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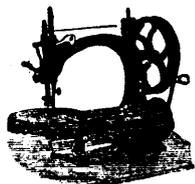
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OVER-EATING.—A writer in "Sylvia's Home Journal" says: "It is a great fact that we all, every day of our lives, eat far too much. It is a habit that we acquire as we grow up. The stomach can for a time be trained to take more food than is necessary; indeed, it is a question if some people know when they have eaten enough. It has been shewn again and again that only a small portion of food is necessary to the enjoyment of good health. Yet that simplicity of diet, so much to be recommended, is rarely practised, except out of pure necessity. As a rule to dine off a soup, a dish of well-cooked meat, with a vegetable or a little stewed fruit, will be found in the end the truest economy."

PLANTING AND CARE OF FLOWERS.—The first point to be considered in arranging our plants in beds, is to have the tallest in the centre, with the others gradually decreasing in height, until the margin is reached, when the dwarf kinds must be used to serve as a border, or, as it were, a frame to the picture. The arrangement of colours according to the rules of good taste and harmony, is understood by few florists, but it is a feature that should never be overlooked. In setting out plants, it is well to remember that the sudden change from a warm greenhouse to the open air is often deleterious to their health. Consequently plants should be placed in a particularly shaded situation for a few days, before consigning them to their final position. After planting, soak the ground thoroughly, and shade with newspaper or other light materials; and sprinkle the foliage every evening should the weather prove dry.

TO ORNAMENT CAKES.—To make any kind of ornament for cakes the icing must be perfectly smooth, and is fit for use when it retains a given shape. Only simple tools are required for even a rich ornamentation of cakes, and practised hands can accomplish great things with a paper funnel. This is made like a grocer's cone sugar bag, with an opening at the point large enough to admit of the required size of ornament being forced through it. Tin tubes of various sizes and shapes are to be bought, to be fitted as nozzles to paper funnels; those of French make are the best. To make a piping or a running pattern on a cake, put some icing into a paper funnel, and holding it in much the same manner as a pen, press out, but not too near the point, in the desired pattern. This can be varied by using a tin tube in the paper funnel, with the point slit so as to mark the sugar as it is pressed out. Tubes for shaping leaves and flowers are made, and to use these it is necessary to have a lesson in order to secure a uniform pattern, and even letters on a christening, birthday, or twelfth cake; it will be well for an inexperienced hand first to trace the design lightly with a pencil.—Queen.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING UP VARIOUS MATERIALS.—It will be beneficial to our readers to have a few suggestions for cutting out and making up materials. We will take, for instance, a fancy patterned material with the pattern running all one way, and as these goods, in nearly every case, have a right and wrong side, they are consequently not very economical. For these goods the flat paper pattern must be laid on, the pattern always running towards the top, and each half cut separately and then faced—that is, the two right sides laid together. By these means there cannot possibly be any mistake. The same directions answer in the case of velvets or velveteens, though there is no pattern to keep right. Great care should be taken to have the velvet all shading the same way. The right shade can easily be ascertained by holding the velvet up and looking down—the velvet should look dark; the reverse way will be found to have a white shade. Again, in cutting materials on the cross, anything of a twilled nature, such as cashmere, French twill, merino, serge or crape, should have the grain or twill the short way of the fold, and never with the twill running lengthways, as it spoils the effect of the trimmings.—The Practical Dressmaker.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13th, 1880.

No. 41.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE controversy over the temperance question still goes on—the friends of the tavern-keeper becoming always more obstreperous and occasionally even threatening personal violence. Even Mr. Goldwin Smith comes out in the "Bystander" on the subject, and, as usual, proposes to settle the whole controversy with a magnificent wave of his hand and a few solemnly decisive sentences as to what is the right and proper and becoming attitude to be assumed in this case by every right-thinking and properly cultured person. All this is encouraging, for it shews that the good cause is sensibly gaining ground.

THE Egyptian Obelisk has arrived in New York, and is to be placed in the Central Park. It was successfully conveyed from its starting point to its destination, and it is to be hoped no untoward accident will interfere with its establishment in the place selected as its site. It may be very foolish for the Egyptian people to give up a monolith so rare in its character and associated with the history of their country. But it is not remarkable that Americans are glad to get it, or that they take an interest in it when it comes. It is possible, perhaps, to rightly imagine even the time when through the decay of that country the famous needle shall be bartered off and conveyed to some land where, in the turn of Providence, prosperity will be smiling in contrast to its decline; and yet such a time may come—it will come, if God be forgotten there as He has been by other nations.

It is not surprising that the severe illness of Mr. Gladstone should have caused deep anxiety the world over. While no one, even the greatest, is indispensable and while the affairs of the world would be managed some how or other, even though Wm. Ewart Gladstone were not merely sick but actually dead, yet in the present state of the world's affairs both friends and enemies feel that the guiding hand and the busy brain of the Premier are to all appearance specially necessary. Let us hope that there are still some years of work in store for him who has already done so much and done it so well. The land owners and unjustly privileged classes of Great Britain generally, may discover, perhaps when it is too late, that though they regarded Mr. Gladstone as their greatest enemy, and hated him accordingly, he was actually their best and wisest friend.

THE proposal to erect a monument to the memory of the late Prince Imperial of France, in Westminster Abbey, has finally been abandoned. Popular feeling in England was against it; however political considerations might draw the Government towards the exiles, they had never found a place in the heart of England. There was a loathing of Napoleon III.; he was looked upon as a perjured, blood-stained usurper; and however much of sympathy might be shewn to his family in their misfortunes, he was detested, and the idea of perpetuating the memory of such a man, even though it were by a monument to his son, was most repugnant. Westminster Abbey is sacred to the memory of great Englishmen, and it was felt to be little short of sacrilege to place in it a statue of a Buonaparte. Dean Stanley persisted in the determination to admit it notwithstanding many and strong remonstrances; but a debate on the subject and an adverse vote in the House of Commons finally decided the matter, and the Dean, not very gracefully, consented to disallow the project.

LAST month a small number of Catholics in Spain celebrated with some solemnity the four hundredth anniversary of the Holy Inquisition's birthday. On the 1st of June, 1480, the Spanish Cortes, then assembled at Toledo, adopted a proposition submitted to it by Cardinal Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, with the approbation of King Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, to constitute a Tribunal of Faith, which

should be empowered to punish heretics, and passed a law to that effect by a majority of their numbers. Their coregnant majesties forthwith appointed two chief inquisitors, who were, however, superseded shortly afterwards by reason of their leniency toward unbelievers. Thomas de Torquemada, who never laid himself open to the reproach of over-mercifulness, was nominated grand inquisitor in their stead. During this functionary's tenure of office he caused 8,800 heretics to be burned in different parts of Spain. His successors did their best to emulate his activity, the gross result of their endeavours being that, down to the year 1808, when the holy office was finally abolished in the Iberian Peninsula, 31,912 men and women had been burned alive by its officers.

ATTENTION is rightly called to the cruelty practised by business men, in Canada as well as elsewhere, in refusing to allow their clerks to sit down during the hours of business. Many of the clerks in these days are women, among whom there is a large proportion of young girls, and the strain that is put upon them by this exaction is sure to seriously interfere with their health. As to the men, they can probably endure it, though even with them there is the wearing out of the weakest, and the survival, not of the fittest, but of those who have the largest bones and strongest limbs. It so happens in many of the business houses that at certain times there may be but little business, when the clerks might be resting, in preparation for the more active times to come; but the rules of the house, perhaps, will not permit this, and in pain and weariness and probable permanent injury, they must keep on their feet. It is true that in many of the stores no such rule is in force; and yet in nearly all of them, in the cities and larger towns, there is an exaction nearly equalling it in strictness. If women are to succeed in stores and shops, the business must be conducted somewhat in deference to their strength and constitutions.

THE first edition, as it may be called, of the revised translation of the New Testament, may be expected in the autumn, and along with the English translation two recensions of the Greek text will be issued simultaneously; the one will proceed from the Clarendon, the other from the Pitt Press. The two texts will exhibit a notable and rather suggestive contrast in the different methods pursued in their construction. The Oxford text will represent the critical spirit of the nineteenth century, which is somewhat prone to seek new departures and to break with the past. Accordingly, the Clarendon will publish the text which the revisionists have found it necessary to frame for themselves, after careful weighing and mature consideration of all available evidence for and against the readings adopted. For the behoof, however, of those weaker vessels who continue to have a superstitious veneration for the name of Robert Stephens and the Greek used only by the translators of 1611, all passages in which the Oxford text departs from the received text will be indicated by foot-notes, and in these notes the reading of the *Textus Receptus* will be given. The Cambridge text will, on the contrary, be neither more nor less than a reprint of the *Textus Receptus*, with foot-notes giving the reading adopted by the revolutionists. Professor Palmer is responsible for the Clarendon text; Dr. Scrivener for the other.—*London Athenaeum*.

A FEW of our weaker and more sycophantish contemporaries affect to be awfully shocked at our having said that some Canadian public men are no better than they should be—nay, are of such a character that if not quite so bad as that wretched fellow Clarke, they are not much better. We are always pleased when any one, whether editor or more or less distinguished private citizen, poses in the character of one swayed by magnificent indignation or annihilating contempt. It needs to be well done though, and not too frequently attempted. The grand wave of the hand, the corrugated brow and the unutterable scorn, combined with such expletives as "slanderer," "libeller," and other similar prettinesses, are all very nice. The

danger is that except in the hand of a master they are apt to become ridiculous. The idea of any one who has known anything of Canadian public men any time during the last quarter of a century affecting to get up a piece of poor theatrical indignation at the hardness implied in associating "drunkard and debauchee," with any of their names is quite too deliciously absurd. No, gentlemen, you know right well that we were quite sure of the ground we stood on when we made the assertion, and it is as well to remember that it does not become any who have the dignity of the Fourth Estate at heart to be either the parasites or the apologists of high-handed sinners—be their social position or their party politics what they may.

THE Philadelphia "Presbyterian" complains of the departure from the Confession of Faith of such men as Drs. Story and Tulloch and Caird. Dr. Caird's new book, on the Philosophy of Religion, the "Presbyterian" charges with being Pantheistic. Principal Caird says: "What the knowledge and love of God means is the giving up of all thoughts and feelings that belong to me as a mere individual self, and the identification of my thought and being with that which is above me, yet in me—the universal or absolute self, which is not yet mine or yours, but in which all intelligent beings alike find the realization and perfection of their nature." "Whether we view religion from the human side or divine—as the surrender of the soul to God, or as the life of God in the soul—as the elevation of the finite to the infinite, or as the realization of the infinite in the finite—in either aspect it is of its very essence that the infinite has ceased to be merely a far-off vision of spiritual attainment, an ideal of indefinite future perfection, and has become a present reality. God does not hover before the religious mind as a transcendental object which it may conceive or contemplate, but which, wind itself ever so high, it must feel to be forever inaccessible. The very first pulsation of the spiritual life, when we rightly apprehend its significance, is the indication that the division between the spirit and object has vanished, that the ideal has become real, that the finite has reached its goal and become suffused with the presence and life of the Infinite."

THE expulsion of the Jesuits from France has been conducted with firmness and yet great prudence and moderation, and the expatriated priests are not to be permitted to reside just over the borders, and thus be in a position to make incursions upon their old camping grounds almost at will. At least this is not to be countenanced by Spain. A circular of the Spanish Minister of Justice sets forth that the Government has resolved that in the provinces bordering on the territory of the French Republic, no convent, college, or seminary, belonging to religious orders expelled from France by the Ferry decrees shall be tolerated. And as regards other provinces, a residence will only be granted to them "in very special cases." The Jesuits possess a few schools in the southern provinces of Spain, and are allowed to reside in their founder's house at Loyola, in Guipuzcoa, by exception. Convents of women are pretty numerous, but the laws that abolished the religious orders in 1833 were never repealed. But these expelled meddlers are obliged to go somewhere, and we hear of them as about to establish novitiates in England and in Jersey. The Dominicans and a portion of the Franciscans are going to settle in the Tyrol; the Carthusians and Trappists proceed to England; the Recollets and Franciscans of the Observance, who devote themselves chiefly to missionary work in the Holy Land, intend to seek a refuge in the Levant, transferring their novitiates to the Tyrol. Many of them have been offered a temporary home by the bishops and secular clergy. A few, the Oratorians, for instance, assume lay attire, and it is probable some of these, and other orders as well will, seek asylum in the United States. A good many, it is said, are coming to Canada, and no doubt they will, as far as they can, go on in their old meddlesome way, but we don't fear their operations very much.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

THE SCOTCH HERESY CASE.

MR. EDITOR,—Some of the readers of your paper will doubtless be more or less interested in the *cause celebre* which has, for the past year or two, preplexed the Church courts of the Free Kirk of Scotland and caused more heart-burning and recrimination than any event in her history since she left the State fold and set up house-keeping for herself. The case does not stand alone in the Free Kirk for there are more than one of her dignitaries that are suspected of being "tarred w' the same stick," and the United Presbyterians also have been exercised considerably over the recent cases of David Macrae and Fergus Ferguson. There has passed over Scotland a wave of heterodoxy that bodes ill for the future peace of the Scottish Church, and Professor Robertson Smith is but the scapegoat who has to bear the sins of many transgressors, simply because he has the courage to express his opinions and chooses to abide the consequences. As you are aware he has failed to profit by the lesson read to him at last Assembly, when he escaped "by the skin of his teeth" and has got himself into a scrape, out of which it will take all the ingenuity of his friends to extricate him. And I am inclined to think that they will fail. He will have to go out "into the wilderness."

I happen to know Professor Smith, and in many respects I admire him. He has undeniable ability, great power of acquisition and assimilation, but very little originality. He is the slave of what he reads and the prey of opinionativeness. Raised in an Aberdeenshire parish, the son of a Free Kirk minister raised to that eminence from the level of a schoolmaster by the force of circumstances, he occupied an educational hot-bed for the first dozen years of his life. He and his brother were indoctrinated into "the rudiments of all thought" from their veriest infancy, and rumour has it that the Professor could read a verse or two of the Hebrew Bible at six years of age. I have seen him and believe it.

His younger brother and he entered college together at Aberdeen in the same year. I am not alone in the opinion that the former was the more gifted of the two. At least he looked it. He, unfortunately, died after scoring a victory such as can hardly be paralleled in any university—having carried off the *spolia opima* of his year—the two "Seventy Pound" scholarships for classics and mathematics respectively.

The present Professor had, meantime, prudently retired to recruit, and thus saved his life. It was reserved for him, after a German sojourn, to come back to disturb the Kirk and provide material for dissension and discussion in the ranks of the faithful.

I do not in this letter wish to enter on the merits of the case, further than to say that Professor Smith has, very foolishly, and—as I think he will confess at a later stage—very rashly, committed himself to statements which he will be fain to recant when he comes to weigh their value with their consequences. In point of fact his assertions in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" are the merest theories, such as, if advanced in connection with any of our ordinary classics would call for hardly any remark, but which, affecting as they do the whole of revealed truth, have aroused an amount of inquiry and excitement far beyond their merits.

What after all are his strictures on the canon? Nothing more than the self-satisfied *ex cathedra* utterances of a dabbler in the Tubingen school—a slavish follower of Ewald. Freed from the trammels of all that is akin to reverence, he hurls the javelin of his Ishmaelite criticism right and left, regardless of all consequences, and in his pursuit of truth (for its own sake) he destroys, or fancies he destroys, the creed which our fathers died for, and establishes in its place—what? Just the gospel of Daglish, the microscopic hair-splitting of the metaphysical German—the revelation of the Vaterland—the outcome of much tobacco smoke, and unlimited lager beer.

I have said that I knew Professor Smith and I repeat that I know him about as well as one man can know another, that is, so far as his mental capacity is concerned. A more self-sufficient man I never knew. A better read man I never met. But he lacks the modesty that is content to wait until it is assured of truth before taking it for granted. He can never go but *per saltum*. He is more of a *Shaker* than a *Peripatetic*. If he lives long he will yet be, I

am convinced, one of the best theologians of the day, one of the best Biblical scholars of the century; but, before then he will have outgrown the faults of his training and have become a humble Christian, content, notwithstanding his great erudition to sit as a little child at the feet of the Master who taught, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, that "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth."

There is another text bearing on those through whom offences in the Church come which I might quote, but I prefer to leave the matter for the present where it is. It is a source of the deepest regret that a man of such gifts should be led away into the ranks of the sceptic and the scoffer; but I am not without the hope that he will yet be found in the true place, "clothed and in his right mind." F. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

Comparatively few of the readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN will recognize the name that appears in this obituary notice. But the few who will recognize it will read these words with a sigh, and some of them with a tear. Ella Chambers was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Thos. S. Chambers, minister of Stonington, etc., who has laboured in that one charge for more than twenty-one years, and who for the greater part of that time has been the clerk of the Kingston Presbytery. She was the friend and favourite of all who knew her. Possessing far more excellent qualities of head and heart than most persons of her years, she was universally respected and beloved. She was indeed a girl of rare abilities, and these fine abilities her fond parents took pains to cultivate. After a special course she graduated in the Ottawa Ladies' College in music. An enthusiast in music, in which she was more than ordinarily proficient, she was taking organ lessons in Kingston at the time of her death. But suddenly she was called to sing the "new song." On Monday, the 10th of May, she left her father's house in her usual health or nearly so. On Tuesday she had her usual exercise on the organ. Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, she was indisposed, but not at all alarmingly so. The physician who called on Friday evening about nine o'clock saw no danger, but at ten that same night she was gone. She died as others sleep.

The funeral was such as shewed the respect cherished for the dead and the living. Stonington is an old township, but never before was such a funeral seen within it, and yet it was in the midst of seeding time.

A few days after the funeral the young people of Mr. Chambers' charge met together, and after having secured the permission of the sorrowing parents, resolved to erect a marble monument over the grave of their friend and school-mate, at their own expense. They did so, and there it stands, where the writer saw it last week, pure and polished, and stainless, like the bright spirit whose earthly name it bears. The following chaste inscription is written on the monument: "Erected by the young people of the Rev. T. S. Chambers' charge, in memory of his eldest daughter, Ella, who died May 14th, 1880, aged 23 years. 'God is love.'—1 John iv. 8."

Miss Chambers was a true Christian—a communicant in her father's congregation—and at the time of her death a teacher in Chalmers' Church Sabbath School, Kingston. F. MCC.

DIVORCE.

MR. EDITOR,—The unusual prominence given to this subject in the last Assembly, and the articles subsequently appearing in THE PRESBYTERIAN, have induced me to look at the New Testament view of the matter, and while I frankly acknowledge I have little chance for critical examination of the case, such examination as I have been able to give it, has led me to a very different conclusion from that generally held apparently.

The Assembly took it for granted that Mrs. Phillips had a perfect right to sue for a divorce on account of the admitted adultery of her first husband. Now the only two authorities I have consulted—"Buck's Theological Dictionary" and "Cassell's Bible Dictionary"—both say the only condition on which a divorce can be granted, in English law, is "the proved adultery of the woman in a proper court." Of course I am not prepared to say the law is the same in Canada, and it may be quite different, and the Assembly be quite

right in the position they took. But such, I am sure, was the English law a few years ago.

But having, as I said, read over the most of the passages referring to the subject in the New Testament, I have come to the conclusion that neither the guilt of one or both, nor any court of human jurisdiction, can dissolve the union God has formed when a man and woman are pronounced one in marriage.

Let us look first at the passages where the law is stated in the New Testament, omitting first the two references in Matthew. They are Mark x. 11; Luke xvi. 18; Romans vii. 2, 3; 1 Cor. vii. 39. There are some others, but I think these are the most distinct, and I would ask any candid person after reading over these if he would not come to the same conclusion I have stated above.

But if this be so, what is to be done with the two passages in Matthew, omitted above? What does Christ mean by "Except it be for fornication?" I think the circumstances of the case in Matt. xix. give the key to both. The Pharisee came asking Him if it was lawful to put away a wife for *any* cause (not "every" as in our translation), and in answer he first lays down the irrevocable law of God from the beginning, as the whole three evangelists record it. Mark and Luke omitting the parenthetical exception which he explains in Matt. v. 32: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery;" i.e., he is responsible for the consequences that follow, forcing her out from her natural protector and support.

A child may so conduct himself as to justify his parent in thrusting him out of the family, or handing him over to the civil authorities, thereby barring all claim to the care and privileges of home. But neither his crime nor the parent's casting of him off in any way destroys the tie which binds them to each other. That criminal is still the father's child, and that parent is still the child's father. So in the case of adultery a judicial separation may take place; the husband is not bound to protect and support his wife who has broken off her allegiance, and laid his crown of glory under the feet of another; but her crime can no more absolve her from the moral obligation of love, obedience and faithfulness to that husband after its committal than it did at the moment when she trembled at the grasp of his hand as the minister pronounced them man and wife. J. H.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

What proportion of my income should I give to the Lord? and for what objects should it be given? are questions which every intelligent disciple of Christ will ask himself. The questions do not admit of a simple answer. It must largely be left to the individual conscience and the circumstances in which we are placed to decide. Still some general considerations may be suggested for guidance.

1. Everyone who has an income should give something.

2. Everyone should give in proportion to his income and to the demands made on it.

3. The amount left after deducting the necessaries of life from income should form the basis of contribution. Suppose, for example, that the cost of necessaries for two persons is \$200 per annum, then a man having a wife, but no children, and having an income of \$400 per annum should pay more than another man having a family and the same income. Again the amount contributed by a family of which three, four, or five members are earning ought to be greater than that paid by a family of the same size where only the father is earning.

4. Suppose that one-tenth be assumed as the average proportion of income to be devoted to charitable and religious purposes, still the claims of poor, sick or dependent relations, or contributions to local charities may be so disproportionate that while one man should pay nearly all into Church and missionary funds, another might properly not give one half of the tenth to Church and missionary funds. Every man must decide for himself regarding the object to which this tenth of income is to be appropriated, provided that it is not expended for his own profit, pleasure, or entertainment, but is devoted in some way to his Lord's cause.

Let us now try to suggest a scale for contribution suited to the circumstances of those who have an income more than is required for the necessaries of life, and who have from \$100 and upwards to be spent on comforts, amusements and luxuries, or to be laid

up as capital. We do not now refer to *wealthy* men whose income is far greater than their proper expenditure. These, if Christians, will devise far more liberal things than now under consideration. For persons of moderate means only we write :

Income per week.	Income per an.	Contrib. per week.	Contrib. per an.	Contrib. for Church per week.	Contrib. for Church per an.	Contrib. for other pur. per week.	Contrib. for other pur. per an.
\$ 6	\$ 300	\$ 30	\$ 25	\$ 25	\$ 12.50	\$ 25	\$ 12.50
0	450	80	40	40	20.00	40	20.00
12	600	1.20	60	70	35.00	50	25.00
20	1,000	2.50	125	1.35	67.50	1.15	57.50
40	2,000	6.00	300	4.00	200.00	2.00	100.00
\$87	4,350	\$11.00	\$110	\$6.70	\$315.00	\$4.30	\$215.00

Thus five persons having an annual income collectively of \$4,350 would contribute \$335 for Church and missionary purposes, and \$215 for other charities—a goodly sum but oppressive to no one.

Such a graduated scale seems fair to all parties and would require some little self-denial from those having larger incomes as well as from the poorer. It is much in advance of the usual rate of giving, but certainly not beyond what can be done. The suggestion is merely illustrative, but may serve to shew where the weak points in our Church finance lie, viz. (1) In trusting to a few liberal men of wealth for large contributions and not spreading the burden equally upon all; and (2) in not expecting an increase in the rate of contribution as the income increases. If some such plan were generally adopted, always making allowance for varying circumstances, the funds for churches and missions would be well supplied and other charities would be liberally supported. MENTOR.

THE REV. G. L. MACKAY, D.D., OF FORMOSA.

The Woodstock "Sentinel-Review" has published an interesting and timely biographical notice of the Rev. Dr. Mackay, of Formosa. This sketch is from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Mackay, of Woodstock, and but for its being rather too long for our available space we should have been happy to have reprinted it in full.

From this paper we learn that Dr. Mackay was born in the township of Zorra, in the year 1844. He is consequently only in the 36th year of his age, and humanly speaking has a lengthened career of usefulness before him.

The Doctor's early training, both scholastic and otherwise, was such as to contribute greatly to his success in his subsequent life work. The particulars need not be given.

"In the end of 1870," says this narrative, "he went to Edinburgh and spent the whole winter there, attending the lectures of the professors in the new college (Free Church), and studying the Hindustani language. Here he came in contact with such leading spirits as Drs. Guthrie, Candlish and Duff. To Dr. Duff he felt drawn as to no other human being, and the readers of Mr. Mackay's letters in THE PRESBYTERIAN remember the graphic and most touching picture he drew in one of them of his final parting with that eminent missionary of the cross. In conversation with the writer, Mr. Mackay has stated that he looked upon Drs. Hodge and Duff as the noblest and best men he ever met.

"Mr. Mackay's determination to be a missionary to the heathen was no sudden outburst of enthusiasm but the deliberate, cherished purpose of many years. Thinking that Canada, his native land, should do something for the heathen, he offered his services for any part of the world, before going to Edinburgh; and while there he was patiently waiting the decision of the Canadian Church. Month after month passed away and he got no definite reply, so he travelled through the Highlands, and was spending a few days in Sutherlandshire with relatives, thinking that the Church in Canada was not going to accept his services. One evening he had all his personal effects packed, ready to start next morning to offer himself for the foreign field to the Free Church of Scotland or the American Presbyterian Church. That very night he received a letter from Rev. Professor McLaren, giving him the decision of the Church, and requesting him to meet the General Assembly in Quebec. He returned at once and was fully designated to his work, the

particular field of labour being left for himself to select.

"Acting on the advice of the Committee, he visited several of the churches in Canada, and, at length, bidding farewell to home and friends, he left Woodstock on October 20th, 1871. To many this would be a day of sore trial. It was not to Mr. Mackay. True, like every properly constituted mind, he had his attachments, but in his case these were so sanctified by grace, and subordinated to the higher law of obedience to his heavenly Master, that it was no severe trial to forsake father and mother, brothers and sisters, loved friends and cherished scenes, in order to follow Christ. He has told the writer that he never knew what it was to be lonesome, and that although sometimes for many months he received no tidings from his native land."

After various trials and adventures the Doctor arrived at Tamsui, the chief port in North Formosa, on the 9th of March, 1873. He was without an acquaintance, and did not understand a word of the language. He persevered, however, and such was his success in acquiring the Chinese language that in four months he was able to preach to the natives in their own tongue with some measure of fluency.

"As soon as he was able," the narrative goes on, "to speak the language more perfectly, he began to travel from village to village and from town to town, preaching the Gospel, extracting teeth, and healing the sick, passing the night wherever night came on, sometimes on the hillside under a tree, sometimes in a dark damp hole of a room, and sometimes in an ox stable. He travelled bare-footed over the mountain ranges into the savage tribes who inhabit the eastern part of the island, and several times he was nearly shot by them. Many times he was nearly swept away when wading or swimming across a mountain torrent. Once he was in the very act of drowning when one of his students plunged in, and, at great risk to himself, saved him. Often was he in the midst of an angry mob that was ready to kill him. One or two instances may be related. Bang-Kah, about twelve miles from Tamsui, being one of the largest cities in the north of Formosa, was from the beginning of the work regarded as a most important centre. For five years Mr. Mackay laboured to remove prejudice and pave the way for the Gospel. Knowing the state of matters in the city he judged that an early attempt to establish a church there would mean defeat. The Literati and wealthy citizens, with three strong clans combined to keep him out; and the boast became proverbial in the district that where Bang-Kah was there would be no chapel, and where a chapel was there would be no Bang-Kah, that is, both could not exist together. As time passed on the country around became so far evangelized that a chapel stood on every side of this great and idolatrous city. In the end of 1877 a site was secured for a chapel and at once the enemy rose up to quash the work—a mob was excited, and about 3,000 began to move towards the house in which Mr. Mackay and his students were. The mob assembled three times in as many days, and at last a shout was raised and immediately the building was pulled down, and with such fury, that the very stones of the foundation were dug up and literally carried away. Mr. Mackay himself was away that day travelling in neighbouring villages, healing the sick and preaching. When returning about dusk he got word about the destruction of the church, and was advised to keep away as the mob was waiting to kill him. The students in the meantime got protection in an inn just opposite where the church had been. On the way he met one of his native preachers and decided to enter Bang-Kah to see the students though death should be the result. He walked with the native preacher at his side ready to die on the spot if such should be the will of God. The two walked straight through a large mob in front of a heathen temple and proceeded towards the inn, but before reaching it they had to pass through another mob. At length he reached the students. The mob remained all night yelling outside, while he and his students spent the whole night in prayer and praise. In the morning upwards of 3,000 were assembled shouting and threatening to kill him. Fearlessly he walked out into their midst and paced the street in front of the door for three days. Amongst the mob were many persons from other towns, some of them friendly, so that during these exciting days Mr. Mackay preached and dispensed medicine in the midst of the angry crowd. The enemies seeing they could not drive him out continued bitter but left him

to establish a church in the city. It was a great humiliation to them. He believes that from first to last God was with him, saying to the proud waves, thus far shalt thou come but no farther.

"Only a short time before leaving for Canada, when himself and Mrs. Mackay were going along the street to the chapel, during a great feast at night, the crowd pressed around them with torches, etc., shouting, 'Kill them, kill them,' and stood defiantly in front of them. They both walked straight on, looking the enemy in the face, and soon they were cheered by hearing friendly voices crying out, 'Clear the way and let our old teacher and best friend pass on to the chapel.'"

In the prosecution of his work the Doctor has encountered many and most formidable dangers; has had to take many a lengthened and toilsome journey, and to submit to privations from which almost all would have recoiled.

In the course of eight years he has travelled, we are assured, 45,000 miles, mostly on foot, and often without shoes. He has extracted 10,000 teeth, has administered medicine to thousands of patients, and has generally preached twice every day and frequently much oftener.

He has taught students the Bible, geography, anatomy, physiology, history, the elements of chemistry, and astronomy. On all these subjects there are excellent translations of our own standard works, such as "Alexander on the Psalms," "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," "Herschel's Astronomy," and he himself has prepared a Chinese dictionary of more than 10,000 words.

Whenever a young man was able for the work he was placed in charge of a native congregation and wherever there was a man ready there was a place ready for him. At present there are 20 chapels and as many preachers, 323 persons have been baptized, thousands assemble to hear the Gospel, and more than a dozen who were once in heathen darkness have passed away glorying in Christ.

By all these multiplied labours it is not surprising that the Doctor's health has been so far impaired and that it has been found necessary that he should revisit his native country. While, however, he has returned to Canada to recuperate, he is already doing good work for the great cause to which he has consecrated his life.

As was intimated a few weeks ago, he will, after a short season of rest, visit such churches as may invite him to do so, in order to interest the people in the great work of Foreign Missions. Upon this work we understand he has already entered with characteristic ardour. As was naturally to be expected the interest excited in himself and in his work, among the Presbyterians in Oxford, has been very great. Wherever he speaks he has crowds of eager and intelligent listeners, and we see it is proposed that the Presbyterians of that county should take upon themselves the duty of raising the whole of the \$4,000 which the Doctor wants in order to establish a Theological Institute for the training of native preachers in North Formosa. We have no doubt the good friends in Oxford will do all this and more. They are perfectly able, and we shall not believe that they are unwilling, to help forward the good cause in Formosa, especially when one of themselves has been so owned of God in beginning and carrying on the great work. Dr. Mackay will have a busy time of it during his stay in Canada, for very many will be anxious to see and hear him and not less to hear and see his wife, who, as all are aware, is a Chinese lady, and one who is shewing herself to be a help meet for him.

We shall be both surprised and disappointed if the general interest awakened in Foreign Missions, by the presence and addresses of Dr. and Mrs. Mackay, be not of such a character and extent as not only to extinguish the debt at present resting upon the Foreign fund but greatly and permanently to raise the scale of contribution to all missionary purposes throughout the whole of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

I DARE no more fret, than I dare curse and swear. —Wesley.

THE Rev. R. H. Warden, of Montreal, left yesterday on a brief visit to Manitoba. He is accompanied by Rev. Prof. Bruce, of Glasgow. Mr. Warden expects to return about 1st September. During his absence Rev. J. Scrimger, 344 St. Antoine street, Montreal, will transact any business matters requiring immediate attention.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

OUR CHILDREN.

What a change from the atmosphere of our Church Courts, so often charged with noxious vapours, to that of the nursery! And yet what subtle invisible lines of connection run between the two. For every bearded man in yonder Assembly was once a child, with eyes wide open upon the wonderland of life, and from these nurseries shall come the professors, moderators, ministers and elders of the future Church. What a pity the Church sets so little value on them, and oftentimes does little else than sprinkle them with a little cold water, and leave them to shift for themselves till they come in riper years, if they ever come at all, to seek admission into her membership! Our theory is good, our practice bad. Our theory is that the children of believing parents are *de jure* and *de facto* members of the Church. We rugged Calvinists, so often misrepresented and abused, take a larger and more loving view of the relationship of our children to Christ and His Church than perhaps any other denomination. That the Church is made up of believers and their children is a definition of it which most of our co-religionists in this country either repudiate or fail practically to realize. Most of them will admit that regeneration may take place so soon that all memory of it is obliterated, or so imperceptibly that memory of it is impossible. Practically, however, in most evangelical circles, children are looked upon simply as possible subjects of regeneration when they come to riper years. And if the English popular mind were severely logical, which it is not, there should be considerable anxiety as to the fate of those who die in infancy. Happily for English parents the English mind is not severely logical, and they quietly assume that if a child die in infancy it is all safe, whereas if it live it can have no position as a member of Christ's Church till at some period, not exactly determined, it has consciously undergone a saving change. Besides in all sections of English society there is a lingering faith in the saving efficacy of baptism, which helps to quiet apprehensions about the dead children, while it fails apparently to excite any proper anxiety about those who survive. A great deal has been said about the phrase "elect infants" in the tenth chapter of our Confession, and possibly some of our forefathers entertained what seem to us unreasonable fears that some infants might not be of this elect. Such fears, we believe, are a thing of the past. Dr. Anderson, Geo. Gilfillan (in a noble sermon on this subject), and Logan, all of them sons of the U. P. Church, have done noble service in this matter. It seems to be a universal conviction among Presbyterians that all children dying in infancy are safe, and therefore in the number of the elect, being "regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when, and where, and how He pleaseth." As to children who survive, our theory is that they are *members of the Church*.

It would not be proper in a paper of this kind to enter into the reasons for holding this doctrine. Assume that it is the doctrine of the Church, and what follows? This, that in the Church of the future, the ideal Church of which we all have glimpses now and then, there will be no conversions among the children of the Church, or very few. The child is a member of the Church. It is part of his birthright. He becomes a subject of believing prayer from the first moment of his existence. In recognition of that membership baptism is administered, and he is solemnly dedicated to God. The parents, sensible of the influence of matter upon spirit, and attributing no magical virtue to the baptismal water, or to prayer, unless means also are used, attend to the health of his soul as much as to that of his body. Every attention is also paid to his education and to his recreations. As he grows up the father becomes his father confessor, discharging naturally and by divine appointment those duties which the Catholic parent hands over to the priest, and which the Protestant too frequently neglects altogether. Thus many fearful habits are prevented or killed in the bud. In the Church of the future we expect to find parents bestowing some of that attention upon the physical conditions of child life which is now bestowed mainly upon young colts and dogs. Such a child grows up with no soul-consuming dread of God in his heart, no sense of living in a spiritual world far remote from that in which his parents and elders live.

Is he not a Christian child? Does he not live within the charmed circle of Church life? He has been taught what sin is, what the sins of childhood too often are, but also how to get rid of them. Nay, he was taught all about redeeming love first, and his first act of conscious sin was the sin of a son, was rebellion against a heavenly Father, not that of a little heathen wretch who knows of no covenant relationship between himself and an angry God. The thought of Jesus is entwined with the earliest memories of His mother, stands out the first distinct image in the dim dawn of consciousness. Does a pained expression appear on her face, it is followed by the thought of a pained, not an *angry*, look on His. The child is already a believer, as a believer he sins, as a believer he is forgiven—unless any one will be so daring as to affirm that a child cannot believe, and cannot be forgiven. And so, imperceptibly, showers of divine influence fall upon the young heart.

He grows up a happy child, sinful yet happy, for can he have the painful experiences of a reprobate adult or even of an adult Christian? He is a believer, and he is happy enjoying everything in this glorious world. He knows that there are dark places he must not enter and dark deeds he must not even name, but home is such a happy place that these places and deeds fill him with unutterable dread. Home is paradise; all that would exclude him from home must be hell. Nor has the Church been unmindful of him in the meantime. His father, being priest at home, has not handed him over to the care of the average Sunday school teacher or sent him to a children's service with its dreary platitudes, most childish and yet most unchildlike in many cases. He has given him a religious training at home. But the lad has learned to love the Church and the minister. The sermon often flies over his head, and why not? Does not the conversation of his seniors often do so, and yet the lad likes to listen. But there is the singing, reading and prayer. The habit is formed of attending church as one having a right to be there. Then comes the time of decision which synchronizes with opening manhood, not a time of startled thought upon dread and unfamiliar realities, but a spiritual coming of age, and he takes his place at the communion table with a joy and a pride, as of some young patriot now enrolled in his country's armies, now privileged with a voice in her affairs.

We have been drawing not a fancy picture as some may think, but an ideal picture, one realized sometimes in the present day, and destined to be realized increasingly in the future. And we would ask seriously, does our practice correspond with our creed? Are not many parents in our Church hoping that their children may somehow or other be converted in after life instead of making every effort to secure their regeneration in childhood. If the doctor told them that their child had a tendency to consumption they would seek to check the disease by cod liver oil, fresh air, exercise, and every other expedient that parental anxiety can dictate. What would be the thought of the parent who should neglect the disease till the child was fourteen, and take it then to the physician to be cured? And not less foolish and wicked are those parents who would substitute the perilous expedient of a conversion, brought about by violent appeals to the emotional nature in boyhood or youth, for the gentle growth in piety which we have described.

All that we have said is quite consistent with the doctrine of original sin. Of course the taint is there in the brightest and the best. But the mother of a diseased child does not terrify it by perpetually dwelling on the disease; she does all that loving care and medical skill can do to expel it from the system. And we believe in election. We are Calvinists. With no savage glee, with infinite sorrow rather, we recognize the mysterious fact that all these means may fail, and the Esau nature be developed, and the child of perdition emerge from the bosom of a Christian family. But should that hinder us from believing in the promises of God which are to us and to our children? If we believe that in most cases children who are well fed, well trained, and developed, will grow up to be healthy men and women, shall we abandon all faith in the ordinary sequences of nature when we enter the spiritual sphere? Does it make no difference, does it count for nothing in most cases, that a child is a believer's child; and if it does not, whose blame is it? Is it the blame of the parents or of the children? And if it is admitted that being the child of a believer does count for something in many cases, why not use every

effort so that it may count for something in every case? Here it seems to us that our Church has a great advantage over others that might be named. In a country where the churches are vibrating between the hot fit of a revival and the cold fit of a reaction from it, seeking to do in a week or two of spasmodic effort what ought to be the growth of years, what permanent results might we not achieve, and what a happy influence might we not exert upon our neighbours, if we could only carry out our theory about baptism and Church membership to its legitimate issue. We hear a great deal about the success of the methods so popular among our Nonconformist neighbours. We don't hear much about the ghastly failures, about those who are galvanized into a semblance of spiritual life only to fall back again into a worse kind of spiritual death. It is to be feared that in many of our churches the young are no longer looked upon as the children of the covenant. No wonder many Presbyterians think so little of baptism when they realize so little what it means both for children and parents. If our ministers baptize the children of those who are not professing Christians, and if, instead of seeking to train up the children as Christians in the Christian faith, they bring some ignorant evangelist now and then into their churches to convert the young people, they need not say much about the Church of the future. It will be a poor Church. We shall have plenty of that shrill metallic sort of piety so common in this country, plenty of materialistic devotion and sensational preaching, but very little of that manly, undemonstrative, yet thoroughly heartfelt religion, which has made Presbyterianism a power in the past. To those who wish our cause to prosper in England we would say, "Take care of the children, the men and women will take care of themselves." Simply to work out our own creed, and follow the example of our greatest leaders and thinkers in the past, will save us from that breach between religion and culture, between sacred and secular life, from that vulgarizing of the spiritual, and that attempt at spiritualizing the vulgar, which is so characteristic of a great deal of the Church life which we see around us.—*London Weekly Review*.

GET NEARER.

Some people imagine that Sinai is extinct. Certain pulpits seem to be pitched so far away from the sublime mountain that its august peak is no longer visible, and its righteous thunders against sin are no longer audible. With this school of rose-water ministers the theology of law is voted obsolete and barbarous; the world is to be tamed and sweetened and sanctified entirely by a theology of love. They preach a one-sided God—all mercy and no justice—with one-half of His glorious attributes put under eclipse. Even sinners are not to be warned, with tears and entreaties, to flee from the wrath to come. They are to be coaxed into holiness by a magical process which makes nothing of repentance, and simply requires a "faith" which costs no more labour than the snap of a finger. This shallow system may produce long rolls of converts, but it does not produce solid, subsoiled Christians.—*Dr. Cuyler*.

BELIEF IN ONE'S WORK.

Successful workers will generally be found to be those who believe the most intensely. Even in speech, the effectiveness of an utterance may often be measured by the force of the conviction that prompted it. Much more is it true of work, that its results depend largely upon the faith with which we pursue it. So of a man's moral convictions; if they are feeble, his moral life will be feeble also. If he utters a truth, it will carry the impression that he is in some doubt about it; and even the most palpable truism might be taken from his lips at a discount.

Apply the principle to a man in business. Let him believe thoroughly in his work, that it is honourable and may be made profitable, and he will be likely to pursue it more enthusiastically and earnestly, and if there are either dollars or honours in it he will be pretty sure to gain them. A brickmaker with a firm conviction that there is a fortune in his bank of clay would be much more likely to realize it than the owner of a gold mine who doubted the success of working it.

Only let one's convictions be strong enough to stand alone, and there need be few fears but they will make their way. Their intensity will overcome not only one's own doubts, but those of other people. They will laugh at clouds, and come bounding into

port on the crest of the very wave that croakers said would whelm them.

Of course it is essential that the convictions be wholesome and rightly aimed. The hunter does not hit the bird in the air who aims at its image in the water. Much less, if his gun be loaded with sand. Let truth be in the heart, and it will aspire upward instead of downward—provided a downward aspiration were possible. Then its beats will be blows, and every blow will drive falseness further back. The person with even a limited experience doesn't need to be told that weak opinions beget sickly offspring, and that all vagabond morals are born of doubt.—*Morning Star.*

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
Ere you fill them full of flowers ;
Wait not for the crowning tuberoses
To make sweet the last sad hours ;
But while in the busy household band
Your darlings still need your guiding hand ;
O ! fill their lives with sweetness.

Wait not till the little hearts are still
For the loving look and phrase ;
But while you gently chide a fault,
The good deed kindly praise.
The word you would speak beside the bier,
Falls sweeter far on the living ear ;
Oh ! fill young lives with sweetness.

Ah ! what are kisses on the clay-cold lips
To the rosy mouth we press,
When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
For love's tenderest caress !
Let never a worldly babble keep
Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
Circling young lives with sweetness.

Give thanks each morn for the sturdy boys,
Give thanks for the fairy girls ;
With a dower of wealth like this at home,
Would you rifle the earth for pearls ?
Wait not for death to gem life's crown,
But daily shower life's blessings down,
And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Remember the home where the light has fled
Where the rose has faded away ;
And the love that glows in youthful hearts,
Oh ! cherish it while you may !
And make your home a garden of flowers,
Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
And fill young lives with sweetness.

PRESUMPTION.

A young German countess, who lived about a hundred years ago, was a noted unbeliever, and especially opposed to the doctrine of the resurrection. She died when about thirty years of age, and before her death gave orders that her grave should be covered with a solid slab of granite ; that around it should be placed square blocks of stone, and that the corners should be fastened to each other and to the granite slab by heavy iron clamps. Upon the covering this inscription was placed : "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." All that human power could do to prevent any change in that grave was done ; but a little seed sprouted, and the tiny shoot found its way between the side-stone and the upper slab, and grew there, slowly but steadily forcing its way until the iron clamps were torn asunder, and the granite lid was raised and is now resting upon the trunk of the tree, which is large and flourishing. The people of Hanover regard it with almost a kind of superstition, and speak in lowest tones of the wicked countess ; and it is natural they should, for as I stood beside that grave in the old churchyard it certainly impressed me more deeply than I can express.—*Standard.*

THE HOUR BEFORE CHURCH.

I have in my eye at present the hour before you go to church on the Sabbath forenoon. I am anxious about it. The note struck then is likely to give tone to your spirits all the day. Redeem it Redeem it as much as you can from family duties. Redeem it wholly from "plaiting of hair and putting on of apparel." Redeem it wholly from vain conversation. How very much the power of the minister's preaching depends on the preparing of the hearer's heart. If you come up to the church with your mind crowded with trifles and puffed up with vanity—what can ministers do? They can do nothing but beat the air. What else can they do if there be nothing before them but air to beat at? It will make a sound, and that is all. I fear that many of my dear people spend more time on the Sabbath morning in putting veils on their

faces than in taking the veils off their hearts—more time in trying to make themselves appear before men what they are not, than in trying to make themselves appear before God what they are.—*Wm. Arnold.*

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A CHINESE INDICTMENT AGAINST DRINKING.

An old Chinese legend tells how in the days of the great Yu, some two thousand two hundred years before Christ, a certain I Ti made wine and gave some to Yu, who, when he had tasted it, pronounced its flavour to be good, but poured it upon the ground, and ordered I Ti to be banished, forbidding its further manufacture, lest in after ages the kingdom should be lost through wine.

"Then," says the legend, "the heavens rained gold for three days," no doubt in approval of the wise conduct of the old Chinese prohibitionist, Yu. We are reminded of this ancient story on reading some extracts from a Chinese religious book called "Oneness in Virtue." This work is said to be of great age, but the blocks were destroyed during the late rebellion, and the present edition was printed only thirteen years ago from new blocks. The author is a Mr. Sun Chichchai. We think our readers will be interested in the opinions of this old native writer on wine-drinking. We are indebted for the translation to Rev. Frederick Galpin, of Ningpo :

"Wine confounds the character. Scarcely any man who drinks immoderately can possess self-control. Those whose dispositions naturally are stern, overbearing or tyrannical are helped to develop such evils by wine, and so with rapidity are thus made angry and mad. How great is the injury caused ! For this reason several exhortations have been written. Wine may be used for religious obligations, but not to violate propriety by becoming drunk with it. A little may nourish, but a large quantity destroys. Man when drunk will do that which, when sober, he would not dare to do ; he will do anything.

"Through wine the scholar loses his good name, the magistrate his office, the merchant his trade, and the artisan his work. Persons, property, friends, family, and life, are all injured. What difference is between it and a venomous serpent ?

"Hence the first of the Buddhist prohibitions is, 'Abstain from wine.' Wine is a cruel axe that cuts down the character. Is it good or evil to give to or press upon a man, as a kindness, that which may injure him ?

"Some may escape the evil, but nine out of every ten are destroyed. Wine may be of excellent flavour, but it is a madman's medicine. Wine is a source of disorder, it bequeathes hosts of hideous things, it spoils longevity, and hands down vicious habits."

We now give the author's thirty-two evils of wine-drinking :

1. It robs the heart of its purity.
2. It exhausts money and property.
3. Door of much sickness and disease.
4. Root of brawls and quarrels.
5. It makes men naked and barefooted as oxen or horses, but (unlike cattle)
6. Reeling and dancing, idling and cursing. They are detested by all men.
7. Through it men never obtain what they should.
8. What they obtain they lose.
9. It causes men to waste deeds and exhaust speech ; when they awake it is only to repent.
10. It causes the loss of much, and an awakening only to shame and confusion.
11. It destroys physical force.
12. It spoils countenance and complexion.
13. Heart and mind are led astray.
14. Wisdom and knowledge are beclouded.
15. It destroys the capacity to honour parents.
16. Through it men cannot reverence the gods ;
17. Nor obey the words of good men ,
18. Nor laws of empire.
19. It makes friendships with cruel and wicked men.
20. It causes a separation from the virtuous and good.
21. It makes men shameless.
22. It easily incites to ferocious anger.
23. It destroys the power to control the passions.
24. It gives men over to evil without limit.
25. It causes them to resist the devout.
26. Produces a heart without fear.
27. Turns day into night.
28. Makes infamous in crime and teaches iniquity.

29. Rejects virtuous laws.
30. Drives men from the true and happy end of life, Nirvana.
31. Sows the seeds of insanity and madness.
32. Corrupts the body, destroys the life, and causes men to fall into the wicked way.

One name for wine is "fountain of misery." It is said that the Emperor Yuan Tsung, A.D. 713, refused to drink wine because of its evil influence, and it is remarked, "If the Son of heaven was willing to abstain, what must be the disposition of any man who will not follow such an example?"—*Shanghai Temperance Union.*

INTEMPERANCE IN HIGH LIFE.

Drunkenness is not exclusively a vice of the so-called "lower classes ;" this is a fact too often overlooked in the current discussions of intemperance and its remedies. We believe as fully as does Dr. Bartol or Dr. Clarke, in the principle of substitution, in the New Testament radicalism of overcoming evil with good. We have in these columns made frequent and earnest appeals for such an enlargement of the methods of temperance reforms as should treat the causes as well as the effects of the drinking habit, and seek to diminish the sale by stopping the demand for it. We have no patience with the assumption that society has fulfilled its duty, or that reform has done its work, when the sale or even the manufacture of liquor is legally prohibited. Neither appetite nor native depravity will explain the intemperance of the working and "lower classes." Go to their wretched habitations—learn the poverty of their lives, even greater than the poverty of their purses ; see how they work, and eat, and sleep—and you will begin to understand that the delusive glitter of the drinking saloon is an effect rather than the cause of their misery. They should be helped out of this condition, and fortified against such temptations by every appliance that Christianity can suggest or philanthropy devise. Fight the rum-shop with the coffee-house, the tavern with the reading and recreation rooms, homelessness with evening homes, ignorance with education, darkness with light. But this is not enough. Is drunkenness any less terrible when the drunkard falls under a mahogany table than when he tumbles into the gutter?—when he is sent home in a hack instead of being hustled to the station house? Is it more dreadful for a drunken man of the lower class to break his wife's head than for a drunken man of the upper class to break his wife's heart? Is a skeleton in the closet less ghastly than a skeleton in the pitiless glare of the living room light? If you do not from your own observation know the wide-spread and baneful effect of intemperance among the well-to-do and wealthy classes, your experience of life must be very limited. Ask the physicians, ask the ministers of the city, and they will tell you whether the excessive use of strong drink is chiefly the vice of the working people. There is scarcely a family undefiled, in some of its connections, by the demon-touch of intemperance. The saloon is a pitfall ; but so is the club. The bar-room is the devil's camp ; the sideboard is his ambush. Whiskey is debasing ; but French brandy is warmed with the same fire of hell. A "drunk" is not made innocuous because it costs three dollars instead of ten cents. Calling alcohol by fine names, and drinking it with that kind of moderation that stops just short of total intoxication, doesn't change its nature or avert its effect. With all our boasted advance in culture and civilization, drunkenness still remains the monster vice of society. And the unwise methods of any of the advocates of temperance, be they demagogical apostles or sincere fanatics, does not absolve any Christian teacher from the duty of placing the emphasis of his utterance upon the policy of abstinence.—*Exchange.*

THE report of the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, speaking of the Gaboon and Corisco Mission in Africa, says that it lacks the exciting interest awakened by newly-discovered regions in the interior ; but it is still a mission of great importance and will furnish a good base of operations from which to reach the interior. The Board is considering whether it is not expedient to establish a new station at Kabiná, on the coast, near the Congo, with the view of ascending that river when it is safe to do so. The mission now extends 370 miles along the coast, from 170 north to 200 miles south of the Equator, and has access to a considerable population, including a tribe of cannibals (the Fangwes) of the interior, who often come almost to the mission-doors at Kangwe.

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Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1880.

PROPORTIONATE AND ADEQUATE
GIVING.

WILL our readers kindly permit us to draw their special and prayerful attention to the sensible and seasonable letter of "L," which they will find in to-day's issue. We are quite sure that not a few will find in it food for their meditations as well as, perhaps, material for self-condemnation, both in its calculations and suggestions.

THE ISLAND SERVICE.

MR. MACDONNELL'S letter on the Island service speaks for itself. We are always very glad to have any mistake into which we may have inadvertently fallen, corrected. At the same time we are in this case still of opinion that the arrangement for a Sunday afternoon service was a mistake, though gone into by the clergymen referred to from the very best of motives. That the result has not been satisfactory is, we think, evident even from the published accounts of those who could never be suspected of either Puritanism or bigotry, as also from what we understand to be the fact, that the service has, in the meantime, been dropped. If the permanent residents of the Island are anxious to have a regular Sunday meeting for religious worship we can see very little difficulty in the matter being arranged in such a way as would satisfy everybody.

SIGNS OF A GOOD CAUSE PROGRESSING.

IT used to be said some twenty or thirty years ago that one could always pretty accurately determine the state and prospects of any public question by noting the treatment it received from the London "Times." True to its name and profession that publication had an opinion for every day of the week, and took care that each should, with considerable accuracy, indicate the general feeling of the hour. It was, therefore, only natural that in the earlier stages of any great movement no notice of its existence should be taken by the "Thunderer" of Printing House Square. It was too weak and too insignificant to call as yet for discussion even of the most cursory character, or for a sneer even of the most contemptuous description. But by and by, when there was really life and importance in the movement, the policy of silent contempt could no longer be maintained. A casual notice, half bantering and wholly scornful, had now and then to be inserted, with sundry intimations about its being very strange that in such enlightened days there possibly could be any one so absolutely foolish and so entirely ignorant and weak-minded as to advocate such sad nonsense. Of course to argue such a matter would have been too absurd. The "Times" had too much respect for the intelligence of its readers to think of such a thing. When, however, one or two more turns of the screw had been made, argument had to be resorted to, but it was at first of a pitying, patronizing description, as if it were too bad to waste time and paper on such a thing, though it might be done just to shew how easily the whole could be shattered into ten thousand frag-

ments. And the grand, pleasant, pitying volley was given, but the anticipated shattering did not by any means take place. Anon the pity and the banter disappeared, and in their stead there were fierce assaults, eager and unscrupulous opposition, the imputation of the worst of motives, with confident prophecy of the disastrous results which were sure, in a certain eventuality, to take place. With perfect certainty, it might be said, that when things had reached that stage the beginning of the end had come. No long time after the world would be assured, that what a few years before was too contemptible for notice, was "a great fact," and forthwith the many-headed and many-opinioned giant of the Press uncovered, and with all the reverence it possessed, proceeded to "adore those who were now 'gods' come down in the likeness of men."

The "Times" is not now either relatively or absolutely what it was then. Still, even yet, along with others of its brethren of the broad sheet, it indicates with tolerable accuracy the progress of public opinion quite as much as, if not a great deal more than, it determines its character and guides its flow. Accordingly we cannot be far wrong in taking its latest utterances on the temperance question as proofs positive that that movement is gathering very formidable strength. It must have got far beyond the slough of contempt before the journal we speak of could have brought itself to declare that the demand "for legislative change in reference to the liquor traffic has become so general that we must make up our minds to whatever experiments may be needed to satisfy it;" and only a few years ago it would have been thought passing strange had a "respectable" and "leading" journal, even in the provinces, ventured to take such an optimistic view of the progress of temperance as is indicated in the following passage, or, indeed, any view at all:

"Every class is reforming itself as fast as it can. Drunkenness has long ceased to be a prevailing vice in the upper sections of society. The middle classes have shaken themselves pretty well clear of it. The better part of the artisan class has done the same. The vice, Lord Fife declares, lingers only in the lowest grades of the community, where wages have risen of late years while education has not yet penetrated. In other words, the entire nation is becoming sober, though we must wait a few years more before the process will be complete."

In short, the arguments, discussions, and oppositions of the last thirty or forty years on this subject are bearing fruit, just as similar ones on slavery and the corn laws did, and everything indicates that the time of triumph, if not at the door, is not far off. The hysterical cries heard on both sides of the Atlantic from those interested in the liquor traffic are sure proofs that the craft is felt to be in danger, and the louder the protestations, the wilder the screaming, and the more bitter the opposition, so much the better. They are all hopeful signs, and whether the "Times" patronizes the movement or the "Saturday Review" sneers at it, the indications are all equally encouraging. In Canada there are similar proofs of satisfactory progress being made. Here the tavern-keepers' paid advocate may hector and protest, there the *drouthy litterateur* may argue and contemn; while ever and anon the superfine advocate of "good fellowship" may come in with his pitying, patronizing and most self-satisfied simper about how "they do in England," especially in "good society," where they drink "almost every day" "two and three glasses of wine at dinner," yet "never get drunk;" but it all comes to the same thing, and all indicates the healthful progress of opinion in reference to usages which have done more than any other half-dozen which could be mentioned to lay desolate homes, to blast characters, to break hearts, to fill gaols, to empty churches, to debase the intellect, to embrate the heart, to harden the conscience, to "petrify the feelings," and to ruin the soul. "It moves!" yes, "It moves." We thank God it does, and our prayer is that its coming triumph may be abundantly hastened.

WORK IN THE NORTH-WEST.

WE feel that we cannot call attention to Mr. Robertson's letter in to-day's issue, in too urgent terms. The fields are white already to the harvest, and it will be no ordinary disgrace to the Presbyterians of Canada, as well as no ordinary injury to the future of our Church if the present favourable opportunity is not utilized to the full and at once. If ever a Church had a call to be up and active at a particular kind of work, that Church is the Canada Presbyterian of to-day, and that work is the evangelization of the North-west. There is no use in saying that either the means

or the men are wanting. There is an abundance of both, if they could only be made available. Suitable agents can be had at any time. Are we to acknowledge that a wealthy and numerous body like the Presbyterians of Canada cannot supply all the money needed to keep our pioneers from sinking into practical heathenism or pronounced indifference? We cannot bring ourselves to believe this possible. Yet when we call to mind how much ground has been needlessly lost in Ontario through culpable indifference, and shortsighted illiberality, we cannot be quite so sure as we should like to be of the favorable and much desired issue of affairs in our wide extended and most inviting Home Mission field of the North-west. No one has begun yet to make anything like sacrifices for the extension of the cause of Christ, whether at home, or abroad; indeed we are not sure that for such a cause it is possible to make sacrifices at all, for whatever in this case is given or whatever is done comes back in rich, full measure, pressed down and running over into every one's bosom. In this enterprise especially, the liberal soul deviseth liberal things and by liberal things is strengthened as well as blessed.

MISSIONARY DOINGS IN MUSKOKA.

SOME short time ago the Brantford "Expositor" published the following letter from a student at present labouring in Muskoka. We transfer it with great pleasure to our columns, while we express anew our regret that our missionaries make so little use of the Press in letting the Christian community know something of their several fields of labour, the extent and pressing character of the necessity in each individual case, and the good which, under God, is being accomplished by their self-denying labours. It is quite true that we ought not to let our right hand know what our left is doing, and that the most self-denying and most efficient workers in the Lord's vineyard find it a thankless task to speak of themselves and their own trials, privations, and successes. But while this is quite true it is at the same time not to be forgotten by these brethren that they are the agents of a large constituency, every one of whom has a right to be informed of what is being done and of what is proposed, and that it is to be understood all these are deeply interested in every one of the details of the enterprise, and can only be expected to continue so by being kept well posted in reference to every part of the field and be personally made acquainted so far with every one of the agents who are actively engaged in the work. It is all very well to say that people *ought* to be interested in the Lord's work, but they never will be about that of which they know nothing, or, at the best, but very little.

We are quite sure that this little communication will be perused with a great deal of interest by very many of our readers, and if there were more such pieces sent to THE PRESBYTERIAN, or to any of our contemporaries generally circulated among the members of our Church, the missionaries would not have so much reason to complain of the want either of sympathy or of adequate support. The extract from the "Expositor" is as follows:

A young divinity student belonging to Brantford, who is labouring this summer in Muskoka, relates some of his experience in this new country to a friend here. The letter is dated at Mecumona, and among other things he says:

"My field covers an area of 50 miles, which is traversed by me on foot every two weeks, and if, in addition to this, you allow for visitation of families, some of which are three and four miles apart, you can imagine what fills up the spare moments of the Muskoka missionary.

"That you may better understand my course of operations, let me, in brief, detail the incidents of a fortnightly tour.

"I preach at Strong to an average congregation of thirty persons at 10 a.m. on Sabbath, then have dinner and walk five miles to the next station, two successive miles of the distance being through a swamp where one can barely find stepping places, and if one can keep dry below the knees, he does well.

"I preach at 9 p.m. at Stony Lake to an average congregation of fifty, and then walk two miles to my stopping place, where I spend part of the next week visiting and doing what little study the mosquitos will permit. I then go to Large Lake, a distance of ten miles from here, and hold service the following Sabbath at 10 a.m., thence on foot and partly by canoe to Mecumona, fourteen miles more, and preach at 4 p.m. The following week is spent in what preparation for work circumstances permit of and in visiting, until on Friday or Saturday I have a tramp of twenty-five miles to the starting point again—this latter usually occupies but one day, as there are not people by the way who can afford to shelter and feed one over night.

"The houses are all built with one room, a sheet or quilt serving as partitions at night, and some who have not got such luxuries, after worship—which happily they are de-

lighted to have when the minister is present—blow out the lamp and let you find your way to bed in the dark.

"The people have very hard times just now, having lost their crops last year, upon which they depended for a living during the winter and summer; and having in the majority of cases only money enough to keep them until the crops were gathered, much want of the bare necessities of life has been felt, and almost starvation to a few.

"The people are willing to give what they have, and receive the missionary gladly, and I am raised to know that many appreciate the service of the sanctuary as a spiritual refreshment to weary souls, and do not attend from unworthy motives."

SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE ISLAND.

MR. EDITOR,—In your issue of the 6th inst., you have the following sentences in reference to the Sunday services on the Island:

"A well known tavern-keeper on the Island has secured the services of popular clergymen for a Sabbath afternoon service in his hotel. This necessitates the running of the Sunday steamers. . . . It was a very astute movement on the part of the taverner at any rate—a big advertisement, both of his place and his wares."

Will you kindly state in your next issue three facts which cannot have been present to your mind when you penned these lines?

1. The services of the "clergymen" were not secured by Mr. Hanlan—the "well known tavern-keeper" referred to—but by citizens of Toronto resident on the Island. Mr. Hanlan, when asked, very kindly gave the use of the dining-room in his hotel, and he has taken trouble to secure the comfort of those who attend the services, for which in my judgment, he deserves something else than sneers.

2. The Sunday steamers were running for weeks before these services were begun. I shall be surprised if the discontinuance of the services—and the action of the Ministerial Association points in that direction—have any effect on the running of the steamers.

3. The services were instituted not for the benefit of excursionists from the city, but for the families resident on the Island. If there were no communication by ferry between the city and the Island, the need of such services would, of course, be greater than it is.

I ask your insertion of these few lines in justice to the ladies and gentlemen who made arrangements for these services, to the "well known tavern-keeper," to the "popular clergymen," and to myself as one of the offending brethren who have conducted service on the Island (though I did not go by the steamer!).

August 9th, 1880. D. J. MACDONNELL.

HOME MISSIONS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

MR. EDITOR,—A few days ago Mr. F. J. McLeod came to Winnipeg and has been giving me some information about the field in which he laboured all last winter and spring as you are aware without expense to the Home Mission Committee. Part of his field was given to Mr. Wellwood who arrived recently in the Province. There is yet unprovided for, however, at least eight townships, or over 288 square miles. Within this area about 400 heads of families or young men have taken up homesteads, and at least three-fourths of these are residing on their land now. More than one-half of these are members or adherents of our Church. There are, Mr. McLeod tells me, representatives from at least fifty-two different Presbyterian congregations in Ontario, Nova Scotia, England, Ireland, and Scotland—most of them being from Ontario. What is to be done for them? Dr. Cochrane writes me in a letter received to-day that unless money is forthcoming no more missionaries can be sent out here at present. Are our people there to be like sheep without a shepherd, or let to stray away into other folds? Others are on the ground and active when their prospects are not nearly as good as ours. The Church will awake some day to see and regret her mistake unless fields of this kind are taken hold of and cultivated now. We have been taught some sad lessons in the past in Ontario. I hope we are not, like the Bourbons, incapable of learning anything. Since money is the great desideratum in the case, let all members of the Church contribute as liberally as possible for this Home Mission work and they will thus be helping such promising fields to get a minister. The field I speak of is the Beautiful Plains and Rolling River country.

JAMES ROBERTSON.
The Manse, Winnipeg, August 3rd, 1880.

BRANTFORD YOUNG LADIES' COLLEGE.

The Rev. Dr. Cochrane, who for the past six years has been so intimately connected with the Brantford College, having resigned his connection with it, the

Board of Directors have passed the following resolutions:—

"Whereas the Rev. Dr. Cochrane has withdrawn from his former active and intimate relations with the Brantford Young Ladies' College, the Board of Directors beg to express to him their deep regret and disappointment thereat, in the general interest of the College at the present time.

"The Board desire to place on record their sense of the obligations the College is under to him for his very able and untiring efforts in the establishment of the College in 1874, and for his many eminent and constant services towards it up to the present time, both as President of the Faculty, and in the general administration of its affairs.

"They recognize his successful services to entitle the College the sympathy of the Church with which it is connected, and his able advocacy of its claims to public confidence and support; and they have pleasure in recording that the name of the Rev. Dr. Cochrane is linked in intimate association both with the establishment of the Institution and with the success which has hitherto attended it."

PROFESSOR SMITH'S CASE.

PROFESSOR SMITH ON THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE EDINBURGH PRESBYTERY AND HIS OWN POSITION.

A good many of the Scotch papers have published the following letter addressed to Dr. Spence, Clerk of Aberdeen Free Presbytery, by Professor Robert Smith.

DEAR DR. SPENCE. I am anxious to call the attention of the Presbytery to the proceedings of the Presbytery of Edinburgh at its meeting this week, in a matter affecting the jurisdiction of the Aberdeen Presbytery and my personal rights as a member and minister of the Free Church.

I first thought of making a statement on the subject at next meeting of Presbytery, but, on reconsideration, I have thought it best to put the thing in your hand by a letter, which I shall ask you, as Clerk, to bring before the Presbytery. If you think it desirable that members of Presbytery, who at this season are much scattered, should have previous notice of the point that is to come up, you may make this letter public in any way you choose.

The Edinburgh Presbytery find "that some statements in an article of mine on 'Hebrew Language and Literature,' are causing much disturbance and anxiety in Edinburgh, and throughout the Church, as to their bearing upon the doctrine of inspiration and otherwise." They, therefore, "without committing themselves as to the character of the article," ask the August Commission "to take the article into consideration, so far as to adopt such steps as they judge fit to meet the disturbance and anxiety, and to vindicate scriptural principle." The position in which the Edinburgh Presbytery has placed itself by this deliverance is perfectly clear. It has made itself the mouthpiece of a *fama* against me without inquiring into its ground, and without communicating the matter either to me or to my Presbytery. That is a distinct departure from Church order and the Form of Process, chap. vii. Further, the Edinburgh Presbytery, to the best of its ability, endeavours to take the matter out of the hands of my own Presbytery, by invoking the interference of the Commission—a body which has no power in matters of discipline. If members of the Edinburgh Presbytery believe that I have in this new article taught doctrines which are not covered by my acquittal in a former trial, and which can be proved heretical, they have a very clear course open to them. It is their right, and may be their duty, according to the Form of Process vii. 3, 4, first, to acquaint me, and then, if need be, some of the most prudent of the ministers and elders of my Presbytery, and thereafter to come to the Aberdeen Presbytery with their complaint, giving some account of its probability, and undertaking to make out the libel. On this course the mind of the Church would not be distracted with vague complaints; and the mischief of my teaching, if mischief there be, would at once be checked. The interference of another Presbytery, or of the Commission, can contribute nothing to a solution. It can only operate to relieve individuals of the responsibility of initiating a formal complaint against me. And even this responsibility may legally and regularly be lightened, if the brethren who censure my doctrine choose to put the matter into the hands of the College Committee, which is empowered to prosecute Professors for heresy before their proper Presbytery.

I apprehend, however, that the brethren of the Edinburgh Presbytery are not clear in their own minds that they have ground for action in an orderly way. This is the natural interpretation of their preference for irregular action, and it is confirmed by facts which came out in the debate. For it appeared that the mover of the motion adopted had not read the article about which he was ready to entertain suspicion, that the supporters of the motion were drawn from those who, on a previous occasion, found heresy in an article of mine which formed the ground of a trial in which I was acquitted, that several speakers more or less frankly admitted that the object of the action was to overturn the decision of last Assembly, while others expressed in a most irregular way their want of confidence in the Presbytery of Aberdeen, although in every essential point the judgment of that court on the previous libel has been the judgment of the Church.

There was no serious attempt to shew that the article on "Hebrew Language and Literature" raises any new point of doctrine not covered by the old libel on which I was acquitted; and I am confident that nothing of the kind can be shewn. The publication of the new article is the occasion, but not the cause, of the attempt to fresh agitation. The real meaning of that agitation is a desire to overturn the finding of last Assembly.

Having said so much on the action of the Edinburgh Presbytery, I think it due to the Presbytery of Aberdeen, the court to which I am directly responsible in matters of discipline, and to which I look for counsel and direction in all my work for the Church, to make a clear statement of my own position, which may help them in whatever action they are called to take in the matter.

The main facts as to the publication of the new article are already before the public. The article was completed

and in the publishers' hands in October last. So far as I was able to calculate, I had all reason to expect that it would be in the hands of the public some time before the meeting of Assembly, and the article was written in this expectation. I do not think that it can be difficult to satisfy candid minds as to the considerations which influenced me in undertaking at that date an article which discussed the history of the Hebrew language, and so necessarily called on me to repeat in a brief sketch my scientific convictions as to the order and progressive stages of Hebrew literature. The history of the Hebrew language is a subject of legitimate study which an Encyclopedia of the scientific character of the Britannica cannot ignore. And the subject cannot be treated without reference to the discoveries of modern criticism. At the time when I wrote it was a question whether persons who accepted these discoveries on their evidence, and held them to be fully consistent with the doctrine of our Confession, were to be permitted to hold office in the Free Church. But it was never a question with me whether, in order to remain in the Church, I should sacrifice my convictions as to the truth of the opinions under trial. It was incumbent on me as an honest man to make it quite clear that if I remained in the ministry of the Free Church, I did so without giving up anything which I held to be true. I had, therefore, no scruple in restating so much of my critical position as bore on the subject of the new article—especially as I had had opportunity since the publication of the article "Bible" to explain at length, and in several publications of much more popular form, the grounds on which I accepted these critical views as innocuous to faith and thoroughly consistent with our Protestant doctrine of the Word of God. I did not, and do not, believe that anything is gained by mixing up religious questions with philological and literary investigation into the text of the Bible. The libel must be looked at from both sides, and the two points of view are mutually complementary. Each helps the other, but each has its own right and its own method.

Since I wrote the article on "Hebrew Language and Literature," the Assembly has given a final decision on the question whether the critical views for which I was libelled are inconsistent with office in the Free Church. The Church declines to make these views matters of discipline, and leaves the ultimate decision as to what truth they contain to future inquiry in the spirit of patience, humility, and brotherly charity. This decision enabled myself, and those who hold like views, to remain at our posts with a clear conscience, and to return to work in the Church with fresh vigour. But having vindicated our freedom in a contest which was not of our seeking, we are now called to use our freedom with patience, humility, and brotherly charity. The Church does not live by critical discussion. There are higher interests and higher tasks on which the mind of the Church is at one, in which men of all opinions can labour side by side, and so labouring forget the minor differences, and the irritation which in a period of conflict these differences are sure to produce. For my own part, feeling the hand of God, the gracious direction of our Divine Head, in the issue of last Assembly, I recognized in that issue a solemn invitation to throw myself into such departments of Church work and scholarly research as could not excite fresh controversy, but might rather bring me into closer sympathy with those who differed from my critical opinions. I took immediate steps before the Assembly closed to arrange my literary engagements in accordance with this plan. Had the result been otherwise, had the Church resolved to close its doors on critical opinions which many of us cannot but accept as established by adequate evidence, the call of duty would probably have been to protracted controversy. But since God in His providence has saved our Church from the peril of laying undue restraint on the consciences of office-bearers, I, for one, feel that the path of duty is the path of peace, and that we are called upon to make it manifest that the new views with which we have been charged do not make us less earnest and faithful in the great work of the ministry in the declaration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ for the upholding of His Church and the spread of His kingdom.

I am sure that the vast majority of Free Churchmen accepted the decision of last Assembly in a similar spirit, that all parties in the Church are anxious for peace and unity; that we have learned amidst the controversies of late years that our differences, however keenly felt, do not destroy a deeper oneness of faith and love knitting us together to united work for Christ our Redeemer. If we can continue to maintain this spirit, differences of opinion will be smoothed away without angry controversy. In minor things as well as essentials, truth must at length prevail. If we of the critical school have gone too far, fresh and quiet study will surely teach us our mistake, while so far as our opinions are true and right, they must ultimately make way in all parts of the Church by the force of their proper evidence. If the more conservative part of the Church is willing to exercise patience, faith, and charity enough to leave the matter to this issue, as the finding of last Assembly directs, I, on my part, am most anxious that no action of mine should try their patience or needlessly offend their conscientious zeal for the purity of our Scriptural doctrine; and I trust that the present statement has made it plain that I accept the decision of last Assembly with all loyalty, and have given it immediate effect by so arranging my studies and plan of literary work as to give the Church a respite from critical controversy, so far as I am concerned. In saying this, I do not wish to shrink from full responsibility for the statements of my new article, but I wish the Presbytery to understand that the appearance of the volume immediately after the Assembly, was not of my seeking, and that while I should have been glad to see the article in the hands of the public before the Church's final decision, I am really sorry that it came out just after that decision at a moment when the reassertion of my critical views was unnecessary for the maintenance of my own position, and might seem, though it was certainly not intended, to be gratuitously irritating to a section of the Church whose convictions I desire to treat with all respect even where my view of truth differs from theirs.—I am, dear Dr. Spence, yours very truly,
Aberdeen, July 17th, 1880. W. ROBERTSON SMITH.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS; OR, GIVERS AND GIVING.

BY MARK GUY FEARSE.

CHAPTER VII.—OLD FRIEND CHAFFER—WHERE HE LIVED.

Of all Mister Horn's especial friends, there was no such favourite as old Friend Chaffer. If Mister Horn began to talk of what people could do in the matter of giving, all knew pretty well what was coming; there was sure to be something about old Friend Chaffer.

Their admiration was mutual, and usually expressed itself in the same terms.

"Ah, he is a wonder, is old Friend Chaffer," jerked out Mister Horn, while the ash stick came down with a thump, as much as to say, "Ah, there's no mistake about that, master."

"You know he's a wonder, is Mister Horn, wholly a wonder," quoth old Friend Chaffer, with a shake of his little old head, and a broad smile that revealed the lingering grinders, few and far between.

He lived in the village of Hillingsham, commonly known as Hill'sam. The traveller who should pass up the narrow, winding hill and reach the scattered houses of this parish, would not think it peculiarly favourable to the development of heroes.

Old labourers, bent and withered as if beaten down by the winds and rain, and dried up by the suns in which they had spent fifty or sixty years of their life, crept along in smock-frocks, each with its peculiar ornamentation in front like a breastplate of needle-work; the projecting legs were buttoned in leather gaiters that narrowed into marvellously small ankles, and then went swelling into a pair of huge hob-nailed boots. Younger men had, for the most part, enlisted or emigrated; while the daughters were hired from year to year at the Michaelmas "statty," as the statute fair was called. The early cock-crow woke the little place to the kind of walking sleep that was its life; the hum of the threshing-machine was fitting music throughout the monotonous day; and in the evening the booming cock-chaffer had it almost to himself.

The church stood long and low amid a clump of dying trees. The church-yard, separated from the road by a slimy horse-pond, was neglected and nettles-grown. The weather-worn wooden memorials of the dead, stretching the whole length of the grave, told only of long life and unchanging names. The village, that commenced with the church, was in every way a continuation of its appearance. It was ugly—almost ugly enough for a town. The houses were neither sufficiently old nor poor for Nature to have touched them with her kindly hand into something of her own; there was no moss-grown thatch, nor walls thick with honey-suckle and clustering rose, nor ivy climbing—

"Aloft, a grove; beneath, a knot of snakes."

The cottages were most of them of dull red brick with slated roofs, that in summer looked fever-stricken with the heat, and in winter looked blue and red with the cold.

At the other end of the village was the other place of worship, as if between them they would secure all the souls. It was a white-washed little place, with low roof and two arched windows. The door was covered with many coats of paperings, remnants of various parish notices and circuit announcements, with lingering patches legible enough to make an absurd jumble, in which a public tea-meeting was followed by compulsory vaccination, and special sermons had to do with votes for the knights of the shire, and "sermons will be preached by—" followed by a list of rate-payers as long as one's arm. Everybody knew in a moment that it was a Methodist chapel.

Such was Hill'sam, where old Friend Chaffer lived and worked through the six days of the week. But Hill'sam on Sunday seemed quite another place. The church woke up and crashed out a merry peal that met you with its music a mile away. The men put on the week's clean smock frock, the women donned their old red cloaks, and the best bonnet saw the light once more. A Sunday at Hill'sam was a day to be remembered. You overtook men and women hot and dusty with their long walk, the father carrying one, perhaps two little ones, while the maternal shawl bulged with the shape of a basket.

You might have known where the chapel was by the folk that lingered about the door and in the road. At church all went in before the service commenced, and were ready at once reverently to worship God; but at chapel they waited thus as if to make sure that the preacher had come before they risked themselves inside—perhaps there was too much reason for their caution.

Then the singing at Hill'sam: Well, to say the least it could not be forgotten. There was a clarinet, which tried to make up in zeal what it lacked in skill; and the fiddle—the fiddle fiddle—that had its periodical fits of goodness, and then was periodically reported to have given up religion and gone to church. There was the pious old leader—Heaven bless him!—who believed tunes were spiritual exactly in proportion to their runs and repeats. Yet was there a heart about it all, and an earnestness, that were very much better—more acceptable to God and more profitable to the people—than the vain performances of many more ambitious places in which no one can join.

After the service the preacher for the day had to meet the one Society class. This over, all adjourned to the vestry, where a score of cups and saucers, the opening of bundles, and other signs, intimated that dinner came next. One basket produced a knife and a fork—they were for the preacher; for him, too, were the slices of bread and meat, and the farther luxuries of a plate, a screw of salt, and a mustard pot. The others sat round on the forms, ranged in families—a family clasp knife with its one large blade did common duty on the bread, and bit of cheese or bacon. Then came two or three cups of tea, completing the meal.

Oh, what happy talks knit those hearts together, and

helped to make the Sabbath the blessed day that it was to them. Some of earth's godliest saints gathered at that humble meal. Look at the tall, bald-headed old man in the corner, keeping himself very much to himself; and we, he may, for he has neither kith nor kin, that he knows of, in the whole wide world. Those large eyes of his, staring out into vacancy as if they had seen nothing, and found in that enough to be in a perpetual wonder, have seen some rare sights. He was brought up as a lad to the business and profession of a smuggler by a pious uncle—for in those days some believed that piety and smuggling could meet together and kiss each other; and it is duly recorded yet in the "Minutes," how that the Conference gravely asked what should be done to put down smuggling in the Societies, when it was agreed that no smuggler—should be allowed to remain among us as a local preacher! He was kidnapped and pressed into his Majesty's navy more than sixty years ago, and bears upon him traces of incidents as romantic as ever were written; and those wide-open eyes have seen more history than most of us have read. But the one story he can remember most vividly, the one incident he can talk of most unwearily, is how that under an orange tree, on the top of a lonely island in the South Pacific Ocean, he sought the forgiveness of his sins and found peace with God; and how that it was followed by a revival on board the man-of-war, in which half the crew and many of the officers were converted; and how that they sailed into battle singing hymns—hymns that sometimes were suddenly silenced here and there, not because the song had ceased, but because the singer had gone to sing elsewhere.

There is good old Mother Bear, too, mumbling her bit of bread and muttering her gratitude by turns, who, when a friend called to see her the other day, said, "Ah, God is good, He is good to think of me as He do, for I ain't nohow worth it. Ye know up to las' Saturday I had half-a-crown a week from the parish, and then I had a goodish appetite, but then they tookt sixpence off, and that very day I los' my appetite, so I can do just as well as ever—Ah, God is good, He can make things fit so!"

That old white-haired saint who has just come hobbling in on a pair of sticks—he with the many folds of white kerchief wrapped about his neck, and the tight-fitting suit of black that ends in the gouty knuckles and glossy knobs on his shoes—he is the father of Methodism in these parts. A local preacher sixty years ago, you should hear him tell how that when preaching out of doors once in the neighbouring village the bulky butcher came behind and suddenly clasped him in his arms, and flung him into the horse-pond; swollen as it was with winter rains, he had a very narrow escape from drowning. And how that same butcher shortly afterward was stricken down under the power of the Word—felled like an ox—and went roaring for many days in the disquietude of his soul, until he found peace with God and became a champion for Jesus, as before he had been for the devil.

After dinner the children met for an hour in Sunday-school—humble work enough it was, that did not get much beyond the letters and small words, but, like all true work for God, it was imperishable, and Heaven kept the record faithfully in the Book of Golden deeds.

The afternoon service closed the public religious duties of the day at Hill'sam. Then the fathers and mothers, with their children and empty baskets, went homeward over the fields or along the highways, leaving the village to sink to its usual quiet for another week.

But before this our attention would have been caught by the quaint figure of one who must have a chapter all to himself.

CHAPTER VIII.—OLD FRIEND CHAFFER—WHAT HE DID.

Now of all the prosaic folks of this parish of Hill'sam there was no one with less of promise in his make-up than our ancient Friend Chaffer.

A bent little old man, with flat feet that shuffled along uneasily, was what one saw at the first glance. "As tender as old Friend Chaffer's corns," was a well-worn proverb with Mister Horn, by which he usually summed up his opinion of folk that were easily put out and vexed. As he shuffled nearer there was disclosed a figure quaint in feature, expression, and dress. The hat, that once held the skull of an eminent divine, accommodated itself to this smaller head by lying back until it almost rested upon his shoulders, and projected in front immediately above the eyes, just a fringe of flat hair marking the line of separation. Underneath was a pair of as pleasant eyes as ever merry wrinkles played around; the cheeks and dumpy nose were scorched into a permanent glossy redness; the mouth, large and s. ken, was fixed into an unchangeable smile that seemed to give a twist to all he said, making the husky sentences end in a sort of little laugh. A velvet coat with sporting buttons hung in folds around the little old man. The trousers might have laid claim to all the privileges of apostolic succession, and, like the doctrine itself, had to be much patched from many sources.

His life had been spent as a farm labourer. On ten shillings a week he and his good wife had brought up a family of eleven children, and now at seventy years of age he found his hard work rewarded with a parish allowance of five shillings a week.

Look at him well, for he is a hero. Ay, look at him, as Mister Horn would often say, look well at him in this world, for he will be too high up for most of us to see him in the next.

If the very many thousands whose names fill the Annual Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society were to pass before us, a vaster, perhaps more imposing, procession would rarely be seen. Crowned heads and robes of royalty would swell its pomp; generous merchants and devoted ladies would testify that giving doth not impoverish; chiefs decked with feathers and wild beasts' skins would lead on their tribes; fatted wanderers from the north would march beside the negro and the stately Brahmin; almost every nation would lend its variety of costume and appearance, and send its pledges that all the kingdoms of the earth should become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ. But first and foremost should be none of these. Not the king with splen-

did gift in stately chariot; not the chief enthroned with barbaric pomp upon the glittering elephant; not the stalwart leader of a once savage tribe now bringing the weapons of cruelty to lay at the feet of the Prince of Peace; not the merchant prince whose vast magnificence has made his name a household word throughout the world. Heading the mighty host should be a little stature and quaint figure hurrying on with shuffling feet—first and foremost there would be our old Friend Chaffer!

With five shillings a week to live on—five shillings for rent and food, for firing and clothes, with class money never forgotten—he appears in this year's report for one pound and twelve shillings!

One pound twelve! It sets one thinking of the report, and of what some of those entries mean that look so unimportant, and are so quickly read—what stories of self-denial are locked up in them—what scheming to save, what struggles to spare. Ay, and more commonly forgotten, what system beginning thus has unconsciously spread itself throughout all the management, and wrought more than its own supply.

This one pound twelve was the result of a year's hard and painful work. Miles were shuffled over to collect a shilling, and very often for less. Little bits of garden produce were lovingly worked at, and eagerly sold for a few pence. How wanly the conversation would be turned round when any one dropped in, how cunningly led up to a certain point, until suddenly the box made its appearance, explaining and applying all that had gone before! The philosophy of that scripture, "A liberal man deviseth liberal things," could find no better illustration than in old Friend Chaffer. With no such restless thought did ever genius seek to apply a new principle or to produce a new machine; with no such uneasy watchfulness did ambition ever try to turn advantages to its own account as that with which old Friend Chaffer sought to fill his box. Like the woman of Bible story, he had but "a precious box" to bring for his Master's acceptance and service; and to fill it richly full each year was his dream, his ambition, and his toil.

Picture the large hat, the glossy face, the loose coat, shuffling up the hill with the missionary box under his arm, tied up in a coloured cotton handkerchief. In this sweltering heat, and with his painful steps, it will be an hour's hard work to get to the farm house to which he is going. At length he reaches it, and stands amid the sheds. And now, making the pigeons fly disturbed from the barn roof, and making the old dog moan in dismal concert, the little husky voice sings to the traditional tune the familiar hymn:

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home."

Then panting with the effort, and pausing to recover breath and to stroke the little fringe of flat hair over his eyes, he sang the second and other verses of the hymn:

"Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye mournful souls, be glad;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home."

"Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought:
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home."

At once the news spread that old Friend Chaffer had arrived. All knew him, and all were compelled to like him, if it were only for his simple, cheery face. The master came across the yard from his stock to lean upon his spud with an amused attention, and to roll in a few bass notes when it came to the last two lines: the "missis" and eager children crowded the old porch; the servants looked out from the windows, and boys in little smocks and gaiters gathered round him with a customary grin. When the hymn was gone through, the box was carefully untied and handed to the master, and thence throughout the house. Everybody gave something. As it came back again it was a picture worthy of any pencil to see the little old head hung on one side as the box was lifted to try its increased weight, the face glowing with contentment, and the mouth and cheeks and eyes all puckered up into a hundred quaint wrinkles that seemed to vie with each other in expression of merry gratitude. Then came a verse or two of the hymn:

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more,

"To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crow His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice."

Again the box was carefully wrapped up, and the little bent figure shuffled homeward, past all work for itself, but thankful, most thankful, that he could still do something for his beloved Master.

Once he boldly proposed to call upon the parson of the parish, who had not more kindly regard for the Methodists than one could expect. They were a sort of poachers who trespassed and poached upon his preserves with impunity. When old Friend Chaffer suggested it to his wife she was almost alarmed, and tried to talk him out of it. The matter soon dropped, and the good wife triumphantly concluded that he had given up so wild a notion; but, unknown to her, he shuffled away one day to the rectory.

The good clergyman received him kindly, and heard his request, and, indeed, handled with some curiosity the treasured box. But putting it down, as old Friend Chaffer fin-

ished his appeal, he reminded him that he knew nothing of the Wesleyan missions and must have some information first. At once the old man promised to bring him a report. Six weary miles he trudged to fetch it from the superintendent at Gippington, and six miles back, and the next day stole away quietly again to the parson.

"He did stare when he saw so much readin'," the old man told us afterward; "he looked quite frightened when I said I 'ud leave it with him to read it through."

A week after old Friend Chaffer went once more. The good clergyman was amazed and much interested.

"Why, I thought you Methodists were a feeble folk, but I find that you do even more than we do." (It was a treat to see old Friend Chaffer's face as he told of that!) "As to money—you raise as much as we do, and I can't make out how you manage to do so much with it. I must say that you folks know how to get money, and how to make the most of it. I really can't give you less than five shillings. Come for it yourself every year, and lend me the Annual Report of your society."

"I was comin' out o' the passage," the old man went on, and 'twas darkish, and I did'n know anybody was near by, and I was sayin' to myself, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' when the door was opened, and I saw the parson's good lady and she say 'You mustn't tell anyone; but here's another half-crown for you, Chaffer, and I wish I could give you more; and the way she say it was as good as five shillings, 'twas so kind and pretty spoken."

But it was not his skill as a missionary collector only that gained for him the title of "a wonder." There was a story that old Friend Chaffer would but seldom allude to, but which Mister Horn delighted to tell to every one.

From the time of his conversion Chaffer had determined to devote something regularly to the work of God. It was no easy task, with an additional mouth to be filled each year, while the wages kept at the same hard line.

"I al'us carried my class penny in my waistcoat-pocket till the Sunday meetin'," the old man has told us, "so that it was sure whatever come. But then there was the missions: I loved them very much, and al'us read the 'Notices;' an' there was a collection or two, an' one thing an' another, so I wanted three or four pennies more sometimes. My neighbours 'ud say to me as it wa'n't needed for me to do so much; but I say to them, 'If I was an archangel, I'd try to sing my very best to the Lord; but seein' as I a'n't, well, the on'y thing is to do the best thing as I can 'pon ten shillin' a week and 'leven children. Why bless ye, it's wholly the same if we do our best!'"

Here, too, the liberal mind devised liberal things. The little garden around his cottage grew a few vegetables, and two or three fruit trees sent a few baskets during the year to market. Choosing the sunniest corner, and in which grew his choicest apple tree, he christened that "the Lord's bit." Whatever he could make out of that was to be given away. Love is satisfied only when it gives its best. This corner received of all the most careful labours; this was the first to be dug up and planted, and for this was reserved the pick of roots and seed. Here the depredations of the frost and the earliest sign of blight were most jealously traced, and here the promise of the spring, and the summer worth, were most joyfully anticipated.

But once there came a time when the garden began to grow neglected. The weeds stood thick and tall. The unpruned trees were tangled with wild creepers. Chaffer's familiar face was missed from the Sunday services. He had been brought home from his work with an injured leg, and lay upon his bed with a prospect of not being able to leave it for months. Then sore want slowly stripped the house. The little savings put by for some such rainy day were soon gone through—one by one disappeared the less needed things about the house. Again the wolf was at the door, and there seemed nothing left with which to drive him away. The children were coming home and there was not a crust in the house.

Then the anxious wife bethought her of something that would scare the wolf. Laid by in a box, carefully wrapped up in a piece of paper, were four shillings—four precious shillings!—the produce of "the Lord's bit." Taking them in her hand, she came to her husband; they were starving—could they not take this money, or at least borrow it, and pay it back when times were better? Little Chaffer, burdened as he was with bitter wants, had hitherto borne up bravely. But now he burst into tears. "What," he cried, "play Ananias and Sapphira, and rob our only Friend! Oh, no, no, lass!" he went on, as the tears streamed down his cheeks. "if it is the Lord's will we can starve and die and go home to heaven, but we ma'n't do this, come what will. The blessed Lord knows all about it, and He can fill up the flour barrel. But we won't take back the little cake that we have given to Him. Trust Him, lass, for we've got His word for it that he will hear us if we call upon him in the day of trouble, and will deliver us. He will, too, I know He will."

The poor wife turned in despair to the lingering herbs in the garden, and gathering what little there was, went off to Gippington to pick up what she could for them.

Chaffer lay in the lonely place, thinking of the Lord and His ways. "Well, we're come to the last pinch now," he sighed, "and maybe it is the turnin' point. The doctor tell me I ma'n't set my foot to ground, but I'll try—happen the Lord'll help me."

Painful and stiff the leg was, and it was with much difficulty that he hobbled to the door. He crept along to "the Lord's bit," and looked at it with such a grief as that with which one would look for the first time at the grave of some most beloved friend.

"Well, I ma'n't let this be, if I never do anything else. I'm up now, and may never be up agen, and it'll comfort me to know as my last bit o' work was for Him."

And the withered hands clung to the spade as he struggled slowly to turn over the earth. It was hard work, but done with a desperateness as if it were love's last effort. He was in the midst of his work when his wife was coming down the hill toward the cottage. She had sold her herbs and was returning with at least one day's supply, when she caught sight of her husband in the garden. She could scarcely be-

lieve her eyes at first; but soon surprise gave way to grief and vexation, and as she appeared at the gate poor Chaffer hobbled in before the coming storm, and rept back again to his couch.

The storm, of course, soon blew over, for it was only the anger of anxious affection, especially as Chaffer found himself only wearied by his effort. The next day he crept out again and finished "the bit." Strength rapidly returned, and in a few days he went back to his work, nor ever felt anything more of the injury.

"Eh, wife," he whispered, when he brought home his wages, "I should be on my back yet, if we had touched the money o' 'the Lord's bit.'"

So old Friend Chaffer came to be called "a wonder."

(To be continued.)

SELF-LOVE.

BY F. W. FABER.

Oh, I could go, through all life's troubles singing,
Turning earth's night to day,
If self were not so fast around me, clinging
To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air,
I use my love for others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed in judging
My merit or my blame;
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious grudging
Of praise which I might claim.

In youth, or age, by city, wood or mountain,
Self is forgotten never;
Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,
Its waters flow forever.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching
Over all time and space,
How have I run from thee, yet found thee
The goal in every race.

Inevitable self! vile imitation
Of universal light—
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation
Of God's exclusive right!

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE LET COMMON SENSE DECIDE.

Many of the directions for regulating household labour are so widely dissimilar that young housekeepers find it difficult to judge which to select as the most reliable. We are surprised, in examining household magazines and receipt books to note the numerous conflicting statements coming, as many of them do, from those who stand as model managers and most reliable authorities.

Not many weeks ago a young and inexperienced but conscientious housekeeper came to us in the lowest depths of despondency. One of her "guides" described the mode of doing certain important things, as she thought, very sensibly and clearly. Another gave rules wide apart from the first. For instance, one advised in washing white flannel to make a strong suds in boiling hot water, leave the flannel soaking in it until the water is just cool enough to be used without burning the hands. Then wash and throw at once into a tub of boiling water in which a little bluing has been stirred. Shake up and down with a clothes-stick till cool enough to put through the wringer twice, snap, pull in shape, and hang on the line evenly, changing it on the line several times; then fold tightly, before very dry, for an hour, and press while damp, drawing it into shape while pressing. All very correct, we should say, except putting through a wringer. That injures flannel, in our judgment, making it hard and knotty.

But the next authority she consulted was very explicit in directing that flannels must be soaked over night in cold water, then wrung into a cool suds, rinsed in cold water, and if fair, left out over night to bleach.

This advice, we, for one, should most certainly object to, and feel that our flannels were yellowed, shrunk, and in every way greatly injured; and yet these directions were given by one who is recognized as good authority.

The young lady had the misfortune to spill some grease on a carpet. She flies to her books of instructions to learn how to remedy the disaster, and one tells her to lift the carpet, stretch it on a clean floor, pour on boiling water plentifully, and with a stiff brush scrub the carpet very thoroughly; pour on more boiling water and scrub again, then rinse, and wiping the floor dry, stretch the carpet on the line to drain, then nail it down while wet to prevent shrinking; raise all the windows, if a sunny day, and tying a coarse dry towel on a broom, go over the carpet many times to absorb as much of the water as can be done, changing the wet towel to a dry one often; then leave the carpet to dry.

Another advises soapsuds with ammonia, only raising the carpet to lay some old cloth underneath to absorb the grease. Then scrub the grease spot with this suds and, if needful to hold the colours, put in half a cup of beef's gall. As soon as the grease disappears rinse and with old soft cloths rub till nearly dry.

Another assures you that any quantity of oil or grease can be extracted from a carpet by laying dry buckwheat flour on the spot plentifully, and removing it to add fresh clean buckwheat flour as often as necessary. When the grease disappears brush all the flour off into a dustpan and the carpet will be as good as new—but, never wet the carpet to take out grease spots.

The first direction we think ruinous to any carpet but some old rag carpet, the second very good advice, but the third the best of all and entirely safe.

Now, mystified by many conflicting rules (and we have only given a small sample), what can an inexperienced

housewife do? We know of no better advice than to let the good common sense, which in a true-hearted, sensible wife develops rapidly in times of responsibility, come to the front; not to discard rules that are laid down for a housekeeper's guide, but to weigh them calmly and accept or discard independently as careful trial of each shall determine. It is true that economy must be kept in mind, while allowing young, untried, common sense the privilege of experimenting, but with care little need be wasted. Some trials may not give satisfaction, but if one experiments on a small scale in matters of food there will seldom be a dish prepared that cannot be eaten with a degree of comfort. In cleaning, repairing, rejuvenating articles, try only a little spot at a time; or make a spot—which is better—on some old rag that will be no loss if thrown away. That will give a good chance of trying several ways before deciding which will be the most effective on that which cannot be thrown away.

But why should there be so many conflicting statements? We certainly know how it has originated in several instances. Many have written on household affairs who have never had practical knowledge. They see the workings only from the outside—the surface work. They do not know how much time or thought the mistress of this domain gives to the work, what mistakes are made, or what remedies applied to prevent the mistake being known. Sometimes mistakes in cook-books occur by accident. We recall a receipt in a cook-book that used to be very popular that will clearly shew our meaning. The dish was arrow-root pudding, and part of the direction read as follows: "To one pint arrow-root add half a cup of sweet milk; beat it smooth and free from lumps, till like cream!" Any cook, and most housekeepers, will understand the impossibility of following that direction and the utter absurdity of it. It would be impossible to even moisten a pint of arrow-root with only half a cup of milk. And many a young housekeeper has grieved over her lack of success when trying to follow this rule. We desire to comfort those young matrons whose mistakes arise often from no fault of their own, but from a lack of practical knowledge in those who attempt to teach; and we also would shew those who try to follow books as house-keeping guides that they must bring to their aid their own judgment and common sense in testing the lessons taught by the most able treatises on Domestic Economy.—Mrs. H. W. Becker.

WHAT BOYS SHOULD BE.

First. Be true—be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter of the alphabet, and be true and genuine in intention and action, rather than being learned in all the sciences and languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life.

Second. Be pure in thought and language—pure in mind and body. An impure man, young or old, poisoning the society where he moves with smutty stories and impure examples, is a moral ulcer, a plague-spot, a leper who ought to be treated as were the lepers of old.

Third. Be unselfish. Care for the feelings and comforts of others. Be polite. Be just in all dealing with others. Be generous, noble, and manly.

Fourth. Be self-reliant and self-helpful even from early childhood. Be industrious always, and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honourable, and that an idle, useless life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these things, when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however young he may be, however poor, or however rich—he has learned some of the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.

YOUR HEART.

God wants not money alone. The silver and the gold are His; but He wants your heart, your feelings, your time, your anxiety. He curseth these mere money charities, making them engender poverty in far greater abundance than they annihilate it, and scourging them with the means of those who grudgingly bestow. The mere mammon worketh mammon's work; divine charity worketh God's work. A Christian man may as well give over his faith into the hands of a public body, and believe what they appoint to be believed, as cast his charity over to a public body—yea, or to a private individual—and think that he thereby satisfieth God. Our right hand is not to know what our left hand doeth. It is with the heart, and soul, and mind, and strength that He is to be worshipped and served.—Edward Irving.

A WICKED messenger falleth into mischief; but a faithful ambassador is health. Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction, but he that regardeth reproof shall be honoured.—Proverbs xiii: 17, 18.

As flows the river calm and deep,
In silence toward the sea,
So floweth ever, and ceaseth never,
The love of God to me.

What peace He bringeth to my heart,
Deep as the soundless sea.
How sweetly singeth the soul that clingeth,
My loving Lord, to Thee.

THE habit of whispering in company, so often indulged in by young ladies in the presence of friends or strangers, savours strongly of rudeness, if not of gross ignorance. The vainest being or the most perfect suffers alike under that emancipation from the government of true politeness. We cannot help, though perfect we imagine ourselves, to consider our humble self the theme of a merry whisper, and the pain rankling in our wounded self-love leaves a thorn which sooner or later will sting the aggressors and prove a thorn to them. Whispering in the presence of strangers, without some apology, is therefore entirely out of place, and ought to be avoided, cost what it may.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE anniversary services in connection with St. Matthew's Presbyterian church, Osnabruck, were held on Sabbath, August 1st. The Rev. R. H. Warden, of Montreal, preached morning and evening to overflowing congregations. Both sermons were able, earnest, and thoroughly practical. One hundred and sixty-five new members have been added during the year. The Rev. D. L. McCrae, the pastor, has been presented with a handsome sum of money to enable him to enjoy a holiday at the seaside. He is at present sojourning at Metis.

It is gratifying to notice how many ministers are at present away on their holidays. Congregations are finding out that it is for their own interests as well as for the comfort and health of their pastors that such yearly furloughs from labour should be had. Things prosper all the better both spiritually and financially when these reasonable arrangements are taken simply as matter of course and it is a token for good to note how increasingly this is the case. We are sure the brethren would not thank us for giving the names of those who are at Orchard Beach, Muskoka, California, Constantinople, etc., etc. It is better that each should enjoy himself as and where he pleases, without any record being made of his movements. Sufficient that all have rest, without the particulars being proclaimed from the house tops.

ON the 29th ult., the corner stone of a new Presbyterian church was laid at Chateauguay (Basin) in presence of an unusually large gathering. The church is to be of stone and will cost about \$4000. This is a necessary and courageous undertaking for the thirty-five families of the congregation. The order of programme was singing, reading scripture, prayer, reading an historic sketch of the congregation by the pastor (Rev. T. Bennett), and a sketch of the work of the Building Committee, by Mr. R. Lang, which together with the other usual documents were deposited in the corner stone; laying the corner stone, and a special address by the Rev. Dr. Macvicar; a free lunch, and short speeches by the Revs. Dr. Muir, C. Mackeracher, G. Coull, J. Mitchell and by Dr. Laberge, M.P., and Mr. R. Sellar, of the "Huntingdon Gleaner."—COM.

ON Tuesday, 3rd inst., according to appointment of Presbytery, the Rev. Evan Macaulay was inducted into the pastoral oversight of the congregation of West Puslinch. The only members of Presbytery present were Revs. Dr. McKay, of Duff's Church, East Puslinch; J. K. Smith, M.A., of Knox Church, Galt; and Robert Torrance, of Guelph. Mr. Smith preached an impressive, appropriate, and earnest sermon, describing the Church in her spirituality, liberty, fruitfulness, and unity. Mr. Torrance narrated the steps in the call to Mr. Macaulay, put to him the questions of the formula appointed for such occasions, inducted him into the pastoral charge of the congregation, and all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto, and then addressed him on the qualifications to be possessed, exhibited, and cultivated by the Gospel minister, and the duties he was required to discharge. Mr. Rodgers, of Collingwood, who was present, at the request of the Presbytery next addressed the people in English, and afterwards Dr. McKay addressed them in Gaelic on their obligations under a settled pastor. Mr. Macaulay was introduced to the people at the door of the church as they retired, by Mr. Smith, and to the session by Dr. McKay. Mr. Meldrum was also present and took part in the services, leading in prayer in Gaelic. The meeting was large and apparently deeply interested in the service. Mr. Macaulay enters upon an important field of labour.

AT a special meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association held in the parlour of Shaftesbury Hall last week, the following resolutions relating to the Island services were unanimously adopted: "That whereas it has been brought to the notice of this Association that the Island ferry boats are running on the Lord's day, contrary, as we understand, to an ordinance of the city, if not in defiance of the law of the land; and whereas, we fear this is only part of a concerted effort on the part of certain parties to degrade the Lord's day from its proper position as a day of sacred rest and religious observance, into a season of amusement and dissipation; and, whereas, we believe this to be not only contrary to the teaching of the Word of God, and inimical to the interests of religion,

but also fraught with danger to the men employed in running the boats, and of society in general; and, whereas, it has come to our knowledge that the religious services which have recently been conducted by certain of our number on the Sabbath afternoons at the Island have been urged as a justification of the running of these ferry boats, therefore, *Resolved*.—1. That while we should heartily rejoice in any legitimate and proper means that could be devised for supplying the people residing on the Island with religious services, and would cheerfully lend our aid to any scheme of this kind, we should most seriously deprecate anything which would even have the appearance of giving countenance to the running of ferry boats on the Lord's day, or any other form of Sabbath desecration. 2. That while we fully recognize the right of every minister of Christ to preach the Gospel wherever and whenever he can, by proper means, get a congregation disposed to hear him, and while we have no reason to doubt that the esteemed brethren who have conducted religious services at Hanlan's hotel on the Island on certain Sunday afternoons recently have acted from the purest and best of motives, yet, in view of the effect that it would be almost sure to have on the general question of Sabbath observance, and especially on the question of the running of ferry boats on the Lord's day, which we can only regard as an iniquity and calamity, we are decidedly of opinion that the continuance of the Sabbath afternoon services on the Island, by the ministers of the city, would be unwise and mischievous so long as these services are made a pretext and excuse for Sabbath desecration."

PRESBYTERY OF OTTAWA.—This Presbytery met on the 3rd inst., in St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa. Mr. Maguire, of Wakefield, was appointed Moderator for the next six months. A call from North Gower unanimously in favour of Mr. James A. Anderson, with a guarantee of seven hundred dollars as stipend and a manse, was sustained. Also another call from Richmond in favour of Mr. T. S. Glassford, with a guarantee of five hundred dollars as stipend, a manse, and ten acres of land. In this case an application for one hundred dollars from the Home Mission Fund as supplement for one year at least was put in along with the call. This call was also sustained. Both calls were ordered to be forwarded immediately. Attention was called to the necessity of having arrangements made to collect contributions in mission fields early in the season for the Home Mission Fund. It was also understood that congregations would endeavour to raise about the same amount as was raised last year for Home Missions. Mr. McDiarmid gave an interesting and encouraging report respecting Canaan and North Indian in the Bearbrook district. It was agreed to send in a deputation to ascertain the number of families in the field and also to canvass for subscriptions with a view to placing an ordained missionary in charge of the field composed of Bearbrook, South Indian, North Indian, and Canaan. Mr. Clark read a circular from Mr. McEwen, Assembly's Convener of Sabbath School Committee. The subject to which the circular related was deferred till adjourned meeting in September. Mr. McClelland was appointed interim Moderator of the session of Osgoode. The Clerk was instructed to write again to those in arrears to the Presbytery and Synod Funds. It was agreed to levy twelve cents per family for the maintenance of these funds during the current year, and that this amount be called for at the November meeting. The report of the Commission of Presbytery to meet with the Aylmer congregation was read and approved. Standing committees for the year were appointed on State of Religion, with Mr. Whillans as Convener; on Sabbath schools, with Mr. Clark as Convener; Home Missions, with Mr. Farries, Convener; French Evangelization, Dr. Moore, Convener; Statistics, Mr. Caven, Convener; also examiners for license and ordination. A committee was also appointed on the examination of students, with attention called to sections 135 and 144 in the Rules and Forms of Procedure. Of this committee Mr. Armstrong was appointed Convener. The names of students within the bounds and to whom subjects were prescribed for written exercises are Archibald Lec, Geo. Whillans, Robert Gamble, William Geddes, A. McLaren. The Clerk, in the absence of Mr. Armstrong, was instructed to forward subjects to the above named students. Mr. McNoughton gave notice of his intention to introduce an overture on the Probationer's Scheme. A scheme for conducting missionary meetings was adopted.—

PRESBYTERY OF OWEN SOUND.—This Presbytery met in Keady for ordinary business and Presbyterial visitation on 20th July. The Clerk was instructed to send the books of the late Presbytery of Owen Sound to Knox College for safe keeping, and members of Presbytery were instructed to send any documents bearing on the early history of Presbyterianism to the Clerk for transmission. The Presbytery agreed to certify Mr. Snyder to the Senate of Knox College. Members of Presbytery were appointed to attend to the schemes of the Church within the bounds of Presbytery: Mr. Mordy, for Colleges; Mr. Cameron, for French Evangelization; Mr. Somerville, for Home Mission; Mr. Scott, for Foreign Missions; Mr. Stevenson, for Aged Ministers' and Widows' Fund. In accordance with the notice given at the meeting in March, Mr. Dewar moved for a consideration of the deliverance anent the visitation in Lake Shore and Leith. The Presbytery agreed to strike out the clause recommending the congregation to extend their limits in the direction of the Gravel Road. The Presbytery took Mr. McLaren on trial for license. The examination in all the branches prescribed was satisfactory, and he was duly licensed to preach the Gospel. The Presbytery then proceeded with the visitation. The Presbytery considering the replies to the questions addressed to the congregation of Keady, resolves as follows: "1. To express its gratification at the prosperity in the spiritual and temporal affairs of the congregation. 2. While pleased at the special interest manifested by the young in the prayer meeting, it would urge upon the heads of families the duty of attending more generally. 3. That in view of the large debt, increased efforts be made to have it liquidated. 4. The Presbytery desires to express its gratitude to God for His continued goodness to the congregation." On the morning of Wednesday the Presbytery met with the congregation at Peabody. After examination it was agreed as follows: "The Presbytery takes pleasure in recording its satisfaction with the general financial and spiritual condition of the congregation, but would specially draw the attention of the session to the propriety of establishing a prayer meeting, and of dividing the congregation into Elders' Districts. The Presbytery is glad to find that the congregation acknowledge the fairness of paying \$20 per annum to Keady congregation to help with the manse fund. The Presbytery would implore the divine blessing to descend upon them, and finally commend the congregation to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build them up and give them an inheritance among them that are sanctified." The Presbytery agreed on the following deliverance anent the visitation held in Desboro' congregation on Wednesday evening: "It is with great satisfaction the Presbytery has made their visitation of Desboro' congregation. The beautiful house built for the worship of God is worthy of notice and praise, and should be held up for imitation to all our country congregations. It is also pleasing to notice the tokens given that the cause of God is on the whole prospering, notwithstanding the great drawback of service only once a fortnight. The Presbytery would kindly suggest to the congregation that it would be only right that the Desboro' section should make their annual stipend equal to that paid by Peabody, that is \$175, so as, thereby, to remove misunderstanding and complaint, and to save the pastor from a possible loss of the difference between that sum and the sum now paid by Desboro'. The Presbytery would also kindly and faithfully press on the Session and congregation the duty of establishing a weekly prayer meeting, and the duty also of dividing the congregation into districts, so that each elder may know the families under his charge. Taking a general view of all God has done for His cause, let the Presbytery and congregation set up their Ebenezer saying, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'" Much interest was manifested in the meetings, there being full congregations in the churches to meet the Presbytery. A petition was presented from the congregation of Euphrasia and Holland praying the Presbytery to moderate in a call to a minister. The Moderator of the session was authorized to do so at a convenient time before the next meeting of Presbytery. The Presbytery Treasurer's books were audited and found correct, and Mr. Stevenson was re-appointed with a hearty vote of thanks for past services. Session records were ordered to be laid on the table at next meeting of Presbytery. Mr. McDiarmid reported that Crawford station had been organized. The report was received, and the name of the station added to the roll of Presbytery.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, for August, is to hand with the usual amount of very readable matter.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY for August, is a more than usually interesting number of an established favourite.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE keeps always well up—giving, as usual, some of the best articles from the chief periodicals of the day and at a very moderate cost.

HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. (New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes & Co.)—In part X. the narrative enters the nineteenth century, increasing in interest, and presenting many instructive glimpses of social life.

THE CATHOLIC PRESBYTERIAN, for July, 1880. (Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—Contains the usual amount of interesting and timely matter. Its "Notes of the Day" and "General Survey" are always especially acceptable.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE CALENDAR for the year 1880-1, is as usual a neat and handy publication, supplying all the usual and necessary information about that Institution. It can be had at Hart & Rawlinson's, Toronto.

SPIRITUAL SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. (New York: Scribner & Co.)—Very nicely got up. The most of the established favourites will be found in this collection, with some which we have no doubt will also become favourites by and by, and others not so likely and not so deserving.

THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS. (Eugene R. Smith, 64 Bible House, New York.)—It was feared that this excellent periodical would have to stop publication from want of adequate support. The first number of the second volume, however, is to hand, and under the new management we hope it may have a prosperous and useful career.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW, for August, has the usual amount of well written and more or less interesting articles. No one would think of agreeing with all that is advanced, but at the same time it is both pleasant and profitable to notice what the "International" is saying and what course it takes in the current discussions of the day.

GOOD COMPANY. (Springfield, Mass.)—This magazine improves from month to month, and is now of its kind one of the best. Some people may think that there is too much story in it, but that sort of thing is, in these days, thought indispensable and the stories in "Good Company" are always of a healthy character and often positively good.

FOUR HAPPY DAYS. By F. R. Havergal. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.)—This is one of Miss Havergal's little books for children, giving an account of four happy days in the history of a little girl. We can scarcely say that we regard it as one of the happiest of Miss H.'s productions, though of course the tone and tendency are all that could be desired.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE CHRONICLE.—Nothing shews more clearly the hold which the temperance question has taken upon the better part of the people in the Church of England than the perusal of such a periodical as this. The Church Temperance Association has the two archbishops and a good many of the bishops among its office bearers. The "Chronicle" is its official organ and evidently does its work with efficiency and *con amore*. There is much to be done, but an ever increasing number are going into the enterprise, and with God's blessing they will succeed.

THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. Edited by G. M. Adam. (Toronto: C. E. M. Publishing Co.)—The double number, for July and August, of this well-conducted magazine will be found full of interest to the teaching profession and to all who value intellectual progress. It contains a review of "Goldwin Smith's Life of Cowper," the continuation of "Readings from an Old Geography," practical papers on philology, grammar, intellectual training, etc., and an article entitled "The Arraignment of the Minister of Education." In this last mentioned paper, as well as in the editorial notes, Mr. Crooks is held responsible for the offences of the Central Committee, especially in the matter of book-publishing Inspectors. The Arts and other Departments are well filled, and the class lists of the Toronto University June Examinations are given.

DEMOSTHENES' ORATIONS, II.; JOAN OF ARC; FRONDES AGRESTES. (New York: I. K. Funk & Co.)—These are the last published of the cheap "standard" series, and are, like those that have gone before, well deserving the attention of those who wish to have good substantial reading matter in their homes but are not able to afford expensive editions. For less than what many a poor man spends every week on tobacco these reprints of Funk could be had regularly, and how any sensible person could hesitate in their choice in such a case is more than we can comprehend. It is a fact that many a professedly Christian home is all but bookless, while it stinks with tobacco smoke and sometimes even with beer; but such a fact is as unaccountable as it is disgraceful.

MANY of our readers have doubtless seen reference, during the summer, to the "Ober-Ammergau Passion Play." Some will understand the matter, others will not. It appears that every ten years there is a representation by the peasants of the Bavarian highlands of the passion and death of our Lord; it is under the direction of the Romish priests, and is repeated at intervals during the season, the representation takes up most of one day, and Sunday is generally chosen for the purpose. That godless *litterateurs* should glorify the performances and seek to dignify them with the title of "Art in the Mountains," etc., we can understand, but we cannot understand how Christian men, ministers, should fall into the same line of talk, and not only attend the performances, but go with the avowed object of reporting them for the edification of English Protestants. Stripped of all the glamour that has been thrown around them, these passion-play performances are simply blasphemous parodies of the sufferings of our Lord. The surroundings are of the usual character of such gatherings; for the spectators it might just as well be a horse race; they go to see a sight; while the real promoters, the Roman priests, chuckle at the thought that in this way, at any rate, they can "spoil the Philistines," i.e., get money out of Protestant pockets. We read, the other day, that a similar representation was being organized in one of the Western States. We trust that such impiety will never be allowed on Canadian soil, and that any attempt to introduce it to our people will be met with prompt and energetic action.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXIV.

Aug. 22, 1880. } THE COVENANT WITH ABRAM. { Gen. xv. 1-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness."—Rom. iv. 3.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Gen. xv. 1-21.... Covenant with Abram.
- Tu. Rom. iv. 1-18.... Righteousness of Faith.
- W. Rom. v. 1-11.... Justified by Faith.
- Th. Gal. iii. 10-29.... Heirs according to the Promise.
- F. Ps. xxxii. 1, 11.... Sin Covered.
- S. Rom. x. 1-21.... Christ our Righteousness.
- Sab. James ii. 1-26.... Faith without Works.

HELPS TO STUDY.

In this lesson we take up the Bible narrative, unbroken, at the point at which our last lesson left it, viz., Abram's return from the slaughter of the eastern kings and the rescue of Lot.

The promise made to Abram some eight or ten years before we now find repeated, in more definite terms, and taking the form of a covenant, ratified on the part of Abram by offering sacrifice, and on that of God by sending down the fire of acceptance.

The following are the principal topics: (1) Abram's Encouragement, (2) Abram's Complaint, (3) Promise of Descendants and Inheritance Repeated, (4) Justified by Faith, (5) Sacrifice and Vision, (6) Egyptian Bondage and Return therefrom foretold.

I. ABRAHAM'S ENCOURAGEMENT.—VER. 1. Here we have but a particular instance of the interest which God always takes in the welfare of His faithful people, and of the support which in one way or another He affords them in the struggles and trials of life.

After these things: that is, after Abram's victory over the eastern kings and his interviews with Melchizedek and the king of Sodom as recorded in the preceding chapter; the narrative now confines itself once more to the personal biography of Abram in its connection with the history of redemption.

The word of the Lord came. This phrase, so common throughout the prophetic books of the Bible, occurs here for the first time. These special revelations were made in the absence of the written Word, of which they now form part, helping to render fresh revelations unnecessary.

Fear not. Even Abram had his periods of fear and des-

pondency, and of anxiety regarding the future. The particular cause of his fears on this occasion may have been that the recently vanquished enemies should return in greater force and avenge their discomfiture. The "fear notes" of the Bible are many, and full of promise to the believer. See Ex. xiv. 13; xx. 20; Isai xxxv. 4; xliii. 1; Matt. x. 31; xxviii. 5; Luke ii. 10; v. 10; John xii. 15; Rev. i. 17.

I am thy shield. Compare Psalm lxxiii. 3; lxxiv. 11; Prov. xxx. 5. Could not He who had already given Abram the victory over his enemies defend him from their future attacks? See Psalm xxvii. 1.

Thy exceeding great reward. God is the rewarder of those who seek Him, and their highest reward is to find Him. Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. He Himself, greater than all His other gifts, is the portion of His people. These words of encouragement, addressed to the father of the faithful, are the inheritance of His spiritual children in all ages.

II. ABRAHAM'S COMPLAINT.—VERS. 2, 3. The following striking application of this part of the lesson is from the "S. S. Times":

"Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go childless. Abram didn't see how the Lord could make good all of his promises to him. The obstacles in the way seemed absolutely insurmountable. And that is what is the trouble with most of us in our doubting. The promises are plain enough; but how can God fulfil them, with things just as they are? If we have no money to pay the baker, how can God see that we have our daily bread? With all the enemies who are about us, and with all the misleading appearances which give colour to their slanders, how can God shield our good name from dishonour? With that child's peculiar disposition indulged as it has been until now, what can God do that will give him a useful life or make him a blessing to others? With things as we see them in our own case, or in the case of those about us, how is it possible for God to do as He has promised to do, and as we wish to have Him do? 'Yes, I know that God says so; but just look at the case as it is. How can God bring things out as He has promised when they have come to their present pass?'

"Look now to yard heaven. Ah! that is it. You may be hemmed in on every side; but you are not hemmed in overhead. If you cannot see a great way before you, or on either hand, you can see far enough straight up. When you question what God can do, look above and see what God has done. This looking at obstacles, fixing our eyes on the hills or the bogs, on the lions or the bad men in our pathway, is discouraging business. It makes us believe that there is no way out of our difficulties. But to look up into the clear sky, and to see the moon and the stars in their beauty, inspires us to the feeling that there are no difficulties out of which God cannot find the way for us. What is it that has discouraged you? Is it your empty purse; or your dreary 'profit and loss' account; or the business outlook of the times; or the parched fields; or your wayward boy; or the suspicious looks of those who used to trust you? Whatever it is that has made you hopeless, 'look now toward heaven:' there is nothing discouraging in that direction. If the Lord who made the heavens, and keeps the moon and the stars in their places, has given you a promise, you may be sure that He can make that promise good."

III. PROMISE OF DESCENDANTS AND INHERITANCE REPEATED.—VERS. 5-7. Abram's paradox was solved by a definite intimation that a son should be born to him in his old age, whose descendants, in accordance with the terms of the original promise, should be very numerous and inherit the Land of Canaan. See Deut. x., Heb. xi. 12. The "Westminster Teacher" says that the comparison of Abram's seed to the stars "relates emphatically to his spiritual seed, who 'shall shine as stars, for ever and ever' (Dan. xii. 3)."

IV. ABRAHAM JUSTIFIED BY FAITH.—VER. 6. Compare Rom. iv. He believed the promise, and the promise contained the hope of salvation. Abram and all the other Old Testament saints lived and died in the faith—more or less clear—of a Saviour to come. Without Christ and His atoning sacrifice, the animal sacrifices of the old dispensation would be utterly meaningless. It is faith in Jesus Christ that in all ages puts the penitent sinner in possession of a righteousness that acquits him before the divine law which he has broken, and secures his eternal happiness—this is justification; but the salvation thus appropriated by faith partly, and mainly, consists in being freed from sin and made personally holy—this is Sanctification. These two go together. Who would have it otherwise? Certainly not those who have really accepted the terms of the Covenant of Grace.

V. SACRIFICE AND VISION.—VERS. 8-12. In answer to Abram's request for a sign, God directs him to prepare a sacrifice and, over it, makes with him a solemn covenant.

Take me an heifer, etc. Regarding this mode of covenanting the "National S. S. Teacher" says: "The animals mentioned are those that in aftertimes were specially ordained for sacrificial offerings. The age chosen was one that marked their full first maturity and vigour. An allusion is made to this method of covenanting in Jer. xxxiv. 18. The covenant was made according to an ancient custom, by which the animals were divided lengthwise along the spine, the birds being undivided, and the separated parts were put over against each other in their natural order, a path being left between them through which the covenanting parties could pass. The ceremonial of the covenant of old consisted in the contracting parties passing between the dead animals with the imprecation that, in case of a breach in the covenant, it might be done to them as to these animals."

VI. EGYPTIAN BONDAGE AND RETURN THEREFROM FORETOLD.—VERS. 13-18. The want of exactness in the number of years during which the bondage in Egypt was to continue is rather in favour of the truth of the Bible than against it. An impostor, inventing this prophecy after its fulfilment would probably have been careful to give the exact number, four hundred and thirty, as in Ex. xii. 40, whereas it was only the round number, four hundred years, or as we would say, four centuries, that was communicated to Abram.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BLACK HANDS.

There was a boy in our town,
Whose eyes and face and hair were brown,
But, O! his hands, I whisper you,
Were just as black as any shoe.
When mamma bade him wash them clean,
He'd frown, and frown, with angry mien,
And then would say, "Now, mamma, dear,
My hands are turning black this year.
It is not dirt, it is not soil—
Why should I wash and toil and toil?"

A REAL HERO.

ARTIE is a boy—a real, live boy—not a sentimental little angel, nor yet a top and ball boy of the story-books. He is a Canadian boy, awake to all that is going on in the world, and having his own word in the questions of the day, as they are freely discussed in his hearing. He has been reading French history lately and has temporarily enthroned Napoleon Bonaparte on the pedestal of his idolatry.

"None of your milk-and-water goodies for me," he was saying the other day. "I wouldn't be a minister that's afraid to fight, for the world; nor a merchant, to do nothing but make money, like my father." (Artie is not particularly careful in the spending of all the money he can get hold of). "No, nor a statesman either, to pore over musty old books, attend committees, and write documents. The copy-book is just as wrong as usual when it says that 'the pen is mightier than the sword;' the sword, or rather the rifle, is the thing for me. I'd like to be a real hero like Napoleon or some of those French Marshals, and conquer cities and empires and make a name to be remembered."

"Artie, let me tell you about a French hero of whom I read to day—a real hero, according to my way of thinking. I had rather have my name written where his is than have it all over the walls of palaces, as the imperial B's were in France before the last revolution?"

"Where is it written?"

"I will leave you to judge when you have heard my story. Vincent de Paul was a French boy, born about 1576 at Pony, in Gascony. His parents were very poor, and the Franciscan friars at Arles taught him to read and write. He studied afterwards at the College of Toulouse. In 1605 he was captured, in company with some other scholars, on a voyage from Marseilles to Narbonne and carried captive to Tunis. He was here sold as a slave and owned by three successive masters, the last of whom proved to be a renegade Christian from Savoy. The beautiful behaviour of Vincent under the blows and suffering to which the slaves of those days were subjected so won upon this man that he renounced his false faith, gave his slave his freedom, and, in company with Vincent, escaped from Tunis, both reaching France in 1607. He soon went to Paris and was first chaplain to the ex-Queen Margaret of Valois, and then tutor and chaplain in the family of the Master of the Galleys at Marseilles.

"In this position he became much interested in the condition of the convicts who were compelled to toil at the galleys, chained together, exposed alike to heat and cold, badly clothed and worse fed. He succeeded in get-

ting himself appointed Almoner-General of the Galleys and was thus enabled to do a great deal for the amelioration of their unfortunate condition. One day he was visited by a woman, who, with streaming eyes, represented to him that her husband was for some trifling crime condemned to the galleys for two years, during which she and her six little ones must starve. She desired him to intercede with the authorities for a pardon, but knowing this was impossible, he offered himself in the poor man's place, saying, 'I have no wife or children depending upon me; I know by experience what the life of a galley-slave is; I can better stand it than he can.' The offer was accepted, and for two years the noble Almoner cheerfully performed the hard labour and endured the sufferings and privations due to the convict for whom he had sacrificed himself. There is no record of how the man shewed his gratitude, but I think Vincent must have conquered his wickedness and won an empire over the hearts of his wife and children better worth winning and having than all the victories of your hero, Napoleon."

"Yes," said Artie, rather as if he was convinced against his inclination. "He certainly was a hero. What became of him afterwards?"

"In 1627 he went back to Paris, and refusing to be made much of at the court and among the great ladies and gentlemen, he devoted himself to visiting hospitals, asylums, etc., and finding that no one ever cared for the poor little orphan babies, established the first Foundling Asylum ever known. You see, Artie, my hero is as real a hero as yours, only you and I look at heroes from a different point of view; you think it heroic to destroy life and cause unhappiness; my heroes save life, relieve misery, and especially give themselves, even as the Greatest of all Heroes did, in self-sacrifice for others. Depend upon it, that man is the truest hero, who most closely resembles Christ, and his name is written upon records which will last after all the history books have perished forever."

TAKING THE CHILDREN.

ONCE a little boy was deeply interested in reading "The Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all real living men and women to him. One day he came to his grandmother and said: "Grandma, which of all the people do you like best?" "I like Christian," was the reply, giving the little boy her reasons, "Which do you like best?" Looking up her face with some hesitation, he said slowly: "I like Christiana." "Why, my son?" "Because she took the children with her, grandma."

THE EARLIER THE EASIER.

AN old man one day took a child on his knee and talked to him about Jesus, and told him to seek the Saviour now, and pray to Him and love Him. The child knew that the old man was not himself a Christian and felt surprised; then he looked up into the old man's face and said, "But why don't you seek God?"

The old man was affected by the question, and replied, "Ah, my dear child, I neglected

to do so when I was young, and now my heart is so hard that I fear I shall never be able."

Ah, my little reader, believe Him! "Today, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." It will be more difficult to hear to-morrow; and weeks and months and years hence, how high and strong a barrier will gradually be rising between you and Christ! Will you not resolve, "I will begin now to seek my Saviour?" Listen to the words of wisdom: "They that seek me early shall find me."

CLIMB OR FALL?

WHAT are you going to do, climb or fall? Tom Smith has made up his mind. He went down the street the other night with two ugly things in his mouth—an oath and a piece of tobacco. Tom is lazy and disorderly, out of bed late at night, and in bed late in the morning, loafing about corners and shunning the house of God.

Charlie Smith is Tom's cousin; and he says he will climb. Charlie is studious at school, obedient at home, correct in his habits, loves the Sabbath-school, and daily kneels at the feet of his Master. That boy is bound to climb. He will advance steadily from round to round in the ladder.

THE ONE SAFE WAY.

THE pilot of a United States revenue cutter was asked if he knew all the rocks along the coast where he sailed. He replied: "No; it is only necessary to know where there are no rocks." These words suggest a deep moral and spiritual truth. Sermons, lectures and books abound on the temptations which lie along the life-course of the young to eternity. Over the most dangerous ones are lifted the solemn notes of repeated warning. This is well. And yet, how much more frequently does the Word of God present and enforce, with all the urgency of motive love can suggest, the very truth contained in the pilot's answer—the "King's highway of holiness." Looking unto Jesus with simple faith, the soul is secure; whatever the perils that lurk on every hand, there are no rocks ahead.

PRAYING AND GIVING.

MANY hundred years ago a rich youth in Rome had suffered from a dangerous illness. On recovering his health his heart was filled with gratitude, and he exclaimed, "O, Thou all-sufficient Creator; could man recompense Thee, how willingly would I give Thee all my possessions." Hermes, the herdman, heard this and said to the rich youth, "All good gifts come from above; thither thou canst send nothing. Come, follow me." He took him to a hut, where was nothing but wretchedness and misery. The father lay on a bed of sickness, the mother wept, the children were destitute of clothing, and crying for bread. Hermes said, "See here, an altar for the sacrifice; see here the Lord's representatives." The youth assisted them bountifully; and the poor people called him an angel of God. Hermes smiled and said, "Thus turn always thy grateful countenance first to heaven and then to earth."

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

FACTORY FACTS. — Close confinement, careful attention to all factory work, gives the operatives pallid faces, poor appetite, languid, miserable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidney and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world cannot help them unless they get out doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remedies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunshine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer if they will use them freely. They cost but a trifle. See another column.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

LINDSAY.—At Lindsay, on last Tuesday of August, at eleven a.m.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Tuesday, September 21st, at three o'clock p.m.
PARIS.—At St. George, Sept. 20th, at half-past seven p.m., for Congregational Visitation; at Glenmorris, September 21st, at eleven a.m., for business, and at half-past seven p.m. for visitation.
CHATHAM.—At Ridgeway, August 3rd, at eleven o'clock a.m.
WHITBY.—At Whitby, on the third Tuesday of October, at eleven a.m.
LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on the third Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
GUELPH.—In First Presbyterian Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of September, at ten a.m.
MONTREAL.—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 5th October, at eleven a.m.
BRUCE.—In St. Paul's Church, Walkerton, on the second Tuesday of Sept- mber, at two p.m.
STRATFORD.—In St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, on August 3rd, at half-past nine a.m.
PETERBORO.—At Cobourg, on 28th September, at half-past ten a.m.
HURON.—At Seaforth, on the second Tuesday of September, at eleven a.m.
SAUGEN.—In St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest, on the 14th September, at eleven a.m.
MANITOBA.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on the third Wednesday of September, at ten a.m.
TORONTO.—On the 7th September, at eleven a.m.
BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, 28th September, at eleven a.m.
OWEN SOUND.—In Knox Church, Owen Sound, on the third Tuesday of September, at half-past one p.m.
OTTAWA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, on 21st Sept, at two p.m. Regular meeting on the first Tuesday in November, at two p.m.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

DIED.

After a lingering illness, Mr. Robert Irwin, Linton, passed peacefully away on the 17th July, at the age of 37.



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