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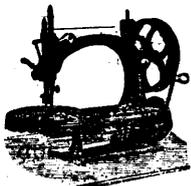
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WINDSOR PUDDING.—Pare and core half a dozen baking apples, and boil or bake them till quite soft. Beat them to a smooth pulp, and with them an ounce of best Carolina rice boiled in milk till it is tender, an ounce of powdered white sugar, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, and a pinch of grated lemon rind. Whisk the whites of four eggs to snow, stir them into the pudding mixture, and beat it again till it is very light. Dip a pudding mould into boiling water, take it out, and whilst it is hot pour the mixture into it; cover it, put it into a large pan of boiling water, and keep it boiling till the white of the egg is firm. Turn it out, and pour round it a custard made with the yolks of eggs. Serve immediately.

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CRYSTALLIZED FRUITS can so easily be obtained through the medium of the grocer, that house-keepers no longer frost fruit for themselves. But an old-fashioned receipt for sprinkling fresh fruit may come in usefully in some sudden emergency. Beat up the whites of two eggs, and mix well with half a pint of water. Place the fruit in the liquid, allowing it to be damped all over. Take out the fruit, and lay it on a napkin, to allow superfluous liquid to run off. Have ready a sugar bowl containing the finest powdered sugar that has been heated almost to melting. Scatter the sugar on a sheet of paper, move the fruit gently among it, lifting up the edges of the paper, until it is all covered with the sugar; the thickness of the covering will depend on the quantity of liquid on the fruit. Transfer the fruit carefully to a dish or stand, and leave it to dry thoroughly.

TO TAKE OFF IMPRESSIONS OF LEAVES, PLANTS, ETC.—Take half a sheet of fine, good paper, and oil it well with sweet oil; let it soak through, rub off the superfluous oil with a piece of paper, and let it hang in the air to dry; after the oil is pretty well dried in, take a lighted candle or lamp, and move the paper slowly over it, in a horizontal direction, so as to touch the flame, till it is perfectly black. When wishing to take off impressions of plants, lay the plant carefully on the oiled paper, and a piece of clean paper over it, and rub it with the finger, equally in all parts, for half a minute; then take up the plant, and be careful not to disturb the order of the leaves, and place it on the book or paper on which it is wished to have the impression; then cover it with a piece of blotting-paper, and rub it with the finger for a short time, and there will remain an impression superior to the finest engraving. The same piece of black paper will serve to take off a great number of impressions. The great excellence of this method is, that the paper receives the impression of the most minute veins and hairs. The impression may afterwards be coloured according to nature.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 23rd, 1880.

No. 38.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE British Museum has received five boxes of antiquities from Babylon, the results of excavations. Among the recent arrivals are some tablets containing the names: Kandlanu and Nabonassir, the Kinneladanos and Nabonassar of the Canon of Ptolemy, the last, the celebrated monarch of the era, dating from B.C. 747.

M. RENAN, in his preface to the Hibbert lectures, just published in Paris, says of England. "Certainly one of the rewards of my life has been the kindly reception I have found from a nation which has always inspired me with the greatest esteem and sympathy. This spectacle of a proud and powerful people enjoying the fullest liberty of which humanity has yet been capable afforded me a lively joy, and confirmed me in the conviction that the future of Europe, despite passing storms, belongs to an ideal of light and peace."

THERE are funeral ministers, says Dr. John Hall; gentlemen who carry around with them an air of professional solemnity; they carry it even in their handkerchiefs and pocket handkerchiefs, and look as if gently laid out in their coffins. There was a minister of this sort called on to marry a young couple; he stretched out his hands, and unconsciously commenced the burial service. "Sir," spoke up the young man, "we came to be wedded, not buried!" To which the gentleman of the cloth responded, "It won't be many years before you'll wish you had been buried." Ministers should be men first, then ministers—manliness and godliness are twin qualifications.

THE trustees of Liberia College, West Africa, have resolved upon the removal of that institution to some point in the interior more salubrious and more advantageous to the interests of the country. The fact that many chiefs of border tribes are seeking an education for their sons is a great incentive in this enterprise. Dr. Blyden is the president of this institution; and, considering the wide-spread use of the Arabic language in the country of the Mandingos and Foulahs just back of Liberia, a native African professor of Arabic is to be added to the faculty. In February last Dr. Blyden sent 1,200 Arabic Bibles into the interior, the gift of a benevolent Christian lady.

CARLYLE said with a great deal of truth when discoursing on the Jesuits, a good many years ago: "Ignatius' black militia have been campaigning over all the world for about three hundred years, and openly or secretly have done a mighty work everywhere. Who can count what a work! When you meet a man believing in the salutary nature of the falsehoods, and and the divine authority of things doubtful, and fancying that to serve the good cause he must call the devil to his aid, there is a follower of unsaint Ignatius; not till the last of these men has vanished from the earth will our account with Ignatius be quite settled, and his black militia have got their mittimus to chaos again."

THE three Waganda chiefs, Mtesa's ambassadors, have been made the objects of special attention in England. They were honoured with seats on the platform at the late eighty-first anniversary of the Church Missionary Society, where they were surrounded by lords and bishops and archdeacons. They have witnessed a royal review of the troops, "their carriage being allowed a place only a few yards from Her Majesty." They have been tendered a special reception by the Queen, have attended church at St. Paul's, and have visited the Woolwich Arsenal. They express themselves as pleased with everything; but the only remark which has been quoted across the Atlantic was the single statement made by one of them that he "had not yet seen anything bad in England." He hadn't fathomed London.

A SUMMARY view of the missions of the American Presbyterian Board shows that they have 11 ordained missionaries and 1,048 communicants among the In-

dians of the United States; 7 missionaries and 3,907 communicants in Mexico; 11 missionaries and 1,089 communicants in South America; 7 missionaries and 601 communicants in Africa; 30 missionaries and 971 communicants in India; 7 missionaries and 206 communicants in Siam; 22 missionaries and 1,784 communicants in China; 2 missionaries and 131 communicants among the Chinese in California; 6 missionaries and 739 communicants in Japan; 8 missionaries and 1,321 communicants in Persia; and 14 missionaries and 810 communicants in Syria. In all, there are 125 ordained missionaries and 12,607 communicants, with 17,791 scholars in day and boarding schools. Besides the ordained missionaries, there are 83 native ordained ministers and 147 licentiates, and 516 native lay missionaries.

AN archaeological and scientific expedition is now en route to Central America, under the joint auspices of the Governments of the United States and France. The main objects of the expedition are the investigation, with some approach to thoroughness and scientific method, of the monumental and other remains of early civilization in the nucleus of New Spain—Yucatan, Guatemala, and the adjoining provinces of Mexico—and generally the collection of such data as may tend to throw light on the many intricate problems connected with the mysterious races of Anahuac. The expedition will, for the first time, take casts of all important bas-reliefs and inscriptions, and thus do for the antiquities of Central America what has already been done so amply for Egyptian and Assyrian remains, and perhaps ultimately render possible the solution of the linguistic problem. One collection of these reproductions will be offered to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and another will find a resting place in the Trocadero of Paris.

THE missionaries of the China Inland Mission often meet with native Roman Catholics, some of whom are of families which have professed the "Jesus" religion through six or seven generations. Their numbers must be considerable. Mr. Nicoll writes that when he was in Yunnan he was told, at a village where he rested over night, that there was a family of Roman Catholics in the place. He started out in the morning with a hope that he might meet some one of the family. He was more successful than he expected, easily singling out a shop in which a picture of Jesus hung. Stopping to look at the picture, the owner of the shop came forward, with the eager inquiry: "Do you praise Jesus?" The missionary says this little incident gave him more pleasure than anything else that occurred during his journey. Mr. Nicoll was accompanied by his wife, whose presence excited great curiosity. At Chung-king, for the first two weeks, from 100 to 200 women called daily to see Mrs. Nicoll, and subsequently the number of callers increased to from 400 to 500. There has been a most excellent opportunity for preaching to them.

THE incomes of the heads of the Episcopal Church are as follows: The Archbishop of Canterbury, £15,000 per annum; the Archbishop of York, £10,000 per annum; the Bishop of London, £10,000 per annum; the Bishop of Durham, £8,000 per annum; the Bishop of Winchester, £7,000 per annum; the Bishop of Ely, £5,500 per annum; the Bishop of St. Asaph, £5,200 per annum; and the remainder not less than £4,000 nor more than £5,000 per annum, the proper average to be maintained by a revision of the revenues of the various Sees every seven years. In addition to his salary, the Primate of England possesses two palaces—one at Lambeth and the other at Addington, near Croydon—and that in connection with the latter he was given the title to a pleasure garden (by an order of Her Majesty's Privy Council on the 27th of August, 1869), consisting of over 467 acres. The amount of personal property amassed by twenty-four bishops who died during the fifteen years preceding the appointment of the Ecclesiastical Commission and the three subsequent years is stated by Albany Fonblanque to have amounted to nearly an average of £70,000 for each bishop.

IT seems that attention is being specially drawn in England to the evil effects of smoking as practised by boys. One English physician is mentioned particularly as having examined thirty-eight of these precocious smokers, ranging from nine to fifteen years of age. In twenty-two of these cases he found various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and more or less marked inclination for strong drink. Twelve were subject to frequent bleeding at the nose and an equal number had slight ulceration of the mouth. All this is the most natural thing in the world, as can be seen in thousands of cases everywhere. We don't need to go to England for illustrations. All over Canada we see these juvenile smokers by the hundred, puny, spindle-shanked, tallow-faced, stupid-eyed, nervous nincompoops, just not quite so dazed and mindless as the Chinese opium smoker but not much better. Whether or not it be a mark of genius in a man to smoke tobacco we shall not stay at present to inquire, only remarking by the way that we have met with a very considerable number of adult and most vigorous worshippers of the weed who certainly gave not the slightest intimation of having genius of any kind. As far, however, as boys are concerned we may safely affirm that universal experience goes to shew that if they betake themselves in their teens or even sooner to the tobacco or the cigar, they will soon get quit of any symptoms of genius they ever possessed.

WHAT sorry nonsense, and something a great deal worse, many of those who claim to be "advanced thinkers" talk when they get fairly started on their hobbies. Everybody has heard about the marriage of "George Eliot" *alias* Miss Evans *alias*—well, we suppose we must say the *leman* of the late Mr. G. H. Lewes. Now, any reasonable mortal might have thought that even an "advanced thinker" might do something a great deal worse than get married in a decent, honourable way. It seems, however, not so. This last step, which Miss Evans has lately taken, is, it seems, the most awful and the most disgraceful transaction of which she could by any possibility be guilty. The horror and unspeakability of the proceeding can only be fully realized when one reads the following threnody over it by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, the well known London correspondent of the Cincinnati "Commercial." The poor man is utterly disheartened and overwhelmed by the occurrence. It is thus he moans and moralizes: "She is a shattered idol, a cruel disenchantment, seeing that a score of pathetic myths had invested her, ever since Mr. Lewes' death. Had she been aware of the niche she has long occupied in the holy of holies, the heart of the young, the heroic, the dreamers; had she known what it had cost these to raise her and to defend her," etc., etc., etc., "she could hardly have subjected the world to this cruel disenchantment by legally marrying, and that in the most fashionable church in London." "Here," cries Mr. Conway, "here was the reputed High Priestess of Positivism kneeling before a clergyman and pronouncing after him that she will live 'after the Lord's holy ordinance.' She who has not believed in any deity but humanity for over twenty years." Moreover, she signed her name "Marian Evans, spinster," ignoring Mr. Lewes, and confessing that her relations to him were not "after the Lord's holy ordinance." In sober sadness is this the understood way in which men of genius, or even of decent talent, or those who claim to be such, rant and rave? And is this the end of all the new philosophy and all the "advanced thinking," that it glorifies concubinage and thinks that a woman has finally and for ever dishonoured herself when she ceases to be one man's mistress and becomes another man's wife? "The Sty of Epicurus" is, evidently, the material, but not very honourable resting-plate for all such mouthing talkers, who, while dealing out their platitudes about being moral philosophers, shew very practically and very unmistakably that they have so ceased to be moral men that they are even angry at any of the unfortunate sisterhood of "congenial spirits" who may be found sweeping the house anxiously, if haply they "might find the piece which they had lost."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

ASIATIC TURKEY.

MR. EDITOR, - It was only yesterday that, on taking up THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, whose visits to our "konak" are like the visits of an old friend, I noticed, in the number of date April 16th, Miss Machar's communication announcing ten dollars for the famine sufferers here, and your foot-note in which you undertake to forward all such sums as may be contributed for that purpose. Allow me, on behalf of needy humanity here, to thank you for your active interest in our work. I wish also to extend cordial Christian greetings to Miss Machar and to all those whose pure minds may be stirred up to do likewise.

By last mail I forwarded to Principal Grant a somewhat detailed account of our needs and prospects. The last few days have discovered additional facts which call loudly for prompt action. Dr. Lanzoni, Sanitary Inspector, writes under date of May 14th, from Bayazid: "Leaving Toprakali (from which village his last report, extracts from which I forwarded to Dr. Grant, was sent), the state of the people becomes more grave. On the way to Diaden (35 miles from Toprakali) twenty dead bodies have been picked up within the space of a month. The death result chiefly from insufficiency of nutrition. The symptoms are extreme emaciation, swelling of the body and extreme weakness. From Diaden to Bayazid the situation is still more grave. A large part of the population has fled the country. The city of Bayazid is on rations. The suffering is principally among the Koords, whose animals are all dead and who have nothing. Their condition is pitiable."

A day or two later, in a letter to his wife, the Doctor says that he had gathered five more bodies for interment. A traveller who brought us letters from friends in Tabriz, and who passed through Bayazid, tells us that he was robbed and beaten by hungry Koords. Passing through one district he counted seven bodies of those who had died by the wayside.

My brother, Wm. N. Chambers, and Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of Constantinople, are now on their way to the annual meeting of our mission, to be held this year at Van. They write us from Khanoos, another district in our field and about eighty miles distant from this city, that matters there are in a desperate way. The acreage under crop is very scanty. The situation is worse than we had been led to suppose and the need of immediate assistance is as great as in Bayazid. The government of that district being practically in the hands of Circassian robbers is a serious aggravation of the distress.

By the way, a curious case is just now pending decision in what by courtesy may be called the legal courts of that district.

During the Russian occupation a band of forty or fifty Cossacks routed about 500 Koords, killing several. Some Armenians, knowing the country well, had been pressed into service to guide the Russians to the haunts of these mountain Koordish robbers. Quite recently these Armenian guides have been thrown into prison to await trial for murder; and thus at the instigation of robber bands, who are allowed months to collect or manufacture evidence, peaceable citizens are made to suffer because they, perforce, gave assistance to the Russians in a praiseworthy attempt to rid the country of one of its numerous curses.

Last evening Capt. Everett received a telegram authorizing him to draw £300 more for the poor. As we had just about reached the bottom of our purse and were mercilessly striking from our lists all who did not present a really famished appearance you may imagine the relief this announcement afforded us. Refugees from surrounding plains and even from Persia are crowding into our city by hundreds every day. Some groups on arriving here are only remnants of the families who left their hungry homes to search for bread. Many of these people drop fainting in the streets. The field greens upon which they have been subsisting for weeks are now unobtainable. Yesterday and during the night we had a glorious rain, which, after two weeks of dry weather, again revived our hopes of a harvest. This morning the surrounding hill-tops in their mantle of newly-fallen snow are not easily distinguishable from the lowering clouds, which—God bless them!—promise a continuation of the rain.

June 5th. Yesterday evening I spent an hour on the hill-sides gathering flowers. The utter lack of flower gardens in the city is offset by the prodigality of the uncultivated slopes outside the walls. Buttercups, grape-hyacinths, tulips, forget-me-nots, mille-fleurs, and twenty other varieties blooming at the same time, cover the ground with their hues and fill the air with their fragrance. Three weeks ago the same ground was fairly pink with crocuses. Returning to the city from my short stay in what seems a remnant of Eden, I found that the post had arrived with newspapers etc., up to date of April 30th. In THE PRESBYTERIAN of that date I notice your acknowledgment of sums received for the famine here and forwarded to Mr. Ward. The same mail announces Mr. Ward's telegram to Constantinople authorizing us to draw £50 for the poor, which sum no doubt includes the contributions from Canada.

Wood is now coming in—but such wood! Poplar twigs dug up by the root, the greatest diameter being about 2 inches! And for such wood, sold by weight, some of our friends have been paying from \$30 to \$40 per cord, as nearly as we can compute, during the winter. Good hardwood of rather better size is, however, to be had, and we expect by watching the market closely to secure our wood for the coming year at about \$15 per cord.

But the entire absence of trees in this vicinity is partly compensated by the presence of countless numbers of birds. Birds are so associated in my mind with groves, that writing at my desk, or reclining, book in hand, under our tent on the house top, the unceasing twitter acting on my imagination holds me almost uninterruptedly in the leafy thicket of a Canadian spring time.

R. CHAMBERS.

P. S.—The meeting of the General Assembly is near at hand. May a rich blessing attend its sessions! You will of course meet with Mr. Mackay of Formosa. Please remember me to him with affection. We spent two years together at Old Princeton.

R. C.

Erzroum, June 4th, 1880.

EDMONTON, N.-W. T.

MR. EDITOR,—During the Assembly proceedings at Montreal a strong inclination was shewn by a number of members of Assembly to send a commission out to visit the North-West to gain a knowledge of the places likely to be future centres of population—and to fit the gentlemen sent for dealing more intelligently on the Central Committee with Home Mission matters, in what has now become the great home mission field of the Church. Could the Assembly have seen its way clear in the matter of expense, no doubt much valuable information could have been obtained.

Among the places spoken of by Rev. Mr. Gordon, of Ottawa—an ardent friend of the missions of the Church—was Edmonton, a settlement which had taken his attention in his trip from the Pacific Ocean to Ottawa, and a point recommended by the Presbytery of Manitoba to the Assembly's Home Mission Committee. I have just received a letter from a Presbyterian gentleman at Fort Edmonton, whom business had taken from Winnipeg to that point. I give extracts:—

"DEAR SIR, - I would like to bring before your notice the great loss sustained by the Presbyterian body through not having a representative at Edmonton. I hardly think the Synod is aware of the great importance of this place, and the number of residents who, before leaving Scotland, for the Hudson's Bay Company's service, were brought up in that Church. There is a large field of labour here for a missionary and the people are waiting to give a Presbyterian a hearty welcome. I attended the Wesleyan service a few evenings ago and was more than disappointed by what I heard. The mission and parsonage are very commodious, especially the former, and the attendance was only sixteen, some of that number being children. . . . The English clergyman also is not at all suited for the country. . . . Now, I would ask you if the people are not justified in calling out for a minister of the Gospel who will point out to them their duty. Two of their chapels are such as you will find in few places of this size and the people built them. There are four men here who I know, have offered \$25 each for the purpose of building a Presbyterian Church, and more would be forthcoming if any movement was taken in the matter. I am not a resident

here but will give \$20 to the Home Mission Fund if anything is done for Edmonton. . . .

Fort Edmonton, June 2nd, 1880.

These facts, Mr. Editor, need no comment. Edmonton, I may state, is, by road, about 1,000 miles west of Winnipeg.

GEORGE PRYCE.

Mount Pleasant, Brant Co., July 2nd, 1880.

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

MR. EDITOR, - I have been surprised at the representations given in THE PRESBYTERIAN, from time to time, of the condition of the Free Church of Scotland, in connection with the case of Professor Smith.

From these representations, our people here will be led to draw very false inferences as to the condition of that Church. One would think, from last week's paper, that that Church was on the eve of a disruption. That the two parties, as represented by the vote on the Smith case, could scarcely live together in peace—and that a large section of that Church was not maintaining a very decided orthodoxy.

Now, so far as my information goes, such a view of the Free Church is as incorrect as it is possible to be, is not just to that Church, and is fitted totally to mislead our people. And, moreover, not the slightest trace of such a state of affairs is mentioned in any ecclesiastical publication in Scotland. The July number of the "Free Church Record," on the contrary, presents that Church as in a most hopeful and flourishing condition, and from the latest and most authentic information concerning that Church it can be truly asserted,

(1) That the Free Church is in as healthy and sound a condition, so far as orthodoxy is concerned, as she ever was;

(2) That she is in as united and prosperous a condition as she ever was, as is shewn by the very noteworthy fact, that her contributions this year exceeded those of last year by the sum of £40,000, and exceeded those of any year in the past by the sum of £15,700, having reached altogether £591,478;

(3) That she never has been more active and successful in mission work, nor more generous in assisting the cause of religion in the colonies, and specially in this colony, than in the past year.

And as to the case of Professor Smith. She has shewn herself to be exceedingly sensitive to anything approaching heresy, to the allowance of any views that would subvert the teaching of the Confession of Faith. Only in a Church spiritually alive would such a case as Professor Smith's cause the excitement it did. And in the July "Record" of that Church, and other public journals likely to be informed, there is no whisper of division being threatened, and no notice of the absurd document referred to in THE PRESBYTERIAN taken. There are in circulation in Scotland, at this moment, sermons teaching doctrines wholly opposed to, and subversive of the teachings of the Confession of Faith, the writers of which are not interfered with by the Churches to which they belong. But the writers are not connected with the Free Church.

Apart, however, from the facts of the case, surely the consideration that the Free Church is the only one of the Scottish Churches that is contributing generously to aid us in our Home Mission work should secure for her, not any undue favour, but a fair presentation of her state before our people. I hope that this statement on the subject, will at least shew that there is another view of the situation, taken in well informed quarters in Scotland, than that which has been presented repeatedly by the THE PRESBYTERIAN.

PRESBYTER.

THE NEW HYMN BOOK.

MR. EDITOR,—I see from the proceedings of the General Assembly of our Church that the new Hymn Book is ready for publication, and it now becomes a question of the greatest practical importance what editions of it we shall have issued for congregational use. Having great faith in the excellent judgment of the Committee who compiled it, I do not propose to say anything about the unharmonized editions, of which, following the example, and learning from the experience, of other Presbyterian Churches, they will, no doubt, publish several at different prices and in varying styles. But I think it may not be amiss to call attention here to the vast importance of having a good harmonized edition with a view to the cultiva-

tion of singing, and especially part singing, in our congregations.

I need not stop to point out how necessary it is that in order to have good congregational singing a considerable proportion of those engaged in this delightful part of the service, should not only be able to read music at sight but should have the musical score in their hands. There are very many men who cannot sing the air of even those tunes with the lowest pitch, and there are many women who have not soprano voices. To them, if they are to sing at all—and much the same is true of tenors—a harmonized score is an indispensable requisite, so that they may be able to sing bass, alto, or tenor just as they may find it most agreeable or suitable. I believe it is the intention to publish a harmonized edition of the Hymn Book and, therefore, I say no more of the necessity of doing so.

But in this connection a question of great importance comes up. There are two general methods of arranging hymns and tunes in the same book; which of these should the committee adopt? One is to annex a single tune to each hymn on the supposition that the tune and the hymn shall be inseparable in the church service. Whenever any given hymn is sung it must, according to this theory, be sung to the tune assigned to it, and to no other. In other words the committee, if this method be adopted, will once for all select the tune best adapted to each hymn, and precentors and choir leaders throughout the whole Church must submit to the arrangement. I say "must submit," because on this plan—as, for instance, in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and the "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship," used by the English Presbyterian Church—there is no provision for turning over the leaves with the hymns and those with the tunes independently of each other. The other method is to have the leaf of the book divided into two parts, the lower containing the hymn and the upper the tune. Each of these parts can be turned over independently of the other, and the precentor, with such a book in his hands, can select any tune he pleases for any hymn.

Now, the question with me is not so much which of these methods is theoretically the soundest, but which of them is most likely (1) to lead to a general improvement in our congregational singing, and (2) to make the new Hymn Book popular, and bring it into general use. There is much to be said in favour of the first and less flexible system. It has been very successful in the case of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and there can be no doubt that a committee of musical experts is better able to wed appropriate music to hymns than the average precentor is. Nevertheless, at this stage of our history and under existing circumstances, the more flexible plan adopted by the compilers and harmonizers of the Scottish Presbyterian hymn books is the one that should be adopted in Canada. Had we to deal with city churches alone the matter would be one of less importance, but the great majority of our precentors and choir leaders are able to make use of comparatively few tunes, and if the book is not so constructed as to allow them to turn to these at will, no matter what hymn is given out to be sung, they will not use it all. The tendency will manifestly be to retain and extend the use of the "Scottish Hymnal" of the Kirk, the "Presbyterian Hymnal" of the U. P. Church, and the coming Free Church Hymn Book which will, in some respects, be the strongest rival to our own in the field. One great object in getting up the Hymn Book just sanctioned by the Assembly was to secure something like uniformity within the Church. Uniformity will, I am persuaded, be in any case a long time in coming, for it will be found a difficult matter to evict the old and deeply loved hymn books when they are tenants of long standing, and I think it must be evident that to dictate to every precentor just what tune he is to sing, especially when, in nine cases out of ten, he cannot sing the prescribed one at all, is the surest way to defeat the Assembly's object. The range of our congregational singing is, even in our best trained city congregations, extremely limited. One can enumerate two dozen tunes and include in his list the great bulk of all the airs sung to psalms, paraphrases, and hymns from Halifax to Vancouver. We may regret that the attainments of our precentors and congregations are not more varied, but we must take them as we find them. It would be a desirable consummation to have every congregation trained to sing the very best tunes that can be found for each hymn, but surely it is better to have a comparatively unsuitable tune

sung with spirit and harmony than to have the precentor and a small knot of his assistants give a silent congregation an exhibition of their musical skill.

Both because the more flexible plan noted above would do most to improve congregational singing and because it would soonest lead to the displacement of old favourites and the establishment of their younger rival, our own excellent collection, I plead strongly for the adoption of that arrangement. I happen to know that this question is causing a good deal of anxiety in many quarters, and that not a few congregations will be guided in their choice of a Hymn Book by the form of the harmonized edition of our own. Though our collection is a good one it would be presumption to say that its intrinsic merits are sufficient to enable it to oust all rivals, as I for one hope to see it do.

OBSERVER.

TWO WAYS OF BUILDING CHURCHES AND THEIR SUCCESS.

In God's Word the rules laid down for church building are very simple and met with wonderful success, so we will look at the best way first.

When the children of Israel were journeying through the wilderness to the land of promise, the word of the Lord came unto them saying, "Make Me a sanctuary," and gave these rules to work by: "Speak unto the children of Israel that they bring Me an offering; of every man that giveth willingly with his heart, ye shall take My offering."

"Take ye from among you an offering unto the Lord; whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering to the Lord: gold, silver," etc.

How did the plan work?

"They came, both men and women, as many as were willing-hearted, and brought bracelets, and ear-rings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold; and every man that offered offered an offering of gold unto the Lord."

They gave with such liberality that they had to issue a proclamation to restrain them from bringing, "For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much."

The people gave unto the Lord, and God shewed His pleasure in the work, for when it was completed, "Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the Tabernacle."

Then in the time of David we find the people of God preparing to build the temple. How did they set to work? "They with whom precious stones were found gave them to the treasure of the house of the Lord." "Then the people rejoiced, for that they offered willingly to the Lord." They took no praise to themselves for what they had done, but said, "All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee." God accepted their willing offering, for at the opening of the temple, "The priests could not enter into the house of the Lord, because the glory of the Lord filled the house of the Lord."

In reading these passages we see in what a wonderful way God blessed His people, who worked by His plan, for the accomplishment of His glory.

Now we will look at the popular way and what success it meets with.

It is decided to build a church. The congregation is canvassed. Some give liberally, some grudgingly, but each tries to give what will make him appear respectable in the eyes of the rest. The most of the amount is thus pledged to be paid in yearly instalments, in three or four years.

The building committee set the thing in operation, but are continually harrassed for want of means, and have to borrow, and pay heavy interest, to carry on the work.

The ladies take up with zeal the furnishing of the church. A canvass is made among themselves, and so much monthly is promised.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is stopped to aid the work, and little by some and none by others is given to missions while this work is in progress, for "charity begins at home."

Then a round of amusements is gone into. Humorous and scientific lectures, socials, concerts, flower shows, art exhibitions, tableaux, parlour concerts, garden parties, etc., etc.

At last the building is finished: and its outward appearance is an ornament to the town or city. Inside how elegant it looks; with its tapestry-covered floor, softly cushioned seats, and stained windows. The day of opening arrives; and a large congregation listen to the preached word, while the cloud of a

mortgage hangs over the church; and the glory of a bazaar fills the basement.

Dear Christian friends, who are engaged in this work, take time to consider which is the proper way, and which way will bring the most honour to the God you love and the greatest blessing to yourselves.

M. D.

DIVORCE.

Will you allow me a few words on the divorce case? I can truly sympathize with the object undoubtedly prominent in the minds of the brethren who brought in what became the finding of the Assembly. We would deplore the unseemly disorder which is likely to arise if loose and discontented husbands or wives were encouraged to pay a visit to the neighbouring Republic, summarily dispose of their marriage covenant on mere pretence, and come back to defile our land with unlawful marriages. We should not however do injustice to any one ever with a good object in view. The Church of Christ must be governed wholly by divine law. "Whether it be right in the sight of God," (Acts iv. 19) is the rule by which a Christian court should determine. I admit that any unnecessary disregard of civil law, if they be just, is not "right in the sight of God." But let us look at the case before us.

1. There is no room for doubt that Mrs. Phillips had a right to divorce. She had come for it according to the Word of God. True, she did not get it on that ground but that was the fault of the civil court; and surely did not invalidate her right.

2. Had she and her present husband gone to Illinois, taken up their abode there, and done exactly what they have done in regard to their marriage, i.e. obtained the divorce to which she had a right, and remarried, which was also her right, would any member of Assembly say that they had violated Christian consistency in the least degree? It follows that if they have done wrong it is not in obtaining the divorce and marriage, for what is right, *de jure divino*, in Illinois cannot be wrong in Canada.

3. The only thing which calls for censure, therefore, if censure be due, is not the divorce and marriage, for to that they had divine right, but the manner in which these covenants have been effected. For this alone they should have been dealt with. It seems to me an error has been committed in looking too much to civil law and less to the sight of the divine which should be paramount. Our Canadian law in the matter of divorce is unrighteous in so far as it is available for the rich and not for the poor. I may be told that one may sue *in forma pauperis*, I answer, (1) it is not the less an unrighteous law that compels one to do that, and (2) the success of such a course is very unlikely, and dependent on accidents, which is also wrong.

Our law is more at fault than Mrs. Phillips, who has not intentionally sinned even in disregarding its requirements. Her divorce and marriage may be invalid in the sight of men who make and administer law *populo volente*, but not in the sight of God whose laws are not bounded by states or provinces.

Yet if the verdict against Mrs. Phillips is to be carried out what monstrous consequences will it entail. 1. She must be held guilty of adultery, living with another than her husband. 2. She must be punished for bigamy. 3. She must separate from her present husband and go back to live with her former one till she obtain a divorce, which by Canadian law she probably never could. Would not the last error be worse than the first? I do not see how she can be chargeable *de jure divino* with anything worthy of suspension. Her sin seems to me only an error of judgment—an unintentional disregard of Canadian law—and even this in consequence of its provisions being virtually out of her reach. Had she and her husband been married in Illinois none would have called in question their standing in the Christian Church, but how could such an accident change their standing "before God?"

JUS.

July 9th, 1880.

FAULTLESSNESS is conceivable, being merely the negation of evil. But perfection is positive, the attainment of all conceivable excellence.—F. W. Robertson.

IT requires more faith and courage to say two words face to face with one single sinner, than from the pulpit to rebuke two or three thousand persons, ready to listen to everything on condition of forgetting all.—Bossuet.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

RECEIVING CHRIST.

Reception of any blessing is conditioned by the tender of it. It is so both with respect to the manner of securing it and the method of enjoying it. If something I desire is offered for sale, I can obtain it only by the payment of the price demanded for it. If offered for exchange, I can secure it only by furnishing that which is desire in exchange. If offered gratuitously, I secure it by merely accepting it. If the offer be absolutely free, the acceptance is such. If it be conditional, such also must the acceptance be. In all human intercourse reception of anything is conditioned by its tender. In no case can anything be legitimately secured otherwise than by compliance with the terms on which it is offered.

Neither can it in any case be otherwise legitimately enjoyed. If I have received of a physician a liquid to be used as a lotion, I may not use it as a potion. If I have received of him liquor for medicine, I may not use it as a beverage. If a person tenders me his services as a physician, I have no right to expect his services as a lawyer. If he tenders me his services as a teacher, I have no right to seek his services as a tailor.

In all the varied activities of life, individual men have their individual pursuits. They qualify themselves for their respective callings. They offer their services to their fellows in these respective callings. They claim proficiency, offer service in no other avocations. I have no right to expect of any a service he does not tender.

Upon these principles I act in all my intercourse with my fellow-men. If my horse needs to be shod I take him to the blacksmith. If my watch needs repairing I take it to the silversmith. If my health is failing I go to a physician. If I am threatened with litigation I go to a lawyer. If I seek an education for myself or my child I look up a teacher or a school. Having wants of any kind, I look up those who tender supply for such wants, and from them seek what I need. Where there are rival offers, I choose that one which on the whole promises the best supply at the least cost. Having chosen my supply, I yield myself to it as completely as the grounds of my confidence in it will permit.

In sickness I surrender myself to my physician—comply with his directions and take his prescriptions. In litigation I abide by the advice of my counsel and do as he directs. In education I defer to my teacher credit his statements and study the books of his selection.

The same principles essentially apply in the intercourse of a sinner with the Saviour. In this respect I have wants. I am a lost sinner and need salvation. It matters not how I have reached that knowledge, or come to that feeling. It is enough that I know I am lost and that I feel my need of a Saviour. I learn that there is such a Saviour as I need. Full account of Him is given in God's Word. I there learn His history—His character, His claims, and something of what He has done. I learn His conception of my case and how it is to be treated, His qualifications for the work and the conditions on which He will undertake it.

I there learn that my condition involves a three-fold danger. I am ignorant, guilty and depraved. I am ignorant of God, alienated from Him and disloyal to Him. My ignorance must be removed, my guilt must be expiated, and my character must be renewed. Christ tenders me His services to accomplish these results.

He offers Himself as the way, the truth and the life—the only one through whom I can have access to God. He offers Himself in a three-fold character corresponding to the three-fold work to be accomplished. He is Prophet, Priest and King. In this three-fold character He tenders His services gratuitously. He offers them without money and without price. He asks only that my trust in Him be absolute and my committal of myself to Him be without reserve. All other efforts to secure salvation must be abandoned, all other rivals must be discarded. In Christ, and in Him alone, I must put my trust. His teaching is to be authoritative and final, His mediation perfect, His supremacy absolute.

When, convinced that Christ is worthy of such trust, I thus give myself to Him, I receive Him; but not till

then. It is only thus that He offers Himself to me in the Gospel, and, as noticed above, in all cases reception must correspond to tender. Such surrender to Christ constitutes conversion—is possible only in genuine conversion. Writing to the Corinthians, Paul says, "I give you to understand . . . that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost" (1 Cor. xii. 3). It is easy enough otherwise to acknowledge that Jesus is a teacher, a priest, a king. But not otherwise can the acknowledgment come that He is *the* teacher, *the* priest, *the* king.

There is here a characteristic difference between Protestantism and Romanism. The former exalts Christ, the latter exalts the Church. The former quickens conscience, the latter benumbs it. The former sends the penitent to Christ, the latter directs him to the confessional. Rome relieves the burdened conscience of its load and assumes the responsibility of making peace with God. She relieves the Christian of the task of earnest study of God's Word and herself infallibly proclaims His truth. She relieves him from the necessity of knowing His law and herself furnishes the code for his life, with convenient compensations for transgressions of it.

But there is reason to fear the difference is sometimes more theoretical than practical—that even in Protestant Churches Protestant principles are disregarded. A person may be a real Christian and yet be a very imperfect one. His knowledge may be very limited, his character very defective. He may not receive as truth very much which you and I believe and which our Church professes. He may esteem many things to be lawful which you and I condemn, and which our Church forbids, and yet be a Christian. Does he bow to Christ? Does he accept Christ's revelation as the final test of truth, His righteousness as the only ground of acceptance with God, His will as the supreme rule of conduct? Then is he a Christian, and as such I must receive him. Then it is mine to persuade him that the doctrines I believe are those which Christ teaches, the laws I obey and maintain are those which Christ has enacted. Convincing him of this I have a right to ask his acceptance of my teaching, obedience to my law. "Be ye followers of me even as I also am of Christ." But I have no right otherwise. I am not lord of God's heritage, but only an example to the flock.—*Rev. D. F. Bonner.*

HOW IS THIS?

Mr. Mill again is satisfied with the affirmation that the genius and moral qualities of Jesus are sufficient to account for all the effects which we have described. Here are his words and very remarkable ones they are as coming from him: "About the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality combined with profundity of insight, which, if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision, where something very different was aimed at, must place the Prophet of Nazareth even in the estimation of those who have no belief in His inspiration in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life." But I submit, that it is not possible to go so far as this without, for the sake of logical consistency going much farther. For genius alone will not account for the effect which even Mr. Mill recognizes was produced on men by the life of Christ. No. Not even when it is allied with the qualities of a moral reformer and a martyr. Even if we admit that such genius as Jesus possessed is not itself the very thing to be accounted for, considering the surroundings of His youth and manhood, it remains a fact that the world has never been regenerated by genius, or moved to offer such homage to those who were dowered with it, as men pay to Jesus. Homer did not become a deity to the Greeks nor Virgil to the Romans. No name of genius is more honoured to-day in Germany than that of Goethe; but what a difference is there between the feelings of his admirers toward him and those cherished—I will not say merely by Christians, but by the world at large—toward Jesus! At the mention of the name of

Robert Burns every Scotchman's "blood" (to use his own words regarding Wallace) "boils up in a spring-tide flood," but who thinks of him as a regenerator of society? Or who would organize a mission to carry his life-story to heathen nations? Probably the most cosmopolitan specimen of genius the world has ever seen was that of William Shakespeare; but who does not feel as wide a divergence between his writings, admirable as they are, and these four Gospels, as there is between the electric light and a star; between the finest specimens of the architect's handiwork and the magnificent cathedral rocks that rise sheer and high on the side of the Yosemite? for the one is human in its origin, and the other is the handiwork of God.

Nay, even when to the element of genius we add those of the moral reformer and the martyr, we are not perceptibly nearer giving any adequate explanation of the effects produced on humanity by the life of Christ than we were before. For we find genius, reforming energy, and martyrdom, all combined in the story of Socrates, which always, as I read it, seems to me to constitute the high water mark of mere unaided manhood. But what is Socrates to men to-day? What churches have been founded for his worship? What missionary associations have been instituted for the translation and diffusion of the "Phædo," the "Crito," and the "Apology?" And who among the children of men is moved to abstain from doing wrong or to persevere in doing right for the sake of the son of Sophroniscus? While, on the other hand, with a vast multitude of mankind, there is no motive so powerful as the "for my sake" from the lips of the Son of Mary. There is here, therefore, in the life of Christ, some quality that is not found in manhood, as such. What is that quality if it is not supernatural? What is it, if it is not divine? It is at least, all history being the witness, superhuman; and yet it has become so mighty on our race because the superhuman operated through One, who, whatever else He was, was also really a man. Here is a moral miracle which renders credible the physical signs and wonders with which its manifestation to men was accomplished.—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

SHOULD VERY TIRED PEOPLE GO TO CHURCH?

Many of those who stay at home all day Sunday because they are tired make a great mistake; they are much more weary on Sunday night than they would have been if they had gone to church at least once; as the time must often drag heavily on Sunday for the lack of something to do and to think about; and the consciousness of having spent the day unprofitably must sometimes add mental disturbance and dissatisfaction to the languor that follows idleness.

Moreover, these tired people would often find refreshment for their minds and their hearts in the quiet services of the church. They would secure by means of them a change of scene, a change of mental atmosphere, and the suggestion of thoughts and motives and sentiments that are out of the range of their daily work. For a hard-working mechanic, or salesman, or housekeeper, or teacher, this diversion of the thought to other than the customary themes, might be the most restful way of spending a portion of the day of rest.

We happen to know of several cases in which this prescription has been used with excellent results. Those who were wont to stay at home because they were too tired on Sunday to go to church, have been induced to try the experiment of seeking rest for their souls as well as their bodies, in the sanctuary for a small part of every Sunday; and they testify that they have found what they sought; that the observance has proved a refreshment rather than a weariness, and that their Sundays never gave them so much good rest when they stayed at home, as they have given them since they formed the habit of church-going.—*Good Company.*

WORK VS. POVERTY.

In a Prussian roadside inn one hot summer's day several men were smoking and drinking. The room was dirty and uncared for, and the men, who looked quite in keeping with it, were ralling at the way in which Providence did her work, and contrasting the luxury and idleness of the rich with the misery and hardships of the poor.

During the conversation a stranger, a young man, came in to eat his bread and cheese while his team

rested in the shade before the inn. For a time he listened silently to the talk, and then joined in saying, "You must strike!"

"Strike against what?" asked the peasants.

"Against poverty!" answered the young man, "and the weapon with which to strike is work."

"Well said! Sensibly spoken!" laughed the peasants.

"It would have been well for me had I always been as sensible," continued the stranger, "but I used to be an idle rogue. I was strong and healthy, but I would not work, and if now and then I was obliged to do anything, I was off at once to the alehouse, and like lightning the money was out and the brandy was in. I went from place to place—that means, that everywhere I was turned away, for no master wants a loafer about. I'd soon had enough of farm service, and then I went about to fairs and public houses as a fiddler. Wherever anyone would hear me, I scraped my violin, but with all my scraping I was never able to get a whole shirt to my back. Soon I grew tired of music and then tried begging. I went up and down the country, but most doors were shut in my face. People said a healthy young fellow like I was ought to work. That enraged me. I grumbled that God had not made me a rich man, and I was envious of all who were better off than myself. I would have liked to turn the world upsidedown that I might have been able to lord it over the rich. One day I went into an inn, sat down in a corner, and began muttering my begging speeches. At a table not far from me sat a gentleman (he is, as I afterwards heard, a writer of books); he kept glancing at me and I kept glancing at him, for I thought he would be sure to give me a good alms, and so he did. I'm spending it still."

"What was it?" asked the men, who had listened attentively.

"He came up to me and asked me about my early life. I told him I had been a farm servant, and sent from place to place—in short, I told him everything. He listened quietly, shook his head, and at last said, 'Shew me your hands!' Astonished, I held out my hands; he examined them all over, pushed up my shirt sleeves, and again shook his head.

"What powerful hands! What strength there must be in those arms!" he said. "My lad, you must join in the war."

"In what war?" I asked.

"In a war against your misery?" he exclaimed in a loud voice. "You fool, you imagine you are poor—poor with such hands! What a mad idea! He only is poor who is sick in body or in mind. You are healthy in body and in mind. Good heavens! with such hands, poor! Set your wits to work and reflect upon the treasure God has given you in your strong healthy limbs. Recover your senses and march forward in the war!"

"Bravo! That was very good," laughed the peasants.

"And so I joined in the war," continued the young man. "I looked for a place, and now I am a farm servant as before—nothing better and no richer; but I am content and industrious, and I have served the same master these five years, and shall stay with him until one of us dies."—From the German of *Thekla von Gumpert*.

HOW WEEDS MULTIPLY.

Sixty thousand mullein seeds have been produced from a single stalk. Patient and careful counting have shewn that a single plant of purslane produces a million matured seeds. The counting is achieved by first counting the pods, then the seeds in a single pod. The seed from a single plant will furnish a seed for every square foot in twenty-three acres. If each of them produced a million seeds, then we should have the amazing amount of 1,000,000,000,000 seeds from one plant in two years.

The Bible uses weeds as its illustration of sin. A vivid illustration it is. Weeds pollute the air, exhaust the ground, destroy all useful vegetation, and spread with amazing rapidity. So does sin. It mars the moral atmosphere and surroundings of the man, it uses up the strength which might be used for good, it destroys his love for the good and noble in life, it influences his fellows in a million deleterious ways. Shall we not hate it? Shall we not dread it?

The suggestion which flows from these facts about the rapid multiplication of weeds is equally significant (or much more significant) with regard to sin. For

sin multiplies its influences with the same rapidity. Fallen human nature is a soil specially adapted to the growth and propagation of wickedness, and every sin planted in this soil will certainly bear thirty-fold, a hundred fold, or a thousand fold, unless restrained by the hand of God. And each one of these new plants will be a new seed-bearer, scattering in turn its evil influences, until the world would become (did not God restrain it, as full of evil as it was before the flood. For there is no remedy save the regenerating and sanctifying influences of God. *Christian Observer*.

EVENING, AND MORNING, AND AT NOON
WILL I PRAY.

O God, abide with me,
For darkness falls,
And while I lay me down to sleep, to Thee
My spirit calls,
To Thee, to Thee:

Do Thou be with me through the hours of night,
Shine on my soul and make its darkness bright,
Till I become, in Thy most blessed light,
Like Thee, like Thee.

O God, abide with me,
For morning shines,
With it I rise and give myself to Thee,
My soul inclines
To Thee, O Lord.

O guide me through the dangers of this day,
Keep Thou my heart lest I be led astray,
Keep Thou my tongue lest evil things I say,
Nor heed Thy Word.

O God, abide with me,
'Tis noontide now,
O keep me watchful, waiting, Christ, for Thee.
Nor, Lord, allow,
Throughout the strife,
That aught be suffered to usurp Thy place,
Obscure the shining of Thy blessed face,
Or hinder me to run the holy race
That leads to life.

O God, abide with me,
'Tis night once more,
And now my soul sings hymns of praise to Thee,
Whom I adore,
And, longing, turns
Her latest, as her earliest, thoughts to Thee,
That Thou the first, and Thou the last, mayst be,
Desiring in all things Thy hand to see,
While life's lamp burns.

"MUST I JOIN THE CHURCH?"

This was, no doubt, an honest question in the inquirer, but it revealed an enormous weakness. It was a young person who asked the question as he was looking out from a world-life into the new life of a Christian. He had been loitering near the door a long time. He was often greatly moved towards entering. He had long ago learned what Christ taught as to the terms of discipleship. The cross, the yoke, the confession, were familiar terms—even threadbare in pulpit teaching, and yet ever requiring repetition. But this youth had marked out a by-way for himself. It was aside from the thoroughfare of common Christians. It was smooth, well shaded from the sun of trial, and pretty free from the hills of difficulty. His religion he thought to put away secretly in his heart. His charities should be known only to God. His confessions of Christ were to be so indirect and inferential that common people could hardly suspect the real secret of his life.

In some such state of mind as this our young friend saw his companions leaving him to join the Church. They were coming to the front of Christian living, and were going to find out what cross, if any, might lie in the path of open and honest discipleship. The flaw in his experience was revealed in the question at the head of this article. He had been smothering a Christian life, feeble enough at best, under the non-committalism of a secret religion.

Of course, there can be but one answer to the state of mind disclosed in this question. God may, indeed, make exceptions to the privileges of a Christian life. He may lay upon us what disabilities he will. But aside from such barriers, nothing is more sure than that real love to Christ is an outpushing, and not a secretive principle. God only knows in what shades it is possible for the plant of faith to live. He only can tell how sickly a Christian life may be, and yet be a Christian life. He only can tell us how little of courage and heartiness one may use, and yet creep into heaven. But the whole Bible is witness to the fact that Christ's type of religion is one which holds sincerity and purpose and pluck. The feeblest flower seed has to push hard against the overlying clay.

And if the world is to enjoy the odour of its blossom there must be quite a battle with scorching sun and sweeping storm.

The real religion of Jesus Christ goes beyond this question, ordinarily with a single bound. It is very sure that all the workings and successes of Christianity are achieved by another and a higher principle.

The remedy for such a questioner lies not in answering his query so much as in finding, deep down in his soul, a spring a nervous, spiritual principle—which pushes itself up and comes to the surface as unconsciously as the seed germ. The religion of Jesus Christ does not wait for a "must," because it is busied in asking, What may I do for Him who died for me? *Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

KEEP IN THE SCHOOL.

This is a law of Christian life which no one can neglect without loss. When such an intellect as that of St. Paul was brought to face the service of Christ it required special teaching. The Ethiopian eunuch could not understand the prophecy which he was reading until Philip explained it. The wisest worldly mind must enter the kingdom of heaven as a child. Many persons about entering upon a religious life seem but half conscious of their spiritual ignorance. They come up to the services and instructions of the church irregularly—being present at one opportunity and absent from another, thus losing often the very teaching intended for them.

There is not a better sign of the new life than a deep hungering for instruction. There is not a surer path towards religious growth than that which goes through every lesson. Real force of character resides in that conception of duty which consents to lose no opportunity. Irregularity in secular education makes a half-taught and a superficial scholar. The same course in spiritual culture leads to the same result. It is disheartening to see what defective Christian lives, what feeble and flabby examples, what sickly shams of religious character, come out of the half-schooling with which so many Christians content themselves. The church is God's school. All its ordinances, all its services go to make up the curriculum of religious education.

Half-doing is the bane of Christian life. It loosens the joints of the harness and opens the armour to let in the devil's arrows. Half-doing is worse to-day for Christianity than philosophical speculation. These free-thinkers are constantly fooling themselves, and are coming to spots which they can cross only on bridges of the most enormous credulity. A positive and honest Christian living will hold its own against speculation. One hundred persons eagerly seeking knowledge and honestly doing Christianity every day will put to flight a thousand philosophical doubters. Keep yourself in the school then, young Christian. Get every lesson. Be at every recitation. Shew an example of simple and steadfast sticking to it. Take your life purpose from Psalm cxix. 35: "I have stuck unto Thy testimonies," and see what wonderful strength will grow upon the life of any one who will begin, no matter where, and simply keep learning and keep doing the things which Christ is teaching us in the duties of church life.

If you do not wish to trade with the devil, keep out of his shop.—*Thomas Fuller*.

It is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues.—*Swift*.

FLATTERY is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although both parties intend deception, neither is deceived.—*Colton*.

AN old clergyman said: "When I come to die I shall have my greatest grief and my greatest joy; my greatest grief that I have done so little for the Lord Jesus, and my greatest joy that the Lord Jesus has done so much for me."

AS to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success, shall do all in my power to secure it, and trust to God for the rest. *Admiral Farragut*.

CHRISTIANITY is the true citizenship of the world, and universal peace, and the free exchange of all lands and tributes of their several peculiar goods and gifts, are possible only as all are grouped around, and united by, the cross of a common Redeemer and the hope of a common heaven.—*William R. Williams*.

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Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1880.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

IT is gratifying in no ordinary degree to observe the increasing interest taken almost everywhere in the higher education of women, and the wise practical efforts put forth to bring such education within the reach of a far larger number than hitherto, as well as to make it at the same time of a far more thorough and practical character. Much of the so-called higher education hitherto provided for girls has had to be characterized as "dear and bad." Who has been chiefly responsible for such a state of things we shall not say. We are merely stating a well known and generally recognized fact. The girls of a family have had no such educational opportunities afforded to them as have been secured to their brothers either by public effort or private enterprise. Indeed the feeling has been too general that they did not need anything of the kind and that after they had been taught the usual elementary branches and a few showy "accomplishments" they had all which was necessary unless they were to earn their subsistence by teaching. A very marked and very general change in public opinion on this subject has been going on for some time past and the result is seen in the admission in certain cases of lady students to some of the Universities and in others of institutions being organized on a popular and efficient basis for giving at a moderate rate as good an education to the girls of the family as has long been secured to the boys.

Canada has not been behind other places in this good work and she will, we trust, every year do more and better in the same direction. In our own Presbyterian body there must be a very large number who can afford to give their daughters a first-rate education. These have now no excuse for neglecting this duty. The opportunity is afforded them by the institutions at Ottawa and Brantford, which have been specially organized, under the sanction of the General Assembly, for this very purpose. The character and work of these establishments is now known by actual experience and those who can at all afford the very moderate outlay necessary are not acting fairly to their daughters, to the Church, and to themselves if they do not avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded of securing for their girls an education which the most reliable authorities declare to be both "good and cheap."

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AND THE ROBERTSON SMITH CASE.

WE feel that we might have been quite justified in refusing to insert the letter which appears in today's issue over the signature "Presbyter," for it contains somewhat offensive charges at once against our honesty and impartiality, while at the same time it does not even make the slightest attempt at substantiating them, though they are of such a character that it is scarcely to be expected any newspaper would allow its own columns to be the vehicle for their publication unless they were supported at once by evidence

and argument. We, however, very readily afford "Presbyter" the opportunity of stating his grievance and applying his remedy, though we should have been better pleased had he condensed upon particulars and mentioned even one of our statements which is either "incorrect," "unjust," or "misleading." We have studiously confined ourselves in this whole Robertson Smith case to mere Robertson fact, and shall therefore be too glad if "Presbyter" supplies us with any instances of error into which we have unwittingly fallen. Perhaps our correspondent will be kind enough to mention what ground he has for asserting that the statements we have made and the view of the situation we have given have not the slightest foundation in anything connected "in any ecclesiastical publication in Scotland," and that there is not even "a trace" of "such a state of affairs" in any such publication. We shall be pleased to allow him or any other person any reasonable amount of our space to make good that charge which virtually says that we "fabricate facts," imagine occurrences, forge motions, and evolve speeches out of our own inner consciousness.

"Presbyter" refers us to the "Free Church Record" for July as authoritative on the whole subject, yet will it be believed that that "Record" says neither one thing nor another on the Robertson Smith case, but simply gives the different motions and the votes on each? What "other public journals likely to be well informed" our correspondent refers to we of course cannot say. He will, we have no doubt, mention them in his next communication when he shows how we have been as "incorrect as it is possible to be" in our statements with reference to the whole of this Robertson Smith case.

We have every respect for "Presbyter," and quite believe that he was scarcely aware of the force of his language or the gravity of his charges. At the same time we are not prepared to take his solitary and unsupported *ipse dixit* as authoritative either in reference to facts or inferences till the necessary evidence and argument be forthcoming. None can regret more than we shall if it be proved that we have given either a false or an "unfair view" of the present state of the Free Church in Scotland. Toward that Church we have nothing but the very kindest possible feelings and nothing but hopefulness in reference to its ultimate future; while as to the sermons to which "Presbyter" refers in such a mysterious and apparently significant manner all we can say is, that we cannot see what connection they have with our accounts of the Robertson Smith case, the more especially as we take no stock either in them or in their circulation. When our correspondent supplies the desiderated evidence we may have something further to say on the subject. In the meantime will he allow us to hint in the kindest possible manner, not only to himself but also to some others of our valued correspondents, that vigorous assertions are not always available evidences, and that the stoutest of adjectives very often add almost nothing to the conclusiveness of an argument.

THE ROBERTSON SMITH CASE.

AT a meeting of the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh held on the 29th of June last, the Robertson Smith case, as brought up at a former meeting by the notice of amendment by the Rev. Mr. Macaulay, and referred to in another part of our present issue, was delayed till the 13th inst., and that with the view of allowing the members of the Court time to read and consider the articles in the Encyclopædia Britannica, complained of.

Notices of motion were then given to the following effect:—
Mr. Macaulay to move—"The Presbytery having had their attention called to certain statements by the Rev. Professor Robertson Smith published in the eleventh volume of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and particularly to statements in the article entitled 'Hebrew Language and Literature,' agree to make a representation to the Commission of Assembly appointed to meet in August, praying the Commission to take such action in the case as may be fitted to maintain and vindicate the doctrinal confession and testimony of this Church concerning the truth, inspiration, and authority of the Word of God."

Professor Macgregor to move—"The Presbytery do not see *in hoc statu* that they as a Presbytery are laid under a constraint of Providence to take action in the matter."

Mr. R. G. Balfour to move to the effect that as the article was written, and out of Professor Smith's hands long before the last meeting of Assembly, no further action be taken in the matter.

Mr. McNeil, Colinton, to move to the effect that time ought to be allowed Professor Smith to shew deference to the admonition of Assembly, and the Presbytery therefore decline to take any action in the matter.

Sir Henry Moncrieff to move—"The Presbytery having had their attention called to the recent publication of an article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' by Professor Robertson Smith, on 'Hebrew Language and Literature,' and finding that some statements in it are causing much disturbance and anxiety in Edinburgh and throughout the Church as to their bearing upon the doctrine of inspiration and otherwise, resolve, without committing themselves as to the character of the article, to memorialize the Commission of the General Assembly on the subject, and in doing so the Presbytery hereby represent to the Commission at its meeting on the 11th of August next the importance of their taking that article into consideration, so far as to adopt such steps as they may judge fitted to meet the disturbance and anxiety, and to vindicate scriptural principle."

LOTTERIES AND RELIGION.

A RECENT issue of the Quebec "Morning Chronicle" has the following unique and suggestive advertisement, to which we give the benefit of our circulation free of charge:

THE LOTTERY for the RIMOUSKI SEMINARY, will be held on the 10th of August next, and following days. Tickets one dollar each. 250 prizes. Lots of ground, horse, carriage, banners, Way of the Cross, silver-plated vases, bouquets, albums, illustrated volumes, silver watch, fancy pipe, model of a schooner, pair of wheels, framed chromos, etc. 600 Masses for the Living and Dead will be at the disposal of holders of tickets.

June 16, 1880.

THE SECRETARY
of the Bishop of Rimouski.

It is of course well known that lotteries of all kinds are throughout Canada illegal, and that any one either promoting or even advertising them is liable to prosecution. Here, however, we have a dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church ostentatiously setting the law at defiance, and confidently presuming that no one will have either the courage or the conscience to call him to account. We suppose the one defence is thought sufficient—that defence which has so often been urged in the past in support of some of the most nefarious and illegal transactions that could be thought of—viz.: that it is for the glory of God and the good of the Church, and that what for secular purposes would be in the last degree abominable, becomes holy and sacred when it is for the advancement of religion. This is scarcely the age, and Canada is scarcely the country for the refurbishing of such worn out apologies, even though we were to have an apostle, of French Jesuits to teach the faithful how they may murder and do any kind of infamy if they only manage to have their *intention* properly kept in order. No doubt what in an officer is regarded as merely a choleric word is said to be flat blasphemy in a private, and what deserves the pillory or the prison if committed by a layman for his own advantage, may call for loudest commendation when done by a cleric for the glory of God; but the present age and the Canadian atmosphere are unfavourable to such tricks of Jesuitical casuistry, and we should hope the law is so strong and so impartial that a clerical dignitary that breaks its requirements will have as good a chance of being laid by the heels as the poorest thimble-rigger that manages his three peas to his own profit rather than for the advantage and pleasure of his ignorant pigeons. We say nothing of the "600 Masses for the Living and Dead," which are, it seems, to be at the disposal of ticket holders. This announcement has, to be sure, a curious air of West African Fetichism about it, but that is not what the public have specially to do with. We have no doubt that masses may be just as reasonably made subject to the rattle of the dice box as either chromos or carriages. That is a mere matter of taste, to be settled by those chiefly interested in such things. What we and others have an especial interest in, however, is that in the whole of this wretched sandwiching of the secular and the supposedly sacred, the law of the land is ostentatiously set at naught and a bishop comes out like a clown at a country fair to shake his lucky bag in the face of the crowd, and invite the chawbacons to invest their coppers, take their chance, and defy the law. If this be decent and dignified, we cannot even imagine what is the reverse. No doubt it may be said that there are also Protestant lucky bags and votes at Protestant soirees for the most popular statesmen and the prettiest girls at a dollar a dozen—and all to raise church funds. So there are—the more the pity and the shame as well—but a regularly advertised lottery for a Protestant church fund we do not remember to have seen. When it is pointed out to us we shall condemn it in yet stronger terms, while we at the same time hang our head with a keener shame at the paltry and pitiful exhibition.

Lotteries have been found by actual experience to

be morally so injurious and socially so corrupting that they have been condemned by all but the worst section of the "world" in every country making any great claims to high civilization and passable morality, and it is too bad to see practices turned out of doors by secularists and mere politicians, finding a refuge in any Church calling itself by the name of Christ, and professing to hold by either the principles or the practices of the Sermon on the Mount.

TURKISH RELIEF FUND.—Previously acknowledged, \$161.25; T. Beverley, \$2; J. G. Wardrope, Teeswater, \$4; total amount received, \$167.25.

ERRATA.—In Principal Grant's sermon the following errors occur: 3rd column, 33 lines from bottom, for "industries" read "industrious;" 4th column, 5th line from top, after "denied" insert "it in;" 4th column, end of 2nd paragraph, for "breathing" read "begetting."

IN his last address to the Grand Jury Judge Gowan, of Barrie, made, as he always does, a good number of very sensible and very timely statements, especially in reference to the all but universal connection between drunkenness and crime. If other judges were asked to give their experience, it would, altogether apart from their views on total abstinence, be very similar. We once asked a Scotch county judge to go over his notes for two or three years and say what proportion of cases coming before him could be traced to intemperance. He was not a total abstainer but used his wine, though very moderately, every day. His testimony was that directly or indirectly 90 per cent. of all the criminal cases coming before him could be traced to the use of intoxicating liquors. Of the remainder some were doubtful, and in only one single instance could it be positively affirmed that strong drink had nothing to do with the trouble.

THE Robertson Smith case is not by any means settled. It has now assumed a new phase from some new articles which have appeared in the recently issued volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," particularly one on the "Hebrew Language and Literature." These have been brought up in the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh, by Mr. Macaulay, in a motion by the adoption of which he wishes the attention of the College Committee to be drawn to these papers in question so that it may take proper and prompt action in the premises. Mr. Macaulay has a second motion before the Presbytery which is of the nature of an accusation against Prof. Smith, made to the Commission of the Assembly to be held next month, which is asked to take such action as may be fitted to vindicate the Confession of Faith and to prevent Prof. Smith from teaching erroneous and destructive views. It also moves that the Presbytery complain to the Commission that the article proceeds throughout on the ignoring of the fact that the holy writings were given by inspiration of God, that the views enunciated in the article are false in themselves, dangerous, and destructive in their tendencies, all of which (the motion proceeds), will appear from the following statements quoted from the article:—

1. At one stroke in a single short sentence, Professor Smith, in this article, disposes of the question whether the Pentateuch or any part of it was written by Moses. For he says—"The earliest date of written law books is uncertain. It may fairly be made a question whether Moses left in writing any other laws than the Commandments on the tables of stone. Even Exod. xxiv. 4, and xxxiv. 27, may in the original context have referred to the ten words alone." He makes this statement after saying that "The Semitic people possessed the art of writing and an alphabetical character from a date so remote as to be lost in the mists of antiquity." And after having made it, he says, "Written history began comparatively early." What he means by "comparatively early" is "earlier than the use of the prophetic literature in the eighth century B.C." In keeping with the statement that "it may be fairly questioned whether Moses left in writing any other laws than the Commandments on the tables of stone," is the argument throughout the article. For (1) Deuteronomy, brought into prominence in the reign of Josiah consists, according to the Professor, of "the ancient ordinances of Israel re-written in the prophetic spirit." (2) The Levitical code, first drafted in outline by Ezekiel, was about the last development of Israel's literature. "The decadence of prophecy, and the synchronous systematization of the ceremonial law on lines first drawn by Ezekiel, mark the commencement of the third and last period of Hebrew literature. (3) And to the period between David and the age of Amos and Hosea must a great part of Genesis be referred. To this period belongs what the Professor calls the "best written and the most brilliant part of the Pentateuch—the combined history of the Jehovist and the non-Levitical Elohist." This "most brilliant part of the Pentateuch" gives the story of "the loves of Jacob and

Rachel," with "the history of Joseph." In the same collection are given "the life of Elijah, and the pictures of nature in the Canticles."

2. The Professor's statements destroy, not only the historical truthfulness and credibility of Deuteronomy and the Pentateuch generally, but also the consistency of Holy Scripture with itself, its unity and continuity, together with the divine adjustment of its several parts, by which, as by other internal arguments, it proves itself to be the Word of God. By placing last what should be first, and first what should be last, by dislocating and inverting the order of the contents of Holy Scripture, the statements in the aforesaid article throw the whole of the divinely given revelation into confusion, and beget unworthy and erroneous ideas respecting Holy Scripture and the purposes and ends for which it was graciously given and inspired of God. If the literal and historical credibility of the record is supplanted, as it is by the Professor's method and statements, the infallible truth, inspiration, and authority of the Word are certainly taken away. Of the writing it can no more be said that it is holy, nor that as holy it is breathed or inspired of God. In illustration of all this let the statements of the Professor be read and duly considered. "Eber in Genesis is not an actual personage but an ethnological or geographical abstraction." "The Terahites, according to other testimonies, are Aramæans (Gen. xxii. 20 seq.; Deut. xxvi. 5), but our Elohist, who can hardly have written before the captivity, makes Aram a separate offshoot of Shem, having nothing to do with Eber." A geographical and ethnographical abstraction "lived four and thirty years and begat Peleg," and the same, abstraction lived after he begat Peleg four hundred and thirty years, and begat sons and daughters, see Gen. xi. 16. This abstraction was begotten by a previous abstraction called Salah, and he by another called Arphaxad, and he by another called Shem; and why not go backwards amidst successive abstractions? Why not forward also along the line of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Samuel, and David? Thus at the fountain-head the historical truthfulness of the record is destroyed. For "These (Peleg, Reu, Serug, and Nabor) "are not to be taken as the names of individual men; several of them are designations of places or districts near the upper waters of the Euphrates and Tigris." With this, take—"The chronicler no longer thoroughly understood the old Hebrew sources from which he worked, while for the latest part of his work he used a Jewish Aramaic document, part of which he incorporated in the Book of Ezra." Of the Song of Songs he says, "This lyric drama has suffered much from interpolation, and presumably was not written down till a comparatively late date, and from imperfect recollection, so that its original shape is very much lost."

PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.

The following are the names of the Canadian deputies to the Pan-Presbyterian Council:

Ministers—Rev. Principal McKnight, D.D., Halifax; Rev. Principal McVicar, LL.D., Montreal; Rev. Principal Grant, D.D., Kingston; Rev. Principal Caven, D.D., Toronto; Rev. William Reid, D.D., Toronto; Rev. John Jenkins, D.D., Montreal; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., Toronto; Rev. R. F. Burns, D.D., Halifax; Rev. Donald Macrae, M.A., St. John's, N.B.; Rev. G. D. Mathews, D.D., Quebec.

Elders—Mr. T. W. Taylor, M.A., Toronto; Hon. Alex. Morris, Toronto; Mr. James Croil, Montreal; Hon. J. McMurrich, Toronto; J. D. McDonald, M.D., Hamilton; Mr. T. McCrae, Guelph; Mr. J. B. Fairbairn, Bowmanville; Mr. J. K. Blair, Truro, N.S.

MANITOBA.

MR. EDITOR,—The following circular, issued by the Presbytery of Manitoba, and sent to all the supplemented congregations and stations within their bounds, shews the efforts that are being made by the brethren there, to evoke the liberality of the people.

It may serve a useful purpose if published in your columns,

WM. COCHRANE,

Convener Home Mission Committee.

Brantford, July 14th, 1878.

To the Members and Adherents of the Supplemented Congregations and Mission Stations of the Presbytery of Manitoba:

BRETHREN,—

Your Managers will soon be calling on you to solicit subscriptions for the support of Gospel ordinances in your midst. The Presbytery wishes to lay before you a statement of facts, that you may be able to contribute as intelligently and liberally as possible.

In Manitoba and the North-West the line of settlement is rapidly extending. A large proportion of the incoming settlers are Presbyterians. It is most desirable that they should have Gospel ordinances dispensed among them from the date of settlement. Unless this is done many, it is to be feared, will lapse into indifference, or should other denominations occupy the ground, as they are sure to do, our people may connect themselves with those Churches. When the Presbyterian Church would afterwards establish a cause in such localities our congregations must for years be feeble and burdensome. Duty and policy consequently indicate that a missionary should go with the settler, and so secure a vigorous congregation from the outset.

But that this may be done all connected with the Church require to help liberally. The Home Mission Committee of the General Assembly is able to give but a limited amount for mission work in the North-West. The more we can raise ourselves the further that amount will go in engaging

missionaries. Let every one, therefore, feel that by contributing liberally he is helping to supply some destitute locality with a minister. Were your fellowmen to appeal to you for bread, you would give. Will you not assist to furnish them with the Bread of Life? Let every one feel that a crisis in our work is reached, and self-denial and loyalty to the cause of Christ can alone enable us to pass it safely. A few years will now decide our position in the North-West as a Church.

The Presbytery would direct your attention to the Scripture rule in contributing for religious objects: "Let every one of you lay by him in store on the first day of the week as the Lord hath prospered him." Let every family, whether rich or poor—let parents and children—let young men who have claims—let servants—in short, let every one contribute as God hath prospered him. The Presbytery would suggest that in villages and towns what is termed the "weekly offering" system be adopted. It is Scriptural, and by spreading the amount over the year larger contributions will be obtained and at less felt personal sacrifice.

The Presbytery is most anxious to maintain ordinances in all stations hitherto occupied; but when so many new localities are asking for missionaries, and offering to contribute largely for their support, the Presbytery would not be justified in continuing missionaries in weak stations unless it is clear that the people are contributing according to their ability. Since from every quarter the Presbytery is appealed to for missionaries we urge a decided increase in contributions all along the line, and thus the wants of the new and necessitous localities shall be met.

The salary of married missionaries in this Presbytery is \$900, and of unmarried missionaries \$700 per annum. The amount contributed by stations is reckoned as part of this sum. It is hence of the utmost importance that your contributions be paid in full and promptly. That a missionary may do his work efficiently he must be free from worldly cares, and in money matters, as in other things, have an unsullied reputation. This he cannot enjoy unless your engagements are punctually implemented, for the cost of living is high.

It is requested that subscription lists be circulated and returns made not later than August, so that the Presbytery may be able to comply with the regulations of the General Assembly's Home Mission Committee.

The Presbytery is of opinion that the following amounts should be reached in order to have our work carried on:

	Stations	Amt.	Advance.
Portage la Prairie group	2	\$750	\$150
High Bluff	3	500	50
Emerson	1	500	300
Selkirk and Little Britain group	2	400	
Springfield and Sunnyside	2	400	
Cook's Creek	"	100	113
Caledonia	4	300	50
Plympton and Prairie Grove	2	100	100
Grassmere	3	300	200
Greenwood, etc.,	4	250	
Woodlands	3	250	37
Gladstone	5	400	100
Big and Beautiful Plains	4	150	150
Grand Valley	2	100	
Little Saskatchewan Crossing	2	300	240
Rapid City	4	300	
Upper Little Saskatchewan	4	300	300
Birtle	5	200	100
Morris	3	200	50
Headingley	2	150	
Park's Creek	1	50	
Little Stony Mountain	1	25	25
Roseau and Ridge	2	150	25
Boyne	4	350	
Nelsonville, etc.,	5		
Archibald	4	200	
Rock Lake	4	100	
Prince Albert	5	300	

Passed by the Presbytery at its meeting on May 19th, 1880, and enjoined to be read as soon as practicable in every preaching place in the Presbytery.

In name and by order of the Presbytery of Manitoba,
JAMES ROBERTSON, Clerk.
The Manse, Winnipeg, July 2nd, 1880.

PRESBYTERIAN TEACHING.

MR. EDITOR,—Chillingworth is the reputed author of the slander that Calvinists teach, or believe, that there are infants, not a span long, in hell. This person was a bitter enemy of Calvinism, and coined that phrase to cast obloquy upon his opponents. I am unable to verify the reputed authorship; but a writer in the "Philadelphia Presbyterian" ascribed it to him. Nor do I remember the week's issue in which that writer made his statement, it is not more than a year since it appeared. If my memory serves me right it is on or near the editorial pages. My own copies of that paper are circulated as soon as I am done with them; perhaps, however, some reader will confer a favour on your correspondents, seeking information on this point, by producing, through your columns, the paragraph of which I speak. N. N. T.

8th July, 1880.

THOSE who despise fame seldom deserve it. We are apt to undervalue the purchase we cannot reach, to conceal our poverty the better. It is a spark which kindles upon the best fuel, and burns the brightest in the bravest heart.—Jeremy Collier.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

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

BY MARK GUY FRANKS.

CHAPTER I.—NOTICE OF MISTER HORN.

Mister Horn—the Mister to be written in full, as if it were part of the name, just as much as the Horn.

Everybody—his wife as well as other folks—used to call him Mister, just as if it were his christened name. He was, indeed, the only Mister in the village; as there was but one squire and one parson and one doctor.

How he came to be known by this honourable distinction was certainly not suggested by his appearance—a little, sharp, wiry man, with a quick, kindly eye, a mouth well shut, short legs, walking so fast that they seemed always afraid of being left behind—carelessly dressed, yet everything about him looking like a part of the man himself, from his short-bowed neckcloth to the strong, unpolished walking-stick. A sort of compressed man. You felt that there might have been a good deal more of him fairly enough, but nature had dried him and packed him up small, that he might not be in the way. And who can deny that a man's usefulness is largely dependent on his size? Your long men are mainly ornamental, and accordingly find their place in uniform, either in the army or out of it. Your big, stout men are the "Newfoundlands" of us human creatures, lumps of gentle goodness who go wagging benevolently through life. It is your terrier that does most good—among men as among dogs—sharp-eyed, sharp-eared, sharp-tongued, and, if needful, sharp-toothed; quick to smell a rat. Mister Horn was precisely that. Never in the way, and good for a hundred things, if you took him right. If you didn't, he was a terrier still; he bristled and showed his teeth.

Mister Horn had begun life as a farm labourer—literally begun life, for as soon as he could make noise enough he had been sent out to scare the birds from the grain, and as soon as he could reach up to the bridle he had led the cart-horses to water. His sixty years had been full of progress; he turning his hand to one thing after another and prospering in all—woodman, gardener, bricklayer, builder, he had at length reached a good position as steward.

The Mister was probably a tribute of respect paid to his prosperity; it was no deference exacted by his manner or exclusiveness. As plain in life as ever, free and friendly with the poorest, the children trotted along by his side, looking up for a smile and a nod; the boys stopped him for a moment to fling their peg-top, or to have a turn at marbles; and on a summer's evening one might come upon a group under a shady tree, and there, amid a lot of delighted youngsters, would find Mister Horn entertaining them with a story.

He was useful, too, as he was beloved. As a Methodist, he had many opportunities of religious work; and here, as in the visible world of brick and mortar, he turned his hand to most things, and what he did at all he did well. He was the "leader" of the Sunday morning class in that village "Society," which numbered well on to forty members, too large, some folks said, but nobody was willing to leave it. Superintendent of the school that met in the afternoon, local preacher in the evening, and sick visitor all the week round, Mister Horn had, as he said, far too much else to do to grumble. "That takes more time than a'most anything else that I know, for I never knew a grumbler yet that ever had a moment to do any good with." This remedy for grumbling was worn to the patness of a proverb, and was a formidable weapon with which he usually came down upon anybody who was disposed to come fault-finding to him. "Look here, dear friend, get you away and do something—for pity's sake do something. Do some good somewhere. Cart-wheels grumble and creak sometimes for want of grease, but very often it is for want of work, and you'll never give over creaking and grumbling till you do something." Heaven itself, with Mr. Horn, was a place of eternal and incessant work. "And I count that's the brightest bit of heaven's joy," he would say, "that there they serve Him day and night in His holy temple—day and night. I know that there will be no grumblers there because they are all too busy. They have got so much to do that it keeps them always singing."

Mister Horn had overtaken Bill Smith. Bill Smith was a big, broad-shouldered blacksmith, with a face red, radiant, and honest, such as comes only of a good conscience, plain living, and healthy toil. Moreover, Bill was Mister Horn's favourite disciple and one of his best friends, so they walked up the hill together toward the village where they lived. The sun was setting, throwing their long shadows over the hedge and into the clover-field beyond. The clear air was full of singing, every bird taking its part in the evening hymn. The banks were rich with fern and flower, with soft green mosses and dark, creeping ivy. This scene of happy contentment had suggested the conversation. Mister Horn began it. He had stayed to hear the birds, and after listening a minute or two had interrupted their gratitude by this passage:

"Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of everything living." Then after a moment's pause he had started his favourite topic, "The good Lord loves to give, Bill."

"Ay," said Bill, "He does that, Mister Horn, bless His holy name."

"And nobody has got much of His likeness about them if they don't like to do the same," continued Mister Horn, in his sharp, jerking, decisive style.

"And yet 'tis strange what a hindrance it was to me when I first set out," said Bill. "I was always thinking of what religion would cost. I thought I must seek the Lord and join 'long with His people, but the devil kept tellin' me that it would cost so much. Why, I very soon found that religion saved me four times as much as ever it cost."

"I do wish the grumblers would think of it in that way, Bill," jerked out Mister Horn. "Why, there's Sally Green,

the silly creature; before her husband got converted she used to reckon herself lucky if she got half Jack's wages, and only a slight chashing besides; and now that he brings it all home, and is a decent fellow and a good husband, she goes grumbling at what he gives to the Lord's cause."

"There's a heap of strange things in the world," said Bill, half to himself, "but there a'n't many more strange than that is."

Mister Horn stopped. With his left finger and thumb he took Bill's sleeve, his right hand holding up the plain ash stick that he carried. It was evident that Mister Horn was going to be impressive. This was always his preparation for something emphatic.

"Bill"—there was a solemn pause, the stick meanwhile suspended—"if-folks-saw-this-matter-in-the-right-light-the Church-would-have-enough-to-convert-the-world." Down, like lightning, came the stick, and away went the short legs at a tremendous pace.

This was Mr. Horn's hobby. There was nothing that he thought about, talked about, prayed about, or preached about, so much as this duty of giving. Many people, very many people, said that he rode this hobby to death. Well, Mister Horn was always mounted on it, it is true, and ready to start. But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that these very many people were peculiarly nervous, and its most playful neighing, or the mere sound of its hoofs in the veriest jog-trot, filled them with terror, and made them rush for shelter and defence from the furious rider. It was literally Mr. Horn's soul that delivered itself in these words. He stopped at the end of twenty paces or so, while Bill leisurely came up with him.

"It seems to me that half the folks would do their duty right enough if they only saw it," said Bill quietly. "You see, they don't think about it, Mister Horn."

"Don't think about it, Bill!" cried Mister Horn; "of course they don't, and that makes it so much the worse for them. Folks think that if they can only explain a thing it's just the same as excusing it. Why, all the mischief in the world comes from not thinking. What have people got their heads on their shoulders for except to think about things? Why, anybody would think that folks had got figure-heads, like ships have 'em, for nothing but show, as to their thinking about giving. But they can think about other things quick enough. They can think about getting, Bill, and about keeping, and about everything else except about giving."

"That's true enough," said Bill.

"And then they ought to think about it, Bill, they ought to. Surely it ought not to be anything so very wonderful that folks should think of the Ioring Father who gives them all that they have got. He gives them the health and strength and sense to get bread with, and they think they do it all of their own selves. They know better when they get on their backs with a fever. Then they know. But 'tis a pity we can't learn our A B C without going into the corner for it, and getting a smart tap or two with the rod. I often think of what the Bible says about the disciples—they considered not the miracle of the loaves. That's the miracle that folks generally overlook to-day, and the wonder is that the Lord doesn't let us feel the pinch of our famine oftener, that we may know where it comes from. God's stream of mercies has got to run shallow sometimes that we may hear it brawling, and begin to think about where the fulness comes from. Just let a man sit down and ask himself how much he has got that *one could take away*, and he'll begin to look at things in a different way then; there's eyes, and ears, and health, reason, character, home, family, work, wages. And let a man think how the Lord keeps His hand upon them, and could take them away in a minute, and I think he'd be all in a hurry to bring in the tithes to the Lord's house then. There's Jim Niggardly, with his coal and timber stores—twenty years ago that man got his twelve shillings a week, and now he is getting his five hundred pounds a year. He lives better—I mean he eats and drinks better, and he dresses better—he spends five shillings on himself where he used to spend one. Well, that's no harm, as I told him to his face, if he'd give five shillings where he gave one. Not a halfpenny more can you get out of him for the Lord's work. If he hasn't thought about it, he has had my thoughts about it, plain enough."

Bill nodded his head, as much as to say that he had no doubt about that. Mister Horn had a talent for giving men his thoughts, and it was practised to perfection.

Here they reached the cross-roads that ran to the two parts of the village of Tatingham, and here the companions parted with a cheery good-evening. Bill, with his bag on shoulder, went whistling down the hill between the leafy hedge, where we shall follow him by and by. Mister Horn kept along the level highway that passed by his house, talking earnestly to himself as he went. What he thought of, and what it led to, we must leave to another chapter.

CHAPTER II.—WE GO HOME WITH MISTER HORN.

A few yards from a cross-road was the house of Mister Horn. If Dante's vision had presented to his view men and women transformed into houses (marred folks, of course, into one house) instead of into trees, this house was exactly what Mister Horn and his better half would have come to.

It faced the highway with clean windows, notably clean, and spotless blinds always faultlessly even. The two yards of garden between the house and the highway was enclosed by iron railings, black, and sharp-pointed. The little iron gate in the middle was always fastened and locked, except on very great occasions. From the gate to the front door reached two yards of whitened stones, never soiled. The spirit of the whole front gathered itself up in the face that peered from the shining brass knocker; a polished face, haughty and stern, conscious that nobody trifled with it—no tramp ever lifted it for his single knock, no bungling messenger rapped at it by mistake. The evergreens, too, in the strip of garden were in keeping with the rest; they grew thick-leaved and sombre, as if they did their duty seriously and knew it; they were never guilty of any spring freaks, and had no patience with the gadding butterflies and the likes of them.

This is what Mistress Horn would have turned to.

At the side of the house was a little wicket-gate; it fell back at the gentlest push, and was never secured with more than a bit of string that went round the post. A short passage led to the homely side-door that opened into the kitchen, where a cheery fire sulked and blinked a welcome to all comers—the front-room grate had ornamental shavings. A tall-backed, comfortable old chair stood at one side of the fireplace. On the mantelpiece above, among the polished brass, were little odds and ends of Mister Horn's. The smell of sweet herbs greeted one from the paper bags; the well-wrapped hams quickened one's appetite, and between the bars that stretched from two oak beams peeped sundry sticks and spuds. All here was cosy, homely, and snug.

This personified Mister Horn. And as the two parts suited each other, so well did his better half suit Mister Horn. Tall, handsome, and somewhat stately in her ways, folks said that she was proud; but those who knew her best felt that she was the very woman for the free and easy, the careless and irregular Mister Horn.

With her everything was serious; duty was the whole ten commandments, the law and the prophets; and duty meant hard work, almost uneasy cleanliness, and keeping one's self for the most part to one's self. Careful and thrifty, to her common-sense and quick discernment Mister Horn's industry was indebted for his success in life; and if he sometimes gave with a hint that she shouldn't know of it, it was through her good management that he had so much to give. Indeed, if the truth were all told, he owed the very "Mister" itself to her ways, and to the respectable look that she always gave to things.

By eight o'clock in the evening supper and prayers were over. In those parts civilization had not reached that pitch of folly that eats heartily at ten, and then, with the digestion at full work, goes to bed to rest. Now, seated in his high-backed chair, was the time that Mister Horn loved a chat.

The sun itself has spots, and Mr. Horn was not perfect.

Mister Horn was not perfect, we have said. He smoked, and added to the fault, as his better half explained to visitors: "I shouldn't mind so much if he'd take a clean white pipe, but that short black thing is so very common looking! I tell him it's disgraceful." Yet here, too, they suited each other. The front rooms were shuttered and locked, while the cosy kitchen sat up with the blinking fire and purring cat. In other words, the better half retired early—then Mister Horn smoked his pipe in peace.

Now he would tell of himself—how he was a little fellow when the sad tidings reached England that the heroic Dr. Cook had died on his way to India, and had been buried at sea. He heard of the young missionaries who had gone with him, left to land among strangers in that strange country far away, and the story filled the lad's heart with grief for them. Very poor, he could do but little, but that little he could and would do with all his might. Rising before daybreak he went out to sweep the roads, and thus to raise a few half-pence for the poor missionaries. No contribution was ever more hardily earned or more willingly given than the "small sums" of this little subscriber.

In early life he was converted.

In his case conversion meant the breaking in of a wonderful love upon his cold and lonely life. It was a love that lifted him right out of his hardships and poverty. It made the blue heaven bend over him in tender care; it sent the sun to shine for his joy, and the cooling breeze for his refreshing. Away in the lonely fields this love brought him a constant communion and an abiding gladness; and when he came home to his poor lodgings this love was father and mother and brother and all to him. So with all the generosity of boyhood he counted it his greatest delight, as much as his sacred duty, to testify his gratitude for such wondrous love in any way he could. Thus early the truth had burned its way into his innermost being: "The Son of God loved me, and gave Himself for me." From the first he began to think about the claims of God's work. His favourite maxim was this: "A man ought to think as much about giving as about getting." And thus early he put it into practice. He has told us that in those days flour was at war prices—a phrase happily unknown to this generation. He earned only six shillings a week, and out of that he had to pay for lodging as well as living. But whatever else went short, he felt that he must acknowledge the goodness of the Lord who gave him all that he had. He took the old Methodist rule as the limit downward, not upward: "Every member contributes one penny weekly (unless he is in extreme poverty), and one shilling quarterly." And he felt that his giving was none the less acceptable because it cost him much. He often referred to it in later times. "There's one thing that lots of good people never will know in this world—and 'tis one o' them that we sha'n't know anything about in heaven itself—the joy of really pinching yourself to give. I often think that that is the blessed thing about being hard up when you do give—then you feel it."

It was with a merry laugh that he would tell the young members how that, when he had been at the class meeting three or four times, he said one evening, "Put me down, please, for a penny a week." The leader looked at me through his spectacles and opened his mouth wide, and after a minute or two said, "What!" as if he were quite frightened.

"A penny a week, sir," I said, putting down the money for each evening that I had been at class. The leader was what you might call a common sort of a man—for they are the commonest sort of people that I know—he thought that the less he could give the better, and if he could do without giving at all it would be better still. Just as if the Lord did not see what was left behind; and just as if he never said, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse." The man was in good work, and had no family, and yet a penny a week was all that he gave. It looked so bad for a lad like I was to give so much, and it quite shocked him.

"You can't afford it, Jim, you know you can't," he said. "Put it down, sir," I replied, "put it down. There it is, and there it will be as long as ever I've got the love of Jesus in my heart."

Soon after that came the time for the renewal of the quarterly tickets. The leader headed the list with what

Mister Horn used to refer to as a "beggardly threepenny bit."

"Why, the fellow spent twice as much in the week on tobacco," he would say indignantly, as if interrupting himself—sixpence for smoke and threepence for the work of God!"

"Well, the minister went through the names, and they all sang to the low key that had been pitched, till they came to my name. Then what did the leader do but leans over and whispers to the minister that I was young, and could not give anything, and that he had better not ask me. The minister nodded his head, and took up the hymn book.

"Please, sir, I love God too," I said; "why mayn't I give anything?"

"The minister looked at me kindly and said, 'Brother Skimes tells me that you can't afford anything.'

"The rule says a shilling at least, sir, except in extreme poverty, and that isn't the state of any of us, I am sure."

"A shilling!" cried the leader, and he jumped off his seat as if some one had poked him. I think, perhaps, I had. "A shilling! you know you can't do it."

"There's the money, sir," said I, as I put the shilling on the table. "I would afford it somehow, sir, however it might pinch me." And I looked at Brother Skimes so much as to say, "though it should even put my pipe out."

"Ay, I used to pinch myself, too," continued Mister Horn. "More than once I've gone on dry bread, and then done so much as any of 'em. Now and then I used to buy a lot of broken herrings for sixpence, and then I had a bit of a relish. You know they say there is nothing like bitters to give you an appetite, and it is when you give away what you want that you enjoy what's left. You try it—take and give away half your dinner; and then the other half I bless ye, the Lord Mayor of London might envy it. If anybody wants to taste a bit o' real joy, let 'em just go and do that. I've often turned it over in my mind that love is real true love when it has got a bit of real, hard, pinchin' sacrifice about it, and not till then. Kindness and pity will give you, perhaps, what it thinks it can do without, but love gives everything. 'He spared not His own Son'—that is love. 'Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us.'

"Kindness and pity will send the scraps and bones out to the shivering beggar at the door. But love brings him in and gives up its place and its plate, and will stand behind waiting and helping. Ah, that's how the blessed Lord treated us when we came home from the far country perishing with hunger. No old cast-off clothes, but the best robes. No scraps, all bones and crumbs, but the fatted calf. No pitiful words, but Himself. His arms about the neck, and His kiss upon the cheek, and all His heart to welcome us. But we, when He comes to ask anything of us, we keep Him waiting at the door for an answer, and then we send Him out our miserable scrapings, just what we think we can spare without feeling it. The wonder is that He doesn't come and take it all by force, He who is the King and Lord of all, and who has only put us in as his poor stewards. Depend upon it, we don't know much about love, if love don't pinch us a bit now and then."

(To be continued.)

A PEASANT AND A NOBLEMAN.

Men who have risen from humble life to wealth and high social rank, have often been ashamed of their parents, and shewn them little attention or respect. Such treatment indicates a vulgar mind. True nobility follows a different method. Richard Hurd, an eminent bishop of the Church of England at the close of the last century, was a man of courtly manners, of great learning, who moved with distinction in the best society in the kingdom. George III. pronounced him "the most naturally polite man he had ever known." He, however, never failed to shew the utmost respect for his mother, a farmer's wife, of no education, but of sterling character. When he entertained large companies at the Episcopal Palace he led her with a stately courtesy to the head of the table, and paid her the greatest deference. The high-born families who sat at his table revered his conduct, so becoming to a son and a gentleman.

THINGS SWEET AND PLEASANT.

Those things that are pleasant to us are generally good for us. We were taught somewhat differently when we were boys and girls, perhaps to save the contents of the sugar basin. We were solemnly informed of dangers to teeth and stomach in the consumption of sweets. But negroes in the cane fields who eat large quantities of sugar do not spoil their teeth or stomachs in doing so. The things that are sweet and pleasant to the unsophisticated palate, and that our natural appetite desires, instead of being bad for us are commonly good for us. You may take that as a safe general rule. Animals follow it, and we are animals in our material structure, and we do well to follow our instincts in this direction even as they do. Of course we are reasoning animals, and I must add that these instincts are consequently to be followed within rational limits.—*The Human Body and its Function.*

AN ARCTIC NOON, MUSSEL BAY, SPITZBERGEN.

One day Nordenskiöld and I walked out to the end of the ice, to enjoy near at hand the sight of the waves dancing in joyous motion and the ice blocks swimming quietly about. Our way was over the ice and walking was exceedingly difficult. When we reached the farthest part of the archipelago, we threw ourselves down to rest and take a view of our surroundings. They were surprisingly grand. The south-western part of the vault of heaven was lighted by the circum-polar moon. In the flood of light which streamed out from her there swam some few long drawn out clouds. Right to the south near the horizon there was visible a faint reddish glimmer, clearly and sharply distinguishable from the white moonlight. Here the sun had gone down, when

the long polar night had begun; it was the last glimpse of his light that we now saw. In the south-east some few rays of light changing every moment in strength, colour and position—in fact, the aurora in its form it commonly takes here—raised themselves toward the horizon. Above our heads glows the polo star, everywhere over the sky sparkle stars, darting stronger or weaker differently coloured lights, and on the north or northeastern horizon rests the deep darkness of the polar night. I will not try to paint the rich changing play of colour and the *chiaroscuro* full of effect. Add to this glorious heaven a wide stretching sea glittering in the moonlight, the white surface of Mussel Bay with three vessels standing out against it, the dark, precipitous fell sides that surround it, and the little building on land from whose every window lamp-light streams—and the main points of the panorama are enumerated. It is difficult to believe that noon is approaching; it might rather be taken for evening, a quiet winter evening in the country. A grave stillness and tranquillity hangs over the neighbourhood. Only now and then the deep silence is broken by a low grating sound. It is heard in the direction of the edge of the ice, and is produced by the rubbing of the ice blocks against each other when they are moved by the swell.—*Adolf Erik Norden-skiöld.*

WORDS.

By the words of malice spoken,
Half in earnest, half in jest,
Loving hearts are daily broken,
Hearts the purest and the best.
Listen, brothers, be discreet,
Words of malice ne'er repeat;
Loving hearts are tender things,
Words of malice deadly stings.

By the words of love when spoken
To the lowly and oppress'd,
Loving hearts, tho' almost broken,
Feel as if forever bless'd.
Sisters, brothers, comfort, cheer,
Banish thus the silent tear,
Words of love you may be sure,
Wounded hearts can quickly cure.

Words of truth when boldly spoken,
Faithfully reproving sin,
Ever is the surest token
Of a spirit pure within.
Sisters, brothers, guard the tongue,
Utter not a word that's wrong,
Boldly speak the words of truth,
Thus become the guide of youth.

THE ORATORY OF DR. CHALMERS.

Dr. John Brown, in his "Horse Subseiva," gives an instance of his listening to Dr. Chalmers, when he was only a youth in the High School of Edinburgh. It was a wild moorland district on a summer evening. Brown and some of his fellow students, bright, gay, thoughtless lads, fascinated by the charm of the great name, had walked over to the kirk among the moors. "As we entered the kirk we saw a notorious character, a drover, who had much of the brutal look of what he worked in, with the knowing eye of a man of the city, a sort of big Peter Bell:

'There was a hardness in his cheek,
'There was a hardness in his eye.'

He was our terror, and we not only wondered, but were afraid when we saw him going in. The minister came in, homely in his dress and gait, but having a great look about him, like a mountain among hills. The tide set in; everything aided its power; deep called to deep. How astonishing and impressed we all were. He was at the full thunder of his power; the whole man was in an agony of earnestness. The drover was weeping like a child, the tears were running down his ruddy, coarse cheeks, his face opened out and smoothed like an infant's, his whole body stirred with emotion, and when the wonderful speaker sat down, how beautiful to our eyes did the thunder look. We went home quieter than we came; we thought of other things—that voice, that face, those great, simple, living thoughts, those floods of resistless eloquence, that piercing, shattering voice!"

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR DAUGHTERS?

Teach them self-reliance. Teach them to make bread. Teach them to make shirts. Teach them to add up bills. Teach them not to paint or powder. Teach them to wear a cheerful smile. Teach them to wear thick, warm clothes. Teach them to wash and iron clothes. Teach them how to make their own dresses. Teach them that a dollar is only one hundred cents. Teach them how to cook a good meal. Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them to say no, and mean it, or yes, and stick to it. Teach them to regard the morals and not the money of beaux. Teach them to wear calico dresses, and do it like a queen. Teach them to wear their own hair, and to dress it neatly. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlour. Teach them to cultivate a garden, and to drive a road team or farm wagon. Teach them to have nothing to do with intemperate and dissolute young men. Teach them that the more one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the pothouse.

A PHYSICIAN gives this opinion on studying at an early age: A healthy child may, perhaps, safely enter the primary school at seven years of age. If nervous, or inclined to talk, or be restless in sleep, better wait another year. Then eight years in the current of graded schools will bring one, at fifteen or sixteen, prepared in brain power and attainment to enter the high-school. If any are to attend college or higher seminaries, nineteen or twenty years is young enough to enter them, as the brain is then beginning to

grow still slower, and has attained more firmness to bear labour.

"It is always a terrible condemnation of a church member," says Dr. Cuyler, "that no one should suspect him of being one." We have heard of a young lady who engaged for many months in a land of frivolities, utterly forgetful of her covenant with Christ. One Sabbath morning, on being asked by a gay companion to accompany him to a certain place, she declined on the ground that it was the communion Sabbath in her own church. "Are you a communicant?" was the cutting reply. The arrow went to her heart. She felt that she had denied the Lord who died for her. That keen rebuke brought her to repentance, and a reversion. Are there not many other professors of Christ who appear to be "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God!"

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

SHUT UP THE TRAPS THAT CATCH US.

A few years ago, while riding in a manufacturing district, returning home one Sabbath evening from ministerial duties, I was accosted by a man who, though intoxicated, seemed resolved to enter into conversation. He admitted that his conduct was wrong, and said he was constantly forming resolutions of amendment. He was poor and unhappy at home because he was a drunkard, and a drunkard because he was a Sabbath-breaker. "Many a time," he said, "I leave my house on a Sunday morning to go to a place of worship, but then the public houses are open. I get past one or two, and at the door of the third stands, perhaps, an old acquaintance. He invites me in, and then it is all over with me. I spend the money I should keep my family with, and have to work hard all the week, and to struggle at the same time with headache and hunger." I shall never forget his concluding words; they were spoken with the energy of great feeling. The poor fellow talked himself sober. "Sir," said he, "if the great folks want to keep us poor folks sober they should shut up the traps that catch us."

HOW MISS WESTON BECAME AN ABSTAINER.

"I had been working in the temperance cause for some time, inviting others to follow a course which I had not entered on myself, when suddenly I was pulled up short in a very unlooked-for and unmistakable way. At the close of one of our temperance meetings, a desperate drunkard came up to me, wishing to sign the pledge. He was a chimney-sweeper, and well known to us all. I was eager to get hold of him, knowing his past history, but as he took the pen in hand, he suddenly looked up into my face, and said, inquiringly, 'If you please, Miss Weston, be you a tectotaller?' Somewhat disconcerted by this direct appeal, I replied that I only took a glass of wine occasionally, of course in strict moderation, upon which he laid down the pen, and said, 'Well, I think I will do just as you say, take a glass sometimes in moderation.' No entreaties of mine could prevail upon him to sign the total abstinence pledge, neither could he keep within the bounds of moderation; he went back to his old life, saying that he would do as the lady did." On reaching home, she signed the pledge-book, regretting the resolution had not been taken earlier; and after many years of experience she is able to testify: "Although I have worked harder with brain, muscle, and nerve than I ever worked before, travelling thousands of miles, frequently holding two meetings a day, and standing at the helm of the ship entrusted to my care, I may safely say that I never enjoyed better health. Rest and food are the only doctors I have had to employ."—*From "Miss Weston and the Sailors," by G. Holden Pike, in "The Fireside."*

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

The results, in part, have been and are these: There is not a distillery, brewery, or wine factory in the State, open or secret. They have been summarily suppressed by the law. The liquor traffic has been extinguished generally throughout the State. In a large part of our territory, it is very nearly unknown; that is, in our small towns, villages and rural districts where it abounded before the law. The traffic lingers more or less secretly in some of our larger towns and cities, notably in Bangor, but that is the centre of a vast "lumbering" business, which brings a great number of "logging" men, "river drivers," "mill men" and other rough characters into its taverns, shanties and streets. The execution of the law there has been capricious and fitful. Sometimes it has been well enforced, and the liquor traffic has been driven into dens, cellars and other secret places. But just now it is not enforced. The reason must be this: the "better part" of the people there must be very few or very cowardly. At any rate their influence is not felt for good. It is *nil*. But in Portland, the largest town in the State there is no open liquor traffic. What exists here is on a very small scale, earned on very secretly, in the lowest, dirtiest parts of the city. We have many officers here whose sole business is to hunt rum-sellers. Wherever they hear of one or suspect one to be, they are after him, as a man waging deadly war against society—as a "poisoner-general of the people," Wesley said; as "an artist in human slaughter," Lord Chesterfield said; as "a murderer," old Dr. Beecher said; as a man guilty of "the gigantic crime of crimes," Mr. Morrill said on the floor of the United States Senate. The result of this sharp and determined warfare against the grogshops is that the traffic is as disreputable in Maine as the keeping of a brothel probably is in Norwich or New Haven. It is under the ban of the law, which is upheld in this State by an overwhelming public opinion. We had many distilleries in Maine—seven large ones in Portland (drunkard factories) where their dreadful trade was actually plied night and day. Their fires never went out, except on the Sabbaths. At the same time we had West India rum imported into the State by the cargo—many great cargoes. Acres of rum puncheons spread out on our wharves. Now no liquor is brought into the State for unlawful sale except in small packages, which can be quickly handled, generally concealed in flour barrels, sugar barrels, rice-tierces, and boxes, packed generally in sawdust. I have seen it packed in corn, sugar and chaff.—*Neil Dow.*

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE contract for the rebuilding of St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, was let some time ago, for the sum of \$15,000. The corner-stone was laid last Tuesday by the pastor, Rev. J. R. Battisby. When finished the church will be about 80 feet by 65 inside and will seat 900. The seats will be amphitheatre in style, and cushioned. It is to be heated with steam, along with other modern improvements. The congregation is worshipping in the mean time in the Music Hall, and will do so until the church is finished, which will be about the beginning of January.—COM.

THE Presbyterian church in Bobcaygeon, which had been undergoing repairs, was re-opened on Sabbath, June 27th. The re-opening services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Hastie, of Lindsay, who preached excellent sermons morning and evening, and the pastor of the church who preached in the afternoon. On the following evening a tea meeting was held, which was largely attended. After tea the party met in the church, and spent a pleasant and profitable evening. Interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Smylie, Hastie, and Jones, of Brussels, and Messrs. Richmond and C. rrie, missionary students. The addresses were interspersed with music from the choir, which was highly appreciated. To dispose of the eatables a tea meeting was held the following evening at which nearly as many were present as on the night before. Collections on Sabbath and the proceeds of the tea meetings amounted to \$126. The cost of repairing the church was \$468, which has been fully met. The repairs have made the church very comfortable and all are satisfied the money has been well spent.—COM.

THE Rev. P. M. McLeod, late of Stratford, was on Tuesday last inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation meeting in the Central Presbyterian Church, Toronto. The attendance of the members of the congregation and of the general public was fairly good. The Rev. Mr. McGillivray, of Scarboro', preached from Romans xii. 1; the Rev. Mr. Hogg, of Charles street, Toronto, offered the induction prayer; Rev. Mr. Parsons addressed the newly inducted minister, and Mr. Hogg concluded with an address to the members of the church on their special duties to their minister, to the cause, and to themselves. In the evening there was a very pleasant reception meeting at which there were delivered many short, pleasant, congratulatory speeches. Some good music from the organist also added greatly to the success of the meeting, while the social intercourse enjoyed was by no means the least pleasant part of the programme. Mr. McLeod enters upon his labours in his new sphere of work with the cordial good wishes of all his co-Presbyters, the most heartfelt sympathy and affection of his congregation, and the general good will and unfeigned respect of the community at large, so far as it has yet become acquainted with his excellences. The settlement as a whole is a very gratifying one, and all will pray that the union formed may continue long and be abundantly blessed.

PRESBYTERY OF SAUGEEN.—This Presbytery met in Durham on the 6th of July. Mr. A. C. Stewart was appointed Moderator for the next six months. The people of Black's Corners petitioned the Presbytery to be formed into a mission station. Messrs. Brown, Campbell and Scott were appointed a deputation to visit Black's Corners and Bowling Green and make all necessary inquiries regarding the field, and report at next meeting. Messrs. Niven and Scott were appointed a Committee on Statistics. Messrs. Fraser, Straith and Crow were appointed a Finance Committee. A petition containing the names of forty-six members and nine adherents from the Durham congregation was presented and read, praying for separate organization owing to the introduction of an organ into the service of praise in said congregation. The petition was received and laid on the table. Both the petitioners and the congregation were cited to appear at the next ordinary meeting, and in the meantime both parties were counselled to make every endeavour to find a basis of reconciliation. The congregations of Dundalk and Fraser Settlement petitioned for the services of an ordained missionary for one year. The Home Mission agent was instructed to apply on their behalf. The next meeting of the Presbytery will be held in St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest, on the

second Tuesday of September, at eleven o'clock a.m.—S. YOUNG, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF HURON.—This Presbytery met in Brucefield, on the 13th July. Mr. Musgrave was appointed Moderator for the ensuing six months. The supplemented congregations and mission stations were revised. Dr. Ure, and Captain Gibson, elder, were appointed to visit the station in Goderich, and to report at next meeting. It was not considered necessary to send deputations to Grand Bend or to Bayfield and Bethany, as the financial standing of the aforesaid congregations was fully considered at this and at last meeting, deputations of said congregations appearing before the Court. It was agreed to ask for a continuance of the grants now received by the above congregations and mission stations. The deputation appointed to visit Chiselhurst having reported, were reappointed to further confer with the people there, and report at next meeting. Commissioners to the Assembly reported in due form. The Standing Committees for the year were reappointed. Messrs. D. M. Ramsay, B.A., and W. J. Hall, students, were examined, and ordered to be certified to the Board of Examiners of Knox College. The session records of Thames Road and of Hullett were examined and attested. A deputation consisting of Messrs. Danby (Convener), McDonald, and Thomson, with the representative elders of Egmondville, Brucefield, and Bayfield Road were appointed to consider the propriety of separating Exeter from Rodgerville as to their pastoral relations, and to report at next meeting. Messrs. Barr (Convener), Stewart and Lohead were appointed a committee to examine students.—ARCH. MCLEAN, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF PETERBORO'.—This Presbytery met on the 6th inst. at Millbrook. Mr. Clarke of Lakefield was chosen Moderator for the next six months. The application of Mr. Peter Fleming, a minister of the American Episcopal Methodist Church, was referred to a committee. The Presbytery at a subsequent date adopted the recommendation of the committee to confer with the Presbytery of Lindsay before any action be taken. Mr. Fleming's papers were laid on the table until next meeting. An extract minute from the records of the General Assembly was read to the effect that consent had been given to the transfer of the station at Blairton from the jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Kingston to that of Peterboro'. Arrangements were made for the dispensing of sealing ordinances in the different mission stations before next meeting of Presbytery. Delegates were instructed to inquire into all matters affecting the prosperity of the stations. The names of Messrs. F. Andrews, F. R. Beattie, R. J. Beattie and Wm. Bennett were added to the Home Mission Committee. A resolution was unanimously adopted enjoining the Home Mission Committee to furnish the Presbytery at its January and July meetings with full reports regarding the state of the mission fields within the bounds. These reports were ordered to be printed and distributed before the meetings at which they are to be presented. Mr. Bell moved and argued for a system of regular Presbyterial visitation of congregations. The motion was adopted, and Messrs. Bell (Convener), Clarke, Cleland and Bennett were appointed a committee to draw up a list of questions for use at said meetings, and to report at next meeting of Presbytery.—WM. BENNETT, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF STRATFORD.—This Court met on the 6th inst., all the ministers being present, but fewer elders than usual. An extract minute of General Assembly authorizing Presbytery to put the name of Mr. James Smith, missionary in Western India, upon the roll, was read; as also an extract minute of Assembly anent the status of ministers, retired by leave of Assembly, and in accordance with these extracts the names of Messrs. T. McPherson, John Fotheringham, and J. Smith were placed upon the roll, with full judicial powers. Mr. McPherson was appointed Moderator for next six months. A call to Mr. P. McF. McLeod from Central Church, Toronto, was by him accepted after the usual formalities, and the charge of Knox Church, Stratford, ordered to be declared vacant next Sabbath. Mr. McPherson was appointed *ad interim* Moderator of Session of Knox Church, and authorized to moderate in a call when the congregation should be ready to proceed. The congregation was allowed to find its own supply of preaching for next three months. Mr. Thos. T. Johnston was allowed to resign his charge of Trowbridge station. A

petition from parties in North Mornington for supply of preaching was refused. Public probationary trials for license were assigned Mr. Wm. Shearer in anticipation of his transference from the Presbytery of Montreal. The report of the Commission to Biddulph was read, as also resolutions of the congregation setting forth its views of its condition and the causes thereof, and complaining of the action of the Commission. Consideration of these documents was postponed. A protest and appeal by Mr. Alex. Mitchell and others against the action of session suspending them from church membership was taken up, and in part considered. Owing to lack of time the matter was postponed till next ordinary meeting. A petition from Widder street, St. Mary's, was granted, asking Presbytery's sanction to mortgaging its church property with a view to meeting its obligations incurred by the erection of a new church. In the afternoon of the 7th inst. a Commission of General Assembly, with plenary power in the case, heard all parties in the Brooksdale case—so called. It was decided that the petitioners thus should be held as representing the former Church of Scotland in Zorra, that they should have preaching given them, and that in this matter Presbytery should so arrange as not to interfere with the interests of Harrington.—J. FOTHERINGHAM, *Pres. Clerk*.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. (Toronto: W. Briggs.)—In the July number of this well conducted publication appears No. VII. of Dr. Ryerson's Essays on "Canadian Methodism," dealing with the early struggles for denominational equality in matters civil.

THE TEMPERANCE LIGHT. (Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.)—These are hymns and sacred songs with the music, to be used at temperance meetings, and they seem exceedingly well suited for the purpose. Anything that helps in the crusade against intemperance—that giant evil of the day—cannot but be acceptable.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, July, 1880.)—Several well-written papers—biographical, critical and historical—the usual instalments of choice fiction, some very fair poetry, book reviews, and about a dozen of brief but brilliant essays in the "Contributors' Club," makes up an excellent number of this magazine.

THE PREACHER AND HOMILETIC MONTHLY. (Religious Newspaper Agency, New York, July, 1880.)—Many prominent names appear in the present number, such as those of Dr. Storrs, Dr. Crosby, Professor Hitchcock, Dr. Leech, Dr. Rylance, and Professor Thwing. The readers of the "Preacher" are in a position to watch the course of current religious thought.

ORATIONS OF DEMOSTHENES, translated by Leland. MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS. (New York: I. K. Funk & Co.)—These are the last issues of the cheap Standard Series of the Messrs. Funk and are quite as deserving as any of the previous numbers. When the whole of the orations of Demosthenes can be had, rendered into English, for forty cents a good many people ought to be ashamed to be ignorant of them. What we think of "Mister Horn" may be seen in another column.

LITTLE PILLOWS. MORNING BELLS. ROYAL BOUNTY. By Frances Ridley Havergal. (New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlison.)—These three little books are by the saintly and much loved Miss Havergal, so well and widely known by her writings both in poetry and prose. The two first are specially intended for the little ones, and have all Miss Havergal's characteristic tenderness. The last supplies short readings for each of thirty-one days which will be found very helpful.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. (A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, July, 1880.)—The current number of the "International" is not behind its predecessors in the masterly treatment of those secular topics to which this periodical as a rule restricts itself; but it contains (of course under the usual notice of editorial irresponsibility) a contribution which not only gives an incomplete and distorted view of the beliefs and teachings of a great man but indirectly attacks some of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. To enable many of our readers at once to guess the

character of the article in question they need only be informed that it is a review of the writings of Jonathan Edwards, by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. (Boston: Littell & Co.)—The numbers of the "Living Age" for the weeks ending June 26th and July 3rd, contain as usual a large amount of interesting and instructive reading. A new volume begins with July 3rd, and we are certain that for the subscription price it would be difficult to secure as much letterpress or any of a more satisfactory character. In the course of the year about 3000 pages of double columns, extracted from all the leading English magazines and reviews, are given for eight dollars, and surely this cannot be called dear, even in those days of extraordinary cheapness.

MEMORIES OF MY EXILE. By Louis Kossuth. Complete in two parts. (New York: I. K. Funk & Co.)—This is another of those cheap reprints lately issued from the presses of Messrs. I. K. Funk & Co. We need scarcely say that the memories of such a man as Louis Kossuth cannot but be interesting. Necessarily a vein of sadness, which is more or less bitter, runs through the whole. At seventy-eight, and after more than thirty years of exile, it could not well be otherwise, especially when one has to say as Kossuth does, "To me, the old wanderer who has arrived at the verge of his grave, who has no hope in the future, and in whose past there is no consolation, the conviction of my heart says that I was right once in the controversy with the enemies of my country, so am I now in the diversity of opinion with my own nation. I am right. 'The Judge of the world' will decide." The record is very interesting though saddening. For forty cents one can have it all.

BOY'S OWN BOOK. LEISURE HOUR. SUNDAY AT HOME—for July. (Toronto: Wm. Warwick & Son.)—We have again to express our cordial approbation of these very deserving publications. For the purpose of supplanting the contemptible and illiterate garbage by which our country is being deluged from the other side we know of nothing more suitable or more likely to be successful. They were at first started to perform this work in England and they have done it to a very large extent. That they have not been even more successful has been because Christian people have not been nearly so zealous as they ought to have been in seeking to extend their circulation among both old and young. If any of our readers have a boy or a friend away in the backwoods of Ontario, or struggling to make his way in the world in Manitoba, to whom they would like to shew kindness at no great expense, they could not do better than send either the "Leisure Hour" or the "Sunday at Home," or, better still, both, every month. It will be bread cast upon the waters which assuredly they will find after, perhaps, not many days. What lots of people there are, and good people too, ay, and withal not remarkably stupid, who, while they have plenty of money for tobacco and whiskey, to say nothing of less questionable luxuries, would think it the most unheard-of extravagance to spend two or three dollars a year either on a newspaper or a magazine, though their minds might thus be kept from stagnation and their hearts from that hardening process which an all but exclusive pursuit of mere material good is sure to produce. It is simply awful to think of the vague, dazed, languid stupidity and dulness of many a home, otherwise not uncomfortable, from the all but total absence of reading matter and the consequent withdrawal of the desire, and by and by even of the power, for recreation or instruction from the perusal of cheap and wholesome literature. When the means for securing, in this way, healthful amusement and useful information are so abundant, and can be had so easily and at so cheap a rate, those who allow themselves to remain in a dull, semi-comatose state of more or less contented ignorance are peculiarly without excuse.

MEMORIALS OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. By her Sister. (Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.)—"F. R. H." are initials which have come to be widely known, while their owner is regarded with special affection and honour by multitudes who, hitherto, have heard nothing of her life history except as gathered from her writings. These will be rejoiced to become better acquainted with Miss Havergal and her life as given in these memorials. It is quite correct to say that the volume before us cannot properly be called a biography, and that it shews throughout the absence on the part of the compiler of anything like the practised hand of the book-maker. But its attractiveness and interest

will not be less on that account. On the contrary, with some this very fact may be a recommendation. It lays before its readers a life of great beauty, considerable intellectual force, noticeable mental activity, remarkable singleness and consecratedness of purpose and effort, with an ever-growing spirituality of character, and a piety as unaffected as it was ardent, and, as a whole, awakens and maintains a deep interest in Miss Havergal's career, which will, we have no doubt, lead many to "glorify God in her." The mingled courage, gentleness and tact very often displayed by Miss Havergal in commending Christ and a Christian life to those with whom she came into contact were very remarkable. Hers was a very different course from that, for instance, of "Sister Dora." Yet the guiding principle and power in both were the same. In the one, as in the other, it was "Christ the hope of glory," and the evidential power of such lives, so purified, ennobled and sustained by faith in One not then seen but implicitly trusted and most ardently loved cannot well be either over-estimated or misread. It is easy to take refuge in the painful commonplaces about enthusiasm and delusion, but when one watches the quick intelligence, the holy zeal, the untiring activity, the unselfish affection, and the beneficent conduct of unnumbered multitudes of the best and the purest of our race like "F. R. H.," and is at the same time forced to the conclusion that all this has been developed and sustained by unflinching trust in and exalted love for One who externally was merely a Galilean peasant that some nineteen hundred years ago died the death of a felonious slave, he will feel that the usual naturalistic explanations of the phenomenon are even painfully inadequate and unreasonable. Perhaps these "memorials" may at first sight be thought unduly lengthened, and in point of fact some things might have been left out without any injury, if not with positive advantage. Yet, taking them as a whole, it will be found that they can be read with growing interest to the close, even by those who have no sympathy with mere goodyism and who are very strongly and reasonably convinced that in general bulky biographical volumes are very trying to the temper and often very unprofitable both to the intellect and to the heart.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXI.

Aug. 1. } THE CALL OF ABRAM. { Gen. xi. 31.
1880. } { 32; xii. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed."—Gen. xii. 3.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Gen. xi. 1-11. Babel.
- T. Gen. xi. 12-32. From Noah to Abram.
- W. Gen. xii. 1-10. The Call of Abram.
- Th. Ps. cv. 1-22. The Covenant Remembered.
- F. Gal. iii. 1-9. Abraham's Faith.
- S. Ps. lxxxiv. 1-12. The Tabernacle of the Lord.
- Sab. Acts. vii. 1-7. Abram's Obedience.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Besides the record of the covenant which formed the subject of our last lesson the ninth chapter of the Book of Genesis contains a short account of the life of Noah subsequent to the flood, detailing the circumstances which furnished the occasion for his prophecy regarding his three sons and the destiny of their descendants. Noah lived long enough to have held intelligent converse for many years with Terah, the father of Abraham.

The tenth chapter contains "The Generations of the Sons of Noah," each line of descent being traced far enough to shew the manner in which "by these the nations were divided in the earth after the flood."

In the eleventh chapter, after the account of the building of Babel, and the subsequent dispersion, the narrative, true to its main purpose—the history of redemption—returns to the line of Shem and traces the genealogy of Abram, whose "call" from among his idolatrous kindred to be a witness for the true God and the "father of the faithful," forms the subject of our present lesson, which may be divided as follows: (1) *Departure from Ur of the Chaldees*, (2) *Sojourn in Haran*, (3) *Death of Terah*, (4) *The Call*, (5) *The Promise*, (6) *Abram's Faith and Obedience*, (7) *Arrival in Canaan*, (8) *An Altar Erected*, (9) *No Continuing City*.

I. DEPARTURE FROM UR OF THE CHALDEES.—Chap. xi. ver. 31. The opening words of Joshua's last address to the Israelites are "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, Your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood (the Euphrates) in old time, even Terah, the father of Abraham and the father of Nachor; and they served other gods" (Josh. xxiv. 2). The descendants of Shem, in common with those of Noah's other two sons, appear to have very speedily fallen into the sin of idolatry. Was Shem himself among those "fathers" who "served other gods?" In the days of his youth Methuselah and Lamech had, no doubt, given him the account of the creation which they had received from Adam's

own lips, and he himself had seen the wonderful power of God in the flood; and he was still alive when Terah and Abraham departed from Ur. Must we count Shem among those who "forgot God." It is sad to think that not a sound of his voice comes down to us in protest against the prevailing idolatry of his day.

II. SOJOURN IN HARAN.—Chap. xi. ver. 31. The opening words of another dying speech—that of Stephen—are, "Men, brethren, and fathers, hearken; The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham, when he was in Mesopotamia, before he dwelt in Charran, and said unto him get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and come into the land which I shall shew thee" (Acts vii. 2, 3). Thus it appears that not only the departure from Haran, but also the original departure from Ur, was in obedience to the call of God, although, on account of Terah's great age and infirmity, or for some other reason, the family sojourned in Haran (still on the east side of the Euphrates) for some (probably five) years.

III. DEATH OF TERAH.—Chap. xi. ver. 32. A hasty reference to verse 26 might lead the student to suppose that Terah was only seventy years old when Abram was born. If so, then Abram must have been one hundred and thirty-five years old when Terah died, aged two hundred and five. But we find (chap. xii. ver. 4) that Abram was only seventy-five years old when he left Haran, and that he did not leave Haran till after his father's death (Acts vii. 4). This ought to lead to a closer examination of chap. xi. ver. 26, which only states that Terah lived seventy years before any of his three sons were born, of whom Abram, though first mentioned, may have been the youngest. This explanation is very generally adopted, though some, for the text of chap. xi. ver. 32, substitute that of the Samaritan Pentateuch which gives the years of Terah's life as one hundred and forty-five.

IV. THE CALL.—Chap. xii. ver. 1. Most people would consider the command given to Abram as most unreasonable, and "the world" of that day would call him foolish for acting upon it; but in this as in some other instances the world's fool was God's wise man. Notice (1) the strength of the ties to be broken—out of thy country and from thy kindred and from thy father's house; (2) the loss of inheritance and of the prospect of high social and civic position; (3) the indefiniteness of the destination—unto a land that I will shew thee.

V. THE PROMISE.—Vers. 2, 3. (1) A personal temporal and spiritual blessing is to be found in the path of duty and obedience—I will bless thee. (2) I will make of thee a great nation. This part of the promise was temporal, and was fulfilled in the great power and prosperity of the Israelitish nation, which culminated in the time of David and Solomon. (3) And in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed. This is a promise of salvation to men of all nations through Christ (descended from Abram), and cannot be twisted into anything else—"Moreover the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the nations by faith, proclaimed beforehand the glad tidings unto Abraham, saying In thee shall all the nations be blessed" (Gal. iii. 8).

VI. ABRAM'S FAITH AND OBEDIENCE.—Ver. 4. To yield obedience to the commands of God with alacrity and without question was characteristic of Abram. The delay at Haran was, no doubt, by God's command or permission. Some commentators say that after the death of Terah the call was repeated. At any rate there was now no hindrance, and Abram departed as the Lord had spoken to him. "He went out, not knowing whither he went" (Heb. xi. 8).

VII. ARRIVAL IN CANAAN.—Vers. 5, 6. The distance from Haran to the Land of Canaan was not more than from three hundred to four hundred miles, but the journey probably occupied a considerable portion of time. Abram, with Sarai his wife, and Lot his brother's son, and all their substance that they had gathered (flocks and herds probably), and the souls that they had gotten in Haran (bond-servants), travelled by easy stages and probably on a circuitous course, seeking pasture. He entered Canaan, not like a tramp, but as a man of substance, who could command the respect of the inhabitants. And the Canaanite was then in the land. Seeing that the narrative was written by Moses, at a time when the Canaanite was still in the land, the force of the word "then" in this sentence must be *even at that early period*.

VIII. AN ALTAR ERECTED.—Ver. 7. As soon as Abram reached the centre of the promised land his first care was to set up the worship of God in the appointed way. An altar is for sacrifice, which Abram, no doubt, offered.

IX. NO CONTINUING CITY.—Vers. 9, 10. To Abram, Canaan was the land of promise and nothing more. "He gave him none inheritance in it, no, not so much as to set his foot on" (Acts vii. 5). "He sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles . . . for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God" (Heb. xi. 9, 10).

MAN is not born to solve the problem of the universe; but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—*Goethe*.

I HAVE read the Bible through many times. It is a book of all others, for lawyers, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule for conduct.—*Webster*.

A SWIMMER becomes strong to stem the tide only by frequently breasting the big waves. If you practise always in shallow water, your heart will assuredly fail in the hour of high flood.—*J. Stuart Blackie*.

GOD walks with the simple; He reveals Himself to the lowly; He gives understanding to little ones; He discloses His meaning to pure minds, and hides His grace from the curious and proud.—*Thomas a Kempis*.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT CHRIST DID FOR YOU.

For you He left His home on high;
 For you to earth He came to die!
 For you He slumbered in a manger;
 For you to Egypt fled, a stranger;
 For you He dwelt with fishermen;
 For you He slept in cave or glen;
 For you abuse He meekly bore;
 For you a crown of thorns He wore;
 For you He braved Gethsemane;
 For you He hung upon the tree;
 For you His final feast was made;
 For you by Judas was betrayed;
 For you by Peter was denied;
 For you by Pilate crucified!
 For you His precious blood was shed;
 For you He slept among the dead!
 For you He rose with might at last;
 For you beyond the skies He passed;
 For you He came, at God's command;
 For you He sits at His right hand!

HEARING THE SERMON.

"MOTHER," said a little boy one Sabbath, "mayn't I stay at home? There's no use for me to go to church, I can't understand one word the minister preaches about. I do not want to go." "Not one word?" "No, not one word," he said in that positive tone little boys are apt to have. His mother thought he had better go; but he twisted his limbs and pouted his lips, and said he didn't want to go. I dare say you have seen little boys do so.

"If puss went to church I should not expect her to understand a word. If Rover went, I should not expect him to understand, or the cow, or the pig; but I should have expected better things of a boy. I wish you to try again. See if you cannot at least understand one word the minister says. After that we will see." Mother looked very sober as she spoke, and the little boy did not quite like to be put on the same shelf with cats and pigs.

After a little more talk the church bells rang, and he went off with the honest wish in his heart to listen to the sermon and learn what a little boy could.

His father was out of town, and his mother was sick at home, so he and his two older sisters, with a man, occupied the pew. Henry liked the singing, for he could find the psalm, and keep his eye on the place. He could bow his head when the minister prayed, and liked to hear "Our Father who art in heaven." When the sermon came, he fixed his eyes on the minister's face and his mind on the minister's words, trying to find something he could understand. Nobody was more attentive than Henry.

When he got home, "Mother," he said, "I did get one word out of the minister's sermon. I got 'God.' He said God ever so many times, and I kept thinking God, God, God, all the way home. I said to myself, God made the sky, God made the trees, God made the rain, God made the little ants, He made the busy bees. God made me—my hands to handle with, and my eyes to see with, and my mind to learn with. But God didn't make my new jacket with those bright buttons, did He? You made it, mother."

"God created the lambs' wool for the weavers and spinners to make the cloth of," said his mother; "and down in the dark earth He created the substance of brass for the button makers to use."

"Then without God it would not be," said the little boy. "What a great, good God He is."

"Yes," said his mother, "and how we should desire to know Him more, and to please Him constantly in everything we do."

"I think as much," cried little Henry, as if a bright, new thought had struck him. It was bright and new to him, because he had worked it out all himself, and his little mind kept on the subject, for he asked his mother questions growing out of it four or five days after.

Now was it not better for that little boy to go to church than to stay at home?

Aside from the duty and privilege of taking our little children with us to the house of God, some parents think there is not much use for them to go, because they cannot understand, and therefore are not interested; yet, if we encourage them to try to understand, I am sure there are few so small but a precious little seed-thought, even no bigger than one word, may be in their tender souls for the shoots and blossoms of early piety.

LITTLE THINGS.

"Though little I bring,"
 Said the tiny spring,
 As it burst from the mighty hill,
 "'Tis pleasant to know,
 Wherever I flow,
 The pastures grow greener still."

And the drops of rain,
 As they fall on the plain,
 When parched by the summer heat,
 Refresh the sweet flowers
 Which drooped in the bowers,
 And hung their heads at our feet.

Though the drops are small,
 Yet, taking them all,
 Each one doing all that it can
 To fulfil the design
 Of its Maker divine,
 What lessons they give unto man!

May we strive to fulfil
 All His righteous will
 Who formed the whole earth by His word!
 Creator Divine,
 We would ever be thine,
 And serve Thee, our God and our Lord.

THE CROOKED FINGERS.

WHILE shaking hands with an old man, the other day, I noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said, "In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children."

"Let us have it, if you please," we said.

"For over fifty years, I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers shew the effect of holding the reins for so many years."

The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions of men and women.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

"I WOULD be ashamed to tell mother," was a little boy's reply to his comrades, who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and feel mighty mean if I could not tell my mother."

"It's a pity you were not a girl. The idea of a boy telling his mother every little thing."

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble little boy. "I have made up my mind

never, so long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve; and one which will make almost any life true and useful.

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS.

LITTLE Ellie found a thirsty flower by the side of her path. She thought it needed water, and so she went with a big pitcher and poured a little stream gently upon it. It was a very little thing to do, and yet it was a very good thing. If the flower had not had some water it might have drooped and died, but when the water fell upon it, it revived and grew, and all summer long it sent out sweet perfume, and showed bright blossoms, and pleased everybody that looked at it. A great many good deeds are just as simple as this. Kind words and bright smiles make people happy.

"I WON'T."

THE other day a little boy burst out a crying in school, and he cried as if his heart would break. Did another boy pinch or hurt him? No. Was his spelling lesson too hard? No. What were those tears for? His teacher called him to her side, and asked Freddy what the matter was. "I want to go home. Oh, do let me go," sobbed Freddy. "What for, my dear child?" asked the teacher in her own kind way. "Oh," said Freddy, "I said 'I won't' to my mother before school, and I want to go home and tell her how sorry I am, and ask her to forgive me."

They were penitent tears, then, the best tears a child can shed. But then you must remember,

'Tis not enough to say
 We're sorry and repent,
 And still go on from day to day
 Just as we always went.

Repentance is to leave
 The sins we loved before,
 And shew that we in earnest grieve
 By doing so no more.

Yes, no more. I hope Freddy had no more "I won't's" for his mother.

"REMOVE thy foot from evil."—Prov. iv. 27.

WHERE two ways meet the children stand,
 A fair, broad road on either hand:
 One leads to Right, and one to Wrong,
 So runs the song.

Which will you choose, each lass and lad?
 The right or left, the good or bad?
 One leads to Right, and one to Wrong,
 So runs the song.

HE who murmurs at his lot is like one baring his feet to tread upon thorns.

WHAT keeps me from being saved is pride, heart-pride, wanting to come to God as something else than a sinner.

My first is in smiles, but not in laughter.
 My second is in sun, but not in moon.
 My third is in nothing, and also in something.
 My fourth is in demon, but not in angel.
 My fifth is in rain, but not in snow.
 My sixth is in yield, but not in conquer.
 My whole is what we cannot do without.

THE Gospel idea of a Christian is our every day life. No matter what we profess to be; no matter what we were yesterday; what we are to day and every day, that question will have to be answered.

Words of the Wise.

A HEART undaunted is not easily daunted. HE is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

LEARNING, like a river beginneth in but a little stream.

IF slumber be a snake it is a winged one. It flies as well as creeps.

CHARITY is the air of riches, without which they corrupt themselves.

IT is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

GOOD intentions are the seeds of good actions, though they do not always produce them.

IF you wish that your own merits should be recognized you must recognize the merits of others.

HE will find himself in a great mistake that either seeks for a friend in a palace or tries him at a feast.

YOU will gain a good reputation if you avoid those actions which you can censure and blame in others.

IF you would be miserable, look within. If you would be distracted, look around. If you would be happy, look up.

THERE is in man a higher aim than love of happiness; he can do without happiness and instead thereof find blessedness.

WHENEVER we palliate a crime because of the provocation which led to its commission we aim a blow directly at the welfare of society.

IT may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.—*L'Esrange.*

IF you have talents, industry will strengthen them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply the deficiency.

WE think the poorest way to obtain such a Sabbath as we need is to create the impression that all Christians have given up the desire for it.—*Watchman.*

THERE cannot be named a single pursuit or enterprise of human beings in which there is so little possibility of failure as in praying for sanctification.

WHERE one burglar has been justifiably shot, or one life saved by means of a pistol, a hundred "accidents," some of them fatal, have occurred.—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

GOD often lays the sum of His amazing providence in very dismal afflictions; as the limner first puts on the dusky colours, on which he intends to draw the portraiture of some illustrious beauty.

DR. SAMUEL WILKS, an eminent English physician, in a recent lecture in London, on "Overwork and Underwork," had no hesitation in saying that more people suffered from want of occupation than from overwork.

IN a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl, and on the stone were chiselled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" I used to think, and I do now, that it was one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever heard.

LIFE is so ordered in Providence, that what we call great deeds only occur now and then. Even princes and conquerors cannot be always magnificent. If we are not doing good in the ordinary affairs of life, we are not the persons whom Jesus commends.—*J. W. Alexander.*

DEATH is simply a natural event in the course of life, as the failing of the eyesight or hearing is a natural event. If there were no such thing as death, everything would come to an end in wearing out; death is letting go of the worn, decaying present and taking hold of the new and strong future.

NOTHING in life has any meaning, except as it draws us further in to God, and presses us more closely to Him. The world is no better than a complication of awkward riddles, or a gloomy storehouse of disquieting mysteries, unless we look at it by the light of this simple truth, that the eternal God is blessedly the last and only end of every soul of man.—*F. W. Faber.*

IT is Christ's grave that renders blessed the house of mourning; and so much is this thought for our soul's health, that in order to withdraw us from the stir and business of this world, God has appointed the continual return of night, wherein we may be in the grave; in darkness, stillness, and solitude. For night is nothing else but the due and necessary preparation for the morning, and that morning is the great Morning of the Resurrection and the coming of Christ. Let us throughout the night of this world be buried with Christ, and watching for His return.—*Isaac Williams.*

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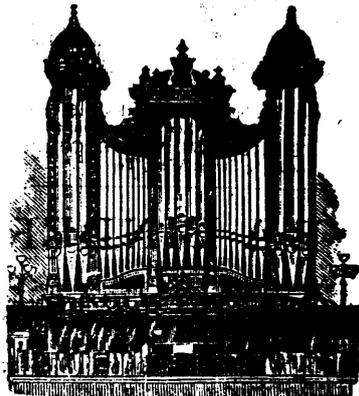
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