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I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured.

Humphreys' Homoeopathic Specific No. 28

The continued use of Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion invariably cleanses the blood from all impurities and restores the system to a state of healthfulness.

Scientific and Useful.

CURE FOR EARACHE.—Cotton wool, wet with camphor, or paregoric and sweet oil, warm, and the ear bandaged will give relief.

LITTLE cakes of cheese are made of flour, butter and grated cheese, pepper and salt well mixed together, with the yolks of one or more eggs, according to quantity of cheese and flour, etc., baked in well buttered tiny cake pans, turned out and served hot.

HASTY PUDDING.—Mix two cups of flour with one cup of cold milk; have ready one pint of boiling milk, and stir in gradually; pour back into a thick vessel on the stove, and stir until it boils; pour into a deep dish, and serve with molasses or butter and sugar.

A THREE MINUTES' PUDDING.—Take one tablespoonful of flour and one of sugar, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and one egg. Place the mixture in a small long dripping tin, and bake lightly.

CONSUMPTION.—Many say that this disease cannot be cured, but the proprietors of Allen's Lung Balsam will satisfy any one that it has been cured in very many cases of the worst description.

BOILED MACKEREL.—After cleaning the fish, place it in a fish kettle, just cover it with cold water and a gill of vinegar, or with half water and half white wine; season with three or four sprigs of parsley, one of thyme, a bay leaf, one clove, one onion, half a carrot in slices, two cloves of garlic, salt, pepper, and perhaps a little tarragon, if the latter is at hand.

BREAD CAKE. One pint bowl of dough as it is ready to mould into bread, four eggs beaten separately, one cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, one nutmeg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one pint bowl of stoned raisins.

A THROAT CURE.—A cure for Croup. There is no better remedy for Croup than Hargard's Yellow Oil taken internally and applied according to special directions.

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BEEF ROLL. Chop two pounds of lean beef very fine; chop and pound in a mortar half-a-pound of bacon and mix it with the beef. Season it with pepper and salt, a small nutmeg, the grated rind of a lemon, the juice of a quarter of it, a heaping teaspoonful of parsley, minced fine, or it can be seasoned with an additional teaspoonful of onion; or if no onion or parsley is at hand, with summer-savory and thyme.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES is a most valuable remedy for Consumption, Scrophula, Wasting Diseases of children, and chronic coughs, and in all conditions where there is a loss of flesh, a lack of nerve power, and a general debility of the system.

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of testimonials of the most wonderful cures, voluntarily sent us, we do not publish them, as they do not make the cures. It is our medicine, Hop Bitters, that make the cures. It has never failed and never can.

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"A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill-health, and of his inability to cure her, jokingly said: 'Try Hop Bitters!' The lady took it in earnest, and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughed at the doctor for his joke, but 'he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient."

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The fee of doctors at \$3 00 a visit would tax a man for a year, and in need of a daily visit, over \$1,000 a year for medical attendance alone! And one single bottle of Hop Bitters taken in time would save the \$1,000 and all the year's sickness.

Given up by the Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die, from Kidney and Liver trouble!"

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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YOU HAVE

BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. The above symptoms are not developed in any order, but appear, disappear and reappear until the disease gradually gets a full grasp on the constitution, the kidney-poisoned blood breaks down the nervous system, and finally pneumonia, diarrhoea, bloodlessness, heart disease, apoplexy, paralysis, or convulsions ensue and then death is inevitable.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 14.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 6th, 1885.

No. 19.

"In every respect a credit to the Presbyterian Church in Canada."
Barrie Gazette.

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Notes of the Week.

A CONTEMPORARY says. The opposition in a coloured Church in Brooklyn was recently effectually silenced by a novel method—the passing of the contribution boxes. Each party contributed in separate boxes; and when the proceeds were counted it was found that the pastor's party had given \$20, and the opposition only fifty-four cents; whereupon a friendly deacon declared the victory for the pastor. "Dis heah little edifis b'longs to us," he said, and he was understood.

THE closing exercises in connection with the Session of McMaster Hall were held last week. The annual report submitted by the Faculty was hopeful and encouraging. The work of the Session has been faithfully performed by the professors, and there have been evident devotion and enthusiasm on the part of the students. Like our own students, they devoted much time and effort to missionary work. The concluding exercises were held in Jarvis Street Baptist Church, at which interesting and able papers were read by several of the graduates. At the same meeting diplomas and degrees were conferred.

THE London *Presbyterian*, referring to the result of a recent plebiscite taken on the liquor traffic in Perth states that the question "Are you in favour of a reduction in the number of licences?" was answered in the affirmative by 1,572 electors, and in the negative by 486. Then, 1,812 electors declared for, and 308 against, the abolition of grocers' licences. The third question was "Are you in favour of the prohibition of the liquor traffic in Perth by the direct vote of the ratepayers?" For the affirmative there were 1,608 votes, and for the negative 435. A notable feature in the plebiscite is the large vote of the female electors, which was almost as nearly as possible unanimously given on the side of Temperance.

THE Church of England has in recent years given a most unequivocal support to the Temperance cause. Many of the leading dignitaries of that Church, and some of her most eloquent preachers, are earnest in their advocacy of strict sobriety. It would be difficult to find in any Church one who surpasses Archdeacon Farrar in his powerful indictment of the drink curse. The Church of England Temperance Society has done a very good work in Canada. Its second annual public meeting, presided over by Bishop Sweatman, was held in the Horticultural Gardens Pavilion last week, and was very largely attended. The principal speakers were Revs. D. J. Macdonnell, of St. Andrew's, Dean Carmichael, of Montreal, and Professor Foster, M.P.

THE *Christian Leader* states that the Rev. George Davidson, B.Sc., who has been called the Spurgeon of Edinburgh, has devised a novel series of congregational social meetings in connection with Free St. Mary's, of which he is pastor. The congregation, which includes nearly 700 members, is divided into thirty districts; and there were brought together seven districts at each meeting. The meetings began on Monday, 23rd, and ended Thursday, 26th of March. They were singularly free from stiffness; the reports by the various treasurers were presented in a happy, sparkling manner; after the reports came enjoyable music; and then the meeting was thrown open for conversation. Every one felt that this was a great

improvement on the ordinary method of conducting congregational meetings.

A CONGRESS of Churches is to be held in Hartford, Conn., with the avowed object of promoting ecclesiastical unity among Protestant Christians, and its aim is to reach this unity, not through a society, or creed, or formal plan, but through a full and frank discussion of the great questions in which the Christians of America are interested. The idea is not to promote unity by giving up differences, so much as to discuss matters which concern the Christianity common to all. Like the Episcopal Church Congress upon which it is in part modelled, and by which its method would seem to be suggested, it is a body officially responsible only to itself. Though it includes representatives from most of the leading denominations, these persons, whether clergymen or laymen, speak only for themselves.

THE struggle between the Evangelical and Ritualistic sections of the Church of England still continues as intense as ever. At a meeting of the Southwark Branch of the Church Association the following resolution was unanimously carried. That this meeting of Protestant Churchmen protests against the continued Romish encroachments of the Ritualistic party through secret societies and other means, whereby they aim at reunion with the apostate Church of Rome; and expresses its opinion that a mass meeting of Protestant Churchmen should be held in Exeter Hall to take decided action for the suppression of Popery in the Church; and, further, that a copy of this resolution be sent to the principal Protestant societies connected with the Church of England for their consideration and opinion.

THE interest manifested in our brave volunteers, now exposed to the dangers and undergoing the hardships of the North-West campaign, is not exclusively sentimental. The benevolent people of Toronto have shown commendable activity in providing for the comfort of the young men who so cheerfully responded to the call of duty. Liberal contributions were made and willing workers toiled, that the thoughtful and generous gifts of the people who stay at home might be speedily despatched to the warriors rendering perilous but effective service in the suppression of rebellion. The givers of these gifts as well as the recipients will feel grateful, the one class because they have been able to do a humane and kindly action, the other will feel that their self-sacrificing efforts are appreciated, and that they are fondly remembered at home.

THE Scottish Presbyterian Union Association has held another meeting in Edinburgh, and the progress made is encouraging. At the previous meeting, on 17th March, seven gentlemen of the Free Church, on the motion of Rev. Professor Laidlaw, and seven gentlemen of the United Presbyterian Church, on the motion of Rev. Dr. Mair, had been nominated; at the last meeting, on the motion of Rev. Dr. Alison, seven gentlemen of the Church of Scotland were nominated; and it was remitted to the full committee of twenty-one, with power to add to their number in equal proportions, to confer on the subject of union of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, on the basis of resolutions passed on 19th of January and 4th of February. It was agreed that the Association should hold a meeting for conference and prayer a month hence.

THE Anglo-Russian complication has assumed a most serious aspect. All that diplomacy can now accomplish is to protract the period of suspense that intervenes before the formal outbreak of hostilities. That sad contingency is now considered certain. The magnificent speech of Mr. Gladstone in the British House of Commons shows that he feels the tremendous responsibility the crisis occasions. He views the impending war as a sad necessity. In that speech, which will live in history, the Premier does not indulge in Jingoistic bravado and bluster, but voices the calm resoluteness and unflinching resolve of the British nation to stem the aggressive ambition of the most unscrupulous military despotism now existing.

When it does come, the shock will be terrific, but the hope and prayer will be that the Lord of Hosts will overrule the gigantic conflict for the advancement of His Son's kingdom, which is righteousness and peace.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH has published a letter containing his opinions on the Temperance question. These differ from that entertained by the Churches generally. Of course he condemns drunkenness, which cannot now find an apologist; but he does not consider that in Canada the evil is so great as in some other countries. If the country is thus favourably situated, to whom are we indebted for the happy state of things? Undoubtedly to those earnest Temperance reformers who have laboured in season and out of season to avert the curse of intemperance from our land. The cause owes not a little to the earnest efforts of faithful men in his own communion, of whom the late Father Stafford, of Lindsay, might be taken as an example. The Baltimore Council gave no uncertain sound on this great practical question. Leading dignitaries, like Cardinal Manning, have thrown the weight of their influence against the liquor traffic. The innuendo stigmatizing Edinburgh and Glasgow might have been wisely spared, since the portions of these cities where the gin palace and its deplorable consequences are most frequently met with are most densely peopled by the Archbishop's co-religionists and fellow-countrymen.

THE friends of Manitoba and the North-West are apprehensive that the present deplorable rebellion will injure the country in the estimation of people desirous of removing thither. Of course, for this season, immigration will not think of going into the Territories until peace is restored and order secured. One thing may be relied upon, that when Riel's rising is suppressed it will not be possible to perpetuate the abuses that gave the designing demagogue the opportunity to excite the Half-Breeds and Indians. The interests of the North-West and the Dominion render that impossible. No fears, however, need be entertained in relation to Manitoba. There is no rebellion there and no indication of disturbance. The Manitoba Legislature has passed the following resolution, which is sufficient to remove any doubts intending immigrants may have entertained. Resolved, that whereas it is believed that the present troubles in the North-West are affecting immigration to Manitoba, this House desires to place on record the fact that there is not the slightest disturbance in any part of Manitoba, as the existing trouble is confined to the Districts of Alberta and Saskatchewan, along the north branch of the Saskatchewan River, some hundreds of miles north-west of the settled portion of Manitoba; therefore all who contemplate coming to Manitoba this spring can do so in the utmost security.

THE Ottawa correspondent of the *Montreal Witness* says: The Senate agreed to the second reading of Mr. Jamieson's Scott Act Amendment Bill, recently, without taking a vote on the question. Mr. Dickey, whose motion for the three months' hoist was before the House, intimated that in consequence of the suspension of the McCarthy Act, he would not undertake the responsibility of leaving the country absolutely without any means of regulating the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, which would be the case if this Bill were thrown out. He therefore asked permission to withdraw his amendment, which was granted, and the Bill received a second reading without further opposition. It is feared, however, that the Bill will be vigorously attacked on the subsequent stages, particularly in the direction of introducing a beer and light wine clause. The whiskey men are leaving no stone unturned to defeat this Bill and to harass all Temperance legislation during the whole Session. They have had a paid agent, a Toronto lawyer, at the Capital with instructions to spare no pains or expense to burke all Temperance measures and further their interests generally. A well directed attack was made on the Bill in its passage through the Commons, but it failed. The only remaining hope now is in the Senate, and the utmost watchfulness on the part of the friends of Temperance will be required to carry the Bill through unimpaired.

Our Contributors.

AN ADDRESS TO A YOUNG MINISTER AT HIS INDUCTION.

BY KNOXIAN.

If the following address has never been delivered to a young minister at his induction it should have been:

My Dear Brother, You are now about to enter upon the active work of the ministry. You have finished your university work, completed your course of study in the theological seminary, and we are now inducting you into this pastoral charge. Doubtless you have heard and read a good deal about the arduous nature of some of the duties that will now devolve upon you as a pastor. Allow me for your special encouragement to point out some of the *easy* situations that you may find yourself in before you have gone very far in your ministerial work. Perhaps your congregation may be composed of two or more stations. Two of these stations may desire to have services at the same hour on Sabbath. There is a "sweet reasonableness" about such a desire that must at once commend itself to your youthful mind. You must, of course, help both parties. If you side with one, the other will be sure to blame you. If you try to be neutral, both stations will denounce you. Your studies in Natural Philosophy will have shown you how to occupy two pulpits, several miles apart, at one and the same time. Bring your Natural Philosophy to bear on the situation, my brother, and preach in both stations at the same time. That is the proper and easy way to get out of the difficulty.

In the course of your ministry, a part of your congregation may wish to build a new church. The other part may think the old church good enough until the roof falls in. Just when a new church is needed is a more interesting question than any you tried to solve at college. A Presbyterian church in one of our western Ontario towns was old, dingy, dilapidated, and awfully dirty. The rain came in through the roof on wet Sabbaths and fell on the minister's head as he preached. He had to stand to one side while he preached. Neither the sermon nor the minister was *dry*. A wicked newspaper published in the town suggested that one of the elders should go into the pulpit and hold an umbrella over the minister's head during service on wet Sabbaths. Some of the people in that congregation strenuously contended that the old church was quite good enough. The same question may arise in your congregation, my young brother, but you need have no difficulty in the matter. The party in favour of building may blame you if you don't help them, and the party opposed to building may denounce you if you don't help them, and both may go for you if you are neutral, but you need give yourself no trouble in the matter.

Then supposing the majority decide on erecting a new church, the question of site is very likely to come up. Half the people may wish to build on one site and half on another. Your Natural Philosophy will again come to your rescue, and you will at once see that the proper position for the minister to take is to build the church on both sites.

My young brother, other and still more interesting questions may meet you in the course of your ministry. Part of your flock may be strongly in favour of using an instrument in public worship, and part of them may begin to speak about "Popery and Jenny Geddes' stool" and "the Claymores of the Covenanters," and make several other historical allusions, the moment a melodeon is named. Now, my young brother, you are about to enter upon one of the most delightful experiences of a Canadian minister. Get ready. Buy a lot in the cemetery and secure a room in the nearest lunatic asylum. You are not quite sure what your *terminus ad quem* may be before this question is settled. Take the side of the organ men and the anti-organ men will denounce you. Side with the *antis* and the organ men will be down on you. Try to be neutral, and both will threaten you. Now you are having a good time. Now you see how easy it is to be a minister, and please everybody. Be careful how you act while the people are displaying their Christian graces on this question. If you are heard whistling a little air in your yard, the anti-organ men will declare you are in favour of instrumental music. Don't whistle. If you tell your small boy not to use his mouth-organ or jew's harp on Sabbath, the organ

men may suspect that you are opposed to the use of the organ in public worship. The situation is delightful, especially when it lasts long. If you are alive and sane when the question is settled, don't be the least surprised if you see some of the anti-organ men who led in the fight unite with a congregation in which they use two or three organs. That is a way some of them have of relieving their consciences and showing their consistency.

My young brother, there is another very interesting question that may meet you in the course of your ministry. Some of your flock may wish to sing hymns, and some may be very much opposed to hymn singing. Some of those who are opposed to hymns make very refined distinctions on questions of Psalmody. They quite joyfully sing "When to the sacred font we came," but they cannot bear "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." They take quite kindly to such soul-stirring sentiments as "Ye Indolent and Slothful, Rise," but they won't rise to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee." They have no objection to that verse which tells of poising "the steady pole" (whatever that was) on the "boundless void of space" (wherever that may have been), but their conscience won't let them sing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." You may not be able to grapple with these fine distinctions, but you are a young man yet. Now, when the question, "Hymns or no hymns," is being discussed, you are sure to have some delightful experiences. You will be frequently reminded of the good time you had when the organ question was under discussion. The points are exactly similar. Side with one party, the other will blame you. Be neutral and both will fire on you.

There are other delightful experiences, my brother, which possibly may be yours. Your salary may be small and your family large. Your dear people will insist that you and yours shall be well dressed. You must not wear an old coat on the street and you have no money to get a new one. Your coat sleeve may be glazy enough to use for a looking-glass, but you must keep the glass in the house. You must not display it on the street. On no account must you go in debt. If you go in debt "your usefulness is gone," as Sir John said on a memorable occasion. Your dearly beloved flock pay you \$500 or \$600 a year. On this amount you must keep your family, and dress well and keep out of debt. There is a "sweet reasonableness" about the thing that must move your heart.

In the course of your ministry, my young brother, a part of your congregation may wish you to resign. Another part may wish you to remain. Both threaten to leave the church unless their wishes are carried out. The party that wishes the resignation resort to all sorts of measures—some of them, perhaps, vile enough to make old Satan ashamed—in order to bring the resignation about. The other party fight hard, too, when they take in the situation. Now you are having a good time again. There is no difficulty in a position of that kind. Just what is best to do, you don't know, your friends don't know either, and the Presbytery does not know. Now you are finding out the truth of what people say that it is easy to be a minister in this country.

But I must leave the remainder of this address until the next induction.

AN EPISCOPALIAN ON PRESBY- TERIANISM.

BY THE REV. OLIVER J. BOOTH, ST. CATHERINES.

(Concluded.)

Mr. Wallace's second letter brings us to the question of Presbyterian Ordination—and at this point we come to something more serious. He mentions two passages of Holy Scripture as specially proving that the power of ordination rests with the Presbytery:

1. Acts xiii. 1-3.—"Now there were in the Church that was at Antioch certain prophets and teachers—Barnabas, Simeon, Lucius, Manaen and Saul. And as they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said: Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. Then when they had fasted and prayed and laid their hands on them, they sent them away."

As this is one of the passages always cited by Presbyterians as proving Presbyterian Ordination, we shall briefly examine it. The passage speaks of five persons, and among these we find Barnabas and Saul. These five were *all* "prophets and teachers." If then

the passage proves that Simeon, Lucius and Manaen were presbyters, it proves as much certainly for Barnabas and Saul, and so the "laying-on of hands" (whatever it meant) could not have been to make them what they already were—presbyters. But if, on the other hand, as indeed he seems to assert, Barnabas and Saul were only laymen, then the others were only laymen, and so we have the account, not, as he supposes, of an ordination by *presbyters*, but of an ordination by *laymen*! The alternative is awkward in either case for the Presbyterian view, and puts him in a serious dilemma. But the Episcopal view, I humbly submit, makes all plain. Barnabas and Saul were commended, in a special manner, to a special missionary work—and when they were about to return to Antioch, having finished *that* work, we find it written of them: "They sailed to Antioch, from whence they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled."—Acts xiv. 26.

This boasted ordination was then no ordination at all. St. Paul's own words disprove his ordination at the hands of men. "An Apostle, *not of men, neither by man*, but by Jesus Christ and God the Father." Indeed, before the incident recorded in Acts xiii., St. Paul had *founded* those Churches (Acts ix. 30 and Gal. i. 21) which he afterwards (Acts xv. 41) re-visited in company with Barnabas.

2. 1 Tim. iv. 14.—"Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery."

This, he says, proves Presbyterian Ordination. In reply, even if the passage does refer to persons (Jerome, Calvin and others thought the word "presbytery" referred to the office to which Timothy was elevated), it is no proof as against Episcopacy, for St. Paul expressly states that *he* had ordained Timothy: "Stir up the gift of God, which is in thee by the putting on of *my* hands."—2 Tim. i. 6.

Nor is there any conflict between these passages—though at first sight it may appear that there is. It has always been the custom in the Church that while the highest of the three Orders could alone ordain, the presbyters present should also place their hands upon the head of the person about to pass from the order of deacon to that of presbyter—their act being one, *not of ordination*, but of *concurrence*. Such is the custom in the Church of England to-day, in which I, a presbyter, have sometimes joined. And so with the ordination of Timothy, which was by St. Paul, the Presbyters concurring. This the two passages when put together show. He was ordained, St. Paul says: "By (*dia*) the putting on of *MY* hands"—"*WITH* (*meta*) the laying on of the hands of the presbytery."

This account, then, so far from proving Presbyterian Ordination, is quite in harmony with the universal practice of the Church of England.

There are certain statements in the latter part of his second letter which call for brief notice:

1. "The minister of the Church of England is *obliged* to administer baptism to every man's child, be he drunkard or what he may." This is not so. I assure him he has been misinformed.

2. "They *must* also administer the Lord's Supper to every comer, whatever his character." This is not so. Again I assure him he has been misinformed.

3. "The Episcopal Church of England is tied down by a formal routine, and the ministers are unable to make any important reform." In reply, I may say that we of the Church of England do not feel the necessity of this "important reform" to which he alludes. True, he may put this down to spiritual blindness on our part; but, really, we do not believe that "the faith once for all delivered" (Jude 3) requires ecclesiastical tampering with; and we are satisfied to make belief in the Apostle's Creed the only condition of membership, and if a man truly believes in the Father, Son and Holy Ghost—in the God whom that ancient symbol confesses, we do not greatly care if he pause to question the *universality* of the Deluge, or the *authorship* of the last chapters of Isaiah.

4. He speaks as though he believes the Bishop to be with us the final Court of Appeal. This is not so. I assure him he has been misinformed. We too, like him, have courts of discipline. The good nature of the Editor must not be imposed upon, else I should explain our system—but brevity compels the bare assertion that he has been misinformed in this particular.

5. Again, he says that a Church of England clergyman, in officiating at the grave, must "thank God for

receiving unto Himself one whom *he believes* to be in the place of woe." This is not so. And again, I assure him he has been misinformed. We do not act such hideous lies as he charges us with under the bracketed numbers (1) (2) (5) above; and some of us really have a conscience.

But in this same letter he asserts that the Apostolic Succession is "a mere figment of the imagination." And this Succession we got "through Rome"! And "some of the links were rotten." Does he really know the difference between the Catholic doctrine of the Apostolic Succession and the Roman doctrine concerning the succession in the chair of St. Peter? I fear not. The Anglican or Catholic doctrine does not speak of a *chain* (for then, indeed, the breaking of a single link would be disastrous), but of a *network*. A single bishop may not consecrate—there *can be no succession* as of single links as in a chain. "The first Canon of the most ancient body of Canons in the Christian Church—called the *Apostolical Canons*—requires that a bishop shall be consecrated by two or three bishops. No Anglican consecration has *ever* taken place with less than *three* bishops uniting in the act. This gives a three-fold guarantee of validity to every bishop consecrated. As each of the three consecrators must himself have been consecrated by three others, the second step has a *nine-fold* guarantee, and so on by geometrical progression. This is somewhat reduced by the same bishop acting in two or more consecrations. It is, on the other hand, *increased* by the fact that very often four or more bishops join in a consecration, thus greatly *multiplying* the threads of connection with the past."—(Dr. Hopkins, in the *January Church Review*—Reply to Mons. Capel.) We do hold the Apostolical Succession through the bishops, and we say that none but a bishop has authority or power to ordain others. And what we hold to be true of bishops, his own system, I think, compels him to accept as true of presbyters. And so one of his clergymen in Scotland recently wrote to Earl Nelson: "I believe in the Apostolical Succession through a line of presbyters." But as he may treat this private opinion as of no weight, I would refer him to "the form of Church Government agreed upon by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster,"—bound with the Presbyterian Confession of Faith. Under the head, "Touching the Doctrine of Ordination," I find the following:

1. "No man ought to take upon himself the office of a minister of the Word without a lawful calling."
2. "Ordination is always to be continued in the Church."
3. "Every minister of the Word is to be ordained by imposition of hands and prayer, with fasting, by those preaching presbyters to whom it doth belong."

From the foregoing I gather:

1. No man may take the ministry unto himself. He cannot ordain himself. That would be lay-ordination with a vengeance.
2. The power of ordination and of rightful persons authorized to ordain must be "continued" from age to age in the Church. This begins to look like Ministerial Succession.
3. Only "preaching presbyters" can ordain. This plainly excludes "lay-elders." And here, in a nutshell, plain to be seen when the nut is cracked, is the doctrine of the succession. It is logical. It is necessary. Presbyter must be ordained by presbyter, and so the steps *must* go backward one after another, one depending upon the other, and so the *links* must be *connected* one with another till the chain or network touches Apostolic authority; and so we have, in Presbyterianism, the declared necessity of a succession. But why does he not leave us our succession? Why is ours so unholy—nay, why does he deny us the succession altogether?

But why do I multiply words? I refer him a friendly challenge which may throw him back upon historic facts.

1. If the Presbyterian system is that of Christ and the Apostles, *when* and *how* came it to be superseded by the Episcopal? How was it that, on such a vital point, the Church in Europe, Asia and Africa suddenly came to renounce Presbyterianism for Episcopacy, and that in all the world not one protesting voice was raised? I challenge him to a fair historic answer, backed—not by *hypotheses*—not by *assumptions* concerning "standing Moderators"—but by a single fact.
2. I challenge him to point to a single Church, say in the first 1,500 years after Christ, that had any other government than the Episcopal—that is the three-

fold Order of the Ministry, Bishops, Priests (or presbyters) and Deacons.

3. I challenge him to point to a single ordination by presbyters in communion with the Church, say in the first 1,500 years.

I have done. I could have wished to notice the statements in his last letter, and the statistics he has given; but I must let them pass for want of time and in deference to the Editor, upon whose kindness I fear I have trespassed in this long letter. I have tried to be brief, but it is not easy to answer very briefly his essay crowding eight columns. I have tried also to write in all brotherly love—and if there is a single word in this letter that seems to him unbrotherly, I pray him to forgive it, and to believe me when I say that, rather than give even the smallest offence, I could wish I had not written at all.

I do not love controversy, and I would much rather strive with him for *unity* in the Faith—for that unity to which we are tending—for that unity which he and I shall not live to see, but which we may nevertheless hasten, for *Unity shall be*—the dear Lord prayed for it!

MORE PROFESSORS AND MORE ENDOWMENT.

MR. EDITOR,—These subjects are of such vital importance that no apology is needed for offering a few remarks upon them. Two subjects come up for consideration, that of Theological Education, and that of Endowment. No minister, at least of our Church, no private member even, would wish to lower the standard of Ministerial Education, or that our Colleges should not be as well equipped as possible for their work. In view of the further demands, evidently about to be made upon the Church for more professors and more endowment, it is important to look at our present position in this respect, and the best kind of equipment for our Colleges.

With respect to the first, *our present position*, I venture to say that there is no Church in any part of the world whose historical independent existence dates from so recent a period as ours does, which can present anything like such an equipment as we have, or stands in a position at all approaching to our own. We have six Colleges with, in many cases, costly, commodious and valuable buildings. Connected with these are libraries containing, in the aggregate, thousands of volumes. We have a staff of sixteen regular, permanent professors, whose labours are supplemented by sixteen regular and occasional lecturers, and a total Endowment Fund of nearly half-a-million of dollars. To set over against this there are debts, but amply secured by buildings and other things of substantial and permanent value. Such is our present position, and again, I venture to say that there is no Church in any part of the world of such recent independent existence as ours, of the same or even greater numbers and wealth with ourselves, that can show such an equipment as we do. Now, apart altogether from the question whether our present method of providing for theological education, carried out in its entirety is the best possible, the question will force itself upon the minds of many of our ministers and people: "Is the present an opportune time, seeing we have the facilities referred to for giving theological training, seeing the position we occupy, as compared with other Churches, is this an opportune time to push further the matter of endowment and additional professors? Is this the most vital of all questions to the well-being of our Church and country at this present moment?" We venture to say that it is not, and that there are thousands in the Church who agree with this opinion. It is admitted that if the Church waits for additional professors and endowment until there are no difficulties in the way that time will never come. But surely there are some times more opportune for certain purposes than others. Here let me say that these remarks are not made from any desire, even the smallest, to throw difficulties in the way of Montreal College Scheme especially. It has only furnished the occasion for making them, and they would have been equally true and equally made, had the case been that of any other of our older Colleges.

As to the inopportune of this movement, is there not, first, at the present time a very great sensitiveness over the whole Church upon this matter of Colleges, their number, expense and the difficulty of adjusting the claims of each? Would it not be well to allow time for that feeling to die out somewhat, in-

stead of not only keeping it alive, but even doing what must increase its keenness?

In the next place, is not Knox College now in the field, and not yet up to the sum it set out to obtain for its endowment? It may be said that the constituency which each will draw from is for the most part wholly distinct. But so far as the Church at large is concerned it is the same, that is, it is the Church.

In the third place, it was only last year that our Church entered upon an undertaking of very considerable magnitude, and which, I have no doubt will, by multitudes, both of ministers and people in the Church, be felt to be at the present time of at least equal, aye, and of far greater importance to the well-being of our Church than making additions to our professoriate or our college endowment. I refer to the Augmentation of Stipends Scheme. In the same papers which announce and commend the additional endowments and professors is announced and lamented the partial failure of the Augmentation of Stipends Scheme. The allowance made to our aged and infirm ministers is in the same issue described, and truly, as a "miserable pittance." The French Evangelization Fund, of so great moment in every aspect of it to the Church and of the nation's good, is behind, and likely to remain so for this year. Surely the present is not at least an opportune time to press for more professors and increased endowment. It is declared that "the average graduate of Knox College," and equally, the average graduate of any of our colleges, I suppose, "is quite as effective a worker as the average graduate of Princeton, Union, or for that matter, any seminary on the continent." If that is so, what more do we want just now? Can we not let well enough alone for a little while?

There are several things which, with all deference, we would say are of more importance to our Church at the present moment than either of the two things now called in question. What our Church needs, and is always calling for, is more men for the ministry. To add two, three, or four more to the number of our professors would withdraw just so many more of what are thought to be our best men from the pastorate. It is impossible for us to satisfy the calls from the North-West and Manitoba alone, and where are the wisdom and the justice of putting four, five, or six professors into some of our colleges, and leaving our feeblest of all in the most needy field of all to struggle along with but one professor, unless indeed, after asking Dr. King to give up for the Church's sake one of its most desirable pastorates, it is now proposed to put an end to him as soon as possible by over-work? If three professors in Knox College, assisted by a lecturer, are so hard wrought, how must it be with one professor in Winnipeg? This theological school is equally with any of the others the child of the Church, and there is neither wisdom nor justice in yielding to the clamours of the stronger and neglecting the feeblest. When the Church established the theological faculty at Winnipeg it certainly meant that it would make it as efficient as possible, and as soon as possible. If the others then need more equipment to do their work, how much more must the most poorly equipped of all our colleges need it? The Church should insist upon this having precedence, and that our stronger colleges wait until the youngest and feeblest is better provided for.

What is going to draw men into the ministry of our Church? Certainly not simply colleges, professors, and endowments, important as all these are. We must have first and chiefly of all, consecrated piety, and next, some prospect that the best days of life will not have to be passed in the ministry in a hopeless struggle with poverty, brightened by the prospect that when old and feeble and worn-out, he may perhaps have doled out to him the handsome sum of \$200 a year, more or less. The writer, valuing our colleges, our theological professors and theological training as highly as any one, yet ventures humbly to think and to say that, for all the grand purposes for which our Church exists, it is at the present moment a thing of vastly greater concern than adding to our professors and endowments that we make sure, as far as anything can be made sure, that, at the very least, the minimum stipend of \$750 per annum and manse be secured to every minister, and that in his old age he be not cast off by the Church with the beggarly allowance of \$200 a year; and I venture also to think that in this, he voices the opinion of a very large number in the Church, both of ministers and people.

W. D. BALLANTYNE.

Pembroke, April 24th, 1885.

Pastor and People.

THE MOHAMMEDAN MOHURRUM. ITS RESULTS IN TRINIDAD.

A remarkable illustration of the way in which the East is linked with the West in these days when "many run to and fro," is afforded by a recent letter from Mrs. Morton in Trinidad, describing a riot of the Coolies unhappily not quelled without bloodshed arising out of the great Mohammedan festival of *Mohurrum*, or *Moharrum*, as it is variously spelled. This festival is so to speak the "Passion Week" of the Mohammedan religion and its history is interwoven with that of the great schism which divides Mohammedans into two bands, the Sunnis, or orthodox, and the Shiaks, or heretics.

Before giving Mrs. Morton's account of the unfortunate disturbance in Trinidad, it will give more interest to her narrative to precede it with a sketch of the history and nature of this peculiar celebration, which takes its origin from the seventh century, and the tragic death of Ali, the fourth successor of Mohammed, and his sons Hassan and Hussein. Ali, "the Lion of God," Mohammed's best and bravest captain, his cousin, and the husband of his daughter Fatima, was a sort of Eastern *su Gallaad*, and it was expected that the Prophet in his will would name him his successor. But no successor being named, he was passed by, and Abu Bekr appointed Commander of the Faithful. At the death of Abu Bekr, he was again passed over in favour of Omar, and Omar in turn was succeeded by Othman. But when Othman was assassinated, Ali accepted the Caliphate, in order to prevent the evils of anarchy and bloodshed. But rebellion had already begun, and the Governor of Syria, Moawiyeh, had set himself up as an independent caliph, with the help of the Governor of Egypt. Three fanatics met in the Temple of Mecca, determined to kill both Ali and his two opponents. The two others accidentally escaped the plotted assassination, but the good and peaceful Ali, the lawful Caliph, fell, stabbed to the heart in the Mosque of Keefa—some asserting that this was brought about by the contrivance of Moawiyeh. The sons of Ali, Hassan and Hussein, were, even more than their father, religious recluses of gentle and loving natures. Hassan, in order to avoid the prolongation of civil wars, voluntarily abdicated, but was, notwithstanding, treacherously poisoned by Yezid, the son and successor of Moawiyeh. On the death of this usurper, the people of Kufa (a city on the lower Euphrates), sent offers to support Hussein as Caliph, if he would come to them. Hussein seems to have thought it his duty to go on this appeal, and with his family and a retinue of relatives, about eighty in number, he crossed the desert of Arabia, till he reached the plain of Kerbela, where 5,000 of Yezid's troops encountered and destroyed the whole of the little band, the women and children being taken in chains to the Caliph Yezid, at Damascus.

This event is commemorated by the public mourning called *Mohurrum*, or *Moharrum*, from the name of the Arab month, *Mohurrum* or *Moharrem*, which nearly coincides with our October. The events just related are among the most important of Mohammedan history, for the great division of the Mohammedan world into two sects, the Shiaks and the Sunnis, hinges on the career of Ali. The Shiaks reject the first three Caliphs as usurpers, recognizing Ali as the first lawful successor of Mohammed, and are regarded as heretics by the Sunnis, who recognize Abu Bekr, Omar, and Othman as well as Ali. The Persians are Shiaks and the Arabs and Turks are Sunnis. The great mourning of *Mohurrum* belongs mainly to the Shiaks, though the Sunnis join in it to a certain extent, with less of extravagance than the Shiaks, for though the more gentle and impressionable Persians cling more intensely to the saintly and tender character of Ali and his sons, which seems to fill a void in the severe religion of Mohammed, yet throughout all the Mohammedan world these martyrs, as they are regarded, excite enthusiasm and affection, and the annual celebration of their martyrdom is kept by good Mohammedans in something of the same spirit in which Passion week is celebrated in some Roman Catholic countries. "Passion plays" are celebrated in theatres called *Tekyas* prepared for them. Every one is clothed in mourning; the *Devids*, a sort of race of friars, claiming descent from Ali, keep up and intensify the enthusiasm by sermons and hymns; the worshippers strike themselves with mournful cries to Hassan and Hussein, and fanatics beat themselves with chains and prick themselves with needles, in token of their lamentation. Little shrines called *tarizas* bamboo frames, variously decorated and containing two miniature coffins are also carried in procession to the nearest rivers, and there thrown into the water. These, however, are peculiar to India, and many of the Shiaks regard them with strong disapprobation, possibly because they may consider it a kind of image worship.

(To be continued.)

THE one secret of tranquility is first to trust in the Lord and then to do good.—*Dr. E. Maclaren.*

A WONDERFUL HYMN AND ITS AUTHOR.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

BY THE REV. D. MORRISON, M.A., OWEN SOUND.

Exactly one hundred years ago, this hymn first saw the light. It was published by Edward Perronet, along with some others, as expressions of his religious experience, and although they all bear the stamp of the master, this is the one that has found the highest place and secured for its author an undying name. It is considered by some to be the most inspiring hymn in the English language. The author was the son of the Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham (England) for fifty years. He left the Established Church early in life and became a Methodist. He was a bosom friend of the Rev. Charles Wesley, in whose diary mention is made of him, beginning about 1750. According to the *Presbyterian Banner*, he was one of the preachers appointed under the patronage of the Countess of Huntingdon, and adding an earnest zeal to a warm and sympathetic nature, his labours in the ministry were for a time greatly blessed. But Perronet was at heart opposed to a State Church, and, publishing an anonymous poem under the name *Mitri*, a satire on that Church, he brought down upon himself the frown of that noble lady. He severed his connection from the Church, and became the pastor of a small congregation of Dissenters, with whom he remained till the close of his life, 1792. His death was triumphant, and is an evidence of the sincerity of the conquering faith which inspired this noble hymn. His dying testimony was.

Glory to God in the height of His divinity!
Glory to God in the depth of His humanity!
Glory to God in His all-sufficiency!
Into Thy hands I commend my spirit.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all.

Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And, as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the Fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

The following is a Latin Translation of the same, which will interest some of your classical readers. They will notice that it is of the same measure as the English, and composed after the model of the mediæval Latin hymns, such as St. Bernard's.

Jesus! O nomen prepotens!
Procumbant seraphim,
Efferte stephanum, Regem
Cor'nate omnium.

Pulsate auream lyram
Sereni cherubim
Docenti choros, O Regem
Cor'nate omnium.

Clamantes martyres sancti
Imo altarium
Laudetur Jesse stirps, Regem
Cor'nate omnium.

O Israel, electa gens!
Promote gloriam,
Salutate eum, Regem
Cor'nate omnium.

Redempti vos! possunt nunquam
Fellem, absinthium
Hinc oblivisci, O Regem
Cor'nate omnium.

O utinam illic novum
Carmen psallentium
Jungamus se turba, Regem
Cor'nate omnium.

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

A hundred Missionary Societies are now at work, side by side and hand in hand, for the enlightenment of unevangelized races. The cordon of their outposts belts the globe. Their stations are found on the coast of Greenland and Labrador, where the hardy Danish

and Moravian missionaries have long toiled for Christ. They have been planted at the chief stations of the Fur Companies through British America. Under the auspices of our Home Mission Board; they have reached Alaska. They are found among all Indian tribes of our own country. They have passed into Mexico, where blessed successes have been gained. All around the coast of the West India Islands are the stations of a dozen Missionary Societies. They are found in Honduras, at Belizes in Guatemala, in the United States of Colombia, in Peru, Chili, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and British Guinea. Even among the Fuegians and on the Falkland Islands, the standard of the Cross has been raised.

Across the Atlantic the missionary stations of American and European Societies very nearly encompass the Continent of Africa from Sierra Leone to Gaboon, Benguela, Cape Town, and thence to Natal, Zanzibar, Mombas, Abyssinia and Egypt. The videttes of this great united army have reached the African lake region, the banks of the Zambezi and the Niger, and the great basin of the Congo. They are at work in European and Asiatic Turkey, and in Syria, Palestine and Persia. India has long been a chief battleground, where their allied forces are combating all those great hoary systems which have gained the greatest power over the human race. They are found in Ceylon, Burmah, Siam, Laos, at Singapore, on the Straits of Malacca, and in Borneo, Celebes, and various islands of the Indian Archipelago. In Madagascar, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, the Hawaiian Islands, Fiji, and many groups of Polynesia, they have wrought a Christian civilization, and even in savage New Guinea, mission stations are now hailed as proofs of humanity and safety.

All along the coast of China and up its chief rivers, the beacons of the truth are shining. Japan has been born in a day, and the first tints of dawn are falling upon Corea. Nearly all the great languages of the world have been made the vehicles of eternal truth. Discovery, diplomacy and commerce have been subsidized by the Christian Faith. This great work, with its modern organizations and appliances, has moved forward for a century with no abatement, but always with deepening power and extending influence. Its history is at the same time its prophecy. It is but the harbinger, the dawn merely, which promises the full-orbed day.—*Foreign Missionary.*

NEANDER'S DEATH.

After the appropriate conclusion of his literary activity, about half-past nine o'clock, he longed for rest, and in a sort of half-dream, as at the end of a toilsome journey, addressed his sister with the significant words: "I am weary, let us go home!" When the bed had been put in order for his last slumber, he threw the whole tenderness and affection of his heart once again into a scarcely audible "Good-night!" He slept for four hours, breathing always more softly and slowly; and with the morning of the Lord's Day, on what what is styled in the Lutheran Church year the Sunday of Refreshing, he awoke in the morning of eternity among the spirits of the just made perfect. There, in the company of the great and good men of past ages, with whom he was so familiar, he rests from his labours, in adoration of Him who was the beginning and end of all history.

His colleague, Dr. Strauss, chaplain of the King of Prussia, and Dr. Krummacher, the celebrated pulpit orator, delivered eloquent and touching addresses at his funeral. The latter chose for his discourse the words of John: "That disciple therefore whom Jesus loved saith unto Peter, It is the Lord." And truly, he was himself a genuine disciple of John, and a forerunner of the Johannean age of love and peace which sooner or later will solve the problem of Christianity.—*Dr. Philip Schaff.*

PAUL AT CORINTH.

When Paul came to Corinth he had to encounter a philosophic scepticism as arrogant, a materialism as intense, and an æstheticism as exacting as any modern minister is tempted to accommodate or indulge. His cause was to take no notice of these things, and to attempt no adaptation to them. He resorted to no "excellency of speech or of wisdom"; that is, to no oratorical embellishments or philosophic subtleties—declaring to the Corinthians simply the testimony of God. I determined, said he, not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and I was with you in weakness and in fear and in much trembling; and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Paul's description of what his preaching was not, would (from a favourable source) be accepted by many modern pulpits as a brilliant idea of what preaching should be in these remarkably similar days. And yet, the Lord stood by him one night, in the midst of his weakness and fear and much trembling, and said: Be not afraid but speak and hold not thy peace, for I am with thee. "For I am with thee." Is that the secret of pulpit power? Or is it getting posted and accomplished in the latest phases of philosophic discussion?—*W. C. Conant.*

Words of the Wise.

SUNDAY is the golden clasp that binds together the volumes of the week.—Longfellow.

GRATITUDE to a covenant God makes even a temporal blessing a taste of heaven.—Romaine.

WHEN they get to heaven many will be astonished to find the angels laying no schemes to be made archangels.

PLAN Thou my path, O Lord, And let me see No future good or ill Not best for me. Go with me through the dark, And through the light; Thy presence will suffice For deepest night.

ONE unquiet, perverse disposition distempers the peace and unity of a whole family, or society, as one jarring instrument will spoil a whole concert.

ADVICE should be like a gentle fall of snow, and not like a driving storm of hail. It should descend softly, and not be uttered hastily.—J. Cox.

THINK is a sort of economy in the ways of Providence that one shall excel where another is defective, in order to make men useful to each other and mix them in society.—Addison.

WE must lend an attentive ear, for God's voice is soft and still, and is only heard of those who hear nothing else. Ah, how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak!—Fenelon.

A MAN that all men honour, and the model that all should follow; one who works and prays,

For work is prayer, and consecrates his life To the sublime ideal of his art, Till art and life are one.

—Michael Angelo.

"THE last word" is the most dangerous of infernal machines, and the husband and wife should no more fight to get it than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bombshell.—Douglas Jerrold.

AFTER reading the doctrines of Plato, Socrates, or Aristotle, we feel that the specific difference between their words and Christ's is the difference between an inquiry and a revelation.—Dr. Joseph Parker.

THE love of Christ is like the blue sky, into which you may see clearly, but the real vastness of which you cannot measure. It is like the sea, into whose bosom you can look a little way, but its depths are unfathomable.

WE see in the Risen Christ the end for which man was made, and the assurance that the end is within reach. Christ rose from the grave changed, and yet the same; and in Him we have the pledge and type of our rising.—Westcott.

THE area of human need, alas, is wide, Yet wider far than all our need is grace divine,

And what though countless woes do human hearts betide; Since more in number than our woes God's mercies shine.

It is languid desires and cold affections which make the burden of missions heavy. Let Christians desire the salvation of men as Paul did, and instead of finding it hard to give and labour for the salvation of souls, they will find it hard not to do it. A good man once said to the writer: "I find it one of my greatest trials that I cannot do more for the heathen."

THERE are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from under their fingers, like jets of light. Their influence is an inevitable gladdening of the heart. It seems as if a shadow of God's own gift had passed upon them. They give light without meaning to shine. These bright hearts have a great work to do for God.—Faber.

LEAVE God to order all thy ways, And trust in Him whate'er betide; Thou'lt find Him in the evil days Thine all-sufficient help and guide. Who trusts in God's unchanging love, Builds on a rock that naught can move.

ALL our watching must have reference to the coming of the Lord. In all things we must be diligent and faithful to the end, that we may not be ashamed before Him at His appearing. How soon shall all our opportunities for serving and glorifying God terminate? How soon shall we appear before the judgment seat of Christ to receive according to the deeds done in the body? "Let us therefore not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober."—Graham.

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GENERAL GRANT'S CASE.

"SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED!" CAN IT BE POSSIBLE.

The New York Herald says: "If General Grant should recover from a disease which should prove not to have been what it has been described, then his medical attendants will be expected to explain the reasons for one of the most remarkable instances of discrepancy ever recounted in the history of medical practice."

The other day an eminent young physician in the last stages of consumption, unable longer to talk, called for pen and paper and indistinctly wrote this advice to his physicians: "Make dying comfortable."

This seems to have been the sole purpose of General Grant's attending physicians. They were making dying comfortable, but they were not curing their patient. He amazes them by getting better!

The utter failure rightly to diagnose and properly to treat General Grant's disorder was a serious blunder, emphasizing what has so often been said, that professional treatment, being purely experimental, is just as likely to be wrong as right.

Had the General an ulcer on his arm, the physicians would have treated it scientifically, very scientifically. He might have recovered or they might have cut his arm off. Some dear old soul of a grandmother, however, might have treated the sore by some "old woman's remedy," and healed it, but there would have been no "professional science" in such a proceeding, as her remedy would not be one recognized by the code!

The General's physicians excuse themselves, we are told, because the condition of the throat was hidden from sight. There are thousands of cases where disease is hidden from sight, where the symptoms are very obscure and conflicting. The physicians will treat every day's symptoms but they do not cure, and finally the patient dies. Then they discover they have made a mistake! A horrible mistake! The other day a prominent merchant in a neighbouring city was found dead in bed. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that one of his other vital organs was entirely decayed, and yet his physicians had been treating him for heart disease!

Some one has blundered. For weeks the American public have been waiting the unwelcome tidings of General Grant's death. To-day the General is up and around and riding out.

People get well often in spite of what their doctors say and do. Why? By will power? No. By faith? No.

They live because outside the medical profession and medical pretence there are effective remedial agencies in nature which, though "unrecognized" by the code, have supreme power over disease, and in thousands of cases win triumphs where the so-called scientific treatment utterly fails.

A prominent ex-Cabinet officer is to-day on the very edge of the grave, suffering from an extreme disorder of the liver. His doctors know they cannot cure him. They simply are making dying comfortable.

The agony of death in many cases is read by surrounding friends in screams of pain, in convulsions of nerve, in spasms of torture—the fixed eye, the chilly breath, the dreadful coughing, the bloody sweat—the supreme inflictions of pitiless disease upon a helpless body, — indicate the limitations of "professional skill."

Seven-tenths of the deaths of this country every year are from hepatic and renal disorders, over which physicians have so little power. They will give this, and the other thing to make dying comfortable, but they know they cannot cure and yet they will not permit the use of remedies "unauthorized" by their code, whether they are allopathic or homoeopathic. If the system, as is common at this time of the year, has no tone, and one has tired and depressed feelings, the doctor will tell you that the blood needs purifying, but he will not tell you, what he knows to be true, that the blood is impure because the liver and kidneys are not performing their blood-purifying functions.

The failure of the physicians in General Grant's case ought to have an eye-opening effect upon the public. It ought to see the futility of trusting entirely in a profession whose practice is so largely experimental. The test of merit is success, and when any agency has won a record proved by the testimony of prominent men and women in all ranks of society, it stands to reason that such a preparation is worthy of universal confidence. Who has not heard of it? Who has not used it? Who can gainsay the statement that it has wrought greater benefit for mankind than anything ever discovered inside the ranks of the medical profession? And yet many physicians who are bound hand

and foot to their code, will not allow nor will they prescribe the use of Warner's safe cure. Nevertheless, in spite of their small-minded bigotry, it multiplies instances of its singular merit by thousands every day, rests satisfied with the record it has won, and challenges comparison with the record of the most reputable physician.

It is a terrible thing to lose our friends, especially if you find out afterward that they might have been saved.

We are glad General Grant is getting well. He deserves to live, and in living he will emphasize the fact that physicians do not have a monopoly over disease; that "scientific medicine," so-called, is not infallible; that all remedial agencies were not born with doctors and will not die with them.

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BILIOUSNESS.

Bilious symptoms invariably arise from indigestion, such as furred tongue, vomiting of bile, giddiness, sick headache, irregular bowels. The liver secretes the bile and acts like a filter or sieve, to cleanse impurities of the blood. By irregularity in its action or suspensions of its functions, the bile is liable to overflow into the blood, causing jaundice, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, bilious diarrhoea, a languid, weary feeling, and many other distressing symptoms. Biliousness may be properly termed an affection of the liver, and can be thoroughly cured by the grand regulator of the liver, and biliary organs, Burdock Blood Bitters. Act upon the stomach, bowels and liver, making healthy bile and pure blood, and open the culverts and sluiceways for the outlet of disease. Sold everywhere and guaranteed to cure.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1885.

THE one bright spot in the cloud that hangs over the North-West is the pluck and manly endurance shown by our citizen soldiers. The march from the Saskatchewan to Battleford has few parallels in history. And be it remembered that the young men who made their thirty-miles per day over the prairie come from the most part out of stores, law-offices, banks and other places of business in Toronto. Everybody who has seen the Queen's Own knows that many of them are mere lads; and yet these lads—though unaccustomed to hardship of any kind—performed a feat in marching from the river to Battleford that has rarely been equalled in history. That splendid march does a good deal in the way of exploding the dismal theories we so often hear about the physical deterioration of the race. The young men who made thirty miles a day over that immense distance, and marched into Battleford as lively as they ever went down King Street, must have reasonably good constitutions. Most earnestly do we wish that the trouble was over and the Volunteers home again. It seems a national calamity to be compelled to put the life of an Ontario Volunteer on the same level as the life of a Half-breed. A dozen of these plucky young men are worth more to the Dominion than all the Half-breeds in the North-West. And yet they must meet on equal terms on the battlefield—not even that; in such a warfare the Half-breed has a decided advantage over the Volunteer.

THE following illustration, taken from a paper by Bishop Coxe, on Pulpit Power, is suggestive: "A certain man built a saw-mill on the top of the mountain, where strong winds could always be depended on to work his instruments, and it was a demonstrated success so far as the winds and wheels were concerned; the perpendicular motion he secured was all that was promised. The mischief was that nobody could get the saw-logs up there to be converted into planks. And the pulpit is, *ex vi termini*, powerless as to the masses because it stands where those who need it cannot reach it." And, in most cases, the reason why they cannot reach it is because they don't wish to. Their trouble is want of will rather than want of ability. However it may be in the large centres in the States and Europe, there are very few people in any community in Canada but could attend church somewhere if they would. If, however, the "masses," as they are called, will not attend church, the church should look after them—the church, not the minister alone. If the membership of all the churches in any community made even a reasonable effort to induce non-church goers to attend public worship, how many would be uninvited? Not one soul. The real root of the trouble arises from the fact that nine-tenths of the membership of most congregations, instead of working to bring sinners to hear the Gospel, expect to be waited on themselves. Call it by any name you like, that is exactly how the matter stands.

THERE has been a good deal of very senseless writing about the illness of General Grant. Some time ago his physicians pronounced his case hopeless. A week or ten days ago he rallied a little and was able

to go out for a short walk. A host of would-be critics assailed the General's medical advisers and the profession in general, and tried to grow very witty and sarcastic over their alleged mistake. Well, supposing they had been in error, what of it? Medical men are not infallible any more than lawyers, clergymen, and other human beings. Medicine is not an exact science. Who ever said it was? The fact that the effect of any given medicine on any given patient cannot be foretold with infallible accuracy does not tell in the mind of any fairly intelligent man against one of the noblest of professions. Lawyers and clergymen are the last men on earth that should cast stones at the medical profession because doctors often differ and the results of any serious case may be uncertain. If there is one thing on this footstool more uncertain than a lawsuit, we should be glad to know what that one thing is. There are more theories about many points in theology than about the nature of any bodily disease, or the effects of any given medicine. The fact is the services of a kind, skilful, attentive family physician are one of the best blessings of this life. Medical men, as a rule, do more to alleviate human suffering without fee or reward than any class of men in the community. The cheap attempts so often made to be witty at the expense of the medical profession are often made by men who have not been any too successful in their own professions. Without any special training man can do much to help his fellow-man, and it is only reasonable to suppose that training and experience help him to do a great deal more.

We heartily congratulate the Rev. Mr. McMullen on the completion of a quarter of a century's labour in Woodstock and on the handsome manner in which the people of Knox Church celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his induction. Such a long and successful pastorate speaks volumes for the minister, the congregation, and the town. Had Woodstock been a less growing and prosperous community, a pastorate of that length, with additions to the membership of nearly 800, would have been an impossibility. The congregation, too, must in the main be a good one if a pastorate stretches out to a quarter of a century and ends as happily as Mr. McMullen's has ended. It goes without saying that pulpit services that make a congregation grow steadily for twenty-five years must have been good. Mr. McMullen's long and successful labours in Woodstock furnish additional evidence, if any were needed, that nothing tells in the end like doctrinal preaching—not doctrine in the form of dry bones, but the doctrines of grace preached in their proper relations and brought vigorously to bear on the heart and conscience. We congratulate pastor and people on their silver wedding. And this may be as good a place as any to notice a very interesting circumstance closely related with our cause in a congregation near Woodstock—Knox Church, in the town—we beg pardon, city of Stratford. The Rev. Thomas McPherson, for many years pastor of that congregation, is reported to have said in a sermon introducing the Rev. Mr. Ballantyne to his charge in London South, that he had taught in his Bible class Mr. and Mrs. Ballantyne—Thomas Ballantyne, M.P.P., and his estimable wife—before they were married—had united their hands in marriage, had baptized their children, and now he was introducing their son to his pastoral charge. What varied work these long pastorates bring.

OUR good neighbour the *Guardian* is of the opinion that "the Methodists in this country have not exercised as much influence in political affairs as their numbers would lead one to expect." As a remedy the *Guardian* suggests that the youth of the church should "be trained up in a way which shall develop more public spirit and greater practical interest in all political and public measures." Whether Methodism exercises as much influence on the political affairs of the Dominion as its numbers would lead one to expect is a question we shall not try to discuss. On one point we are perfectly clear, however. If the Methodist Church wishes to exert a direct influence on the government of the country, the way *not* to do it is to put a large number of Methodists into public life. Not long ago a leading non-political journal that usually knows whereof it affirms, stated that a legal gentleman of this city was appointed a superior court judge mainly because he and his friends were Methodists. It was not then stated, nor do we now

for a moment even hint, that that gentleman was not well qualified for the position. Quite likely he was, but no doubt *one* reason why the Government thought of him was because he was a Methodist. Now we don't say that was wrong—we don't say anything about it—but we do say that no man was ever appointed to a position in Canada from a premier down to a pound keeper because he was a Presbyterian. On the contrary, we have good reasons to know that the very fact that there are so many Presbyterians in public life prevents our people from having simple justice done them at times. Presbyterian public men try to stand so straight when the interests of Presbyterians are concerned that they often lean over to the other side. The Premier of the Dominion is a Presbyterian, the Premier of Ontario and two of his colleagues are Presbyterians; a large portion of the public men of the Dominion are Presbyterians and we venture to say we have less influence with these Governments than we would have if there was not a Presbyterian in office. There are three Presbyterians in the Ontario Government and if the *Guardian* and CANADA PRESBYTERIAN were competing for business there to-morrow on anything like even terms, the *Guardian* would be almost certain to succeed, though there is not a Methodist in the Cabinet. Brother *Guardian*, if you wish to have influence in politics keep your Church as nearly as possible a unit, and keep your political atmosphere so hazy that no one can tell what side the church is on. One or two men in public life are better than a hundred. Take a hint from a church that has ten times as much political influence as the Presbyterian and Methodist put together—Do you see the point, brother?

DEVOTION IN THE SANCTUARY.

CHRISTIANITY appeals to all that is highest in man's nature. It addresses his intellect and presents to his contemplation the loftiest conceptions the mind can entertain. It influences his moral being as no other power can, elevating and purifying it by presenting objects of imperishable loveliness and beauty on which his emotions may complacently rest. It speaks to the human conscience and endows it with a healthy sensitiveness to moral impressions. It brings to the soul dead in trespasses and sins the power of an endless life. The Revelation of Jesus Christ has brought life and immortality to light.

In bringing the manifold power of Christian truth to bear on the varied needs of man's nature, the preacher of the Gospel has not only the grandest, but the most varied of all themes on which he can address his fellow-men. If there is sameness and monotony it is not in the subject, nor in the actual requirements of the ordinary hearers of the Gospel, that there is any room for indifference and lack of appreciation. The wearied and thirsty soul will continue to draw water with joy from the wells of salvation. In the sordid ways of the world, amid its corroding cares and mingling in its petty strifes, the spirit of the ordinary worshipper becomes dry, parched and, alas, too often insensible to the refreshing influences of public worship.

The question forces itself on the attention of reflecting minds. Do we derive the benefit we ought from the devotional services of the Sanctuary? Are they as helpful to us spiritually as they might become? Are we as desirous of the cultivation of purely devotional feeling as we are prone to the exercise of the critical faculty? Whether the average criticism of church services, including preaching, is as enlightened, just and intelligent as it ought to be, is fairly open to doubt, but whatever else is neglected there is at the present time no lack of criticism, such as it is. Everybody is, at a moment's notice, perfectly competent to pronounce a positive opinion on any pulpit effort whatever. Surely one chief object of the Christian assembly on the first day of the week is the reverent and grateful worship of God. To this every part of the service ought to be conducive. The ministry generally recognize the importance of thoughtful preaching. Many also recognize that the devotion of the Sanctuary ought to receive like earnest thought. But does this essential part of the sacred service receive the careful reflection and meditation its importance properly demands? If it did, there would be fewer repetitions of stereotyped phrases, which, such is the power of custom, have ceased to convey a meaning and fail to excite a pious emotion. To prescribe a rigid rule would be an impertinence; the purpose desired could be secured by careful meditation, and

the result would be beaten oil for the Sanctuary, the oil of joy and gladness.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that the minister alone—however devout and however faithful in the discharge of his duty in connection with this part of public worship—can make a devout congregation. Each individual worshipper must cultivate a devotional frame of mind. It is not enough that the devotional conditions be favourable, the reading of the Scriptures, the psalms and hymns appropriate and the prayers expressive of a devout soul; but the soul of the worshipper must be in harmony with the exercises of the house of prayer. It is then only that the blessing enjoyed in his exile by the beloved disciple, of being in the Spirit on the Lord's Day can be experienced.

The Christian worshipper has the highest of all encouragements to devotion. The Everlasting Father lovingly welcomes His children to a throne of grace. Our Elder Brother is the all-prevailing High Priest, and the Divine Spirit helps our infirmities with groanings that cannot be uttered. We need more of devotion in the services of the Sanctuary to refresh us on our pilgrimage journey, and fit us for the duties and trials of life. Our Christian congregations have not yet reached that full-souled worship of God in the beauty of holiness which is possible.

SUBSTITUTES FOR THE SCOTT ACT.

HERE in Canada people have been taking a very practical view of the Temperance question. It may be said to have long since passed beyond the stage of theoretical discussion. The Canadian people by a decided majority are agreed that the drinking customs have had a pernicious influence on society, that the growing flood of intemperance was seriously injuring the best interests of the country, and that the most effective measures for its suppression ought to be adopted. Being an eminently practical people Canadians are indisposed to complicate the question with the discussion of abstract theories. The main question they have been seeking to solve is, What is the best way to stop the ravages of intemperance? The friends of the cause have for many years persevered through good and through evil report, to arouse the popular conscience as to the magnitude of the evil they had to contend against. They have been branded as fanatics, as one-sided, as unreasonable, as seeking to trample on popular liberties and as pursuing an unattainable purpose. They have not suffered themselves to be turned from their object by any or all of the obstacles that have been thrown across their path.

The success attendant on the Temperance agitation is now apparent to every intelligent observer of the progress of events. What have the faithful and consistent Temperance workers achieved? They have aroused the people to a clear perception of the ruin wrought by strong drink. Who can tell the number rescued from habits of intemperance by men of self-denying and sympathetic Christian effort? Who can enumerate those who, in the absence of Temperance sentiment, would have assuredly fallen victims to the blighting scourge of drunkenness? The positive good accomplished in these directions more than justifies the efforts put forth by the various Temperance organizations working actively in our midst.

Important as these services are, they are but a part of the good work done by the Temperance movement. The public sentiment in its favour is the result of unremitting effort for many years. So general and influential is the sentiment now that opponents hesitate to encounter it directly. It pervades all sections of the Christian Church. Roman Catholic prelates have used their eloquence and their influence to promote the Temperance cause. In every section of the Evangelical Church active effort has been put forth for its promotion. The medical profession has been no less outspoken in warning people of the dangers and general inutility of alcoholic stimulants. In legislation there has been a gradual and steady advance in passing measures of increasing stringency for the repression of the evils of intemperance. No political party in Canada could now venture to meet the Temperance agitation with direct opposition. All speakers and writers now approach the subject in an apologetic tone. It is felt that any speech with the intent of an oblique opposition must begin with a condemnation of intemperance. The debates this session in the Canadian House of Commons afford ample illustration of this observation.

Other recent illustrations are found in a paper sent us last week from Lincoln, Nebraska. A magistrate who, from observation and experience speaks feelingly of the dire evils wrought by intemperance, thinks that though the high licence plan has done good, it does not accomplish all that its friends expected from its adoption. He is of opinion that Prohibition is unattainable, because drinking will go on in spite of it, and it would be an unwarrantable infringement of personal liberty. This magistrate, in a popular magazine, propounds what he believes to be an original plan, viz.: Making the seller of drink responsible for all its consequences, such as the cost of the drunkard's arrest, the payment of his fine and the recouping of his family for his lost earnings. The plan is evidently of the kind best fitted for the exercise of dialectic ingenuity in young people's debating clubs. It could not breathe the air of practical politics. The constructive damages question would be as complicated and insoluble as those propounded in connection with the Alabama Claims.

Still another appears in the London *Times* of a late date, in which a column of extracts from a new work by Lord Bramwell, to be published by a society for the protection of the liquor interest, is printed. The eminent jurist concedes at once that drunkenness is a great and destructive evil, but he argues that it would be utterly wrong to repress it by legislation. After all he comes to the important conclusion that there is no help for it but to let it alone.

This is just what the people of Canada are not prepared to do. The Canada Temperance Act is the best practical measure yet carried, and it is clearly the intention of the Canadian people to put it in force, and they are right. It is in the right direction. At present it is the best available means for the suppression of intemperance, and the duty to work for its extension and enforcement is manifest.

Books and Magazines.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. (Boston: Littell & Co.)—This repertory of all that is best and freshest in the higher periodical literature of the day is indispensable to every one who desires to possess an intelligent idea of the currents of contemporary thought.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS AND THE NURSERY. (Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.)—In excellent keeping with the bright and happy world in which the young folk dwell, this beautiful little magazine comes regularly to its readers with light and gladness.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—This excellent weekly for young readers is eagerly looked for, the pictures gazed at admiringly and its contents read with that fresh sense of delight and profit which characterizes the large class for whom it is designed.

ST. NICHOLAS. (New York: The Century Co.)—This magazine is an artistic and literary treasure for young people. It suits every varying mood of the youthful mind. It is both serious and gay; while there is much that will elevate the heart and inform the understanding, fun and frolic are not forgotten. The illustrations are specially attractive.

THE CENTURY. (New York: The Century Co.)—A prominent feature of the present volume of the *Century* is the series of interesting papers relating to the American War, written by military leaders who took part in the conflict. Care has been taken that the "Lost Cause" shall not suffer by a one-sided presentation of the military achievements of the great struggle for the preservation of the Union. The present number is considerably larger than usual, to afford space for the war papers. The frontispiece is a striking portrait of General G. B. McClellan. The other contents of the number are varied, interesting and instructive as usual.

THE PULPIT TREASURY. (New York: E. B. Treat.)—The number for May presents a well-supplied table of contents. Rev. Dr. Behrends, of Brooklyn, N.Y., occupies the first place. His portrait, sermon, view of his church and sketch of his life, give a clear, definite, and very satisfactory idea of the man and of his work. Professor Simon, of Edinburgh, contributes a capital sermon on the Law of Spiritual Interaction; Dr. Talmage one for Decoration Day; Dr. Peters an Expository Lecture, and Rev. G. E. Horr a Discourse for a Charitable Service. A new variety of short

articles by able writers, on subjects of present and permanent interest, make up a number of unusual excellence.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—In keeping with the season, *Harper's* for May appropriately opens with Spring Blossoms for a frontispiece. "Anneke Jans Bogardus and her Farm," illustrated, is full of pictures of old Dutch life in New York. The second of F. D. Millet's Baltic sketches, published under the title of "A Wild-Goose Chase," takes the reader from Copenhagen to Skagen, and is richly illustrated. "At the Red Glove," and "East Angels" are continued; and there are three excellent short stories. "Passages from the Diary of a Hong Kong Merchant," "Constance Royal," and "Lady Archer." The *Fairy Chair* and the *Drawer* contribute to the reader's entertainment and amusement, and the other Editorial Departments are well sustained.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Co.)—A magazine that reaches a foremost place in popular esteem in these days must possess solid and substantial merits. The *English Illustrated* has justly earned for itself a prominent place among the literary and artistic magazines of the time. Its merits are unquestioned. The May number has for frontispiece a most exquisite engraving of H. Ryland's "Lady of Shalott." Archibald Forbes sketches General Wolseley, John Lomas recounts "Legends of Toledo," and Dewey Bates describes and illustrates "About the Market Gardens." Walter Crane continues "The Siren's Three," with his quaint illustrations. "A Ship of Forty-Nine" is concluded, and "A Family Affair" progresses satisfactorily.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," under the *nom de plume* of Charles Egbert Craddock, continues to interest the reader by its descriptive power. The interest is increased by the fact that the *Atlantic* has been the discoverer of a new and promising writer of striking talent. Mrs. Oliphant's serial is continued, as is "A Marsh Island." Dr. Holmes turns over some new leaves in his delightful "New Portfolio," and the genial articles on "Madame Mohl and her Salon" are completed all too soon. Among important short papers of this issue are "Bach: 1685-1885," "The Misused H of England," "Children in Early Christianity," and "A Bird-Lover's April." A brilliant critique of Cross's "Life of George Eliot" is contributed by Henry James, and notices of the "Literary Remains" of Henry James, sen'r, of Woodberry's "Poe," and of Phillips's "Popular Manual of English Literature," complete the book reviews. There is some excellent poetry, and the usual Contributors' Club and Books of the Month close the number.

COLLEGE CONTRIBUTIONS.

MR. EDITOR,—By a reference to the printed statistics in the Record it will be seen that the College Fund has come behind the report of this time last year over \$2,000. The amount reported thus far as received is, in Montreal, \$1,976; Toronto, \$6,436—in all \$8,412, instead of the \$19,000 required. Of this \$8,412 Knox receives \$4,427, instead of \$10,000; Queen's, \$1,771, instead of \$4,000; Montreal, \$2,213, instead of \$5,000. It is clear the Scheme is a failure. The people East will not give for Western institutions, and the people West do not give, because a greater proportion than appears fair, in the circumstances, goes East, while the friends in Central Canada wish their funds to remain there—we say nothing of feelings of attachment to Alma Mater, they exist. Then you cannot have territorial divisions; they have failed. What then? Let there be a simple reference of College interests to the congregations, and the Colleges will all fare much better. Require every congregation to give a contribution to a College, but leave it free to send to whichever College it chooses. But, say some, we will have a deluge of circulars soliciting for each College, and endless begging. But why? Let one general circular be prepared, fully stating the case; send one to each minister and representative elder in the bounds, and leave the congregations to do their duty. One thing is certain, they will do it as well, and better, than it is done now (at least it cannot be much worse), and it will be done with greater heart, and with more comfort to the Colleges. A WELL-WISHER.

Choice Literature.

JOSEPHINE FOUGERE.

AN ALPINE STORY.

CHAPTER IX.—"BE THOU FAITHFUL."

Once in the cottage, Josephine went back and forth, from the door to the fireplace, from the fireplace to the door, always to come back to the bed where for the last time she had seen her mother sleep. Then, again, she looked out over the plain, longing to soar away as does the bird when he feels that he can fly.

But Leonora's words haunted her. "May your mother bless you!"— "Oh, my mother, will your blessing depart from me if I leave him?" she said aloud. "But what! must I stay here all my life to spin until my hair is white and my hands tremble with old age? Here, then, I shall have no longer a shelter. Every day the tower crumbles a little; the thatch is falling from the roof and want is coming in through the cracks. My father takes no notice of it. If he can drink and hunt he is happy. But I—I have endured too much already; now the measure is full; I will wait no longer. Still, before going, I must read one last time here, near the fire, this book which my mother has so often held in her hands and which always comforted her."

Josephine took up the book, for a time laid aside. The memory of Genevieve was more closely bound to this book than were the leather clasps to the old parchment. Respectfully, remorsefully, Josephine kissed the book, then opened it; her eye fell upon these words: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

She read no more; as a stone sinks into the water, these words sank into her heart and pierced it. When the sun set Josephine was still in the same place, on her knees, shedding tears of true repentance. "I have sinned; O God, forgive me!" she cried. "I have sinned, O Father, against my mother's will. I have tried to flee from my trials. O Lord, come to help me. I must endure it. Make me faithful—faithful even unto death."

Josephine remained a long time on her knees. When she rose she had found peace again, and, with the peace, courage to take up her burden.

Humbly she waited for her father to come back. "The night is cold; he must have a good fire," she said, throwing a bundle of dry branches on the hearth. She sat down beside it, following with her eye the sparks which danced in the darkness. "Man is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly upward." I saw that in my book, but now I don't want to feel trouble; God will help me. I must not be afraid of my father any more." The hour for supper passed and the poacher did not come home; Josephine reproached herself: "If he is staying out it is because he is angry with me for the words I spoke yesterday. He has not been home all day. Alas! it is because of me that he does not find his home pleasant, that he leaves it for the tavern. I have done wrong, but, alas! I cannot mend the matter now."

Faro also waited for Fougère and wanted his supper; he yawned and stretched himself. To show his hunger, he put out his red tongue toward Josephine. Wearied out, the young girl ate her part of the poor supper, gave his pittance to the dog, then, drawing her wheel near the hearth, began to spin as she watched.

Thus the hours passed, till, with the gentle murmur of the wheel and the pleasant warmth from the fire, sleep came to surprise the young girl, but so gently that she did not notice it. It made her eyes heavy; it made the spindle drop from her hands and opened before her the golden gates of Dreamland. Then the smoky rooms of the cottage disappeared. Josephine saw summer skies above her, at her feet the grass at the border of the forest. She went on full of joy, leading Benedicte with one hand and picking daisies with the other, when in the grove appeared a slender figure, white and delicate, so fairy-like that it passed over the flowers without bending their stems. She held a crown in her hands—a crown so bright and shining that at its light the heavens grew pale, the sun became dim and the forest dark.

"Do you desire this crown?" asked a sweet but grave voice.

"Yes, I want it," cried Josephine; and she stretched out her hands quickly to seize it.

The woman of her vision drew back: "Not now, but later. 'Be thou faithful even unto death,'" answered the same voice, still more gravely.

Here Josephine waked without a start. Faro, lying at her feet, rose suddenly, breathed hard, pricked up his ears, then bounded toward the door, smelled the threshold and stopped. Josephine, seized with sudden fear, held her breath to listen. She heard nothing but the ticking of the clock and the beating of her heart.

"The wolf!" she said in a low voice; "it is the wolf; I'm sure of it. Faro has smelled it. Yes, it is the wolf who prowls about the house and looks about to see where he can get in." Faro answered by a short, furious bark, a real cry of alarm.

"The door is still strong," said Josephine, growing pale; "the walls fear nothing. I am going to make a great fire, so that the light will shine out. The dreadful beast will be afraid of that."

Suddenly a terrible anxiety seized her heart; it seemed as if the ground sank under her feet. She saw the poacher's bed was empty.

"My father! where is he?" she cried, trembling. "I am sheltered, but he?—Faro, you are trembling, too; you feel the danger.—He visits the traps at this time; the wolves have perhaps scented him or the animal in the trap. There are several of them wandering about the forest. What will happen? I must go there. I must start at once!"

Faro understood; with flaming eyes and wide-open mouth he stretched his neck toward the collar bristling with nails, which told him "You are going to war."

Josephine seized the poacher's axe—his new iron axe, well sharpened. Faro, standing at the door, his head raised,

yelped in his impatience. But, at the moment of meeting the danger, Josephine felt her courage fail. Her hand resting on the peg, she paused, when these words, "Be thou faithful even unto death," came into her mind and urged her on. "God wishes it; it is my duty," she said firmly, opening the door. With one bound Faro sprang out, turned three times, sniffed the wind, and then stopped. The enemy had given up the siege.

Josephine took courage, went out and closed the cottage. "Father!" she cried, "father! where are you?"

But everything was still; not a breath of wind passed over the snow; a solemn silence rose from the earth toward the heavens shining with stars.

"Look for him, Faro! Where is he? Look for him! Forward!" said the young girl.

The dog went on, and Josephine followed close. Soon they entered a narrow ravine seamed with rocks, full of holly underbrush and juniper trees. The foxes and the poacher alone came here. Slowly Josephine picked her way through the thorns, when a strong odour of burning juniper-branches blew toward her.

"There is smoke," said Josephine—"smoke. Father is not far off. Does he want to drive away the animals, since he has lighted these husks?" She walked twenty steps, then, beneath an overhanging rock, she saw Fougère. He was on the ground, leaning on his elbow, blowing hard, but the fire was almost out. Josephine was going to call to him, when opposite she saw in the shadow of the brushwood several bright points; those were the eyes of wolves. They were watching the dying fire: they were waiting until the flame ceased to shine in order to spring upon their prey.

Josephine screamed: this cry wakens hope in the hunter's soul, and calls the enemy to the contest. Two wolves rush out of the thicket. With her axe lifted, her head raised and her foot firm, Josephine awaits them. Faro bounds to her side, and the light commences. The loud howling of the wolves, the deeper voice of Faro and the poacher's cries which cheer them on, make the forest echoes resound.

The bolder of the two wolves throws himself upon Faro; the other draws back and faces Josephine. Leaning against a rock, he opens his black jaws bordered with sharp teeth.

"It is only a cub, daughter; don't be afraid. Strike at the head again! at the head!" cries the poacher.

Josephine's axe is raised and falls again, and the beast sinks beneath the blow. The girl is free; she turns toward her valiant friend. Faro is defending himself bravely against the wolf who is holding him down; he returns wound for wound, bite for bite. Josephine would help her generous protector, but the combatants are so close that she cannot strike at one without hurting the other. Finally they roll together on the ground, but the noble dog has yielded; he is conquered, and will never rise again.

With a howl of triumph the beast turns against Josephine. Wounded, furious, with wide-open jaws it springs toward the young girl. But Josephine, quick as lightning, strikes at her new enemy's head. The axe is not in unskilled hands; it enters the wolf's brain and is buried there; the blood flows, the beast staggers and falls; it is dead. Silence again reigns in the valley. Josephine is trembling; her hands clasp convulsively the axe. She kneels down and thanks God who has preserved her.

But Fougère calls, "Is Faro safe?"

The dog is lying stretched on the snow. His life-blood flows from gaping wounds, but when Josephine speaks he hears, raises his head with an effort, and his last look is for his mistress; then his head falls again, and his brave heart has ceased to beat for ever.

"Leave him," cries Fougère. "Come, see here, but be quiet. Bad luck to you if any one ever knows that your eyes have seen René Fougère caught in a trap which he set himself." René began to swear more terribly than he had ever done before.

Josephine looks, and by the pale moonlight she sees the shining hooks of a trap closed over the poacher's leg.

"Go to work," cries Fougère, "and draw me out; take away that stone and that wood; take the axe and strike hard. I must get out of this, dead or alive."

He came out at last, after great efforts and suffering. He came out, but he left flesh and blood in the trap. The cold burned his wound like a hot iron. Fougère started home-wards, dragging himself on his hands and knees. Josephine smoothed the way, moving the stones and holding back the brushwood.

When the dawn flushed the sky the poacher was not more than a gunshot from his house; but now his strength was spent. He stopped, and fell on the ground with a heavy groan: "Give me some brandy!"

"I cannot leave you, father. Will you let death overtake you at your own door? Father, you must go on, or you will die!"

Fougère gained the cottage with one last effort. But when once he had passed the threshold and the door was shut, he fell into a stupor heavier than sleep. When the sun rose, Josephine, bending over the wounded man, watched and prayed while she waited for him to wake. What she had cared and suffered, the labours of her hands and the anxiety of her mind during the long night, had filled the gulf which her father's cruelty had opened between them.

Suddenly Fougère waked with a loud cry. He laid his hand on his wounded leg. "Where am I? I am burning up!"

"At home, father," answered Josephine. "The wolves are killed, the trap destroyed, and you are at home, but wounded."

"Ah, I remember," said Fougère, more quietly. "You were brave, and the dog too. Go and bury him, Josephine, away from the teeth of the wolves. Bury with him the pieces of the trap. Then cut off the heads of the two wolves, and you will get the reward for them."

Josephine went out. The world was decked for a holiday. The skies were a clear blue, tinted with pink, in the west; the earth, covered with a sparkling frost, glistened in the light of the rising sun. Josephine had only to follow the purple spots with which Fougère the night before had marked the way, in order to reach the field of combat. There Faro

lay side by side with his enemies, threatening them even in his death.

"Have I done well?" said the young girl, shuddering—"I who killed them? Yet it is true. Yes, there is their blood on this axe; I held it so and struck, while Faro fought without sparing his own life.—Ah, my Faro," she cried, while her tears fell on the lacerated body of her brave friend, "you have been faithful in life—you have been faithful unto death. You have set me an example; I would be as faithful as you."

Josephine dug away the earth in the place where the fire had burned the evening before. There she laid her friend and rolled a heavy stone over the grave. Besides, to obey her father, she must rise above her fear, cut off the wolves' heads and carry them to him.

When Fougère saw her coming, and when she gave him the dreadful trophies, the poacher's eye brightened at the sight. "Bring them here, laughter," he said, stretching out his hand—"here, nearer; I want to feel those teeth which wanted to crunch my bones; I want to touch those eyes which glared at me so long.—You hungered and thirsted for my flesh and blood, but now it is I who have you," said the poacher, passing his hand over the sharp teeth, the black jaws and the fierce faces of his terrible enemies. "Ah, I have you!" and Fougère smiled as he looked at the young girl standing beside him. "Why are your eyes so red, Josephine?"

"Our Faro is dead."

"Have you buried him?"

"Alas, yes!"

"That is well. Now you must go down to the village and buy me some brandy of the strongest kind."

"Ah, father, you don't want to get well; you forget your wound."

"What daughter! do you pretend—" Fougère stopped short with a terrible cry—a cry of surprise and pain. He had moved his wounded foot, and he felt himself conquered and a prisoner; he fell back on the bed and tears of wounded pride glistened in his eyes.

Josephine had at first fled to the other side of the room; then she waited a moment, and when she saw that he did not move she came back slowly to the bed. The poacher's face was contracted, his fist was closed tight in anger; Josephine was careful not to go too near.

"Father," she said, "you must have the doctor to make you well. I will go and get him."

Fougère answered nothing; his face was terrible to see. Josephine was afraid.

"Yet I will go," she said to herself; "I will do him good in spite of himself."

She placed a pitcher of water near the wounded man, put the wolves' heads in the bottom of a bag, then put the bag on her shoulder and without daring to look again at her father she went out.

"I have bread here for a long time," she said to herself, as she went down the mountain—"bread without spinning. How strange it is! Yet I earned the money." She was in a great hurry, yet she did not go faster. "How heavy this bag is!" she said, as she put it on the other shoulder; "how long the way seems!"

Josephine was so tired that she could scarcely carry her bag or move her feet. She often turned her head to see if there were no passer-by who would help her. But no! no one was in sight; above the white and lonely fields a raven was flying through the solitude. He flew from branch to branch above the path over which Josephine was dragging herself, and cried hoarsely as he shook the snowy branches.

"Raven, lend me your wings to fly, lend me your black feathers to cover me. My feet cannot move; I cannot hold up my head; my heart is growing cold," murmured the girl. Her step grew slower and her head heavier. She began to look covetously at the snowy bed, white and soft as swan's down, spread along the way. "Why can I not rest there only one minute?—But no—no rest for you. Go on, Josephine. Your father is suffering; go on, go on.—Alas! I can't go any farther. My knees bend, the forest is turning around; I see the sky below and the trees above. Ah, how I wish I could lie down here and sleep—sleep for ever!"

Josephine stopped. She seemed to see the old times swaying around her, but it was she herself who was swaying. She leaned against one of them to keep herself from falling. Suddenly bells tinkled in the distance and a mule's feet resounded on the frozen ground. They come nearer; it is a sleigh which is speeding on swift as lightning. Josephine turns her head and sees it stop in the middle of the road. She sees the mule in a cloud of mist and hears a loud, cheery voice, which cries, "Hey there, traveller! Where are you going so calmly! You don't seem to be in much of a hurry, so far as I can see. Would you like to go into town with the miller of Fierbois?"

Josephine knew the voice, and turned toward him, her face blue with cold, and feebly smiled. "Yes, thank you; you are very kind, M. Brown," she answered.

"Get in—get in with your leg too," said the miller.

"Wrap your feet in the straw. There! that's it. Let's go—Get up, Criquette—get up, my pretty one," said he, touching with the end of his whip a fine grey mule which started off like the wind.

When she was seated beside Mr. Brown, the cold wind in her face, her feet in the warm straw, as the sleigh brushed over the snow and the route turned often from right to left, the poor girl grew faint, the tinkling of the bells died away in the distance and she could no longer hear the miller's voice; little by little her eyes grew heavy and finally closed and her head dropped on to Mr. Brown's shoulder.

"Here, Josephine Fougère, wake up," he cried, as he shook the arm of the sleeping girl. "I don't let people freeze in my sleigh beside me."

"Excuse me, I am not freezing. I thought I was somewhere else," said Josephine, very much troubled.

"We must talk to keep you awake. Do you know that it's led to walk slowly over the snow; people are sure to stay there if they go to sleep."

"That's true, Mr. Brown."

"As for me, the more it freezes the more I eat. That's

what I do, and, on my word, I'm pretty well, as you see," said the hearty miller.

Josephine did not answer. "Look here! tell me, did you eat anything before you started?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Brown, but I never thought of it," stammered Josephine.

"Thought of it! What! But your father, didn't he think of it for you! He is large and strong enough to turn over an oak; has he no arms to gain your poor living? Ah, I'm provoked with him for that—indeed, I am provoked with him."

"Don't think evil of him," said the young girl gently. "there was bread in the house, but I started so early that I forget to take anything. My father is quite sick, Mr. Brown."

"Fougère sick? Why, that's something new. If I may judge by your hands, he makes you work hard enough to earn his bread and yours."

"Oh, those are only thorn-pricks," said Josephine smiling, and she tried to draw her short sleeves over the scratches made by the thorns and briars.

"You sell cresses under the old bridge; I think I have seen you."

"Yes, when I find them in the woods, according to 'season.'"

"And what are you carrying into town this time?" asked the miller who was of a sly, inquisitive nature. "Tell me, what is this?" and he placed his foot on the bag, which was spotted with blood. "Strawberries, I suppose—strawberries picked under the snow. I know them by this red colour of the linen;" and he laughed in a shrewd way as he looked at Josephine.

"Excuse me, but there are no strawberries in the woods now," she answered, quite seriously.

"Come, come! I don't want to bother you," said the miller with mischievous good-nature; "but I see that the great René condescends to teach you more than one trick of his trade, and shows you how to work without spindle or distaff."

"Mr. Brown, you want to have me pay more dearly than I ought for the place you have offered me," said Josephine, covered with blushes, rising proudly.

"Come, come! Even if there are some birds, or perhaps a hare at the bottom of the bag, that is not a dead man. Don't be angry because I guessed without seeing. Be quiet; I don't want to tell of you."

"I have no birds, not even a hare," said Josephine, in a firm, steady tone, "but since you don't trust me, put me out and I will say 'Thank you' just the same."

"Nay, nay; I don't intend to put as nice a girl as you out into the road to freeze there. At the rate you were going the frost would soon have overtaken you, and would have made you as white as a thorn-flower. That would have been too bad. No, surely, I should not wish that. But since you always tell the truth, open your bag and let's see what you have."

"Mr. Brown," said Josephine, not without pride, "I must believe that the people in your house oblige you to trust your eyes rather than their words. Look, look well! There they are, my birds; do you see them?" and then with both her hands she held the bleeding heads of the wolves before her companion's face. He was so frightened that he jumped off the seat.

"A thousand thunders!" cried he, getting back with difficulty—"a thousand thunders! And now you pretend that he is sick, the great René! Still, since he kills wolves, a poacher is good for something. But you told me a lie all the time."

"I have told you that my father is sick," answered Josephine gravely. "Last night this wolf with her cub was gnawing round our house; my dog smelled them, and he and I killed them. Where can you see that I have told a lie?"

The miller looked at Josephine with respect; he examined her hands which were covered with scratches and bruises. "Hurrah for your courage! I like that; you're a girl of the right sort," he cried at length.

They came into the town; the pointed roofs, the bells, the old humpbacked bridge and the Gothic fountain filed past, one after the other, and the sleigh sped on till it came to the centre of the town, to the Black Eagle Inn.

"Thank you very much for bringing me, Mr. Brown; you have made me fly over the snow like a bird; you have shortened my journey and given me half-a-day more time," said Josephine, trying to smile, but her teeth chattered and her hands trembled with cold.

"Here! I want you to stop; you must come in."

"No, no, not into an inn; that is not for me. I am too poor for that, Mr. Brown. I can find bread near here."

"I sha'n't let you come out till you have eaten.—Halloo, landlady! give this girl some dinner at once. See that she's warm and comfortable; I will pay the bill." The miller disappeared.

(To be continued.)

THE OCEAN.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"The Ocean says to the dweller on its shores:—

"You are neither welcome nor unwelcome. I do not trouble myself with the living tribes that come down to my waters. I have my own people, an older race than yours, that grow to mightier dimensions than your mastodons and elephants; more numerous than all the swarms that fill the air or move over the thin crust of the earth. Who are you that build your gay palaces on my margin? I see your white faces as I saw the dark faces of the tribes that came before you, as I shall look upon the unknown family of mankind that will come after you. And what is your whole human family but a parenthesis in a single page of my history? The rain-drops stereotyped themselves on my beaches before a living creature left his footprints there. This hermit-crab I find at your feet is of older lineage than your Adam—unless, perhaps, you count your Adam as one of his descendants.

What feeling have I for you? Not scorn,—not hatred,—not love,—not loathing,—No!—indifference,—blank indifference to you and your affairs, that is my feeling, say rather absence of feeling, as regards you. Oh, yes, I will lap your feet, I will cool you in the hot summer days, I will bear you up in my strong arms, I will rock you on my rolling undulations, like a babe in his cradle. Am I not gentle? Am I not kind? Am I not harmless? But hark! The wind is rising, and the wind and I are rough playmates! What do you say to my voice now? Do you see my foaming lips? Do you feel the rocks tremble as my great billows crash against them? Is not my anger terrible as I dash your argosy, your tender-bearing frigate, into fragments, as you would crack an eggshell? No, not anger; deaf blind, unheeding indifference, that is all. Out of me all things arose; sooner or later, into me all things subside. All changes around me; I change not, I look not at you, vain man, and your frail transitory concerns, save in momentary glimpses: I look on the white face of my dead mistress, whom I follow as the bridegroom follows the bier of her who has changed her nuptial raiment for the shroud.

"Ye whose thoughts are of eternity, come, dwell at my side. Continents and isles grow old, and waste and disappear. The hardest rock crumbles; vegetable and animal kingdoms come into being, wax great, decline and perish, to give way to others, even as human dynasties and nations and races come and go. Look on me! "Time writes no wrinkle" on my forehead. Listen to me! All tongues are spoken on my shores, but I have only one language; the winds taught me their vowels; the crags and the sands schooled me in my rough or smooth consonants. Few words are mine. But I have whispered them and sung them and shouted them to men of all tribes from the time when the first wild wanderer strayed into my awful presence. Have you a grief that gnaws at your heart-strings? come with it to my shore, as of the old priest of far-darting Apollo carried his rage and anguish to the margin of the loud-roaring sea. There, if anywhere, you will forget your private and short-lived woe, for my voice speaks to the infinite and the eternal in your consciousness."—*May Atlantic.*

CHRISTIAN PATIENCE.

Sweet Patience is as rare, as fair,
And strong as she is good;
Though much applauded everywhere,
She's little understood,

She is not stoically firm,
Nor passively inert;
She calmly hides affliction's term,
But not as one unhurt.

And so like Love she suffers long,
Is gentle and is kind,
And when enduring pain and wrong
She seeks to be resigned.

Sweet Patience hath an iron will
And heart with zeal aglow;
Yet on God's anvil can he still
And take the hardest blow.

She deems not pain a natural good,
She is of wiser mind;
But knows, in ways not understood,
It is for good designed.

And so in trouble she is calm,
Can sleep on rolling waves;
For every pain she hath a psalm
While trusting Him who saves.

And if the Saviour tarry long
She waits His coming still;
The soul that trusts she knows is strong
To bear or conquer ill.

She asks not for the ripened grain
Till summer seasons come;
Knows that the sunshine and the rain
Precede the "harvest home."

She knows the growth of moments brief,
A moment's time endures;
So asks not for the ripened sheaf
Till time the grain matures.

And so with calm and hopeful eye,
Not always free from tears,
She scans the distant as the nigh,
Far down the coming years.

She knows with God a thousand years
Are as a single day;
And so no disappointment fears,
Whatever the delay.

O gentle Power, teach us to wait,
And waiting to be strong;
How sweet submission can abate
The present stress of wrong!

Rev. Joel Swartz, D.D., in the New York Observer.

THE *Wesleyan Methodist* makes a strong point when it says: "Stinginess in personal dealings with God and His cause is a sure evidence of soul-leanness."

DEATH does not destroy, but catches, crystallizes, and makes permanent the character of a good man, leaving it a priceless bequest to society.—*Bishop Doane.*

THINK of the day, the humbling, affecting, overwhelming day, when the cup of cold water will reappear as an ingredient in the everlasting glory.—*James Hamilton, D.D.*

British and Foreign.

THE richest man in Oregon began by buying a calfskin on credit, tanning it and selling it for \$10.

THE Baptist and Presbyterian Churches, at Eden Bridge, England, held united services on Good Friday.

THE Rev. W. H. Griffith, B.A., for twenty-three years Principal of Taunton College, died on his seventieth birthday at Meridian Road, Redland.

ENGLISH people are drinking more beer and less spirits. The revenue is less this year by \$1,300,000. Beer pays a light tax as compared with spirituous liquor.

DR. BULLER, of Wellington, New Zealand, is preparing for the press a new and enlarged edition of his "History of the Birds of New Zealand."

WASHINGTON is well provided with churches. Statistics show 180 with 49,351 members. Of this total membership, about 21,000 are in the coloured churches.

A FIRE engine company of Fairhaven, Mass., stopped to elect a foreman *pro tem.* in the street close to a burning building, before putting a stream upon the flames.

CHINESE doctors induce faith with their prescriptions by making them of gigantic size. A writer in the *Fortschrift* describes one of them two feet long and calling for twenty different ingredients.

THE Bishop of Dover has replaced the old chain Bible of Canterbury Cathedral in the position it originally occupied upon what is known as Crammer's desk in the north-east aisle of the Cathedral.

THE Rev. John H. Munsell, pastor of the Evangelical Congregational Church in Schenectady, N. Y., has engaged a brass band to play regularly at the Sunday services. A liturgy will also be introduced. The bass drum will be omitted.

A BANGOR, Me., "business bureau" has sent out circulars assuring recipients that it has influence with the President, and that all applications intended for official consideration should be sent through the "bureau" accompanied by \$5 retainers.

THE United Richard Wagner Society, which was founded in 1883 with a view of combining the master's scattered adherents in one organization for effective action, has already 181 branches and agencies in Europe and America with a total of 5,124 members.

It is denied that "Oliver Wendell Holmes carries a large horse-chestnut in his pocket as a preventive of rheumatic pains." On the contrary, "no man on top of the Boston soil is freer from superstitions and delusions than is the alert and active-brained Autocrat."

RECENTLY in Germany a scientific journal made the statement that it would be beneficial to the eyesight to print books in dark blue ink on pale green paper. The first book printed in this way, "The Natural History of the Women of Berlin," has just made its appearance.

MISS BLISS, of the London Missionary Society, on returning to Antananarivo, was struck with the advance which has been made by the Malagasy during her absence, and with the fact that work of all kind, and life generally, is going on in the country much the same as if there were no war.

EVANGELISTS are divided as to the propriety of prosecuting Mr. Cox, a Ritualistic clergyman. One party approves of it heartily—the other as heartily condemn it. The latter say that if the promoters of the suit be successful it will lead to the imprisonment of the defendant, and after Mr. Green's experience, that is not considered advisable.

PLATINUM has been discovered in New South Wales in connection with gold in the Ophir district. It has been found in the form of small grains in the Hunter and Macleay districts, and a nugget weighing 268 grains was obtained from Wiseman's Creek with alluvial gold. The sand of the sea-coast near Richmond River is found to contain this precious metal.

A LIFE of General Gordon has just been published in Dutch, the sale of which is almost unprecedented in Holland. The whole of the first large edition was ordered before it was ready, and a second had to be issued at once. The author, the Rev. C. S. A. Van Scheltema, is a clergyman of nearly eighty years of age, whose life has been devoted to philanthropic labours.

AT the recent conference of the societies of the Red Cross, the Emperor of Germany offered a prize of \$1,000 and a gold medal for the best model of a barrack and field hospital. American inventors were requested to compete. The barracks must have twelve beds, be easy to transport, and capable of being taken down and reconstructed. The designs should reach Antwerp by September 1.

ACCORDING to the *Medizinische Zeitung*, Dr. Schelltheiss graduated in theology in Berlin in 1837, and went as a missionary to South Africa. In his sixtieth year he undertook some scientific journeys, and in 1881 returned to Berlin, where he commenced the study of medicine. Having now—in his seventy-fourth year—received his doctor's degree, he proposes to settle in Africa as a general practitioner.

THE public hears from time to time of the discussion over the question of public worship at Harvard University. In point of fact, there are at present no regular Sunday services in the college chapel. During the winter an occasional discourse was given. Attendance upon some church on Sunday is no longer requisite; but, by a recent decision, compulsory attendance upon morning prayers in the college chapel is continued.

THE University of Edinburgh, at the graduation ceremonial on the 22nd ult., conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity on Rev. John Pufford, minister of Albany Street Congregational Church, Edinburgh; Rev. Principal John Kintross, B.A., Sydney; Rev. Professor Henry Salmon, Otago, New Zealand; and the honorary degree of LL.D. on Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, President, Union Theological College, New York; Professor Nicolaïci, Strasbourg University; M. Rénan, Paris, and others.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. K. Junor has been visiting his friends at St. Mary's.

RAPID progress is being made with the erection of the new Presbyterian church at Regina.

THE Rev. Walter Reid delivered a sermon to the Odd-fellows in Weston Presbyterian Church on Sabbath last.

Two of Principal Caven's sons are on the medical staff despatched to the scene of hostilities in the North-West.

THE Rev. J. C. Smith, of Galt, has been appointed to supply the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, Newmarket.

MR. RATTERY has been appointed to supply Glenvale, Harrowsmith, and Wilton Presbyterian Churches for the summer.

THREE Presbyterian chaplains, the Rev. Messrs. W. S. Ball, C. B. Pitblado, and D. M. Gordon have joined their respective battalions at the front.

MR. McMILLAN, for a long time Principal of Rockwood Academy, last week was the recipient of a handsome present on the occasion of his leaving the village.

THE Rev. Wm. McKee, of Cookstown, has been in Toronto, visiting his nephew, Lieut. Morrow, who was accidentally shot while en route to the North-West.

THE following cablegram has been received from Rev. Dr. Mackay:—"Tamsui, 21st April. Got back. Converts faithful. Don't send missionary. G. L. MACKAY."

THE erection of the new Presbyterian church at North Gower is proceeding rapidly. The structure was commenced on the 4th of February last, and will be finished by the fall. The cost will be \$5,600.

THE *Elora Express* says that Rev. Mr. Mullan, of Fergus, has received a call from the Mount Forest Presbyterian Church, promising a \$300 advance in salary. It is not known whether Mr. Mullan will accept.

THE building of the new St. Andrew's Church, Peterborough, is progressing vigorously. If the entire work is only carried on as energetically, the building will certainly be completed within the stipulated time.

THE *Bradford Witness* says the Rev. J. Carswell, Bond Head, has forwarded to Dr. Keil \$100 for Foreign Missions; \$50 for endowment of Knox College; \$50 for Manitoba College; and to Rev. R. H. Warden \$100 for French Evangelization, received from the estate of the late Charles Wilson, an elder of the First West Gwillimbury Presbyterian Church.

THE *Perth Courier* says the death of the Rev. Robert Mackenzie, M.A., Presbyterian minister at McDonald's Corners, Dalhousie, long expected, took place on Saturday, April 18, of bronchial catarrh. He was much beloved by his late congregation, and his death was the occasion of much sorrow. The deceased clergyman was a native of the North of Ireland.

AT Morrin College Convocation, last week, the graduating class, consisting of Messrs. Rolph, Ferguson, Silves, Walters, Campbell and Home, were presented with certificates entitling them to receive the degree of B.A., from McGill University, and the degree of D.D. was conferred for the first time in the College's history upon the Rev. John Bennett, of Almonte, a former student.

A LARGE audience assembled in the basement room of Knox Church, Guelph, last week, to attend the closing meeting for this season of the Temperance Society of the congregation. All who took part in the entertainment did their share with much ability, so that the interest increased until the close of the meeting. The chair was occupied by Dr. McGuire, President of the Society, and the Rev. R. J. Beattie conducted the opening exercises.

AN exchange says: Mr. Adam Shortt, who this year takes his degree as Master of Arts at Queen's, is at present in Edinburgh pursuing his studies at the University there and adding lustre to the fame of his *Alma Mater*. He has just succeeded in winning the highest prize in metaphysics in Edinburgh University, the Bruce of Grangehill prize of \$100, besides receiving a medal as first in the honor class. Mr. Shortt is to be congratulated on his success.

THE Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in Cooke's Church on Sabbath week. As the Session have all resigned, the following gentlemen, who have been appointed by the Presbytery to form an interim Session, officiated as elders: Mr. James Brown, from Charles Street; Mr. Thomas Kirkland, M.A., from St. James Square, and Messrs. Robert Merryfield, James H. Fyfe and George F. Burns, from Knox Church. The attendance was large, and the whole service very impressive.

KNOX Church, Montreal, Sabbath School Temperance Association held its final social of the season recently. The lecture room of the church was well filled, and the programme an excellent one. During the intermission, a highly interesting and instructive microscopic exhibition was given, and at the conclusion of the programme, the pastor, the Rev. James Fleck, B.A., gave a brief, interesting address, in which he took occasion to refer to the need of the cultivation of a true temperance sentiment. The advocates of temperance, although defeated in the local option question, were told not to lose courage. He hoped that all the friends of temperance would band together next year for a fresh attack on the liquor traffic strongholds.

ON the evening of the 21st ult., a number of the members of the Bible class taught by Robert McQueen, on the ninth concession, Beverly, met at his residence, Kirkwall, and presented Mrs. McQueen with a beautiful hanging map and Mr. McQueen with a handsome easy chair, and an address expressive of the appreciation of his services as teacher and friend and as counsellor and sympathizer in their doubts and difficulties, closing with the prayer that they might all one

day meet as an unbroken Bible class on the right hand of God. After a suitable reply by Mr. McQueen on behalf of Mrs. McQueen and himself, the company proceeded to enjoy themselves for the remainder of the evening. The proceedings were brought to a close with devotional exercises.

ST PAUL'S CHURCH, Peterborough, which has been remodelled and now presents a commodious and handsome appearance, was reopened for divine service on Sabbath last. The Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., of Toronto, preached morning and evening. The Rev. P. McF. McLeod preached in the afternoon. On the following Monday evening, a grand organ recital was given in the Church by a finely-trained choir with the new organ, under the direction of Professor Parker, of St. Catharines. On Monday afternoon a sale of fancy and useful articles was held in the lecture-room of the church, and in the evening tea was served in the school room. The congregation, under the pastoral care of Rev. F. F. Torrance, M.A., has made gratifying progress in the past, and is now without doubt entering on a new era of prosperity.

A CORRESPONDENT says: The Rev. Mr. Dionne, having completed his six months' mission at Metis, left on the 20th inst. for his home at Grand Ligne, near Montreal, much regretted by the members and adherents of the congregation. He acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of all those who were privileged to listen to his truly evangelical and practical discourses. He, in every way, proved himself to be highly qualified for the work of the ministry. I may mention that he is a convert from Romanism of many years' standing. By his unobtrusive and ardent piety, manifested in his work in the pulpit, and in his whole Christian conduct and character, he shows himself to be not only a convert from the darkness of Rome, but from the darkness of nature, to the light of life. Our best wishes go with him and his family wherever his future lot may be cast.

IN an appreciative obituary notice of the late Mr. Robert Little, School Inspector, of Halton County, the *Canada School Journal* says: The subject of this sketch was born at Woolwich, Kent, England, on the 7th February, 1835. His father, Robert Little, was born in the parish of Westruther, Berwickshire, Scotland, and died in Esquesing, Halton County, on the 2nd September, 1858. His mother, Marion Bell, was born in the parish of Stow, Edinburghshire and also died at Esquesing in 1861. The elder Mr. Little entered the Royal Foot Artillery in 1823, and served about twenty-two years, seven years of which he spent in Canada. Mr. Little spent his life in the honourable profession of teaching, and he remained identified with educational interests till his death on the 8th inst. He was a life-long and consistent member of the Presbyterian Church. His religion was of a quiet, unobtrusive character, and was carried into every detail of every day life. He appeared to possess much of the mind of Christ, and evil thoughts never seemed to occupy his mind.

THE first annual meeting of Medicine Hat Presbyterian Church congregation was held on Monday evening, 20th ult. After the Rev. Mr. Davidson had opened the meeting with devotional services, Mr. George McCuaig was called upon to act as secretary. The treasurer, Mr. W. T. Finlay, then presented the financial statement of the Church for the past year, which proved to be not only satisfactory, but highly creditable to so young a church. There were raised for all purposes during the year, \$1,243.23—almost sufficient to place the church clear of debt—a state of affairs in its first year which augurs well for its future. Mr. McCuaig, as treasurer of the Sabbath school, showed the sum of \$35.35 as the amount of Sabbath collections. Of this, \$17.25 were spent on papers, library and hymn books, and \$10 were donated to the organ fund, leaving a balance to the good of \$6.10, and the school in a prosperous condition. The meeting was brought to a close after Messrs. Tweed, Cousins, Porter, Hargraves, McCuaig, and Finlay were re-elected as managing committee for the coming year.

THE *Winnipeg Free Press* says: "A large audience assembled in Knox Church to listen to the lecture given by the Rev. Mr. Gordon and the concert combined therewith. The uniforms of officers and men from several of the different corps at present in the city were noticeable among the civilians. The programme opened with a few verses of the well-known hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" which all joined in singing, after which the programme proper was opened by Miss Thomson with a pleasing instrumental Scotch solo. Mr. Wheeler's song was next listened to with marked pleasure, and Miss Coutly's song coming next was so much enjoyed as to force her recall. The lecturer of the evening, Rev. Mr. Gordon, was then introduced by Rev. Mr. Bryce, who kindly fulfilled the duties of the chairman. The lecturer touched upon such places as Battleford, Clarke's Crossing, Batoche's and other places now brought prominently forward, but the main subject was "Rambles Among the Rockies," in which he depicted scenes he personally viewed, and narrated incidents he himself saw during his trip to the Rockies in the autumn. The lecture was highly interesting, and the attention of the audience was unbroken throughout. Mr. J. D. Scott resumed the programme, and his song was rendered perfectly. Miss Craig furnished, as the last piece on the programme, a very pretty piano solo. The audience dispersed after singing the National Anthem."

THE *Sentinel Review* contains a very interesting account of the celebration in connection with the completion of the twenty-fifth year of Rev. W. T. McMullen's pastorate of Knox Church, Woodstock. On the evening of the 15th ult., the congregation assembled in a social capacity, provision having been made for a sumptuous and elegant entertainment. Addresses, expressive of warm and affectionate appreciation of Mr. McMullen's personal worth and valuable labours, were read for the Session and Board of Trustees by Mr. George A. Pyper and by Miss Johnston on behalf of the ladies of the congregation, who presented their pastor with a most elegant and complete suite of study furniture. Mr. McMullen, deeply moved, made touching and appropriate responses to the unexpected and generous expressions and gifts of his many friends. Congratulatory remarks were made by Rev. Messrs. Williams, Methodist, and Trotter, Baptist, and by

Messrs. D. R. Stuart, Geo. Currie, G. R. Pattullo, John White and George White. On the following Sabbath Mr. McMullen preached an appropriate and impressive anniversary sermon from Acts xxvi. 22-23. In feeling and emphatic terms the speaker avowed his ever-increasing appreciation of the Gospel of Salvation through the blood of Christ as the grand and only remedy for human sin and human sorrow. Having obtained help of God he had continued unto this day proclaiming it to small and great, and his devout aspiration was that in the future he might set it forth with more fulness, faithfulness and fervour than ever he had done in the past. He then reviewed the changes which had taken place in the congregation, in the churches of the town and throughout the Presbytery. He exhibited from the pulpit the call put in his hands twenty-five years ago, remarking that of that long list of names only thirty now remained. The present membership of Knox Church is about 360; the additions since April 19, 1860, amount to 766, and of these over 300 have come into the full fellowship of the Church by profession of faith under Mr. McMullen's ministry, and the number of baptisms during his pastorate has been 452. His closing appeal to those who had not yet professed faith in the Saviour will not soon be forgotten.

PRESBYTERY OF SARNIA.—The Presbytery of Sarnia met at Hamilton by leave of the Synod and was constituted. *Inter alia*, a communication from the London Presbytery, intimating certain action in regard to East Williams congregation, was considered. On motion of Mr. Cuthbertson, it was agreed that the Presbytery of Sarnia, having received an intimation from the Presbytery of London that East Williams congregation had asked leave to moderate in a call, and had also asked assistance to maintain ordinances there, the Presbytery, in view of the fact that East Williams lies contiguous to another congregation asking augmentation funds, express the conviction that to settle East Williams at the present time would be an unnecessary and unwise expenditure of Church funds. The Presbytery of Sarnia recommend that the Presbytery of London continue to give such supply as East Williams may be able to pay for, and leave it to time and Providence to shape the future course to be pursued in that section. In accordance with the above, this Presbytery agree to appoint a deputation to meet a deputation from the London Presbytery to visit the congregation, with the view of having matters amicably arranged in that field.—GEO. CUTHBERTSON, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF LONDON.—This Presbytery held its quarterly meeting on the second Tuesday in March. The attendance of members was good. Reports were given in the matter of Augmentation by the following brethren: Rev. Messrs. Sutherland, Johnston, Urquhart, McDonald and Ball in favour of Wallacetown, Ailsa Craig, Argyll Church, Port Stanley and London East. Mr. McConnell reported that he had preached in Glencoe and declared the union of St. Andrew's and Knox Church congregations consummated according to appointment; the report was received. A deputation, consisting of the Moderator and Clerk, was appointed to visit Dunwich in connection with ministerial support. Commissioners were appointed to next General Assembly in accordance with a new scheme providing for sending both the lay and clerical representatives by rotation. The following are appointed for this year: Messrs. McKinnon, G. Sutherland, J. Rennie, J. Milloy, J. L. Cameron and Munro, ministers; J. B. Shipley, Alex. Cameron, Peter Cavan, John Scott, Alex. Wood and Arch. McGrady, elders. A petition from Williams was presented by Mr. W. R. Sutherland, embodying a subscription list for supporting ordinances, and requesting leave to moderate in a call, and also that the Presbytery apply for a grant from the Augmentation Fund. The petition was favourably entertained, and a motion duly made. The Clerk was instructed to notify the Presbytery of Sarnia in order to secure their co-operation in arranging for the future supply of that field. A call from London South to Mr. James Ballantyne, licentiate, was laid on the table. Mr. Murray. The call was sustained and put into Mr. Ballantyne's hands, who signified his acceptance. The ordination and induction was appointed to take place in London South Church, on the evening of the 7th April. At an adjourned meeting of Presbytery on the same day, Mr. W. R. Sutherland intimated his desire to retire from the active duties of the ministry, and requested the Presbytery to make application to the General Assembly for leave to do so, and also for a retiring allowance from the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. Mr. Sutherland's request was granted. Mr. Ball gave in the Report of the Committee on Remit on Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. The Presbytery agreed to approve of the recommendations of the Assembly's committee on the subject. The Presbytery agreed to make application to the next General Assembly on behalf of Mr. Robbins, a minister of the Canada Methodist Church, to be received as a minister of this Church. Mr. Alexander Henderson read the report on the Sabbath schools within the bounds. The report was received and ordered to be transmitted to Consenser of Synod's Committee on the subject. The Home Mission Report was given in by Mr. Rennie, the same was received, and Mr. Rennie authorized to make application for the amount specified to the Augmentation Fund Committee. It was agreed to give supply to Tempo in accordance with the wish of the people there on the report of the brethren appointed to confer with them. The next regular meeting was appointed for the 2nd Tuesday of July in First Presbyterian Church, London, at eleven o'clock, a.m.—GEORGE SUTHERLAND, *Pres. Clerk*.

MONTREAL NOTES.

THE induction of the Rev. L. H. Jordan, B.D., as pastor of Erskine Church, takes place on Thursday evening, the 7th inst., and on the following evening a welcome social is to be held, to which the office-bearers of the congregation have invited a number of friends from the other city churches. The managers have recently expended a considerable sum in re-painting and frescoing the lecture-room, vestry, etc., and the church has been much improved thereby.

A COMMITTEE has been formed, with Rev. Prof. Scrimgeour as chairman, to arrange for the accommodation of the meet-

bers of the General Assembly meeting here next month. Montreal will, as usual, extend a generous hospitality to the ministers and elders in attendance on the Supreme Court of the Church.

THE Rev. J. B. Muir, M.A., of St. Andrew's Church, Huntingdon, returned this week from a three months' visit to Scotland. He enjoyed his visit greatly and returns in improved health. The Rev. J. Halley, of Ste. Therese, leaves for Europe in the middle of this month, and the Rev. R. H. Warden and family in the middle of June.

At a recent meeting of the Presbyterians residing in Cote St. Antoine, in the house of Mr. A. C. Hutchinson, a representative committee was appointed to canvass the city on behalf of subscriptions towards the erection of a church in that suburb. It is estimated that from \$7,000 to \$8,000 will be required for the purchase of the lot and the church building. Already a considerable sum has been subscribed by the people in the district, and it is confidently anticipated that liberal assistance will be received from the wealthier members of the city congregations. The Cote St. Antoine people helped liberally in the erection of the city churches with which they have been identified, and now that they are to build themselves, they have a strong claim for help on the members of the congregations they have heretofore been connected with.

THE Montreal Garrison Artillery are called out for active service in the North-West. The Rev. J. Barclay, M.A., of St. Paul's Church, is chaplain of the regiment. He has agreed to accompany the men to the field of war.

THE Presbyterian congregation at Valleyfield have agreed to extend a call to Mr. M. L. Leitch, one of the class that graduated a month ago at the Presbyterian College here. Mr. Leitch is at present supplying this field.

THE Synod of Montreal and Ottawa is to meet on Tuesday, 12th inst., in St. John's Church, Cornwall. The meetings of this Synod have not been largely attended in the past. Last year only sixty-seven ministers and fourteen elders were present out of a total membership of 300. The season of the year selected for the meeting renders it inconvenient for the elders attending, farmers being busy with their spring work, while on the other hand, the business before the Synod is not generally of sufficient interest to induce a large attendance of ministers.

WHATEVER may be the result this year of the Augmentation Scheme from the financial standpoint it has proved of great advantage in the Presbytery of Montreal. Formerly there were always four or five vacant congregations in the Presbytery where owing to the small number of families, the people could scarcely offer a sufficient sum, together with the Home Mission grant, to maintain a minister. Under the changed circumstances because of the new Augmentation Scheme, there is not now a single aid-receiving congregation in the Presbytery without a pastor settled or on the eve of settlement. In the Province of Quebec the Scheme has been fraught with great good and it is earnestly to be desired that it may prove a financial success. It has not only tended to the settlement of weak vacant charges, but it has brought not a few comforts to many a minister's family who were sadly in need of them.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY.

In connection with the closing exercises of Queen's College, the Rev. G. M. Milligan, B.A., preached an able and appropriate sermon from John x. 10. The next day the results of examinations were announced. The medallists are:—The Caruthers gold medal in Chemistry, C. A. Scott, Kingston; Mayor's gold medal in Mathematics, J. C. Connell, B.A. Dundas; Prince of Wales silver medal in Natural Science, W. Nicol, B.A., Cataract; Prince of Wales silver medal in Classics, G. W. Mitchell, Kingston.

Graduates.—E. H. Britton, J. Ward, A. D. Cartwright, A. G. Farrell, M. H. Folger, Josephine A. Hooper, J. H. Macnee, G. W. Mitchell, C. A. Scott, J. R. Shannon, Kingston; R. M. Dennistoun, J. J. Wright, Peterboro'; A. McLachlan, Toronto; I. H. Buchanan, Glen Morris; W. Clyde, Cataract; W. J. Drummond, Toledo; I. Henderson, Nova Scotia; J. D. Kennedy, Pembroke; G. R. Lang, Beckwith; H. G. Lyon, Latimer; W. G. Mills, Renfrew; John Mullan, Fergus; A. E. McCall, Seymour; M. McKinnon, Prince Edward Island; J. M. Snowden, Kincardine; J. F. Waters, Toronto, (ad eundem).

Doctors of Medicine.—T. A. Bertram, Dundas; C. W. D. Clark, Ojessa; Margaret Corliss, St. Thomas; H. C. Cunningham, Kingston; H. G. Dawson, Wolfe Island; A. W. Dwyer, Elgin; H. B. Ford, West Point; Rev. E. Hooper, Kingston; W. A. Kyle, North Winchester; Helen E. Reynolds, Mount Forest; H. Ray, Chisholm; D. C. Russell, Morrisburg; W. Spankie, B.A., Kingston; J. Sterling, Kingston.

Master of Arts.—Adam Shortt, B.A., Walkerton; H. Connell, B.A., Dundas.

Bachelor of Divinity.—A. R. Linton, B.A., Burgessville; John Hay, B.A., Pinkerton.

Doctor of Science.—Rev. D. McTavish, M.A., Lindsay. Arts Scholarships.—The winners of Arts Scholarships are:—

Foundation No. 1 and Honor of Foundation No. 2, \$50, W. A. Finlay; Foundation No. 2, \$50, C. A. Cameron; Foundation No. 3, \$50, Josephine A. Hooper, Kingston; Honors of Toronto and St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, F. R. Parker, Stirling; Toronto scholarships, \$60, J. McKay; Glass memorial, \$35, W. J. Patterson McIntyre; \$24, J. Finlay; Foundation No. 4, \$50, H. E. Horsey; Foundation No. 5, \$50, J. J. Ashton, and E. C. Shorey; Foundation No. 6, \$50, A. A. Funnell, McKee, \$50; the Nickle, O. L. Killborn, Cataract, \$50; R. M. Dennistoun and A. D. Cartwright.

Theological Scholarships.—The winners of scholarships in Theology are:—

The Leitch Memorial No. 2, \$80, R. M. McKay, B.A.; General Proficiency—Rankin, \$55, S. W. Dyde, M.A.; Apologetics—Anderson No. 1, \$50, A. Given, B.A.; Sec-

ond Year Divinity—Anderson No. 2, \$30,—Jacobe, B.A.; First Year Divinity—Anderson No. 3, \$20,—Murray, B.A.; Third Year Divinity—Hugh MacLennan, \$40, John Hay, B.A.

Church History.—McKerras Memorial, \$40, A. Gaudier, B.A.; N. T. Criticism; Church of Scotland No. 4, \$40—L. Perrin, B.A., second year, Hebrew; Church of Scotland No. 5, \$40—J. A. Brown, B.A., third year, Hebrew and Chaldee. No. 6, \$40, H. R. Grant, B.A., first year Hebrew.

Honors.—Classics G. W. Mitchell, second-class; W. J. Drummond, second-class. Latin—W. Clyde, second class. Mathematics, second year—J. Findlay, J. McPherson, first-class. Third year—H. G. Horsey, J. McKinnon, first-class. Final year—J. C. Connell, first-class; A. McCall, second-class. History.—E. Elliott, second-class. Chemistry—second year. C. A. Scott, first-class; first year, E. C. Shorey, first-class. Natural Science—first year, E. C. Shorey, S. D. Gardiner, A. McKrossie, first-class; second year, W. Nicol, first-class; C. A. Scott, second-class.

Passmen in Theology.—Divinity (third year).—John Hay, J. A. Brown, R. C. Murray, W. Hay, J. P. Gerrier, A. K. McLeod; second year: R. McKay, A. Given, J. McLeod, R. Gow, W. Allan, J. A. Grant, N. Campbell, A. Macaulay, D. Millar, F. W. Johnson, A. Patterson; first year: S. W. Dyde, A. Gaudier, J. Steele, A. McKrossie, S. Childerose, J. F. Smith, L. Perrin, J. P. McNaughton, A. McLachlan, W. G. Mills, H. R. Grant, J. H. Buchanan, J. E. Duclous, J. McNeil. Junior Hebrew: G. R. Lang, M. McKinnon, W. R. Grant, J. W. H. Milne, Orr Bennett, J. H. Buchanan, J. Steele, A. Patterson; Second Year Hebrew: A. Gaudier, L. Perrin (equal), R. McKay, A. McKrossie, A. Given, S. W. Dyde, J. McLeod, J. F. Smith, J. E. Duclous, D. Millar. Chaldee and Third Year Hebrew: J. Hay, J. A. Brown. Apologetics (Senior Division): R. McKay, W. Allan, R. Gow, A. Given, J. McLeod, J. A. Grant, F. W. Johnson, W. Hay, N. Campbell, A. Macaulay, D. Millar; Junior Division: S. W. Dyde, J. Steele, W. G. Mills, J. F. Smith, A. McLachlan, H. R. Grant, A. Patterson, A. McKrossie, L. Perrin, J. P. McNaughton, S. Childerose. Old Testament Exegesis: R. McKay, J. McLeod, W. Allan, L. Perrin, A. Given, H. R. Grant, R. C. Murray, J. Steele, W. G. Mills, S. Childerose. New Testament Criticism: A. Gaudier, R. McKay, John Hay, W. Allan, A. Given, J. A. Brown, L. Perrin, S. W. Dyde, J. McLeod, T. F. Smith, J. Steele, W. Hay, A. Macaulay, T. W. Johnson, J. P. McNaughton, S. Childerose, H. R. Grant, J. H. Buchanan, D. Millar, J. Gerrier. Church History: J. Hay, R. McKay, S. W. Dyde, A. McLachlan, J. F. Smith, J. McLeod, R. C. Murray, W. Allan, A. McKrossie, A. Gow, H. R. Grant, J. Steele, J. A. Brown, L. Perrin, R. Gow, J. P. McNaughton, J. A. Grant, J. E. Duclous, J. H. Buchanan, N. Campbell, W. Hay, A. Macaulay, F. W. Johnson, D. Millar, A. Patterson, J. McNeil, W. G. Mills.

The Convocation proceedings were continued on Tuesday afternoon and evening, Mr. J. Hay, B.D., delivering the valedictory on behalf of the theological students, Dr. W. Spankie for the medicals, and Mr. G. W. Mitchell, B.A., on behalf of the arts students. In the evening, Principal Grant delivered a short, pithy, and appropriate address. Chancellor Fleming delivered a lengthy and eloquent address, in which he made special reference to the progress and growing influence of Edinburgh University, at whose ter centenary celebration Chancellor Fleming was the worthy representative of Queen's.

On Tuesday evening the graduates and benefactors held a meeting, at which the University consolidation scheme was considered. The friends of Queen's are resolute in maintaining the status quo, and are decidedly against the proposed Federation.

Honorary degrees were conferred on the following: B.D., Rev. Prof. Currie, Halifax; Rev. George Smellie, Fergus. LL.D., James MacLennan, Q.C., Toronto.

The Governor General's prize in books was won by W. Clyde, for general proficiency, and the Hague prize of \$20 for the best essay, by C. J. Cameron.

Rev. Mr. Barclay, of Montreal, addressed the graduates in an eloquent, stirring, and powerful speech.

Sabbath School Teaching

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

MAY 17, 1885. CHRISTIAN CONTENTMENT. Phil 4 4:13.

GOLDEN TEXT. "The God of Peace shall be with you."—Phil. iv. 9

TIME.—As in last lesson, close of 62 A.D.

Review.—(1) Where was Paul imprisoned? (2) Name three of the hills upon which Rome is built. (3) Who had charge of Paul coming to Rome? (4) Who carried the letters to the Ephesian and Colossian churches? (5) What is the character of the Epistle to the Philippians? (6) What was the principal thought in the last lesson?

Introduction.—In addition to what was said in the last lesson as an introduction, let another fact be noted, which will help us better to appreciate the Apostle's joyful and contented spirit. His life was in much greater danger towards the end of his imprisonment, when this Epistle was written, than formerly when Tychicus left him with the others. That was owing to the death of the excellent Burrhus, the Prefect, who had him in charge and who treated him so mildly. He was succeeded by Sossinius Tigellinus, a notoriously wicked man, who would stand at nothing to advance his own selfish purposes. It seems, however, that Paul did not come under his especial notice. Another and greater danger was the marriage of the Emperor Nero to Poppaea, a proselyte to Judaism. Her cruelty and infamy were so revolting that she would have had no hesitation in giving Paul over to his Jewish enemies, if such a request had been made. That two such characters came into power must have been regarded as unfavourable by Paul and his friends. But it is in such a critical

condition that he writes those beautiful words on "the peace that passeth all understanding."

EXPLANATORY.

In the last lesson it was seen that there were contentions amongst the Philippian Christians. In this chapter Paul names two excellent women, who had laboured with him in the Gospel, Euodias and Syntyche, and beseeches them to live at peace, and asks other Christians to use their influence to restore harmony. He then passes on to some general concluding exhortations.

I. Exhortation to Christian Joy. (1) Rejoice in the Lord always.—The emphasis is on the word always. Let your joy not be dependent on your outward circumstances, for in Christ there is no change. Rejoice in His excellence, fellowship, care and future glory. He repeats it to make it more emphatic, Again I say rejoice. Remember, that he had a chain tied to his arm when he wrote or dictated these words.

(2) Let your moderation be known unto all men.—Connect this thought with the word rejoice. Joy has a tendency to make us mild and gentle. It means that we are not to be so rigid as to exact the last ounce. Be easily satisfied. Perhaps he thought of Euodias and Syntyche. In disputes, in all kinds of transactions, let all men, friends and foes, see the mildness of your nature.

The Lord is at hand in whom they rejoice and under whose eye they act. It means (1) that the Apostle was expecting the second advent of Christ, or (2) that he felt that Christ was always near—*at hand*—and they should act as before Him. What a strong motive to action!

(3) Be careful for nothing.—A necessary element in joy is to get rid of harassing care, which is meant. Note the word nothing, absolutely. The way to get rid of care is by going and casting all upon God. (1) Prayer and supplication i.e., casting upon Him and asking of Him. (2) Thanksgiving. The musical accompaniment that should always be present. See Paul in the wreck, Acts xxvii. 35. (3) The direction. Don't run to men with your troubles, but to God.

(4) The blessedness that follows.—The peace of God will keep heart and thought. It is not a peace between man and man that is meant, nor the peace of reconciliation with God. They are presupposed. It is a peace of soul, an experience of harmony with the will of God and trust in Him, that is so great as to surpass anything the understanding can comprehend. It can only be known by being felt. Such a love for and resting in God will keep the heart and thoughts pure and right. "Where our treasure is, there will the heart be also."

II. Exhortation to Christian Progress.—We grow by feeding upon suitable food. The Apostle gives us food here and tells us to think upon it.

(1) whatsoever . . . true, i.e., morally true, in harmony with the Gospel.

(2) Honest or honourable.—Such as are esteemed by men.

(3) Just, i.e., righteous—according to the nature of God in which we were created.—Eph. iv. 24.

(4) Pure.—This refers to the state of the heart from which our actions come, or intrinsic quality of actions.

(5) Lovely and of good report.—These things that win the affection and admiration of all and of which they delight to speak well.

(6) Any virtue . . . praise.—That is, if there is anything else, not included in the above, that is virtuous—has moral excellence and calls forth the praise of man and God—keep these things in mind and think upon them.

(6) His own example.—He adds that they can follow in practice these things that they learned from him by precept and example. It is necessary to act as well as think. And God who has peace, and gives peace will be with those who obey. What a grand thing to be able to point to his own life in this way!

III. An Example of Christian Contentment.—Paul now shows that he practised all these things he has been urging.

(1) for.—He rejoiced in the Lord that they were doing their duty in remembering him. It seems as if for a time they had neglected him, and he felt it, but he afterwards found out—perhaps through Epaphroditus—that they could not help it—they lacked opportunity, not having money to send, or not having a messenger by whom to send it. When it came Paul thanked the Lord first.

(2) Progress.—He would not have them think that his gratitude was simply on account of the relief brought to him; it was rather as a testimony of the right spirit in them that he valued it. His experiences, so varied, taught him to be content with any condition in which he might be placed. He knew abasement and exaltation—hunger and plenty, and found that in all, he could be cheerful and happy when Christ gave him strength. Of course the words do all things (Ver. 13) mean suffering as well as acting.

What a testimony to the power of the Gospel! Let us cast ourselves upon God, in entire self-surrender, and get above the cares and anxieties of the world.

He concludes the Epistle by loving words of promise that God will reward them abundantly for this service to him. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. A bright Christian is very beautiful and very powerful.
2. The brightness is most useful as well as most apparent when the darkness is deepest.
3. "Thou God seest me," is a powerful tonic and antidote.
4. Do you enjoy the peace that passeth all understanding? If not, why not?
5. Does the mind always feed upon noble thoughts of which you are not ashamed?
6. Others, especially children, take our example whether or not we ask them to do so.
7. Are you a grumbler?

Sparkles.

MATCHLESS women—maiden aunts.
People who live in gas houses had better not throw squibs.

MORMONS ought to be good sailors they have so much marry-time experience.

The parsons out west think roller-skating has a tendency to promote backsliding.

NEVER judge by appearances. A ten-dollar dude may have a two-dollar salary.

You can always tell a room kept by a bachelor—the windows look kind of frosted like.

FOR ASTHMA AND PHLEGIS. Mix one teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain Killer in three tablespoonfuls of syrup and take two or three teaspoonfuls of the mixture every fifteen minutes, till relief is obtained.

The Queen Anne style is all right. It is the crazy Jane style that is working the mischief with American architecture.

Why is a retired woman like the raisins in a boarding-house plum pudding? Because she is seldom seen and never heard.

"This is the unkindest cut of all," sadly said the boarder, when the landlady put the neck of a centenarian chicken on his plate.

Doctors say drinking too much coffee makes bald heads. Telling the female head of the house that her coffee is "nothing but slops" will also do it.

DRIVE IT AWAY. Drive away all poisonous humour from the blood by developing in scrofula or some chronic form of disease. Burdock Blood Bitters will do it.

It sometimes happens that a man ransacks the whole house for a pin, and unable to find one drops into a chair in disgust, and is immediately and unexpectedly rewarded for his search.

An Irishman, speaking of a friend he met in the street, said: "He is so much altered that I scarcely knew him. I am thin and you are thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

An old negro woman, praying for a certain slanderer, said: "O Lord, won't you be kind enough to take the door of his mouth off, and when you put it on again just hang it on the gospel hinges of peace on earth and good will to men?"

Master: "Well, Susan, did you mail my letter as I told you?" Faithful servant: "Yes, sir; but I had it weighed first, and, as it was double weight, I put on another stamp." Master: "Good girl. Only I hope you didn't put it on so as to obliterate the address." Faithful servant: "Oh, no, indeed, sir. I just stuck it on top of the other stamp, so as to save room."

A LADY—a French lady is showing a visitor the family portraits in a picture gallery. "That officer there in the uniform," she says, "was my great-great-grandfather. He was as brave as a lion, but one of the most unfortunate of men. He never fought a battle in which he did not have an arm or leg carried away." Then she adds proudly: "He took part in twenty-four engagements."

EASILY CAUGHT. It is very easy to catch cold, but not so easy to cure it unless you use Haggard's Pectoral Balm, the best remedy for all throat, bronchial and lung troubles, coughs, colds and consumptive tendencies.

A quaint writer tells of a very good prayer which was once offered: A brother was praying with much noise for faith—soul-saving faith, sin-killing faith, devil-driving faith. There was a quiet friend near to him, to whom the noisy brother owed a large bill. "Amen," said the quiet friend: "Amen, and give us debt-paying faith too." My friends, we need that faith nowadays. People do not believe in religion that does not do that. And they might well not believe in it, for he that does not do his duty to his brother whom he has seen, how will he do his duty to his God, whom he has not seen.

YOUNG MEN!—READ THIS.
THE VOLATIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, weakness, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigour and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

A YOUNG minister and his wife visited the congregation where his father was previously the pastor. He preached on the Sabbath, and, after service, one of the venerable elders, speaking with the young minister's wife, said, "Your husband preached from the same text that his father had the last time he was in the pulpit." "Indeed!" replied the lady: "I hope it was not the same sermon, too." "Oh, no," said the good elder, "his father was a dreadful smart man."

THE PRESIDENT'S SISTER.

MISS CLEVELAND ON THE ROSTRUM—SOME THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY HER LECTURE.

In June, 1883, Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, present mistress of the White House, delivered an address before the Elmira, N.Y., Female College, which the Presbyterian *Evangelist* pronounced "great."—a deserved compliment to an excellent woman. It was entitled "Altruistic Faith," and for her illustration she took Chedidja, first wife of Mohammed, who was rich, and much older than he was when she married him. When asked in later years why he did not put her away and take a younger wife, he replied that he loved her best because she believed in him when all men despised him. Chedidja's faith made Mohammed.

There is faith in God, faith in self, and in humanity. The first produces the others. Faith in humanity believes that life is worth living and worth saving. You will have much hunger and thirst; will crave affection when the bloom of youth is supplanted by the ashen hue of age; will cry aloud for help in infirmities, must needs come, because those on whom women rely, though themselves powerless to relieve them of their intolerable aches, pains, prostrations, sleepless nights of agony, and days of distress—because of the narrowness of their code and the selfishness of their purpose—restrain them from resorting to those agencies which may lift women to a plane of greater usefulness, and to a nobler life.

Many a woman lacks the faith of Chedidja. If they had faith in their own reserve of physical power, confidence in the personal experience of others would follow; and instead of a race of suffering mortals—slaves to the prejudices of those whose only interest in them is bounded by their professional fees—we should see nobility of station reinforced by nobility of mind and robustness of life.

The power to rid themselves of the aches, pains and desperate despair which afflict them, "is in women, and ought to come out. You all have a countless amount of testimony." Some one will say to you: "Go on, and you will conquer."

"How?" Do as your sisters have done? Have faith in their indisputable experiences. We want more life and fuller, and need all the help we can get. Man would fail were it not for the Chedidjas. There is much in good digestion to keep a woman sweet and lovable. There is more in thorough action of the great blood-purifying organs—the liver and kidneys, for if they are deranged women cannot have the physical comfort so craved and prayed for. To secure this, the help they need,—the help that thousands have already used, and to which they say they owe all they possess,—is Warner's safe cure. Mrs. Maria C. Treadwell, Stamford, Conn. (President of the State Woman's Christian Temperance Union), a well-known leader, says: "It is the only thing that seemed to reach my case." These unprejudiced thousands have blessed the world because they have become Chedidjas, who have felt it their duty to declare their own faith and to inspire their sisters with confidence in the extraordinary up-building energy of this wonderful discovery.

Miss Cleveland has evidently an original and fertile mind, and we are indebted to her interesting lecture, a few thoughts from which we have copied, for a text out of which the above suggestions have grown.

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Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland, Prof. of Chemistry.

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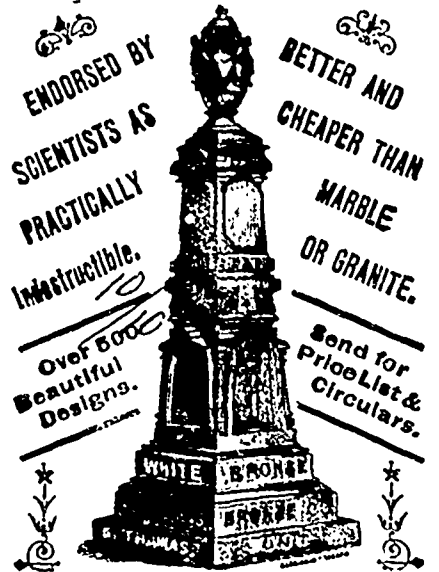
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(Signed) J. BAKER EDWARDS, Ph.D., D.C.L., F.C.S., Public Analyst.

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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

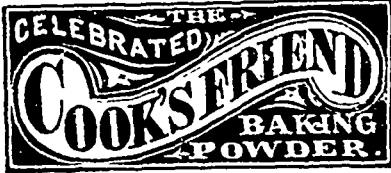
LINDSAY.—At Sonya Brock, on last Tuesday of May, at eleven o'clock a.m.
WINDSOR.—Knox Church, Windsor, on Monday May 18, next, at three o'clock p.m.
HARRIS.—Next ordinary meeting at Harris, last Tuesday of May at eleven a.m.
HURON.—In Clinton, on Tuesday, May 12, at half past ten a.m.
MONTGOMERY.—In Knox Church, Kincardine, on July 14, at half past one o'clock p.m.
KINGSTON.—Next meeting to be in John Street Church, Belleville, on Monday, 6th day of July, at half past seven p.m.
TORONTO.—At the usual place, on Tuesday, May 12th, at ten a.m.
PARIS.—In Dumfries Street Church, Paris, on Tuesday, 12th of May, at ten a.m.
BROCKVILLE.—In the First Church, Brockville, on the second Tuesday of July, at two p.m.
HAMILTON.—In the Central Church, Hamilton, on the third Tuesday of May, at ten a.m.

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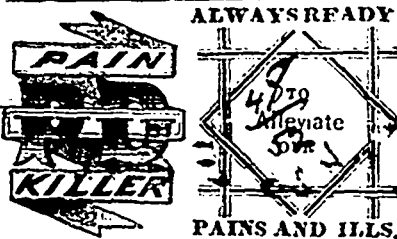
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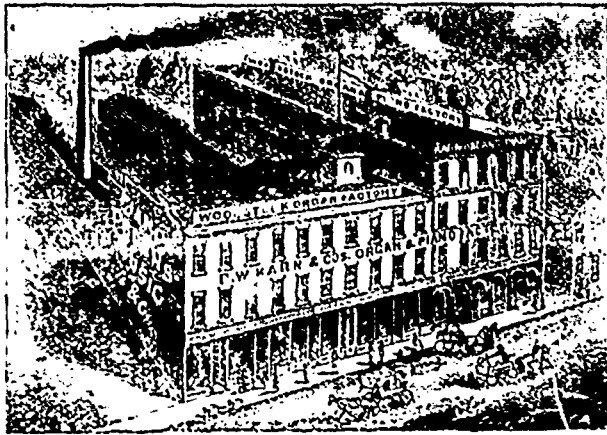
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ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, TORONTO—Hard Coal—900 tons large egg size, 175 tons stove size. Soft Coal—400 tons.

CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO—Hard Coal—20 tons chestnut size. Soft Coal—500 tons.

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ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, LONDON—Hard Coal—200 tons large egg size, 60 tons chestnut size. Soft Coal—1,050 tons for steam and 150 tons for grates.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, KINGSTON—Hard Coal—1,700 tons large egg size, 100 tons small egg size, 50 tons stove size, and 100 tons of Lehigh large egg size for gas-making. Soft Coal—100 tons.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, HAMILTON—Hard Coal 200 tons egg size, 88 tons stove size, 46 tons large chestnut size. Soft Coal—1,075 tons.

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The hard coal to be Pittston, Scranton or Lehigh. Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal and to designate the quality of the same, and if required to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. Delivery is to be effected in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective Institutions. Tenders will be received for the whole quantity specified or for the quantities required in each Institution.

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Parliament Buildings, Toronto, 24th April, 1885.

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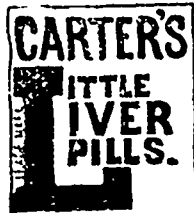
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SICK

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HEAD

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