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**RICE PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.**—Take two quarts of milk and one cup of rice, one half cup sugar and teaspoonful of salt. Bake in a moderate oven three hours. Should be stirred gently two or three times after it has begun to bake. Raisins may be added if one likes. Cream and sugar is a nice dressing for it if anything is desired.

**JOHNNY CAKES.**—One quart of corn meal, two teaspoonfuls of salt and milk enough to make a stiff batter. Shape the cakes in the hand, making them an inch thick; bake on a griddle; they should be quite brown when done. Split them open and lay a lump of butter inside. Serve hot.

**GOOSEBERRY PIE.**—Stew the berries in as little water as it is possible to use; when the berries begin to be tender, mash them with a spoon; then you will preserve the richness of the juice, and will not have to throw any of it away. Sweeten with light brown sugar, and bake with two crusts.

**AN EX-ALDERMAN TRIED IT.** Ex-ALDERMAN Taylor, of Toronto, tried Hagyard's Yellow Oil for Rheumatism. It cured him after all other remedies had failed.

**PEACH PIE.**—Line a deep dish with soda biscuit dough or pie-crust rolled one-fourth of an inch thick, fill with peaches pared, sprinkle with sugar and a little flour, and if not too juicy add about two tablespoonfuls of water. Put on the upper crust, secure the edges and bake. Eat with cream.

**BAKED BERRY ROLLS.**—Make a biscuit dough, roll it thin and cut it in squares of five or six inches. Spread over with berries or other fruit; double the crust over and fasten the edges together. Put the rolls into a dripping-pan, close together, until full, then put into the pan a little water, sugar and butter. Bake and serve with any desired pudding sauce.

**FROZEN PEACHES.**—Take two quarts of rich milk and two teacupfuls of sugar; mix well together, and put into a freezer with ice and salt packed around it. Have ready one quart of peaches mashed and sweetened. When the milk is very cold stir them in and freeze them all together. Strawberries can be used in the same way, but will require more sugar.

**HOLIDAY BUNS.**—One pound of flour, four ounces of butter, three ounces of lard, half pound currants, quarter pound raisins, two ounces candid lemon peel, quarter pound moist sugar, two eggs, one large tablespoonful of baking powder, half-pint of new milk. Rub the butter and lard thoroughly into the flour, add all the dry ingredients, beat the eggs well and mix them into the ingredients; then add the milk, and mix up thoroughly well. Put a teaspoonful of the mixture into each patty pan well buttered, and bake in a very brisk oven until nicely browned over.

**HOME-MADE CREAM CANDY.**—If made according to the following directions, it is said that you will have cream candy equal to that of the confectioners: To any quantity of white or clean, light sugar, add an equal quantity of cold water. Dissolve in a little cold water wheat starch, in the proportion of two teaspoonfuls to one cup of sugar, and set it aside ready for use. Set the sugar and water on the fire to boil; do not stir much after the sugar dissolves. Let it boil until a little of it dropped in cold water will harden readily. Then add the starch, stirring very rapidly, and boil a minute or two; again try; when done, pour into a buttered dish or pan, and set aside till cool enough to work with the hands. Add to it while warming such flavouring extract as may be preferred. Work till very light. Draw out into flat lengths and cut into sticks.

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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

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No. 37.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

NOT to be surpassed in generous recognition of eminence in scientific attainment, the authorities of McGill University last week conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on Lords Rayleigh and Lansdowne, Sir John Macdonald, Sir Lion Playfair, Sir William Thomson, Professors Bonney and Frankland, Capt. Galton, Vernon Harcourt, Sir Henry Roscoe, Professors Blanchard and Mosely, General Lefroy, Sir Richard Temple, Sir P. Bramwell, Mr. G. B. Taylor, Professor Daniel Wilson, Professors Asa Gray and James Hall, New York State geologist.

A YEAR ago several members of the British Association were shaking their heads gravely over the proposal to hold the meetings of 1884 in Montreal. In due time opposition vanished. The cordial welcome and hospitality extended by public bodies and private citizens has been far beyond what the most sanguine anticipated. The members of the Association have in various ways testified their appreciation of the kindness shown them. A peculiarly appropriate recognition has been the offer, to the faculty of Applied Science in McGill University, of a gold medal in connection with the visit of the Association to Canada.

EVERY genuine effort to reach the non-church going portion of city populations is deserving of the warmest support. In the City of Toronto a short time ago, a Mission Union was formed. Amongst its members are to be found those who have taken an active and self denying part in sustained evangelistic efforts in the past. A new and commodious mission hall has been erected in a locality within easy reach of those for whom these efforts are specially made. Interesting opening services, invariably well attended, have been held on successive evenings. Well known clergymen and laymen have taken part in these meetings. Sustained and systematic efforts are to be made with a view to make the services attractive and useful. The friends connected with the praiseworthy undertaking have issued the first number of a bi-monthly, under the title of *Our Mission Union*, which is admirably adapted for the purpose and the class of readers for which it is intended.

THE cholera epidemic is disappearing in France. In Spain also its ravages are decreasing, while in Italy it is causing dreadful havoc. From the accounts published it is evident that its rapid spread and great fatality are largely due to the ignorance and superstition of the people. The almost utter absence in many places of sanitary arrangements, the presence in densely peopled localities of reeking filth, the unaccountable distrust of the medical profession, and persistence in violating the most obvious dietary laws have provided the most favourable conditions for the spread of the dread disease. These startling disclosures of the condition of a class of Italian people show plainly that enlightenment has a great task yet to accomplish. It is reported that a veritable case of Asiatic cholera has occurred at Cardiff. The victim came on an Italian steamer from Alexandria. There are, however, no indications that cholera has got a foothold in England.

SUNDAY excursions in the United States are not different from Sunday excursions elsewhere. They are patronized by the same class of people in every community. Those who have regard for Christian principles do not, and cannot, countenance them. Respectable workingmen wish to protect their families from the dangers and temptations never inseparable from the Sunday excursion. So dreadful were the scenes witnessed last summer on the Hudson river, that a repetition of them was considered hardly probable. Only the other Sabbath, on a boat running from New York to Staten Island, an awful riot among drunken excursionists took place. It ended in the murder of the bar-keeper. The bar by itself is a dangerous institution, the Sunday excursion steamer

is not one on which a benediction rests, both combined are demoralizing in the extreme. The Canadian people cannot be too earnest in their endeavours to protect the sacredness of the Lord's Day.

A CASE of great interest involving several important points, has made its appearance in the law courts of St. Louis. A Miss Taylor entered a convent about two years ago. It is stated that she previously conveyed her property worth \$100,000 to her sister, then unmarried, under an agreement that she expected to take monastic vows with the order of St. Francis de Sales, but should she not do so on entering and afterwards severing her connection with the order, her property was to be restored to her. Some months ago Miss Taylor left the convent, announcing, it is said, that she had withdrawn from the order, and asked for a restoration of the property. Her sister, and sister's husband did not like to surrender the property. They claimed that she was not sincere, and that therefore she was not entitled to it. Miss Taylor brought an action and recovered her property. She has since returned to the convent, and her brother-in-law and sister have taken proceedings to secure the property, contending that her withdrawal from the convent and her return thither, was simply a device by which it might be conveyed to the conventual authorities.

PROMOTERS of Agricultural fairs exercise great ingenuity in providing popular attractions. The avowed purpose for holding these fairs is to promote agriculture by bringing under the notice of farmers and others new and improved methods and implements, and a full and varied display of field and garden products. The best time for holding these exhibitions is unquestionably in the autumn after most of the products have been harvested. Then farmers and their families have leisure to enjoy the holiday these associations afford. It is perfectly legitimate to make the fall fairs enjoyable as well as instructive. At a fair in Missouri lately the brother of the desperado Jesse James was advertised as one of the leading attractions. Such are the unaccountable vagaries of popular taste, and perception of the fitness of things, that the ex-bandit was the lion of the day. Crowds of notoriety hunters grasped him eagerly by the hand, he was presented with a purse of money, a handsome horse and buggy in addition to the remuneration his presence was deemed worth to the managers. There must be a great scarcity of heroes in the Southern States. And yet when boys go wrong ways, people are astonished and surprised.

THE Gospel Army is managed in the same manner and pursues methods similar to those employed by the Salvation Army. The former appears to encounter more determined opposition than the latter. The popular hostility usually manifests itself against some officer whose alleged misconduct has aroused dislike. Whether such accusations are well or ill founded it is difficult to determine. At all events a "major-general," who has been waging war in Brant and Waterloo counties, has made himself peculiarly obnoxious to many respectable people. The rowdy element, both at Ayr and Paris, have taken advantage of this. The officer has been the repeated victim of unpleasant "ovations," and has in many ways been subjected to shameful treatment. So turbulent was the crowd at Paris one evening last week that the authorities were powerless to maintain order, and a ringleader in the disgraceful doings was rescued from the police. People may differ in opinion as to the rights of these organization to parade the public streets at will, but few will be found to say that they are not entitled to protection from insult and abuse. These lawless acts are simply disgraceful and those who take part in them ought to have exemplary punishment meted out to them. If scandalous allegations against officers and members of these armies are sustained by fact, their influence as religious teachers will be utterly discredited, and they will soon find it necessary, like other wolves in sheep's clothing, to move on.

AFFAIRS in Spain are assuming an unsatisfactory shape. King Alfonso is suffering from a dangerous illness which may result in his death. Conflicting parties are intriguing, each with the hope of grasping power. The republican element, not inconsiderable, is unusually active. Zorilla is accused of seeking to corrupt the army, and is reported to have made his escape to London. Ex-Queen Isabella is also accused of making attempts to regain the throne from which she was so ignominiously driven more than a dozen years ago. The latest element of discord is the movement of the Romish priesthood to get up an agitation favouring the restoration of the temporal power to the Pope. Reactionary movements are not visible when European political waters are calm. Like the stormy petrel, they make their erratic appearance when political complications are more than usually intricate. Whatever remains of the temporal power as a question of practical politics belongs to Italy alone. The papacy may cling to the fragment of temporal sovereignty as essential to it, but the Italian nation have thought and willed otherwise. They preferred the "Free Church in a Free State" of Count Cavour to the *non-possiemus* of Pius IX. Neither his successor nor his Jesuit councillors will persuade them to alter their preference. The cause of civil and religious liberty does not recede, it goes forward.

A WELL-KNOWN representative of the Woman's Rights movement, has not as yet entered the lists as a candidate for the presidency. In a previous contest she did announce herself a candidate and issued an address to the people. This time she has thought better of it, and seemingly has no desire to try conclusions with Blaine, Butler, Cleveland and St. John. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, contributes an article advocating liberal divorce cases for the United States to one of the magazines. It is the general impression that the divorce laws, particularly in some of the States, is dangerously liberal as it is. Many of the least and most thoughtful of our neighbours are convinced that reform is needed in an entirely different direction from that advocated by Mrs. Cady Stanton. Laxity of divorce law is ruinous to the welfare of the family, and therefore most injurious to the State. If the following statement is anything like correct, it is not greater facilities for divorce that are required, but a reform of the marriage law so that it would effectually prohibit the marriage of silly children.

A legal marriage in most of the States, may be contracted between a boy of fourteen and girl of twelve without the consent of parents or guardians, without publication of banns, without witnesses, without even the signature of the parties, the presence of a priest, or of any officer of the State.

THE relations of capital and labour are not very promising at present. When difficulties arise, feeling is at once embittered, and too often violent conflicts arise. Workmen feel that only by uniting can they protect their rights. Trades unions are checkmated by counter combinations on the part of employers. By the pressure of trades unionism on the one hand and determined resistance of capitalists on the other, the conflict between capital and labour becomes relentless. The course of business is violently impeded, and workmen and their families suffer great hardships. These collisions of opposing interests work serious injuries. They create and foster a state of feeling that bodes no good to the common weal, intensifying class hatreds, sowing distrust and jealousies. Serious mining strikes have occurred in the Hocking Valley, resulting almost in a petty civil war. There has been considerable violence, and the Governor of the State has had to call the military into requisition. Happily no serious encounter has occurred, but there are apprehensions that the labour troubles may spread. It is plain that combinations and strikes have failed to adjust satisfactorily the difficulties between employers and employed. The best way yet proposed of settling these disputes is the appointment of independent boards of arbitrators, whose decisions would not be in the interest of either party, but based on impartial justice. The plan is at least worth a fair trial.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

### OLD ORCHARD BEACH, MAINE.

MR. EDITOR.—Yielding to the forces of a Toronto drolling sun as the thermometer approached the nineties, and the mind growing sluggish reading the heavy editorials of the "dallies," I resolved, *not* to take Greeley's advice, which was "Go west, young man," but to come *east*, and enjoy the cooling breezes by the sea side. The Grand Trunk Railway affords such facilities for travel now-a-days that the temptation which cheap fares, good cars and obliging, competent conductors offers, is irresistible. Under a bright Canadian sky our little party started for the station, and contributed their mites to the pile of saratogas, valises, bonnet boxes, and well-filled baskets, with a copy of the *Mail* and *Globe* and *PRESBYTERIAN* in each pocket. By a little jostling we soon found ourselves seated in a clean, well-cushioned Pullman, and, for the time forgetting home and children, we began to scan our fellow passengers. The first to call forth a remark was that institution known as the "dude," who was engaged in brushing the dust off his brand new coat, and twirling his whiskers. The next was the society man, who was going to have a good time with his friends. Then our attention was fixed on Miss Nameless, who carried an ivory fan, and had a sunflower as large as a soup-plate pinned to the breast of her dress. What we were most pleased to see was the hard-worked country parson, with his white tie, tight buttoned coat, and duster, starting for his well-earned holiday, and that, too, at the cost of his congregation; I suppose a result of the references to this subject in your paper. Then there was the bright and beaming children, with their spades, shovels and barrows. The train is now rushing at full speed, passing fields of waving grain, green meadows, or orchards with trees laden with fruit, herds of shining cattle, smiling waters, and boundless forests. At night we are carefully tucked in our berths, and wake up to hear the conductor cry out "Old Orchard!"

This is one of the most popular seaside resorts, and during the season is crowded with visitors, whose homes reach from Minnesota, in the west, to the most eastern limit. On stepping off the train we found the platform crowded with sight-seers, whose sun-burnt, happy faces at once told they also were on a holiday, and had come to greet expected friends, see the latest arrivals, or probably the latest fashions in dress.

Old Orchard is in every way worthy of all the praise bestowed on it. The beach extends for two or three miles. The principal hotels are located on the sea wall, facing the ocean. Many of the visitors are now as well known here as they are at home. The rush of bathing commences about eleven o'clock, and the facilities are such that all ages, ranks and sexes can avail themselves of the advantage if they are so disposed.

As is usual at such places, people have nothing to do, but the evenings are fully occupied with lectures, concerts, readings, carnivals, masquerade parties and such like, so that time actually flies.

#### RELIGIOUS.

As the State of Maine is more Congregational than Presbyterian, I searched in vain for a Presbyterian Church, but this was compensated for by the Methodists, who hold here an annual

#### CAMP MEETING,

or, as they prefer calling it, a "holiness meeting," which has now become an institution here, and is looked forward to by the people with considerable interest. The grove where the meetings are held is a lovely place, thickly studded with stately elm and maple trees, the rustling of whose leaves at times imparts a sad stillness to the scene. There is a covered dais, which gives seating accommodation to the choir and speakers, a nice pulpit affords accommodation for the preacher, and seats through the grove for about 5,000 persons, which number it is estimated was present last Sunday morning. A bell summons the people to the meeting place. It was pleasant to listen to the Gospel of the grace of God, as preached by the M. E. Church.

On the question of camp meetings I will not here enter, as my experience of them is limited, this being the first that I ever attended. I may say, however, that I am not sorry that camp meetings are not institutions of the Presbyterian Church. The object of the

#### ENCAMPMENT,

as I understand, is to advocate this new doctrine of perfect holiness, or, as one speaker puts it, "complete sanctification at conversion," and to this point nearly all the speakers bore testimony. Without endorsing this doctrine, or agreeing with the arguments presented in support of it, I can say that all the sermons and lectures to which I listened were earnest and impressive, and if as a result of this meeting believers would be completely sanctified so that they could stand before God "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing," the camp meeting will not have been held in vain.

One of the speakers on Sunday last was the Rev. William Taylor, who has been lately made a bishop, and designated to Africa. Bishop Taylor has preached in every part of the globe, and returns to Africa with a band of others—volunteers in the work—including one lady missionary, who was educated in Boston, and who has selected Africa as her field of labour. Bishop Taylor stated that he had carefully explained to the lady all the difficulties in the way, but she was resolved to go to Africa and work for the Master. Bishop Taylor's style of preaching partakes more of the comic than of the solemn or impressive, and whilst he is above the average as a speaker, possessing a clear, ringing voice, and good presence, still his discourse on "Perfect Love," which he called the eleventh commandment, was disappointing, and was everything but an exposition of the text chosen, "God is love." This sermon was in striking contrast with the only other one I heard preached by an M. E. bishop some years ago. Bishop Peck, judging from the discourse I heard, might properly be called a "bushel," as it was a sermon of which any minister of any church might be proud.

The temperance question is still being agitated in Maine, and as yet would not appear to be settled. The temperance advocates here are arranging for a grand temperance convention on the camp grounds, to follow immediately the camp meeting. Several speakers, male and female, are announced, among others Hon. Mr. Finch, of Kansas, whose address it is expected will give an impetus to the cause in Maine. This State has a number of religious organizations in the cause of temperance.

It is expected that the first week in September will wind up the holiday season here, as parties from a distance are already making preparations to leave.

K.

*Hotel Fiske, Old Orchard Beach, Maine.*

### THE PRINCIPLES OF RELIGION AND POLITICAL LIFE.

W. D. ARMSTRONG, M.A., OTTAWA.

There is, in some quarters, a disposition to take a somewhat narrow and unworthy view of the sphere within which religion should make her voice heard and her influence felt, and ministers of the Gospel are not unfrequently told to mind their own business if they step beyond certain arbitrarily prescribed limits. Some of those who draw these arbitrary limits are within the pale of the Church, earnest and devoted men, but who, by adopting certain views of the functions of the Church, would deprive her of much of her power for good in the world. But mainly they are to be found without the pale of the Church or but little interested in her welfare and advancement. These make great outcry whenever the claims of religion interfere with their special ambitions and designs. Very sententiously they tell us "You do your work and we will do ours"—implying that there are certain spheres and departments of life to be called secular and withdrawn from religious control and forgetting that it is the Church's function to give moral tone and guidance to every work and activity and enterprise, to influence every department of life, domestic, social, and political, so that all life, even to its smallest minutiae, is to be regulated by the principle that "that whatsoever we do, should be done to the glory of God"—"in the name of the Lord Jesus."

To one taking this Scripture view that religion should pervade and influence all life, the outcries one sometimes hears about the interference of the Church with things beyond its sphere seems to have a very pernicious tendency.

A minister of the Gospel urges upon his people the Scott Act, or some other righteous measure which has for its object the extermination of the liquor traffic;

forthwith the whiskey-seller and some others will cry out. "Sir, attend to your own affairs, preach the Gospel and cease to interfere with politics and other people's *lawful* (?) business.

So, too, when Christian men who see clearly the evil effects of a purely secular education ask that the Bible shall be taught in our public schools they are met with the cry, "Let the public schools alone. It is sufficient for the State to provide secular education. Do you attend to your church and your Sabbath-school." And so the Church is told to stand by and see—the practical result of such a system—the minds of the children secularized.

In the same spirit, when at its recent sitting, our General Assembly, recognizing certain great moral evils arising from the intense party politics of this country, chose to urge upon the ministers and members of the Church the duty of seeking to mitigate the evils complained of, some of our leading political journals felt specially aggrieved. Why aggrieved, they failed to make clear—except this, that the Assembly had presumed to recognize these evils and had presumed also, without the leave of a party organ, to say that the principles of the Christian religion should, if possible, be applied to the sphere of political life.

The action taken by the Assembly has awakened increased interest in this question, that has the moral approval of the community. There are very many in all our churches who desire to see a nobler form of national life and a higher standard of political morality in this country. The moral sense of our General Assembly is not likely to be turned aside by any ill-tempered declamation or *tu quoque* insinuations of any party organ.

If I have not mistaken the tone and spirit among the ministers of our Church, I read a determination not to withdraw their interest from the issues in which all men's lives are engaged, but to bring the power of the Gospel to bear on the throbbing intense life around us.

The resolution passed by the Assembly will enable them more freely and effectively to do this with regard to the too absorbing realm of politics. The nature of citizenship and the duties of citizenship will receive more frequent and ample treatment. The rising generation will perhaps yet learn that "politics" means something more than a fighting ground for rival factions, and "country," something more than an opportunity to make money, "grab" territory or obtain power.

I purpose, with your permission, Mr. Editor, to follow these remarks by two short papers. In the first of these, the points of the overture on "The Evils of Party Politics," recently submitted to the Assembly. In the second I shall attempt to point out the effect of the action taken by the Assembly on this overture.

The importance of the subject and the one-sided treatment it has received in some of our party journals will be my sufficient excuse.

It is expected that Mr. George Soltau will sail from England on the 18th inst. for this country, and will probably reach Toronto toward the end of the month. There are many who look back to his recent visit with gratitude, and will be glad to welcome him to Canada again. This fall he will resume the work in which he was engaged last winter, and several places have already asked that he may be sent to them, and others doubtless will, as far as his time permits, take advantage of his services. Any communications on the subject may be addressed to Henry O'Brien, Honourary Secretary of the Canadian Evangelization Society, 68 Church Street, Toronto.

WHEN the typical Canadian rowdy emerges from his rudimentary state, he either turns over a new leaf, or as is too often the case, he graduates in the ranks of chronic scoundrelism. But the race never dies out. Last week two cases of more than usual prominence are recorded. On an excursion steamer a few young roughs behaved in a most brutal manner, to the annoyance and disgust of the passengers. These disorderly young men have been tried and promptly punished for their disgraceful conduct. They have not been too hardly dealt with. A good smart fine was imposed with the alternative of going to prison if it was not paid. Such conduct as they were guilty of certainly deserves imprisonment without the option of a fine.

**PASTOR AND PEOPLE.**

**MORNING.**

The morning cometh !  
The bitter night that wraps this guilty earth  
That night so full of weeping and of sighs  
Is now far spent ; we wait the golden birth  
Of day, the golden day of Paradise.

The morning cometh !  
The shapeless fog that the gray valley fills,  
And climbs in serpent folds the mountain steep,  
Becomes a rosy mist upon the hills,  
A shining vapour where the waters sleep.

The morning cometh !  
And gladder are her songs than those of night,  
Touched less with tears and trembling chords of pain,  
But breathing of baptismal floods of light  
And pearly, new-blown dawns after rain.

The morning cometh !  
A note of praise thrills through these dusty hearts,  
These hearts so long in silent prayer bowed down,  
Immortal love from mortal languor starts,  
And the pale martyr wears a starry crown.  
—Ella Beardley.

**HOW TO HELP THE PREACHERS.**

It was my good fortune several weeks ago to hear a sermon from one of our celebrated divines—one to whom God has given, in a peculiar manner, the power of winning souls for Christ, and one who always finds ready listeners whenever and wherever he preaches that "good news." In that sermon he gave us some hints how to help the preacher, and they seem to me, while simple, of inestimable value. First, he said, we could help the preacher by gathering in a congregation. Now we laymen are apt to think that it is not our work; that the preacher should by his eloquence and stirring sermons, draw his own congregation. But have we not a part, too? However eloquent the minister was, if no one spoke of his sermons his congregation would never grow. We should invite our friends to church, and do what we can to gather in a congregation. And above all we should see that we ourselves are always in our place. A regular attendant upon all the services of God's house is worth a great deal in a congregation. Let your minister feel when he goes to his services, that you certainly will be there, and that will do something toward helping him. Then we should encourage the preacher by listening attentively. Ah, whoever has addressed a crowd knows the inspiration of earnest listeners. Indeed, even in social life "a good listener" has a peculiar charm about him. We certainly can take heed to ourselves and give the preacher that help. Then again, by talking over the sermon. Not criticizing the sermon captiously, but reviewing the lesson given us, thereby more deeply impressing them on our minds, as well as others. O for more of that earnest, charitable discussion of the sermon, and less of that fault-finding, critical spirit, which destroys so much of the good seed. Then we can help the preacher by illustrating the truths he teaches in our lives. This would indeed be a mighty "help." To let our lips and lives express these holy truths—to be "epistles known and read of men." This indeed is the end of all preaching, and if we but take home to our hearts the lessons taught us we shall speak for Christ more powerfully than any words can. Let us each see that these few practical hints are not lost upon us, and we then shall be able to join with joy in the great "Harvest Home."—*Marie Mack in Interior.*

**A COMMON MISTAKE ABOUT THE GOLDEN RULE.**

There is a very common mistake about the meaning of the precept. It is sometimes taken as though it required us to rule our conduct towards other men by their wishes; to do this would often be a folly and a sin. It really requires us to rule our conduct towards others by what our wishes would be if we were in their place; and this is a very different matter. In other words, we are to make what we see are their real interests our own. I have heard of a foolish father who, when one of his girls was fourteen or fifteen years old, gave her the choice of a pony or remaining another year or two at school. The child naturally elected to have the pony, and most children of her age would naturally do the same. The father's conduct was ruled by the child's wishes, and he inflicted on her a grave injustice. . . . A man

appeals to me for a testimonial, and I may have reason to believe that if I give it to him, he will have a good chance of securing an excellent appointment. He is in urgent need of it, for he has had a great deal of trouble. There is no harm in him, and I should be glad to help him. But I am doubtful, and more than doubtful, whether he would discharge the duties of the position satisfactorily. He says that if I were in his position and he in mine, I should plead hard for his recommendation. But I have to think not only of the man himself, but of the people to whom he wishes me to recommend him. If I had to make the appointment myself, should I like them to recommend me a man about whose fitness they were uncertain? Should I like them to tell me of his merits and not even to hint at his disqualifications. Is it just even to the applicant himself to give him the support he asks for? If I were in his position, should I—if I were a wise and honest man—wish to be recommended to a post the duties of which I was unable to discharge? Apart altogether from the obligations of veracity, this "golden rule" may require me to refuse to support his application. This Christian law would diminish the immorality of testimonials.—*Dr. Dale.*

**SWEETNESS OF SPIRIT.**

There are some Christian men who somehow carry the charm of an attractive atmosphere with them. It is a pleasure just to look at them. Even when one differs in judgment with them as far as the poles are asunder, one is none the less drawn and fascinated, by them. There is such sweetness in their spirit, such gracious gentleness in their manner, such kind catholicity, such manly frankness, such thorough self-respect on one hand, and on the other hand such perfect regard for the judgment of others, that one cannot help loving them, however conscience may compel conclusions, on matters of mutual consequence unlike those which they have reached.

Those are not weak men, either. What people like in them is not that, with the everlasting unvaryingness of a mirror, they reflect back the thought which is presented to them, and so are always at an agreement with others. Sometimes one is even more drawn to them when they are in opposition because they are so true and just that their respect carries with it all the refreshment of variety with none of the friction of hostility.

Natural temper has something to do with this. God gives a great gift to a man when he gives him a sunny disposition, a candid spirit, and the instinct of fairness in a controversy. It is exceedingly hard for some men to be just. They are jealous, suspicious and morose in their natural bent. It is hard for them to believe good of others. It is easy for them always to put the worst construction upon matters. It sometimes seems if it were almost more than grace can do to transform their tempers so that they will be just toward any man against whom they have been led to have a prejudice.

**WOMAN'S WORK.**

The quiet fidelity with which a woman will dish-wash her life away for her husband and children is a marvel of endurance. Here is the servitude of women heaviest—no sooner is her work done than it requires to be done again. Men take jobs, work on them, finish them and they are over for good and all. The prospect of ending them and drawing pay for the labour is alluring, but no such allurements are held out for the wife. She washes Monday after Monday the same garments until there is nothing more of them to wash; then they are replaced by others of new material just like them, and the rubbing and wringing go on forever. She mends the stockings with tireless fidelity, the same holes meeting her gaze week after week, for if there is a darned place in a sock, "he" invariably puts his irrepressible toe through it. Every morning the rooms are put in order only to be in the wildest disorder by the time night falls.

There are no jobs each one different, no pay day. The same socks, the same room every time. There is too little brightness in the lives of women in the country. They have too little help in their domestic occupations. The "nurse" in a house where there is a baby to care for ought to be set down as one of the regular expenses as much as the potatoes for the family. A mother's health, both of body and mind, is worth more than additional acres of land or finer live stock. The heart should not be allowed to grow

old. Life should not have lost its spirit, and the body its elasticity at forty years. And yet how many women are faded and wan, shattered in mind and health, long before they are forty! All the joy of life is not in youth's morning. If we so will it, we can to the last moments of life be at least negatively happy.

**THIS ONE THING.**

All profitable, successful lines of business are special lines; so, if we would be earnest servants of God, we must be specialists. Having one thing to do, understand it thoroughly, and do it as unto the Lord, casting off the unprofitable works of darkness, and putting on the armour of light.

Two Scotchmen in the north of Scotland went fishing one day, and, as men sometimes do there, as well as here, got drunk. When it was time to go home one of them cast off the head-line, and they got into the boat, took the oars, and began to pull towards home, as they supposed. After some time was thus spent, one said: "Sandle, is it not time we were home?" The other agreed with him, and they redoubled their efforts, but without making any progress. At last morning dawned, and the effects of the whiskey passed off, and they found that while casting off the head-line they had forgotten the stern-line, and were fast to the shore, while they thought they were homeward bound.

So it often is with Christians; we cast off the head-line and wonder we do not make faster progress, when all the time the stern-line is holding us fast to the shore. That stern-line interferes with us wonderfully. We are fast somewhere, and we can't go where the Spirit leads us. Some compromise with the world, some thread—a silken one, perhaps—some church, something holds us back, and till we cut loose from everything we are shore-bound.—*George F. Pentecost.*

**RELIGIOUS CONVERSATION.**

"You may judge of your own progress, and of the strength of your religious feeling, by your willingness to talk of religious subjects to other persons. If your feeling is genuine, you cannot avoid such topics even if you would, for 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'" These words of exhortation caused great discomfort to a hearer who wishing to do good as well as to be good was yet conscious of an inability to speak freely on the most sacred of all topics, and feared to wound where he would fain heal.

Is it not true that much which is called religious conversation is more properly conversing about religion? On the other hand may we not recall many a really religious conversation where perhaps no sacred word or topic had been introduced—where yet the manner of speaking of the common events and everyday duties, the behaviour of individuals, all the simple things that are the subjects of most persons' talk, showed in the speaker the most precious qualities, the "faith that overcometh the world," the hope "touching all things with hues of heaven," the charity that "thinketh no evil?"—*Golden Rule.*

**PRAYING AND GIVING.**

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

A HOLY life is made up of a number of small things; little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little, constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not the "waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### MY LITTLE MAN.

I know a little hero, whose face is brown with tan,  
But through it shines the spirit that makes the boy a man;  
A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win its way.  
It does no good to look at him and watch him day by day.

He tells me that his mother is poor, and sows for bread.  
"She's such a dear, good mother!" the little fellow said;  
And then his eyes shone brighter—God bless the little man!  
And he added "'Cause I love her I help her all I can."

Ah! that's the thing to do, boys, to prove the love you bear  
To the mother who has kept you in long and loving care.  
Make all her burdens lighter; help every way you can,  
To pay the debt you owe her, as does my little man.

### A MOTHER'S TACT.

The mother was sewing busily, and Josie, sitting on the carpet beside her, and provided with dull, rounded scissors, and some old magazines, was just as busily cutting out pictures.

"It would litter the carpet"—so said aunt Martha, who had come in for a cosy chat. Mamma knew this, but she knew that a few minutes' work would make all right again, and Josie was happy.

All went well until the little boy found that he had cut off the leg of a horse that he considered a marvel of beauty. It was a real disaster, ointment and grief to the little one.

"Mamma, see!" and half crying he held it up.

"Play he's holding up one foot," the mother said quickly.

"Do real horses, mamma?"

"O, yes, sometimes."

"I will;" and sunshine chased away the cloud that in another minute would have rained down.

It was a little thing, the mother's answer; but the quick sympathy, the ready tact, made all right. The boy's heart was comforted, and he went on with no jar on nerves or temper, and auntie's call lost none of its pleasantness.

"I am tired of cutting pies, mamma," said Josie, after a while.

"Well, get your horse waggon, and play; those bits of paper are wood, and you are going to bring me a load. Draw it over to that corner by the fire, and put them into the kindling-box; play that's the wood-house."

Pleased and proud, the little teamster drew load after load till the papers were all picked up, without his ever thinking that he was doing anything but play.

"Well, I declare," said Aunt Martha, "old as I am, I've learned one thing to day, and I wish Emily would come in and take lessons I do."

Mrs. Waldo looked up in some surprise.

"What do you mean, auntie?"

"Well, I spent yesterday afternoon over there," the old lady had a weakness for visiting, and was "auntie" to people generally, "and things were in a snarl, and high-de-low all the time, starting with less than Josie's given you a dozen times since I sat here. I've had a good talk with you, and you've given me pleasant thoughts for a week to come; over there we couldn't hear ourselves speak. It was, 'Don't do that,' and 'You naughty child,' spill and scratch and break and tumble,

scold and slap half the time. Emily means well; she loves her children, and never spares herself sewing for them, or nursing them when they are sick. She has a world of patience some ways, but she don't seem to have any faculty for managing them. Well, well, I'll send her over here, only I won't let on why," and the old lady rolled up her knitting as the bell rang for tea.

A little tact springing from thoughtful love how good it is!

### THE CHILD'S REBUKE.

The rest of the household had overslept  
While breakfast was waiting below;  
And his auntie was chiding the little boy  
That he was dressing so slow.

A shoe-string was missing, a button was off,  
And everything seemed out of place,  
And clouds of discouragement gathered around  
The dear little fellow's face.

At length his toilet was all complete,  
But the little boy still delayed,  
And cried, "Dear auntie, I cannot go down  
Till my morning prayer I've said."

"Wait till breakfast is over," his auntie cried,  
"For once it will not be wrong."  
The little boy, startled and grieved, replied,  
"What, keep God waiting so long?"

### DIGGING THAT PAID.

"I am going to try 'em," said Grandpa Gray; and his eyes were twinkling.

He meant his three small grandsons, Hal, Herbie, and Had. So at dinner, Grandpa said to Grandma.

"I wish I had time to take that rock out of the yard there. It's a real eye-sore to me."

"Can't we, Grandpa?" asked the boys.

"Well—yes, if you want to," said he; "and I'll be much obliged to you."

So directly after dinner they set to work. It didn't look like a very large rock. But it was a good deal larger than it looked, really.

"Pooh!" said Herbie. "I'll take it out in no time!" and he got a stout stick and tried to pry up the rock. But the stick broke and Herbie got a fall, from which he jumped up, red and angry.

Then all three lifted together; but it wasn't a mite of use.

"Let's get the hoe!" said Had.

"And the littlest crowbar!" said Hal.

"And the shovel!" said Herbie.

So Had hoed around it and Herbie shoveled and Hal pushed the crowbar under the rock, and bore down on it with all his might. The afternoon was very warm, and the three little scarlet faces needed a great deal of mopping. But the boys wouldn't give it up.

"Poor little fellows!" said Grandma, looking out through the vines.

But just then a great shout announced that work was done; and there—there were the rock had lain were four silver dimes; one a piece and one for luck.

"Hurrah for grandpa!" cheered the boys; and at that very minute grandpa walked out of the house.

"Pretty well done!" said he, giving each little head a pat as he came to it. "Pretty—well—done!"

And now the boys are anxious to dig out another rock; but grandpa thinks maybe silver dimes won't grow under the next one.

### A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

It was in the evening after a great battle. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror death that night, was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him he at first thought him dead, but the white lips moved, and slowly, in weak tones, he repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

Opening his eyes and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier he exclaimed;

"My mother taught me that when I was a little boy and I have said it every night since I could remember. Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for Jesus' sake, but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and to his mother dictated a letter full of Christian faith and filial love. Just as the sun rose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;  
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

### "IS THE LINK ON?"

I was waiting at the railway station one day, when I saw a porter, who was attaching a number of heavy laden cars to an engine by a single link. "When you have connected the engine with the carriages," I said, "I presume the train can be moved?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Then the engine does all the work?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And when that link is on, the engine will convey the train to its destination?"

"Yes, sir, if it don't break."

"Well, now let us ask you another question. Are you linked to Christ in heaven? Shall I tell you what the link is? 'Faith' is the name of the link; faith connects with Christ: 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Just as that engine does all the work, and by its strength conveys all the carriages to their destination, securely has Christ done all the work for a poor sinner, and all that believe on Him are connected with Him, and He will convey them safely to glory. God's 'hath' will never, never fail. Tell me now, is the link on? Do you believe in Christ?"

"No, sir," replied the man, "this link is not on."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, and you will find that God's link never breaks. That 'hath' of God never gave way yet, and never will." Just at that moment the signal sounded for my train to move on, and as I was borne away I called out, "Good night, may the Lord enable you to believe."

Dear reader, let me ask you seriously, is the link on? Are you connected with Christ who is in heaven? Have you believed the love of God? Have you received His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ? And remember, God's "link" never breaks.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1884

WE cannot see that the quality of the wine used thousands of years ago in Bible lands has anything to do with the Scott Act. Supposing they did use intoxicating wine in those days, is that any reason why we should not regulate or prohibit the sale of whiskey if a majority of the people think it well so to do? If the use of wine in those days tells against prohibition, it tells with equal force against license. The fact is, the social usages of those days have no bearing on the present agitation. We have quite as good a right to stop the sale of whiskey, if our people wish to do so, as Noah had to drink wine. The right to regulate the traffic by law is admitted all round, and regulation is the germ of prohibition. Those people who spend so much time in trying to show that Bible wines were not intoxicating, are not helping the Scott Act very much. They would do a great deal more if they would put their pens on the rack and secure a few votes for the Act. The question is not "What kind of wine did the Eastern people drink thousands of years ago." The question is: "Do we want liquor sold as a beverage in this country now?" If a clear majority say "no," then the business must be stopped, no matter what kind of wine the ancients used.

THERE is a little restlessness among a few of the Wesleyan ministers in the English Conference. One withdrew a short time ago on account of a change of views, and another was prohibited from preaching. A lively discussion has been in progress for some time on the question "Is Theology Progressive?" Commenting on this state of things our worthy neighbour the *Christian Guardian* says:—

"There have also been considerable anonymous writings in non-Methodist papers, which altogether indicate some degree of restlessness and unsettledness on theological points, which used to be regarded as fixed beyond question."

A few months ago, two or three members of the London (Eng.) Presbytery made a little move in the direction of a re-statement of some of the doctrines in our standards. Our good neighbour the *Guardian* brought its denominational magnifying glass to bear on the movement and pronounced it a "revolt against Calvinism." Would we be justified in bringing our glass to bear on this acknowledged "restlessness and unsettledness" in the Wesleyan Church and in pronouncing it a revolt against Arminianism? The thing we disliked most was that the *Guardian* seemed to chuckle over the alleged revolt. We certainly do not chuckle over this restlessness in Methodist quarters.

WE notice that when the Salvation Army are interfered with in any way, several of our political contemporaries show a marked disposition to pass as the friends of religious liberty. Some prominent men in several localities seem inclined to act in the same way. This is all highly commendable, and the army should show their appreciation by respecting the law themselves. On the 17th day of last June a ferocious mob of about 1,500 persons—two of them priests—attacked Father Chiniquy in Quebec, and nearly stoned the old man to death. They followed him for some time, so that his escape from their violence seems almost miraculous. The front of his offending was that he had preached a sermon to his countrymen on "Eternal Life." We fail to notice that those who are so willing to fight for the Salvation Army, are equally ready to deride the attempted murder of Chiniquy. We have not seen any editorials in the party journals or read reports of any speeches condemning this ruffianly attack on the old man. The heroic defenders of religious liberty who are willing to

sacrifice all the able-bodied relatives of their wives in defence of the Salvation Army, are quiet on this Quebec outrage. There is just one thing that keeps them quiet, and that one thing is—THE CATHOLIC VOTE. We have too much party politics to the acre in this country.

THE one thing that struck everybody about the most distinguished members of the British Association was their modesty. A New York reporter gives his description of Sir William Thompson the President:

"A tall, well made, elderly man, with grayish hair, a kindly, thoroughbred face, and a voice soft and gentle as a woman's, discoursed to a *Herald* reporter yesterday evening of modern scientific achievements, and especially of the new transatlantic cable. Not with the assurance of a dilettante, but with the quiet authority of a savant, were the utterances made, though no one, judging from the unassuming modesty with which he extolled other men's labours and strove to belittle his own, would have suspected that the speaker was Sir William Thompson, a Doctor of Laws of four British Universities, a Fellow of all the European Societies, an authority on physical sciences, and England's acknowledged greatest electrician."

The bearing of Sir William and other distinguished scientists at Montreal was in marked contrast with the manners of the pinchbeck imitation of a scientist that we meet in nearly every town and village in this country. Almost every little community has an upstart who gathers insects, looks terribly mysterious, and drivels about science and Darwin and Huxley. This genius of course declares that science has destroyed revelation. He pities those people who are so far behind the age as to read and believe the Bible. It never occurred to the creature that Sir William Thompson, one the greatest scientists of our day, is a devout Christian—and a good Presbyterian as well.

## THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN CANADA.

WHATEVER misgivings may be entertained respecting the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in Canada, they have been effectually dispelled. Scientists in general are observant and critical; the absence of any approach to fault-finding is a pretty sure indication that the efforts to make the Montreal meeting a success have been fully appreciated. The utmost good feeling prevailed. Differences of opinion on various subjects were fully expressed, but nothing occurred to mar the harmony that marked one of the most enjoyable and satisfactory meetings in the history of the British Association.

Canadians have always maintained a reputation for generous hospitality. The manner in which public corporations and private citizens have sought to promote the comfort and enjoyment of their distinguished guests will fully sustain that reputation. The extended association of these representative men with the general aspects of our social life will greatly tend to the promotion of kindly feelings between Canada and the mother land.

Most of the six hundred British members of the Association have arranged for a more or less extended stay after the close of the meeting in Montreal. Quite a number came out weeks in advance of the appointed time and embraced the opportunity of going westward as far as the Rocky Mountains. Members will make the trans-continental journey before returning home. These keen observers will form their own opinion of what they see, and their impressions will obtain wide publicity after their return home. There need be no undue sensitiveness as to the estimates they are likely to form of the resources and capabilities of the Dominion. Not a few of these distinguished men have already visited Canada. They have not hesitated to express their astonishment at the great and rapid progress made in so many directions. On their return they will have it in their power to confer great benefits on this country. Unlike interested speculators they have no personal object to serve. Their training and familiar habits specially enable them to give an unprejudiced and impartial representation of the actual state of affairs in the Dominion which cannot fail to benefit the country.

The visit of these great scientific luminaries has been a present and prospective benefit to the country in another and still higher aspect. It has been a great pleasure to those whose scientific reading and study has made them familiar with the writings of distinguished men to see and converse with them. All who were privileged to attend the meetings had rare opportunities of having the great scientific prob-

lems of the age discussed by those most competent to deal with them, thus deriving much valuable information, having their ideas enlarged, and mistaken views dispelled.

To many young aspiring Canadians the sight of so many illustrious men devoting their energies and so much of their time to the absorbing study of science in its many departments has been an inspiration. It has helped to correct the sordid ideas that the supreme object of life is the pursuit of wealth and its chief fascination a lavish parade of its possession. These meetings will give an appreciable impulse to many an ardent student, who will be benefited, and who in turn will help to advance the cause of science.

The outlook for the advancement of scientific research in Canada is promising. Canadian science was worthily represented at the meeting in Montreal, and it would be no surprise to find a year hence at the Aberdeen meeting that Canada had as large if not a larger representation. These representatives will take an active and efficient part in the work of the various sections. That several of our scientific Canadians will be listened to with as much interest and respect it is only necessary to name Sir William Dawson, the distinguished Principal of McGill University, whose world-wide fame as a geologist has long since been generally recognized, and whose life-long devotion to his favourite study and the many valuable contributions he has made to its literature fully entitle him to the distinguished honours conferred upon him.

It is worthy of remark that almost the whole range of physical science was covered by the papers read in the various sections, and in the animated discussions they often elicited. Incursions were often made into the domain of economic science, and the subjects discussed in that department necessarily evoked the most lively debates. Another noticeable feature was the large number of ladies present, and the part they took in the proceedings of the Association.

It is but just also to notice that no effort was made to disparage religion. There was no attempt made to foster the fallacy encouraged in certain quarters that religious belief is incompatible with the teachings of science. On the contrary, men of the greatest eminence as scientists were emphatic in their teaching that there was no feud between faith and science, but that increase of scientific knowledge would bring out more distinctly the deep underlying harmony that exists between them. Professor Boury, in his brilliant lecture on astronomy, spoke with fervour of the Creator's glory revealed in the starry universe, and Dr. Dollinger was listened to with the greatest interest and sympathy when he discussed, as only a profound scientist can, the harmony of religion and science. The faith of Sir William Dawson is as genuine and reverential as his scientific attainments are varied and profound. No, it does not accord with fact that the leading scientists are hostile to religion.

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York: Macmillan & Company.)—The number for September completes the first volume of this most attractive magazine. The frontispiece, "Sweet Peas," is an artistic gem, suggested by a couplet of Keats. The painting from which the engraving is taken is by G. Leslie, R.A. The illustrated articles are "The Tour of Covent Garden," "The Women of Chaucer" and "Cricket." In fiction there is "Friede: a Village Story," and the conclusion of "The Armourers Prentices." The other contributions are fully up to the mark. The *English Illustrated* deserves a prosperous career.

THE CANADA, EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. (Toronto: The Canada Educational Monthly Publishing Company.)—The last issue of this excellent Magazine, devoted to the advancement of learning, is especially good. It contains the address of the Chancellor of Toronto University delivered in connection with the commencement exercises. "A Withered Aster," a gem in its way by D. F. Wilkins, B. A. "Rienzi" a prize poem at Toronto University, a production of much spirit and beauty by Margaret E. Henderson, of Oshawa. Another contribution of great merit is a translation into mellifluous Greek of the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" The translator, W. H. C. Kerr, has with great fidelity preserved the original thought of this inspiring hymn. The more technical portions of the number are varied, excellent and useful. The magazine is conducted with ability and refined taste.

## PRESBYTERIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Mr. EDITOR.—I was recently much surprised to see in the *Montreal Witness* the following article, in reference to "the Prospectus of the New Presbyterian Publishing Comp.," I have not seen the prospectus itself, and I have difficulty in believing that such a document has been prematurely published. *The article referred to is fitted to mislead the members and friends of the Church, in reference to both the action of last General Assembly, and in reference to the issues involved in the contemplated enterprise.* On these two points I wish to offer a few remarks.

## 1. The article is as follows.—

The prospectus of the Presbyterian Publishing Company (limited) contemplates the subscription of a capital stock of \$50,000, in \$5,000 shares of \$10 each. It sets forth that in the past sufficient use has not been made of the Press for the purpose of spreading the Gospel and enlightening the people of the Dominion as to the doctrines and polity of the Presbyterian Church. Whilst it has been decided that it is contrary to the genius of Presbyterianism for the Church to enter upon a business enterprise, a committee of the General Assembly has been appointed to consider what practical steps may be taken to suit in some adequate manner the wants of the Church in regard to this whole subject. It is recommended that none but members or adherents of the Presbyterian Church shall be allowed to hold stock in the company, and that the directors shall be office bearers or members of the Church. Two dollars per share are to be paid on application; no subsequent call to exceed \$2 per share. After provision has been made for a reserve fund to meet the necessary outlay for buildings, furniture, plant and a dividend of seven per cent. to the shareholders, all the profits arising from the business are to be handed over to the Treasurer of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, to be applied as the General Assembly may appoint. The issue of a weekly paper is contemplated, either by acquiring an existing paper or papers, or by entering the field with the hope of reaching the constituency hitherto untouched by any denominational paper. Out of 70,000 families in the Presbyterian Church, not more than 10,000 are, it is said, reached by existing papers. The proposed company expects to have superior facilities which no private enterprise could command. On all matters affecting the interests of the Church and country the paper would take a thoroughly independent course, and will, it is hoped, become an important factor in moulding the views of its readers on all great questions touching on religion, education and morals. In addition to the advocacy of matters pertaining to the Presbyterian Church, the preservation of the sanctity of the Sabbath, the use of the Bible in the public schools and the temperance reform will, among other topics, be treated with the vigour and earnestness which their importance demands. The paper is to be a family one, the interests of the young people being carefully provided for. In return for the benefits offered the company ask for the printing and publishing of the *Monthly Record*, and, if that be granted, will issue a children's missionary record and a thoroughly good Sabbath school paper. The company also ask for the official printing of the Church, and that of future hymnals and books of forms. Attention will be given to the subject of publishing either a monthly or quarterly periodical in the interests of the Church, and pamphlets and tracts will be issued from time to time, as the demand for them may arise.

The action of the General Assembly is clearly indicated in the following extracts from its "Acts and Proceedings," p. 43.

There was presented and read an overture from the Presbytery of Brockville, recommending to the Assembly the expediency of taking steps to establish a publishing house, in the interests of the Church, and with the sanction of the Assembly. There was submitted, also, an overture of the same purport from the Synod of Toronto and Kingston, and stating that Messrs. P. McF. McLeod and Alexander Young were appointed to support the overture before the Assembly.

It was moved by Mr. W. Mortimer, Clark: That the General Assembly, having heard and considered the overture from the Synod of Toronto and Kingston, and the memorial from the Presbytery of Brockville, approves generally of the desire expressed in these documents, for a more extensive use of the press, and of publishing agencies, declines to undertake direct financial responsibility in carrying on a publishing house, but would be willing to encourage and sanction the establishment of a joint stock company, on a satisfactory, independent basis, for the purpose referred to, and that in the event of such an organization being established, the Assembly would undertake to appoint a Board of Publication, to co-operate with it. Further, the Assembly appoints a committee to be named by the Moderator, to consult, advise and co-operate with any other members of the Church who may be willing to form an organization such as that contemplated.

It was moved in amendment by Mr. McL. Sinclair: That the memorial and overture be received, and allowed to lie on the table.

It was moved by Mr. G. Bruce: That the matter brought before the Assembly by overture and memorial be referred to a committee, which shall consider the whole subject, and report to next Assembly.

Mr. Bruce's amendment was carried over the other amendment and also the main motion, and became the judgment of the House.

Now, it is worthy of notice that the motion which states that the Assembly would be willing to encourage and sanction the establishment of a joint stock company for the purpose referred to, was rejected by the Assembly, and that Mr. Bruce's amendment was carried by a large majority, "That the matter brought before the Assembly be remitted to a committee, which shall consider the whole subject, and report to next Assembly." The committee was subsequently appointed.

Thus the Assembly positively refused, not only to sanction the formation of a joint stock publishing company, but even to appoint a committee to consult with persons desirous of forming it. Now, the article in the *Witness*, which seems to be based on a published prospectus, appears to assume that the Assembly was favourable, not only to the scheme itself, but also to the proposal to institute proceedings at once. This is fitted to mislead our people entirely. The promoters of the enterprise, if acting at all, are clearly acting in opposition to the deliberate judgment of the Assembly, and according to a motion which the Assembly rejected by a large majority. Proceedings indicating such presumption and recklessness are surely not fitted to command the respect and confidence of the Church, or to procure a favourable consideration of the matter by next Assembly. If I have misunderstood the action of these persons, it is entirely due to the imperfect information in my possession. What I desire is that it be distinctly understood that the Assembly has refused to sanction the formation of a joint stock publishing company, and has appointed a committee to consider the subject, and to report to next Assembly. This being understood, any person—whatever may be the facts of the case—is quite competent to judge for himself whether the persons referred to are acting according to, or in opposition to, the judgment of the General Assembly.

But there are grave issues connected with this matter which should not be overlooked, and which the Assembly wisely appointed a committee to consider. There is the erection of a huge monopoly. There are to be a weekly paper, a children's missionary record, and a monthly or quarterly periodical in the interests of the Church; in addition to this, the company ask to have the printing and publishing of the *Monthly Record*, all the official printing of the Church, and of future hymnals and books of forms. This seems to be exhaustive, especially as it is proposed "to acquire an existing paper or papers," or to enter the field with a new paper. Thus all existing periodicals are to be swept out of the way of this grand monopoly, which is to have absolute control of all the printing and publishing of the Church.

Viewing the matter *financially*, this is manifestly, as Rev. Mr. Murray contended, a movement in the wrong direction. It is surely most advantageous and free from partiality to throw the printing of the Church open to public competition. Besides, it is unjust to empower the company to acquire existing papers. Mr. Robinson has claims which cannot in justice be overlooked or undervalued. Mr. Clark said, when speaking in favour of the proposed company, "No doubt satisfactory arrangements would be made with Mr. Robinson and others;" and Mr. McLeod said that "The Church was deeply indebted to Mr. Robinson for establishing and carrying on THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN." These are good words, but what do they amount to? Mr. Robinson is to be bought out, whether willing or not willing, or to be got rid of. This is not fair treatment of a man who has invested much capital in a business, and who has conducted a paper in the interests of the Church for twelve years, and that too under much discouragement and want of adequate support. The friends in the Maritime Provinces seem all opposed to the formation of a publishing company. The Rev. Mr. Murray, editor of the *Halifax Presbyterian*, spoke against it, and Rev. T. Sedgwick held "that the effect of establishing a quasi-official Presbyterian journal might be to rend and divide the Church." Hence we must not set aside the rights acquired and merited by publishers of existing periodicals, and we must not seek to deprive the various sections of the Church of periodicals to which they have been long attached, and in which they feel that their interests and sentiments are represented.

As for the proposal to hand over to the Assembly all the profits of the Company after paying expenses and seven per cent. to stockholders, it is too offensive to be entertained; it looks too much like a bribe. Had it been proposed to apply the surplus to the reduction of the price of periodicals, it would have been better. But there will probably be no surplus, and even if there should be any it would be derived from undesirable competition with the publishing and book trade in which our people are largely engaged. Besides, the Assembly does not wish nor need to have the means of carrying on its schemes provided in this indirect and questionable manner. As well might it be proposed to form a joint stock Church and Manse Building Company on the same conditions, or a butter and cheese factory, or a sash and door factory. Why should not the Church compete with its members in all trades as well as in publishing?

But when we view the proposed monopoly *in its religious aspect*, it appears most offensive and alarming. The periodicals, and subsequently books, which are to form the religious principles and sentiments of our people are to proceed from one central committee or board. Their periodicals are to reach 60,000 families in our Church, imparting to them all the religious information which they are to receive through the periodical press. When the Company begins to publish books and tracts its influence will be still greater. Who would be willing to have the moulding of the principles and sentiments of our people entrusted to any board, no matter how excellent its members might be? Who can think without alarm and consternation of a mere clique—for this is what it will practically amount to—wielding this tremendous power!

Besides, such a central committee or board—or syndicate would be an *irresponsible* body. It would be vain to oppose any of their sentiments through their own periodicals, and their readers could not be reached in any other way. It is idle to say that the 5,000 stockholders might exert some control. But these will never meet; besides, in course of time, they will be tainted with the only religious literature furnished to them, and they will also be prejudiced by the feeling that they are partners in the concern. So that the fact that the stockholders must be Presbyterians will furnish no security whatever. The General Assembly will have no control over the Company or its board or syndicate; indeed, in the course of time the General Assembly will come under the control of the board, thus exemplifying in the religious sphere what has occurred in the political. The Assembly will indeed be, asked to appoint a Board of Publication to co-operate with the Board of the Company. But the Assembly cannot delegate to its co-operating Board any more authority than it possesses itself, and this is none at all! as "the Company is to be established on an independent basis." The Assembly will have no power to appoint the publishing or the managing committees of the Company, or to appoint the editor or editors of its periodicals. Hence the Assembly's board will do more harm than good by recognizing the periodicals as official organs of the Church, while it can exert no control whatever over the Company.

There is another thing which I confess I do not like in the proposed scheme, which is the origin of it. If you except a very highly esteemed gentleman, Mr. Clark, who seems to have acted merely as a kind of agent of certain parties, the active originators of the scheme are new men, comparative strangers. They have not been brought up in the Canadian Church and probably they are not in full sympathy with either its inner life or its methods. They cannot be expected to have much sympathy with its history, or to pay much respect to feelings—becoming indeed gradually more indistinct—which at one time divided the Church. The very aim at rigid centralization, in a church recently formed of different elements, indicates this. Besides, the desire not to improve existing periodicals or methods, but to sweep them all away to make room for a new order of things, indicates revolutionary tendencies which must be closely watched and crushed. A monopoly in land, in trade, in railway building, or in secular education may be dangerous to the liberties and rights of a people; but a monopoly in the religious periodicals and publications of a church is far more dangerous and appalling. How dreadful would be the calamity were an irresponsible publication company, having large capital, to place its iron heel on the neck of our young Church! *Quod avertat Deus.*

A MEMBER OF LAST ASSEMBLY.

## CHOICE LITERATURE.

## THE LAST OF THE LUSCOMBS.

BY HELEN PRARSON BARNARD.

XXV.—Continued.

In the first gray light of dawn, Winn stole down to the beach. What he searched anxiously for he shrank from finding—some trace of Aaron. Despite Mrs. Luscomb's fears, Winfred did not see why things should not happen as of old, and Aaron return late in the forenoon. Still, the lad searched along the water's-edge.

"It's queer how a person will do a thing when he's sure it's useless," soliloquized he, as he walked to the extremity of the beach.

What was that on the edge of the rocks? A boat upside down, with a hole in its side—Aaron's boat! Winfred gazed at it as shocked as if he had seen Aaron's coffin, for it seemed to confirm Mrs. Luscomb's worst apprehensions.

Winn took the *Elsie* and went after the boat, getting it with some difficulty, for the water was still restless. He often paused to scrutinize with a shudder some floating mass of seaweed which at a distance bore a faint resemblance to a human form. But the young lad was mercifully preserved from discovering the drowned man. He towed the boat around to the landing and fastened it, as usual, only there were no oars, as before, to carry to the boat-house.

With a heavy heart Winfred then started for home. Must he tell Mrs. Luscomb? He could not just then; and after all, Aaron might be alive.

Winfred did not go into the house, fearing she would question him, but began the morning chores. He milked the cow, wondering if the creature would ever hear again her master's gruff tones. He fed the hens, counting Aaron's brood of chickens, raised from choice eggs he had brought from town in the same boat that had returned empty, oarless.

Where on the wide sea were those oars—the arms that had made the boat a thing of life upon the water? Where was he who had moved its arms as the soul moves the body? Had Aaron's form, like the boat, drifted somewhere, tenantless without the power of life?

Winn could not face these awful questions. Knowing what Aaron felt and rejected, the boy shrank appalled from the possibility of such a close to a misspent life. Sudden tears filled his eyes and heaved his breast.

"There's only one thing worth living for," he murmured, "and that makes me ready for the end of life."

The chores were done, and still Winn lingered in the barn. Finally Mrs. Luscomb called him.

"Breakfast is ready!"

Immediately Winn assumed a cheerful air, and tried to persuade himself that perhaps after all Aaron was on the shore, safe and sound,—the empty boat had been unmoored by the storm. So Winn entered the kitchen trying to be hopeful.

"Well the breakfast smells nice, and the fire is n't un-welcome this damp morning," he said, standing beside the kitchen stove, but avoiding Mrs. Luscomb's eye; "and if you're as hungry as I, Mother Luscomb, there won't be much to spare!"

He left the fire and took his accustomed seat, noting that no plate was laid for Aaron. Mrs. Luscomb invariably put one for him if he was absent. It was her way to have him find her expecting him always: one of those tiny links to home that feminine ingenuity so often forges. But on this morning the table was laid for two—Winfred and herself! And her face, as she poured out the coffee, was sombre and despairing. It was so throughout the meal, she sat silent, tasting nothing, but waiting upon Winfred.

He longed to see her start at every sound, as usual, expecting her husband. Oh, for a sight of the living Aaron entering the door,—if need be, cross, unreasonable, under the influence of his foe,—anything but this uncertainty.

"Do you think I can eat alone, Mother Luscomb?" asked Winn, after he had forced himself to eat a few mouthfuls.

She said she was not hungry, and as soon as the boy left the table she cleared it in the same mechanical way, as if she had no hope.

After breakfast Winn went to the tower. Before cleaning the Light he looked abroad. Although the violence of the storm had passed and the rain ceased, the prospect was most dismal. All nature was enveloped in a gray mist. Oceanwards one could scarcely divide the waters from the low-hung clouds. Winfred turned towards Moorstown. Not even the church spire was visible.

"Well, of all the gloomy mornings, this is the worst, in doors and out!" exclaimed the boy.

Suddenly he heard a door open and close below him. Mrs. Luscomb issued with her shawl thrown over her head, reminding the boy of the night previous. She took the path to the shore; she would soon see the empty boat!

Winfred did not know whether to call her back or let it give her its silent suggestions, and so prepare her for the worst that might have happened. While he debated she was gone. It was too late to descend the tower and overtake her. She would soon be at the landing.

"I might have hidden it awhile," said Winfred, but the uselessness of that was apparent shortly after, as he again looked across the bay. For just then the mist of the town shore shaped itself tangibly, became a long boat; a group of men appeared with the indistinct outlines of a crowd beyond: then a strange shape enveloped in something dark, was lifted by the group and—while others steadied it—placed carefully in the boat, then several men got in and pushed off.

The lad leaned far out now, with clasped hands and hurried breath. It seemed like a dream as they came straight towards the island bearing the mysterious shape.

The end had come! Aaron and he would never sit upon the brow of the cliff again in the glory of the sunset and talk as they had the night before. That was his last chance to speak and Aaron's to hear of the things of eternity. Winfred wished he had been more earnest, had gone after

the man as he started away, and compelled him to return. As vividly as a picture he now saw Aaron standing in the path, apparently battling with good and evil: the latter triumphed even while Aaron looked upon the only being who loved him, as he turned from his wife and home, deliberately stepping into the darkness.

If these thoughts were almost too painful for Winfred, how must they crush Mrs. Luscomb! He hastened to her. She was on the landing beside Aaron's empty boat. Her shawl had fallen off, exposing her white hair to the dampness. Winfred lifted the wrap, laid it across her shoulders, fastening it as if she had been a child. He spoke to her with a son's affection, but she made no reply. Beside the empty boat she silently waited for one that slowly approached, borne along by the measured strokes of kind townsmen,—a strange bier for the shrouded form of Aaron Luscomb.

## XXVI.—THE BOATMAN'S MESSAGE.

Shortly after the events narrated in the previous chapter,—the storm and the death of Aaron Luscomb,—a foot traveller approached Moorstown from the opposite side of the river.

It was our old friend, Father Gwynn, on one of his excursions along the coast. He was still the self-appointed missionary, travelling from house to house, known and welcomed by a large parish. He was now quite old but vigorous and rugged as an ancient oak. He still refused a home, although more than one fisher's hut or farmhouse offered him a shelter for his declining years.

"Don't tempt me," he would say, grasping his staff and bundle; "so long as the Master gives me strength, I must bear His message. I have no family, and am the one to preach the glad tidings. I'm welcome on any craft. I can sit with the sailors in the fore-castle, and tell them about Him who holds the waters in His hand. And on shore there's many a house that never has the Bible opened except I be there. I'm much obliged, friend, but I must be moving on. When my work is done, the good Lord will give this body rest until the bright morning."

So, in the burning heat of summer, as well as in the bleak winter, the pilgrim was ever seeking to give the word of cheer to those who lived remote from other labourers. He met the "fisher folk" by the fireside or on the sea-shore as they mended their nets, his self-sacrificing life and cordial interest in their welfare giving wonderful power to his words. To many a rude son of the sea had he been a "father" indeed, helping them in sudden poverty or calamity from the scanty pittance that he had inherited.

On this occasion the good man felt impelled to make an excursion further inland. Continuing his journey in the early dawn, he reached the river. It could be crossed only by a ferry. The boat was moored to the opposite bank, near the ferryman's hut. Familiar with the customs of the region, Father Gwynn summoned him with a horn, which he found suspended from a tree.

At last John Moor came, gazed listlessly across the stream, as if he cared not for a passenger, and gruffly shouted,—

"What's wanted at this early hour?"

"A friend to take me over," returned Father Gwynn.

The tiny craft came slowly across. Then, as he scanned the stately figure of the preacher, even John Moor was forced into a half apology.

"It is n't often I'm roused up by daybreak."

After Father Gwynn was seated in the boat, he said,—

"I'm sorry to trouble you, friend, at this unseasonable hour, but I had urgent business."

John Moor, who had scarcely taken his eyes off his striking passenger, made no remark. Yet his close scrutiny did not appear to be prompted by that idle curiosity that Father Gwynn often found among those who were ignorant, and isolated from large centres. To the practised eye of the preacher, he seemed no ordinary man, despite his abrupt way.

Father Gwynn opened conversation in his own quaint fashion.

"I have a message that must not rest until it be delivered."

"Not bad news, I hope?" said the other, with a touch of interest.

"That depends upon the way it is received," was the grave reply. "My word is from a good father to a wayward son. If the child will return he shall be as a prince before a king. If he refuses, he will be an outcast; the inheritance will go to another. It all lies with the child," added Father Gwynn, searching the face of the ferryman, who evidently had not comprehended, for he said,—

"Possibly you mean a man in the upper part of the town, —Isaac Stephens. I have heard that he left his father in his youth. I know of no other person, and I've lived in this part of the country all my life, except when I was absent for my education."

Father Gwynn bent upon him a still more searching look, as if he would know whether he was really misunderstood.

"You're old to travel on such an errand, in such a toilsome way," said John Moor, with a glance at the pilgrim's staff and bundle, and if it is this Stephen, you may as well turn about, for he's a hard case; but, seeing that his passenger was watching him with an expression of painful interest, "it is n't any concern of mine, of course!"

"Indeed it is!" said the evangelist, with sudden earnestness. "I know not the man of whom you speak, but if he be such as you describe, you can present the message as well as I,—if you love the Father!"

Then John Moor grasped his meaning. The angry lines flashed over his face.

"So you've been preaching to me on the sly!" said he, his voice thick with the effort to master his emotion. "I warn you it won't do any good. Your talk about the Father and the message won't move me. Look here,"—abruptly,— "if He were my Father, would He rob me of my wife and children in one hour? All except one, *Elsie*, my infant daughter, were drowned before my eyes. I could not lift a finger to save them."

The veins on his forehead knotted as he dwelt for an instant on the agony of that hour.

"The waters closed over them; they are lost to me forever."

He bent to his oars, for they were in the swift current.

"I vowed then I'd done with churches, people and religion,—my wife firmly believed in the latter,—and built yonder hut in the dense woods, that I might be let alone."

"God sent me this way then," said the evangelist, "for until this moment I knew not your urgent need. It was doubtless for you that I was compelled to come into this region."

"It is useless to talk with me, sir," said John Moor, more patiently than he had spoken to fellow mortal for years, "my daughter *Elsie* does enough of that. She believes as her mother did. Nothing that I can say turns her from her purpose. They're trying to make her join the village church, with other mates, fruits of the recent revival in Moorstown, but she is n't ready. She tells them she is waiting for her father. Think of it, sir, the child expects her old, unbelieving father to become a disciple of her Christ!"

He spoke scornfully, but Father Gwynn's keen ear detected something better underneath. In his experience, such depth of feeling was often the prelude to peace in believing.

"Do not fret against these things," he said, gently, "for it is, I believe the Spirit of God striving with you."

"I want to be let alone," repeated John Moor, avoiding the glance that seemed to read his thoughts. "Why should you care what I believe?"

Father Gwynn leaned on his staff in silence until they reached the shore, then he said with touching humility,—

"Friend, I have no wish to offend you. Be patient with an old man whose time is short. Very soon I shall cross another river, deep and wide. I shall not have to summon the boatman, as I did you this morning,—the boatman of that river will summon me."

The words had a deep meaning, uttered beside the waters. His melodious voice alone broke the stillness of the morning. As he finished, the east became radiant with the early dawn. Father Gwynn gazed into the glory-crowned clouds for an instant as if he beheld a beatific vision.

As John Moor silently regarded him, there was a strange blending of emotions on his face.

But now, on disembarking, something occurred that distressed the good man. On searching his pockets he found that he had not a penny with which to pay his fare! He emptied his purse in somebody's behalf the day before, and with his usual pre-occupation forgot that he was moneyless.

"Never mind," said John Moor, with grim humour, "We'll call it square since you brought me a message for nothing!"

"It was poorly delivered, or you would not trifle with me," said Father Gwynn, sorrowfully; adding with the simplicity of a child, "but I have a little change in my other coat pocket. I will get it and return to pay what I owe you."

And so, feeling that to discharge his debt was his first duty he recrossed the river and started for the coast.

"You had an early passenger this morning, father," observed *Elsie*, when he came at length into the hut.

"Yes, and a peculiar one,—the like has never entered my boat," said John Moor, with strange thoughtfulness.

"He was in such haste that he must rouse me up to bring him over by sunrise; but I had to return him immediately as he had no money to pay his fare! He must go back for it!"

"Poor man, why did n't you let it pass?" said *Elsie*.

"Surely you don't care for a few pennies, father?"

"It was plainly a point of honour with him," said John Moor; "he carries certain beliefs into everything,—even such a trifling matter must be straightened, that the business he is on may not suffer."

What the stranger's business was *Elsie* did not enquire. She soon forgot him in wondering at the change in her father. He had suddenly ceased to persecute her with argument and entreaty, but was silent and thoughtful, often absent himself from the house for hours. She observed that he always took books, and was apparently absorbed in their contents when he returned. He appeared like one in a dream.

If, in the midst of his pondering, the ferry horn blew, it made him unaccountably nervous.

"Ah, yes they want the boatman!" he would exclaim, adding with feeling, "but by and by the boatman will summon them!"

The young girl wondered greatly what he was thinking of, but dared not ask, fearing to arouse his former harshness.

Once he came unexpectedly into her room at night. She was reading her Bible. She did not know of his presence, until his deep voice asked just behind her shoulder,—

"Do you believe all that child? Do you think the book true?"

"Yes, father;" then gathering courage, she added, "I know it!"

She expected a bitter response. He only sighed and went away. Presently she heard him turning the pages of some volume at his desk, in the next room. Whenever she awoke, she saw a light there; once she fancied he sighed again, and even groaned.

In the morning her father was pale and absorbed, scarcely touching food. Again he hastened off to some retreat in the woods with his books. And among them *Elsie* was sure she saw a large Bible!

"Oh, if he'll only read that, seeking for the truth, he'll find it, and we'll be so happy!" she cried.

And often, as she roved about the house, the maiden paused to clasp her hands and pray for her father. As the days went on she became certain that he was searching the Scriptures. Why, or what he wished to find, she knew not, but, young as she was, felt that he could not linger long over the sacred pages without feeling that it was from God.

"Oh, I wish I could argue with him," she said often; "if I was old and wise like the minister, he might listen to me and become a Christian."

Elsie did not know that her simple, consistent life and the few tender words of the evangelist were to prove more powerful than argument,—for God's Spirit was with them. Neither did she, who yielded herself so easily to the service of the Master know through what mighty convulsion her father's soul struggled towards the light. But it did reach light, self-renunciation, and wondrous peace, one night, while she slept.

Shortly after, at daybreak, the ferry horn woke the echoes of the wood, and brought John Moor to his feet. "What a coincidence,—if it should be!" he exclaimed, and hastened to the shore.

When the boat was half way across the stream, John Moor turned and eagerly scanned the shore. It was indeed he, the pilgrim preacher, a stately presence, waiting on the bank. How swiftly the ferryman now plied the oar! The boat shot over the silvery waters, was fastened, and the ferryman was again alone with the evangelist.

"I did not forget," said Father Gwynn, "here is what I owe you. Now let me rest awhile before I return. The days that were given me to bear the message are numbered."

He seated himself on the gnarled roots of a tree, leaning his head on his staff in a weary way unusual to him. He was very pale, and the lines of age in his noble countenance seemed deeper than ever; his lips and hands trembled slightly, as if over-taxed. He did not note the new light in the ferryman's face, that softened the sombre features like a rift in a cloud.

"I'm glad you've come," was the broken response; "the message was for me! I was that child and He is my Father! It was right for Him to take my family; they are with Him!"

As he knelt beside the aged saint, the weariness fled from Father Gwynn's face. It also was illuminated with a holy joy.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed. "Father, forgive me! All things are possible with Thee! But I thought I had borne my message so poorly!"

"It was what you said about being summoned by the boatman," said John Moor, "that was in my mind whenever they blew the signal for me! I could not rest for thinking that I was not fit to cross the dark, fearful river. Then I knew that though the boatman came suddenly to my wife and the little ones, they were ready,—they—" he paused to control himself, "they went—over the river—smiling. Eternal peace was graven in their faces when they were buried. He took them and left me because I was not ready. He left me one, my baby Elsie, who first learned the way, but how has she suffered because her father tried to drive her from it!"

Father Gwynn laid his trembling hand on the head of the ferryman, and uttered in his own quaint, Scriptural fashion, this benediction:—

"The Lord bless thee, and cause His face to shine upon thee. The Lord comfort thee and make thee mighty in the Scriptures, and one to draw many to Him. Let us pray."

So, on the bank beside the murmuring water, they knelt. Father Gwynn, as if gifted with prophetic insight, consecrated the new disciple to the work he was soon to lay aside. John Moor listened like one summoned of God.

"Don't leave me," he whispered, as they rose; "live with me, and teach me more about our Master."

This came to Father Gwynn as a call to duty. "If the Lord permit, I will shortly return to you. There are men on the seashore, and women and children in their homes, waiting for my last words to them. Then, if strength be given, I will come to you."

(To be continued.)

ALL THE EDITOR'S FAULT.

A great jewel robbery was committed at the West End under very ingenious circumstances. A gentleman and lady staying at a fashionable hotel had ordered a large quantity of valuable goods—chiefly diamonds—to be brought to them for inspection. They drugged or chloroformed (I forget which) the jeweler's assistant who brought them, and got clear away with all the swag. It so happened that the whole adventure had been, as it were, prefigured in *Chambers' Journal* twelve months before; a contributor had imagined and written the incident just as it afterward occurred, and the story had so recommended itself to some member of the criminal class that he had put it into practical execution. The jeweler thereupon wrote to the editor of the *Journal*, (poor me) charging him, not, indeed, with actual complicity with the crime, but as having been accessory to it before the fact. "Under the pretence of elevating the masses," he indignantly observed, "you suggest to them ingenious methods for robbing honest tradesmen." My answer to this gentleman was, I flatter myself, complete. I pointed out to him that if honest tradesmen would only read the respectable periodical I had the honour to edit—a moral duty not neglected, it seemed, even by the lowest classes—they would put themselves on their guard against such catastrophes. My position compelled me to appear to sympathize with the offenders, but I have always thought they showed themselves miserably deficient in gratitude in never sending my contributor the least acknowledgment—not even one of the rings of which they had so many—for what he had done for them.—*James Payne.*

HANDEL AND BACH.

It may be said that a comprehensive and impartial survey of Bach's genius and works favours the conclusion that the old view of him, as essentially a great instrumental composer, was not so far wrong as it has recently been thought to be. It is in this realm that he is supreme, and that the contrast with his great compeer is almost entirely in his favour. While a great deal of Handel's instrumental music is now faded and *passé* in style, the smallest minuet by Bach contains matter for study and exhibits qualities of construction and expression which can never lose their value to musicians or to intelligent hearers, the exception being

only in some of those chorale preludes which are connected with a form of religious expression in music which is now obsolete. As a vocal composer his works remain a monument of astonishing power, of rock-like stability, of sometimes poignant expression of religious yearning, but pervaded by a certain monotony of style and character, which is perhaps truly expressive of the one pervading subject, the religious life, which is at the centre of them all. He is the subjective composer; Handel the objective artist. He is the musician of the student; Handel the poet of the people. Neither can be spared, nor perhaps is it to much purpose, after all, to dispute which of the two be most valuable in the world of art—a matter in regard to which even individual feeling will vary with individual mood or circumstance. What is important is that each should be correctly appreciated and placed on his own honoured pedestal in the musical Pantheon.—*The Edinburgh Review.*

THE "THANK-YOU" PRAYER.

Once upon a time I listened,  
Listened while the quick tears glistened  
'Neath the drooping lids that hid them, as a little prattler  
said,  
While a father's arm caressing,  
Round the precious form were pressing,  
And against his pillowing bosom lay a dainty curl-ripped  
head;

"Papa," spoke the little trembler,  
"Papa, dear, do you remember  
When that gentleman was here to tea, his sober solemn  
air?  
How he bent his head down lowly,  
And his words came soft and slowly,  
As he prayed to God in heaven such a pretty thank-you  
prayer?"

"And I wondered all about it,—  
For, of course, I couldn't doubt it  
Was a funny way that made us be so kind to one another,  
To say 'thank you' for each present,  
In a way so very pleasant,  
And forget that God might like it,—so I asked my darling  
mother.

"But she looked at me so queerly,  
And her eyes were very nearly  
Full of crying, and I left her, but I want to know real  
bad"—  
Here the shy eyes lifted brightly—  
"Is it treating God politely,  
When he gives us things, to never mind, nor tell him we  
are glad?"

"And since then I've been a thinking—  
Papa, dear, why are you winking!"  
For a slow sob shook the strong man, as each keen, uncon-  
scious word  
Pierced him, all the past unveiling,  
And the cold neglect and failing,  
All the thoughtless, dumb receipt—how the heedless heart  
was stirred!

"God is good, and Jesus blessed them,  
And his sacred arm caressed them."  
Murmuring thus he touched the child-brow with a passion-  
ate, swift kiss  
Of the little one beside him,  
Of the angel sent to chide him,  
And a "thank-you prayer" ah, never more his living lips  
shall miss!

Woman-at-Work.

IT MADE THE ENGINEER CRY.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer incidents happen to us," said the engineer. "I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed. When suddenly about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop or even to slack much in that distance, as my train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and, after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down my fireman stuck his head out the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me, 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a great big black Newfoundland dog holding that little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept on laughing, but I cried. I just couldn't help it. I have a little girl of my own at home."—*Chicago Herald.*

CARLYLE ON THE BIBLE.

Speaking of the Bible, Carlyle said: "It is a wonderful book, that. Some years ago I read the four Gospels through, and I wept a great deal over it. It is full of sincerities and everlasting truths. I did not find Christ that pound-of-fresh-butter character which people have made of Him. On the contrary, He is a man with a great deal of anger in Him, but the anger all on the right side. He always has a sharp word to return to the Pharisees. When one who has kept the Ten Commandments asks Him whether that is not enough He tells him no—'Leave all thy riches and follow after me'— Speaking of the indifference of the people of our times toward high-minded men, he said: "If Jesus Christ were to come to-day people would not even crucify Him; they would ask Him to dinner, and hear what He had to say, and make fun of it."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

MR. PHIMAN, the inventor of phonography, has presented the Belfast Free Library with 2,000 volumes.

SIR ARTHUR OUBRAM, a son of the Indian hero, conducted Sabbath evening service lately in Pitlochry church.

THE Lord Mayor of London preached a sermon on Sunday week at the reopening of the Brunswick Wesleyan chapel.

A MEMBER of the Wesleyan church in Nuremberg, Bavaria, has given \$10,000 towards the erection of a place of worship.

THE cost of the sanitary cordon on the Adie, the Lake di Garda, and along the Tyrolese frontier, is estimated at \$5,400 a day.

ACCORDING to the new French law, drunkenness in either a husband or wife will be regarded as a sufficient cause for divorce.

IN the Abbey Church of Tewkesbury are still heard the tones of the very organ on which Milton played before Cromwell at Hampton Court.

THE temperance party of New South Wales have resolved to vote for no candidate for the legislature who will not engage to vote for full local option.

HAND-MADE envelopes cost originally five cents each. The envelope-making machine now turns them out so that a thousand are sold for thirty cents.

BISHOP BRANCH, of the Leeward Islands' is pleased with the result of disendowment. The spiritual life of the Church, he says, has been greatly elevated.

A MEMORIAL church is to be erected in honour of Swedenborg in Stockholm, his birthplace, as a place of worship for the New Church society there.

LORD BYRON sold his manor of Rochdale in Lancashire at a ludicrously low sum in 1824 in order to get money for the Greek cause. It is now of immense value.

IT is said that arrangements are being perfected whereby the *Illustrated London News* will be published in an American edition simultaneously with the English.

THERE are seven native Protestant churches in Lisbon: four Episcopal, two independent, and one Presbyterian. Two converted priests are regularly engaged in evangelistic work.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enormous attendance at the Health exhibition in London, the receipts have, up to the present, only just covered the cost. Profit may now be looked for.

COMPLAINTS are rife in all parts of England of the difficulty of selling rural real estate, and this even in the west, where rents have been comparatively little affected by the hard times.

DR. CHRISTLIEB, of Bonn, is taking an active part in the establishment of an evangelistic training institution in Germany similar to the one conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness in London.

JUSTICE HAWKINS held a maiden assize at Lincoln, and in acknowledging the white gloves had no hesitation in expressing his conviction that the absence of crime was due to abstinence from strong drink.

AT the sixteenth annual Congress of English Co-operationists held at Wardwick, Derby, last June, 1,242 societies were represented, with a membership of 668,000. Their sales during 1883 aggregated \$140,325,270.

IN consequence of threatening letters, the young Viscount Mount Morris, whose father was murdered in Ireland some years ago, has required close watching, even at Hampton Court, England, where he now lives with his mother.

THE New Jersey courts have just decided that land under water preempted for oyster planting may be taken and used by any third party whenever the pre-empter fails to plant the young shellfish. This decision overrules a practice of thirty years standing.

A PARLIAMENTARY return of clergymen of the Church of England who, from July 5, 1873, to Feb 7, 1884, have executed deeds of relinquishment of their office, includes sixty-two names. Among them are John Richard Green, Leslie Stephen, Lord Francis Osborne, and Orby Shipley.

BISHOP CLAUGHTON died at Maida Hill of 10th ult, in his seventieth year. After being bishop of St. Helena, and then of Colombo, he was, in 1871, appointed archdeacon of London and canon of St. Paul's. He succeeded the still surviving veteran, Rev. G. R. Gleig, as chaplain-general to the forces.

SIR JOHN St. Aubyn, who owns St. Michael's Mount, at the Land's End, England, has erected a great mansion there, being very proud of the possession, although the area is so scant. He keeps his horses on the mainland, which at a very low tide can be reached by a causeway, but at high tide quite a heavy sea sometimes surrounds the Mount.

THE eldest son of the prime minister is an accomplished musician, and when he visits at his father-in-law's spends most of his time at the piano. He is the translator of a learned German treatise on music. The premier himself once at Inveraray castle led the service of praise when the late Bishop Wilberforce preached in the morning and Dr. Guthrie in the evening.

THE people of Genoa, have already begun to discuss the proper method of celebrating the fourth centennial of the discovery of America. Some are in favour of sending over twelve Genoese sea captains, to embark on the same spot that Columbus first trod. Others favour the shipping over for exhibition the fine statue of the great navigator which stands on the piazza di Colombo.

AT the ordination of Rev. Alex. Stewart, M.A., B.D., to the pastorate of a church at Ayr, the charge to the young minister was given by Rev. Mr. Gladstone, who, referring to the temptation to proselytism, expressed the opinion that the minister who was continually hunting after the members of other churches was an unfavourable specimen of a Christian, to say nothing of a gentleman.

## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev. R. Leask, of St. Helens, is away on a six weeks' holiday.

THE Rev. J. A. R. Dickson sailed from Liverpool for Canada on 28th August.

REV. DR. ORMISTON preached in St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, last Sunday.

THE Sturgeon River, North-West Territory, Presbyterian Church, was lately opened for public worship.

THURSDAY, November 6th, has been appointed a day of general thanksgiving throughout the Dominion of Canada.

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC—The Presbyterian Sunday School, Meaford, held a picnic at Cameron's wharf last Saturday.

MISS KEMP, daughter of the late Rev. A. F. Kemp, LL. D., has begun the teaching of vocal and instrumental music in Hamilton.

AS Rev. G. Munro has gone on a trip of ten days to Montreal, Mr. John McKay, B. A., of Knox College, occupies his pulpit in his absence.

REV. J. S. TAYLOR, pastor of Presbyterian Church, Moose Jaw, was entertained, on his return from a holiday trip, at a supper given by the ladies of the congregation.

A PICNIC of the Sabbath schools in Bradford and the Scotch settlement in connection with the Presbyterian Church, was held last Saturday in Mr. Gordon Grey's bush.

REV. PROFESSOR McLAREN, the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, will officiate at the opening of the new Presbyterian Church in London South, on the 14th inst.

THE Rev. Wm. Burns is at present in the Presbytery of Lanark, carrying on the work of canvassing for the endowment fund of Knox College. About \$160,000 has now been subscribed, leaving \$40,000 yet to be raised.

IN the absence of Rev. Mr. Smillie last Sabbath, Mr. Ferrier, elder, ably conducted the services in Melville Church, Fergus, in the morning. In the evening united service was held in Rev. Mr. Mullin's church, a large congregation being present.

ON Sabbath last the pulpit of St. James' Square Church was acceptably filled by Rev. W. G. Wallace, M. A., of Georgetown. Formal notice was given of a meeting of the congregation on Wednesday evening of last week to moderate in a call to a minister.

A TEA MEETING was held in the Presbyterian Church, Parry Sound, recently. A goodly number were present, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. Rev. Messrs. McFaul, McDonald and Duff gave suitable addresses, which were interspersed with some good music.

A LETTER from Rev. Mr. Alexander, late of Mount Pleasant, states that he is enjoying himself in Scotland although the weather has been wet. He was much pleased with his visit to Ballater, Balmoral and his native city Aberdeen. He contemplates returning to Canada in September.

REV. A. McLEAN, Blyth, has returned to his regular sphere of labour. He preached on the first Sunday after his return from the text, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." He referred to publishing infidel literature, and called upon all his hearers to keep such literature out of their homes.

THE Rev. Mr. Johnston, of Marshall, Mich., occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Goderich, on Sabbath week. In the evening he preached in the North Street Methodist Church. His discourses were of an exceedingly high order, and were keenly appreciated by the respective congregations.

THE Rev. J. C. Smith, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Guelph, on Sabbath week preached a practical and interesting sermon to young men, during the course of which he feelingly touched on the death of the late Alex. McArthur, who met an untimely end while bathing in the Speed a short time ago.

THE lecture by Rev. Mr. Wilson on the Salvation Army, in the Presbyterian Church, Summerside, P. E. I., recently, was well attended and listened to throughout with interest. The lecturer dealt with his subject so forcibly that all who attended were pretty well satisfied that the Salvation Army will never do a

great deal to advance the cause of religion in Summerside.

THE Rev. James Sievright, appointed to the care of the Presbyterian mission at Huntsville, was lately called to lighter work and larger stipend, but, says the Huntsville *Forester*, being thoroughly imbued with the true missionary spirit, preferred Muskoka. This is the right kind of a man for the district. He will be warmly welcomed by friends of the mission here.

THE principal matter of business before the Presbytery of Miramichi was the Augmentation Scheme for the improvement of the incomes of the ministers of the weaker charges. Several reports were given in, and encouraging progress recorded. Particularly pleasant was it to hear of so many of the congregations voluntarily increasing their own ministers' incomes during the past year.

A CASE of considerable size containing a quantity of clothing and useful articles of various kinds has been sent by the members of St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, to the New Hebrides and South Sea Island Mission of the Presbyterian Church. Rev. Mr. Robertson, missionary to this far away land, and at present in Canada, sees to the safe transportation of the goods. Some \$15 in cash in addition to merchandise, was also contributed for this purpose.

THE Rev. Mr. McFaul, Presbyterian minister, delivered a telling temperance address at Parry Sound lately. His masterly arguments, says the *North Star*, proved conclusively that he understood his subject. In a word, it was one of the best addresses on the temperance question that we have ever had the pleasure of listening to. The temperance question is getting very prominent here, and the fight between whiskey and decency is waxing warmer every day.

THE large attendance at the garden party held on the grounds of Col. F. B. Leys, in London South, last week in aid of the new Presbyterian Church, in that suburb, could not have been otherwise than a source of extreme gratification to the ladies and gentlemen who promoted it, and to none more so than Mr. and Mrs. Leys, who spared no pains to make their guests feel quite "at home" on the occasion. The grounds were beautifully illuminated by the aid of Chinese and other variegated lanterns.

THE *Yarmouth* (N. S.) *Herald* says: The Rev. G. M. Clark, of Ottawa, formerly of Nova Scotia, recently visited Yarmouth, for the purpose of making arrangements for the endowment of the Chebogue Presbyterian Church with the sum of \$1,000, in compliance with the desire of his deceased wife, who was the youngest daughter of the late Robert Kelley, Esq., who at one time carried on an extensive business at Kelley's Cove. The deceased lady devoted much of her time to religious and temperance work both in the Western States and Canada, and possessed excellent talents as a writer which were exercised in the promotion of the temperance cause.

A HIGHLY successful pic-nic in connection with the Sunday-school of Kildonan Presbyterian Church, took place Thursday. The place selected for the holding of the pic-nic was the natural park near the residence of Mr. Wm. Fraser, on the east side of the river. There was a very large gathering of the people, young and old, of Kildonan, and quite a large number of their visiting friends from Winnipeg. Refreshments were provided with that lavish hospitality so characteristic of Kildonan, and the manner in which they were partaken of by the assembled crowd gave ample evidence of their quality. Games were engaged in with great spirit by the young people. The large, varied and well selected list of prizes, generously given by friends in Winnipeg and Kildonan, were distributed at the close of the sports by Mrs. Pringle, wife of the pastor, who with Mr. Pringle took a warm interest in all the proceedings.

MRS. HARVIE, Foreign Secretary of the Western Section of the Canada Presbyterian Women's Foreign Missionary Society, addressed a good-sized audience in the lecture room of St. Andrew's Church, London, last week. The speaker briefly described the life of women in the great pagan countries, and the difficulties, owing to their exclusive laws, of doing anything for them. She also referred to the forms of worship prevailing in India, China, Japan, Africa and the Hebrides, and appealed to their sisters who enjoy the privileges of a civilized and Christian country to take up their cause and forward the work of provid-

ing them with the Gospel. Mrs. Harvie, says the *London Free Press*, is a pleasant speaker, with a command of simple and forcible English, and a powerful and well controlled voice. Her lecture was an excellent one. The Rev. J. A. Murray presided, and the Rev. Mr. Henderson opened the meeting with prayer.

AT St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, lately the Pastor, Rev. C. B. Pitblado, delivered his third annual sermon. When the congregation was organized, three years ago on August 23rd, he said twenty-four individuals, of whom six were members of the church and eighteen adherents, signed the agreement, all of whom have gone to various places in the North-west with the exception of six. A few months afterwards eighty-one individuals signed a request for moderation in a call. This call was sustained and transmitted to the present pastor, who was inducted on the 14th of December, 1881. Of those eighty-one individuals forty-five were members and thirty-six adherents. Only twenty-eight of those who signed that call are now in connection with St. Andrew's congregation. With few exceptions the rest have gone to other places in the Province or the North-west Territories. Having been entangled in the midst of the boom the impetus of excitement naturally affected their church life. In self-sufficiency they made mistakes which cannot now be rectified. They had plans which can never be perfected, but the experience, though dearly bought, is a valuable lesson. Since the organization in 1881, 568 members have united with the church, sixty-eight by profession and 500 by certificate. There have been removed, sixty-nine by certificate and ten by death. During the last year 144 members have joined the church. It is supposed that some other congregations in the city have increased more rapidly than this congregation. In regard to the work the social element has been developed in the life of the congregation. This has been done largely through the Ladies' Aid Society. The services of worship have been simple but devotional. There are prayer-meetings every night of the week in some district of the congregation. The young men's prayer meeting on Sabbath morning before services has done great work. The Sabbath school numbers about 400 scholars. The system of collecting money is by envelopes. There was collected about \$11,000 last year. There is considerable debt, but provision is made for meeting it. The ladies are busy collecting for a building fund by monthly installments. They have collected and have placed in the bank about \$3,000 since the year began.

PRESBYTERY OF LINDSAY—Lindsay Presbytery met at Woodville, 26th August, Rev. A. Currie, Moderator. Rev. H. Sinclair was unanimously elected moderator for the ensuing year, but owing to ill health he requested to be relieved from the office, when the Presbytery expressed their regret and their sympathy with him in his sickness, and elected Mr. McDonald, Glenarm, in his room. A vote of thanks was tendered to the retiring moderator, for the faithful manner in which he had discharged the duties of his office. The session records of Lindsay, Brock, Cannington and Woodville were examined, and certified as carefully and correctly kept. The other records were ordered to be presented next regular meeting. Messrs. J. M. Gardiner, George Kinnear and Wm. Patterson were certified to Knox College as students of theology. The Home Mission claims, winter supply and grants were considered, and left in the hands of the Presbytery's Home Mission Committee. The following resolution was passed: "The Presbytery desires to record its sense of the deep loss which it has sustained in the removal by death of Mr. Samuel L. McKinnell, of Uxbridge, and to convey to his bereaved wife and family, and also to the congregation which he represented in this court, an earnest assurance of its sympathy with them in their affliction, with the prayer that He who called His servant to receive his reward will heal the sorrow and supply the loss of those who mourn the removal of that servant."

### OBITUARY.

#### THOMAS ACHESON.

Thomas Acheson departed this life on the 28th July, at his homestead, Virden, Manitoba. He was of Irish origin, and of an ancient family. He was born in Mullabrack, parish of Tullalish, County Down, Ireland, in the year 1820, being sixty-four years of age at the time of his death. His father, Samuel Acheson,

was born in the year 1793. One hundred years before this his great grandfather crossed the Boyne with William III., Prince of Orange. This prince, for their noble deeds of valour, gave the Acheson family extensive lands in the north of Ireland, part of which in Mullabrack is the ancestral home of the family to this day. His uncle, on his mother's side was a Companion of the Bath and of the most noble Order of the Garter, being Sir Arthur Hunter, Lord Chief Justice of the Four Courts of Dublin. He emigrated to Canada in 1843. He taught school for some years, on his first coming to this country, in the neighbourhood of Mono Mills. He was married on the 18th July, 1884, to Mary Berkley, youngest daughter of the late Stuart Mason, of Mono Mills. He still continued to teach school for some years after his marriage, when he moved with his young wife and two children into South Grey, or what was then known as the Owen Sound settlement. He settled in the township of Egremont, where he obtained a good farm, and was prosperous for some thirty years. During his stay in Egremont he formed the first school in the township, and held several positions of public trust, such as teacher, Township Clerk, and Superintendent of Public schools. He discharged the duties of these several offices with credit to himself and with fidelity to the public. Mr. Acheson resided in Manitoba for some three years. He was doing well, and had an extensive farm of 1,240 acres. But paralysis struck him down in the vigour of health. He partly recovered, and was able to drive about last fall; but a second attack took him away, after lingering for a few days. His two sons and loving wife waited on him during his illness. Mr. Acheson was a faithful and consistent Christian and a good Presbyterian. He talked freely of the coming change. He lived by faith, and died in peace. A large number of sorrowing friends followed his remains to their last resting place. He was a man of vast resources of knowledge, of rare powers of mind, and a fluent speaker. His wife survives him to mourn her loss, and with her five sons and one daughter. Two of his sons studied for the Church, and graduated with honours in Knox College, Toronto, in the year 1876. The eldest, Rev. Samuel Acheson, has been settled in the congregations of Wick and Greenbank, Ontario, for seven years, and his second son, Rev. Stuart Acheson, M.A. has been settled for some eight years, in First Essa, Burns' and Dunn's Churches, Clove Hill, Ontario.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Rev. Dr. Reed has received the following contributions for Schemes of the Church, viz.: A Member of Burnside Congregation, Manitoba, for Home Mission, \$4; for Foreign Mission, \$4; W. A., Niagara, for Foreign Mission, \$5; A Friend of Missions, Kirkwall, for Foreign Mission, \$100; Go Preach, Theford, for Foreign Mission, \$1; A Friend, Brooke, for Home Mission, \$20, one-half of which is for Manitoba, Foreign Mission, \$10; French Evangelization, \$10, one-half of which is for Point Aux Trembles Schools; Clintonian, for French Evangelization, \$1.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

SEP. 21, 1884. A SONG OF PRAISE. [Psa. 103: 1-12.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—" Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."—Vs. 3.

TIME.—Written most probably in David's later years.  
 INTRODUCTION. *Spurgeon* says of this psalm: " As in the lofty Alps some peaks rise above others, so even in the inspired psalms, there are heights of song which overtop the rest. This one hundred and third psalm has ever seemed to us, to be the Mount Rosa of the divine chain of mountains of praise, glowing with a ruddier light than any of the rest. It is as the apple tree among the trees of the wood, and its golden fruit has a flavour such as no fruit ever bears unless it has been ripened in the full sunshine of mercy. It is man's reply to the benedictions of God, his song on the Mount answering to the Redeemer's sermon on the Mount." We may add, that in the school with which the writer of these notes is connected, no psalm is so frequently read responsively. At every special season, every gathering after the separation of teachers, scholars, or superintendent, at every annual festival, it is the psalm chosen to utter the thanksgivings of all.

Notes and Comments.—" Bless the Lord, O my soul, is in ver. 2, and in ver. 22, forming the three-repeated blessing from the soul to the Lord, answering to the three-repeated blessing from the Lord to the soul, Num. 6: 24-26. What is it to " bless the Lord?" We can-

not bless Him as He can us, to do us good; it is to ascribe praise to Him, so the song of the elders in the Apocalyptic Vision; " Worthy is the Lamb to receive—blessing," Rev. 5: 12-13. So is the song of the great multitude, Rev. 7: 13 " All that is within me," my heart and all my powers, not merely my lips which may utter the form of praise the heart does not feel, but my whole being.

Ver. 2. " Forget not;" which all men, even the best are too apt to do. He that has been blessed and blesses not has sunk from the state of a man to that of a beast.

Ver. 3. " Forgiveth thine iniquities;" *Pulsford*, a writer, of whose writings, we have sadly too few, says: " Thine iniquities are in—equities, there is nothing just or right in thee—thou art a bad tree, and a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit." " Healeth—diseases," of the soul as well as of the body. He alone can. Sickness of body and of soul is the result of sin, and none but He can remove this source.

Ver. 4. " Redeemeth;" delivereth, with an idea of cost and risk attending the act, " from destruction;" death, the grave, the " horrible pit" of the last lesson. " Crowneth thee," crowning is completion, the finish, or it is a special mark of distinction, in either sense the simile is very appropriate, the crowning is " with loving kindness and tender mercies," thus the dignity and blessing God gives to His children.

Ver. 5. " Thy mouth—rather soul—or age;" the word is of double meaning. " Who satisfieth thine age with good so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle." If David wrote thus in his old age it has a special and striking significance. The mercy of God was to him as the renewal of youth.

Ver. 6. From God's benefits to himself, David passes to God's benefits to the people; " executeth righteousness and judgement"—oppressed, as he did for the children of Israel in Egypt, his judgments were based on eternal righteousness.

Ver. 7. " His way;" His acts, dealings. Moses said Ex. 33: 13, " Show me now Thy way," that is Thy methods and plans. God graciously revealed so much as to say, " My presence shall go with thee."

Vers. 8, 9, 10. " Merciful and gracious;" a comforting truth first announced to Moses on the Mount, Ex. 34: 6-7, and repeated in Psa. 86: 15. " Merciful in His pardons," " gracious" in the bestowal of all good gifts; " not always chide;" He will chide those that go astray from Him for His love is great. But chiding is only to bring back and will soon cease. " Neither—keep his anger." We are just told that he is " slow to anger," long-patient, and then when rightously angry, it soon passes away. " Hath not dealt"—had he, we must soon have perished, but to them " that fear Him" (Vs. 13) His mercy is great.

Vers. 11, 12, 13. Three similes illustrating the mercy of God. " As the heaven is high—so great His mercy," infinite—cannot be measured. Who can reach the first of the fixed stars, and who can measure the outmost bounds of the starry universe? Yet, so great is His mercy, " fear," loving and filial, not the fear that hath torment. (2) " As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions," so far that they are removed, gone, forever. (2) " As a father pitieth His children," the fatherly love that knows and the fatherly heart that pities and forgives; such is the love of God toward us.

Vers. 14, 15, 16. " He knoweth our frame." Who so well as He, for He it was that made us, the reference is to the mortal frame, the frame of dust, Gen. 3: 7, " grass," so that oft-quoted expression in the prayer of Moses the Man of God, Psa. 90: 5-6; flourishing and green in the morning, cut down and withered in the evening. So frail is man. " Flower of the field," beautiful, but how short-lived. " Wind," the scorching east winds of Palestine—Gen. 41: 6; Jonah 1: 8; " the place—know it no more," all trace gone, no mark of life left behind, such is man.

Vers. 17, 18. In contrast to this frailty and brevity stands " the mercy of the Lord." It is from overlasting to everlasting, as it knew no beginning so it can know no end " upon them that fear Him." " Keep His Commandments" " Remember His Commandments to do them." A covenant brings mutual obligations, if the mercy of God is to be ensured to His people it must carry with it their obedience and service, and those who perform their part will not find God slack in performing his part, nay, He will infinitely exceed their highest expectations and hopes. Deut. 7: 9, 11-19: " hath prepared," that is settled, fixed established His throne in the heavens, not like the thrones and powers of earth, itself but a tiny speck— the universe of God, " over all." Angels and men, " principalities and powers are all beneath Him, and all do His will"—Psa. 104: 4; Daniel 10: 25, 34-37.

Vers. 20, 21, 22. The Psalm closes with a call to praise the Lord, addressed to all His creatures, animate and inanimate. " Angels," the glorious beings who, tried, kept their first estate, the " mighty in strength." As the margin reads, so that execute His Word, swift to hear, prompt to do the command of God, here is a work worthy of your powers: praise ye the Lord. So Psa. 29: 1: " Sons of the mighty," (Marg.) and 148: 2: " His hosts, ministers"—not the inanimate, starry heavens, but the mighty host of living celestial beings, 1 Kings 22: 19. At the same time it is true that the sun, moon and stars do fulfil His will—do His pleasure, and declare His glory; so lesson 9 of this quarter, Ver. 1, " all His works." The Psalmist would now embrace everything in his exhortation, so he says " all His works," and as the entire universe with its living host is His creation, this embraces all, " in all places," above, beneath, in the heavens, on the earth, and in the great depths; " Praise ye the Lord, O my soul." As he began, so he closes, he had widened from His own privilege and duty to that of the whole created universe, but he comes back again to himself, for to him it is of the highest importance that his voice should not be missing in the song of praise, receiving, as he had, so many manifestations of the love of God, he felt as if the

obligation was heavier upon himself than upon any other creature, so he closes with the call to himself: " Bless the Lord, O my soul."

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Preliminary.—The whole Psalm forming the lesson has necessarily prolonged the " Notes and Comments," although we have made them as brief as possible. The spirit and teaching of the Psalm are, however, so much on its surface that little need be added to enforce the lessons of this glorious burst of praise. It is a *Song of Praise*. Let us look at David's reasons for praise and see how they are in accord with our experience, and thus how far they call to us for the same utterances of thanksgiving.

Causes for Praise.—The first thing in David's mind, the greatest to him as it should be the greatest to us, is the forgiveness of sins—ver. 3, " forgiveth all thine iniquities." David had experienced the power of sin. He knew how terrible it was to be under its domination. Those agonized utterances of lesson 5 show how deeply he felt its pollution and offensiveness to God. He was " shapen in iniquity," and his sin was over before him in all its appalling magnitude and blackness, and so he cries out, " Cast me not away from Thy presence." To such an one how blessed the assurance that God had heard his prayer, had forgiven his sin, and had restored unto him the joy of salvation; how would his heart leap up in ardent thanksgiving and shout out, " Bless the Lord, O my soul;" and is not this the greatest reason for praise to-day? Sin is blacker, divine love is greater, and forgiveness is grander to us than to David, for they are seen in the light of the Cross of Calvary. We know that sin was so exceeding sinful that Christ came to deliver us from its penalty and power. Shall we not then in our song of praise give thanks, first for the pardon of our sins. *Healing mercies*; temporal blessings, are another reason for praise. We are too apt in our sickness, and more so in our restoration, to forget the divine physician, the great healer. " He healeth all thy diseases." This may have reference to diseases of the soul as well as of the body, but undoubtedly it has of the latter. David always recognized the hand of God in the affairs of his life as we have frequently seen in studying his history. The promise was to His people: " I will take away sickness from the midst of thee: Ex. 23: 25, and the Psalmist himself could say, " He shall deliver thee from the noisome pestilence. " Thou shalt not be afraid—for the pestilence that walketh in darkness." Psa. 91: 3-5, and of the righteous man he said that God would " make all his bed in his sickness." Psa. 41: 3; how comforting these thoughts in sickness, and what cause for praise when sickness has passed away. Teach your scholars that for every mercy thus received at the hand of God, they should not be slow to offer thanks giving. It may be the skill of the medical attendant; it may be the patient nursing of friends, that has helped to bring this about, but these are only secondary causes, they would have been as nothing without the blessing of God. A third reason for thankfulness is found in the daily providence of God. " Satisfieth thy mouth with good things." It is God who giveth " our daily bread." As we labour and toil—it is God that enables us to do so, gives strength of body and soundness of mind, and just so truly, though not so directly, as the manna was given to the children of Israel in the desert, so the Lord gives to us to-day. When this lesson is studied, our harvests will have been gathered in, if, as we hope, and there is promise of it, should prove an abundant one, let us lift up our hearts to Him who causeth the earth to yield food for the service of man. And we would praise Him for all the promises, " exceeding great and precious" as they are, promises of eternal blessings, which David saw only in the twilight of a prophetic morning, but which are manifested to us in the noontide splendour of the day of righteousness; the glory which hath not " entered into the heart of man to conceive," which God hath prepared for His people. Heaven and Christ; how should the thought of that future true our hearts to nobler strains of praise than ever David sang.

Supplementary.—You must not omit to point out the character of those who are thus made to receive the mercy of the Lord. It is, ver. 11 and 17: those that " fear Him," fear Him with a filial, loving fear. It is ver. 18: " To such as keep His Covenant—and—remember His Commandments to do them"; it is such, and such alone, who will receive the " mercy of the Lord," and whose lips will be opened to show forth His praise.

INCIDENTAL TRUTHS AND TEACHINGS.

The blessing of bodily healing the type of a greater, of spiritual healing.

The mercies of the Lord are " new every morning."

If praise is in the heart it will not be absent from the lips.

Praise is the stream from the fountain of gratitude and love.

Praise lifts the soul to God, to more love and fresh blessings.

Main Lessons. Let us praise God. *exhortations to praise* (after the Psalms which are full of them). Isa. 13: 10-13; Jer. 13: 16; Dan. 2: 19-23; Rom. 16: 27; 2 Cor. 2: 14; Eph. 5: 19-20; Col. 3: 15-17; Heb. 13: 15-21.

Acts of Praise.—Abram's servant. Gen. 24: 26-27: 52. The children of Israel at the Red Sea. Ex. 13: 2-22. At the passage of the Jordan: Josh. 5: 7-20-24; Hannah for the answer to her prayer: 1 Sam. 2: 1-11; David on his deliverances. 2 Sam. 22: 1-2, and many others.

THE Medical Congress held at Copenhagen, adopted Sir William Gull's resolution with regard to the prosecution of international and collective pathological research by an International Committee. The members of the committee for Great Britain would be Sir William Gull, Dr. Humphry, Dr. Isambard Owen, and Dr. Mahomed.

Words of the Wise.

FAITH is the flame that lifts the sacrifice to heaven.—J. Montgomery.

WHO has most? He who desires least.—Seneca.

It is with flowers as with moral qualities; the bright are sometimes poisonous, but I believe never the sweet.—J. C. Hare.

THREE never appear more than five or six men of genius in an age, but if they were united the world could not stand before them.—Swift.

By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes both pass current in the merchandise of heaven.—Rev. E. Rutledge.

"Look at the bright side! Recount all thy joys; Speak of the mercies which richly surround thee; Muse not forever on that which annoys; Shut not thine eyes to the beauties around thee."

RUSKIN often says a good thing, and the following is one of them: "You keep the Sabbath in imitation of God's rest. Do by all manner of means, if you like, and keep also the rest of the week in imitation of God's work."

PARENTS should so impress their children with their godly lives that the children will in after years say: "If there are but two Christians in the world, father is one and mother is the other."

"For oh! the Master is so fair, His smile so sweet to banished men, That they who meet it unaware Can never rest on earth again. And they who see Him risen afar To God's right hand to welcome them, Forgetful stand of home and land, Remembering fair Jerusalem."

To an honest mind, the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.—Addison.

THE most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—La Bruyère.

TRUE bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before the whole world.—Rochefoucauld.

We weep 'neath the stroke of Thy chastening rod, We weep, never doubting the love of our God; The love that has stricken, o'er pain sheds its ray, If we weep 'neath the Cross, we weep but a day.—A. Monod.

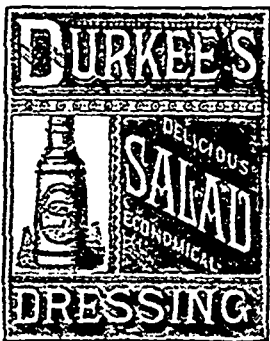
If we have forgotten that the field is the world, and have prayed and toiled chiefly that heaven might be peopled, the mystery of our barrenness is not entirely without explanation. When to be a Christian is to be a missionary, there will be more Christians.—Rev. Dr. Alexander McKenzie.

If any man among you seem to be religious and brideth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.—St. James.

GOD only is the creature's home, Though long and rough the road; Yet nothing less can satisfy The love that longs for God.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye, Can win their way above; If mountains can be moved by faith, Is there less power in love? —William Frederick Faber.

If there's a right thing to be done, and we seem to pass through a wrong thing on our way to it, depend upon it there's another way to it, and a better one, and it is our own fault, and not God's that we do not find it.



No Waste. No Trouble. Always Ready. A GOOD SALAD ASSURED. Rich, Wholesome, Nutritious. The most delicious and the most popular because it is made of SALAD RAW TOMATOES, CABBAGE, COLD MEATS, FISH, &c. &c. &c. NEW YORK.

DARE NOT DENY IT.

Large quantities of Calcium Tartrate, improperly and designedly called by the "Royal Co." Tartrate of Lime (which is a natural constituent of the juice of the grape and not injurious), and also the disgusting and unsafe drug Ammonia has been an ingredient of the "Royal Baking Powder" for years.

Through their alleged "Government Chemists," "Absolutely Pure" and misrepresenting all other powders the "Royal Baking Powder Co." have forced many people to partake for years of bread raised and leavened with a gas generating drug, originally prepared from an animal excrement.

Now while bleeding under the charge made by the chemists of the nation they try to dodge the issue—Ammonia—and escape the results of truthful investigation by crying down with others

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

Which chemists occupying the highest chairs of scientific learning in the United States will testify under oath as being wholly innocent of Ammonia, Common Lime, Washing Soda, Glauber Salts and Potash as maliciously stated by the "Royal Co.;" that it is composed of materials ordained for man in the foods of nature.

Do Not Take Our Word for It.

Ask your family physician if Ammonia is a safe drug to use in daily food. The "Royal" contains Ammonia and they

DARE NOT DENY IT.

PROTECTION.

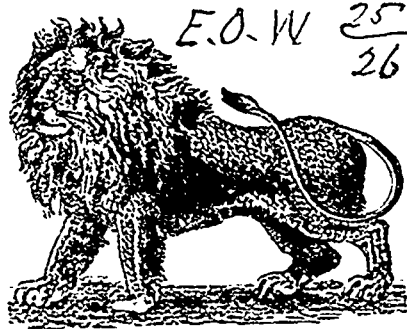
1st. Place a can of "Royal" top down on a hot stove until heated. Remove the cover and smell—†Ammonia—Hartshorn.

2d. Place two teaspoonfuls of "Royal Powder" in two table-spoonfuls boiling water; stir, and when cold smell an unspeakable odor—proving the source of †Ammonia.

†ORIGIN OF AMMONIA.

"It was probably originally prepared from putrid urine."—United States Dispensatory, page 107.

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Cures Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver and Kidneys, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, Deranged Stomach, or irregular action of the Bowels.

COAL AND WOOD AT LOWEST RATES.

I will for one week deliver WOOD at following low prices:

Best Hard Wood, Beech and Maple, dry or green, long, at \$5 per cord. Best Hard Wood, Beech and Maple, dry, cut and split, at \$6.50; Second-clas. Wood, Beech and Maple, dry, long, at \$4; Pine Wood, long at \$4; Slabs, long, at \$3.50. Best Scranton Coal, all sizes.

Orders left at Offices, corner Bathurst and Front streets, Yonge street wharf, 51 King street east, 390 Yonge street, and 534 Queen street west, will receive prompt attention

P. BURNS.

Telephone communication between all offices.

WHAT IS CATARRH?

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of urbercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxomoea, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death. Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalents and other ingenious devices but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers.—Toronto Mail. Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada. Inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

SOLID FACTS.

I will show for one week:

Black Silks, Coloured Silks, Checked Silks, Cashmeres, Satens, and Kid Gloves 26 1/2 AT 25 PER CENT. BELOW REGULAR VALUE, CAR FARE PAID.

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BREDIN'S BLACKBERRY BALSAM

Is one of the best cures now in the market for CHOLERA, DIARRHŒA, CRAMPS, AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

It is purely vegetable. For children it is unsurpassed. Prepared by R. G. BREDIN, Chemist, corner Spadina avenue and Nassau street, Toronto.



CONSUMPTION:

I have a positive remedy for the above disease, by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so many have been cured in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on the disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. BLOOM, 121 Pearl St., New York.

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Established 1854.



Watches, 15/Clocks JEWELRY And Silverware.

Every description of English, Swiss and American Watches and Clocks cleaned, repaired and regulated.

Jewelry and Silverware manufactured, and repairs neatly executed.

47 King Street West, Toronto.

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS require no other purgative. They are safe and sure to remove all varieties of Worms.

# BAKING POWDERS CONTAINING LIME.

## Why "Royal" is Absolutely Pure.

Analysis shows the presence of Tartrate of Lime in several brands of Baking Powder placed upon the market.

"DR. PRICE'S" Baking Powder contains Tartrate of Lime.

"PEARL" Baking Powder contains Tartrate of Lime.

"GROFF'S SNOW-FLAKE" Baking Powder contains Tartrate of Lime.

"DE LAND'S" Baking Powder contains Tartrate of Lime.

All BULK Baking Powders contain Tartrate of Lime.

The presence of this substance in the above-named Baking Powders results from the use of inferior Cream of Tartar in their manufacture. The Cream of Tartar of the market, from which they are made, contains Tartrate of Lime in amounts varying from six to ten per cent, and hence these powders contain this impurity as a foreign substance to a corresponding extent, which is of no value, but a positive detriment in any powder in which it is found.

The Royal Baking Powder is made from Cream of Tartar specially refined and prepared for its use by patent processes by which the Tartrate of Lime is totally eliminated. This highly important result has been attained only with great care, labor, and expense. In money alone a quarter of a million dollars has been invested in patents, machinery and appliances by which the crude Cream of Tartar, being procured direct from the wine districts of Europe and subjected in this country to these exclusive processes, is rendered entirely free, not only from the objectionable Tartrate of Lime, but from other foreign substances. This adds greatly to the cost of manufacturing Royal Baking Powder; but, as all its other ingredients are selected and prepared with the same precise care, and regardless of labor or expense, an article is produced that is entirely free from any extraneous substance, and chemically pure in all respects. No lime, earth, alum, or impurity of any kind can, by inadvertence, or by the use of adulterated articles or otherwise, be introduced into the "Royal," and it contains no ingredients except those certified by the Government and other eminent chemists necessary to make a pure, wholesome, and perfect Baking Powder.

It costs more to manufacture the Royal Baking Powder than any other, but it is, as shown by chemical analysis, the only "absolutely pure" Baking Powder made.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

### Sparkles.

A BANG-UP affair—a railroad collision; another—an exploding rocket.

THE wages of sin nowadays depend a great deal on the wealth of the bank and the chance that the cashier has.

"No," said Brown to Robinson, with a sigh, "I haven't got change for a five; but I shou'd like to have a five for a change."

WHEN the marriage ceremony was over, the parson was approached by the groom with the question, "What's the damage, elder?"

THERE are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any business, and the other is that they haven't any mind.

IN the Auburn prison choir the first tenor is a murderer, while bass and soprano are merely burglars. This bears out what we have previously remarked about amateur tenors.

A POET sent to an editor a contribution, entitled, "Why do I Live?" and the editor answered: "Because you send your contributions by post, instead of bringing them in person."

"Can you paint me a sign at once?" "Yes, what kind of a sign do you want?" "A sign of rain." A cloud lowered on the painter's brow, and, fearing an immediate storm, the humourist left.

A HALF or Whole Bottle of Murray & Lanman's Florida Water mixed with the water of the bath is of great use to invalids and all delicate or nervous persons as it revives and braces up the failing strength, and soothes the most irritable nervous system.

A LOQUACIOUS blockhead, after babbling some time to Lord Erskine, observed he was afraid he was intruding on his lordship's ear. "Oh, not at all," observed Erskine; "I have not been listening."

"How old would you think my daughter was?" asked a mother of a lady friend at one of our summer resorts. "Would you think she was eighteen?" "Oh, yes," was the candid reply, "I should think she was eighteen—about ten years ago!"

"Don't talk to me about beginning at the bottom of the ladder," observed a "crushed" actress to a friend. "I began there ten years ago, and I'm there still. If I was to do it over again, I'd begin at the top. It's so much easier to fall down than to climb up."

AN old Dutch tavern-keeper, who had his third wife, thus expressed his views of matrimony: "Vell, you see, de first time I marry for love; dat vas goot; then I marry for beauty; dat vas goot too, about as de first; as time I married for money, and dis is peters as poth."

ALLEN'S Lung Balsam is recommended to cure the most distressing Cough.

A mosquito has easy manners; for it is hard for him to visit you without making himself to hum. But then he stays to hum a good deal, too.

THE patent fish-pole, with self-register attachment, showing the exact number of fish caught with it, displays great inventive skill; but it doesn't sell worth a cent.

A RETIRED base-ballist, of some literary skill, was asked to write an epitaph for a man who had just died, after marrying his third wife. The ex-batter produced the following terse but expressive sentiment: "Out on thid."

A SAD NEGLECT. Neglecting a constipated condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood and promote a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and Bowels.

SCENE—Table d'hote at fashionable hotel on Deeside: big market day. Farmer of the old school has dined. Waiter: "Finished, sir?" Farmer: "Fat's the chairge?" Waiter: "Five shillings, please." Farmer (startled): "Five shillings? Weel, I'm nae deep yet." Resumes operations actively.

ROLLIBOY (extra heavy weight): "This hot weather wilts me. I agree with the philosopher that all flesh is grass." Scraggle (facetious featherweight): "You'd make a prize haystack, then, if only you were well dried." Rolliboy (witheringly): "And you'd make the needle that never could be found in me."

"How in the world can you content yourself to live in this dead-and-alive place?" asked the city visitor of her country cousin. "I know I should die if I had to stay here." "Well," replied the rustic relative, "I suppose I should, too; but then the city folks aint here only a few weeks in the year; you know."

### A NATIONAL FAMINE.

WILL IT EVER OCCUR?—THE WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE OF ONE WHO HAS SOLVED THE BREAD PROBLEM.

[American Rural Home.]

A national famine would cause the greatest disaster, and there are many who believe it will eventually occur. Still the diversities of climate, the richness of soil and the character of the country seem to proclaim the impossibility of such a calamity. But without such aids as machinery furnishes the grass and grain of the country could not be secured. With all the machinery at their disposal and the employment of every man that can be hired for such work, our farmers in the great grain-growing sections of the country almost always fail to secure their entire crop in the best possible order, simply because sufficient help cannot be secured. Take away the harvesting machinery and the farm labour of the country could scarcely care for more than a twentieth of the present average yearly crop. As a consequence fewer acres would be planted, the lesser yield would enhance the price of grain, and bread would reach a figure beyond the means of the labouring classes—in fact, become a luxury. Manufacturers of harvesting machinery have, therefore, benefitted, not only the farmer, by enabling him to reap more acres of grain than he otherwise could, but all other classes through the cheapening of grain, (and consequently of bread) as a result of the vast quantity produced.

There is no man in America who has contributed more to this result than Mr. C. D. Dewey, president of the Johnston Harvesting Company, of Batavia, N. Y. Through his energy and ability the harvesting of grain by means of his wonderful machines has become almost an exact science, and in the accomplishment of this purpose Mr. Dewey has been an indefatigable worker. Indeed for an extended period he was so closely confined to his duties that he scarcely took time for proper rest or recreation. While in the very midst of these great labours he observed a peculiar sensation about the head, which did not leave him, and which he attributed to the strain of business. He also noticed that his appetite was fickle and his sleep broken, but he did not anticipate the terrible troubles which were before him, and like nearly every man who is prosecuting a great work his interest in the undertaking overcame all thoughts of self. But the physical difficulties which were slight at first, kept increasing. The little pains grew to agonies; the minor symptoms to serious calamities, until at last he broke down completely and was confined to his bed for more than two months. At that time his condition was deplorable. His mind was in a nearly comatose state and his body perfectly helpless. During the entire period he did not move a pillow's length, so great was his exhaustion.

It would indeed be difficult to imagine a more helpless position than that in which Mr. Dewey then was. And yet to-day he is a picture of health, and attends to his duties constantly. When asked how this had been accomplished he made answer as so many others have: "By means of Warner's Safe Cure. This great remedy, I am happy to state, has restored me to nearly the same health and vigour I formerly had. It is not surprising, therefore, that I consider it a most valuable medicine, and that I cordially recommend it."

The sharp competition of the present day forces men of business far beyond their strength before they are aware. The claims of society and the family undermine the vitality of women unknown even to themselves or their friends. The end of all such taxations is sickness, pain and death. Fortunate is the one who finds the means of escape from this terrible ending before it is too late. More fortunate is the one who avoids its final stages by overcoming the first symptoms while they are yet in their beginnings, and by such means as have been shown to be efficient and pure.

NESTLE'S



MILK FOOD.

Prepared at Vevey, Switzerland. A LITTLE WATER is all that is required to make it ready for use. It has stood the test of time. Send for pamphlet to THOMAS LEEHING & CO., Montreal.



PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little sleeper awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A CURE FOR CHOLERA MORBUS.—A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of Bowel Complaint incidents to Summer and Fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; to be procured from any druggist.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- SARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, on the third Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
MAITLAND.—In Knox Church, Brussels, on the third Tuesday of September, at half-past one p.m.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on the 15th of September next, at three o'clock in the afternoon.
BRUCE.—In Knox Church, Paisley, on the 3rd Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
QUÉBEC.—In Sherbrooke, on Tuesday, 16th Sept., at eleven a.m.
CHATHAM.—In First Presbyterian Church, Chatham, on 9th Sept., at ten a.m.
LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on Tuesday, 9th Sept., at eleven a.m.
HARRIS.—At Harris, on Tuesday, 30th September, at eleven a.m.
GUELPH.—In St. Andrew's Church, Guelph, on Tuesday, the 16th September, at ten o'clock forenoon.
STRATHROY.—In Granton, on the second Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
HAMILTON.—In Central Church, Hamilton, on the third Tuesday of Sept (16th), at ten o'clock a.m.
HILTON.—In Clinton, on second Tuesday of Sept., at ten a.m.
SAUGHERN.—In the Presbyterian Church, Mount Forest, on Tuesday the 23rd day of September, at eleven a.m.
OWEN SOUND.—Division Street Church, Owen Sound, third Tuesday, September, half-past one.
PARIS.—In First Church, Brantford, September 23rd at eleven a.m.
WHITBY.—In St. Paul's, Bowmanville, on Tuesday, 21st October.
LINDSAY.—On the last Tuesday of November, at eleven o'clock a.m.
TORONTO.—In the usual place, on the 30th September, at eleven a.m.
BROCKVILLE.—In St. John's Church, Brockville, on Tuesday, 2nd December, at three p.m.

\$65 A MONTH board for 4 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. To take orders for the Living on BLAIR & CLEVELAND. Address: P. W. WILGIER & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prepare for the Enemy.

CHOLERA IS COMING!

The countries where Cholera prevails as in India, China and Africa, Pain-Killer is considered the surest and safest of all known remedies, and the natives place the most perfect reliance in it.

Read the following extract from the letter of a missionary in China

DEAR SIR:—I ought to have acknowledged long ago the box of Pain-Killer you had the goodness to send me last year. Its coming was most providential. I believe hundreds of lives were saved, under God, by it. The Cholera appeared here soon after we received it. We resorted at once to the PAIN-KILLER, using as directed for Cholera. A list was kept of all those to whom the Pain-Killer was given, and our native assistants assured us that eight out of every ten to whom it was prescribed, recovered.

Believe me, dear Sir, gratefully and faithfully yours, J. M. JOHNSON, Missionary to Swatow, China.

Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations. Ask for the genuine Perry Davis' Pain-Killer and take no other. HARRY WEBB, 447 Yonge Street, CATERER AND CONFECTIONER.

Weddings, Entin, Parties, Dinners. (SEND FOR PRICES.)

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ESTIMATES FOR CIRCUS TENTS, RANGE MARQUEES, HAND-MADE SAILS, FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

At Toronto, Ont., and St. John, N.R., we made the best display of Tents ever shown in Canada AND WE NEVER SUBSTITUTE AN ARTICLE INFERIOR TO SAMPLE IN FILLING ORDERS. We control 'THE LAFOUR PAT.' for Camp Furniture, the best on earth. The only gold medal ever given for this class of goods was awarded to the Latour Camp Furniture at Toronto in 1884.

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BRITISH-AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

This is the Leading Commercial College in Canada. Its Location is in the Business and Educational Centre of this Province. The Course of Studies has been specially arranged to give a sound business training. Every Subject in the course is taught by men who make these subjects specialties. Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Book-keeping, Correspondence, Penmanship and Phonography, are thoroughly taught. The School will RE-OPEN on MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st. For Catalogue and other information, address

THE SECRETARY, Arcade Buildings, Yonge Street.

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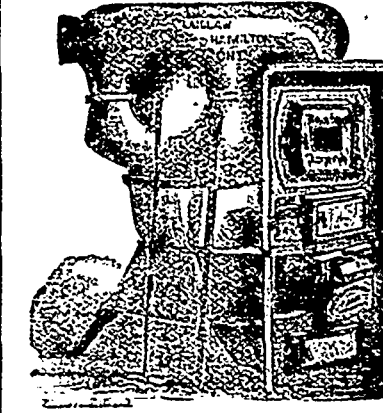
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