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Contributors and Correspondents.

ENGLAND

Whale Margate and Ramsgate are frequented by well-to-do working class holiday seekers, Brighton is the favorite of the upper-tendency of the West End. "Londres-sur-mer," Londoners delight to call it, and not without some cause, as they have by frequent and fast trains practically turned it into a sea-side suburb. Nor are the lower classes excluded, as the railways, in the interest of number one quite as much as in the recreation of the city—wearing masses, and careless of all moral consequences, run to and fro on Saturdays, Sunday's and Mondays, a succession of excursion trains at the extremely low figure of three shillings the return ticket. And it well deserves its popularity, for it were hard to find a more pleasing contrast to the smoky, muggy, fagging city than this clean, bracing watering place with its long parade and its breezy piers crowded with idlers of every grade from the titled nabobs with liveried attendants, to the shabby foreign refugee, from the stalwart, jolly guardman to the pale sewing girl, here through the kindness of benevolent friends. The inhabitants of Brighton now number over 100,000; a century ago it was but a fishing village, and 'bravney foragers for the great city dried their nets, and harried their mackarel on the "Steins," or cliff, now covered with stately terraces. Then that local patriot, Dr. Russell, wrote his famous treatise on the little-known virtues of sea-water. The place became the fashionable resort of invalids, and by the beginning of the present century its two thousand inhabitants had increased to seven. Then the "Prince of Wales," (George IV.) took a fancy to it, built here that fantastic palace, the Pavilion, not inaptly described by one of the wits of his court as "looking as if St. Paul's had gone down to Brighton and pupped." Here he spent much of his time in gross revelry and the taint of the licentious and irreverent example of "the first gentleman in Europe" remains to the present day, especially upon the youth of the community who are exceptionally fast and impudent. The Pavilion has been always an object of curiosity, it is now more than ever one of interest, with its museum, free library, reading room, and picture gallery. But the greatest attraction of all to strangers is its youthful, but famous aquarium, the greatest marine menagerie in the world. To the student of science and the lover of nature there can scarcely be a greater treat than to descend to its cool corridors, between the parade and the sea, and spend an hour studying the strange revolutions of ocean life in its spacious tanks. Some of these are over 100 feet long. Through the plate-glass fronts you can watch the wondrous ways of the sessile zoophyte waving their myriad silken arms, the nimble eggeries of the smaller crustacea, or the hobnob deformities of the larger, the wading of the great turtles, the restless sneak of the Dogfish shark, and the forbidding advances of the ugly congor eel. But the greatest crowd is always in front of the tanks of these mysterious monsters, the "topical" cuttle-fish. I can only describe them as resembling tiny elephants, without legs or tail, but with large prominent eyes, and a whole circle of overgrown spring trunks covered with rows of suckers. Most of the time they cling in shapeless confusion to the face of the rocks, only occasionally favoring their perplexed beholders with an exhibition of their surprising powers of locomotion and apprehension. I watched one at rest on the face of the rock, a silly crab, on exploration bent, slowly climbed the precipice, and nearly as he passed its steepest projection and for him had his ambition failed, for a moment after this hideous demon lightly stepped him in silny embrace and as he returned to his perch to digest his leisure. But we must pass on and take at least a glance to the shoals of Bream which in flocks float through their marine base, trout, stickleback, salmon, soldier-looking hippocampi, looking exactly like miniature horses in armour, slugfish, eels, crocodiles, seals, &c. &c. Those who wish for a change can repair to the sea and taking a seat amid ferns and plants listen to the music of a capital band. You feel as if you were repaid even for the trouble of being a sovereign instead of a subject. As we returned to the upper part of the town, we were long before we had seen such a treat again, the sun shining with unwonted brilliancy, and the streets of carriages and pedestrians, in

search of an appetite for dinner is even greater than before. The occasional appearance of certain faces and figures met elsewhere, and the sketches of conversation accidentally remind us that side by side with this gay world of fashion is another sphere equally fashionable in its way, which might be characterized as the region of religious *dilatantism*. It is made up for the most part of men and women possessed of sufficient means to relieve them from daily toil and anxiety about the cares of life, sufficient culture and status to admit them to genteel society, and make them pleasant companions, sufficient apprehensions of revealed truth to give their tastes a religious turn, and that sometimes of a very fervid spiritual character, and sufficient leisure to indulge these tastes as opportunity may offer. Now as might be expected in such a state of things opportunities are constantly offering, and as, unhappily, there is not always sufficient strength of mind and depth of principle to ensure a right use of these precious gifts, the result is a very large amount of religious frivolity and dissipation on the part often of very estimable well-meaning people. A succession of questions of comparatively secondary importance, but of much novel and factitious interest, is eagerly taken up, studied, preached and propagated with an amount of trouble and expense that one cannot but covet for more purely gospel efforts for the conversion of sinners, and the deliverance of mankind from fatal errors and vicious practices. There are learned ladies with the original text in hand prepared to expound prophecy by the hour whenever they can get an audience. There are old gentlemen with library shelves crowded with pamphlets written and published by themselves, ready to make you the conductor of these thunderbolts to society. It is from such soil that the endless associations with which British philanthropy is overgrown have their origin. Here Ritualism, Plymouthism, Millenarianism, and no end of other isms flourish. When here a year ago the prevailing subject of interest in these circles was the "Israelitish origin" of the English and other western races, to the proof of which some very original exegeses, and some very novel and startling quasi-historical arguments were adduced. At present the absorbing theme is Perfectionism or "Holiness through faith," as they prefer to call it, as expounded by Mr. Pearse Smith, a very excellent American gentleman, who has been addressing a series of meetings within the last few weeks. Mr. Smith seems to teach the doctrine of a second conversion unto sanctification, even as the first is unto justification, to be accomplished like the first through faith in Christ. Many persons have expressed themselves decidedly benefited by these services, and so we might expect, in as far as they lead to searching of heart, fuller consecration, simpler trust and holier living. But did time and space permit it could easily be shown by varied facts that other results are equally probable from the loose and inaccurate teaching referred to. Men are led into delusions, dangerous to themselves and dishonoring to God. Puffed up with spiritual pride, they fall into the sin of saying they "have no sin." The Rev. Mr. McKay, the talented young minister of the English Presbyterian Church here, after attending all the meetings to make sure that he fully understood their teaching, preached last Sabbath evening an exhaustive discourse on the subject, suited to correct in his flock any errors on the subject, and at the same time foster in them any benefit they might have received. It was marked by searching logic, aided by apt illustration, and though exceeding an hour and a half in length none seemed wearied. After all the hearts of these brethren seem better than their heads, like those clocks which point to the right hour, but strike the wrong one. A few evenings ago I met Mr. Smith at a children's service in London, and listened with no little curiosity to a recital of incidents and appeals which he had told me he scarcely ever knew employed without conversions resulting. I cannot now detail these, but my attention was caught by his statement to the children. "If I sin one moment, I am forgiven the next; if I wander one moment from Jesus, I am with him the next." I could not help remarking to him afterwards the satisfaction with which I had listened to the confession that he did sometimes find himself in sin, as it led me to hope that after all we did not so widely differ as to the nature of the believer's life of faith. His reply was, that they did not believe in sinless perfection and he did not remember any one in their meetings for years laying claim to it but he hoped the admission which had slipped from him would not lead any one to be satisfied with less than complete and constant victory through Christ Jesus.

This leads me to the subject of special services for children of which I have recently seen much that has interested me, and may speak again.

CANADIAN ABROAD.

Brighton, Sept. 23rd, 1873.

SCOTLAND.

DEAN STANLEY IN SCOTLAND—SERVING IN OLD GREYFRIARS—DR. LEE.

DEAR SIR,—Dean Stanley has again visited this frozen region of the north—I do not mean literally frozen, although cold enough, but a region of frozen orthodoxy from the Dean's stand-point. Of course your correspondent tried to hear him, but it was nearly a failure. An hour before the service began there was not standing room.

The preacher's manner was unexceptionable, scholarly and dignified, and his language elastic and elegant, abounding in passages of great beauty, and as any one who had read his works might expect, quite free of any attempt at mere "fine writing." His text was Eph. iv. 8, 11, 12, 13, and his subject the "origin and duties of the Christian clergy." It was evidently written for the occasion, a sort of mission service to the benighted Anti-Erastian. A critique of the sermon appeared in Tuesday's *Review*, but unwisely, and had temperedly forcing upon Dean Stanley and the broad Church party generally, positions that they would repudiate. Still his two main points, that the Christian ministry is a mere creation of circumstances, and that the church should be national, are sufficiently vulnerable to provoke the most patient Free-Churchman. How he could make the first assertion with his text before him. "He gave Apostles &c.," and with the closing chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, and the Epistle to Timothy in his memory, it is hard to conceive. The Dean's remarks on the second assertion only betray his ignorance of the state of the national clergy. "It is their duty to preach no special doctrine invented either by Augustine, or Aquinas, or Luther, or Calvin, or Cranmer, or Laud, or Knox, or Melville, but the whole counsel of God which was given down to them from the long traditions of christianity, and extending ever and increasing in each succeeding generation of their country's history." They have a copyright for this, I suppose. Why, Mr. Editor, with my short residence here, I could name more than two or three places where the clergyman of the Established Church does absolutely nothing in the way of ministerial labor, save to drive to the church on Sabbath and preach to a dozen or so, while the other churches are filled to overflowing, and their pastors worn out with their duties. And when Dean Stanley praises the Scottish Episcopalians for their national spirit in looking with pride upon the present Establishment, he does not know that a second Dean Ramsay would be looked upon as a miracle. Of course he has a fling at the doctrine of the "Headship," and while saying a good many true things in a beautiful way, he would have us believe that to speak of the church as a distinct society placed under a Head, who governs the Kingdom of which He is the Head, by spiritual laws, and spiritual office-bearers, He has ordained, is to teach an idea as unscriptural, irrational, and materialistic as transubstantiation itself! The Dean's creed is not that of martyrs; we doubt whether he would be willing to suffer much on its behalf himself.

Last Sabbath I had the pleasure of hearing the beautiful service compiled by Dr. Lee for the use of the congregation of Old Greyfriars. Dr. Wallace delivered an excellent lecture on Cor. iii. 1, 8, in which he drew rather an incorrect parallel between those who said that certain orders and ceremonies were of Divine institution, and the Judaizing Christians to whom the Apostle writes. Besides its historical interest, being the church in which the Covenant was signed, and in whose graveyard lie the martyrs, Old Greyfriars is remarkable as being the only Presbyterian church in which a liturgy is used. It is almost impossible to get a copy of this now since the General Assembly with strange inconsistency, allowed its use, but forbade Dr. Lee to reprint it. Still it is used every Sabbath, and if properly "performed," it would no doubt be much more solemn and impressive than the prayers too often heard in our churches. I cannot praise the congregation for their heartiness in the response, nor the organist for his taste, nor Dr. W., for his manner of reading the prayers. The prayers are exceedingly beautiful, and the versicles, with which each is closed very appropriate. The three

some uniformly so often urged against liturgies is here guarded against by having a separate collection of prayers, &c., for each Sabbath in the month. Although simple, I do not think that it is equal to the Church of England service, when that is not overlaid with the mock-sentimental affectations of High-churchism. If our friends who are advocating a liturgy in our churches would read Dr. Lee's work on the subject they would find themselves pretty well eased in "armour of proof." But I have already written too much. I cannot say anything about Dr. Wallace himself as yet; the most contradictory rumours are afloat about him, which nothing but an unreserved statement of his views regarding the person and work of Christ, can set at rest. We shall see what he says when called on in October to answer the libel framed against him. Still that libel I do not think will compel him to speak if he does not want to.

Yours, &c.,

CANADIAN STUDENT ABROAD.

Edinburgh, September 17th, 1873.

Ministerial Support.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—I regret to see that your correspondent, who, under the heading of "Ministerial Support" in the BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN of Sept. 19th, takes me to task for certain remarks on vacancies, made by me in a previous issue, does not deal honestly with my communication, so that by means of inverted commas, together with not a little of his own inventive ingenuity, he fathers upon me statements which I did not make, as also sentiments which I never entertained.

For example, I find "Another Elder," represents me as saying that the frequent calls and translations of which I complain, are very injurious to our country congregations, while in truth I did not make special reference to country congregations as suffering in any extraordinary degree from the causes referred to as compared with town and city charges. Again, "he thinks far too much weight is given to monetary considerations; and that ministers and the Presbyteries are largely if not wholly to blame for the evil complained of." What these "monetary considerations" may mean, I do not know, and therefore will not speak of them further than to say, that in dealing with the causes of vacancies, such "considerations" never once came to be considered by me. With regard to the latter part of this charge, any unprejudiced mind can see that blame is pretty equally divided between all parties concerned. What I said was, "that this shifting process betokened a love of change on the part of minister or people, or both," and surely it cannot be said, that by recommending the discouragement of this by Presbyteries, an undue share of blame was laid to their account. Once more, after relating an instance of extreme injustice to a minister on the part of his congregation, in proof of the penurious treatment of country ministers in general, he says,—"Does our 'Country Elder,' know how many of our country ministers whom he thinks chargeable with love of gain, have been so treated?" This charge I characterize as ungentlemanly as well as unchristian, because untrue, and challenge him to produce from my communication a single proof in support of his insinuation. With regard to the "feelings and views of country elders and people" so freely commented on by your correspondent, I will not now remark further than to express the hope that the corrections and explanations just given may serve to modify somewhat, his hard, uncharitable feelings toward no inconsiderable portion of the Presbyterian Church in our land, and lead him to think that as he is Christ's, so are we.

A COUNTRY ELDER.

Was it an Oversight?

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—The induction of Prof. McLaren into the Chair of Systematic Theology, in Knox College, by the Presbytery of Toronto, was regarded with great interest by the Church in general, and specially by the ministers of the Church, a very large number of whom were present from distant parts of Ontario. Most of the Presbyteries were largely represented. But, contrary to the usual courtesy on such occasions, these ministers are not invited to sit as "corresponding members" of the court! Happy would they have been to have united in giving the right hand of fellowship to Prof. McLaren as he entered on the new and important relationship which he now sustains to the Church as a whole, but their presence was utterly forgotten! Have the members of the Presbytery any word of excuse for themselves?

Yours very truly,

ONE OF THE FORGOTTEN.

Squashville, Oct. 6, 1873.

Presbyterian College, Montreal.

On Wednesday night a large assembly met in Erskine Church to witness the induction of the Rev. John Campbell, M.A., into the chair of Church History and Apologetics in the Presbyterian College, Montreal. The Rev. Mr. Furlong, Moderator of the Presbytery, presided. After his induction the new Professor was addressed by Principal MacVicar upon the duties of his office.

Professor Campbell was unanimously appointed to his position by the General Assembly of the Canada Presbyterian Church, and brings to his work peculiarly high qualifications. He is a graduate in Arts of the Toronto University, where he gained the highest honors, carried off two gold medals and the Prince of Wales prize. He is a Senator of Toronto University, and studied Theology at Knox College, Toronto, and the New College, Edinburgh. His original investigations in historic subjects, some of which have been published, have received very favorable notice from scientific men and the press in Britain. It is a matter of congratulation to the Presbyterian College and to our city to have such a gentleman added to the list of our literary men.

Having indicated in a few words his reason for choosing the "Connection of Sacred and Profane History" as the subject of his inaugural lecture, Professor Campbell said:—"There is no interested reader of the historical books of the Bible who has not occasionally longed to know more of the times and scenes which they set so briefly, almost so tantalizingly, before his view; comparing the known with the unknown, the Scriptural narrative is like a clear and beautiful stream flowing through a landscape, which must be, though we do not perceive, but only infer it, of infinite variety and vast extent. The illimitable vault of heaven continually appears overhead, but as it winds its way through the earth beneath, even when the silvery thread widens into the broad river, or expands into the great lake, with far distant shores, it seems a matter of small moment in the eyes of the general historian. What lies beyond these lofty banks and towering cliffs that shut in the simple story of the father of the faithful and his descendants? The idolaters of Chaldea, the plundering Chedorloamer, the wicked inhabitants of the Plain, appear for a moment upon the scene, and then vanish away. The city gates of Hebron, where Ebron sat, the courts of Abimelech and Pharaoh, the narrow mouths of tributaries which feed the stream, but up which the inspired writer will not stop to take us on a wished-for voyage of discovery. We turn, with no vain curiosity, but in loving reverence, for every jot and tittle of the Holy Book, and ask if there be any who, under God's wise providence, can reveal these hidden things? Prof. Campbell proceeded to justify the attempt to answer such a question against the objection that it involves a prying into things not revealed, and afterwards at considerable length set forth what he considered the true plan to follow in seeking the connection of Sacred History with Profane. Many points of interest were touched upon, while he surveyed the vast field from which the materials of the science were to be drawn, and pointed out the results that had been already arrived at by the investigators. He briefly stated some of his views regarding the unity and dispersion of the human family (dwelling at greater length upon that of an original home of the Japhetic Indo-Europeans within the Bible area), which had been already published by him. His opinion of mythology is radically opposed to that of the German school, which Cox represents in his mythology of the Aryan nations, as well as that advocated by Gladstone in his *Juventus Mundi*, being a simple belief that, spite of their strange confusion of gods and demi-gods and mortal men of ordinary facts and ancient mythical wonders, the most fabulous of ancient myths contain a foundation of genuine history. A review of ancient literature and of the literature of his subject paved the way for a statement of the position which the study of the connection of Sacred and Profane History occupies as regards its results. After enumerating these Professor Campbell said:—"We have thus found the resources of scholars in this important department gives us very full confirmation and illustrations of Sacred History up to the time of Solomon, with a few scattered notices shedding light upon an earlier period. Shall we yet discover from our great and ever increasing mass of materials the missing links in the chain of evidence? I am confident that we shall."

The lecture closed with a few appropriate words of practical advice to the student of the College, urging them to neglect no department of theological study, that they might be fully equipped for their important work.

At the close of the lecture, which was an exceedingly able one, Dr. McVicar announced that the formal opening of the College Building will take place in a few days. He referred to the superior accommodation which it furnishes for students, and to the arrangements by which their expenses are reduced to as low a figure as at any place on the continent. He congratulated the College and the students on the addition to the staff of a man of such distinguished attainments and teaching ability as Professor Campbell.—*Montreal Gazette*.

Lay preaching—an element so generally neglected abroad—has just received marked impetus in Berlin. Dr. Wichern having already introduced laymen into the clerical department of his humanitarian institution, the Rough House, near Hamburg, who have not only been found to be safe instructors of the young, but earnest and successful preachers of the Gospel.

Our Children

"The visible Church, which is also catholic or universal under the Gospel (not confined to one nation as before under the law) consists of all those throughout the world that profess the true religion, together with their children."—(Confession of Faith, chap. xiv. sec. 2.)

1. The whole Church—ministers, elders, and members—must be aroused to a thoughtful consideration of this subject. If the Church is permitting the young to slip away from the public preaching of the Word, she is failing in an essential feature of her high and holy calling.

2. The ministers of the Gospel must ever keep this subject in view. They must not divorce the injunction, "Feed my sheep; feed my lambs." Sermons ought generally to have some adaptation to the young, some application of affectionate and pointed interest, some allusions to awaken youthful attention.

3. The praise in the Sabbath-school ought to be conducted so as to be in harmony with that used in the church. When this is the case, the children will feel that this is a part of the service of the Church in which they can join, and unite their sweet voices in praise with the congregation.

4. Christian parents must be awakened to a true sense of their responsibility, for they chiefly must remedy the evil. The child or youth is frequently not in the house of God because the parent does not absolutely require it.

Godly Sincerity.

BY THEODORE L. COYLER, D.D.

We live in an age and a country wherein many other swollen shams are bursting besides cotton balloons. The escaping gas that inflated them is by no means a pleasant smell.

This may be defined as an honest endeavor to seem to our fellow-men just what our God actually knows us to be. No more and no less.

The honest-hearted Christian will not feign to be what he is not, nor tell God a pious lie, even in his prayers. He will not groan out a contrite confession of the very sins that he is rolling as sweet morsels under his tongue.

Now, half the trouble which many people take to be smooth and worthless impostors in religion would make them genuine Christians. A lie is a great deal harder to tell than the truth.

"godly sincerity." Sometimes a sudden emergency jerks the mask aside and exposes the dissembler. Oh! what a wretched life is led by him who, in trying to "keep aloof" before his fellow-creatures, is constantly striving to caulk up those fatal leaks which he knows are sending him to the bottom!

There is but one remedy for such a living lie. It is "the truth as it is in Jesus" embraced and practiced. The only cure for a false life is a new heart, sought from the God who loves to give it.

Such sincerity is power. It is an argument irresistible. It is eloquence that no scepticism can withstand. In the pulpit it is the virtue that hushes a multitude of sins against rhetoric and aesthetics.

There is many an one who, if they cannot do much else for their Saviour, can, at least, do this: they can live out a godly sincerity. They can be true to Christ.

"Think truly, and thy thoughts shall the soul's famine feed; Speak truly, and each word of thine, shall be a fruitful seed; Live truly, and thy life shall be A grand and holy creed."

Button-Holing.

Button-holing, as the name implies, is the art of establishing special relations with influential persons, and it is an art which undoubtedly requires a considerable amount both of trouble and tact.

Up to a certain period of life it is the tendency of man to look forward. There is a marvelous prodigality with which we throw away our present happiness when we are young, which belongs to those who feel that they are rich in happiness, and never expect to be bankrupts.

How should we order and behave ourselves, that God may grant us his strength, and true patience, and boldness for sooth, through faith, hope, prayer, love, truth, faithfulness, virtue, and godliness, we may obtain it of God.—Bishop Cochrane.

A Priestly Dilemma.

Spanish history records that a certain man was once dragged before the tribunals of his native town for the singular crime of robbing the Virgin Mary. A splendid emerald ring which had long adorned the finger of a peculiarly sacred image of the Madonna in a church, was one morning missed; and a hue and cry being raised, the stone was found to have been sold to a jeweller by the sacrilegious wretch aforesaid.

There is Alfred Sutton homo with his family, to live on the old folks," said one neighbor to another. "It seems hard, after all his father has done to fit him for business and the capital he invested to start him so fairly. It is surprising he has turned out so poorly."

"Alfred is smart enough," said the other, "and has education enough, but he lacks the one element of success. He never wants to give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar of money, and there is no other way for a young man to make his fortune."

Looking Forward. Up to a certain period of life it is the tendency of man to look forward. There is a marvelous prodigality with which we throw away our present happiness when we are young, which belongs to those who feel that they are rich in happiness, and never expect to be bankrupts.

To a man of middle life, existence is no longer a dream, but a reality. He has not much more to look forward to, for the character of his life is generally fixed by that time. His profession, his home, his occupations, will be for the most part what they are now.

Pleasing God.

It may be worth our while to consider whether our religion is not too much conditioned or mixed up with the selfishness of all. It may run in this wise: I know I feel that I am a guilty sinner, I know I will repent lest God condemn me; I believe in Christ and confess his name; I will worship God, and I will not let God will not reward me; I may be we go even further than this, I conclude in this wise: I need to be religious, that I may be good, or happy, or successful, or useful, I need it in order to receive the confidence or honor of men, in short, I need it in every way, in order to serve myself.

Faith as one sets self in the background. Men discover in themselves noble faculties and powers. These are God's own gifts. They are capable of training the culture to a high degree. They can accomplish wonders and be employed for the noblest purposes.

Many think this, especially when joined with what is before named, cannot fail to be pleasing to God. [No so. All these things combined and employed, even in perfect measure, have no value for us to please Him who looks into the heart and knows us altogether.]

Home Politeness.

Should an acquaintance tread on your dress, your best, your very best, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your "never minds—don't think of it—I don't care at all." If a husband does it, he gets a frown; if a child, he is chastised.

Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely the coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words of thank you, or "you are very kind." Doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips, we love, which heart smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? to grow glad at your approach? to be away to do your pleasure before it is spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority, have politeness. Give it a niche in your household temple. Only then will you have the true secret of sending your child into the world really finished gentlemen and ladies.

The little things which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your heart as the summer dew falls upon the vineyards. What if it is nothing but a kind word to a schoolboy crying in the street; if it is his tear, and the heart grows light and glad again. We know what cloud of darkness one kind word may dispel!

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XLII.

THE CROSS FORETOLD. Matt. xvi. 26-28.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, v. 24, 25. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Luke xvii. 6-8; Ps. lxxviii. 1-4; Matt. xvi. 26-28.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.—Then said Jesus to his disciples, if any man come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me.—Matt. xvi. 24. In the preceding verses our Lord gave to his disciples an opportunity to confess him as Messiah by the question of v. 15. The question was to all. Peter at the spokesman answered for all, v. 16. He received an answer for all, v. 17. No one expressed that Peter alone of the twelve bore this. Yet the acknowledgment is in his name, and partly because as chief apostle he had the high honour given him in opening the door of faith to Jews and then to the Gentiles. See Acts xv. 7, 8 and x. 32.

Every clause in this verse, even to the word "hell," which means the unseen world of death, as in Isa. xxxviii. 10, being taken by the devil, &c.) is perverted by Rome, and the teacher should be at pains to know the true meaning, as also of v. 10. (See Luke xi. 32.)

Having given this large and assuring promise, our Lord goes on to prepare them a method of its fulfilment, which they do not yet understand. The following questions need to be answered clearly, if we would get, as a connected whole, the meaning of this Lesson.

- 1. How is the Church to be built up? (v. 21, the false, v. 22.)
2. How is it to be entered? (v. 24, 25.)
3. What is the use of entering it? (v. 26.)

How is the Church to be built up? On the basis of Christ's atoning death. That death includes all the shame, grief, scorn, suffering brought by the Jews rejecting him; for all classes share in it, rulers, chief priests, scribes. He must unto Jerusalem, the capital of the nation, and seat of the temple. So Luke xlii.

Why "must"? Because the prophets announced it: Isa. liii. 4-10; Dan. ix. 26. But why did they? Because God led it, and arranged for it in the covenant with Christ. See Zech. xiii. 7; Acts x. 43. This covenant was, for the sake of prominence and speaking after the way of Scripture calls the divine purposes between Father and Son) Christ entered into; ch. vi. 13; Isa. liii. 10-12, as he had a duty to do, which no creature could have, viz. x. 18. Love, or grace, or mercy, in the Father and the Son, led to the covenant or arrangement.

And why did God will it? His will is never enough (Gen. xlviii. 25); but we can be proud of this law being upheld, ch. xli. 21. When criminals go unpunished and the law is not enforced, the whole country cries out: "What is the use of government?" This fact may help us to see why the Lord has reasons for his saving and founding his Church through the obedience unto death of Jesus Christ. See this John iii. 16; x. 17, 36; Rom. iii. 24; Heb. x. 10; Rev. v. 9.

This point is vital. Teachers cannot do too much of it, or be too plain about it. What the spring is to the watch, the stone to the arch, the sun to the system, soul to the body, this truth as to Christ's covenant is to be to all our teaching. And this is the more because many are of the Jewish mind. He could not conceive of the Messiah, but as most of the Jews did, as out of the throne of David. Of its glorious, visions began to rise, from what he had said, on his and other disciples' mind. Matt. xx. 21.

How he took Christ aside, using the freedom of a friend, and began to chide him. Do not dream of such a thing! Far be it from thee. How this was not the first suggestion made to Christ as to getting power and doing his work in another way. He remembered the Tempter in Matt. iv. 8. By taking the Devil's way, and not God's, as he carried out the Devil's promise of power and glory wherever that is worth. He remembers that, and as if recognizing the old foe in his words he says indignantly as to him at v. 10.

This explains the great severity of Christ. It is not a temptation to me; thou art asking not of the spiritual, but of the temporal; thou dost think of my death as an evil, instead of its being the means of life to men.

How is the Church to be entered?—The question is to be answered in the whole passage. Christ is not here speaking of the new birth, or faith, or repentance—all needful—but of the pain and that contrary to Peter's and the Jews' teaching, Christians must be ready to bear. For Christ suffers—they must, John xvi.

The allusion is to the crucifixion, as the hanging death of that time, like hanging us, and to the custom of laying the body on the condemned, which he obeyed. Luke xix. 7.

To call a malefactor master, to break with Pope of Rome, to lose the favour of rich, godless friends, to be called "Puritan," "Methodist," or a fanatic, to give up hope of earning honourably and to receive salvation as a beggar, any one of these things may be a man's cross, according to his time and condition, and it is a man's master, v. 25. If one crosses the cross in any way, he loses it—real life. If he takes even life, for Christ he crosses the life. This is one of the Lord's striking things, meant to stick in the mind, and as a paradox.

III. THOUGHT IS IT WORTH ENTERING? What is the use of entering? One question is often best answered by another. So it is here. What is the use of entering? Suppose you do not enter? Then (1) you lose your soul; what have you gained by that? Suppose you gained the whole world by evading the cross, what real gain is there when you lose your soul. And then the Lord follows up the question by another which is commonly taken to be the same thing in other words, but is not. If a man loses his watch he offers a reward to get it back. But if a man loses his soul, he is lost; all is lost! There is nothing more to be done, all is gone!

And this is not a mere chance, an idle threat, for (2) There will be a day of judgment. Who judges? "The Son of man." How will he come? "In the Father's glory, with the holy angels." Who shall be judged? "Every man." By what test? His "works"—the particular works to which he is referring (it is one word in Greek, *praxis*, practice, of course)—namely taking up the cross, or not. He puts it clearly in v. 26, 27. "But this may be a remote, and even doubtful affair. No, for (3) the beginning of this line of events has been made. The kingdom is being set up now. Some of you here will see it set up, before you die. You shall see me as a risen Saviour, and that rising from the dead is proof of the judgment. See Acts xvii. 31. "Because he hath appointed a day, whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." And you shall see the working of the kingdom on both its sides, mercy in Pentecost, and judgment in ruined Jerusalem, proofs of the reality and importance of these interests.

Lessons for us are: (1) The Saviour attaches great weight to his death. So should we. "God forbid," &c. Gal. vi. 14. (2) No wonder if Satan, and well-meaning but mistaken men, should make little of it. They always did so. (3) Let us make sure that we are with Him now—so shall we "stand in the judgment." Ps. i. 5.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS. The Jewish view of Christ's work—the lesson to the disciples—where Christ should suffer—at whose hands—for what reasons—why foretold—where—why God's will—an analogy—Christ's knowledge of this—his right to agree to this—the origin of this covenant—Scripture reference to it—importance of his death—Peter's idea of it—his course—the Lord's rebuke—why so severe—where this language used before—meaning of a cross—method of execution—specimens of the cross—when life is lost—when saved—the price of a soul—the hopelessness of its loss—when the Lord will come—for what end—the extent of the judgment—meaning of confessing Christ—his coming again assured—the kingdom begun—in what way—how its beginning ensured its completion—Scripture proof on this subject—and lessons to us.

"Twas a Piece of Mother's Dress." We heard a story told the other day that made our eyes moisten. We have determined to tell it, just as we heard it, to our little ones:

A company of poor children who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for starting of the cars, one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment.

The superintendent stepped up to him and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched lining. It proved to be his old jacket, which, having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost. "Come, John, come," said the superintendent, "what are you going to do with that piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it to take with me. My dear dead mother put the lining into this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I shall have to remember her by." And as the poor boy thought of that dear mother's love, and of the sad death-bed scene in the old garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust the little piece of calico into his bosom "to remember his mother by," hurried into a car, and was soon far away from the place where he had seen so much sorrow.

We know many an eye will moisten as the story is told and retold throughout the country, and many a prayer will go up to God for the fatherless and motherless in all great cities and in all places.

Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by cheerful obedience? That little boy who loved so well we are sure obeyed. Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dear dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience.—O. S. Presbyterian.

Our Young Folks.

A Day at the Cottage.

BY EMILY.

It was only a little, new log house, with two rooms and a wide back porch, but it was bright with sun-burn and content. It was the home of Farmer Dore, his wife Debbie and their three children, and Debbie calls it the "Cottage."

On a warm day in June the door stood ajar, and permitted a look at the home-life within. Quaint and humble, but very attractive was the front room, when set in order by the neat house-wife. On the old-fashioned bureau stood a sugar-bowl filled with fragrant flowers. The bed was in one corner, and its white curtains concealed the trundle-bed. The looking-glass was wreathed with green asparagus, and a pretty little patchwork case for the comb hung below it. The chairs were cushioned with neat patchwork, and on every article of furniture was seen the loving effort to make the best of it, honestly and happily.

Their day began several hours before this. The farmer was up at dawn. After calling Debbie he built the kitchen fire and hurried to the barn. Debbie arose, and going to the trundle-bed, called: "Ruthie, Johnnie, come! Get up!" Soon Ruth's eyes were open, and, telling her to wake the others, Debbie entered the kitchen and began breakfast.

Ruth tickled Johnnie's toes till he was wide awake, and their romp aroused Nellie, who sleepily rolled out one side of the bed, calling: "Nellie up, maver!" When Ruth and Johnnie joined her, Ruth said: "You know mother says our prayers are the first thing, and the little ones in their white gowns kneeled by the bed. Ruthie had been taught to use her own words in prayer, and her childish burdens were cast on the Lord with true childlike trust. Johnnie lifted his earnest eyes and prayed: "Jesus, please make me a good little boy," while Nellie bowed her head like Ruthie and asked, simply and softly, "God bless me."

Soon the children were dressed and Ruth combed all three curly heads, though Johnnie bravely pulled out the worst tangles in his hair. Ruth was only eight years old, yet she bore so much care as elder sister her father called her "little woman." Johnnie was five, and a very mischievous rogue. His hair and eyes were darker than Ruthie's, and his hands tanned. "Father's boy" his mother called him. Blue-eyed, golden-haired Nellie was the pet of all. She was three years old that day.

They ran into the kitchen to help their mother. Ruth laid the knives and forks in place. Johnnie brought the spoons, and even Nellie earned her tin plate to the table.

Debbie looked in the oven and asked: "Is father coming? The biscuits are just right." "Yes, here he is," said Ruth. "I'll set up the chairs." As they gathered round the table the first rays of the sun shone on Johnnie's chubby face and Nellie's hair.

Mr. Dore wanted to finish plowing the ten-acre lot so he could not linger long after breakfast. When he had gone his wife had washed the dishes and mixed the bread, then arranged the front room. Ruth helped the mother while the little ones played. When all was in order Debbie called:

"Who wants to pick raspberries?" All the children found cups and went with her. The berries were plentiful, and patient labor soon filled the little bucket. To be sure, Nellie's little red cup only contained two red and green berries and one black one, but her mother kissed her red lips and said it tasted like raspberries, so she must have picked some.

Johnnie said: "She is too little to know how," and manfully took Nellie's hand and led her in the house.

When the berries were put away in the cool milk-house, the mother and Johnnie returned to the garden for vegetables, while Ruth staid with Nellie who said she was tired. Ruth removed the little sun-bonnet and lifted the moist curls from her face, telling a story about the bird in the apple tree, till Nellie fell asleep on a pallet in the corner. As the pink flush deepened on her cheeks, and her regular breathing showed how sweet was her sleep, Ruthie admired the picture the little sleeper made. Then Johnnie's eager voice called her from the porch, and she went out to help shell peas.

The hours hastened on. When dinner was ready the tin horn sent echoes through the wood to call the farmer. He quickly caught the sound and turned homeward.

Johnnie was waiting for him at the barn to help feed the horses. When this was done and they neared the house, Nellie came running to meet them, and Ruth filled the bright tin basin with cool water for her father. He nodded approvingly at her and said, kindly: "That's right, little woman." "Mother told me," she honestly answered. After dinner the father and children had a merry time together, while over patient mother washed the dishes. Do mothers ever get tired, I wonder? Later in the day she sat down in the quiet room, the great work-basket by her side, patching Johnnie's pants, that would wear out at the knees, though Johnnie declared he was "just as careful." She thought of the never ending work, day after day, and her face grew darker but happier memories mingled in her thoughts, and she recalled the dewy tenderness of her husband's love. All heart and soul were lightened, and she began to sing softly one of her mother's favorite hymns.

The children had gone to the woods for flowers, and were just then seated on a mossy log, while Ruth told stories. Afterward Johnnie built a house for Nellie, while Ruth made a wreath for Nellie's birthday crown. They were startled by a low rumble of thunder, and Nellie was ready to cry. Ruth took her hand, saying: "Never mind, dear, we will get to the house before it rains. Come, Johnnie, run!" They gathered up the flowers and soon ran home.

Their mother was on the porch waiting for them, and they all watched the cloud as it rolled darkly up the sky, and wished father would come.

Just as the first big drops pattered on the roof they saw him turn the corner of the lane and enter the barn. It was only a shower of rain, and when it was over the farmer came to the house, saying, cheerfully: "Just in time, wife. I'm done plowing, and this will make it fine weeding in the garden."

Ruthie set the upper table, and was delighted when her mother showed her Nellie's birthday gift, a neat china bowl, with a broad gold band around the top. Ruth filled it with flowers and set it before Nellie's plate. The little girl was highly pleased with the present.

The raspberries and cream were delicious, and the cake was "just as good as it looked." Mr. Dore said. They had thought the white frosting and the pink letters reading "Nellie" very pretty indeed and their father agreed with the children.

Nellie looked at the berries, and then said, gravely: "I think I pick these many"—but added, doubtfully, "most of 'em, I s'k."

Her father smiled at the conclusion, and no one disputed the little maiden. After supper Johnnie helped his father weed in the garden. Ruth worked in her little flower-bed, while her mother was busy among her plants. Nellie watched them from the door. When the west was lighted by sunset Debbie milked the cow, and Johnnie and Nellie had a drink of fresh milk. Then they all rested and talked pleasantly together. When night closed in Debbie lighted the lamp, and after evening prayer drew out the trundle-bed and tucked the children in. Soon they all slept quietly. The day was done, and the stars watched over the Cottage.—Herald and Presbyter.

A Stupid Vicar.

There never was in the whole history of the Church of England anything so unfortunate or so stupid as the attitude the clergy as a body seem to be adopting toward the laborers and their Union. From Dr. Elliott, whose five minutes' speech will within five years turn the Bishops out of the House of Lords, to the last new curate, who is congratulated on "smashing Tyndall," the clerical order seems determined to regard the laborers' rising as hostile; till the poor men, who expected help from the clergy are irritated out of all self-control, and denounce in their special organ, the clergy in terms very little measured by conventionalities. The apparent want of clerical sympathy; the tendency to preach contempt, when every other class in England is allowed to get on; and, above all, the callousness with which poverty is regarded, have turned thousands of men who go to church every Sunday into bitter enemies, who will express themselves on the day they gain the power with terrible effect. Take, for example, this single and most annoying scene, which is stated in the *Laborer's Union Chronicle*, August 30th, to have occurred in Worcester last week. The Vicar of Honeybourne had been asked to preside at an immense laborers' meeting, and had consented, but was too late, and Mr. Yeats, a lecturer, was voted into the chair. He was proceeding with a very mild and unobjectionable account of the success of Mr. Arch. when, on some allusion to emigration, a voice said:—

"We need it, sir. Here am I, the father of five children, getting 10s. a week, and our parson told me hisse that he would save 6d. a week out of that."

The Vicar (from amongst the crowd) said: "So I would. You are very imprudent, and you will never become independent unless you save some of your earnings."

Scores of Voices: "What! out of 10s. a week? Tell us how to spend it, sir?"

The Vicar: "No, I won't do that; but I still repeat I would save some of it toward making my independence."

Voices: "You could not. Try it on." The Vicar: "I tell you I would; and, more than that, I do most sincerely object to your Union."

Mr. Yeats: "Then I am to take it, sir, you object to Unionists generally?" The Vicar: "Oh! dear, no! If I was a mechanic, I should be a Unionist. I think all mechanics should be Unionists."

Mr. Yeats: "Do I understand, sir, you are a landowner?" The Vicar: "Yes."

Mr. Yeats: "I have no need to ask you why you object to the Laborers' Union. But I must ask you, sir, to explain to these people how you would spend your money, as you have said, to save 6d. a week out of 10s. and keep a family. No doubt out of your income as a vicar and landowner you can easily do so. But it is a different matter when the sum is only 10s. a week."

The Vicar: "But I say that some women make their money go further than others." Mr. Yeats: "No doubt; but that don't alter the fact that you have not given us an answer as to how you spend the 10s. yourself. I shall feel obliged to you to leave the ladies alone, and now answer how you would do it yourself."

The Vicar: "Well, I won't do it now." Mr. Yeats: "Then I must tell you the reason, sir, is because you cannot do so." A Voice: "He is like the singer-poets, they do be all the bishops and parsons. They point the way, but never go themselves."

Mr. Yeats here tried to resume his lecture, but before many words had been uttered by him, again referring to the Union, the Vicar began:

"I don't like your Union. If the winter coming on again, and the tomatoes will turn you all off in the wet weather and on dark days."

A Voice: "An so 'un always did, sir." Mr. Yeats: "I tell you honestly, if you do you will listen to me, those of you who are so served by being sent home on wet days, I would never touch a tool for such farmers on dry days. Why should you? If you are a weekly servant, should you be a weekly servant, and your employers should pay you such, not tamper with you, as they like. I only advise this course for your own interests; not for you to be usurpers of your employer's rights, but because we want a fair field and no favor."

The Vicar: "Why don't the men become farmers themselves?" Voices: "How can us?" The Vicar: "Why, by saving up your money." (Loud laughter.)

Mr. Yeats: "Generally speaking, that would be impossible."

The Vicar: "Then why don't you or ten of you go to—say Lord Northwick. Although I do not know his lordship, yet I know he is such a good-hearted fellow. He would, I am sure, let you have a farm; and, more than that, he would stock it well for you. Then you could become co-operative farmers?"

Mr. Yeats (to the Vicar):—"Are you in earnest, sir?"

The Vicar: "Yes. Then there is the Earl of Gainsborough, he would do the same."

Mr. Yeats: "Have you ever asked them or heard them so speak?"

The Vicar: "No; I have not. A Voice in the Crowd:—"If you will let us have a little land, if it's only an acre or so, at the same rate as the farmers, we would be able to do well, and save money then."

The Vicar: "I don't believe it. Your allotments now are most disgraceful." [Intense excitement, and but for the timely interference of Mr. Yeats the Vicar would have heard some unpleasant remarks, as the whole body of the people present resented the false and shameful imitation.] Mr. Yeats asked the people to bear up, as he would have it fairly decided, and, turning to the Vicar, he said: "You told me, sir, just now, you were a landed proprietor yourself. Now, would you have any objection to let me have a farm and stock it yourself? [No answer.] After a pause, Mr. Yeats said: "I shall thank you for your answer. We will await your reply." After a long pause, the Vicar, in a very hesitating manner, said: "Well, no; I don't think I will."

A procession was then made to the allotments, to see if they were really a disgrace to the village, when it was discovered, as usual, that they were singularly well cultivated, infinitely better than the small farms around; and the Vicar himself, who is a gentleman, was so satisfied that he apologized in writing for having "in the heat of debate" so libeled them. But what were the laborers likely to think? That their Vicar was at once callous, selfish, and vain; callous to their genuine fight with hunger (for 10s. a week means no meat); selfish in refusing his own land, while he pledged his great neighbors so freely; rash in making statements about the allotments, which, having been only nine months in the parish, he had hardly a right to make, and had at last, being a gentleman, formally retract. Add to all this the brusque assumption of authority to put down anything he did not like, to hurl out such a sentence as "I don't like your Union," with a clear idea that that signified, and the total effect must have been that the parson was no friend, and that if ever the laborers got the vote the parson must be voted down!—Spectator.

The Lights in the Tunnel.

"I was travelling upon a road which I had never passed over before. There was a long train of cars crowded with passengers. In the afternoon, while there yet remained an hour of daylight, I noticed the lamps were being lighted. We journeyed on, and I watched their faint glimmering flames; scarcely could they be distinguished in the bright light of day. I wondered why they were lighted so early. Suddenly we passed into darkness. Then the light shone with a strong, steady ray. All through the tunnel they burned brilliantly. How dependent we were upon them. Could it be possible they were the same flames which a few moments before burned so dimly? Yes, they were the very same, only brought into view by the surrounding gloom.

How like God's promises, I thought. When the sun of prosperity shines upon us, we may greatly undervalue them. But when adversity and affliction envelope us with the thick shades of night, our faith bursts into a strong and steady flame, and chases away the darkness and gloom of despair. We feel how weak and feeble we are. We cannot take one step without the light which comes from above to guide our wandering feet. Our souls rest upon God's promise as our only hope. Without them we should be in deepest night. Let us have true and living faith, and we may rest secure that when we need its changing ray it will not desert us, but become a burning and shining light to guide us on our journey to the promised haven of rest.—Christian at Work.

Oh! this heaven of God's presence! This opening into glory! This being willing to lay down your life for the church! "God is all." Oh, my soul; I feel its fire, its burning; as I write. God grant that the flame may spread, the glory shine! May the world receive it! Places to me are less than ever. To see my friends dwelling in God and God in them affords me one of the greatest earthly pleasures.—Bromell.

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1873.

ELECTORAL CORRUPTION.

We make no apology for returning to this subject. Our correspondent, a "Political Presbyterian," stated last week some very plain and unpalatable, but, we fear, incontrovertible truths on this most distressing yet important subject.

politician of either party affecting the "high moral one." "We bribe," cry the Conservatives, "because our opponents have been spending fabulous sums of money."

THE POSITION OF THE OPPONENTS OF UNION.

Last week we gave an account of a meeting held in this city on Tuesday, 30th Sept., to consider what steps should be taken to prevent the consummation of Union on the Basis, &c., now before the inferior courts of the negotiating Churches.

They admit that Union is per se desirable, and, if attainable without dereliction of principle, a duty. Notwithstanding a strong aversion to closer relationship with the Church of Scotland and its representatives in Canada, and a disapproval of the proposed action in matters of worship, they would not on these grounds oppose Union, however undesirable it may be in their eyes.

The argument, as presented, is a cogent one. It is somewhat to the following effect. The C. P. Church is an organized body held together by a covenant and compact, viz., the Union Basis of 1861. No change should be made in that covenant (1) without good reason, and (2) without the consent of the parties already in contract with each other.

We may return to this subject; meanwhile, we again express our hope that a thorough, faithful, and brotherly discussion will take place in all the congregations, sessions, and presbyteries where there is difference of opinion, so that by a mutual understanding of views the obstacles may be removed, and the Union may be effected without divisions among ourselves.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

As most of our readers are already aware, the 13th of this month (next Thursday), has been, by mutual arrangement among different religious denominations in Ontario, set apart as a day of Thanksgiving for God's great mercy to our country in bestowing upon us so plentiful a harvest.

Let all, then, who believe in a superintending Providence, and actually mean what they say when they put up the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," throw their souls into the proper work of a Thanksgiving day, and it will not degenerate into a form.

THE KNIGHT CASE.

We are glad to learn from the latest accounts that the Presbytery of Dundee of the Free Church has dropped proceedings against the Rev. Mr. Knight. It is to be hoped this will be satisfactory to all parties.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

The meetings of the Evangelical Alliance commenced, as was announced, by a grand reception meeting in Association Hall, on Thursday evening, the 2nd of Oct.

All the rooms in the building were thrown open, and profusely decorated with flowers and plants. Every place was crowded by a brilliant throng of ladies and gentlemen.

Among those present, and who attracted most attention, were the Dean of Canterbury, Lord Alfred Churchill, Count Bernstorff, Secretary of the German Legation, Prof. Stanley, of King's College, London, Professor Dormer, of Berlin; the Rev. Nareym Sheshadri, of Bombay, &c.

The Hall was hung round with mottoes and names. In the centre was the motto of the Alliance, "Unum corpus sumus in Christo." Flags of the different nations covered the entire front of the galleries. The exercises were opened by singing the "Old Hundredth." Then the Lord's prayer was repeated, almost the whole Assembly joining.

On Friday the proper work of the conference commenced by Wm. E. Dodge, Esq., taking the chair, and calling the meeting to order, at 10 a.m. The Rev. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, then led in prayer, followed by Dr. Rugg, of London reading the Scriptures, and the Rev. Matteo Prochet again praying.

The following is a list of the office bearers thereafter appointed:—

President.—Theodore Woolsey, of New Haven, ex-President of Yale College.

Vice-Presidents.—William Havemeyer; Lord Alfred Churchill, of London; Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts; Professor J. A. Dormer, of Germany; ex-Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut; William E. Dodge; H. H. Stewart, of Virginia; Rev. George Fisch, of France; W. H. Grosbeck, of Ohio; F. T. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; F. R. Brunot, of Pennsylvania; William H. Aspinwall; Alexis Cornell, D.D.; William Claflin, Massachusetts; Professor Joseph Henry, of Washington; Charles Reed, M.P., of London; Ira Harris, of New York; George H. Stewart, of Philadelphia; Chancellor Daniel Bates, of Delaware; Professor Philip Schaff, of New York; F. Z. Parker, of Washington; Elliott H. Pendleton, of Ohio; John C. Backus, of Maryland; and Mayor S. S. Powell, of Brooklyn.

Secretary.—The Rev. S. Ignatius Prime, of New York.

President Woolsey then took the Chair and delivered the inaugural address.

Thereafter the Dean of Canterbury read the following letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

ADDINGTON PARK, CROLDON, Aug. 1, 1873.

MY DEAR DEAN.—I cannot allow the Dean of my Cathedral to go to America to attend a general conference of Christians of all countries without expressing my good wishes and earnest hope that his efforts to promote the unity of the Christian Church may be blessed.

That God may hasten the time when the differences which at present tend so much to keep Christians assunder may be removed, and when all who love the Lord Jesus Christ sincerely may be able, without compromise of principle, to unite, both outwardly and in spirit, is my prayer.

Believe me to be, my dear Dean, Yours, very sincerely,

A. C. CANTERBURY.

To the Very Rev. the DEAN OF CANTERBURY.

The Rev. M. Prochet, spoke at great length on the state of religion in Italy, and a paper by Dr. Tholuch, of Halle, was, in his necessary absence, read by a friend.

In the afternoon an address was given by the Rev. Cohen Stuart, of Holland. He said:—

The mere fact of my being a Hollander is my patent of nobility in this great American Republic. (Cheers.) He wanted to draw a few outlines and broad features of religion in Holland. This small spot on the map of Europe has been glorified by God. No people's history now is so closely connected with the history of religion as is that of the people of Holland.

Rev. Mr. Krummacker, of Brandenburg, then spoke on Germany. At the close of Mr. Krummacker's address, a cablegram was received from the Emperor of Germany to the following effect:—

"The jewel of Christ (unity) is with you." Delegates from Switzerland, Spain, Greece, and Belgium took up the rest of the sederunt.

There were two evening meetings, one in the usual place of meeting and the other in Dr. Foss' Methodist Episcopal Church. Both places were overflowing crowded, and eloquent and appropriate addresses were delivered, of which it is not necessary to give even an outline.

Among the virtues that were recognized by the English were facts and figures. The Protestants of France numbered about 1,000,000; a loss was occasioned by the separation of Alsace. The Protestants had union among them in work; should they ever have unity? Would there ever be one Protestant Church in France? He believed there would be. There ought to be

longer to be, in Protestant communities a platonic love, it ought to be a more earnest love. Our evangelizing societies support themselves. The French Protestant Church has been essentially militant. She has known what it was to fight for her life. Conquest is difficult in a society that has devoted all its strength to defence.

On Saturday the attendance was so great that duplicate meetings had to be held of all the Sessions, and yet accommodation could not be had for all who wished to attend.

Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, said:—That the unity of the Church may be viewed in three different aspects; and first in regard to the Church as consisting of scattered believers throughout the world.

Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, said:—That the unity of the Church may be viewed in three different aspects; and first in regard to the Church as consisting of scattered believers throughout the world. There is no difference of opinion as regards the unity in Christ; there was a difference of opinion as to what constituted the unity.

In the afternoon Bishop Doell, Dr. Cook of Paris, Rev. W. Noel of Berlin, and Dr. Conrad of Philadelphia spoke. Equal enthusiasm was manifested as in the morning.

On Monday the subject discussed was "Christianity and its Antagonism." After the singing of a hymn by the congregation in Association Hall, and prayer by Bishop Campbell, of the coloured Methodist Church, Rev. Dr. S. Frensch, Principal Secretary, announced that the General Assembly from foreign lauds were such to receive from the American Bible Society a copy of the Holy Bible in English, as an expression of the interest felt by that society in every effort to counteract the influence of infidelity and superstition. Rev. Dr. Tiffany stated he had come from Washington bearing an invitation to the delegates to visit that city, that a special train had been provided, and that President Grant had given up the meeting with the army had given up the meeting with the army had given up the meeting with the army...

kind among us, and trust that the memorials of Dr. Maohar will command, as they deserve, an extensive sale. It is now a considerable time since Dr. M. died. Still there are many who cherish his memory with strong affection. To them this volume will be especially acceptable, while a still larger number will turn, we doubt not, to these records of one who occupied no mean place among the pioneer preachers of Canada, and will be led by the perusal to "glorify God in him."

Ministers and Churches.

The Rev. A. Rowat, of West Winchester, in the Presbytery of Brockville, has received a call from the congregation of Dunbar, within the same Presbytery. His decision is to be given on the first Tuesday of November next.

PRESENTATION.—At the ordinary weekly service of the congregation of St Paul's Church on Thursday evening, 25th ult., a very pleasant and profitable hour was spent in the usual devotional exercises, in which the members generally are invited to take part, and at the conclusion of the service the Rev. J. C. Smith, M. A., the pastor, was presented with an elegant and costly pulpit gown and cassock, imported from Glasgow at a cost of over \$100. The usual ceremony of a formal address was dispensed with on this occasion, and the presentation was made by Mrs. Leggat and Mrs. Service on behalf of the ladies of the congregation in a few friendly words, with the prayer that their respected pastor might long be spared to labor faithfully among his flock under the blessing of his Heavenly Master. As this event was quite unexpected on the part of the recipient, Mr. Smith replied in the same informal manner, accepting the testimonial as a proof of the love and veneration of his people for the sacred office which he had been called upon in the Providence of God to fill. He urged the ladies to devote their talents and energies prayerfully in the service of their Heavenly Master, reminding them of the immense influence for good which Christian females were privileged to exercise, and assuring them, that as their pastor he could desire no higher reward than to see them thus fulfilling the duties of their Christian profession. The pastor was then formally invested in his new gown and received the hearty congratulations of all present. We are happy to hear that under the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Smith the congregation of St. Paul's is rapidly augmenting in numbers and influence.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

A very interesting and successful soiree was held in the drill shed at Burford, in connection with the Presbyterian congregation lately organized there. An ample supply of refreshments was prepared by the ladies, and as the evening was calm and clear, there was a large attendance of the inhabitants in and around Burford, of different denominations. The evening's proceedings were commenced by the singing of two verses of the 2nd Paraphrase and the offering up of a short prayer. When all had partaken of the good things before them, the chair was taken by the Rev. Thos. Alexander, presently officiating at Burford and Mount Pleasant. Addresses of a suitable and practical kind were delivered by the following clergymen, who had come to testify their sympathy and interest on the occasion, viz: Messrs. Farries, Henderson, Botingham, of Paris; Hume, of St. George; Willoughby, of Mt. Pleasant; and Clement, of Burford. Dr. Clarke, of Princeton, also made a few suitable remarks. To add to the enjoyment of the evening there was not only a choir who gave some beautiful pieces of music, but a band, who did their best to enliven the proceedings. Seldom has so interesting and successful meeting of the kind been held in Burford, and as it was the first in connection with the Presbyterian Church, it is anticipated that great good will be the result. The sum of over \$51 was realized on the occasion to form the beginning of a fund for purchasing a lot and erecting a church in the neighborhood. Some have already promised to help on the work, and as the congregation is neither large nor wealthy, the kind assistance of friends will be thankfully received.—*Cost.*

THE ORGAN IN THE C. P. CHURCH AT UTICA.—A few months ago this congregation unanimously resolved that it would be advisable to introduce an instrument to aid in leading the psalmody in public worship, and recently a beautiful organ, of great power and fine tone, of the value of \$250, was procured, and which gives entire satisfaction. The utmost unanimity and harmony prevails in the congregation in reference to this change. All the people are well pleased with it, and it has already greatly assisted in improving the congregational singing. Everyone sings better, and many sing now that never sang before. On the 10th ult. a very successful social was held in the church, at which the full amount of \$250 was realized for the organ fund. Able and interesting addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. B. Edmondson, of Columbus, J. Thom, of P. Perry, Mr.

Conway, of New Jersey, and others. The meeting was an exceedingly pleasant gathering, and one of the best of the kind ever held in this part of the country. Every person present seemed perfectly delighted with the proceedings of the evening. The Utica congregation has increased exceedingly of late, and is now in a very harmonious and prosperous state. It will no doubt be good news, and interesting to many in the Church to learn that in such a short time, under the able and devoted services of the Rev. Mr. Dawson, this station has grown from a mere handful to a comparatively large congregation. We think that there is nothing exceeds this growth in the bounds of the Church, when the adverse circumstances under which it has been attained are taken into account, for when we consider that Utica is situated in the centre of a Methodist population, that the congregation was entirely broken up, and that the feelings of the people were intensely alienated from the Church when the Rev. Mr. Dawson commenced his ministry here a few seasons ago. Now we rejoice that the scattered fragments of the former congregation have not only been re-collected and re-organized, but that many others have been gathered in, and a hearty confidence in the church has been happily restored.

On behalf of the Managing Committee, (Signed), EDWARD WALKER, Utica, 6th Oct. 1873.

Manitoba Mission.

Below we copy from the *Presbyterian* for October, Mr. Macdonnell's interesting report on this subject:—

It is proposed to call a meeting of the Manitoba Mission Committee for the 20th October, to decide whether another Missionary shall be sent to represent our Church in Manitoba. The Committee were authorized by the Synod "to secure as soon as possible the services of at least one additional Missionary." It was thought desirable however, to send a deputation to Manitoba to examine the field before acting upon the Synod's instruction. Mr. Carmichael, of King, and myself accordingly paid a short visit to the Province in the month of August.

We find that here there are *sic* Ministers connected with the C. P. Church; Mr. Black, who has so long and faithfully labored at Kildonan, and whose congregation is self-sustaining; Mr. Fraser, at Little Britain; Prof. Bryce, who has been taking the oversight of the Winnipeg congregation in addition to his professional duties; Mr. Donaldson, sent out and partially supported by the Irish Presbyterian Church, at Headingly; Mr. Mathieson, at Portage la Prairie; and Mr. McNabb, at White Mud River. Our Church is represented by Mr. Hart, whose labours both in the College and in the way of mission work have won for him the highest esteem of our C. P. brethren.

On the last Sunday we spent in Winnipeg, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to fifty communicants, Mr. Carmichael and myself taking part, with Messrs. Bryce and Cochrane, in the services connected therewith. The Lieut. Governor and Mr. McMicken, were the officiating Elders, as they had been on previous occasions. In Winnipeg, more than anywhere else in the Province, the importance of united action on part of the Presbyterians is evident. It is felt on all hands that it would be disastrous to divide, our forces, and the Committee's delegates were thoroughly convinced by what they saw and heard, of the wisdom of our Synod in choosing rather to unite with the C. P. Church in the work which has been already well begun, than to raise a separate standard. The Presbyterian Church at present holds the leading position in the Capital. The College, which is now at Kildonan, is to be removed to Winnipeg, and the position of Presbyterianism will be thus additionally strengthened. The Winnipeg congregation are prepared to give a salary of \$2,000 to the man of their choice. It is probable that an arrangement will be made for temporary supply, pending the selection of a minister. The position is an important one, and ought to be filled without delay.

Our Committee will have to consider the wants of two or three localities which are at present unsupplied. Three questions will have to be decided: 1st. Is there need for another missionary? 2nd. If so, can we find the right man? 3rd. Can we raise the additional amount needed for his salary? The first question must be answered in view of the immense immigration that is confidently looked for. A little colony is coming from Wisconsin, alone, application having been made on its behalf for four townships.

There is no doubt that next year, when the Dawson Route will be in better order than it was at the beginning of this season, a very large number from all parts of the Dominion will find their way to the North-West.

To the third question there ought to be only one answer. Meantime, it will help to the solution of the second question if any of our Ministers or Probationers, whose thoughts and hearts are turning to the North-West, will communicate with the Convener before the 20th of October. D. J. MACDONNELL, Convener.

Contributors and Correspondents.

The Conflict.

BY J. W., B. A.

The following story may be taken, with or without a moral, just as the reader pleases. Those who only want a story may take it for what it is worth as a story; those who cannot relish a story without a moral will probably be able to supply the moral for themselves.

In the Eastern part of the ancient world there was a noble stream—called the Sacred River. In the country around it there fell no rain, and so the people were obliged to have its waters, for irrigation and drinking, conveyed to them in channels or pipes. All those connected with the distribution of the waters were known as the *sacred class*, and no one disputed their right to control the stream. The waters of the river were pure, clear, and health-giving, when they reached the people without getting corrupted. But soon the sacred class began to mix them with drugs, and then sell the water so corrupted at enormous prices. They also put a boom across the river, just a little below where it entered their country, to prevent any one from sailing on it without their consent. This boom was made of chains, interwoven with a very tough substance, whose name means, in their language, superstition. These chains were fastened at each side to pillars, made of the wood of a tree called the tree of antiquity. The sacred class were so jealous of their authority that they would scarcely let any one but their own members within sight of the stream. Some outsiders began to express their desire to see it, and taste its pure waters for themselves. But on applying to the officers of the sacred class, they cursed and fumed, and called the applicants all sorts of ill names, and kicked them. These went away angry and soured, but durst openly say nothing. In private they said the priests, as they called them, were a set of knaves. Some of them formed a canoe and went exploring above the boom. They drank of the waters, and found them very refreshing, and discovered along the banks of the stream all sorts of animals and vegetables, that seemed formed to serve man by their use, or delight him by their beauty. The sacred class, when they heard of this exploit, again cursed and grow furious, and swore if these intermeddling rascals did not mind their own business they would hang them, or burn them with the wood of their canoe, and remove the boom further up the stream. These threats were successful for a time, but curiosity was growing: So, to satisfy it, they succeeded to give some descriptions of the stream above and below the boom, which they said were handed down to them by tradition. But of all the fictions ever invented by priests these were the most ridiculous and absurd. And all this time they had in their possession a noble book describing the source of the river, its course through the country, and giving directions for the use of its waters.

Some of them were altogether ignorant of the contents of this book, others had read it, and knew that it condemned their practice of corrupting the waters of the stream, and their abuse of their privileges in controlling it. These perhaps might have tried to destroy or falsify it, had they not thought it did not matter as long as the book was in their own hands. Dissatisfaction was, however, growing stronger. The leaders of the explorers tried other expeditions in a secret way, and brought back wonderful reports about their discoveries. Still they had not the courage openly to defy the sacred class, and so all they did was to grumble and work in secret. But meanwhile danger was arising to the sacred class from another quarter. There was growing up a party who began to insist on having the sacred Book describing the course of the river and giving directions for the use of its waters, made public. They charged the sacred class with corrupting the stream, and selling worthless drugs at enormous prices, and in every way abusing their trust. These were much more determined than the explorers, and with some help from the explorers prepared to break through the boom, with canoes. The boom was well defended, however. It had towers on each side, on which there were placed machines for hurling immense stones at those trying to break through. These machines were called "bells," and made terrible havoc among the attacking party. The parties in the canoes made several attempts to break through before they were successful. At last, after great bloodshed on both sides (for the party of attack had instruments for throwing stones too), the boom gave way amid shouts of victory. Immediately the attacking party (Protesters they were called) took possession of the greater part of the stream. The old sacred class held authority along some parts of its banks, and kept possession of most of their towers; but the towers were sadly battered, and the machines greatly impaired. The "bells" would not hurl stones so far as before, and sometimes "kicked back" and destroyed the operators. The boom was gone for ever. The Protesters now set about arranging for the management of the river, or as much of it as they had in possession. They published the sacred Book. They formed a new sacred class from some of the members of the old order who had gone over to their side, and others who were thought qualified to share the trust along with them. But there was little unity among the new order.

They often quarrelled among themselves, and with the old order. Some of the Protesters thought there was need for a sacred class—now they had the book let every one get the waters as best he could, and let them be free to all. These were few, however. The explorers were working away all this time quietly. The new sacred class, however, would not allow unlimited explorations. They said if the explorers went up or down the stream they must not bring back any account that did not agree with what were received by tradition as the statements of the sacred Book about those places. And instead of finding out what really were the accounts of the sacred Book they set themselves with all their power to maintain these traditional accounts that were taken for granted, but founded on a misunderstanding of the Sacred Record.

It would weary the reader to describe the petty feuds that were kept up between the explorers and the two orders of the sacred Class on the one hand, and these Orders themselves on the other. The explorers became conceited and boastful. They were continually bringing home accounts which were found at variance with what were supposed to be the statements of the sacred Book. Without finding out what the sacred Book really did say about these things, or whether it touched at them at all, the explorers said they had now discovered that the sacred Book was composed of a lot of fables, and the sacred Class of a set of impostors. The old sacred Class went on doing nearly as they had been doing, but now in a small way. They forgot nothing that was evil and learned nothing that was good, they cursed and abused every one that approached their grounds. Some of the new sacred Class became explorers themselves, and made many discoveries to confirm the sacred Records. Others attended so earnestly and faithfully to their duties in expounding the sacred Book, and conveying the life-giving waters to the thirsty as to convince all reasonable men of their worth. Others were doing their bitter worst to bring themselves and their order into disrepute. They did their work in a heartless manner, and often ridiculed the zeal of their more earnest brethren, or laughed in their sleeves at the whole affair, and when any one did not agree with them abused him and throw dirt at him. Some of the people who lived far away from the river knew scarcely anything of the contests going on at the two banks. They watered their land from such channels as reached them. They drank of whatever appeared to quench their thirst. Some doubted if there was any virtue in the sacred waters, others more sceptical doubted if there was really such a thing as a sacred stream. When matters were in this state of confusion a meeting of the members of the several branches of the sacred Class and of explorers was called to try to come to terms. The representative of the old sacred Class said that his order took their stand where they stood before the boom was broken. Some of the new orders proposed to give the explorers the one side of the stream and let themselves hold the other. It was too late for this proposal now—indeed it would never have been accepted unless as a temporary arrangement.

Some of the explorers took very high ground. They said their class alone were the real benefactors of the country. The teaching of the sacred class, was, in their opinion nonsense, and their work useless or injurious. Their knowledge alone was well-founded. They had traced the stream to its source, and found it gush out of a mountain rock. They had followed it to its mouth and found it fall over a cataract into an abyss. This was, they said, the beginning and end of what man could learn of the nature or history of the stream. The more enlightened members of the New Sacred Order spoke in very different style. They said they acknowledged the great value of the labours of the explorers, but considered the sacred Book was a necessity as well for every day life, as for revealing what the explorers left dark. They said it was unreasonable to speak of that as the beginning of the stream where it flowed out of the rock, or that as it, and where it had fallen into the sea of darkness. They said the explanation of the sacred book was that the waters of the river fell into this immense sea and mingled with its waters, but that from this sea there ran underground channels through which the waters flowed back and spouted out of the rock forming streamlets which by the junction formed the sacred river. They said the explanation of the virtues of the stream were stated in the sacred Book to be, that the Son of the Eternal King had come to their country in ancient days and seeing the misery and thirst of the people had conferred on the stream its life-giving powers, and made arrangements for having its waters distributed. And that these waters were such that if men drank of them here in their purity, the soul would be so renewed and elevated as to be able after death to plunge into the abyss and swim with safety to the "Islands of the blessed," which were surrounded by it,—its sight being so strengthened as to penetrate the deep darkness. They said they looked on all the real discoveries of the explorers as gains to truth. They thought that all the seeming contradiction between the reports of the sacred Book and the explorers arose from mistakes of either the explorers or the expounders of the sacred Record. They thought that the boasted discoveries which plainly contradicted the sacred Book would be found to be merely "mares-nests." After this the conference broke up without coming to any definite understanding. And beyond this time no account of the conflict has come to light.

One would think, however, that those members of the sacred Class who did their work earnestly and faithfully and helped on useful explorations, would convince the people at large of their worth and establish the claims of the sacred Book by showing that it revealed the wants of our nature and showed how to supply them in such a way as only truth itself could. While on the other hand, we would suppose that the explorers who brought to light the beauty and riches of the Stream would be hailed as real benefactors of their race. This is what we think should be, but of facts we have no knowledge.

Book Notices.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER.—

Has as usual "Current Events" and in this case it is more than ever usually the article of the number. Of course the "Scandal" comes in for its ordinary share of discussion and is handled in a very vigorous and straightforward manner. We cannot give an outline of what is said. For our readers must go to the paper itself. One passage we may quote, as it is short "Ministerialists boast that the Government, in the face of all other disclosures, has secured a majority to resist further inquiry, maintain the ministers in power and keep the Pacific Contract in their present hands. Anything may happen in a country where party feelings run so high, and which has been so long suffering under a system of corruption. It has been appalling to hear the language held even by men of honor under the influence of party passions. But if the people are prepared to sanction such things, we may as well at once spare the money which we spend in teachers, release our educators from the needless duty of teaching morality and learn to respect among those we employ, or with whom we deal, no higher integrity than that which the Nation delights to honour in the person of its chief."

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE REV. JOHN MACHAR, D. D., KINGSTON.

This is a very neatly got up volume, and contains a very interesting account of the career of a very excellent and able Divine. Mr. Machar's career cannot be called an eventful one, but it was quite as much so as that of the most of clergymen. He served his generation honourably and efficiently, and then "fell on sleep." He was a good man, beloved in all the relationships of life, and honoured of God to do much for Christ and Canada. We are pleased to see the increase of volumes of this

Spare the Horse.

O, spare the horse, spare the horse, How loud he tries to go, There's load enough for two.

How patiently he toils, All through the heat and cold, A faithful servant still, Though wearied, worn and old.

What an imploring look, And what a knowing eye, And yet without the power To utter e'en a cry.

Humility, at last, Brought to a sense of shame, Will punish those who give Unnecessary pain.

—British Workman.

THE MAN ON THE SLANT.

CHAPTER I.

"I am not pleased with that chimney which thou art building, friend Cooper," said Samuel Best, a worthy member of the Society of Friends, to a young man of about eighteen years of age.

This young man was Dick Cooper, who was superintending the said chimney on the architect's account.

"And why are you not pleased, sir?" asked the young man.

"Because it is out of the straight," answered the Quaker. "I do not approve of things which are out of the straight—unless it is their nature, and they are intended so to be. If they are out of the straight they are on the slant; and to be on the slant often means the next door to falling down.

"I have known things on the slant hold up for a pretty long time—aye, for twenty years, but they have come down with a crash at last, but sometimes I have known them to come down very quickly; and I have seen many a man, and many a man's family, come to ruin in a moment. Now if thou wilt be guided by me, thou wilt see to that chimney before the evil goes any further; it has not gone far as yet; and better far for thee to lose a few yards of brick-work than to lose hundreds of pounds in money, many weeks in time, and perhaps some lives or limbs by-and-by.

"I wish thee good day," said the Quaker, "and prosperity in thy work;" so saying, the worthy man tucked his umbrella under his arm and slowly walked away.

Dick Cooper also said, "Good day, sir," but the "sir," I am sorry to say, he turned into "old cove." When the good man was out of hearing he described his visitor as a "rum old cove, who must be a bit on the slant himself to trouble himself about other people's business."

"I think his own eye must be a bit crooked," said Dick Cooper, as he looked at the chimney; "and even if he is right, what are the odds as long as the slant is so small?"

Here we shall leave Dick while we tell our readers who he was. This young man, or lad, was the only grandson of a clergyman living in a remote part of the country. An only daughter had the old gentleman, in pride of his life, its flowers, its sunshine, its wealth, his all on earth. The girl's mother had died when she was young, and the old man—not old then—had brought up the child himself: he was father, and mother, and nurse, and all to her. The wants of his parish were few, for it was a small scattered hamlet; and when they had been attended to, there remained much time on his hands. The old gentleman had not a mind which could content itself with idleness, so he turned his attention to study; and partly to occupy his mind, and partly to while away his sorrow, he commenced a work upon the dark ages—those old times of witchcraft, astrology, and the like.

This work, and an old family lawsuit, which he was compelled to go on with, whether he liked it or no, and the care of the parish and of his little Mabel, formed the four great features of his outworn life. But the old man had another—an inward

life. Well was it for him that he had, for there was much to toil abroad even in this little hamlet, and his spirit could not tarry there; and the lawsuit for years upon years had been full of disappointments and expenses, and it could not tarry there; and little Mabel was frail and tender, and her bright eye, sparkling like a star, often said to him, "Set thou thy heart above the stars for that eye will not sparkle on thee for long; and the book, ah, the book! it was full of interest, but full of brain worry too—sometimes it would go on, and sometimes it would not; and he felt that ever were there things beyond him which he could just see a dim outline of, but could not grasp, and that was a refined misery which none but poor authors know; and if the book were ever finished, would it ever be printed; and if it were ever printed and published would it ever be bought; ah! who could tell? Therefore said parish and lawsuit, said child and book, to the Rev. Ambrose Cooper, perpetual curate of Wildgeon-cum-Baltwash, "Look thou away from earth to heaven;" and they rang chimneys, muffled chimneys in his brain, but very sweet though sad, those four bells, book and parish, law and child, filling up his life on earth, yet vithal calling him to higher service in heaven.

For this, good reader, is the meaning of all earth's muffled chimneys—they ring not to graves and vaults, to earthworms, to white or red faced mutes as the case may be—to an end—a pit into which all that is bright must descend to be extinguished for ever. No! I tell thee no! Listen thou to earth's vexations and woes aright, and they will chime thee away to that land which the Saviour bought by his blood, they will only tell thee not to make for thyself an everlasting habitation in the world where He had nowhere even to lay his head. Thou sayest, "They chime me to the grave;" I say, "Let them chime thee through the grave, away, away, away to the land where there shall be no more crying, for God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes."

Well, thus lived the Rev. Ambrose Cooper; and his daughter would not stay a little child, as he fain would ever have her do. He did not object to growing old himself, but he would fain have always kept May a little child. But she would grow—she would shoot up—and one day he was startled by finding a little bill from Mrs. Pink, the village dressmaker, with a memorandum saying that "Miss Cooper now took as large a dress as a woman, and must be charged accordingly."

"That is strange," thought the Rev. Ambrose; but when he looked that evening over all the books which he had read since her mother died, and at the huge pile of manuscripts he had written, he said, "Well, maybe it is so," and Mrs. Pink was paid accordingly.

Well, three years after the Rev. Ambrose got another start; he found out that Mabel had a lover—no, he didn't find out, Mabel told him. But I am not going to write Mabel's history. I am going to tell you about the man on the slant, so I shall wind up all I can say about her in a few lines. She married Richard Cooper, whom we shall call Richard the elder; she died leaving a son, the young Richard, aged now twenty, and a little daughter now aged fourteen. There was consumption in the Cooper family, her mother had died of it, and her husband and herself; and so the old man had to bring up young Dick and his little sister Iris.

Dick had been educated by the grandfather, and sent to college, but the first year's expenses were so heavy that he had to be taken away; and now he was in the employment of the architect aforesaid, with good prospects, for this gentleman was under some obligations to Dick's grandfather; and he was well disposed to help any one belonging to him.

I have my own opinions about smoke. Whether it be good for any person under any circumstances to smoke, I am not now going to debate. I have only to do with "the man on the slant." But I want to know what right a great many young men whom I see smoking have to do so? Cigars (and even tobacco without being rolled up into the so-supposed gentlemanly form) are expensive—they take a great deal out of a small salary; they help into a great deal of bad, or loose, or idle company. Most cigars, however well they may seem for a while to carry off smoke, are chimneys on the slant.

But what I want principally to know is, what right had Dick Cooper to a cigar? He now pulls out an expensive case, made of leather, gilding, and floss silk work, he takes from it a sixpenny cigar, he lights it, he draws it, he puffs it; the thing smokes, and he smokes, and thus he sits looking at the chimney.

Now that cigar did a world of mischief. Dick Cooper had been sent to superintend that chimney, and therefore he could not but feel that a certain measure of responsibility rested upon him. Accordingly, though he had pool-poled the good Quaker's intimation about its being on the slant, still the thought came into his mind that it would really be a serious thing if it were so.

If he had not been on the slant himself—ever so little I grant—but still a little (and was it not only a little with the chimney top as yet?) all might be well. He might have seen with the good Quaker's eyes—he might at least have had the matter tried, or he might have brought it before the notice of his master, but that cigar did all the mischief; Dick Cooper was on the slant already, and it slanted him a good deal more.

For as the young man sat opposite the chimney, looking at it, now blowing a cloud and now letting the smoke stream out through his nose in a surreptitious and sneaking kind of way, his mind wandered away from the chimney. His attention was smoked off, and his thoughts drifted on the cloud to that fast young lady, Miss Batey Baker, who had sold him the cigar-case, charging him five shillings extra because some of it was her own work. Fervent chimney, and serious thought, and other people's interests, and all that would be if you like, what were they all to Batey Baker?—she was through a cloud of

tobacco smoke? Then came thoughts of whether Batey did not care a little about him, then the thoughts came faster and thicker with the smoke: did she not care a great deal about him? Smoke makes people thirsty, and out came a flask, and after a little puff at that, was there any one like the fair Batey? so he hummed.

"O Batey, Batey Baker, How can I be for-love her? No, no, I'll surely take her"

And telling the chimney that "it might look after itself," and—though it is an unheard-of thing that chimneys should be brought under any circumstances to the gallows—that "it might be hanged for what he cared," he took himself off to the cigar divan where Batey, always well dressed and full of smiles, was cunningly placed behind the counter by her father to induce young men to buy cigars, canes, flasks, pipes, pipe apparatus of various kinds, together with a whole lot of trash, not a bit of which did they really want.

Should these lines meet the eye of any young man who owns a cigar-case and a flask, and knows and buys of a Batey Baker, who spends in expensive and hurtful luxuries the money which might be laid out in a hundred better ways—and the money which might even lay the foundation of a fortune—let him pause, for I tell him he is beginning on the slant. An early brick of his life is out of the perpendicular. The selfishness which spends on these things hardens the heart; the smoker, the drinker, the fast young folk have very little to give others, very little sympathy; or if they have the latter, it is of that cheap kind which is of little good to others or themselves. A "Batey Baker," a pipe, and a flask are in all conscience enough to put any young man on the slant.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Shams.

The English are what may be called a magnificent people. They have a perfect horror of anything that is not expensive; they like to live in the midst of a splendor which shall, once and for all, demonstrate their wealth. For the sake of show they contemptuously forsake comfort; to gain the honor of being dubbed big-wigs they endure positive martyrdom. Truth, honor, virtue, and pure happiness are small things compared with social position. With the exception of a few humdrum individuals, in whose bosom not a spark of ambition can be kindled, who prefer to keep their treasure out of sight, and use it in that manner which they deem useful and enjoyable, English folk thrust all they have got into the shop window, and display their stock-in-trade so that it shall attract the envious notice of every passer-by. Occasionally they show more than they are entitled to call their own. They are not always very fond of stating how they have become possessed of their glittering wares. The respectable old gentleman, who has made a pile of money in the tallow-chandlery, cheese-mongering, or some similar respectable but not aristocratic line of business, and has set up as a person of wealth, with nothing particular to do but enjoy himself, is apt to forget all about his younger days, and to display considerable irritation if any individual ventures to remind him of them. His loving wife and his affectionate sons and daughters are in the habit of impressing upon him that he should "let the dead past bury its dead." He is informed that if he wishes to maintain a position in society for himself and his family he must supply them with an ample wherewithal to enable them to presentable figures, and lead people to think that they never had to do with any vulgar occupation. He is instructed to "cut" his plebeian acquaintances, and to make, so far as lies in his power, new and grander ones. He endeavors to act upon the admonitions which are given him. He cultivates an elegant get-up and a *distinguishé* air. The "get-up" he manages tolerably successfully by the aid of white waist-coats, massive gold chains, rings, &c.; the *distinguishé* air, as his acquaintance with Lumley Murray is limited, and his treatment of the aspirant rather uncertain, is generally a failure, at which people would laugh, were they not awed at his ostentatious display. For, wherever he goes he shows that he is a man of substance. His house is crowded with costly, if not beautiful articles, his carriage is in every respect a splendid vehicle, and his servants positively outvie him in magnificence. Happy he is not, for he feels he is a sham, and is constantly afraid of being found out. Not even his insolence to those beneath him, and his abject toadyism to those above him, protect the poor wretch. He is constantly run to earth. His wife is similarly unfortunate, but his children are a triffo more successful. His sons are not too old to learn, and, by a lavish expenditure, can buy position. They may be known at once. Every pleasure that is to be had for a trifling outlay is violently desired by them; that unhappy mortal, whose resources are somewhat limited, they very quickly endeavor to put the extinguisher upon. They are continually bragging about what they have lost and won at games of billiards and by means of wagers. They are careful to smoke only the best cigars, drink the best wine, and wear the best clothes, and to let this fact be known to the world. They only buy their goods from "where it is the thing" to purchase them, consenting, without a sigh, to pay a large enhanced price for the privilege of doing so. They regulate their conduct by what they imagine it should be, and never for a moment think of following their own impulses, and doing only what they like. They neither read nor think to any appreciable extent. What the rest of their "set" say in reference to a book, painting, play, or anything else, they say, lacking the will to express an honest opinion, if they have the ability to form one. The daughters are in pretty much the same manner in the different positions which they occupy. They are shams and very sorry shams indeed.

So far, we have referred to the shams with money. There are shams without. These meet you at every fair and turn as you journey through life. They wear Birmingham jewellery and pass off the real thing. They out the well-to-do grandfathers and swindle their elders. They make a good

deal of talk a rive instead of decada. They often spend more money than they can afford and do their best to make people come to the conclusion that they disburse as much as is really the case. They are ashamed to own that they can do anything for themselves, though there is good reason for believing that they are not so helpless as they make out. They ape the magnificence of the wealthy sham. They give parties made brilliant by borrowed plate and other articles. They deprive themselves for a month for the sake of showing off for a few hours. They buy their wines from one place and pretend they got them from another and pay a big price. They are ever tilting at those who, having limited means, show by their mode of life that they are not rich. Occasionally a sham of this description gets into print. You would imagine from the manner in which he writes that he hob-nobbed with lords and never drank port wine less than twenty years in bottle. You might be excused for thinking that he passed his time on silken couches or feasted off viands such as would have delighted the soul of Epicurus himself. He is continually sneering at those people who are not above a beef-steak and a glass of beer, and think twice before they spend a sovereign once. The fact of the matter is, however, that exalted individuals of this stamp are often more hard-up than are the rest of their fellows, and consent to dine and sup off things which they would never dream of mentioning in print, without the accompaniment of a sarcastic sneer or a far-fetched witticism. It is among this class that the most abominable of all forms of hypocrisy, the sham friendship, is most prevalent. If you are rich and influential, and keep a good house, you are lauded to such an extent that you may well be excused for thinking yourself one of the most estimable and important beings in creation. But if misfortune overtakes you, you are soon brought to a sense of your deficiencies. The displays of friendship which are sometimes witnessed over dinner-tables are touching in the extreme, but you may be very certain that if the sham fastens himself upon you he has some object in view certainly not conducive to your welfare. Before giving an entertainment he curses the necessity that compels him to do so, and carefully balances up both the debit and credit side of the account. Yet he receives you with a smile—a smile which is as false as his own plate.—*Liberal Review.*

The British Possessions.

The population of the British possessions beyond the seas exceed 200 million souls, according to the official statement recently issued for 1871. The population of British India is stated at 190,668,628; of the Straits settlements, 800,097; of Ceylon, 2,405,287; Mauritius, 318,584. The population of Canada is returned as 2,812,366; in Ontario and Quebec, 387,800, in Nova Scotia, 285,594, in New Brunswick, 11,968, in Manitoba, 10,588, (exclusive of Indians) in British Columbia, 94,021, in Prince Edward Island, and the population of Newfoundland, 146,586; making a total for British North America of 3,748,837, exclusive of all inhabitants there may be in the vast stretch of country between Canada and British Columbia. The population of Australia is stated as 1,978,748; of Victoria, 752,445; New South Wales, 619,182; New Zealand, 266,986; South Australia, 187,851; Queensland, 125,146; Tasmania, 101,785; Western Australia, 25,359. The population of the West India Islands is given as 1,062,077; Jamaica, 506,164; Barbadoes, 162,042; Trinidad, 109,038. The population of British Guiana is 199,491; of Honduras, 24,700. There also come the Cape of Good Hope, with a population of 566,158; Natal, 289,778; Gold Coast, 408,070; Sierra Leon, 53,878; Gambia, 14,490; St. Helena, 6,444; Hong Kong, 124,193; Labuan, 4,898; Falkland Isles, 811; Bermuda, 12,121; Malta, 141,918; and Gibraltar, 16,454, both the last two exclusive of the military. The total reaches the vast number of 202,843,872 souls. In some instances the number stated is known to be below the real number. Here at home, in the United Kingdom, we count a third of a hundred million souls; and all together a sixth of the population of the world bears allegiance to Queen Victoria.—*Times.*

Ways of Carrying Children.

In the Vienna Exposition a number of models illustrating the style in which women of different nations carry the babies. The Asiatic Indian women carries her in a basket hanging in front somewhat below the waist; the Bengalesa woman, with the child astride low down upon her left hip, and her left arm supporting its back. The figure seems quite different as to the difficulties in this style of carrying, which must be a higher artistic performance if done so clever in reality. The Egyptian woman carries hers in a stately manner, the child sitting astride her shoulder with its hands upon her head, and without any clothing to speak of. The Brazilian woman carries hers in a somewhat similar manner, also in full undress, it sitting astride her neck. The Chinese baby is carried upright upon the back, in a blanket, and the South-African in a bag in front, formed by a blanket about the hips of the mother. The Lower Austrian women carries hers by swinging it in a blanket over one shoulder upon her back, while the Northern Austrian carries hers bound upon a board, after the style of the candy-models in confectionery stores. The Lapland baby is carried in a sledge-shaped cot, made of leather. It seems to have been chucked in feet foremost, and then a framed over the opening for its face, whether to prevent it from sprawling out or to keep the dogs from kissing it, is more than can be imagined. The most unique style of all is that of the Esquimaux woman, who wears wide, high-top boots, and puts the baby, right and foremost, down in the outside of one of them, but doubtless, according to Dr. Kane's description of her style, carrying her cooking and heating utensils in the other. The North American woman carries her papoose strapped to a board, and that strapped upon her back by a band over the forehead.

Scientific and Useful.

MAKING COFFEE.

The Turks understand the science of making coffee better even than the French. They do not grind the berry in a mill, but pound it in mortars, and in course of time these mortars, which are used for no other purpose, become highly impregnated with the oil from the bean, and are held in great value, descending as heirlooms from one generation to another. Brillat-Savarin thus records the result of an experiment made from the comparative merits of the liquid made from the pounded and ground berry.

"I roasted with care," he says, "a pound of good Mocha coffee, and separated it into equal portions, one of which was ground, and the other pounded in the manner of the Turks. I made coffee with both one and other of these powders, taking an equal weight of each, pouring on each an equal portion of boiling water, and in all respects dealing equally with them. I tasted these coffees, and caused them to be tasted by the best judges, and the unanimous opinion was that the liquid produced from the powdered was evidently superior to the produce of the ground coffee."

Soyer's mode of making coffee is worthy of note. He puts the dry coffee into the pot, places it over the fire, stirs it while heating, then pours the boiling water over it, which is a quart to one ounce of coffee, and sets the pot where it will be kept hot, but not boil. In ten minutes it is suitable to drink.

TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.

It is worth while to know how to stop the bleeding from the nose when it becomes excessive. If the finger is pressed firmly upon the little artery that supplies the blood to the side of the face affected, the result is accomplished. Two small arteries branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jawbone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it and the bleeding will cease. Continue the pressure five minutes, until the ruptured vessels in the nose have time to contract.

DURATION OF HUMAN LIFE.

A distinguished French physiologist proposes the following natural divisions and natural durations for the whole life of man: The first ten years of life are infancy; the second, boyhood; the third, first youth; the fourth, second youth. From forty-five to fifty-five, first manhood. From fifty-five to seventy, second manhood. And this period of manhood is the age of strength, the manly period of human life. From seventy to eighty-five first old age. From eighty-five to one hundred, second old age. These deductions are made from a careful study of the question, with all the aid derivable from a thorough knowledge of the sciences of anatomy and physiology. It is not claimed that these divisions will vary in different individuals, and overlap each other in the same one; but that they are as correct as such a general truth can be stated, we verily believe. These limits are not so arbitrary as they may seem at first sight. At ten years of age the second teething is completed, and infancy ought to end; at twenty the bones no longer increase in length, and boyhood naturally ends in size, and youth ends, and so on. After forty, whatever increase there may be of the body is in fat; and, instead of increasing its strength and activity, this latter growth weakens the body and retards its motions. When the growth ceases absolutely, the body rests, rallies, and becomes invigorated. This period of internal invigoration is the period of the first manhood, and lasts fifteen years, and maintains itself fifteen years longer, when the period of old age begins; and this period begins when we have no longer any reserve of strength to draw upon, and when the natural strength is barely sufficient for the daily work, and when anything unusual fatigues, and extraordinary efforts impair the general health. When this condition of things arrives, old age has fairly begun, and this period is at seventy years of age.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

LARD AS AN UNGUENT.

It is well known that rubbing the body with hog's fat has the effect of reducing the skin in scarlet fever. A gentleman of our acquaintance has used the fat portion of smoked lard with beneficial results, and writes to the editor to disseminate the fact for others' benefit. A celebrated German physician recommends to incorporate one or two grammes of carboic acid into one hundred grammes of lard, and with this to rub the whole body, excepting the head, two or three times a day, according to the intensity of inflammation characterizing the case in hand. The effect of this kind of treatment is to produce a pleasant feeling of coolness, to keep the skin softer, and after each application the temperature of the skin falls somewhat. The carboic acid operates to destroy the germs and spores of the disease.

Nothing does my soul more good than to see my fellow Christians claim their own, that which is with God laid up against their return. When you receive this cup of salvation, the effect will be—the clamor of self is over—the slavish fear of being nothingness over—the soul seeks its place in God, and is ready for all that can come upon it. It bears, it forbears; it thinks no evil; it cannot dwell or live here.—*Bromell.*


If we serve God's glory, the necessities of man will never more call that sinner prosperous who, after he hath been permitted to finish his business, shall die and perish miserably; for at the same rate we may envy the happiness of a poor fisherman, who while his nets were drying, slept upon the rock, and dreamed that he was made a king; on a sudden he starts up, and leaping for joy, falls down from the rock, and in the place of his imaginary felicity loses his little portion of pleasure and innocent repose he had from the sound sleep and little cares of his humble cottage.

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At long the struggle for freedom seems over. The last slave has long been a citizen; the last opposition to emancipation, enfranchisement, equal civil rights, has formally been abandoned. No party, North or South, longer disputes the result of the War for the Union; all declare that these are the days of the Union, and the prolonged peace thus united on the grand platform of All Rights for All, where to our bloody struggle, and the prolonged civil contents that followed, have led us, the Republic closes the records of the bitter, hateful Past, and turns peacefully, hopefully, to the future, to which because the present is the future. To what end, we should elucidate the general discussion or action on these. THE TRIBUNE gives simplest space and most impartial record. Whatever parties may propose, whatever political leaders may say, whatever officers may do, is fairly set down in its columns, whether this news helps or hinders its own views. Its readers has the right to the most statement of the facts; and this they always get.

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 He happened to be in W. H. Thompson's the day your first shipment arrived, and took at once four bottles to the Labrador; which he was very anxious to do, but had no occasion to use them himself. No other medicine was ever prescribed, recommended, or given, but yours.

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Official Announcements.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.
Next meeting of Kingston Presbytery to be held in Book Street Church, Kingston, on the first Tuesday of October, at 3 p.m.
The next ordinary meeting of the Presbytery of Hamilton is to be held in Central Church, Hamilton, on the 2nd Tuesday of October next, at 11 a.m.

Commercial.

PRODUCE.
The business of the week has been chiefly in barley, but grain of all sorts has been fairly steady. Stocks are still increasing. They stood on the 6th inst. as follows:—Flour, 4,640 barrels; wheat, 98,066 bushels; oats, 2,149; barley, 128,339; peas, 2,261; rye 350 and corn 50. There were in sight on the 27th ult., 10,688,000 bushels of wheat and 1,109,000 of barley, against 5,354,000 of wheat and 1,666,000 of barley in 1872.

WHEAT.—The enquiry has been active, and prices were steady until Tuesday. On Thursday No. 2 fall sold at \$1.28 f.o.b., but on Saturday and Monday No. 1 treadwell and No. 2 fall brought \$1.30 f.o.c. No. 1 spring sold nearly every day at \$1.23 in store, but it was weak yesterday, with no buyers over \$1.22 f.o.b. No. 1 fall, however, remained firm, and sold yesterday at \$1.32 f.o.b. Street price, \$1.28 to \$1.32 for white; \$1.25 to \$1.28 for treadwell, and \$1.20 for spring.

OATS.—Receipts have been small and insufficient. Car-lots have sold readily at 40c. on the track, and the same would still be paid.

BARLEY.—The market has been active at advancing prices. On Thursday No. 2 sold at \$1 to \$1.05 f.o.b., and No. 1 at \$1.08 delivered. On Friday unselected sold at \$1.05 to \$1.07. On Saturday No. 1 inspected brought \$1.12 to \$1.15 f.o.c., and unselected \$1.10 to \$1.12 f.o.b. On Monday unselected brought \$1.15 f.o.c. On Tuesday No. 1 inspected sold at \$1.17 on the track, and No. 2 at \$1.12 to \$1.14. The upward movement remained in force yesterday; unselected sold at \$1.17 and \$1.18 f.o.b., and \$1.19 f.o.b. was refused for No. 1. Street price, \$1.16 to \$1.20.

PEAS.—Remain nominally unchanged; street receipts light, and prices 60 to 64c.

CORN.—A car sold at 53c. on the track.

PROVISIONS.
BUTTER.—Continues in good demand. There has been sales of one lot of 400 packages at 19c. one of 70 and another of 150 at 18 3/4c. The same prices would still be paid.

Eggs.—Receipts are increasing, but all are readily taken at 17 to 18c.

PORK.—Is quiet but firm at \$18 to \$18.50.

BACON.—Cumberland is nearly finished; long-clear sells well at 9 1/2 to 10c.

LARD.—Remains quiet and unaltered.

HOGS.—Are more plentiful, but still bring \$6.50 to \$7 for dressed and \$4.75 for live.

FREIGHTS.

LAKE FREIGHTS.—Rates are firmer at 2 1/2c. to 2 3/4c. to Kingston, 3c. to 3 1/2c. to Oswego, and 4c. to Lake Erie ports.

GRAND TRUNK R. R. RATES.—Winter rates from Toronto stand as follows:—To Halifax, \$1.10 for flour and 55c. for grain; to St. John, \$1.02 for flour and 51c. for grain; to Montreal, 50c. for flour, and 25c. for grain; to Portland, 85c. for flour and 45c. for grain; to New York, 90c. for flour and 45c. for grain; to Boston, 90c. or flour and 45c. for grain.

THROUGH RATES TO ENGLAND.—Four per barrel to Liverpool per Dominion Line only; butter and lard, 75c., cheese, 80c., per 2,240 lbs. to Liverpool, or Glasgow and London; boxed meats, 65c. to Liverpool, or Glasgow, and 67c. to London.

New Advertisements.

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