroken and unmarked snow lay upon the earth; and

he never went wrong, and never hesitated. But more than this; at the age of forty he could follow the chase as well and as keenly as the rest. He had his own horses, and could follow those hounds as surely as the keenest sighted man of the country. John Metcalf was on a visit to his native place in the year 1788; being then seventy-one years of age—healthy, jugged and strong. He had come from Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, where he had just finished the building of a piece of road and the construction of a splendid bridge.

THE BETTER LAND.

I know not where that city lifts
Its jasper walls in air,
I know not where the glory beams,
So marvellously fair;

I cannot see the waving hands
Upon that farther shore,
I cannot hear the rapturous song
Of dear ones gone before;

But dimmed and blinded earthly eyes,
Washed clear by contrite tears,
Sometimes catch glimpses of the light
From the eternal years.

—L. M. Latimer.

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS.

The last hundred years have seen the most sudden change in the British material and external life that is, perhaps, recorded in history. It is curious how many things date from that 1770 or 1780. The use of steam in manufactories and locomotion by sea and land, the textile revolution, the factory system, the enormous growth of population, the change from a rural to a town life, the portentous growth of the empire, the vast expansion of sea power, of commerce, of manufacture, of wealth, of intercommunication, of the post; then the use of gas, electricity, telegraphs, telephones, steam presses, sewing machines, air engines, gas engines, electric engines, photographs, tunnels, ship canals, and all the rest. Early in the last century Britain was one of the lesser kingdoms in Europe, but one-third in size and numbers of France and Germany. Now it is in size twenty times—twenty twenty times as big as either, and six or seven times as populous as either. London then was only one of a dozen cities in Europe; hardly of the area of Manchester or Leeds. It is now the biggest and most populous city in recorded history, nearly equal in size and population to all the capitals of Europe put together. One hundred years ago to have lit the theatre as it is now lighted, would have cost £50, and the labour of two or three men for an hour to light and snuff and extinguish the candles. It is now done for a shilling by one man in three minutes. A hundred years ago to have taken us all to our homes at night would have cost on an average 5s. a head and two hours of weary jolting. We may get home now for 4d. or 6d. a head at the most in half an hour. If you wanted an answer from a friend in Dublin or Edinburgh it would have cost by post (one hundred years ago) about 2s. in money and a fortnight in time. You now get an answer in thirty hours for twopenny, or a penny if you are as brief as the Prime minister. A hundred years ago, if you wanted to go there, it would have taken you a week, and you would have to make your will. You can now go in a day, and come back the next. —Fortnightly for April.

THE CHILD IN THE PRINTING OFFICE.

Who is the Man that is looking so hard at the Piece of Paper? He is an Intelligent Compositor. Why does he hold the Paper so close to his Eyes? Because the Correspondent who wrote it makes Hen-tracks. What is he saying? He is saying, "I can't make out this stuff." And who is the Other Man going to the Case? That is the furious Foreman. What does he want? He is going to Help the Intelligent Compositor decipher the hen-Tracks. Do you think he can do it? I don't know; he can do most Anything, but I Guess that will be Too Much for him. Now I see an Other man Coming. What is he Going to do? That is the Precise Proof Reader. He is Going to Cast his eagle Eye over the Hen Tracks to See where they Lead to. Do you think He can Find it out? No; not without a Guide or a Calcium light. Now, here comes Another man—who is the Man? That is the Able Editor. Where did he come From? From his Den. Now all the Men are close together—see! their Heads most touch—and they are Looking every One of them at the Piece of Paper. What do they do That for? Because they Are Concentrating their Giant intellects upon the piece of Paper to see What the hen-Track Correspondent means by his Hieroglyphics. Have they Found out? No, they are stumped. Now they are going Away from the Case. Yes, And one of the Men has chucked the Piece of Paper into the Stove. Why does he do That? Because he can't read the hen-Tracks. Who is the Small Boy that has a Grin on his face, and his Hat turned up in Front? He is the Office Boy. What is the Able Editor Saying to him? He is telling him "to go after the Long Range shot Gun. What for? Because the Able Editor wants to go hunting after the hen-Track Correspondent. Will he hurt him? Yes he will, if he Catches him. Do you think the Correspondent ought to be Killed? Certainly.

THE fruit crop in Scotland has been a complete failure. It is the worst season for the last fifty years. At one well-known orchard in the Carse of Gowrie, which is rented at £200, the crop consists of one barrel of apples.

AN Englishman has described coffee as "a noxious berry, drunk to keep used-up Londoners awake." Noxious or not, the fragrant beverage has so increased in popularity that from a total product of 338,000 tons in 1860 the supply now exceeds 600,000 tons. America alone furnishes a demand for between 180,000 and 200,000 tons of it a year.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN STAFFS.

LONDON has a population of 4,754,312.

ONE of the candidates for Governor of Connecticut was a newsboy thirty years ago.

IT is estimated that 5,000 Egyptians and 300 English lost their lives in the late war in Egypt.

H. M. S. ALEXANDRA has arrived at Malta from Port Said with Midshipman De Chair on board.

MANCHESTER, in England, is to be made a seaport by means of a ship canal cut between it and Liverpool.

FIFTY Mormon missionaries have left Salt Lake City on a proselytizing tour in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark.

INSTRUMENTAL music is to be introduced in St. James's Church, Kirkcaldy, the congregation being unanimously in favour of it.

IT is in contemplation to nominate Rev. Dr. Taylor, Thurso, as Moderator of the next General Assembly of the Free Church.

FOUR thousand five hundred immigrants landed at New-York last week—the largest number ever actually landed there in a single day.

ONE result of King Kalakaua's trip around the world is probably seen in the recent landing at Honolulu of 1,200 Portuguese immigrants.

HARVEST thanksgiving services have been held in many of the English churches and chapels, which were decorated with fruits and flowers.

AN express train on the Shore Line between Boston and Providence, last week ran a distance of ten miles at the rate of eighty miles an hour.

THE Pittsburgh Y. M. C. A. has secured \$75,000 for a new building, 60 feet by 90, to be erected on the corner of Penn avenue and Seventh street.

THE higher schools of Ceylon are doing a good work. In Jaffna college fifty out of seventy-three students have renounced Paganism for Christianity.

THE President of the People's Passenger Railway in Philadelphia has forbidden all smoking on his cars. His name is Charles J. Harrah—Hurrah!

THE Tenth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, which closed October 7th, was most successful, the attendance aggregating 351,000, and the profits reaching \$15,000.

JAY GOULD'S capture of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railway gives him, in all, control of \$24,000,000 in corporate capital, and 42,000 employes in Missouri.

A RECENT cyclone in Florida carried a man 300 yards through the air, and then dashed him to the ground. Five persons were killed and several houses blown down.

THE year 1900 is a leap year, but nevertheless February will have but twenty-eight days—a curious fact that happens every 200 years, and always when the hundreds are odd.

TWO Mormon missionaries who attempted to conduct a Mormon service on Clerkenwell Green, London, were set upon by a violent mob, and compelled to take flight.

THE comet has brought thousands of North Carolina negro sinners to repentance. They regard it as a forerunner of the world's end, and are making preparations accordingly.

EACH of Garibaldi's children is to get \$2,000 a year for life from the Italian government. Yet their late father was in 1834 condemned by the grandfather of the present king of Italy to be shot.

THERE are 610 Chinamen on the rolls of the Chinese Sunday schools in New York, and the average attendance of these reaches 331. Forty of these scholars have confessed their faith in Christ.

MISS BURKE (the late Under-Secretary for Ireland's sister) has never quite got over the shock caused by the news of her brother's assassination in Phoenix Park, and her health is still feeble.

AND now Mr. Gladstone is added to the frightful catalogue of "great deceivers," some writer proving that the sum of the numbers corresponding to the Greek letters of his name just foots up 666!

THERE is a sermon in the fact that Stanley, the African explorer, has won the confidence of the natives so completely that the white men at the posts he has established do not carry weapons any longer.

A MAJOR and two lieutenants of the Salvation Army in Bombay were fined, and in default, imprisoned, for disturbing the public peace. The conditions of society in England and India are quite different.

JUDGE HILTON, the executor of the late A. T. Stewart, who not very long ago excluded Jews from his hotel at Saratoga, has now offered \$10,000 for the relief of the Russian-Jewish refugees in America.

HENRY M. STANLEY says he has not, in his three years with the Belgium Exploring Expedition on the Congo, had the least difficulty with the natives. He has established four stations, or *muscis* of commercial towns.

THE Australian eleven's share of the gate receipts of the two matches last played by them at Manchester amounted to \$10,000. During the last two days of the latter match—that with the north of England—32,000 spectators paid entrance. They take away £11,000 in hard cash.

NEW YORK has 10,000 saloons, and spends \$60,000,000 a year for liquor, while its schools, justly its pride, cost only \$4,000,000 annually. Philadelphia spends \$23,000,000 for liquor, and about one-tenth as much for schools. Baltimore spends \$8,000,000 for liquor, and less than \$1,000,000 for church and school purposes.

DURING one of the engagements at Kassassin in the late Egyptian Campaign a Torontoian, named Cooper, lost his life. Cooper, who belonged to the 4th Dragoon Guards, observing an infantry soldier writhing under his wounds, dismounted to give him a drink from his water flask. While performing this humane duty, he received a bullet wound in the breast, and died two days afterwards.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev. W. Robertson, formerly of Yarmouth, N.S., was inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Danville on the 25th October.

MR. J. PRITCHARD, B.A., of Morrin College, was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of St. Sylvester and Lower Leeds, Presbytery of Quebec, on the 11th October.

REV. MR. COCHRANE, D.D., Moderator of General Assembly, Presbyterian Church, has issued a circular letter to all the ministers to hold religious services in their respective churches on Thanksgiving Day, 9th November.

REV. H. M. PARSONS, Knox Church, Toronto, gave some very interesting Bible readings in the Presbyterian Church, Collingwood, on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 26th, 27th, and 28th ult. The readings were well attended, and greatly enjoyed by those fortunate enough to be present.

THE ladies of Dumfries street Church, Paris, have done themselves the honour of presenting to Mrs. McLeod, the wife of their esteemed pastor, a nicely covered phaeton of superior workmanship. The gift was made in a quiet and unostentatious way, without that fuss and parade so common now-a-days.

ON Wednesday evening, Sept. 13th, an interesting gathering took place at the house of Mr. Doyle, Benlah, when Rev. A. Fraser was presented with a purse of money, and an address expressing regret at his departure, and grateful acknowledgement of his services, which were much appreciated in that settlement.

THE Presbyterian church, St. George, is making an effort to pay off the debt on the manse, and there is every prospect of their being successful. A choir has lately been organized in the church, and the singing last Sabbath was much improved under the leadership of Mr. Rudel; Miss E. Elliot presiding at the organ.

THE Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of Montreal, has for several Sabbaths occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, in the absence of the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, with great acceptance to the congregation. The reverend gentleman left on Monday evening for Cornwall, where he will pay a short visit to his daughter, Mrs. Manice.

THE annual meeting of the Collingwood branch of the Upper Canada Bible Society was held in the Presbyterian church lately. The attendance was very fair, rather above the average, and listened with the greatest attention to an interesting and statistical address by the Rev. James Carmichael, of King, travelling agent of the Society.

AT the last meeting of the Barrie Presbytery, Rev. E. W. Panton, of Bradford, was called to the Superintendency of the Muskoka Mission Field, which position he has since declined. The congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, moderated in a call on the 23rd ult., which came out unanimously in favour of the Rev. E. W. Panton, and which, in all probability, he will accept.

THE sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in Tilsonburg on Sabbath, October 29th. Rev. Mr. Martin, of Norwich, preached at the preparatory services, and Rev. Principal Caven, D.D., on Sabbath. The services throughout were impressive, and the congregation appeared to be deeply moved by the earnest declaration of the "old, old story." Twenty-one united with the church, eleven by certificate and ten by profession of faith.

THE Rev. J. Carmichael, M.A., has been inducted to the pastorate of Norwich Presbyterian Church, to succeed the Rev. Mr. Fotheringham. The Rev. E. Torrance of Peterborough, preached an eloquent and impressive sermon, and, together with the Rev. J. S. Ross, of Harwood, Rev. F. Andrews, of Keene, and Rev. J. Cameron, of Millbrook, took part in the induction services. A dinner was held in the basement of the church, and a tea in the evening, both of which were very successful.

CALVIN Church, East Wawanash, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Jas. Anderson, Whitechurch, was opened on the 22nd of October. Services were conducted in the morning and evening by the Rev. James Little, of Princeton. The Rev. A. McLean, of Blythe, preached in the afternoon. The house was filled to overflowing at each diet of worship. A successful tea meeting was held on Monday evening,

when excellent and appropriate addresses were delivered by Messrs. Cameron, of Lucknow; Brown, of Wroxeter; Durea, of the Methodist Church, and Little, of Princeton. The congregation enters their comfortable and commodious place of worship almost free of debt.

THERE was a very pleasant and agreeable surprise on Monday morning, 30th ult., at the manse in Londesborough when Messrs. Alexander Smith and Alexander Watt, senior, drove up to the door, and, in the name of the congregation of Nullett, presented their pastor, the Rev. John S. Lochead, with a valuable horse, sleigh, robe, and whip. These gifts are an expression of the esteem with which they regard their pastor, and are valuable not only in a pecuniary point of view, but still more so as indicating the sympathy and love existing between pastor and people. They will, no doubt, serve to strengthen the bond of union between them, and be an encouragement to the pastor to labour still more diligently for the spiritual welfare of a people who thus manifest their appreciation of him and his labours.

THE Presbyterians of West Puslinch opened their new church on the 29th ult., services being held morning and evening. The morning service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Dickson, of Galt, and the evening service by the Rev. Alex. McKay, D.D., of East Puslinch. In the morning the church was crowded to the door, quite a number being unable to get in, and in the evening it was comfortably filled. The collections amounted to about \$100. The church is seated for about 500. It is built of white brick, and looks well. The fittings up inside are neat, and the seats are comfortable. The Rev. Evan McAulay is the pastor, and is very popular with his congregation, which is in a flourishing condition. The opening of their new church will give them renewed courage to go on in the good work, and we wish them and their pastor continued success.

BEFORE leaving Port Hope, where Mr. Copeland has resided for several years, he was the recipient of cordial and substantial tokens of the esteem in which he is held by the inhabitants generally. On the part of the citizens, he was presented by ex-Mayor Craig, with an elegant gold watch and chain, and on behalf of the Trustees, Session, and Sabbath-school of the Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Mr. Beattie is pastor, with a variety of useful books. Mrs. Copeland was also presented with a gold chain and locket—the whole valued at sixty dollars. Mr. Copeland was too much overcome to speak at length, but was duly sensible of the great kindness manifested. Rev. Mr. Beattie expressed regret at losing a true friend and cheerful worker in the church and Sabbath-school. Mr. J. Craick delivered a message from Mr. McNeillie, who was unable to be present, in the words to be found in Numbers, 6 chap., 24, 25, 26 verses.

ANNIVERSARY services were held in Melville Church, Ashton, on the 22nd and 23d inst. On the Sabbath the Rev. M. McGillivray, M.A., of St. Andrew's Church, Perth, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. W. S. Jamieson, M.A., minister of the Canada Methodist Church at Richmond, in the afternoon to large congregations. On Monday evening tea was served by the ladies in the village school house from six to eight o'clock, after which a meeting was held in the church, the chair being taken by the pastor of the congregation. After praise and prayer, racy and instructive addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. A. A. Scott, J. Simpson (C. M.), D. McDonald, of Carleton Place, and M. McGillivray, of Perth. In the intervals between the speeches selections of music were sweetly rendered by the choir of St. John's Church, Almonte, under the leadership of Mr. Andrew Young. Shortly after ten o'clock the audience were dismissed with the benediction, all highly pleased with the entertainment; and not the least pleased were the managers, who, from Sabbath collections and proceeds of tea-meeting, had left in their hands, \$160, which will very materially reduce the small debt yet remaining on the church, which was opened three years ago.

WHITECHURCH and Fordyce formed the pastoral charge of J. A. Anderson, B.A. About a year ago permission was given, by the Presbytery, to the latter congregation, which was then worshipping in a school-house, to remove to a more central locality and erect a place of worship. Thereupon it pulled up its stakes, and pitched its tent in the Methodist brick church, over against its own chosen site. The church has been

built. Its site is on a hill; is beautiful for situation, chaste in appearance, with no sign of extravagance. Size, 36 x 56, is of white brick, and bears the name of "Calvin Church, East Wawanosh." It was opened for divine service on the 22nd of October, by the Rev. James Little, of Princeton, preaching morning and evening, and by the Rev. Archibald McLean, of Blythe, in the afternoon. At each diet of worship the church was densely crowded long before the hour of service had arrived. The people were well rewarded for whatever discomfort they may have experienced in their close quarters, by the thrilling discourses to which they listened. The collections, \$85, evidenced the truth of this. On the Monday evening following, a very successful tea-meeting was held. Refreshments were served in the Methodist church across the road, and addresses were delivered in the new church by Revs. Cameron, of Lucknow, Brown, of Wroxeter, Little, of Princeton, Mr. Cuyler, of Whitechurch, and the pastor. Excellent music was provided by a union choir under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Roche. Mrs. Anderson presided at the organ. At the close of the meeting, a number of story cakes were brought forward, and, instead of auctioning them off, and thus making the house, which was the day before dedicated for worship, a house of merchandise, the cakes were presented to the choir, each member receiving one, and Mrs. A. two particularly fine ones. On the following evening, a social was held for the young people, when the local talent was brought into exercise, with much enjoyment. The total proceeds of the meetings amounted to \$213. With the exception of a small amount, the building is free from debt.

ST. ANDREW'S Church, Williamstown, which has been in course of repair and extensive alteration during the past summer, has been quite lately reopened for public worship. In his interesting historical and statistical report (1866), Mr. Croul calls Williamstown the cradle of Presbyterianism in Upper Canada. The congregation dates from 1787; the present church from 1812. So substantially was the edifice built that to day the walls are as strong and sound as they were seventy years ago. But the internal fittings and arrangements fall behind the requirements of the day. No doubt they did good service, and are deserving of honourable mention. Perhaps they may have been deemed luxurious at one time. But in many respects they did not impress the spectator or worshipper as either beautiful or convenient. Accordingly, five years ago, at the ordination and induction of the present minister, Mr. Alexander McGillivray, it was quietly resolved by minister and people that certain alterations and improvements must be made, at the proper time, to increase the attractiveness and convenience of their place of worship. In their opinion (and this shows what a sensible people they are) the right time would come when they could accomplish their purpose without incurring a debt. So they went to work with a will (greatly helped doubtless by the enthusiasm, energy and business tact of the young pastor) and in a few years, besides repairing the manse, erecting a large Sabbath school hall, horse-sheds, and a stable, they had last spring \$5,500 in hand, or as good as in hand, for the proposed alterations in their church. Forthwith, the work was put into the hands of Mr. Hutchinson, architect, Montreal; and the result is that St. Andrew's Church, Williamstown, is one of the most inviting and comfortable church edifices in Ontario, outside of the great cities. The original gallery, windows, pews, flooring, pulpit have all been replaced by others combining, in a high degree, elegance, utility and comfort. The pulpit commands an easy view of the gallery and main floor. Over the pulpit is a large circular stained window of pleasing style and grouping. The wood-work is chiefly of ash, mounted with walnut, and finished in oil. The area of the church is lighted by a large chandelier of an exceedingly chaste and beautiful design. In addition the gallery is lighted by a series of bracket-lamps, uniform in style with the central chandelier. The aisles, pulpit-platform and stair-ways are covered with carpet of superior quality and style. Without going into further details, it is sufficient to say that the appearance of the whole is eminently pleasing; the harmony of all the parts excellent; and what perhaps is better, comfort, convenience and good taste are never sacrificed for empty display. The opening service was conducted by Dr. T. G. Smith, of Kingston; Rev. John Fraser, of Indian Lands, preached in Gaelic in the afternoon; and Rev. M. McGillivray, M.A., of Perth, in the evening. On

all three occasions the attendance was large, and the contributions liberal. Monday evening the annual festival was held in the large hall adjacent to the church. The attendance, as on the preceding day was quite large. After tea the remainder of the evening was devoted to music and addresses. The pastor was in the chair, and around him on the platform were Dr. Smith, Mr. Fraser, Mr. McCaul, Montreal; Mr. Ryland, Lancaster (Methodist), and Mr. M. McGilvray.

GOSPEL WORK.

"AFTER MANY DAYS."

The following particulars are taken from a private letter written a few months ago. The writer goes on to relate how after his conversion he became a backslider, through the influence of worldly companions, and how he was restored to fellowship and peace with God by means of the consistent life and example of a lady friend:

"On April 15th, 1876, I went, partly out of curiosity, and partly through my sister asking me, to hear Mr. Moody, the evangelist, at Camberwell. I was alone, and his remarks made such an impression on me that I waited for the inquiry-meeting. Well, whilst waiting there, some clergyman came and spoke to me about the Saviour. I could feel the Holy Spirit striving with my wicked nature, and very keen the struggle was. I was just hovering on the brink between salvation and destruction.

"After talking to me, and showing that Christ had done all the work, and that all I had to do was to believe in His finished work, and accept the salvation Jesus offered, he asked me to pray for mercy. Not a word would escape my lips, I felt so vile, and such a stranger to God. But my guide knelt down, and poured forth a most fervent prayer for us—there were two others. Then, in response to his supplication, I could distinctly feel the Divine Spirit abiding in me, and I rose up a saved soul.

"My whole life was changed from that moment. The things I had taken most delight in pleased me no more. After my conversion all was changed. My chiefest pleasure now was to read God's Holy Word, and to hold communion with Him in private prayer. Before 1876 I had not attended church regularly at all, now I embraced every opportunity, and never missed a week-night service or revival meeting."

MR. AITKEN AT BRISTOL.

A most interesting and remarkable work has been carried on within the walls of Colston Hall. The eloquence, energy, and power of this truly devoted and faithful servant of God have never been more clearly demonstrated than during his mission in this place. With a yearning thirst for the glory of his blessed Master in the salvation of his fellow-men, Mr. Aitken has placed before the vast crowds which have attended the services the nature and consequences of sin, and the remedy for that sin, as exhibited in the love of God in the crucified Saviour. The appeals to the unconverted to turn from sin, and to accept the gift of eternal life, have been very heart-searching, and have been pressed home with much power and pathos. Eternity alone will reveal the inestimable blessings which have resulted from the labours of this dear servant of God.

The special services to working-men have been most remarkable; the spacious hall has been crowded, and the personal dealing with individual souls at the after-meetings has been the means of clearing away not a few difficulties, and leading a large number to actual decision for Christ. The writer will not soon forget the effect produced as Mr. Aitken sang with his beautiful rich and melodious voice, "O, prodigal child, come home." One could not help feeling that God was indeed calling many wandering sinners back to Himself. The morning and afternoon addresses to believers have been largely attended, and greatly appreciated. Many doubting, fearful children of God have been built up, strengthened, and refreshed by the rich spiritual food which these services have afforded.

Mr. Aitken has been greatly assisted in his arduous duties by the kind assistance of the Church armies in connection with St. Paul's, Westminster, and Trinity Church, Bristol, who have laboured most assiduously in bringing in large numbers to the various services.

Nor must we forget to recognise the unwearied exertions and self-sacrificing devotions of Mrs. Crouch and Rev. J. Stephens, who have conducted the overflow meetings and special services for ladies and children. These sermons have been much valued, and

great blessings have resulted from them. It is sad to witness the apathy of many pastors in the spiritual welfare of the young. Such services as those carried on by Mr. Stephens cannot fail to produce never-ending results.

Believers in the Lord! Let us join in praising God for the blessed results of this Mission, and let us plead that much grace and power may be given to these devoted servants of God, as they prosecute the arduous work in which they are so successfully engaged.—*The Christian*.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Professor McLaren begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums, viz.: For the Library Fund of Knox College—Rev. Angus McKay, \$10; Rev. John McMillan, Mount Forest, \$10. For the Nesbit Memorial Fund—Mr. A. D. Ferrier, Fergus, Ont., \$5.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XLVII.

Nov. 19. } YESUS MOCKED AND CRUCIFIED. { Mark 15: 1882. } 16-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"They pierced my hands and my feet."—Ps. 22: 16.

TIME.—Friday—as last lesson—about nine o'clock in the morning.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, Golgotha or Calvary—outside the walls—north-western part of the city.

PARALLEL.—Matt. 27: 27-37; John 19: 2-3, 16-24, with verses 21, 26; Luke 23: 26-38.

Notes and Comments.—Ver. 16.—Jesus is now in the hands of the soldiers, for the execution of the sentence of crucifixion, these led Him into "the hall called Prætorium:" the name given to a general's tent in a Roman camp, then it came to signify the residence of a provincial ruler, where the court of justice was also held; this was no doubt the open court before noted. "Whole band:" the tenth of a legion of 4,600 men, not likely, however, that all were then on service.

Vers. 17, 18. The soldiers, following the brutality of the gladiatorial shows to which they were accustomed, and following the example set by Herod's body-guard, begin to have sport with their prisoner. "Purple:" Matthew, "a scarlet robe," or cloak; the designation of these colours were used loosely in ancient times, purple signified any colour from scarlet to violet; possibly this was the gorgeous robe (so Luke) in which Herod had sent Jesus back to Pilate. "Crown of thorns:" which grew plentifully in Palestine, and would be ready to hand; the kind used is not certain, and it is useless guessing. Their object was to mock, as with the robe and sceptre used (so Matthew), the kingly idea; so also the "Hail, King of the Jews!" It would, however, wound as well as mock.

Ver. 19. "Smote—with a reed:" the mock sceptre. "Spit:" satanic mockery, brutal mal-treatment, and insults are mingled.

Ver. 20. Between this verse and the last occurred the incident of John 19: 4-15, the last attempt of Pilate to deliver Jesus: he brought the sufferer forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the mocking purple, and so presented Him to the people, to be met with shouts of "Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" Little wonder that Pilate, heathen as he was, and knowing nothing beyond a heathen's standard righteousness, gave up the contest, and delivered Jesus finally to their murderous designs. "Led Him out:" of the city. Why?—Heb. 13: 11, 12—The Jews followed the practice of executing criminals outside the city walls; possibly, also the Romans.

Ver. 21. "They compel—Simon, a Cyrenian:" the Roman officer could press into service men or horses as needed. Simon was of Cyrene, a flourishing city of North Africa; he was probably a Jew who had come up to attend the Passover, and was pressed to the duty either because he just happened to be at hand, or because he had shown some sympathy with Jesus; the latter is the more likely, as, from the way his sons are mentioned, it is evident that they were well known to the Christians of that day, and their father might have been a disciple. Simon would not bear the whole cross but only the after part of it, and so somewhat relieved the weight from the Saviour, who would still bear the heaviest part—that is the true idea of Luke 23: 26—"bear it after Jesus."

Ver. 22. "Golgotha," or as Luke, "Calvary:" lit., the place of a skull. It is pretty generally received now that it was the shape, formation of the ground, a slight elevation, that had given the name; not, as was formerly supposed, that it was a common place of execution, with skulls lying about—a most unlikely thing, if we consider the customs of the Jews in these matters.

Ver. 23. "Gave Him:" Rev., "offered:" lit., were giving "wine—myrrh," Matthew says, "wine—gall." The wine of the Roman soldiers was a sour production little better than vinegar, the addition was a bitter narcotic; it was a stupefying draught, such as was usually given before execution. "He received it not:" "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" said Jesus in the garden. He will not put that aside but drain it to the dregs. Matthew tells us that He tasted it, to recognise the kindly intention, and shew that He was aware of its purpose, but will not take it.

Vers. 24, 25. "Crucified Him:" into the terrible details of

death by crucifixion we need not enter, they should be known to all teachers, if not, consult a Bible Dictionary. Suffice to say, that it was one prolonged torture of the most fearful kind, nails were driven through the hands and feet, and the sufferer left to die of exhaustion and agony. "Parted His garments—casting lots:" John tells us (19: 23) that there were four soldiers, and why it was necessary to cast lots—so fulfilling Psalm 22: 18. "Third hour:" John says "sixth hour:" nine o'clock and twelve o'clock, the crucifixion took place between those hours. It is, however, probable that John writing much later than Mark, when the computation of time was mostly Roman, used that method, which it is likely he did also in 1: 39: 4: 6.

Ver. 26. "Superscription:" Matthew, "his accusation:" it was usual for a condemned criminal to carry to the place of execution a placard suspended from his neck, stating the crime for which he suffered; in crucifixion this was nailed on the cross. This was written by order of Pilate, in Hebrew, Greek and Latin; this may partly account for the various readings of the title in the four Gospels. It is worth looking at them for a moment. Matthew says, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews;" Mark, "The King of the Jews;" Luke, "This is the King of the Jews;" John, "Jesus, of Nazareth, the King of the Jews;" weaving the four together, to get a complete sentence, we have, "This is Jesus, of Nazareth, the King of the Jews."

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Prefatory.—We have reached the cross, let us take our devout stand there, and in the wondrous light of love that shines from it, let us teach this lesson; we have to tell of the greatest crime and the greatest sacrifice the world ever saw, seek to do so, teacher, with the spirit of the scene in your heart, in a way that shall prove you do indeed "love to tell the story," and that shall help to fulfil the Saviour's prophetic words, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Myself."

Topical Analysis.—(1) Jesus mocked by the soldiers (vers. 16-20). (2) Jesus Crucified (vers. 21-26).

On the first topic we may note how the savage jesting of the Roman soldiers preached a great truth. They clothed Him with the insignia of mock royalty, some cast-off purple garment, a crown, but of thorns, a reed for a sceptre, and, to complete the mockery, they bowed the knee before Him, with, "Hail, King of the Jews!" Yet a greater truth was never proclaimed, for Pilate's condemned prisoner was, is, a King; a King, not of the Jews only, but of all men—the King of Kings, the King of heaven and earth. Rejected and crucified by His own people, they shall behold Him, when He is revealed from heaven with flaming fire, in the glory of His father; while accusers, judge and murderers shall stand trembling at His bar to hear their sentence, and receive their doom. Note again, in the midst of all these insults and this cruelty, the patient suffering of Jesus, one word of His could have smitten them dead, yet He spake not the word, but patiently endured to the end. Yet a thought on the soldiers—they called together "the whole band," to join in the sport of mocking Jesus: shall we not join in calling all the world to His cross, and crying "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

On the second topic we may show that while one had the honour of helping Jesus to bear the cross, yet the Saviour still carried the heaviest part; so he who follows Jesus will find, when crosses are sent, as sent they may be, that the heaviest part is borne by the Master. Point out how the death of Christ has glorified forever the place and instrument of His sufferings—Calvary—then, the scene of a common execution, degraded by the violent deaths of malefactors; to-day, the place of all others most sacred to millions of hearts; a name around which the tenderest affection clings, and toward which the faith-look of myriads in every generation, from that day have been directed. The cross, a symbol of suffering, disgrace, infamy, transformed into the symbol of honour, dignity, everlasting life; that from which the multitudes turned away with loathing, become an object of delight and glorying; and so to the end of the world. When men assemble to fulfil the command of Christ, "This do in remembrance of Me," it is His sufferings and death that are recalled—a death that we might live. You can bring in other teachings here, it is very fruitful, but do not omit to press upon your class that each of them had an interest in that death, that it was for their salvation, as much as if no one else had sinned, that Christ died, and pray with them that they may take this Saviour for their Saviour, their Lord and their God.

Incidental Lessons.—On the first topic—That Jesus endured these mockings from those He came to save.

That the triumph of mockery and derision is not for long. That while we shrink from the cruelty of these men, we may have their spirit.

Is Christ your king? Shall we not exalt the name of our king?

The mocking, an instance of the power of evil example. On the second topic—That if we have to bear the cross with Christ, He carries the heaviest part.

That Christ did not refuse any of the suffering His Father put upon Him.

Christ numbered with the transgressors that we might be numbered with the children of God.

Thorns came from the curse—Christ bore the curse for us.

Main Lesson.—On Calvary we see (1) the exceeding sinfulness of sin—Isa. 64: 6; Jer. 17: 9, 10; Rom. 3: 9; 8: 6, 7. (2) The great love of God—John 3: 16; Rom. 5: 8; 8: 32; 1 John 4: 9, 10. (3) The suffering that saved us—Isa. 53: 4, 5, 7-10; Dan. 9: 25; Matt. 20: 28; Rom. 4: 25; 1 Pet. 2: 23; 3: 18; Rev. 5: 9. (4) The voluntariness of Christ's death—Matt. 26: 53, 54; John 15: 17, 18; 1 John 3: 15.

MR. FAWCETT, the British Postmaster-General, states that in exact proportion as the government has lost revenue from the tax on drink, it has been gained in the Postal Savings Bank.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A SERMON FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

"Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."—Prov. xx. 11.

It is a great thing to be a child! Many men would like to go back to their childhood, and live again the days and years which have passed away. Out of boys and girls men and women are made. And men and women are the most important things upon the earth. Each one is accountable to God for what he thinks, believes, says and does. Beginning once to live our real lifetime continues for ever.

Pluck off a little bud from your mother's rose-bush. Cut it into pieces with your pen-knife. Put it under your microscope. Do you see the scores of tiny red leaves, and how tightly they are pressed together? Your papa couldn't pack them so nicely if he were to put them under his letterpress for many days. But if you had left the bud on the plant a few days longer it would have burst open into a most beautiful and fragrant rose.

A bright-eyed, sunny-faced, happy-hearted school-boy, tripping along the way with his book-bag thrown across his shoulder, will soon be a strong, able-bodied man, doing business. He may be building houses, or selling goods, or making shoes, or farming land. He is now like the rose bud, packed full of possible things; after a while he will be like the open flower.

But there is something else to be thought of besides growing up into manhood and womanhood. There is something greater than getting larger eyes and hands and feet. That something we call "character." By that we mean the kind of men and women they will be. This forming of character begins when we are young.

It is this that makes childhood such an interesting and beautiful thing. Much depends upon very little things, for very great things, grow out of very little things. So it is that "even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right." Every thing tells upon the after-life.

There is a barn upon the Allegheny Mountains so built that the rain which falls upon it separates in such a manner that that which falls upon one side of the roof runs into a little stream which flows into the Susquehanna, and thence into the Chesapeake Bay, and on into the Atlantic Ocean; that which falls on the other side is carried into the Allegheny River, thence into the Ohio, and onward to the Gulf of Mexico. The point where the water divides is very small. But how different the course of these waters! So it happens with people. A very little thing changes the channel of their lives. Much depends upon the kind of tempers we have. If we are sour and ill-tempered no one will love us. If we are kind and cheerful we shall have friends wherever we go. Much depends upon the way in which we improve our school-days. Much depends upon the kind of comrades we have, much upon the kind of habits we form. If we would have the right kind of a life, we must watch the little things.

We must see how one little thing affects another thing, how one little act takes in many others.

CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

The church bells for service are ringing,
The parents gone forth on their way,
And here on the door-step are sitting
Three golden-haired children at play.

The darlings, untiring and restless,
Are still for the service too small;
But yet they would fain be as pious
As parents and uncles and all.

So each from a hymn-book is singing—
'Tis held upside down, it is true;
Their sweet roguish voices are ringing
As if every number they knew.

But what they are singing they know not:
Each sings in a different tone.
Sing on, little children: your voices
Will reach to the Heavenly Throne;

For yonder your angels are standing,
Who sing to the Father of all:
He loves best the sound of his praises
From children, though ever so small.

Sing on! How the birds in the garden
Are vying with you in your song,
As hopping among the young branches,
They twitter on all the day long!

Sing on! For in faith ye are singing,
And that is enough in God's sight:
A heart like the dove's, pure and guileless,
Wings early to heaven its flight.

Sing! We elders sing also;
We read, and the words understand;
Yet oft, too, alas! we are holding
Our books upside down in the hand.

Sing ever! We sing, as is fitting,
From notes written carefully down;
But ah! from the strife of the brethren
How often has harmony flown!

Sing on! From our lofty cathedrals
What melodies glorious we hear!
What are they?—a sweet childish lisping,
A breath in the Mighty One's ear.

WITHOUT BALLAST.

One Monday the "Escambia," a British iron steamer loaded with wheat, weighed anchor, and started down the bay of San Francisco. The pilot left her when about five miles outside the Golden Gate. Looking back from his pilot-boat a short time after, he saw the vessel stop, drift into the trough of the sea, careen to port, both bulwarks going under water, and then suddenly capsize and sink!

What was the cause of this sad catastrophe? A want of ballast. She came into port from China, a few weeks before, with a thousand emigrants on board. But she had in her hold immense tanks for what is called water ballast. Those tanks were full, and she battled successfully with wind and waves. But the captain, wishing to carry all the wheat he could between decks, neglected to fill those tanks. He thought the cargo would steady the ship. But it made it top heavy, and the first rough sea capsized it.

Here, then, was a vessel tight and strong, with powerful engines, with a cargo worth \$100,000, foundering as soon as she left the harbour, taking down with her a crew of forty-five men, because the captain failed to have her properly ballasted. The moment she began to lurch, the wheat all tumbled

over to the lower side, and down into the sea she went.

How this wreck of the "Escambia" repeats the trite lesson that so many have tried to teach, and that they who need it most are so slow to learn. Young men starting out in life want to carry as little ballast as possible. They are enterprising, ambitious. They are anxious to go fast and take as much cargo as they can. Old-fashioned principles are regarded as dead weight. It does not pay to keep them, and they are thrown overboard. Good home habits are abandoned in order to be popular with the gay and wordly. The Bible is not read, the Lord's Day is not observed, prayer is neglected, and lo! some day, when all the sails are spread, a sudden temptation comes that wrecks the character and the life.

BE A HEART'S-EASE.

God is just as much pleased to see children play, if they play like Christians, as He is to see grown people work like Christians. When we become Christians we should move out of Grumble Alley into Thanksgiving Street. It is of no use to try to be happy with the leprosy of sin in our hearts, for then the whispers of conscience, remembrances of wrongdoing and thoughts about God will trouble us.

The only way to be happy is to be good. But we can be happier still by doing good. Don't think you must wait until you grow up in order to do good every way. Do all the good you can to all the people you can, in all the places you can, at all the times you can, and as long as ever you can. If you begin to be a Christian in boyhood and girlhood, you will have a much longer time to do good and be happy in than if you wait until you are men and women. Don't wait, then, until you are grown up, but begin to be good and do good now.

A story is told of a king who went into his garden, one morning, and found everything withering and dying. He asked an oak that stood near the gate what the trouble was. He found that it was sick of life, and determined to die, because it was not tall and beautiful like the pine. The pine was out of all heart, because it couldn't bear grapes like the vine. The vine was going to throw its life away because it could not stand erect and have as fine fruit as the pomegranate, and so on throughout the garden. Coming to a heart's-ease, he found its bright little face lifted as full of cheerfulness as ever.

Said the king: "Well, heart's-ease, I am glad to find one brave little flower in this general discouragement and dying. You don't seem one bit disheartened."

"No, your majesty, I know I am of small account; but I concluded you wanted a heart's-ease when you planted me. If you had wanted an oak, or a pine, or a vine or pomegranate, you would have set one out. So I am bound to be the best heart's-ease that ever I can."

If you can not do as much good as men and women can for God, and for the people, will you not, boys and girls, each of you, in your homes, in school, in the church, everywhere, by seeking to be good, and do good, be just the best little heart's-ease you can.

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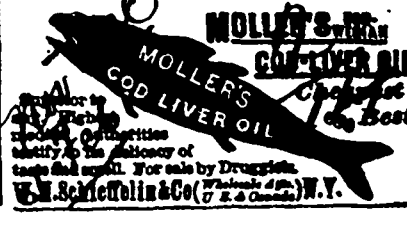
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- LINDSAY.—At Uxbridge, on the last Tuesday of November, at ten a.m.
SARMA.—In Sarma, on the third Tuesday of December, at three p.m.
HURON.—At Clinton, on Tuesday, Nov. 14th, at ten o'clock a.m.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, on Monday, 18th December, at half-past seven p.m.
OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on Tuesday, Nov. 21st, at half-past one p.m.
BRUCE.—At Chesley, on Tuesday, December 19th, at two p.m.
GUELPH.—In Chalmers Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of November, at ten o'clock a.m.
BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, 28th November, at eleven o'clock a.m.
MONTREAL.—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 12th of January next, at eleven o'clock a.m.
LONDON.—In the First Presbyterian Church, London, on the 2nd Tuesday of Nov. next, at two p.m.
CHATHAM.—In St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, on Tuesday, 10th December, at eleven o'clock a.m.
STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, on Nov. 14th, at ten a.m.
PARIS.—In Chalmers Church, Woodstock, on Tuesday, the 12th Dec., at half-past one p.m.
HAMILTON.—In the Central Church, Hamilton, on the third Tuesday of November, at ten a.m.
WHITBY.—Adjourned meeting at Bowmanville, on Tuesday, the 21st November, at ten a.m.

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that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

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