

Pastor and People.

TWO-EDGED PROVERBS.

II.—"EVERY LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE." There is no more common proverb than this; no truth expressing a greater influence upon our daily life, upon the destinies of the world, upon each man's great future, and yet there is no proverb less practically remembered—less acted on in daily life. This is, indeed, a two-sided, a double-edged proverb, having respect to this world and to the next, to all which man is now, and which he shall be hereafter.

First of all, good reader, look at the great world in which we live; it is so entirely made of littles that if only there were any place where to blow them to, and some one long-headed enough to do it, the whole of it could be blown away in atoms not a thousandth part the size of the point of the pen I am writing with, and that is not a broad-bottomed cleaver. What is the world, it is a nothing but an amazing number of atoms stuck together, or rather pressed together so tightly that they form one great mass.

This, then, is our world, made up of littles. And now allow me to state further, that the great power which rules the world is the power of littles. Just as of old the Lord was manifested, not in the great strong wind which rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice, so now the power which He permits to have most influence in human affairs of all kinds, is not the thunder and fire of great, but the small voice of little things.

So then, when we say, "Every little makes a mickle," we may be about to speak of matters of very serious moment. Most people apply this proverb to making a fortune; and, in truth, looked at with reference to money-making, it is quite true. Many of the great fortunes in this country have been built up of pence and half-pence—I might almost say of farthings. The odd halfpenny and three farthings that you see (if you look close) upon the unketted article in the shop-window, forms one of the littles; and a profit of hundreds of pounds, or often thousands, at the end of the year, forms the mickle. You need go no farther than Mr. Selvige, of Selvige Court, to see an instance of this. Selvige Court has three storeys, twenty-four bedrooms, one hundred feet of greenhouses, and fifteen acres of ornamental grounds, besides the park; and all that, with the Selvige horses and carriages and dinner-parties, and the lodge, and the fat man who sits in front of it to open the gate, is a mickle of ever so many farthings, congregated and stuck fast together by Mr. Selvige, who having gathered them together during many years' careful work—farthings dropping off yards of ribbon here, and buttons and tapes there, and a little profit everywhere.

I am not going to say a word against Mr. Selvige's fortune; he has earned it by honest industry, and he has a right to enjoy it, especially as I never see him down for a shabby luncheon, because that is what every one else gives. He knows he can afford his five and ten, and he gives it like a man. I respect Mr. Selvige as a good big honorable wotly mickle, made up of many littles, but not one who lets to be thought of out that account. I can prove that Lord Hillsdale is made up of guerdons and wheat-grains if I like; that he, though a much greater mickle, is made up in the very same way as Mr. Selvige, only with atoms of another kind; and that being the case, I shall go on to what I have to say, only promising this—that the farthings which men make by littles are generally more enduring than those "mickles" which come easily, and equally easily go away. Nothing ever impressed me with the value of mines more than a visit to one of the Australian gold-mines. When the fortnight's yield of gold was turned out, it formed a cake about half the size of an ordinary family apple-dumpling. The value was, of course, very large. But whence came this cake? From minute particles of gold so fine that they could not be seen even with a microscope in the quartz in which they were spread. No human hand could have gathered them together; no human eye could have even seen them; but quicksilver, which has a great affinity for gold, lay linking in wait for them in a box, in which they were pounded, and stuck them and itself all together; and when the cunning metal was evaporated in the retort, and took itself off into a bucket of water, to gather itself up so as to be able to play the like trick again, it left behind millions of particles far smaller than the point of a cambric needle—a very valuable mickle from millions of littles, not one of which was worth anything in itself.

So well do these engaged in the crushing-mill know the power of littles, that they will even burn the wood of the cradle in which the gravel has been rocked, and then throw the ashes in water to catch any particle of gold which may have adhered to it, and which must sink when treated thus. Even in the rooms of banks where the gold is weighed, the dust is burned, and a cent-

one lump is the result, with gold, however, in it—something to add to the mickle from which shareholders look for their dividends. Now, then, I say, that this proverb has to do with more than money or fortunes made by the little gatherings of many a long year.

"Every little makes a mickle," is the history of the progress of many if not of every mind and character and soul.

It is, first of all, the history of all human acquirement. The most beautiful music is but a mickle of many little notes, and the result of many little moments of practice, many little efforts, many runnings up and down scales, and so forth; the going over little bits of perhaps half a dozen notes over and over and over again. The hearers of the perfect piece enjoy a "mickle"—a great result; but without many little they could have had a lame performance at the best. All the great scientific and mechanical accomplishments of which we make so much are but the results of many little moments spent in thought, many little circumstances observed, many little hints acted upon; the great scientific mickle, whether it be the great steam hammer on land, or the Great Eastern cable, or the Atlantic cable under the sea, or all conglomerations of many littles.

Or once more: take the eloquent speech in Parliament, or the eloquent sermon from the pulpit; to find the beginning of these you must go back to the nursery; and there, in hundreds of thousands of half forced words, and then half formed sentences, you have the first littles of that mickle which has just now made such an impression. Littles represent the price at which mickles are purchased, as well as the component parts of which they are made. Littles have an immense deal to do with the formation of character also. No doubt people are born with certain predispositions, which have much to do with their after character; but character in the main depends upon training. An untrained predisposition to liberality will end in a man's becoming a spendthrift; its opposite of prudence and carefulness in a man's becoming a miser. Men and women become what they are made, and they are made by littles; not by the sledge-hammer strokes of great events, but by the influences which surround them, and the teachings which they receive from day to day, and even from hour to hour. The littles of the mother, of the nurse, of the servant, or even of other children, make up the final mickle of many a character.

Self-restraint is all-important in life. No man can get on well in the world without it; no man can be a great and noble man if he fall here. And how is this to be attained to but by exercise in little things? and every little that we conquer in is a help towards the mickle of a noble character. It may seem a small thing to train a child to be able to restrain himself in eating or drinking, or to forbear a cry, or an angry look or word, or to be willing to part with a toy, or to obey the moment he is spoken to; but that small thing in a "little" belonging to the "mickle" which you would like to see him hereafter; and which would make him a blessing to others, and blessed himself.

Everything in this world has an effect. We might be said to live under a law of accumulation. The littles of money roll together to make a fortune, the littles of effort to make a character. There is nothing lost. What we do to-day will roll to other things of like kind to help to form us either for good or evil.

(To be continued.)

The Boy who Sang Himself to Sleep

He lived in London. His mother loved him, but she was not a Christian, and his father was a drunkard. Poor, poor little boy! What was to become of him, with a swearing, drinking father and a godless mother? Perhaps he never thought. But God, who sees and knows everything, and who loves to save poor sinners, whether they be old or young, had thought of this little boy. One day God put it into the heart of some one to ask this boy to hear the Gospel preached to children.

The little boy went away thinking only of what he heard. He did not stop to look into the great shop windows, nor did he notice the people or things in the street, but all the way home, if you had been near him, you might have heard him singing over and over again the words,

"I can believe, I do believe That Jesus died for me."

When he reached his home he told his mother where he had been and what he had heard, and then went on singing as before. By and-by the time came for his father to come, and his mother, fearing the father would beat the boy if he heard him singing a hymn, sent him to bed. But the little fellow's heart was so full of good news, that from his little bed, in the dark, his voice was still heard singing,

"I can believe, I do believe That Jesus died for me; That on the cross He shed His blood, From sin to set me free."

The sound reached his father's ears, who angrily asked, "Where has that boy been?—why is he making that noise?" Then he said to his wife, "Go up and tell him to be quiet, or I'll give him something to make noise about." She did so, but added, "You shall sing as much as you like in the morning, only don't let your father hear you." Then the mother left her son. However, the little boy still went on singing, only he covered up his head with the bed-clothes to keep the sound from reaching his father, and at length he fell asleep.

In the morning as the child did not get up his parents came to awake him, and what was their sorrow and surprise to find that he would never wake again. The Lord Jesus had called him away in the night, and the mother's words, "You shall sing as much as you like in the morning," came strangely true.—The Watchman.

Whatever is good will in the long run prevail. Honesty is the best policy; so are charity, love, truthfulness, candor, manliness, and all the other virtues. Vice may flourish for a time, and even have a rapid growth; but it is goodness that continues and succeeds in the end.

For the Presbyterian.

WORK AND PAINT NOT.

"And they glorified God in Me."—Gal. 1. 24

O Christian workers, why appear So hopeless, faint and sad? Think how our sinners saved by grace Made early churches glad.

Yes, glad; for they had heard that he, Late pastor of St. Clair, And persecutor, now was found Preaching the glorious Word.

While hastening in his evil work A great light shined him gleam'd, For Christ the Sun of Righteousness, Upon his spirit beam'd.

O, wondrous transformation, now, Created all anew, With raptur'd soul he cries, "O Lord Who wilt thou have me do?"

Toils aye "unspeakable" sustained His cool in pain's hour, Gladly enduring that on him Might rest Christ's mighty power.

And coming down the beam of time, Through all the gospel days, Still brands from burning pick'd, the Church Still sings his song of praise.

A Bedford or a Gairdner sank In shafts of deepest dye, To depths of God's rich mercy in grace, Can fully testify.

All glory to His matchless grace The so-ber and profane, Now comes with heart renewed to tell, The glories of His name.

And saints to God ascribe the praise, For triumphs of His Word, "For not by might nor power, but by My spirit saith the Lord."

Ah, if the early church in Paul Could glorify God's name, So churches now our sinners say'd Join in the glad acclaim.

LIZABETH BUCKLE

North Monaghan, Sept. 1877

Arnot of Scotland.

Not William Arnot, of Glasgow, although he preached there with great power and popularity for twenty-five years. Not William Arnot of Edinburgh, although he ended his fruitful ministry there as pastor of the Free Presbyterian "High Church." But he was Arnot of Scotland, with a name as familiar to the people as a Bible-text from the Tweed to the Shetland—with all the "canny" humor and poetry and racy dialect of a genuine countryman of Burns, and with a loyalty to Gospel truth as unshaken as Sabelhalior. Of all the Free Church leaders who stood around Chalmers and who sleep beside him in the Grange Cemetery, Arnot was the youngest; and, with the exception of Alexander Duff, he was the last survivor. Such a galaxy of pulpit power and genius has not shone upon any one city at any other period in modern times.

William Arnot, like Burns, belonged to the Scotch peasantry. He was honestly proud of it. He was convulsed with laughter a great while in the Philadelphia Academy by a description of feeding a calf, drawn upon his own rustic experience on his father's Perthshire farm, where he drove oxen to the harrow and cows to the clover-field. His homespun father was both a farmer and a ferryman. His mother was a godly peasant woman, who fastened her Bible to her spinning wheel, that she might snatch her daily food amid her daily toil, and who died giving birth to the son who has made the name of Arnot famous. In later years he loved to visit the cottage of his boyhood. He tells us in his "Autobiography" (just published) of the hum of the honey bees among the blossoms of a plane tree which stood at the edge of the garden. He says, very touchingly: "I should like to sit, beneath it again, on a warm summer evening, and hear that hum. I do not know whether it would gladden my heart again or would break it; but I would like to try." In this single line Arnot gives us a touch of that exquisite poetry and pathos which threw such a charm over many of his books and his discourses.

The story of his early battlings with poverty is very heroic. He was apprenticed to a gardener, and lived on the scanty fare of a bowl of oatmeal "brose" and a bit of coarse bread. So keen was his hunger for knowledge that he carried a Latin grammar in his pocket, and while he was resting at the end of a turrew he would whip out the volume, snatch the conjugation of a verb, and then repeat it over to himself while he dug through the new furrow. By the same persistent pluck he afterward dug his way to the front rank of Scotch preachers and authors. His hatred of the national drinking usages—which made him in later years one of the temperance leaders—began in his boyhood. When he was initiated into his apprenticeship as a gardener he gave a "treat" to his fellow-gardeners, according to custom, in the village tavern, and the night was spent in a dance and a wild-key drinking. As he sat drowsy and aslamed the next morning, at the breakfast table, his shrewd father sharply said to him: "Oh! my man Willie, Mistress Lennox, the wife of the inn-keeper will be eating a fine fat breakfast this morning off o' your sinner." This cut him to the quick. He determined not to touch the bottle again. The powerful speeches and tracts which he afterward produced in behalf of the temperance reform owed their first inspiration to the loathing he then formed for the drinking customs of his countrymen.

William Arnot began his ministry in St. Peter's Church, Glasgow, in January, 1839. He went into the Disruption movement enthusiastically four years afterward, and was a zealous Free Church man to his dying day. But he was always large hearted and liberal, advocated union with the "U. P. Church," sympathized with all Christ's people of every name, and had no patience with the bigotry which refused to sing God's praises in any other words than those which Jewish David had indited. He composed a few hymns himself, and when he was in Baltimore he was invited to preach to a small congregation of psalm-singing descendants of the Covenanters. He wrote in his diary: "It is most vexatious to see a handful of good men testify-

ing (in Scotch fashion) in a nut-shell, and not touching the mighty stream of the world. This city of three or four hundred thousand people knows nothing of them and their testimony for *Kaiser's Palace* and *Drumlog* forever." Arnot had "too big a soul to be squeezed into a nut-shell of any description." His early pre-arranged life gave him a sort of democratic simplicity, which made him exceedingly effective among the working classes, and even showed itself in a free-and-easy easiness of costume. When he called on Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, he told him in his diary: "I resolved, on seeing him, to dress more modestly than I did in my study." The only piece of fastidiousness I ever detected in my old friend was when he insisted that I should not preach in his Edinburgh pulpit without donning my black neck-tie and putting on his white cravat. His reason for the suggestion was that his congregation's attention might be attracted by anything singular in the preacher's dress.

My first meeting with Mr. Arnot (who never accepted the title of "Pastor") was at the table of his beloved friend Dr. James Hamilton, of London. They were as David and Jonathan; and Arnot wrote biographies of Hamilton, seven years later, which is a masterpiece. John B. Gough had once told me that the most beautiful sentence he had ever heard from human lips was uttered by Arnot. I was deeply interested at once in the man—in his misanthropic humor, his keen, racy conversation, and in the manly devoutness of his character. At that time he had become known to the Christian world by the publication of his "Race for Riches," his "Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life," and his admirable volumes on "The Proverbs." He was then as ripe and as full of precious juices as a cluster of black Hamburg grapes.

The charm of Arnot's discourses and volumes lies in his illustrations. No preacher of our day—not Sprague, or Hamilton, or Beecher, or even Guthrie—has equaled him in fresh, pertinent, chaste, and exquisitely perfect illustrations of spiritual truths, drawn from Nature and everyday life. If any young preacher wishes to know how to teach by the use of simile and parable, let him study William Arnot. His epigrammatic sentences stick to the memory like rows of pins. For example he tells us in his diary that as he grew older he grew more brief and simple in his closet devotions. He tersely says: "I suppose there are really two kinds of brevity in prayer: one because you are far off and one because you are far in." None but a profoundly experienced Christian could have penned that pithy sentence.

But in this short article I cannot more than outline a few of the many-sided beauties of Arnot's massive and noble character. When Dr. Candlish was dying, he imagined himself in a meeting of the General Assembly, and was overheard to say: "That's Arnot. I want to hear what he is saying." His son whispered: "Do you love Arnot?" The dying theologian answered: "Love him? Who would not love Arnot? I love him as a brother." And so did the humble American penman of this tribute to his memory. He was my benefactor in the study of God's Word. He was one of my models of a grand and a godly manhood. I can see again the big, burly form of the old Scotchman among his family and his flowers in the Merchiston-Avenue home, and listen a-treasure to his racy humor and his fertilizing talk. He died in the early morning of a bright June day. As he listened to the warbling of the birds in his yard, he exclaimed: "These sweet birds, they are singing for me." Then, being heard to speak a few words, his wife inquired what he wished. He answered: "No, dear, I was not speaking to you." His departing spirit was already conversing with Him who had gone to prepare a place for him. These were his last words on earth. Within an hour or two there was another voice praising before the throne of GOD and of the LAMB.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in N. Y. Independent.

The Young English Girl.

Some twenty years ago there was a young English girl in Paris. She was lying on her death-bed. One day, her sisters, giddy young English girls, came into the room laughing. "Oh," they said, "have you heard the news?" "No; what is it?" "Oh, a mad fellow has come over from England. He can't speak a word of French, and yet he is trying through an interpreter to preach to the people. We are going to hear him, just for fun." After they had left the room, the thought came into her head, "I must hear him." She rang for her maid, and when she came, said to her, "I want you to order the carriage, and dress me." "Why, Miss—, you cannot go out." "Never mind, I must go; do as I tell you." The carriage was ordered, she was taken to the place where the Englishman was to preach, and like many who are late, she got seated right in front, on the platform. The preacher, who was an earnest and devoted servant of God, known to many in England, came to the front of the platform, and, fixing his eyes right upon her, said, after a few moments of silence—"Poor sinner, God loves you." She says, in recording her conversion, "I do not know what more he said. I know he said a great many more things that night, but I sat sobbing as if my heart would break. All my past life of wilfulness and disobedience and thoughtlessness came up before me, and in the midst of it all, God had been loving me all the time. It broke my heart. The more I thought of it the deeper and more damnable my sins seemed to me. I got home, I scarcely know how, but I found myself kneeling by my bedside, crying out as if my heart would break: 'O, God, is it true that Thou lovest me, in spite of all my sins? Is it true?' But still these wonderful words came back, 'Poor sinner, God loves you!' By my bedside I lay broken to pieces by the thought of that love. At last, by the grace of God, I stretched out the hand of faith, and accepted God's mercy, and thus I rested on the great love of Him who died for me."—Word and Work.

If one were to go to the home of his neighbor and deface his picture, pull up his flowers and cut holes in his best clothing, he would be indicted for crime and punished.

Reunion in Heaven.

Heaven is not a solitude; it is a peopled city, a city in which there are no strangers, no homeless, no poor, where one does not pass another in the street without greeting, where no one is envious of another's ministry, or of another's more brilliant crown. When God said in the ancient Eden, "It is not good for man to be alone," there was a deeper significance in the words than could be exhausted or explained by the family tie. It was the declaration of an essential want which the Creator in his highest wisdom has impressed upon the nobles of his works. That is not life—you don't call that life—where the hermit in some moorland glade drags out a solitary existence, or where the captive in some cell of bondage frets and pines unseen? That man does not understand solitude.

Life, all kinds of life, tends to companionship, and rejoices in it, from the larva and buzzing insect cloud, up to the kingly lion and the kingly man. It is a social state into which we are to be introduced, as well as a state of consciousness. Not only, therefore, does the Saviour pray for his disciples, "Father, I will that those whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, but those who are in that heavenly recompense are glad to have come "to the general assembly and Church of the first born written in heaven. Aye, and better than that, and dearer to some of us, "to the spirits of just men made perfect."

The question of the recognition of departed friends in heaven, and special and intimate reunion with them, Scripture and reason enable us to infer with almost absolute certainty. It is implied in the fact that the resurrection is a resurrection of individuals, that it is this mortal that shall put on immortality. It is implied in the fact that heaven is a vast and happy society; and it is implied in the fact that there is no unclipping of nature that we see only the clothing upon the form of a brighter and more glorious being.

Take comfort, then, in the history the dearest of those whom you have not lost, except to those whom you have not seen. Perhaps even now there are angel watchers, screened by a kindly Providence from everything about, that would give you pain; but if you and they are alike in Jesus and remain faithful to the end, doubt not that you shall know them again. It were strange, don't you think, if amid the multitude of earth's ransomed ones that we are to see in heaven, we should see all but those we most fondly and fervently long to see? Strange if, in some of our walks along the golden streets, we never happen to light upon them? Strange, if we did not hear some heavenly-song, learned on earth, thrilled by some clear ringing voice that we have often heard before?—Dr. Punshon.

Random Readings.

During our days of light and joy we should prepare for those of darkness and grief. The latter are coming on, just as the shadows await the closing day, and their pain can be alleviated and even sweetened by carrying into their souls made ready to meet them. No one will sing properly at midnight, with his feet in the stocks, unless he has learned his song by day, and when he had his freedom on the hills.

Nothing Crawls along with it such a glory as the Sabbath. Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation. It has been the coronation day of martyrs—the first day of saints. It has been from the first day till now the sublime day of the Church of God; still the outgoings of its morning and evening rejoice. Let us then remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Dr. Hamilton.

Two of the princes in South Africa are Christians, and are anxious for their father's conversion. But he sticks to his heathenism. "My sons," he said, "want me to be baptized. I say to them Christians here, pointing to the Wesleyan station, and 'Christians there,' pointing to the Anglican monks. 'Christians there won't speak to Christians here. When one of them has converted the other it will be time to come to me.'"

"That little fellow," said Luther of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep without a care for tomorrow's lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him." When I am assailed," he says, "with heavy tribulations, I rush out among my pigs rather than remain alone." The human heart is like a millstone in a mill; when you put wheat under it, it turns and grinds and bruises the wheat to flour. If you put no wheat, it still grinds on, but 'tis itself it grinds and wears away.

I do not respect any proposition merely because it is ancient, or in the mouths of majorities. But I do respect propositions that have seen honest and protracted battle, but not defeat. The test of the soundness of scholarship is that it should contend with scholarship, not once nor twice, but century after century, and come out crowned. But the intellectual supremacy of Christianity in the nineteenth century is not a novelty. There are other battle-fields worth visiting by those who walk and meditate, on which Christian trophies stand, more important, as marks of the world's agonies and advances, than any that ever Greek erected for victory at Salamis or Marathon. I lean on church history. I go to its battle fields and lie down on them. They are places of spiritual rest. Gazing on their horizon, I see no narrow prospect, but a breadth of nineteen hundred victorious years. Looking into the sky, as if I lie there, I see something of them:—"As if I were a bird, I would obtain white plumes, and when I see him called the king, and Lord, and in a venture dip his eyes as a flame, and many crowns."

Our Young Folks.

"Somebody Else."

A lady was walking quietly along the city street not long ago, when the door of a house flew open, and a boy that out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement he dashed a set of combs and shuffles all around a comb-street, and then dashed down the street in great haste, for it was evident, by the look of his hair, that he was going to school. The lady was thinking what thoughts, and why, when she saw a healthy boy, six years old, with a few yellow hairs on his head, looking at her as if he were a pious-sinner, and looked after the boy again. She saw him suddenly disappear in a crowd of people at a crossing, and came back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the crossing he did not pick up, nor was flying at all, but a long, shaggy brown skin flung into a red, bare, only waited long enough to say, "Somebody might have slipped on it," and was off again.

It was a little thing to do; but that one glance of the boy's clear, grey eyes, and this simple, earnest sentence, made the lady's heart very warm toward the noisy fellow. He had not slipped himself; he was far past the danger, and when one is in a hurry, it is a great bother to get twice over the same ground, but the "somebody else" might slip, and so for the sake of this unknown somebody the hurrying boy came back, and it may be, saved the life or limb of a feeble old man, or a tender little child. He might have said, "I can't wait to go back—it is none of my doing, and so it is none of my business; but he made it his business, and in this showed a trait of character which promised well for the future. There is nothing nobler on earth than this taking care that "somebody else" shall suffer needlessly. The child who grows up with such a spirit always active in him, will make his home like a heaven upon earth, and he will never know what it is to be unloved or friendless.

The Little Wren.

The following story of a little wren in connection with the Battle of the Boyce, which was fought in Ireland many years ago, will bring to mind the words of Jesus, that not a sparrow shall fall on the ground without our Heavenly Father. Little things often bring about great consequences. It was in the month of July, a hot summer's day. Just before the battle the sentinels of King William's army felt uncommonly tired and sleepy, and very much inclined to take a nap, notwithstanding the near neighborhood of the enemy. Of course, if grown-up soldiers fell asleep, a little drummer-boy could not be expected to keep awake. While he slept, his companions nodding around him, a little wren spied some crumbs upon his drum-head, and straightway hopped upon it to pick them up. The noise of her little feet and her beak tapping on the parchment woke the lad, who spied the enemy advancing, and instantly gave the alarm. But for this little bird the sleepers might have been surprised and the events of the day altered. As it was, the skill of William won him the victory, and James fled broken from the field.

How the Little Girl Proved It.

Hereafter the language of mathematics will have to be more exact. A female teacher said that on a certain occasion she had in her school a class of little beginners—children of four and five years—and that in inducting them into the rudiments of arithmetic, she sought to simplify things as much as possible. "There they had the ten numerals on their ten fingers, and in adding or subtracting the simple numbers they should reckon upon those digits. The thing worked to a charm, and the little ones readily learned thus to solve the first problems of the great science.

One day the class was out for recitation, and subtraction was the theme.

"Five from five leaves how many?" was by-and-by asked of a bright-eyed miss of four summers.

The little thing up with her fingers and went at it. For a time she seemed exceedingly puzzled, but at length her eyes snapped, and she lifted her head confidently—"Five!" she said, with most assured emphasis.

Curious to know how she had arrived at that solution, the teacher asked her to explain.

"Why," replied the child, holding out her two hands, and placing them side by side, "zero's five on 'at hand, and five on 'at. Now I take away five from 'ose five, and—ere zey be—five!"

About as fine a piece of ocular demonstration in the way of a logical dilemma as you will often meet.

To "head off" such sharp little discoverers and accountants, it will be in order to say, "Five from itself, how many?"

Joy Bringers.

Some men move through life as a band of music down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the honey-suckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day.

How great a bounty and blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul, so that they shall be music to some, and fragrance to all. Life to all! It would be no unprofitable life to live for, to make the power of God as the breath of other men's lives, where only clouds of gloom must stand with their feet, and must create for them a long for, enjoy

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXIX.

REVIEW OF THIRD QUARTER.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"A wicked cover ye do do it secretly, as to the Lord, and not unto men."—Col. iii. 23.

CENTRAL TEXT.—Believers do all things for Christ.

The reviewer would aim at the following objects:

- (1) To test the knowledge of the pupils and the ability of the teachers.
(2) To recall and emphasize the facts and the lessons.
(3) To convey to the pupils an idea of the unity of God and of the unity of the church, and of the unity of the apostles. There are peculiar facilities for doing the present not only an objective review, but also a most valuable lesson.

A few introductory questions may be put regarding the author of the book, his own work, his opportunity for knowing the facts, and the value of comparison of the memoirs of Paul's labors with the references in Paul's letters.

Lesson XXVI. opens up a new field. The teacher will naturally inquire: Where the Gospel had been spreading hitherto? How the wider movement began? Where? By whom? Who were selected and commissioned? How they were designated? Whither they went? Where they preached? By whom they were attended? The character of Cyprus? An eminent disciple won there? The machinations of an enemy? How they were baffled and turned to account, and the happy results?

Lesson XXVII. The reviewer will trace Paul's progress from Perga to Antioch in Pisidia, distinguishing this city from the great Antioch, and citing the kind of audience to which the address is made by Paul in the synagogue, and the nature of the argument proper to be made. Such questions arise as:

How did the apostle describe his hearers? What objection did he anticipate? What facts did he adduce? What Scriptures did he quote? What other previous address does his resemble? What did he offer? What warning did he utter?

Lesson XXVIII. continues the previous, and raises such questions as the following:

How was he received by the Gentiles? How by a portion of the Jews? The effect in the city? How did the Jews regard the movement? Their policy? The great step taken by Paul and Barnabas? On what it rested? The Scripture adduced in support of it? The blessed effect? The underhand methods of the Jews? The persecution raised? Paul's course?

Lesson XXIX. conducts us into the province of Lycaonia, of which Iconium was the capital. After a season of labor there, Lystra is visited, and a lengthened notice is given to it because of an important miracle:

Performed on whom? By whom? In what manner? With what effect on the people? Their delusion regarding Paul and Barnabas? Their homage? How interrupted? The address thus called for? The argument from nature? The further hostilities of the Jews against Paul? The length to which they went? The next place visited?

Lesson XXX. shows another step towards an independent Gentile Church: How occasioned? The result in the Church? Proposed mode of settlement? The delegates? The principal speakers? The decision reached? The method of informing the parties? The statement of the case? The commendation of Paul and Barnabas? The rule agreed upon? The effect of its announcement? The natural results of this action?

Lesson XXXI. introduces us to a new laborer, Timothy, and naturally suggests such questions as these:

Who was Timothy? Where did Paul find him? How was he trained? How regarded? Why was he circumcised? Any further cause of interest in him? The joint work of Paul and Timothy? Paul's thwarted designs? The vision at Troas? Its meaning? Its importance? Its result? The route taken? The approach to Europe? The first opening? Lydia's occupation? Her character? Her conversion? Evidences of sincerity?

Lesson XXXII. continues the record of the planting of the Church at Philippi, and of the violent opposition which led to the imprisonment of Paul and Silas, and a notable miracle and conversion:

How was the opposition raised? The occasion of it? The form it assumed? The severity of the "blows"? The occupations of a prison? The sudden release? The terror inspired? The jailer's impulse? The arrest of his hand? His question? The reply? The results? His change of tone? The ultimate release of Paul? How secured? The further element of interest about this Church?

Lesson XXXIII. carries us yet further west, to Thessalonica, raising inquiry regarding the city, its name, character, present position, Jewish element, and Paul's mode of entering on his work there:

How many Sabbaths was he in the synagogues? His argument? How received? The character of the believers? The Jewish policy? The objects of the popular rage? Their description of the apostles whom Jason had received? The implied teaching of Paul regarding Jesus as King? The mode of the apostles' departure? The character of Berea? The praise bestowed on the Bereans? The good results of Scripture searching? Jewish tactics? Who remained at Berea?

Lesson XXXIV. has an interest of its own in connection with Athens, regarding the position, history, pre-eminence, and character of which questions would naturally be put:

Where was Paul heard? His introduction? Improved rendering of "too superstitious"? The remarkable inscription? Paul's use of it? The argument from nature as to God's dwelling? As to His worship? The argument from our own being to that of God? How in point to the Athenians? The authority quoted?

The argument against idolatry? The meaning of "wicked"? The reason for repentance? The particulars of the judgment? Specially those of them? The judge? The judge? The extent of the judgment? The character of the judgment? The avoidance of idolatry by the Jews? The effect of this denunciation? Some results of it in Greece?

Lesson XXXV. is coupled with Cor. ii, regarding the character of who is people, and his opportunity, and how they properly a layman to conduct the history with the two epistles to the church at Corinth.

With whom did Paul stay there? Why? Whence did Aquila come? How did the apostle employ his Sabbath? What helps came to him there? The nature of his hold? The occasion? The new plan of meeting? The success? Paul's arrangement to return? The length of his stay there?

Lesson XXXVI, XXXVII, XXXVIII. carry us to the purpose of a review, by grouping together, and the following points ought to be brought out:

What was the leading thimble in Ephesus? The superintention of the people? The industry connected therewith? The silver shrines? How employed? The evidence of repentance? The looks turned? The work of Demetrius? The argument used? The signal miracle wrought there? The marked success? The terms of Paul's labor there? The object of Ephesus? Their duties? Where Paul met them? For what purpose? His counsel to them? The plea by which he was enforced? The vindication of himself? The coming dangers? The care to which they were entrusted by Paul?

Good advice is that conveyed in the title of an article in The Sunday School World: "Keep off from stilts." It is intended for teachers who either place themselves far above those they are teaching or, as Spurgeon expresses it, in "feeling my lambs," place the foot so high that only a giraffe could reach it. Some examples are given of the bombastic and highfalutin style in which teachers sometimes express themselves:

"Thus a distinguished professor and Sunday-school teacher once declared man's relation to animals and plants in the following grandiloquent terms: 'man is correlated to the whole history of organization, and cannot be contemplated except as a link in the chain of being which stretches back through geologic eons.' A popular writer and teacher informed those he was teaching that God has power to make a new creation in these wonderfully rhetorical figures of speech: 'What prevents the Omnipotent Hand from being stretched forth to arouse the corpse of matter to a new resurrection?' Again this same teacher stated that if the sun became an iceberg the world still might be burned up, in accordance with Peter's prophecy, in the following stilted phraseology: 'If the sun be totally refrigerated, the impact of the earth upon it would develop heat sufficient to re-ignite the matter of the world.' He did not inform us what the effect of all these astonishing sounds was upon his class; but it may be safely inferred that any who were not bereft of their reason were thoroughly 'refrigerated.'"

How shall infant classes be arranged is a question upon which two prominent Sunday-school women—Mrs. Alice Knox and Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy")—hold opposing opinions. Mrs. Knox would divide and sub-divide infant classes till not more than eight or ten are left together. Mrs. Alden would teach the entire class, even should it number 200 or more, together—having but one teacher, with the scholars all gathered closely about her. Each of these estimable women have a large number of adherents to their views among the infant class teachers. Mrs. Knox has had this method under trial for over twenty years in Rome and Elmira, N. Y., with success. Her reasons for small classes are that the youngest children need the most specific personal care; that it affords great relief to the superintendent; that it promotes order; that it adds much to the amount of instruction given; that it improves the music; that it increases the number of pupils in attendance; that it increases the number of church workers; that it brings parents and others to church and Sabbath-school; that it develops individual character; that it promotes acquaintance with pupils' homes; that it furnishes a knowledge of special wants in pupils; and that it is a training-school for young teachers.

The great missionary conference in China appointed a large committee to frame an appeal to "the various mission boards, colleges and churches of the world" for more men and women for China. The committee has done its work, and issued a paper which calls the attention of the Christian world to five points in regard to China, which we find thus stated in the Independent: (1) China is the largest heathen country in the world, embracing a larger territory than the whole Continent of Europe. (2) It is the most important of all heathen countries, its mineral resources alone rivaling those of the Western States of America. (3) The Chinese are full of promise and vigor, standing high intellectually, equally able in diplomacy and mercantile enterprise with the ablest of other nations, mastering every new art, and science, and enterprising and persevering. (4) The Chinese are great colonizers of the East, entering Cambodia, Sumatra, Java, the Philippine Islands, Luzon, Borneo, etc., by the thousand every year, and also colonizing Manchuria, Mongolia, and Tibet, and will in these countries ultimately become the dominant race. China is wholly sunk in superstition, and there is no hope for it save in Christianization. It can be converted to Christianity, as the history of the past half-century shows. Thirty-seven years ago there were only three native Christians in China. Now there are 12,000 or 18,000. There have been more candidates and better ones the past year than in any previous year. The great empire is not occupied as it should be. There are eight provinces in which there is no resident missionary, and in the whole of China the missionaries stand in the proportion of one missionary to Massachusetts or Scotland.

"Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

Rev. Dr. Ingham, in writing to the Christian Intelligence, says:

"Some days were spent in North Wales. I remained nearly all the time in a rooming-house, but in spite of that drawback, I saw some of the loveliest scenery I have ever seen. On the morning of the 10th I had climbed up one of the highest hills in North Wales, and saw the most beautiful view I have ever seen. On the 11th I was in the mountains of Snowdonia, and saw the most beautiful view I have ever seen. On the 12th I was in the mountains of Snowdonia, and saw the most beautiful view I have ever seen. On the 13th I was in the mountains of Snowdonia, and saw the most beautiful view I have ever seen. On the 14th I was in the mountains of Snowdonia, and saw the most beautiful view I have ever seen. On the 15th I was in the mountains of Snowdonia, and saw the most beautiful view I have ever seen. On the 16th I was in the mountains of Snowdonia, and saw the most beautiful view I have ever seen. 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Book Reviews.

The numbers of Little's Living Age for the week ending Sept. 8th and 15th, respectively, contain...

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Harper's Magazine for October contains one hundred and one beautiful illustrations, and is a very attractive Number.

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson. September, 1877.

The article on "Popery, Communism or Christianity"

The article on "Popery, Communism or Christianity" is one of the editor's ablest productions. The greater part of it was written immediately after the late railway riots in the United States...

The author then, in a very effective manner, introduces the following extract from Hugh Miller's "Vision of the Railroad"

The author then, in a very effective manner, introduces the following extract from Hugh Miller's "Vision of the Railroad," written in 1843 when Scotland was agitated with the question of Sabbath traffic...

We have also in the present number, under the head of "Living Church," one of those spirited and pointed pieces which flow so freely from the pen of Canon Pyle...

After showing that there is something wanting besides "popular government" and "secular education" to secure the prosperity of a free country...

PRESENTATION TO REV. J. R. BATTISBY.

The Presbyterian Church, Newmarket, was the scene of a very interesting event last Thursday evening. The regular prayer meeting service was gone through in the usual way...

Opening of the New Knox Church, Beaverton.

The congregation of Knox church, Beaverton, have just cause to be proud of the splendid white brick edifice which was with appropriate rites opened on the 9th inst. and dedicated to public worship.

The Rev. John McNabb is the popular and highly esteemed pastor of the church, and an evidence of the affectionate regard in which he is held by his people is furnished by the fact that he is invited to accept the flattering title of "Moderator"...

THE NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BRANTFORD.

The laying of the Corner Stone of the new Presbyterian Church, on the corner of Wellington and George streets, took place on the afternoon of the 11th inst. at three o'clock. There was a large and respectable attendance of persons on the occasion.

quod tenis to join the army of the Lord and fight the good fight. Was there one to deal as to rebuke the Lord Jesus Christ? Many would not make a bad bargain, but all they could do was to say, "In this they were better than the heathen."

The Rev. gentleman who preached in Galt on a large number of occasions was connoted as Rev. J. L. Murray, of Woodville, who preached from S. John xvi. 8.

In the evening Rev. Prof. M. K. of Queen's College, conducted a service and preached to a crowded congregation. The text was, Haggai, ii. 7.

The New Presbyterian Church, Brantford.

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Choir Literature.

Jovinian: or the Early Days of Papal Rome

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

The Campus Martius was at length reached. It was a gloomy spot, and called the Campus Sæmoneus. It was here that the fatal victim, convicted of breaking through the laws, had perished by a public execution, to be ever afterwards remembered as the fatal spot that had returned the privilege of being interred within the walls. Roman and Christian remained around, for only the priest and his attendants were willing to erect their altars in the neighborhood of a spot deemed accursed. Beyond these the dark walls, reared around the city, a sign of the ancient city of the idolaters, who were to and shut in its former days had been considered sufficient for its protection. Near it was the Porta Capena, from whence led two important roads, the Via Sacra and the Via Nomentana, passing close to the emperor's bath erected by the Emperor Diocletian. There, people from all parts of the city had easy access to the spot. A large crowd soon collected. Even some of the frequenters of the bath sauntered forth, prompted by their curiosity to see what was taking place.

Cæcus had kept his intention a secret; how it had become known he could not tell. Although he wished to have some spectators who were likely to approve of his proceeding, he had no desire to have them witness a so large and mixed a concourse. Still, he was determined to go through with what he had undertaken.

The litter stopped near the centre of the field, on the summit of a slight elevation.

The earth turned up in heaps showed the entrance to the horrible tomb prepared for the hapless vestal. The sun was now sinking behind the Pincian hill, but still shone forth its rays above the trees which crowned its summit, and lighted up the dark litter and those who stood around. In the hollow below were the fossors, with the public executioner and his attendants, ready to receive the doomed vestal and to lead her into her tomb. Cæcus, who had to perform the part which would have been taken by the Pontifex Maximus—a dignity long held by the emperors as it was still by Constantine—raised his hands to the skies, but his words, if he uttered any, were not heard. He then gave directions to the bearers to place the litter on the ground, and advanced, in order to lead forth his victim. He started back. Without assistance a figure rose from within, and stepped forth, when, casting off the dark garment which enshrouded her, instead of Cæcus, the vestal Marcia, in her white robes, with a purple fillet encircling her brow, appeared in all her radiant beauty.

"She whom you cruel men would have destroyed has escaped!" she said. "Me you cannot accuse of the crime with which you falsely charge her. My eyes have been opened; from henceforth no longer will I serve your false goddesses! I declare myself a Christian, and appeal for protection to the emperor. Ah, you dare not stop me!" she added, as Cæcus, hoping that what she had said had not been heard by those around, stepped forward to grasp her arm. At the same moment several persons were seen approaching, who were at once perceived to be presbyters and other men of influence in the Christian Church. They were attended by several rioters and other officers of the law.

Cæcus drew back as Marcia spoke, but his presence of mind did not desert him. "I see that there is One who protects the Christians more powerful than the gods of the ancients," he exclaimed. "We were ignorantly endeavoring to perform what we considered our duty, but it is evident that a miracle—of which I have heard the Christians speak—has been wrought. Brother pontifex, what say you? For my own part I am inclined to embrace the faith which has become that of the fair and beautiful Marcia."

"Anything you please," muttered Gaius, in a low voice, "but it seems to me that we have gained but little by this proceeding." Cæcus, however, was, as has been seen, a man of prompt action. Ordering the fossors to fill in the tomb, he declared that from henceforth no vestal should be buried on that spot. He expressed his belief that he had been greatly deceived by some of the witnesses, who had been suborned to swear falsely against the innocent Cæcus. He then advanced towards Amulius and the other presbyters, and expressed his wish to be instructed in their faith. "I will," he added, "in the meantime retain my position as chief of the pontiffs, but it shall be that we may together design the means of advancing further the Christian religion."

Whether or not Amulius and the other presbyters trusted to the expressions of Cæcus it was difficult to say, but the larger number of persons among the crowd, many of whom were Christians, believed him; while the idolaters, who had been wont to look up to him as the director of their religious mysteries, were unable to comprehend the meaning of the wonderful change which had taken place. That the chief pontiff of Rome, who had clung to her idolatry, and even defied the emperor after he had expressed himself openly in favor of the new faith, should thus suddenly declare his intention of becoming a Christian, seemed to them a thing altogether incomprehensible.

The first rejoiced under the idea that they had gained a great accession to their strength, since the chief of their opponents had thus openly declared himself as willing to become one of their number; while to the crowd of heathens it was a matter of indifference so long as they should receive their accustomed doles of food, and could enjoy the spectacles with which they had so long been indulged.

CHAPTER XII.—CAPTURED.

When Jovinian found himself in the hands of the Roman soldier, he naturally struggled to get free. He was held fast, however, by the man who had seized him.

"Why, by Mars, I believe he must be the youth we were sent to look for with the slave Eros whom we captured yesterday and took back to his master, the pontiff Gaius," exclaimed the soldier, holding his

torch so that the light fell on Jovinian's countenance.

"Whether or not you speak the truth I am a Roman citizen, guilty of no crime, with perfect right, prompted by whatever cause, to visit the prefect's palace," answered Jovinian, feeling that his best course was to put a bold face upon the matter, and not to exhibit any sign of fear.

"You cannot deny that you are the youth we are in search of, the nephew of the pontiff Gaius," said the soldier. "Although we have only seen you in the larger game we were sent to hunt down we have heard you, and shall certainly reward you accordingly if you come along."

"What I can give up for the search for the other is a reward of a hundred aurei, and another reward of a hundred aurei if you come along with two or more persons. Will you consent to lead us to where your friends are concealed?" he demanded, addressing Jovinian; "I will tell you if you do, for if we take them we will give you to go free." So demanded was the soldier, that it did not seem to him that he was taking a man's soul which he was sure to be false.

"I know not who those you speak of have gone, nor would I lead you to them if I did," answered Jovinian. "I insist, however, on being set at liberty. By what authority do you detain me?"

"By that of the grip I have on your arm," answered the soldier, laughing; "your boldness proves you to be the youth we were sent to look after, so come along, I say, and it you will not show us the way your friends have taken we must try and find it ourselves."

While the man was speaking some of his companions discovered the gallery along which Jovinian had been endeavoring to make his escape. "This way, this way!" cried several of the soldiers; "they must have gone down here, and we shall soon overtake them."

The party, dragging Jovinian with them, entered the gallery, but he observed that most of their torches were nearly burnt out, and he knew that if they continued on long they would be left in total darkness. This, however, the soldiers did not appear to have thought of. Jovinian was relieved of all anxiety about his friend Severus and the fossor from finding the soldiers proceeding along the gallery by which he had at first attempted to escape until convinced that it was not the path he ought to have followed. What he had expected soon happened, first one torch went out, then another.

"We must beat a retreat, or we shall be losing our way," said the man who held him, calling to his comrades. "No time to lose! Quick! quick! our best plan is to retreat by the road we entered; let all the torches be put out except one, which will suffice to guide us; these galleries have no end, they say, or may conduct, for what I know, to the infernal regions."

Even the plan proposed availed the party but little. They had made their way much farther than they supposed along the galleries.

The first torch was quickly burnt out, a second and third were soon after extinguished, and in a short time, before they had got to any great distance from the entrance to the gallery where Jovinian had been captured, the torch alone of the soldier who held him by the arm was left alight.

"Here, Bassus," said his captor, addressing a comrade, "hold him fast and bring him along. I will go ahead and lead the way, or we shall be left in darkness."

The speaker hurried forward, and Jovinian felt his arm clasped by his fresh guard.

Directly afterwards the other man, in his eagerness, stumbled over a block of stone, and dropped his torch into a pool of water, by which it was immediately extinguished. The men groped their way in the direction they had before been going. "On! on!" cried their leader, "we must find our way out of this as fast as we can."

Other passages turned off from the gallery they had been following, and, as a natural consequence, some of the men went into one of them, others into a second, and more into a third, and then, suspecting that they were going wrong, they tried to retrace their steps, and in a short time, completely lost themselves.

Jovinian and his guard had not gone far when the latter whispered to him, "If you know your road out of this, and wish to make your escape, you are welcome to do so. It is my belief that we shall be all lost in this labyrinth; the further we go the less hope there will be for you. I would not involve you in our destruction. I am a Christian, and would gladly accompany you, but I must not desert my comrades." As Bassus spoke he released his captive's arm.

Jovinian was at first inclined to doubt the man, but this last remark convinced him that Bassus was a Christian.

"If you will accompany me I will try and find the way," he said; "and would rather have you with me than be alone." "No, no; go, and save yourself," said Bassus. "I am committing a military crime in letting you go, but I feel sure that I shall never be questioned on the subject."

At length Jovinian, finding that he could not persuade Bassus to accompany him, took his advice. With arms outstretched before him, he hastened along the gallery a way from the soldiers. He had carefully noted the distance he had come since leaving the mouth of the passage along which Severus and the fossor, he now felt sure, had proceeded. He hoped that they would come back and look for him, and if not, that he might be led by Providence to the abode of Gentianus. For some time he could hear the soldiers shouting to each other, but their cries grew fainter and fainter. The entrance to the gallery he was seeking for was on the left side, and then he ought, he supposed, to take the first opening on the right, instead, as he had before done, of going straight forward. On he went, but in the darkness his progress was of necessity very slow, still, as he had the path mapped, as it were, clearly in his mind, he proceeded without hesitation. At last he entered the gallery he was seeking for.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE ASSASSINS.

The way before Jovinian was now unknown, and he had to walk with the greatest caution. He might meet with some

pit, or hole, or flight of steps, or the gallery might turn off abruptly to the right or left. He had heard that persons had been lost in these galleries, and wandered about for days, unable to find their way out, when they had sunk down from hunger and fatigue and died. The woe, however, heathens who had gone in pursuit of the Christian fugitives. The God of the Christians, he knew, could be watching over him; he, therefore, had no cowardly fears, but went forward in the full confidence that he would be protected.

Even with a torch the undertaking would have been a dubious one. It appeared to him that he had seen on his way half a dozen or more. Every now and then he shouted out in the hopes that his amount bear him; but no answer came to his cry, except an occasional echo from the galleries on either hand. He remembered to have seen the fossor had proceeded on a considerable distance before they encountered the soldiers, so that it must of necessity take him a long time to get back. He was surprised that Severus and the fossor had not come to look for him, feeling confident that he was following the gallery they had taken. How much longer he wandered on he could scarcely tell. At times he felt almost inclined to sit down in despair; but then he said to himself, "He who watches over Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps; I will trust to him," and with renewed courage he went on. Although he might not discover the abode of Gentianus, or find his way out of the catacomb, he was sure to encounter some of the persons who might come to visit the tombs of their relatives, and they would certainly render him all the assistance in their power.

It also occurred to him that other parties might have been sent in search of Gentianus and Severus, and it would be dangerous to fall into their hands.

He might conceal himself, however, should he discover any suspicious-looking persons approaching. He was too anxious to experience any sensation of hunger, but he at length began to feel very weary. He fancied, indeed, that he must already have been groping his way for several hours. If so, he could hardly have proceeded in a straight line, and might, for what he could tell, be actually turning back in the direction from which he had come. "Had I myself only to depend on, such might be the case, but the God of love and mercy will lead me, I will trust Him," he exclaimed.

Becoming accustomed to the darkness, he found that he could move much faster than at first, and, with his hands stretched out, the instant his fingers came in contact with the rock, he was able easily to avoid it. At length his feet struck against a slab of stone. It was the facing of a tomb, which had never been placed in its intended position. This showed him that he was in a part of the galleries likely to be visited, and reminded him also that he might very probably stumble over other similar impediments.

He sat down to rest, at the same time listening for any sounds which might assist to guide him, should persons perchance be in any of the neighboring galleries. He had sat thus for some time, and was on the point of moving onwards, when a faint cry reached his ear; it came from the direction towards which he had been proceeding. He had gone a few paces when he saw a light streaming along the gallery, on the left. He hurried towards it. As he approached the spot from whence the light shone forth, he observed that it issued from a lantern held by a female, whom he recognized as Rufina. Another female, was bending over a person who lay stretched on the ground. The first was Julia, the other Eugenia, whom she appeared to be endeavoring to restore to animation, uttering, at the same time, expressions of grief and endearment.

"Oh, mother! mother! speak to me," she exclaimed. "Rovine, the danger is over; we have escaped our pursuers, and are safe here!" So engaged were Julia and Rufina in their efforts to recall Eugenia to consciousness that they had not heard Jovinian approach. Rufina, her ear catching the sound of his footsteps, at length perceived him. At first she cast towards him a look of alarm, but as she discovered who he was, she uttered an exclamation of joy. "Here is Jovinian, dear lady," she exclaimed; "your husband Severus cannot be far off, and we shall be able to escape from the wretches who were following us."

From what Jovinian heard he knew that Severus and his wife must still be wandering about the galleries, or else that they had been overtaken by some of the parties sent to capture them. Unwilling, however, to deprive his friends of the hopes Rufina had endeavored to raise, he did not express his fears, but, kneeling down by the side of Eugenia, he tried to assist Julia and Rufina in restoring her to animation.

"There is a fountain near," he said, "I heard the sound of the water bubbling forth as I came along, very likely a cup or basin may have been left near it to enable passers-by to drink; let me take the lantern, and I will quickly return."

"Oh, go! go!" said Julia, "we shall not fear to remain in darkness."

He was not disappointed in his expectations, a small metal cup was placed in a niche by the side of the rock out of which the water bubbled forth, making its escape by some hidden course beneath the ground. This showed that the gallery must be frequently visited.

Jovinian hastened back with the cool liquid, with which Julia bathed her mother's brow and lips, pouring a small quantity down her throat.

Julia thanked him more by her looks than with her lips. "Oh, see! she is reviving now," she exclaimed.

After a short time Eugenia was able to sit up, and declared herself strong enough to proceed, should it be necessary.

"We are as safe here as in any other part of the gallery," observed Rufina. "Should any person approach, we can seek for shelter in one of the many passages which turn off close to us."

(To be continued.)

By flowers, understand faith; by fruit, good works. As the flower or blossom is before the fruit, so is faith before good works; so neither is the fruit without the flower, nor good works without faith.—Quarles.

Making Farming a Business.

The reason why so many men fail to make farming a success is simply because they fail to make it a business. They at once conclude that "farming doesn't pay," and then go to work in a haphazard manner, entirely excluding the possibility of it ever paying. As a rule the successful agriculturist follows no other pursuit but that of trade. The lawyer or physician who attends to his clients, the merchant who devotes his time, energy, and talent to his profession. The outback who is engaged in his calling, makes diligent use of his time, and works for the acquisition of a good deal of property, the majority of his land out. Not only does this theory hold true in all other branches of business, but it holds true of farming. The successful farmer does nothing for a livelihood but farm it. If he has money he invests it in a business that will improve his farm. He attends himself to no business but to work in an intelligent manner. Upon such a farmer no words stand as high as a man's head; nor are his suggestions, buildings, implements, and stock unsheltered and unpared for, but everything denotes thrift and enterprise. It is really painful to go about the country and observe the number of neglected farms. Pigs, geese, ducks and cattle are allowed almost unlimited range. Weeds round the door yard, the orchard, the meadows even, unsightly. The good wife, in addition to her household cares, must milk the cows, feed the pigs, and do the "chores" generally. But where is the owner? Where and how does he spend his time? He is across the way hanging on his neighbor's fence talking politics, or he is in the nearest store or blacksmith shop talking gossip. Perhaps he is inspired with a desire to make some money, and is out "huckstering," or what is less laudable, selling a "patent right," that may be useful or not, just as it happens. But while he is earning a few dollars away from home, many dollars are being lost at home, because it is time to do Spring plowing, Summer harvesting or Fall sowing. Thus the years are passed and sympathizing ones remark: "He is a clever man, but somehow don't get along in the world," and all because he owns a farm, has a business, and yet fails to attend to it.

The Coming Potato.

A very practical and sensible communication appears in *The American Cultivator* from Wm. J. Fowler, of Pittsford, N. Y., on the subject of potatoe. He says the Peachblows have "run out," and thinks the reason may be found in planting unripe seed. Many believe that just as good crops may be raised from small potatoes as from large, full-grown potatoes. This may be true, provided the small potatoes are ripe. But small potatoes are not as likely to be ripe as large ones, and hence, it is much the better plan to plant only large ones.

In regard to the Early Rose, Mr. Fowler says: "The Early Rose is in quality superior to the average Peachblow. It is not, however, so good for late keeping, and a worse defect still in the eyes of the growers, it is not nearly so productive as formerly. The truth is that the Early-Rose, like most very early potatoes, needs the richest soil. One reason for this is that land which is rich is always moister in the time when the potatoes are swelling. When we first grew the Early-Rose, eight or nine years ago, farmers planted them in gardens or on the richest corners of their fields. It is in these rich spots that the immense yields, 'at the rate of' ever so many bushels per acre, were produced. Grown in ordinary soil, with only ordinary field culture, they often produce less than 100 bushels per acre, and in large pieces seldom go above 150 bushels.

The Early Vermont potato is so nearly like the Rose that it has been doubted whether they were distinct varieties. There is a difference, but it is slight. The Vermont seems to be a seedling, reproducing the Early Rose as it was a few years ago. It is as yet of a little better quality than the Rose of to-day; but it also is deteriorating in productiveness, through being planted year after year on too poor land. The new seedlings, as a rule, 'run out' more quickly than our old varieties; probably from receiving less care and being planted on poor soil. A great many Early Rose and Early Vermont potatoes have been planted this year. Their early maturity makes the work of fighting the potato-beetle much less severe. This, at least, was what farmers hoped at planting time. In practice we find that the early potatoes have so much less vigorous vines that the potato-beetle seeks them by preference over other varieties. The season for fighting the potato-beetle may be a short one; but it is sure to be an active one, if the potatoes are saved.

"The coming potato must be a strong, vigorous grower. The larger the vine the less liable the beetle is to lay her eggs on it; more likely the eggs are to be rotted by rains, dews, or the sap of the vine before hatching; and, when hatched, the more leaf there is for the larvae to eat before destroying the crop. The Late Rose and the Peerless have seemed to fill the bill for a profitable market potato better than any other varieties. They are immensely productive and have sufficiently vigorous tops. I have this year, however, seen and tested two new varieties which promise to be as nearly bug-proof as is possible. The first of these is Will's Seedling, an early potato, resembling Early Rose, but exceedingly vigorous and productive. One piece, which I examined this week, I should estimate at three hundred bushels per acre. The quality is excellent, equaling Early Rose. Its time of ripening is about a week later than that variety.

"The Eureka is the most promising new potato I know. It is apparently more productive than any other, and its top grows so vigorously that it would be impossible for potato beetles in our climate to keep it eaten down. It is also of superior quality and keeps well till late in the season. Some which I ate last May were better than any Peachblow I ever tasted so late in the season. When fairly introduced to the consumers of our large cities, the Eureka will rival, if not excel the Meroc and Peachblow of former days, or the Early Rose, Early Vermont, and Peerless of the present."

Scientific and Useful.

TO PREPARE AN EGG FOR AN INVALID. Break an egg until very light; add seasoning to the taste; then steam until thoroughly warmed through, but not hard-cooked. This will take about two minutes. An egg prepared in this way will not distress even very sensitive stomachs.

PREPARATION OF MILK.

It is worth knowing at this time of the year that milk may be kept sweet for a long time in an atmosphere strongly impregnated with acetic acid. This is accomplished on a wooden support suspended in a glass vessel, on the bottom of which some strong acetic acid is poured.

TO CLEAN SILK.

Take a quart of soft soap, a teaspoonful of cranberry and a pint of gin; mix all well together, and strain through a cloth. With a sponge or flannel spread the mixture on each side of the silk without creasing it; wash it in two or three waters; and iron on the wrong side; it will look as good as new, and the process will not injure silks of even the most delicate colors.

ORANGE INSTEAD OF EGGS.

An exchange says: "It is not generally known that *Orbita carota*, when properly prepared, forms an excellent substitute for eggs in pudding. They must, for this purpose, be boiled and washed, and passed through a coarse cloth or hair sieve strainer. The pulp is then introduced among the other ingredients of the pudding, to the total omission of eggs. A pudding made up in this way is much lighter than when eggs are used, and is much more palatable. On the principle of economy, this fact is worthy of the prudent housewife's attention.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.

Lay them on a clean table, and rub the surface gently with a sponge dampened with camphene, camphene and alcohol. Dip the glove into a cup containing the camphene, lift it out, squeeze it in the hand, and again rub gently with the sponge, to remove all the wrinkles. After this gather up the cuff in the hand and blow it to puff out the fingers, when it may be hung up by a thread to dry. This operation should not be conducted near a fire, owing to the inflammable nature of the camphene vapour.

TO CLEAN SILK.

Grate potatoes into clean, cold water, (one large potato to a quart of water). If the silk is light, pare the potatoes, it not merely wash them. Let it remain for forty-eight hours, then pour carefully into a tub, being careful not to disturb the sediment at the bottom. Take each piece of silk separately, dip it up and down in the water, being careful not to crease it; then hang it over a line, or on a horse, and let it drip. When you have dipped all the pieces, lay them on a clean table and wipe them dry. When nearly dry, iron on the wrong side with a warm iron. This process will make the silk look almost as "good as new."

GOOD YEAST.

Take twelve large potatoes, wash them well, and put them on in a gallon of water, with a handful of hops when the potatoes are nearly done. Let it boil together until the potatoes are cooked. Take them up, peel, and wash them well; then strain the water upon them, and add one teaspoonful of sugar (white preferred) and one of salt. Two cupsful of sweet yeast to start fermentation. Set it near the fire until it begins to work, and then put it into bottles. Cork, and set them in a cool place. You should put water enough when done boil to make a gallon of yeast. Do not use a particle of flour in making this yeast. It will not bubble and ferment as much as common yeast, but is lively nevertheless. You must remember to use less salt than usual in making up the bread.

PRESERVING EGGS.

A writer in the *English Mechanic* says: "In the year 1871-72, I preserved eggs so perfectly that, after a lapse of six months, they were mistaken when brought to table for fresh laid eggs, and I believe they would have kept equally good for twelve months. My mode of preservation was to varnish the eggs as soon after they were laid as possible with a thin copal varnish, taking care that the whole of the shell was covered with the varnish. I subsequently found that by painting the eggs with fresh albumen, beaten up with a little salt, they were preserved equally well, and for as long a period. After varnishing or painting with albumen, I lay the eggs upon rough blotting-paper, as I found that, when allowed to rest till dry upon a plate or on the table, the albumen stuck so fast to the table or plate as to take away a chip out of the shell. This is entirely obviated by the use of the blotting paper. I pack the eggs in boxes of dry bran."

USE OF MILK.

There is one article of diet which all persons may take under all conditions, and that is milk. There are those who say they cannot take milk, that it makes them bilious, etc.; but that is not true. A person who is sick may take milk with the greatest possible advantage, because it contains, in a form easy of assimilation, all the elements essential for maintaining nutrition. It is the natural aliment of the young animal, and certainly answers a good purpose for the old animal, provided it is used properly. Now milk, I do not hesitate to say, may be taken, as far as disease is concerned, in any and every condition. Perhaps it will require the addition of lime water, if marked acidity of the stomach is present; and perhaps a little gentian may be requisite to stimulate the stomach somewhat; and it may be necessary to give it in small quantities and repeat it often; but it may be put into a very irritable stomach in small quantities, with the help of some tonic, and have now come to believe that the food of our fathers, even ice cold water, is a most official drink, and therefore, patients to have it as often as they wish, provided too much is not taken one time.

The Latter-Day Saints.

The death of Brigham Young, "seer, translator, prophet, apostle, and elder" of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," rouses public interest in Mormonism.

The Mormon system is a theocracy. It embraces a complete hierarchy, at the head of which is the first president.

The Council of the Twelve Apostles, and the Council of the Seventy, are the two highest bodies of the church.

All church trials are conducted before the Standing High Council, which consists of eighteen high priests, who are chosen by ballot.

A general conference, to manage general affairs, fill vacancies, to hear reports, etc., meets annually, in April.

This outline of the Mormon polity makes it plain that no more despotic system was ever devised.

In propagandism the Mormons have been very active. Their missionaries have penetrated to nearly every quarter of the globe.

As to what the Mormons' belief is there is some uncertainty. One of their principles, at least, has undergone a radical change.

power, and life are rarely or never presented at the present day. The very best men amongst us, if they should endeavor to improve these venerable standards, would find it as hard a task as any they ever undertook.

The Mormon Prophet.

The death of Brigham Young has called attention to the life and character of the leader in the most remarkable manner.

It was a tremendous man, an intensely selfish man, a cruel man, capable of bloody crimes to secure his own advancement.

What effect his death will have upon Mormonism remains to be seen. We believe that this repulsive imposture is decaying, and that the death of its leader will tend to its disintegration.

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Presbytery of Guelph. The Presbytery of the Guelph Church, on the 11th day of the month of September, 1877, met for the monthly conference, and after prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, were addressed by the Rev. Mr. ...

British and Foreign Notes. The Rev. Wesley Hill, 1st Vice of Sheffield, has been elected in York Cathedral, to the Bishopric of Sudbury in India, and 2500 of them managed by native laborers.

The miracle at Louche, according to the United States, now appears to be a hoax. The persons whose names were given as witnesses, were either absent or gave contradictory statements.

At the house, Knox Church, Vaughan, on 10th Sept., the wife of Rev. P. School of a daughter. On the 18th inst., at St. Andrew's manse, Toronto, the wife of the Rev. Dr. J. Macdougall, of a son.

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