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# THE CANADIAN PRESS BYTERIAN

TORONTO: LAMBERT CO.

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Whole No. 511.

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**SAVOURY RICE.**—Take some plain boiled rice, put it into a saucepan with a lump of butter, and add as much tomato sauce as the rice will take up, and plenty of grated cheese. Mix well, and keep stirring on the fire till hot. Serve piled high on the dish.

**A SURE CURE FOR CHILLBLAINS.**—Three applications of vaseline will cure the worst case of chillblains. For ordinary cases one or two applications will be sufficient. Although vaseline is made from petroleum, it is far more rapid in its work of healing than kerosene.

**FRIED LIVER AND BACON.**—Fry the bacon first, then cook the liver very slowly in the fat which comes from it. Make a little gravy with stock or flour and water in the pan, when all the liver is fried, and pour it round the dish. The liver should be cut in slices, and not more than the third of an inch thick.

**FISH CAKES.**—Any kind of cold fish and mashed potatoes—beaten up in a mortar together, taking the bones and skin from the fish. Flavour with pepper, salt, and a little cayenne; mix with the yolk of an egg. Then roll each little cake separately in the white of the egg and bread crumbs; fry them in boiling lard.

**MATRE SOPS.**—Sometimes soups and purees are made without any stock made from meat, and then they are called *maigre* soups. If milk is added to *maigre* soups they are quite sufficiently nourishing; for it is not usually required that soups should furnish strong nourishment so much as that they should supply light, easily-digested food, suitable for the commencement of a repast. *Maigre* soups made of peas, beans and lentils are, however, as nourishing as soup made of good meat stock.

**HOW TO CURE FROSTED FEET.**—The late cold snap makes a republishing of the infallible cure of frost bites desirable. If it be the feet, make a strong lime water, as hot as you can bear; thin whitewash will do. Soak your feet in it from fifteen to thirty minutes; then rub them thoroughly with the palm of the hand, removing all the dead cuticle that the lime has loosened. Anoint with sweet oil or lard. Repeat a few times, and you are cured—not merely relieved, but cured—and that terrible itching is gone, that may otherwise follow you a life-time. Ointment made of lime-water and sweet oil can be used on the ears if they are frosted.

**CELESTINE FOR RHEUMATISM.**—A German physician states that celestine in a cooked state is a certain cure for rheumatism. It should be cut up in small pieces and boiled in water until it becomes soft, and the water drunk by the patient. The soft celestine should then be cooked with some fresh milk, meal and nutmeg, served up with toast and eaten with potatoes, and the pain will immediately cease. The physician says that he has repeatedly employed this remedy, and always with success. He attributes the origin of rheumatism to an acidulated state of the blood, and not to cold or humidity. When it is rendered alkaline neither gout nor rheumatism can occur. English statistics show that in one year, 1876, 3,640 persons died of rheumatism. At least two-thirds of the complaints known under the general name of heart disease are to be ascribed to rheumatism and its painful ally, the gout.

### AT A LOSS FOR WORDS.

The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express cannot be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism to be incurable. Specifics, almost numberless, have failed to cure or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee-joint became swollen to enormous proportions, and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself as best I might to another month's confinement to my room and bed, whilst suffering untold agonies. By chance I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was entirely free from pain in knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism.

CHAS. S. STRICKLAND, Boston, 9 Boylston Place and 156 Harrison Avenue.

[Philadelphia Record.]

### A NATIONAL BLESSING.

The nineteenth century, above all other ages, has been noted for its many inventions. It has given us the steam power in its thousand-fold applications, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, and innumerable other discoveries, all blessings to humanity; each day bringing new surprises, until we have become so accustomed to the exhibitions of the genius of our century that any new development is at once received as a matter of natural consequence, and most people will simply remark: "I told you so." As an instance of this fact, we would only call attention to that wonderful discovery, St. Jacobs Oil. A few years ago this Great German Remedy had never been heard of before in this country; to-day you can hardly find a man, woman or child in the United States who has not used the remedy for some pain or ache, or at least has witnessed its use and seen its wonderful effects on a fellow-being. St. Jacobs Oil has become a national remedy, for it is known in every city, town, village and hamlet in the country. It is a cosmopolitan preparation, for it is praised by the Americans, Germans, Italians, Bohemians, Danes, Swedes, Portuguese, Spaniards, French—yes, even by the "heathen Chinese." It may be termed the universal blessing, for it is endorsed by the rich and poor, the clergyman and the physician, the merchant and the labourer—in fact by all classes of the community. St. Jacobs Oil, by its almost marvellous properties, can be employed for a simple cure of the worst case of inflammatory rheumatism. Persons who have been confined to their bed for years with that terrible disease, rheumatism, have been completely cured by the use of a single bottle. Such cases have been quoted by the leading journals of our country; for instance, the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch" says: "Under the title of 'Old Disabilities,' one of the most useful and valuable officers of the United States Government is now widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favourite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent tour through the North-west the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, to the particulars of which he thus refers: 'The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually eighty, fell to thirty-five; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded, and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me; after suffering for three years, I thought, as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil with good effect for rheumatic pains, I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel, large enough to cover my chest, with the oil and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighbouring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for my home, St. Louis, and have not been troubled since.'

The Boston "Globe" says: Charles S. Strickland, Esq., builder, No. 9 Boylston Street and 106 Harrison Avenue, Boston, thus speaks: "The pleasure which I hereby attempt to express can only be half conveyed by words. Physicians of very high character and notoriety have heretofore declared my rheumatism incurable. Specifics almost numberless have failed to cure, or even alleviate the intensity of the pain, which has frequently confined me to my room for three months at a time. One week ago I was seized with an attack of acute rheumatism of the knee. In a few hours the entire knee-joint became swollen to enormous proportions and walking rendered impossible. Nothing remained for me, and I intended to resign myself, as best I might, to another month's agonies. By chance I learned of the wonderful curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil. I clutched it as a straw, and in a few hours was free from pain in the knee, arm and shoulder. As before stated, I cannot find words to convey my praise and gratitude to the discoverer of this king of rheumatism."

The Chicago "Times" says: "Everybody on the South Side knows J. D. L. Harvey, Esq., who has been a resident of Chicago for over twenty years. Mr. Harvey expressed himself on the 'Oil Subject' as follows: 'I have spent over \$2,000 to cure my wife of rheumatism. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all the medical treatment had failed to bring about. I regard it as a greater discovery than electricity. It is a boon to the human race, and I am

very glad to have this opportunity of testifying as to its remarkable efficacy. I cannot speak too highly of it, and I would be recreant to my duty to those afflicted did I not lift my voice in its praise.'

The Philadelphia "Ledger" says: "Mr. George I. Graham, 820 Nineteenth Street, Philadelphia, is a journalist of many years' experience, and is actively connected with the Philadelphia 'Sunday Mirror,' a leading theatrical and musical journal. During the 'late unpleasantness,' Mr. Graham was captain of Company K, One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania Regiment, and through exposure in the field he contracted a variety of ills, and he says a very troublesome case of rheumatism in the right leg and foot was a war inheritance that he had in vain tried to get rid of until he was recommended to try St. Jacobs Oil. He states that he felt a slight relief even on the first application of the Oil. Before the first bottle he purchased had been used up he had but few traces of his rheumatism, and at this time he says the disease has entirely left him, which he attributes entirely to the use of St. Jacobs Oil. He remarks: 'No person need suffer with rheumatism if St. Jacobs Oil can be obtained; to those who are afflicted with that complaint it is worth its weight in gold.'

The Chicago "Inter-Ocean" says: "Captain Paul Boyton, the world-renowned swimmer, thus speaks of the old German Remedy: 'From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me until I got hold of this old German Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who have been suffering with rheumatism for years; by my advice they tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without St. Jacobs Oil, as I do not see how I can get along without it.'

St. Jacobs Oil has been endorsed by persons of national reputation, who would not lend their names if they were not convinced that it was a duty they owed to suffering humanity: they have experienced the wonderful effect of the Great German Remedy, and they want their fellow-creatures to know the result. We would only mention in this connection the Rev. Dr. Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio: "Excellent for rheumatism and kindred diseases; it has benefited me greatly." Mme. Marie Salvotti, prima donna, Wilhelmj Concert Troupe: "Nothing can compare with it as a prompt, reliable cure for the ailment named." William H. Wareing, Esq., Assistant General Superintendent, New York Post-office: "Proved all that is claimed for the Oil, and found efficacious; ready relief for rheumatic complaints." Hon. Thomas L. James, Postmaster, New York, referring to Superintendent Wareing's report concerning St. Jacobs Oil: "I concur." Prof. C. O. Duplessis, Manager Chicago Gymnasium, Chicago, Ill.: "Our professionals and amateurs use it in preference to everything they have ever tried." George W. Walling, Esq., Superintendent Police, New York City: "Members of this department relieved of rheumatism by its use." Stacey Hill, Esq., Mount Auburn Inclined Plane Railroad, Cincinnati, Ohio: "Undoubtedly it is a remarkable medicine." Captain Henry M. Holzwarth, Chief Detective Force, Cleveland, Ohio: "Surprising relief; a world of good." Prof. Edward Holst, pianist and composer, Chicago, Ill.: "Its effects are in harmony with its claims." In conclusion, we would say that it is the imperative duty of every family to have a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil on hand for all emergencies; for the remedy is a true friend in need, and the occasion for its immediate use may come when it is least expected. Follow this advice, and it will not be long before you will join us in calling St. Jacobs Oil "A National Blessing."

RELIGION is that nobler half of life without which nothing stands in a true balance. It wants the same kind of practical training as the other side, and will marvellously help and steady that.—Dr. Bushnell.

BUT hope on and say with the author of "Geraldine":

"No man And no woman of right should the coming day scan With foreboding. The present is ours; and the rest That is God's. He will care for His own as is best; And our watching is worthless, our dread is in vain."

ST. AUGUSTINE, on entering the cathedral at Milan, just after his conversion, heard an unseen choir singing, "We praise Thee, O God! We give thanks to Thee for Thy great mercy!" Considering that service he afterwards wrote: "The voices floated in at my ears, the truth was distilled in my heart, and the affection of pity overflowed in sweet tears of joy."

# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 9.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15th 1881.

No. 46.

*LOW rates to Clubs. In every congregation a large Club can be got up with little exertion providing the work is undertaken in a spirited manner. Our Premium List contains a large number of useful and elegant articles, which are sent to Club Agents. Send us postal card asking for particulars.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At Rome, under the superintendence of the Minister of Justice, has been issued the first volume of a collection of documents, either rare or hitherto unpublished, regarding the relations of Church and State in Italy.

TEACHERS' local examinations will be held in February next by the London Sunday-school Union. The subjects of examination will be (1) Scripture history and doctrine; (2) The evidences of Christianity; (3) The principles and art of teaching.

THE model "Broad" Churchmen have been found. They abound in China. The three religions of the land are Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism. A missionary testifies that "though mutually conflictive and repugnant, these three systems live together in perfect harmony in China. The people believe in them all, and they belong to them all."

THE editor of a religious journal pointed out to ministers the necessity and benefit, from a denominational point of view, of endeavouring to extend the circulation of the paper. Shortly afterwards a minister wrote to him as follows: "I read your article, and am under conviction I have not done my duty. I will do better hereafter. You may look for a list of new subscribers next week."

THE French Protestant Mission in Senegal has received a severe blow in the death of several of its missionaries from yellow fever. Several volunteers have already offered to fill their places, and it is hoped that the work will now go on uninterrupted. A little band of French missionaries and Basuto evangelists is about to start on a journey of evangelism and exploration to the centre of Africa.

THE Roman Catholic "Tablet" has made an impartial attempt to ascertain the opinions of the people of Ireland on the Land Act. It despatched a correspondent to visit that country, and he travelled through five counties, and interviewed all sorts and conditions of men. The result is that he is confident that the majority of the people gratefully accept the Land Act as a great boon, and that disturbing or disquieting agitation must speedily collapse, without hope of revival.

THE daily increase of population in the United Kingdom is 631 persons. The total population at last census is 35,460,562, there being 738,668 more females than males. There are 440 persons to a square mile in England and Wales. There has been in ten years a noteworthy decrease in the death-rate. Scotland has a population of 3,661,292, an excess of about 140,000 females over males. The marriage rate was, with one exception, the lowest of any year. Of the registered births, 10,498, or 8.45 per cent., were illegitimate.

At a recent meeting of the London Presbytery of the English Presbyterian Church it was stated that "the converts in Amoy Presbytery raised ten shillings per communicant, which was a test of their genuineness. Five congregations in the Amoy Presbytery are now giving calls to native pastors. Social matters were constantly coming up, hence the Presbyterian form of church government was found admirably suited to China. Another Presbytery would soon be established at Swatow, and another at Formosa, and these would be grouped together into a Synod."

NEWCASTLE continues to be the centre of the evangelistic work in England of Mr. Moody and Mr. San-

key. Large meetings are held daily, and many of these are for special classes, as for unconverted men, unconverted women, etc. The local Christian workers are fully alive to the importance of the meetings, and give effective aid to the evangelists; and the daily newspapers of Newcastle give each day extended reports of the previous day's meetings. The inquiry meetings are, like all others, well attended, and many persons have professed to have found Christ there.

THE Boers have accepted the settlement with England; Abdur Rahman Khan is in possession of Herat; and the intrigues of the Manchou party in China against Li Hung-Chang have come to naught. These three bits of news from the far east should lighten the hearts of the friends of peace. The first means that Mr. Gladstone's magnanimity towards the Transvaal Republic has not been defeated by the obstinacy of extremists; the second, that his concession of peace and independence to Afghanistan is a success; third, that China is not to embroil all Central Asia by a war with Russia.

THE recent elections in Germany bring out strongly two facts in the German political situation: 1. The dictatorship of Bismarck has become obnoxious. 2. The assaults on the Jews have roused the people to a defence of the persecuted race. Bismarck has courted support—now on this side, now on that—for power to carry out his schemes; but he finds in the end that his majority in the Reichstag has slipped away from him. The abominable agitation against the Jews has received a most emphatic rebuke. The Jew-baiters have been defeated everywhere, and one of the most persistent of them, the Rev. Mr. Stoecker, court preacher, will probably lose his position.

THE "Burman Missionary" tells the story of an old man who, thirty or forty years ago, when a heathen, came into possession of a copy of the Psalms, in Burmese, which had been left behind by a traveller stopping at his house. He began to read, and before he had finished the book, he had resolved to cast his idols away. For twenty years he worshipped the eternal God revealed to him in the Psalms, using the 51st (which he committed to memory), as a daily prayer. Then he fell in with a white missionary who gave him a New Testament. With joy unspeakable he read for the first time the story of salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ. "Twenty years I have walked by starlight," he said. "Now I see the sun."

THIS is what the "Christian Union" says about Ingersoll's article on "The Christian Religion," in the "North American Review." "The title of Mr. Ingersoll's article is a complete misnomer. He has not the faintest conception of what the 'Christian religion' is. He knows no more about it than an Equimaux knows about a tropical summer; or a surgeon's scalpel about the emotions of love, joy, sorrow, pity, thanksgiving. He knows no more about it than a boy would of a chestnut from pricking his fingers with its burr. 'Christianity,' he gravely tells us, 'is the ordinary moral code, plus the miraculous religion of Jesus Christ, His crucifixion, His resurrection, His ascension, the inspiration of the Bible, the doctrine of the atonement, and the necessity of belief.' This is as if a mouse, having nibbled a while in a library, should declare, Literature is paste and paper, plus binders' boards and printers' ink."

THE Brahma Somaj have recently organized a Children's Band of Hope. A very gay festival was held at Mr. Sen's house, the children being arranged in gay costumes of vivid green and gold, with purple and silver stars, which were almost dazzling. A procession of eight boys entered, singing a Bengali song, on the evils of drink. Drink was described as "a demon with wide, yawning jaws, devastating our mother country." The demon was also represented by a hideous black figure on one side of the enclosure; gaping jaws, protruding tusks, and a horrid red tongue, a black bottle in one hand, and a glass in the other. The children were regaled on sweetmeats;

addresses were given, exhorting the children to destroy the monster. They at last all rose at a signal given, and carrying the hideous monster to another part of the garden where a stake had been put up, they set him on fire. Darkness fell as the last flames shot up, and the bottle fell from his hand.

AN exchange says: "We heard a minister the other Sabbath come down pretty heavily on the magistrates of this and other townships throughout Canada for neglect of duties in their official capacities. The reverend gentleman avowed that there was not one in fifty of said magistrates who did their duty, and that the majority of them were dead-heads to society, for the reason that they would stand by and listen to boys and men curse and swear and use all manner of profanity without even a rebuke. He also asserted that a magistrate was scarcely worthy of the name who would not fine any and every person for all such offences, so long as the law of the country is on their side." We suspect the minister referred to has been "barking up the wrong tree." The trouble rather seems to be that there is no one to prosecute offenders. If that minister, or some other person, has brought guilty parties before the magistrate, with the necessary proof, and if the magistrate has failed to enforce the law, then the condemnation recorded above is just.

THE "Catholic Presbyterian" speaks thus hopefully regarding the success of the efforts put forth for the dissemination of Christian literature in Hungary: "Painfully conscious of the sad fact, which presents itself in other countries also, that the secular press is actively poisoning the public mind with views and opinions which are at least negatively, if not even positively, antagonistic to the Christian faith, the more earnest among the Hungarian ministers are endeavouring to provide an antidote. With this object in view, a religious paper was started some years ago; and it is gratifying to find that three new religious periodicals were set on foot during 1880. In addition to these agencies, missionary colportage has been prosecuted with increased vigour, and followed by an amount of success which warrants the expenditure of still further efforts. This distribution of Bibles, tracts, and religious books has been mainly carried on by agents of the Religious Tract Society of London, whose report for 1880 was recently published. The Society employs a band of twelve colporteurs; but there are, besides, nearly fifty depots throughout the country, chiefly in the houses of pastors, who thus become the instruments of supplying their own districts and its neighbourhood with healthy Christian literature."

THE father of the Church of Scotland, the Rev. Walter Home, minister of Polwarth, Berwickshire, is about to tender his resignation as minister of the parish to his Presbytery. Mr. Home was born at Polwarth in July, 1793, and was the son of the Rev. Robert Home, minister of that parish. He passed through the usual curriculum required of students of the Church of Scotland, in the University of Edinburgh, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Dunse and Chirnside in 1823. In April of that year he was presented and ordained as colleague and successor to his father, and on his death, which took place in 1848, he entered upon the sole discharge of the duties of the parish. Mr. Home was ordained in the same week and year as the late father of the Church, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Liberton, but his ordination took place three days later. On the occasion of his jubilee, which took place in 1873, a presentation was made to him by his parishioners, and the esteem in which he was held was shown by the fact that the presentation was subscribed to by almost every person in the parish. During the whole time that Mr. Home has been minister of Polwarth he has discharged his duties without assistance. By his courteous demeanour, and thoughtful attention to neighbours in sickness or trouble he endeared himself to all classes in the district, and his resignation is deeply regretted by a wide circle.



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

### NORTH-WEST.—II.

Reaching the house of the Rev. D. McGregor, the missionary in charge of the Big Plain District, Saturday evening, I determined to accompany him to his stations on Sabbath. The services were at Fairview, or Barnes', and Lee's. On our way to Fairview we intimated that a service would be held in the evening, at the house of a Mr. Morrison. There was a good attendance at Fairview, the house being comfortably filled. The singing was hearty, and the people were devout and attentive. They are building a church here, and it was expected to be ready for opening in a week or two. In the afternoon we drove to Lee's, crossing the Canada Pacific Railroad about four or five miles south of Fairview. The attendance at Lee's was not large, being only about twenty. The land in this neighbourhood is all taken up, however, and the station must grow. We drove back to Morrison's, and although the notice was so short, we had the largest attendance of the day. At all these stations I had managing committees appointed, and left subscription lists to be circulated. On the following day I visited the other two stations of this field—McKinnon's and Black's. These are farther north. In this whole field there are about eighty or ninety families and young men that have claims. The soil is warm and sharp, and heavier than the Paris and Brantford plains. It produces a fine sample of wheat. No farmer has yet a large area under cultivation, but a good beginning is made, and in another year this crop will be large. A re-arrangement of stations is required, and churches are very much needed. In another year the field should be self-sustaining. At Fairview, Mr. Smith, formerly of Oshawa, and Mr. A. C. McColl, brother of the late Rev. J. McColl, of Central Church, Hamilton, have just opened a store. These two young men offered to give \$50 per annum for the support of ordinances, and I have no doubt but that others will manifest a similar spirit of liberality. Take it all in all, we have no more promising field in the west than the Big Plain. While visiting this district I was the guest of Mr. M. Gregor, and from himself and Mrs. M. Gregor I experienced the greatest kindness.

Hearing that there was a considerable number of Presbyterians along the Souris, I resolved to go and explore that district. Leaving Mr. M. Gregor's, I drove southward, stopping for dinner at Mr. George Hope's. Mr. Hope came from Ayr, Ontario, has secured a most desirable location, and has a fine farm. I then drove twelve miles southward to Suttiffe's, through a good country, but there is not much settlement. At Suttiffe's the Sand Hills begin, and I was told that the distance to the Assiniboine was twenty-four miles. There is but one trail winding among the hills, and so there is no danger of losing one's way. I crossed Pine Creek about nine miles from Suttiffe's, and noticed several good tracts of land among the hills. If the spear grass could be destroyed, these hills would feed thousands of sheep for market. There is not much wood except along the Assiniboine. The Souris Crossing was reached between nine and ten o'clock, and the mosquitoes were most tormenting. After repeated calls on my part at the ferry, someone responded from the other side of the Assiniboine, "What have you got?" I replied, "A horse and buggy." "We can take yourself over, but not the horse," was answered. I declined to go and leave Tom to the tender mercies of the mosquitoes after a drive of fifty miles. They explained that the ferry was leaky and unsafe. At last I persuaded them to try the craft, and after much ado both man and horse were safe on the other side. The hostelry was being refitted by being replastered with clay. There were no beds, and hence I took in my own bedding and slept on the floor. Quite a number of men were about the place, and I proposed that we should worship before retiring. This was readily acquiesced in. From Mr. Bangs, the land guide, and Mr. Mills, land agent, I got much valuable information about roads and settlements. In the morning I drove up to Milford, which is about three miles from the Assiniboine. Major Rodgers, the owner of the town plot, gave me much information about this and neighbouring settlements. I called on the Registrar of the district; a Mr. McDonald, of Halifax, formerly of St. Matthew's congregation; on Mr. Lundy, of Peterboro'; Turnbull,

and others. Held a service at the house of Mr. Motherwell and baptized two children. Hearing that there were several families farther south towards the Tiger Hills and Lang's Valley, eighteen miles beyond Milford, I drove in that direction in the afternoon, calling as I went at houses along the way. The country is very fine, the soil being a rich black loam, mixed with sand. There are but few settlers yet, but they expect a large number next spring. The Tiger Hills rise gradually from the plain, running south-east and north-west. As I was about entering the hills I saw a small house near the trail, and drove up to inquire whether I was going in the right direction. An old man was sitting at the door reading a copy of the Winnipeg "Free Press." After interrogating him for a time, he asked the privilege of asking me a few questions, which I granted. He proceeded: "Are you a minister?" "Yes," I replied. "Do you not belong to the Presbyterian Church," he asked. "I do." "Well, I thought so." "Why?" I inquired. "Well," he answered, "I thought you did not belong to my own Church (the Episcopal), because they are not enterprising enough to look after their people in this way. I was sure you were not a Methodist, for you don't look like one; but there is something staid and steady about a Presbyterian minister that made me conclude, as I saw you come round the corner of the house, who you were." Bidding the old gentleman good-bye, I resumed my journey, and had a fine drive of seven or eight miles through the hills. The soil on the elevated parts here is light, but on the level it is heavy and clothed with an abundant growth of grass. The trail winds among the hills, following the driest and most level parts. Now you ascend an elevation that commands a wide view of similar elevations, of ravines and clumps of trees—then you descend, skirting along a lake fringed with poplar and scrubby oak and alive with ducks. Here you bowl along a smooth plain, and there you pass through a heavy meadow of native grass. This country must yet be all occupied with stock farmers. There is ample pasture on the uplands. In the valleys hay can be cured for stock; and in the ravines, in the woods, or sheltered in the valleys, cattle would know little or nothing of the wind and drift of the plains. At sunset, descending by a ravine, I came in full sight of Lang's Valley. It was worth driving fifty miles to see. The valley is about a mile wide and at least 200 feet deep. It is a huge trench, stretching east and west, and no doubt it formed at one time the bed of the Souris River. This river, after running south-east for a considerable distance, takes a sharp turn to the north-east, and after flowing thirty or thirty-five miles enters the Assiniboine. At the turn Lang's Valley begins, and in its bosom are found Lake Louise, Lake Lorne, Pelican Lake, Swan Lake, and Rock Lake, out of which flows the Pembina River. The valley of the Souris above the bend has every appearance of being older than the valley below. It is wider, and the ravines on either side are longer and broader. What changed the course of the river I have not been able to learn. I reached the house of Mr. Lang about dusk. It is pleasantly situated on rising ground, with a fine creek flowing past on the north and east sides. His sons—active young men—soon pitched my tent, provided me with clean, crisp hay, and took care of my horse, while I enjoyed the hospitality of their father. Mr. Lang, I found, formerly resided in Ottawa. Through the pressure of hard times, like many others in that city, he lost almost all, and with his family came out to Manitoba to begin life again. Nowhere have I met a more cheerful or contented family, or one the members of which appear to be more agreeable with each other. Accustomed formerly to attend regularly on the ordinances of religion, they feel it no ordinary privation to be without Sabbath services. From Mr. Lang I learned that there are in all seven Presbyterian families and seventeen young men with claims in the settlement. Much land yet remains to be possessed, and next season it is expected the settlers will be at least twice their present number. Next morning I held service with this family, some travellers who camped close by, and neighbours who were summoned. The simple, solemn service proved too much for some of the audience, for they could not conceal their emotion. I was entreated to send a minister, and they all promised support according to their means. Finding that I could not cross the Souris without some danger, I returned to the ferry at Milford. On my way back I saw some men working in a field some distance from the trail, and drove to where they were and found

them binding wheat, and a heavy crop it was. After some conversation with them, I asked, "Do you attend church?" "No," one of them answered; "at least not much." "Why?" "For two reasons: first, because there is none; and secondly, because even when there is, a fellow does not care to go." "But why not care to go?" "Well, when a fellow was at home, and his mother or sister did his washing and ironing, he liked to go to church; but when he does his washing and ironing himself, he has no desire to go to meeting to see his linen. Besides, Sunday is washing day, ironing day, baking day, cooking day, mending day, and a day for doing up chores generally." "But don't you know that these things should not be done on that day?" "Well, perhaps it is not right, but when a fellow is busy all the week, and tired to, it seems as if Sunday was the only day left to do them in." The other three scarcely liked this young man's candour, and he said to them: "You need not look so. You do the same things, although you don't own to it." They all felt as if their present life tended to barbarism, and were most anxious to get a minister. Altogether, I found that with those in Lang's Valley, there were nearly fifty families and young men with claims on the south of the Souris belonging to our Church. This number will be largely increased next year. What energetic young minister will come and look after those sheep scattered in the wilderness? They plead loudly for a shepherd. Will they plead in vain?

JAMES ROBERTSON.

### LETTER FROM THE REV. G. L. MCKAY, D.D.

We have come from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and are staying a few days on the golden shores of California, in San Francisco, the extreme western city of the great Republic. There are two peninsulas here—one north, the other south. The city is built on the northern point of the latter. San Francisco Bay separates them from the mainland. The narrow strait between them, and connecting the bay with the ocean, is called the "Golden Gate," which is a mile in width and thirty feet in depth. A portion of the city is built on hills, giving the whole a broken appearance. In 1835 the first dwelling-house was built, and now there are 300,000 inhabitants from all lands. Here are New Englanders, Spanish, German, French, Italians, Norwegians, Swiss, British, Canadians, Japanese, and 21,000 of the so much hated Chinese. Christian work was commenced among the latter in 1852 by Dr. Speer, and is conducted now by Dr. Loomis, formerly of Ningpo, China. There is a school every evening in the week, where English is taught, then Christian instruction given, ending with prayer and praise. The attendance is from ninety to 120, and the average Chinese congregation on Sabbath is about eighty-five, and from twenty to thirty Chinese women. It is evident that two great causes tell against the mission: 1st, the contemptible treatment of the mob towards the Chinese; and 2nd, the wickedness of this city, even at the very doors of the Mission church. I regard this city as one of the most wicked and debasing I have seen travelling around the world. On this Pacific coast the results of Christian effort, in spite of the hoodlums and devil's agencies, are: attendance at evening schools, 825; average in Sabbath schools, 1,100; baptized in California, 500. These are glorious fruits in face of the enemy; but ere long thousands will rush into the Kingdom of God in this land. Things are finding their level. Kearneyites are being pushed into the background, and righteousness is being planted on these shores. Hear the American Consul for the Chinese here (Colonel F. A. Bre): "I challenge your labour leagues, your eight-hour leagues, every other league, to meet the question fairly and squarely upon its merits. I claim that the advantages of the Chinese to California surmount everything else;" and he adds, "It can be shown that prostitution here is confined to the French, the Germans, the Irish and Americans, to a greater extent than to the Chinese." I never met more enthusiastic defenders of the rights of the hated Chinese than here in San Francisco—many of them residents for a dozen years, and having regular dealings with the "Celestials." "Watchman, what of the night?—the morning cometh." Yes, liberty, sweet to every man; justice, fair to every man; and Christianity, necessary for every man, will be established on this coast, where devilish tyranny and abominable mob rule reigned so long. Let Canada keep clear and shew that the morning has already come, and that *trust* in God,

faith in Jesus, and hope in heaven activates the highly favoured sons of the Dominion under the blood-stained banner of our glorious Redeemer.

San Francisco, Nov. 4th, 1881. G. L. MCKAY.  
P.S.—I called on "His Imperial Chinese Majesty's Consul General," and was delighted with his attitude and views. He speaks English very well.—G. L. MCK.

**DEGREES OF AUTHORITY IN ELDERSHIP.**

MR. EDITOR,—It may be well to give some reply to "W. T.," who calls for scriptural proof in support of the distinction which the Presbyterian Church makes between elders and elders. The doctrine and practice of the Presbyterian Church in this matter is sustained by 1 Tim. v. 17, 1 Cor. xii. 28, Rom. xii. 39. Accordingly, ruling elders are called and ordained to be the assessors of our ministers in the spiritual government of our congregations, and in sessional action the minister presides, because he is, from his office, the chief Presbyter, and the assembly of the elders cannot be complete without him. "W. T." may now think out the matter for himself. J. W.

**INFIDELS AND ARMINIANS.**

It is a curious fact that some of the arguments which our Arminian brethren bring forward against Calvinism, are brought forward by infidels against certain doctrines which Arminians hold as firmly as Calvinists do.

Arminians say that if the Calvinistic doctrine of election be true, it follows that God creates multitudes of human beings in order to damn them. Ingersoll uses the very same argument against the doctrine of eternal punishment. Here are his own words: "The dogma of eternal punishment rests upon passages in the New Testament. This infamous belief subverts every idea of justice. . . . A Being of infinite goodness and wisdom has no right, according to the human standard of justice, to create any being destined to suffer eternal pain. A Being of infinite wisdom would not create a failure, and surely a man destined to everlasting agony is not a success." He is here speaking, not against predestination, but against eternal punishment itself. He believes that whatever God does, He meant beforehand to do. It will be noticed that in the passage just quoted, Ingersoll does not make the distinction between "eternal" and "everlasting" which his brother infidels usually make. He uses these two words in precisely the same sense.

Arminians say that if the Calvinistic doctrine of election be true, God is a respecter of persons. Cooper, in his "Holy Scriptures Analyzed," in order to show what he supposes to be their contradiction, first quotes certain passages which declare that God is no respecter of persons, and afterwards, among others, those which refer to His choice of the children of Israel to be a special people to Himself, His honouring Solomon above other kings; His honouring Jacob above Esau; His bringing Daniel into favour with the prince of the eunuchs, and His making poor and making rich, bringing low and lifting up.

The "Christian Guardian," I may here remark, considers that many of the Psalms, on account of their "personal allusions and local colouring," are unfit to be sung by a "Christian congregation." Paine says, "Some of them are moral, and others are very revengeful, and the greater part relates to certain local circumstances of the Jewish nation at the time they were written, with which we have nothing to do." He would, therefore, neither read them nor sing them.

Melis, Quebec. T. F.

**THE NEW HYMNAL WITH MUSIC.**

MR. EDITOR,—I received, in common with others, a few days ago, a specimen page of the new Hymnal with tunes, and crave space to say a word or two about it. The Assembly's Committee deserve credit certainly for the painstaking and thoroughness in many respects with which they have done their work. At the same time, in my judgment, there are some things to be regretted. It is assumed that the great object aimed at in publishing tunes at all, is to improve as much as possible the congregational singing throughout the churches. I submit that the arrangement of the new book will not accomplish that, as a different arrangement might have done. If the music is to be used as an aid to the memory while singing, then

we must sing just such tunes as have been adapted to the particular hymns respectively. In the majority of our congregations this is, I believe, impracticable. How many L.M., 7s and 87 tunes there will be I cannot of course say, but I know there must be a vast deal more than most congregations will ever learn. What then of the beautiful hymns to which some of these unknown tunes have been adapted? Is it not a pity that the pattern of the old United Presbyterian Hymnal and Scott's Psalmody, with cut leaves, was not adopted by the Committee, so that precentors and choirs could have adapted their own tunes? Every congregation has its own chosen score or two of tunes that have to answer a wide range of purpose, and they will not readily depart from them. Besides, my own experience and observation convince me that the more numerous the tunes you will compel any one congregation to sing, the poorer will the congregational singing be. The Hymnal in its present form is, in my judgment, practically useless. I have been informed that the Committee had the cut leaf plan suggested to them. No doubt they had some strong reason for abandoning it. I have also been informed that it is in the mind of the Committee to publish a cut edition by-and-by, but with the ominous clause, "not for some time." That is a pity.

Again, it would appear as if the Hymnal alone was being published with tunes just now. Are the Psalms to be published too? Then why not in one volume at once? Will it not increase both inconvenience in use and expense in purchase to have two volumes instead of one?

My object is not to find fault, but, if possible, to remedy. In the hope, therefore, that it will not be long before we shall be able to commend to our congregations a book that will be of practical benefit, I remain, with thanks, A. HENDERSON.

**AN INFIDEL ON INSPIRATION.**

Some professing Christians reject the doctrine of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. Ingersoll believes that if there be such a thing at all as their inspiration, it must be verbal. He says, "It will not do, after we find that the Bible upholds what we now call crimes, to say that it is not verbally inspired. If the words are not inspired, what is? It may be said that the thoughts are inspired. But this would include only the thoughts expressed without words. If ideas are inspired, they must be contained in and expressed only by inspired words, that is to say, the arrangement of the words, with relation to each other, must have been inspired. For the purpose of their perfect arrangement, the writers, according to the Christian world, were inspired. Were some sculptor inspired of God to make a statue, perfect in every part, we would not say the marble was inspired, but the statue—the relation of part to part, the married harmony of form and function. The language, the words, take the place of the marble, and it is the arrangement of these words that Christians claim to be inspired. If there is one uninspired word—that is, one word in the wrong place, or a word that ought not to be there—to that extent the Bible is an uninspired book. The moment it is admitted that some words are not, in their arrangement as to other words, inspired, then, unless with absolute certainty these words can be pointed out, a doubt is cast on all the words the book contains. If it was worth God's while to make a revelation to man at all, it was certainly worth His while to see to it that it was correctly made."

Melis, Quebec. T. F.

**READING MATTER WANTED FOR THE NORTH-WEST.**

MR. EDITOR,—Winter is coming on now with its long evenings, and many of our young people, and older people too, have little reading matter. In the east you have enough and to spare, and why should we starve? When in Woodstock last spring I suggested to the Sabbath schools of Knox and Chalmers Churches the propriety of preserving Sabbath school papers or Sabbath school books they did not require, or which they had read, with the view of having them sent to the North-West. When I went down this autumn two good-sized cases were awaiting me. It was only when I examined them that I found how valuable the contents were. I am getting the papers carefully done up in parcels, to be sent out to our Mission stations. The books will start one or two

Sabbath school libraries. Will not other Sabbath schools and churches help us in this matter? Waste will be prevented, your young people will learn to think of the happiness of others, they will have an interest in our North-West and its Mission work, and we here will feel we have your sympathy. In cities, parcels could be made up and shipped with the goods of some Winnipeg merchant. Country or town congregations could send by mail. Postage would amount to something, but if the good done were considered the money would be cheerfully given. Our Presbytery meets on the 14th of December. Can we have parcels for each station by that date? Parcels could be addressed to myself at Winnipeg. JAMES ROBERTSON.

Emerson, Nov. 21st, 1881.

**CHURCH OPENING AT PRINCE ALBERT, N.W.T.**

The new church at Prince Albert, North-West Territories, was opened for public worship on Sabbath, 2nd October. Rev. J. Sieveright conducted the services morning and evening. An attentive audience filled the building to its utmost capacity. With Mr. Peterson (lately from Guelph) as organist, and Mr. Sprout as leader, the sweet singing of the old hymns carried many of the hearers back to churches and homes they have recently left. The collections amounted to \$64.50. The building is a neat, commodious brick structure, with a seating capacity of 170. It is placed on a rising ground near the centre of the town lots surveyed on the Mission property, and overlooks one of the most beautiful scenes on the Saskatchewan river. It cost \$2,000—one-half of the amount is already provided for, and with the aid of friends and increased contributions here, the other half will be met when it becomes due.

Lieut. Governor Laird, one of the audience, the Sabbath after the opening, generously contributed \$100 to the Building Fund. It is the only complete Presbyterian church structure in the North-West Territories. (Other three are in process of erection in this district.) Even men eminent for literary and theological attainments seem to be in profound ignorance of the fact that the North West Territories are not Manitoba, but a region far larger, the future home of millions. One church is thoroughly in earnest in the far North-West—the Church of Rome is uniting in its effort to gain possession, though there is scarcely a Roman Catholic family in the place. Nuns are negotiating the purchase of a property for a school to entrap the children of silly Protestants in the bewilderments of Popery. The population of Prince Albert for four miles along the river bank is now nearly 500. Forty houses and stores have been erected this season, thirteen of them on the Mission property. With improved steamboat communication, the land office open, and a plentiful harvest, next year will doubtless witness far greater progress. J. S.

Prince Albert, N.W.T., 24th Oct., 1881.

CLUB Agents for THE PRESBYTERIAN may secure a number of valuable standard books as the result of a few hours' work. Write for Premium List.

THE sermon preached by the Rev. James Little, M.A., on Thanksgiving Day, in St. Paul's Church, Bowmanville, of which we published a portion last week, will be issued in full from our presses this week in pamphlet form.

THE Rev. William Ross, having demitted his charge of Kirk Hill, in Glengarry, received a unanimous and hearty call from the congregation of Lake Megantic, in the Eastern Townships. The Presbytery of Quebec, at its meeting on the 2nd inst., sustained the call, which was duly accepted by Mr. Ross. His induction into the new charge was appointed for the 16th inst. From the high standing, ability and experience of Mr. Ross, and the well-known reputation for liberality and kindness of the Lake Megantic congregation, a very successful ministry may with confidence be predicted. His new field, though but recently settled, is destined to become a large and important commercial centre. Situated as it is on the shores of a beautiful lake, surrounded with scenery unsurpassed in the Dominion, in direct railway communication with all parts of Canada and the United States, this congregation, under Mr. Ross' ministry, may be expected in the near future to be one of the leading congregations of our Presbyterian Church.—COM.

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### "NO DANGER FOR OUR GIRLS."

"There is no danger for our girls. Even if assailed by temptation, their honour as women would be like a coat of mail to them." This was the answer of a Christian mother when urged to give her influence against social drinking among the young, in what is called "society." Has, then, the enemy of all good signed a quit claim to the characters and souls of our girls any more than to those of our boys?

In a fine, brown-stone mansion on one of New York's most fashionable avenues, there lived, a few years ago, a gay and wealthy family, surrounded by everything their taste demanded of the beautiful in art and the luxuriant in style. They were the centre of a fashionable circle, and life was one round of amusement with them.

The head of the family drank a great deal of wine; but he "drank as a gentleman," taking his glass before breakfast, at dinner, and in the evening—and as much oftener as he desired it. But no one had ever seen him stagger, so he felt perfectly safe, and said he was "man enough to take care of himself." It was a hard fight to do it, however.

His father, he said, had used the same freedom, and his grandfather before him; but he forgot to tell that both of them overstepped the bounds of "a gentleman's freedom," and went down to drunkards' graves.

Wine was always on his dinner table, and was pressed upon his guests, especially on New Year's day, when it flowed as freely as water. His golden-haired little daughter, with a brow like the lily and cheeks like roses, always took her glass at table, and often called for more. Indeed, the proud father boasted more than once to guests that she was as good a judge of wine as he himself. But she was a girl, so he saw no danger. Alas, poor man, he forgot the dreadful inheritance she had received from her ancestors—the viper that kept him continually fighting to keep his honour "as a gentleman" before the world. But for him it might never have sprung to life in her breast.

When this pet of the household was seventeen years old, she was in a fashionable and yet admirable boarding-school, from whence there came occasional complaints of her disregard of rules, and her great wilfulness. The last and most serious one was of her gathering a company of young girls in her room while the teachers were sleeping, and feasting them on confectionery and champagne which made them all ill the next day. When reproved she had braved the matter out, saying that she could drink three times as much as she gave them without feeling it. This sad story closed with a request that she might be removed from the school, as those in charge dreaded her influence over her fellow-pupils.

The father only laughed, and said: "Blanche will have a good time wherever she is!"

The mother was deeply mortified lest their friends might talk about it, but she was not terror-stricken at either the danger or the sin of her child.

On her return home the young girl announced that she was now old enough to leave school altogether, and that she intended to do so. Her parents yielded to her importunity, and she was now ready for "society."

Then began a course of gaiety such as few girls so young ever ran. Exciting company, late hours, and improper dress soon told on her system. The roses faded from her cheeks, she lost her appetite, and her nervous system became thoroughly unstrung. She would mingle her sobs and her laughter together, till it was evident that she was a victim of that most unpitied of all diseases—hysteria. Then came that fashionable ailment, a name applied to almost any form of weakness, "nervous prostration;" and the physician ordered, what were already in constant use, wines and champagne!

It was not long before they found that their prescriptions were not the limit, but that she took wine when and where and in just such quantities as she chose. The parents soon found that in her walks she took lunches with wives at fashionable restaurants. A maid was thenceforth sent out with her, but she was soon bribed into deceiving the now anxious parents. Her place was filled with one more faithful;

but she was maligned and charged with theft; and such was still the influence of this erring daughter, that she secured the girl's dismissal without a recommendation. For the honest discharge of her duty this good woman was sent forth into the world to earn her bread with a shadow on her name.

Before Blanche W. was twenty years old she had more than once openly disgraced her parents and brought shame on her own womanhood.

The passion for wine soon became a passion for strong drink of any kind, and grew upon her so that, tender as her parents were, they were often obliged to confine her for days in her own room, under lock and key.

During one of these attacks—which seems like the assault of a demon—when not even a servant was allowed access to her, her mother found her, one morning, perfectly insensible from strong drink. Where the spirits had come from was a mystery soon solved, for by her pillow lay a half-pint cologne bottle with a long cord tied around the neck, and on it an apothecary's label—"Brandy."

She had doubtless watched from her window for some suspicious-looking passer-by, lowered the bottle, with money for brandy, and the commission for getting it, and asked to have it fastened to the cord again, in the darkness, so that she could draw it up.

Home restraint was an utter failure, and we next heard of the poor girl in a country parsonage, under the care of an early friend of her mother.

But although every possible entertainment was provided for her—books, magazines, music and embroidery within doors, and saddle horse, pony and phaeton without—she grew very restless and unhappy; and one day called for her bonnet and shawl, as she was going home!

These articles had been, according to her mother's orders, kept under lock and key.

After gently entreating her in every way, but in vain, the lady said: "Wait till to-morrow, and I will go with you, Blanche."

"I don't want you," was the rude reply of the poor, half-distracted girl, as she flew to her room, and threw herself upon her bed in a flood of angry tears. She cried herself to sleep, and her friend, hoping much from the soothing effects of rest, turned the key softly in her door, and sat up all night, dozing in a chair, to attend her when she should awaken.

What was the surprise of Blanche's friends in the morning to find her bed empty, all her clothes left, and only her money and valuables gone! On her table lay a scrap of paper, upon which was written:

"I go by the midnight train. I thank you for your kindness, and beg you to forgive me. I would do right if I could. You are a good and just woman; let me ask you this question: Is it not cruel as the grave to entail a passion on a child, and then restrain her—like a criminal—for indulging it? Pity me. I have no control over myself, but am dragged down by some power too strong to resist. Ruin lies right before me. "BLANCHE."

Alas, who knows the strength of the fetters with which that unfortunate girl was bound?

We can imagine the anguish of her parents at the sorry plight in which she presented herself at the door of that proud mansion the morning after her flight.

A year after this, a lady, visiting an insane asylum in another State, met Blanche there in a luxurious room, surrounded by everything that love or money could supply. She had been admitted "as a subject of melancholy in danger of injuring herself"—oh, how true!—and was undergoing medical treatment there. She assured her visitors—to whom she was most courteous—that she was not insane, and never had been; but being the victim of a nervous disease, her friends had cruelly sent her away from home, to be taken care of by strangers. The restraint here was too strong to be broken, and with occasional attacks of hysteria and melancholy, she remained a year; when her parents took her home, with strong hope that her trouble was all over.

Again in the world, she looked about for old friends and associates. But where were her friends? Where was "society?" Who of all the butterflies—belles and beaux who fluttered around her before public scandal had darkened her fame—cared to be seen with her now? Not one of these hollow-hearted children of fashion took her by the hand to lead her away from sin; very few of them knew her when they met her in the street.

Neither she nor her parents were in either health or

spirits to gather a fresh circle around them. They had no resources within themselves, and the house soon assumed the gloom of a sepulchre. The father drowned his sorrow and disappointment in more wine; the mother was tearful and gloomy, and both were crushed by the tantalizing remarks of their faded and wretched child: "It is all your own doings; you gave me wine from my cradle, and laughed when I called for more. I wish you had killed me instead."

A few wretched months went by, and the pallid girl of twenty-five years, with threads of white among the golden curls, was missing, and these parents, weary of life, were seeking for her, and, as far as we ever knew, in vain.

Is there no danger for our girls?

Only a few years ago, the mistress of one of the finest mansions in a suburban town, after ruining herself, and breaking the heart of her husband, and scattering her fortune, was lost to her family for years; and was finally restored to them—a poor comfort—from the Boston Police Court, whither she had been taken as a vagrant and a common drunkard!

Within a year a granddaughter of one of our Presidents—once a beauty and a belle in Washington—long estranged from and finally lost by her family—died in the garret of a wretched tenement house in Sullivan street, New York.

Is there no danger for our girls, as well as for our boys?—*Mrs. Chapin.*

[The facts of the above "over true" tale have had, and are having, their counterparts everywhere—quite as much in Canada as in the States—and yet fathers and mothers, friends and acquaintances, are continually putting temptation in the way of thoughtless, excitable girls, with the same foolish, inexcusable persuasion that there is "no danger." Danger! there is more danger with the girls than even with the boys, and the wreck, when it comes, is worse because more hopeless.—ED. C. P.]

### ONE WHO TRIED TWO MASTERS.

"Do I believe in Jesus? Ay, sir, that I do, with all my soul, heart, mind and strength. I believe in Him, I love Him, and I mean to serve Him to the very best of my ability for the balance of my days."

The speaker was not a well-matured Christian, not by any means the type of a "perfect man in Christ Jesus;" on the contrary, it was only for a little while that he had begun to serve Jesus at all; and his very countenance was scarred and seamed by the sins of his former life. But he had come to a halt—had considered his ways, and "with full purpose of heart" had turned to the Lord. In this new life he was quite as much in earnest, quite as resolute and determined, as he had ever been in the way of evil.

I saw him first as he presented himself a candidate for Church membership, and when asked if he "believed in Jesus," with a look of mingled surprise at the implied doubt, and of joyful assurance that lighted up his whole face, he gave the answer quoted above.

Then, springing to his feet and facing the congregation, he added, "How can I help believing in One who has broken the fetters of sin that had bound me fast for so many years, and made a free man of me; One who had routed out the terrible, burning thirst for liquor that was consuming me, body and soul, and given me in its stead a longing for Himself, His forgiveness, His everlasting love, and His blessed service? Don't talk to me about antidotes, or pledges, or any thing of the sort. They may be well enough for some men, and I don't doubt they have done a great deal of good in the world; but mine was a desperate case. I had lost all power over myself, the Evil One led me captive at his will, and nothing but Omnipotence itself was strong enough to break the evil yoke. Worse than all, I had lost all hope of myself, and ceased to make any effort to restrain my wicked propensities. I knew I was far on my way to perdition, but I was too hardened in sin and too stultified by strong drink, to be very much troubled either by my guilt or danger, till I was struck down, as was Saul of Tarsus, and like him had my eyes opened by Almighty power. Then I fell on my knees just where I was, and cried to God to save me from myself, and help me to come to Him. I saw my sins as I had never seen them before; I felt all my unworthiness, all my weakness, all my utter inability even to come to the great, merciful Saviour. I saw waiting to help and to save me. So I cried aloud, 'O Jesus, Master, save me in spite of myself; put out the hand and snatch me from the Evil One who



holds me fast bound, and give to me, who have no power at all, the power and strength to cling only to Thee.'

"And He did it. From that hour, now nine months ago, he had held me so fast that neither my old master, Satan, my own evil nature, nor my former burning thirst for liquor, have had any power at all to separate me from my Lord and Saviour.

"And you ask me, sir, if I believe in Jesus? Do I believe in the very breath I draw? Do I believe that I am alive to-day? that I am on earth and not in hopeless perdition? that I have heaven before me, and not hell? Ay, ay, sir, you may be assured I believe in my Lord and Master, and that every throb of my heart is henceforth a hallelujah to His praise, for I stand here to-day a monument of His power to save the very worst sinner, and of His wonderful compassion for them that are farthest lost in the mazes of their own iniquities. And O, my friend, if there is here present one who, like me, has been a slave of the Evil One, I need not tell you that the devil is the hardest task-master that ever a man served. You know it to your cost, and I know it, for I served him long and faithfully. But if you want a Master who gives life and liberty, rest and peace now, and blessedness forever, come to Jesus—Jesus the sinner's only Saviour, and one who came to seek and to save just such poor, miserable, lost and needy sinners as you and I. You can't come? No, I know you can't, but He can draw you by His own almighty love, and He will if you just trust Him. Don't doubt His willingness or His power; since He saved me, surely no other need ever despair. But come, *come now*, before it be forever too late."

He wiped his streaming eyes and sat down, and there was many an older Christian present who felt that he could hardly have preached such a sermon, or borne stronger testimony for his Lord and Master. As Jesus said of the Magdalen, "To whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much."—*Chris. Treasury.*

#### LIVINGSTONE AND THE BIBLE.

Probably no human being was ever in circumstances parallel with those in which Livingstone now stood. Years had passed since he had heard from home. The sound of his mother tongue came to him only in the broken sentences of Chuma or Susi, or his other attendants, or in the echoes of his own voice, as he found it out in prayer, or in some cry of homesickness that could not be kept in. In long pain and sickness there had been neither wife, nor child, nor brother to cheer him with sympathy, or lighten his dull hut with a smile.

He had been baffled, tantalized beyond description, in his efforts to complete the little bit of exploration which was yet necessary to finish his task. His soul was vexed for the exhibitions of wickedness around him, when "man to man," instead of brothers, were worse than wolves and tigers to each other. During all his past life he had been sowing his seed weeping, but so far was he from bringing back his sheaves rejoicing, that the longer he lived the more cause there seemed for his tears. He had not yet seen of the travail of his soul. In opening Africa he seemed to open it for brutal traders, and in the only instance in which he had yet brought it to the feet of men, "beautiful upon the mountains, publishing peace," disaster had befallen, an incompetent leader had broken up the enterprise. Yet, apart from his sense of duty, there was no necessity for his remaining there. He was offering himself a free-will offering, a living sacrifice. What could have sustained his heart and kept him firm to his purpose in such a wilderness of desolation?

"I read the whole Bible through three times while I was in Manyema." So he wrote in his diary October 3rd, 1871. The Bible gathers wonderful interest from the circumstances in which it is read. In Livingstone's circumstances it was more the Bible to him than ever. All his loneliness and sorrow, the sickness of hope deferred, the yearning for home that could neither be repressed nor gratified, threw a new light on the Word.

How clearly it was intended for such as him, and how sweetly it came home to him! How faithful, too, were the pictures of human sin and sorrow! How true its testimony against man, who will not retain God in his knowledge, but, leaving Him, becomes vain in his imagination and hard in his heart, till the bloom of Eden is gone, and a waste, howling wilder-

ness spreads around. How glorious the outbeaming of divine love, drawing near to this guilty race, winning and cherishing them with every endearing act, and at last dying on the cross to redeem them! And how bright the closing scene of revelation—the new heaven and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Yes, he can appreciate *that* attribute—the curse gone, death abolished, all tears wiped from the mourner's eye! So the lonely man in his dull hut is riveted to the well-worn book, ever finding it a greater treasure as he goes along, and fain, when he has reached its last page, turn back to the beginning, and gather up more of the riches he has left upon the road.—*Rev. Wm. G. Blakie, D.D.*

#### WOMEN IN HEATHEN COUNTRIES.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Association in the Archdeaconry of Manchester—the Dean presiding—Miss Patteson, sister of the late Bishop of Melanesia, who was killed at Santa Cruz, gave an interesting address on the condition of women in heathen countries, of which she said she had made a special study. In heathen lands no freedom was given to women. A woman was not allowed to decide for herself whether she would remain single, where she would live, or where she would get her livelihood. A woman was looked upon as a piece of property, bartered and handed over from one person to another. She was not considered fit to eat with men; a man would be degraded by taking his food with a woman. Nothing had aided the advancement of women except Christianity. No women were more completely oppressed or kept back from education than the Mahometans. As the religion of the Hindoos had become more idolatrous, the position of women had lowered. Under Buddhism the women were freer than under any other form of heathenism, but they were ignorant to the last degree. In Egypt men got rid of their wives at their own pleasure, while in Africa the women had to do all the work which the men ought to do, and were treated as beasts of burden. In most heathen countries the lives of women were rated no higher than the lives of animals. The work of the Ladies' Association for the Propagation of the Gospel was being carried on with success. The efforts of the missionaries were chiefly directed to the education of the young women, and there were now between forty and fifty native women carrying on the work of the association in different parts of the world under the supervision of Europeans.

#### "I PRESS ON."

"When I read about the martyrs, I feel ashamed. How very few men and women are in dead earnest like Paul! I love to look at Paul, and never do it without thinking that perhaps it would take about a thousand Christians nowadays to make one like Paul. Did Paul compromise when he 'received those forty stripes save one?' 'Those Jews have beat you five times now, Paul. What are you going to do?' 'Do! do you think these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, move me? I'm pressing forward to the prize; those stripes don't hinder.' Then they stoned him with those cruel stones until they thought he was dead. 'Don't you think, Paul, now, that you'd better go down into Arabia awhile until this opposition has blown over?' 'No, I must press forward.' 'Yes; but it's costing you so much—that cruel scourging. Don't you think you'd better be careful? You know it makes the Jews mad to tell them about Jesus, the One they crucified. What are you going to do?' 'Do! I press forward.' Satan got his match when he got Paul. In Philippi he and Silas were cast into prison. He thought he had a call to go down there, in a strange land, and in a prison; they sang praises, and the prison doors flew open. I am afraid Mr Sankey would not sing praises, as he does now, in Paul's dungeon. He is among false brethren; we hear no complaining but stripes, and no looking back. He did not have ministers sitting on the platform behind him to back him up. There was no dependency, no gloom. He takes his pen and writes: 'Light affliction—it is but for a moment.' He takes his pen again and writes that last epistle. I love to read it: 'I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.' Talk about Cæsar or Napoleon—that little tentmaker was greater than they all, and had a crown that they never had. He is on his way to ex-

cultion—no, on his way to glory—and I hear him say: 'To-day I shall see the King in His beauty.' Nero may have the head, but you can see him in the chariot of God, sweeping through the gates into that light which no man hath seen. His blessed work is not finished yet. It lives in this Book, and will live, until, like Paul, we gaze upon Him who is the light thereof."—*D. L. Moody.*

#### WOULD NOT BREAK HIS WORD.

That saying, "To be faithful in little things is something great," is nowhere truer than in respect to keeping one's engagements. The eminent man in the following interesting anecdote kept his word for the sake of the child, yet possibly he himself received the greater benefit from an act such as builds up a character, and will long be remembered to his praise. "He that is faithful in the least is faithful in all."

The English general, Sir Walter Napier, while walking one day in the environs of a town, saw a little girl of about five years of age who was sobbing bitterly, while gazing in dismay at the remains of a broken dish lying at her feet.

"I was bringing my father his dinner," she said, "and I shall be beaten when I go home for having been so careless." But on seeing the benevolent expression of the old soldier, a ray of hope revived, and she said to him, with all the *naivete* of youth, "Can you not mend it for me?"

The general could not undertake to do that, but he said he would give her the money to buy another, and took out his purse for that purpose. Unfortunately, it happened that he had no small change, and so he promised to come back the next day, at the same hour, and give her the promised sum, and the child went away quite comforted, and trusting to his word.

On going home, the general found an invitation to dinner for the following day at Bath, to meet some friends whom he was very desirous of seeing. But as Bath was at some considerable distance from the town where he was then living, how could he avail himself of the invitation without disappointing the little girl? Under these circumstances he declined the invitation on the score of a previous engagement, thus preferring to lose the pleasure of seeing his friends to deceiving the little girl who had trusted him.—*Anon.*

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

How can a man trust in his own righteousness? It is like seeking shelter under one's own shadow. He may stoop to the very ground, and the lower he bends he still finds that his shadow is beneath him. But if a man flee to the shadow of a great rock or of a wide-spreading tree, he will find abundant shelter from the rays of the noonday sun. So human merits are unavailing, and Christ alone is able to save to the uttermost those who come unto God by Him.

THERE are lessons of patience and submission, yea, and of gratitude, which are best learned when the head is low. There is a mellowing of the man, which is the cloudy autumn weather of weakness or decline—a softening of the spirit, an enlargement of experience, a meeker waiting upon God, a weaning from the old world, and a ripening of faith; in short, the whole of that maturing process which, in believing men, constitutes the meetness for glory. If you cannot be thankful for the pain, the sickness, the restraint, be thankful for the peaceful fruits.—*Golden Links.*

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1881.

## TESTIFYING TO PRESBYTERIANISM.

A RECENT copy of the Belfast "Witness" contains reports of two ordination services. Each of them had a feature which we think might with advantage appear more frequently among ourselves on such occasions. There was in both cases a separate address, entitled "A Defence of Presbyterian Polity." We know that a large number of our ministers do not see their way clear to making "Church Government" the subject of their Sabbath pulpit exercises. Why they should have such hesitation is not very evident, if that church system is part of the "all truth" to be stated and defended. But surely even they could have no hesitation about making the Presbyterian form of Church government the subject of their discourse at those times when they are carrying it into actual operation by the ordination or induction of a Christian brother to the office of the ministry. Instead of unduly magnifying our Presbyterianism, the danger at present lies in the opposite direction, and hence a very large proportion of the youth in the Presbyterian congregations of our land could give no intelligent reason for their being what they are rather than something else. This ought not so to be. The Congregationalists generally on such occasions have a discourse on their church polity, and it is an example others might follow with advantage.

## WITHDRAWAL OF A PASTOR.

THE Rev. A. B. Simpson, for a good number of years minister of Knox Church, Hamilton, and now in New York, intimated on Sabbath, the 6th inst., that he proposed to resign his pastorate on the following day, on account of having changed his opinions on infant baptism. Mr. Simpson said, very reasonably, that he "believed a minister was bound to be the defender and expositor of all the doctrines he had promised to maintain," and that therefore, as he had ceased to be able to do this, he could not wait to be put out, but would voluntarily withdraw. He advised his people to stay where they were and work honestly for the cause of evangelical religion, "believing, as he had tried to explain, that while he, as a minister, was bound to vacate his pulpit if he could not set forth the whole body of doctrines, they were not bound to leave their pews because they dissented in a minor matter." He hoped there would be no division on the matter, and even as little discussion as possible. On the Monday following the pastoral tie between Mr. Simpson and his congregation was dissolved by the Presbytery without prejudice to his standing as a minister of Christ.

Many of his old friends in Canada will regret the course Mr. Simpson has taken, but with his convictions he could have done nothing else and continued an honest man. He knew the terms on which he became pastor of the Thirteenth Presbyterian Church, New York. He was equally aware that, though still honestly preaching Christ according to his light, he could no longer conform to these terms. All, therefore, that remained for him was to "step down and out."

## CHURCH DEBTS.

LARGE debts on both Protestant and Roman Catholic churches are far too common. It is all very well to have fine ecclesiastical buildings. It may not only be allowable, but in some cases positively dutiful to have such, even though the whole cost be not paid in one year or in five. Still, as a normal thing, a mortgage is not a pleasant ornament on a church any more than on a private dwelling; and if

it hang like a millstone about the neck of a congregation for year after year with little or no reduction, it comes to be a positive curse to all concerned. Some say that posterity ought to pay some of such debt because it reaps part of the benefit, and that it would not be fair that one generation should be burdened and another eased. But is there any real force in such a way of putting things? We think not. The next generation will have plenty work of its own, and we rather think the present one is not likely to burden itself with more than becoming expenditure on behalf of Christ's cause. If the children have the church building free, they will just be able to do more in other fields. Besides, it seems a strange and unwarrantable thing to spend large sums in paying the interest on borrowed money. In short, if a congregation can afford a fine church they can pay for it. If they can't, they ought to be satisfied with something less showy and expensive. We notice with pleasure that there is a growing disposition all through the country to pay as they go. There are, to be sure, still too many who go hopelessly into debt in order to show their zeal for the Lord. But the number of these is decreasing. We venture to say that proportionately there are more churches in the Presbyterian body in Canada now opened free of debt than at any previous point in its history. And this is the best plan, provided the people don't rest on their oars and think they have good reason to be idle after their extra effort. We don't think there are many Canadians who will hurt themselves much by giving to the Gospel. That is not the easily besetting sin either here or elsewhere. But the debt on the church building is often made a very fair excuse for doing little or nothing on behalf of missions and other extra or supposedly extra work—and this ought not so to be. We like fine churches very much, and cannot reckon either cushions or footstools as hindrances to devotion. But these cushions and other conveniences would be greatly more enjoyed if it were understood that they actually belonged to the congregation and not to the money-lender. We wonder how much interest has been paid on church debt in Toronto alone during the last ten years. It must have been very large, while it is, we fear, still going on. No doubt the congregations can easily pay all they owe. If so, let them hasten and pay it as soon as possible.

## MORRIN COLLEGE, QUEBEC.

The formal opening of the present session of Morrin College took place on the evening of the 2nd inst., in the hall of the College. The faculty, clothed in the robes of their office, and the students in cap and gown, presented a fine appearance as they entered the hall and took their seats. The venerable Principal, Dr. Cook, presided. After devotional exercises, he briefly reviewed the history of Protestant education in the ancient capital, and told of the difficulties which he and others had to contend with in trying to establish a school in which lads and young men could get a good education. The result of their labours was the establishment of the High School, which had done and is doing an excellent work. He also gave an account of the origin of Morrin College, and of the work which it had done. He stated that the present session was opened under very favourable circumstances. Dr. Mathews had been appointed professor of Systematic Theology, and the Rev. W. B. Clark professor of Church History. A gentleman in Quebec has given five hundred dollars, to be awarded to successful candidates in scholarships varying from twenty-five to one hundred dollars each; another friend in Montreal had given two hundred and fifty dollars for the same purpose. He also spoke of the character of the students, and said he had every reason to hope for excellent things from them.

Mr. Clark was then introduced, and delivered the opening lecture of his course. The subject was "The Fulness of Time," and was dealt with in an able and interesting manner. Dr. Weir read the names of the successful candidates for scholarships.

This College, although it has never received any aid from the Church, is doing a very excellent work in a quiet way. Its graduates are occupying positions of usefulness in the various professions, and the people in the eastern part of the province are beginning to appreciate its work. A brighter future is in store for it, we trust, as it was whispered that by the beginning of another session there might be one or two well-endowed chairs in connection with the College.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

**THE SOUTHERN PULPIT.** (Richmond, Va.)—The November number of the "Southern Pulpit" contains about a dozen sermons—some in full and some in outline—by eminent Southern ministers of different denominations, besides valuable suggestions on texts and a large collection of homiletical illustrations.

**TUTTI-FRUTTI. A BOOK OF CHILD SONGS** (New York: G. W. Hurlan; Toronto: N. Ure & Co.)—In this pretty volume the songs as well as the illustrations are engraved. The poetry is in a happy key— quaint as the old-fashioned letters and beautiful as the pictures. The average little boy or girl it would make a most acceptable Christmas present.

**THE ARNOLD FAMILY.** By Mary C. Miller. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: N. Ure & Co. Price \$1.25)—This is just the sort of book to place in the hands of the young. It is full of instruction of the best and most necessary kind, communicated in the attractive narrative form. For family reading and for Sabbath school libraries it will be found eminently suitable.

**HOW WAS JESUS BAPTIZED?** By M. H. Houston. (Richmond, Va.: Presbyterian Publishing Company.)—In this neat five-cent pamphlet the immersionist view is quietly but effectively refuted. The writer's diction is simple and unequivocal, his temper unruffled, his manner courteous. His opponents, whether they are convinced by his arguments or not, will scarcely find it in their hearts to be angry with him.

**THOSE DARK DAYS; OR, THE DIARIES OF TWO NETHERLAND GIRLS.** By Helen C. Chapman. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: N. Ure & Co. Price \$1.)—There have been dark days once and again in the history of most countries—days in which oppression triumphed, and truth and righteousness were trampled under foot—but at no time and in no country did darker days occur than those through which the Netherlands passed about three hundred years ago, when a peaceable and an intelligent people were crushed almost to despair under the monstrous cruelties of the Duke of Alva and other minions of Philip II. of Spain, himself but a minion of the pope. The volume now before us presents, in the interesting form of diaries supposed to be kept by two ladies, a vivid picture of the sufferings of the Netherlanders during many dismal years, and of their ultimately successful struggles for freedom under the leadership of William the Silent.

**FAITHFUL TO THE END. THE STORY OF EMILE COOK'S LIFE.** Adapted from the French by Louise Seymour Houghton. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: N. Ure & Co. Price \$1.)—This is a biography of an eminent and devoted French minister, whose labours were blessed to many in that country, and who was very active in his attendance upon the wounded throughout the Franco-Prussian war. The reader will follow this heroic evangelist with admiration, whether telling "the old, old story" to the French peasants among the heights and valleys of the Cevennes, or passing through the exciting scenes of the bombardment of Paris and the Communistic riots. Mr. Cook afterwards paid a visit to this continent. He was one of the few that were saved from among the passengers of the ill-fated "Ville du Havre," and the experience which he suffered on that occasion injured his health so much that he died shortly after reaching home. The book would make a valuable addition to the library of every Christian family.

**MERCY AND JUDGMENT: A Few Last Words on Christian Eschatology with reference to Dr. Pusey's "What is of Faith?"** By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. (Toronto: James Campbell & Son. Price \$1.50)—In this volume of 485 pages Dr. Farrar endeavours, with some success, to define his position in relation to the doctrine of the endless duration of future punishment more clearly than he had done in his former work, "Eternal Hope." A good many people will, no doubt, be surprised to find such a remarkable agreement between the opinions of the Canon of Westminster and those of the Romanizing Oxonian, on that subject, as is indicated by the following passage.

"The apparent opposition between us is purely verbal. Dr. Pusey confines the word 'hell' to the meaning 'endless punishment'; to him therefore it would be a mere contradiction in terms to say that 'hell' could never end. If he gives

this definition to be, I of course agree with him. Whatever 'hell' may be, I have said that the soul which never repents to the end will suffer to the end. But since the popular theology (to which alone I was alluding) attaches the name 'hell' to every punishment beyond the grave, it asserts the impossibility of any terminable and purifying punishment. I wish to repudiate this a settled, and so does Dr. Pusey. I want to declare my hope that there is such a thing as punishment beyond the grave—call it 'purgatory' or what you will—which will not be endless. The divergence of our expressions only conceals a substantial identity in the views which we alike hold.

"Dr. Pusey would say  
"I. I believe that some human beings pass away from this world under the doom to endless torment.

"II. But I believe also—or at any rate I admit it to be a perfectly tenable opinion—that the majority of human beings will ultimately be saved.

"III. Yet, since they die unfit for heaven, I believe that all who die un sanctified, and but imperfectly penitent, will pass hence into a state of punishment in which they will be prepared and purified for the presence of God.

"Now, as regards these three propositions, I should adopt much the same views, but express them in different words, namely—

"I. I cannot but fear, from one or two passages of Scripture, and from the general teaching of the Church, and from certain facts of human experience, that some souls may be ultimately lost;—that they will not be admitted into the Vision and the Sabbath of God.

"II. I trust that by God's mercy, and through Christ's redemption, the majority of mankind will be ultimately saved.

"III. Yet, since they die unfit for heaven—since they die in a state of imperfect grace—I believe that in some way or other, before the final judgment, God's mercy may reach them, and the benefits of Christ's atonement be extended to them beyond the grave.

"This is and always has been, *ex animo*, my belief and hope; and, as I think my whole book shewed, this was exactly what I meant when I said that eternal punishment, *i.e.*, 'punishment in the life to come,' is not necessarily endless in duration to all who incur it."

Of course Canon Farrar does not accept the Romish doctrine of purgatory, with all the "accretions" which have gathered around it; neither does Dr. Pusey; but it is extremely difficult for a person to read the foregoing extract without coming to the conclusion that both hold in its essence that which the Church of England, in her Twenty-second Article, has declared to be "a fond thing vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God." We commend the book to the close and critical attention of theologians.

**NEWFOUNDLAND TO MANITOBA.** By W. Fraser Rae. (Toronto: Hart & Co. Price \$1.35)—The explanatory clause "through Canada's Maritime, Mining and Prairie Provinces," forming an extension of the title of this book, somewhat modifies the reader's expectations and almost saves him from disappointment when, away somewhere in the middle of the volume, after a pretty minute investigation of the economic resources of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, he is compelled to accompany the author in a hop, step and jump from the Michemichi River to Duluth, avoiding all consideration of the agricultural advantages and capabilities of the intervening provinces. There appear to be such places as Quebec and Toronto, but for anything that Mr. Rae says to the contrary they may be flag stations on the Grand Trunk Railway. It seems there is a district somewhere on the line of the Northern Railway called the Vale of Aurora, "in which good grain is grown and horses and sheep of the best kinds are reared." Snipe, wild duck and fish are quite plentiful in the Holland River Marsh; there is a "lovely" prospect at Allandale; and Barrie is on Kempenfeldt Bay, just where it used to be. A word or two of saint-praise condemnation for Muskoka, a talk with a successful tavernkeeper at Collingwood, a touch at the Bruce Mines, and we have "done" the two most important provinces of the Dominion. This, however, is the only fault we have to find with the book. It is well written. The author appears to be thoroughly conversant with such subjects as mining and railways, and his views on matters of commerce and political economy evince close observation and ripe thought. His sketches of Newfoundland and the maritime provinces of Canada are interesting and instructive, and his descriptions of Manitoba and the North-West Territories as a field for emigration will no doubt do much to hasten the settlement of these vast regions. Regarding the destiny of the Dominion he says:

"The result of the settlement of the Canadian Far West will be of paramount importance in shaping the destiny of Canada. Many persons speculate as to the future of the Dominion. The theme is a tempting one, but its adequate discussion is not easy. Confederation dates from the year 1867; the Dominion, as now constituted, dates from the

accession of Prince Edward Island in 1873. The settlement of Manitoba, the construction of the Pacific Railway, the opening of steam navigation through Hudson's Bay to Europe, a combination of the greatest moment in determining the destiny of Canada, and several years must elapse before the influence of these elements is apparent. Men to whom I have the highest respect have pronounced incorporation with the United States to be Canada's inevitable fate. In such a matter as this I hold prediction to be wholly vain. It would not be hard to frame a plausible argument to the effect that the "manifest destiny" of Switzerland was to be absorbed by adjacent and more powerful countries; yet the Swiss entertain no doubt about preserving their independence, and they consider that they are fully warranted in so doing. It is clear to my mind that the future of Canada in the hands of the Canadians. Upon them rests the responsibility, and with them is the opportunity of shaping the issues which determine their destiny. A heavier responsibility or a grander opportunity never fell to the lot of a people. Should they fail in making Canada what it may become, the fault will be their own and not that of their magnificent Far West, which, in all physical advantages and potentialities, cannot easily be matched and cannot anywhere be surpassed."

KNOX COLLEGE METAPHYSICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

On Friday evening last a large and appreciative audience assembled in Convocation Hall, the occasion being the forty third public meeting of the above Society. The Rev. Principal Caven, D.D., occupied the chair. The President of the Society, Mr. J. Gibson, M.A., read the inaugural address, entitled "Pleasure in Study." Opening with the position which Pleasure should occupy in students' work, the address proceeded to point out that pleasure and vice are not identical—that pleasure is not idleness, but that the highest pleasure is secured in active work. Holding that pleasure is a valuable assistant in work, the question was asked, "How is it that study is to so many only mere drudgery?" when it was shown that while the true object in study is the development of all our faculties for a life of usefulness, many seek merely the acquisition of honour, using means to gain this end that are unwise, and involve a sacrifice as well of physical as of spiritual health. In conclusion, the address referred to the importance of this subject as it is seen in the work of the minister, whose special duty it is to instruct and cheer. To do the former, he must study; to be successful in the latter, his own life must be pleasant. The failure of many ministers was held to be due to the fact that many never study, while others never experience pleasure in it. The address closed by giving as a proper motto for a student: "Neither Study before Pleasure, nor Pleasure before Study, but 'Pleasure in Study.'" After a well-rendered reading by Mr. W. S. McTavish, entitled "Absalom," a discussion took place on the subject, "Is the introduction of an optional liturgy by our Church desirable?" Conducted on the affirmative by Messrs. D. McLaren, B.A., and J. S. Henderson, and the negative by Messrs. F. Davidson, B.A., and J. A. Hamilton, B.A. The Chairman, after summing up the arguments advanced, and drawing a clear distinction between the merits of the question and the merits of the debate, decided in favour of the affirmative.

A very pleasing feature of the entertainment was the musical selections, "Waken, Lords and Ladies gay," and "O, by rivers by whose falls," rendered by the Glee Club, under the able leadership of Mr. Collins.

The meeting was brought to a close with the benediction. R. M. CRAIG, Nov. 14th, 1881. Cor. Sec., pro tem.

THE marked improvement in nearly all branches of business, consequent on the general good harvest and fair prices of all kinds of produce, should make a canvass easy. A push all along the line for renewals and new subscriptions is sure to result in large accessions of our list in every locality.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Rev. Dr. Reid has received the following sums for schemes of the Church, etc.: "Northern Advocate," for Knox College Students' Missionary Association, \$9; for Home Mission Fund, \$39; for Foreign Mission for Rev. Dr. McKim, Formosa, \$30; for French Evangelization Fund, \$5; for Muskoka sufferers by bush fires, \$10.

THE abstraction of letters from the delivery drawers in the Toronto post-office by James Dilworth, who was the other day found guilty of such practices and sentenced to a term of five years in the penitentiary, may account for the loss of some money letters from subscribers which recently failed to reach us—in particular, one from Lower Fort Garry and one from Ingersoll.

## CHOICE LITERATURE.

## THE OATH-KEEPER OF FORANO.

A TALE OF ITALY AND HER EVANGEL.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The news of the massacre at Barletta sped over Italy, and on the evening of the second day after, Nanni Conti, wan, haggard and breathless, entered the town. He found his mother, brother, sisters and child all dead, and his wife dying.

"Be of good courage, Nanni," she said. "Work for the Lord here—meet us there!"

With her last breath she directed him to the cellar where Jacopo's seven younger children were hid. He discovered them nearly dead from hunger, thirst and terror, and conveyed them to Rome, where they found kind friends and protectors in Honor Maxwell and the Marchese and Marchesa Forano.

We saw Padre Innocenza in the fall of 1865, following Judith Forano to the New World. Having at New York received his humble wages for his services as waiter on the steamer, he at once repaired to Philadelphia, and sought out the address Dr. Polwarth had given him.

Mrs. Bruce's house was closed; the neighbours did not know where the family had gone; in fact, the servants, to whom the Padre applied for information, did not understand his broken speech, and found "I don't know" the most convenient form of reply to his queries. The poor man was at his last penny, and felt that he had failed in the mission which he had set himself. He next sought the few gentlemen to whom he had letters of introduction, and endeavoured to obtain work through their means. He was received with kindness, but exiles were numerous, demands for masters in Italian was small; the gentlemen were pressed with business and applications. Two or three pupils were obtained; the despairing stranger found sympathy and shelter among some poor countrymen of his who lived as image-makers, musicians, and small manufacturers. Food was dear, clothes were dear, the cold weather told on the Italian. By Christmas the unhappy Padre Innocenza was in great misery.

At this hour of distress he was discovered by a member of the Young Men's Christian Commission. The story of exile, of poverty, of bitter disappointment, was poured into a sympathizing ear. This friend in need found Innocenza lying in a garret, ill of pneumonia; he took him to a hospital, where he was cured; he provided him with warm clothing; he hired for him a modest but well-warmed room; when he was able to leave the hospital he obtained work for him; he took him to church, and brought a good pastor to visit him, and thus once more the Padre had a happy issue out of his troubles.

Health and comfort having returned, Innocenza began anew his search for Judith Forano; the spring of 1867 came, and still he had not discovered her. He wrote again to Dr. Polwarth, but his letter never reached its destination. In May of this year he was suddenly called upon to take charge for a few weeks of Italian classes in a fashionable school, the Italian teacher being ill. The Padre taught with much acceptance for a month. When one morning the principal of the school told him that the teacher was able to resume her labours. As Padre Innocenza had given great satisfaction in the school, the principal proposed to have the teacher listen to his method of conducting the classes that day, that they might give him as strong a recommendation as possible to another school. The Padre had been teaching some fifteen minutes when the door of the class-room opened opposite him, and a lady stepped quietly to an adjacent desk. Their eyes met, and recognition was mutual. Padre Innocenza had found Judith Forano. He gave a half exclamation, and dropped his book, partly recovered himself as he picked it up, but his voice faltered sadly as he read the next line of Paradiso. Judith trembled, until the desk on which she leaned shook; a young lady kindly handed her a glass of water, saying: "You have come back before you are able, Madame Forano." Then the class went on as before, and these two, between whom lay such an infinite wrong—Judith, whose future was in Padre Innocenza's keeping; Innocenza, to whom Judith only could afford the peace of forgiveness—sat out the slow hours, while class after class were reading, parsing, blundering, drawing, and passably succeeding, with the lessons of the day.

## CHAPTER XI.—THE RESULT OF THE OATHS.

The bell rang for the dismissal of the pupils; Innocenza rose and bowed as the girls passed in a long file before his desk. The door closed behind them. He bent his head and stood like a culprit before Judith Forano. "You robbed me of my child!" burst out Judith. "God knows, Madame Forano, I have repented with an agony of sorrow; I would buy you back that child with my life." "Your mercy comes too late," said Judith, resting her head on the desk and weeping violently.

Just here the principal of the school walked into the room and stood amazed, looking at his two teachers.

Padre Innocenza was equal to the occasion. "Madame Forano, I have met before," he said, in a subdued tone, "in days of joy, when her husband lived—in days of sorrow, when he died and left her very desolate."

Judith started to her feet; was Innocenza admitting her marriage? What had wrought this change?

The penitent priest interpreted her rising as a sign that she was about to fly from his authorized presence. He placed himself before her, saying, in Italian: "Signora Forano, behold in me a deeply sorrowful man, only anxious to repair his evil deeds. Give me your address, I pray you. I have many things to say."

Judith gave the required address and hastened away; at the sight of the destroyer of her peace, her old excitement and passion had rushed upon her; every tone of his voice occasioned a new thrill of agony. As she meditated in private on her varied fortunes, her feelings softened; she beheld the guiding hand of God bringing good for her out of evil, and ever delivering her in her hour of extremity; the storm of passion died away, patience and forgiving charity succeeded, and with these better feelings she met Padre Innocenza when he came to visit her.

The ex-priest told her frankly how he had robbed her of her child, and how Gulio Ravi had been his agent in taking the child to the Innocenti.

"I saw Gulio Ravi as I left Italy," said Judith, "and he told me my child lived. My father wrote to the British Consul, and Gulio told him the child was dead and buried in a convent."

"The poor fellow said so because I had said so, and he feared to contradict me; I, unhappy that I am, had used my priestly office to bind the ignorant youth by a horrible oath."

Innocenza soon convinced Judith that the one ardent wish of his heart was to restore her child to her; not only was the continued misery wrought for her by his crime a daily burden on his heart, but he desired to get back the heir of the Foranos, lest the Romish Church should receive the estate.

"I cannot find this child," said Innocenza; "I have sought for months. But I have clung to the thought that you, his mother, if you knew that he lived, and were once more in Italy, could by some quick woman's thought, or mighty instinct, discover him."

"If you were in Italy searching, if Gulio Ravi and the Foranos aided, if I were there, if we advertised and offered rewards, we might succeed," said Judith, nervously.

"But I have always feared to do anything of the kind, lest some child be thus upon me which was not the true heir. I have only the age, date, and that one mark by which I could even hope to identify the right child. Oh, how a man's sins rise up and pursue him as avengers of blood! How easy is it in an hour to do that which we forever after vainly strive and weep to undo."

To Judith and the Padre but one plan of action seemed open—they were to return to Italy and seek for the lost child. They were both nearly equally without means, but Padre Innocenza declared himself ready to return, as he had come from England, in the capacity of waiter. He would go to England, thence to Italy, on any ship which would accept his services in lieu of passage money. Arrived at some Mediterranean port of Italy, he would walk to any place where Judith would meet him, and together they would go to Villa Forano.

Mrs. Bruce had by this time returned from spending a long time in Florida with an invalid sister. When Judith told her of Innocenza's visit and story, Mrs. Bruce declared that Madame Forano should not go to Italy alone, but that she would accompany her, and they would begin their search by finding Miss Maxwell, who could introduce them to the Marchesa Forano.

The truth was, Mrs. Bruce doubted Padre Innocenza's sincerity, and did not intend to trust him until she heard of his conversion from other lips than his own.

The Padre humbly accepted suspicion as part of the penalty of past misdoing. His plan of crossing the sea, as a ship's servant did not need to be carried out; his friend of the Christian Commission obtained him an engagement with a wealthy family about to visit Europe, to whose sons he could act as tutor in French, Latin and Italian. With this family he would proceed to Florence, and there join Mrs. Bruce and Judith when they summoned him.

In the latter part of September, 1867, three visitors knocked at the gate of the Palazzo Borgosio. They were Mrs. Bruce, Judith Forano and Padre Innocenza.

The porter was, however, the only present inhabitant of the Palazzo; he informed the strangers that Signore Francini's family were yet at the Villa Anteta.

"That lies next to Villa Forano," said Mrs. Bruce. "Courage, then, we will set out for Villa Anteta early in the morning."

Padre Innocenza was so busy engaging a carriage, and impressing on the driver the necessity of punctuality, that he had no time to call that evening on Dr. Polwarth. He felt also as if he could see no one, could do nothing until he had made his confession of wrongdoing to the Marchese. Now that Padre Innocenza, after so long struggles, had begun to unravel the web of his past transgressions, he desired to make thorough and speedy work of it.

Dawn found our eager travellers ready for a start, much more ready than the driver whom they had engaged; and when Innocenza succeeded in bringing him to the hotel door, he appeared with a truly deplorable pair of horses, vowing them to be the most magnificent span in all Italy. Behind these horses the carriage containing eager hearts, whose excited wishes outran the wind, was slowly dragged out of the Porta Mare. Such a day's travel Mrs. Bruce had never experienced; the driver found it needful to delay at every *albergo* for refreshments; the horses merely crawled along the road, and stopped continually to rest. Thus the sun was near its setting when they climbed the last hill, upon the brow of which lay the vineyards of Forano and the rose gardens of Anteta.

The impatience of Judith had now passed all limit; she could not endure the slow motion of the carriage, and sprang from it to walk up the hill. Padre Innocenza shared these feelings of unrest, and moreover desired to relieve the horses of as much of their burden as possible; he therefore alighted and walked slowly behind Judith.

The ascent was steep, the day had been fatiguing; the setting sun shone hoily across the brow of the hill, where Judith would rejoin Mrs. Bruce; the green gate of a vineyard stood open, within were delicious shades cast by the trees and vines which overhung the entrance. Judith stepped within to escape the heat, and Padre Innocenza followed her example, and stood looking over her shoulder.

As they waited thus, a vine-dresser with a hook in his hand came from the shadows on the left, and turned his bright, handsome, untresty face toward the gate.

As his eyes met those of the two trespassers their gay light faded, and a sudden pallor overspread his countenance; his lips echoed the cry which Judith Forano gave, as she sprang toward him screaming, "Gulio! Gulio Ravi! what has become of my child?"

"It is dead," mumbled Gulio's white lips, as he looked in dread at Innocenza, who had closely followed Judith.

"How do you know he is dead? When did he die?" demanded Judith.

"The Padre knows everything," said C., waving his hand.

"Answer me," said Innocenza, sternly. "Have you seen or heard of that child since you took it to the Innocenti?"

"No," faltered Gulio, trembling greatly.

"You took my child, my tiny babe, to the Innocenti, Gulio-Ravi, you wicked, false wretch!" cried Judith in a fury. "Oh, what a villain you are! Did I not take you beside my Nicole's dead body, and make you take his hand, and sweat a solemn oath that you would protect our child to the last drop of your blood; that you would do all that you could do, to see that the child was honoured and cared for and established as a Forano should be; that if I died, you would protect him? And then—then—you robbed me of my babe; you sent the last Forano to a foundling asylum—oh, you treacherous villain!"

Now, as Judith had begun to speak, the Marchese Forano, walking among his vines, had heard a raised, excited voice, and coming forward, saw a very handsome, very angry woman, upbraiding Gulio Ravi, who looked the picture of terror, while behind the two stood a man in half clerical garb. The Marchese drew near, and stood unnoticed by the excited group. Thus, leaning between two vine props, and trembling as he heard Judith's words, was the Marchese, a fourth in this party. As Gulio, pale and bowed, did not reply to Judith's storm of speech, she continued: "Answer me! Is that the way you keep a solemn oath?" "Hear me, hear me," explained Gulio: "I had also made an oath to my priest—to Padre Innocenza—Padre, you remember?" "Dare you, I wish I could blot out the remembrance; I did bind you with a fearful oath, Gulio. Your sin is on my most unhappy head. You kept your oath—the child is lost! Oh, if I could undo the past, break that oath, restore that child." Then the Padre unconsciously returned in his pain to the fashion of old times, beating his breast and crying, "My fault, my fault, my most grievous fault!"

But at the priest's cry a change passed over Gulio. Colour came to his face, light to his eyes, he straightened himself, he cried out, "Padre Innocenza, do you regret that oath? do you desire to have it broken? do you seek to find the lost child of Forano?"

"Do I not?" cried Innocenza; "have I not? did I not come to you seeking the child long ago?"

"No, *illustrissimo*, asking your pardon, you came to know if I had kept the oath. You never hinted that you wished it broken."

"Too late, too late," moaned Innocenza. "I would buy back the boy with my life, but my day of grace is past!"

At these words Gulio Ravi clapped his hands above his head, and executed three prodigious leaps in the air. Then he demanded with a shout: "Do you give me back my oath?"

"Too late, too late; fool that I was to ask it; fool that you were to take it?"

Judith stood sobbing.

"Do you give me back my oath? Yes or no, give it back!" yelled Gulio, leaping as in a frenzy.

"Give it back! a thousand times, yes; but what good?"

"*Illustrissimo!*" said the facile Gulio, becoming eloquent, dignified, virtuous, beneficent, all in an instant; "hear me; hear Gulio Ravi, who should be prime counsellor to Vittorio Emmanuele, that the prosperity of Italy might be finally secured. Hear the man who never breaks an oath; hear the man who can keep at once two contrary oaths. Signora Forano, I vowed to protect and honour your child; I have kept my oath. The word of Gulio Ravi is steel that cannot be broken. Padre, you made me vow that I would carry off that child; that his mother and the Foranos should hear of him no more; that he should never know his parentage. You bade me secure this by taking him to the Innocenti; the oath covered the concealing, but it did not include the Innocenti; the Innocenti was a precept to me. Padre, like a Christian, I kept the oath, but I did not keep the precept. I kept my word also to the Signora. Hear the word of Gulio Ravi. I reasoned that all a young babe can appreciate, be he king or peasant, is enough food, play, clothes and sleep. As soon as I left the old Monna at Firenze, I took the babe out of the city by another train to an old aunt of mine, who lived among the Chestnut Hills alone, and was deaf and dumb. She was a clean, kind creature, and I gave the child to her with some of the Signora's money. I trust Gulio Ravi is not a thief! Among the hills the boy lived five years, with my aunt, and grew so well in size and beauty, that he looked like one of the old gods playing in the woods."

Now through the rain of Judith's tears broke the splendid light of hope.

"After five years I remembered my two oaths, and I said the boy must now be put amidst money, friends, luxury, as becomes his family; also the boy must yet be lost to his relatives and his name. I bought him a gay suit, and in Carnival time I took him with all secrecy, and left him in the house of some rich and liberal foreigners."

"My child is lost," shrieked Judith.

"Hear Gulio Ravi," cried the orator of the occasion. "These foreigners live in Italy. They received the boy as their son. I had heard of them from a friend of mine who lived in their service. I chose them for their character, and because if I were caught spying in their house, I might cover it as a Carnival visit to my friend, the young woman. The boy has then had all the consideration and comfort which I swore to you, Signora. The boy has been hidden as I swore to you, *illustrissimo*, and if you had not given me



back my oath, the secret should have found its grave in the heart of Gulio, the Oath-Keeper!"

While all this had been passing, Mrs. Bruce, wondering what had become of her companions, had got as far as the Pavilion of the Shrine, where she spied Honor and Michael. Hastily embracing her friend, Mrs. Bruce declared her anxiety because Judith had disappeared with the priest.

"They must have gone into the vineyard," said Michael, "that is the only gateway near here. I will fly and look for them."

Flushed with eagerness, he bounded along the road, darted into the open gate of the vineyard, and came within sight of the group there just as Judith demanded of the perfidious "Oath-Keeper,"

"Where, where is my son?"

"Here, here!" bellowed Gulio, leaping into the air, and then pouncing upon Michael and dragging him forward; "Signora, embrace your son! Padre, the boy is found! His eye caught that of the Marchese, until now unseen behind the others. "Marchese, receive the heir of Forano!" he shouted, inexpressibly glad that now the worst was over, and that he had not to confess hereafter to the Marchese personally.

"My son?" said Judith, taking the boy's hand in doubt. She remembered a fair little infant; and here was a rollicking brunette boy of nearly thirteen!

"My heir?" said the Marchese; "this is Miss Maxwell's adopted son."

"And with Miss Maxwell I left him, because of Assunta, through whom I had heard that she was rich and gracious," said Gulio.

"Stop!" cried the Padre. "If this is the true child, he has a mole on his arm, inside the elbow joint;" and he hastily stripped the lad's arm.

"Behold the mole!" cried Gulio, as if it were something which he himself had arranged for the present crisis.

"My Nicole had such a mark," said Judith, clasping the boy to her bosom and kissing him passionately.

"It is a true Forano mark," said the Marchese, striving to share possession of the lad. "My old age is not childless!"

"Here is the true boy," said Gulio. "I, Gulio Ravi, swear it—I, who have seen him every year of his life; I, Gulio, the Oath-Keeper!"

Gulio had been hastily considering whether he should appear as a penitent for his lies, or carry it bravely as the master of ceremonies on this auspicious occasion. He quickly chose the latter role, and prepared to conduct himself as a hero of virtue and a benefactor. He therefore darted to the house for the Marchesa, and very nearly threw the good lady into a fit by suddenly announcing to her that Ser. Nicole's boy had been found by him, Gulio Ravi! and that the boy, his mother, and his former enemy, Padre Innocenza, were now in the vineyard.

He next ran toward the Villa Anteta, but on his way found Mrs. Bruce and Honor Maxwell in great perplexity at the loss of Judith, and to them he cried out to come to Madame Forano, who had obtained from her faithful old servant her son, safe and sound; while both mother and child were receiving the blessings of the Marchese. As the ladies hurried with him to the vineyard, he stunned Honor by casually remarking that the lost and found son was no other than her own boy, Michael!

The sun has set behind the vineyards of Villa Forano, but all the estate seems glowing with the light of joy that floods the hearts of its owners. The mother has received her long-lost child. Padre Innocenza finds the great wrong remedied; Forano has an heir, and the benign old Marchese and Marchesa rejoice over Michael and his mother. Even Gulio's offences are overlooked, and, although they have caused so much bitter sorrow, it is all obliterated by the present happiness. Gulio himself fully resolves to walk uprightly and eschew guile; for he sees that if he had spoken truth but once any time during the last seven years, all these troubles might have been ended long ago.

Padre Innocenza went back to Santa Maggiore of the hills without delay, and was so enthusiastically welcomed by his former people that he could not again leave them: the people claimed the church and would have it—and the result was that Padre Innocenza remained among them, preaching the gospel, he being more than beloved by his flock.

Judith made her home at Villa Forano, with her son. The joy of seeing the long-distressed widow happy, softened to Honor the grief occasioned by the loss of her boy; besides, she could see him often; and perhaps the fact that she was about to be married to a famous sculptor, who would set up his studio in the Palazzo Borgosora, along with Uncle Francini, had something to do with her resignation.

In 1870 Judith Forano's brother in India died; and as he had always resented the manner in which Samuel Lyons had treated their unprotected sister, he left her his whole property, which, wisely applied, was quite sufficient to restore the falling fortunes of Forano.

The Marchese built a little evangelical chapel beside the Pavilion, and employed Uncle Francini to paint on the Virgin's picture at the shrine, and put in its place a picture of the Italian Liberties, wherein the face of Italia was a portrait of Honor Maxwell.

In 1870 the world was wide-awake; the gates of the city of Rome shut, and the troops of Vittorio Emmanuele were sweeping across the Campagna, to conquer for the land its rightful capital. This is the cause of religious liberty, of political freedom, of education, of great future good for Italy, so long unhappy. In this army march Joseph, Forano, Marchese, the sons of the martyr Jacopo. Nanni Conti hears where his nephews have gone, and he lays by his pack of books, shoulders a musket and marches over the hills to join the army, and stand by these boys, and with them to do his part for Italy.

The army lies before the city, little harmed by the fire from the papal garrison, whose guns do not share the infallibility of *il papa*.

And here in the rear of the army, in a little cart laden with delicacies for the sick, whom do we see but those two indomitable refugees from the Tuscan Hills, the hoary patriarch and his wife, Monna Marie! As he said, the patriarch shall preach the Gospel in Rome.

The Italian army entered the capital in triumph. With them entered a Free Gospel and free education. The reign of the Evangel had fairly begun in Italy.

The wounded of both parties were gathered into hospitals, and there the kind hearts and tender hands of the Evangelicals went to minister and to pray.

So went Joseph, son of Jacopo.

It was evening; the lamp-light fell dimly on a bed where lay a wounded priest. Joseph stood looking sadly at him. "He is not dangerously wounded," said a surgeon passing by. The words awoke the injured man from his uneasy slumber; he looked at Joseph, dashed his hands across his eyes; looked again, with an awful horror rising in his face; bounded up, with a shriek, and fell back; he had ruptured an artery dangerously near his wound, and the life-blood poured forth.

Joseph sprang up to help him. "Save me!" cried the priest in his dying agony; "save me from that spectre; it is Jacopo, whom we burned at Barletta!"

Joseph staggered back; his singular likeness to his father had sealed the death-warrant of Padre Trentadue.

THE END.

MARTHA.

Yes, Lord!—Yet some must serve!  
Not all with tranquil heart,  
Even at Thy dead feet,  
Wrapped in devotion sweet,  
May sit apart!

Yes, Lord!—Yet some must bear  
The burden of the day,  
Its labour and its heat,  
While others at Thy feet  
May muse and pray!

Yes, Lord!—Yet some must do  
Life's daily task-work; some  
Who fan would sing must toil  
Amid earth's dust and soil,  
While lips are dumb!

Yes, Lord!—Yet man must earn,  
And woman bake, the bread;  
And some must watch and wake  
Early, for others' sake,  
Who pray instead.

Yes, Lord!—Yet even Thou  
Hast need of earthly care.  
I bring the bread and wine  
To Thee, a guest divine—  
By this my prayer!

KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.

You have trouble, your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but when coals are scattered, you can't pick them up. Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is underground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it to somebody's eye. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are cured without a scar; but once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient; and when a sorrow is healed and passed, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it till it was over."—*Christian Register.*

HOW TO KILL THE BLUES.

Generally speaking, if you are troubled with "the blues," and cannot tell why, you may be certain that it springs from physical weakness. Instead of lying on a sofa and courting painful ideas, if you are a desponding lover, a hypochondriac or a valetudinarian, you should be up and stirring yourself. The blood of a melancholy man is thick and slow, creeping sluggishly through his veins, like muddy waters in a canal; the blood of your merry, chirping philosopher is clear and quick, brisk as a newly broached champagne. Try, therefore, to set your blood in motion. To effect this, don't go to guzzling down brandy-smashes, gin-cocktails, or any of the other juggling compounds in which alcohol is disguised; for every artificial stimulant will drag you down two degrees for every one it lifts you up. The devil always beats us at barter. Try, rather, what a smart walk will do for you; set your pegs in motion on rough, rocky ground, or hurry them up a steep, cragged hill; build a stone wall; swing an axe over a pile of hickory or rock-maple; turn a grindstone; dig ditches; practise "ground and lofty tumbling;" pour water into sieves with the Danaides, or with Sisyphus "up the high hill heave a huge round stone;" in short, do anything that will start the perspiration, and you will soon cease to have your brains lined with black, as Burton expresses it, or to rise in the morning, as Cowper did, "like an infernal frog out of Acheron, crowned with the ooze and mud of melancholy."—*Literary Style.*

THIS man who revenges every wrong that is done him has no time for anything else. If you make your life a success, you can afford to let the dogs bark as you go by.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

OUR of the seven hundred policemen of Birmingham, England, nearly three hundred are total abstainers.

IT is said that in a single week in October ult., England lost no less than \$80,000,000 through the wreck of vessels at sea.

REV. HENRY WARD BECHER has resigned his connection with the "Christian Union." Dr. Abbott is now sole editor.

THE first complete railway train, carrying 100 passengers, passed through the St. Gothard tunnel on Tuesday, 1st inst., in fifty minutes.

LONDON has a population of 4,500,000, and yet only 200,000 are church-goers, and not more than 600,000 are regular communicants.

MR. RICHARD WATSON GILDER will succeed the late Dr. Holland in the editorial control of the "Century Magazine," the successor of "Scribner's Monthly."

FROM \$250,000 to \$300,000 are still needed to tide over the Michigan sufferers to next harvest. This information comes from the Port Huron Committee.

COCONUT-GROWING is becoming an important industry in Florida. Several different persons have plantations of thousands of trees, and more are in prospect.

EACH successive President of the English Wesleyan Conference has, during his year of office, the pocket Bible used by John Wesley when engaged in field-preaching.

EVEN Zululand has been brought within the sweep of the temperance movement. Gospel temperance meetings are held there, under the patronage of King Cetewayo, by an Episcopal missionary.

THE Garfield Fund subscription has been closed, the amount reached being the large sum of \$370,345.74. A very large proportion of this amount has been contributed by citizens of New York.

THE original sum of £500,000 given by George Peabody in 1862 as a fund for improved houses for the poor of London, has accumulated till now it amounts to £720,000, an increase of \$1,100,000.

SOME time ago a commission was appointed in Russia to consider the best means of diminishing drunkenness. The commission has reported in favour of a great reduction in the number of liquor dealers.

SIR EDWARD BAINES, when presiding at the banquet recently given at Leeds, England, to Mr. Gladstone, in proposing the toast of the evening, drank to the health of Mr. Gladstone in a glass of water.

LONDON will before long lose two of its prominent and historical landmarks—Newgate, which for over two hundred years has been used for the city prison, and Billingsgate fish market, which is to be removed.

AN Educational Commission is to meet at Calcutta next winter to consider, among other things, the question of the education of the masses in India, and the encouragement of higher education by private enterprise.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S reign equalled that of Queen Elizabeth on October 27th, being forty-four years and 127 days. Her reign now has only been exceeded in length by those of Henry III., Edward III., and George III.

EARL CAIRNS, the ex-Chancellor of England, has been holding religious meetings in the hall and on the lawn of the Dunira House, Perthshire, where he has been visiting, and has stirred up a great deal of interest.

IT is reported by the Religious Tract Society of London that more copies of the Scriptures have been purchased by the Spaniards during the past twelve years, in proportion to population, than by the French or Italians.

SOME of Boston's philanthropists, among whom may be mentioned James Freeman Clarke, Bishop Paddock, Phillips Brooks and Edward Everett Hale, are going to establish a coffee-house that will outshine any grog shop in Boston.

THE committee are calling for prompt increase of the subscriptions in aid of the Michigan sufferers by fire. Only about \$465,000 has been raised, and all are agreed that this is not half enough for the helpless 15,000 burned-out people.

REV. MR. DE FOREST, missionary of the American Board at Osaka, Japan, in speaking of the religious awakening in that country, says: "No other topic now will draw the multitudes together in Japan like discussions on Christianity."

THE famous forest of cedars of Lebanon has been so reduced by the vandalism of travellers, that there are now only 400 trees left. The Governor-General has issued an order forbidding tents or places of shelter to be erected within the district, also prohibiting the lighting of fires or the breaking of twigs from the trees.

QUEEN VICTORIA has conferred the "Albert Medal of the Second Class" on William Henry Burt for having, on the afternoon of the 15th July last, when a fire broke out on the premises of an Italian warehouseman, volunteered to enter the burning premises and remove a case containing ten or twelve pounds of gunpowder.

THE Scottish National Sabbath School Convention was held in Dunfermline recently. In the course of a discussion regarding attention shewn to strangers in church, it was stated that in one Glasgow church there was a "hand-shaking committee," whose duty it was to watch for and welcome strangers, and to invite them back when leaving.

THE "Christian World" recently drew attention to the fees levied by the clergy of the Church of England in connection with interments in Brompton Cemetery. A correspondent of the "Daily News" has since stated that the Vicar of Croydon levies a fee of £1 1s. for every headstone erected in the consecrated part of the cemetery. It is believed that the Vicar now derives from the cemetery an income of from £2,000 to £3,000 a year. Consecration, it appears, enhances the cost of interment, and the erection of headstones, iron rails, etc., by from 50 to 100 per cent.

## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

A NEW Presbyterian manse is in course of erection at Bolton.

THE Rev. David Mitchell has been elected president of the Belleville Ministerial Association, recently organized.

IT is expected that the new Central Presbyterian Church, Galt, will be ready for occupation by the 1st of January, 1882.

THERE is a movement in the direction of establishing a home mission in connection with the Central Presbyterian Church, Toronto.

REV. MR. THOMPSON, of Sarnia, is at present in Winnipeg, having been invited to supply the vacant pulpit of Knox Church there for three Sabbaths.

THE new Presbyterian Church at Wingham is now completely covered in. It is a very handsome specimen of the modern Gothic style of architecture.

A SOCIAL held on the evening of the 10th inst., by the Sabbath school teachers of Cooke's Church, Toronto, in the lecture room of the church, was largely attended.

SPECIAL evangelistic services are in progress in the Presbyterian Church at Cneltenham, in which the Rev. J. M. Cameron, of this city, and others have been taking part.

THE members of the Young People's Christian Association in connection with Chalmers Church, Keady, recently presented their pastor, the Rev. Hugh Currie, with a very valuable buffalo robe.

AT the meeting of the Presbytery of Pictou, N.S., at New Glasgow, on the 1st inst., the congregation of Sherbrooke applied for moderation in a call, and the Rev. Mr. Thompson was appointed to preach in the church there and moderate in the call on the 14th inst.

THE ladies of St. Andrew's congregation, Williams-town, realized \$530 from refreshment tables during the two days of the Glengarry County fair. The same congregation gave \$35, being one half the collection on Thanksgiving day, towards the relief of the sufferers by the Michigan fires.

THE first social of a series to be given during the winter by the Bible-class of the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, was held in the lecture-room of the church on the evening of Monday, the 7th inst. The attendance was large, and the entertainment of a very pleasing character.

LAST Sabbath evening the Rev. J. James, D.D., of Knox Church, Hamilton, delivered the first of a series of discourses, to be continued during the winter, on the fulfilment of prophecy as exemplified principally in the history of dynasties, nations, capital cities, etc., and particularly in the advent of the Messiah.

A VERY pleasant social was recently held in the new manse of River Street church, Paris, to celebrate its occupation by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Billentine, and his family. A sum amounting to nearly \$200 was realized. The manse is a handsome structure, roomy and well arranged inside, and beautifully situated.

ON Tuesday evening, 8th inst., a successful concert was held at Uxbridge, under the auspices of the Society of Willing Workers of the Presbyterian church there. A very attractive programme of choruses, glee, duets, solos, etc., was admirably carried out by the members of the Knox College Glee Club, with Professor Collins as pianist.

THE congregation of Knox Church, Mitchell, held a meeting on the 7th inst., and unanimously resolved to extend a call to the Rev. A. F. Tully, of Sherbrooke, Que., offering a salary of \$1,000 and a free manse. The call was signed by sixty members and several adherents on the same day, and it is likely to be very largely signed before being presented to the Presbytery.

THE Rev. G. Burnfield, of Brockville, has been made the first recipient of the degree of B.D. from the Montreal Presbyterian College. Mr. Burnfield sailed by the Parisian last week, on his six months' visit to Egypt, Palestine and the Moabite country. At a farewell meeting held at Brockville on the eve of his departure he was presented with \$300 in gold. In Mr. Burnfield's absence, probationers and others are requested to communicate with the Rev. W. J. Dey, Spencerville, in connection with Home Mission work in the Presbytery of Brockville.

ON the evening of the 10th inst. the members and friends of the Presbyterian church at Napier presented Mrs. J. G. Sutherland with a costly and beautiful set of silverware, together with an address expressive of their long-cherished respect and esteem for her, and their appreciation of her warm and unchanging interest in the cause of religion, and her self-denying and unwearied efforts for the success of everything pertaining to the congregation, and particularly her generosity in entertaining, free of charge, all the probationers who had supplied the pulpit during a long vacancy. To this address Mrs. Sutherland made a suitable reply, thanking her friends very kindly in a few well-chosen remarks.

THE Athelstan Presbyterian church, which was built a little over three years ago, is now virtually out of debt. The original cost of the building was \$8,000. After the first subscriptions were paid in, a debt of about \$3,000 still remained, which was reduced one-half by the praiseworthy efforts of the ladies of the congregation. As this year has been a prosperous one for the farmers of the district, the pastor of the congregation (the Rev. J. J. Casey) urged the managers to go around with a new subscription list. They did so, and the result is that nearly \$1,600 were subscribed, most of which will be paid in before the close of the year. Before another twelve months will have passed away, it is to be hoped that this church—one of the finest country churches in the Presbytery of Montreal—can be declared not only nominally but really free of debt.—COM.

THE new Presbyterian church, Mandaumin, was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God on Sabbath, November 6th, when three sermons were preached—that in the morning by Rev. J. Thompson of Sarnia, afternoon by Rev. G. G. McRobbie of Ridgetown, evening by Rev. G. Cuthbertson of Wyoming. On the Monday a tea and public meeting was held, when spirit-stirring addresses were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Orme, Methodist, Rev. Messrs. McRobbie and Cuthbertson, Presbyterians, and Mr. John Bird, of Mandaumin. The meeting was enlivened by the sweet singing of the Morrison family of Sarnia, who kindly gave their services for the occasion. The proceedings of this truly pleasant evening were brought to a close with prayer by Rev. Mr. Huff, Baptist. Sabbath collections, \$132 98; profits of tea meeting, \$146; given and promised during the evening meeting, \$153. Cost of building about \$3,300, towards which \$3,000 has been paid or promised.—COM.

AT the meeting of the Presbytery of St. John, N.B., on the 8th inst., Mr. Murray's demission of that part of his charge consisting of the congregations at Shediac and Scotch Settlement was laid over until these congregations should be heard from. A report on the condition of the Church within the limits of the Presbytery was submitted by Mr. Hogg. The Home Mission report was then considered, after which the Clerk read a letter from Dr. Bennet tendering his resignation of the pastorate of St. John's Church, St. John. Definite action on this resignation was postponed until next meeting, a Presbyterial visitation of the congregation to take place in the interim. Mr. McCullagh's resignation of the pastoral charge of the congregation at St. Andrews, on account of ill-health, was accepted, to take effect on 1st December, a committee to confer with the congregation, and Mr. McCullagh's case to be brought before the Infirm Ministers' Society. A Presbyterial visitation of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, was appointed to be held on the second Monday in January. Steps were taken towards the formation of a Ladies' Missionary Society, some routine business was transacted, and the Presbytery adjourned.

THE Rev. Donald McCannell, appointed missionary to Manitoba, was ordained in St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on the evening of the 10th inst. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Moderator *pro tem*. The members of the Presbytery present were: Principal Grant, Prof. Mowat, Dr. Williamson, LL.D., and Messrs. A. Young, Napanee; T. S. Chambers, Sunbury (Clerk of the Presbytery); F. MacCuaig, D. Kellock, Mill Haven; J. Cumberland, Amherst Island. The divine blessing was invoked by the Moderator, after which the 100th Psalm was sung. An earnest prayer was then offered by Professor Mowat. The sermon was preached by the Rev. A. Young, of Napanee. He took the 20th and 21st verses of the 1st chapter of Philippians: "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life

or by death. For to me to live is Christ." The usual questions having been put by the Moderator and satisfactorily answered, Principal Grant addressed the new missionary on his duty. He was to look after the souls of his charge from the time they first enter the world till their death. Of course he would have many difficulties to contend with, but he must stand and endure the test. There was an especial responsibility about the charge over which he was about to assume the spiritual control. It was not alone a congregation, but a large field out of which he was to form the nucleus of many Presbyteries. He could go to his field of labour with the confidence that Christ would go with him, and would give him His richest blessing. Rev. J. Cumberland, M.A., Amherst Island, made a few brief remarks on "Mission work," after which the proceedings terminated. The Rev. Donald McCannell was educated in Queen's College, and passed a most creditable examination for licensure. During his whole course of seven years he was never known to miss a class, being present always when required. He has been called by the Home Missions Committee of the Church to go as a missionary to the most important charge of "Big Plains," Manitoba. Mr. McCannell has been very successful in any other work that he undertook, having at one time been assistant to the Rev. Donald Ross, Glengarry.

PRESBYTERY OF QUEBEC.—This court met in Morrin College, Quebec, on the 2nd inst. Mr. McDonald, of Scottstown, was appointed to co-operate with the Assembly's agent in securing contributions towards the fund for the Colleges. A call from the congregation of Lake Megantic, in favour of the Rev. W. Ross, lately of Lochiel, was presented. The call was signed by forty-eight members and one hundred and ninety-four adherents, and was accompanied with a guarantee for stipend to the extent of five hundred and fifty dollars, with manse and glebe. Mr. McMaster appeared in support of the call, and took upon himself the responsibility of guaranteeing an additional \$50 from the people, so that the salary would be six hundred dollars per annum. The call was sustained, and Mr. Ross being present it was placed in his hand. He declared his acceptance of it, and his induction was appointed to take place on the 16th inst. at eleven a.m. A committee was appointed to visit the congregation and Mission field of Lingwick, with the view of uniting them as one charge. Dr. Mathews reported that he had visited the mission at Kennebec Road, and had administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there. He also stated that the people were building a new church and a manse, and that the services of a suitable missionary had been secured for the winter. Mr. Jos. Allard, graduate of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, after a satisfactory examination, was licensed to preach the Gospel. The following members were appointed as the Presbytery's Committee on French Evangelization: Dr. Cook, Dr. Weir, Dr. Mathews and Mr. Amaron—Mr. Amaron Convener. Arrangements were made for holding missionary meetings throughout the Presbytery. For this purpose the Presbytery was divided into two sections, and a convener appointed for each group of congregations. It was agreed to hold the next meeting in St. Andrew's church, Sherbrooke, on the second Wednesday of February, at eight o'clock p.m. Mr. McDonald was requested to prepare a paper on "The Government of the Presbyterian Church," to be read at the evening conference.—F. M. DEWEY, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF HURON.—This Presbytery met at Willis Church, Clinton, on the 8th inst. Rev. Thos. E. Thomson was appointed Moderator till next meeting. The financial and statistical returns from congregations for the year were then read over and examined. Knox church, Goderich, London, and Exeter were found to be in arrears of stipend. Parties were appointed to attend to these arrears and have them removed. Rev. Mr. McDonald was appointed to attend to the Foreign Mission Scheme; Mr. Stewart, Home Mission; Mr. Thomson, Colleges; Mr. Musgrave, Stipend; Mr. McCoy, French Evangelization, Assembly, Aged and Infirm Ministers' and Widows' and Orphans' Funds. These to form a committee and report on the various schemes at next meeting.—Mr. McDonald, Convener. Rev. Mr. Fletcher reported having moderated a call from Caven Church, Exeter, which was in favour of Mr. Thomson, of Brucefield, the congregation offering \$750 and pro-

viding a manse, with the addition of a \$50 grant from Home Mission Fund. The call was supported by Mr. Fletcher, and Adam Whiteford and George Kilpatrick. On motion of Mr. Musgrave the call was sustained as a regular Gospel call. At this stage Mr. Thomson intimated that he had been carefully considering the call, and having taken the most favourable view of it he could not see his way clear to entertain the call. On motion of Mr. McDouald the Presbytery then agreed to proceed no further, and expressed their sympathy with the Exeter people. Mr. Fletcher asked liberty to moderate in a call to Exeter before next meeting if the people were prepared, which was granted. A discussion followed on the working and distribution of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, and a committee consisting of Revs. P. Musgrave and J. McCoy, and Samuel Carnochan and D. D. Wilson was appointed to consider the question and report at next meeting—Mr. Musgrave, Convener. Mr. Stewart reported that owing to the resignation of Mr. Glendenning the committee to visit the French Mission had not done so. The committee was re-appointed with the addition of Mr. Thomson, they to visit the whole field and report as to the desirability of uniting Grand Bend with the French Mission. The Home Mission Committee had refused the grant to Goderich Gaelic Mission, but continued the grant to Bayfield and Bethany, allowed \$50 to Exeter and \$2 per Sabbath to Grand Bend during the vacancy. Mr. Thomson reported on behalf of the Financial Committee, on which it was agreed to ask from congregations a vote of five and a half cents per family to meet the expenses of Presbytery for 1882. Mr. Paterson reported that he had preached the pulpit of Grand Bend vacant. The next meeting to be held in Thames Road church on third Tuesday of January. Remits were laid over till next meeting.

**PRESBYTERY OF HALIFAX**—At the regular meeting of the Presbytery of Halifax on the 13th inst., moderation in a call was granted to Upper Musquodoboit congregation. Dr. Sedgwick to moderate on Tuesday, Nov. 22nd, at one o'clock. The call from St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, to Rev. C. B. Pitblado, was read. It was a thoroughly unanimous and hearty call. Accompanying papers shewed that the desire of the people for Mr. Pitblado's services is very strong. Dr. Burns and Mr. Laing, as appointed by the Presbytery of Manitoba, spoke on behalf of St. Andrew's Church. Papers were read from the congregation of Chalmers Church, stating that as their pastor had intimated to them his intention of accepting the call from Winnipeg, they would not oppose his going. Not that he was not as highly esteemed and as much beloved by them as ever, for his ministry was never more highly prized or more extensively useful than at this day; but inasmuch as the call has come to him a second time, and is regarded by him as a call from the Great Head of the Church, they are willing, at great sacrifice though it be, to give him up, and will follow him to his new sphere of labour with their best wishes and fervent prayers. The spirit manifested by the congregation was truly admirable. Could they retain Mr. Pitblado's services they would at any cost, but they felt they could not. Mr. Pitblado spoke briefly, expressing strong attachment to his congregation, and his sense of the services of the men who had supported him so well during his nine years' pastorate, but also saying that he felt it to be his duty to accept the call now addressed to him from Winnipeg. Mr. Pitblado also spoke very feelingly of his attachment to his brethren of the Presbytery, and of the pain that separation from them would cause him. Dr. McGregor, Mr. Logan and others expressed the feeling of the Presbytery towards Mr. Pitblado—their confidence in him, attachment to him, and love for him as a man, and as a minister. There was only one feeling in the Presbytery, and that was this, that in Mr. Pitblado's removal we are losing an able, active, earnest, judicious man. Few ministers have ever left a congregation and a Presbytery amid greater regret. A committee was appointed to draw up a suitable minute, and when this is prepared it will be published. Prof. Forrest was appointed to declare the congregation vacant on Sabbath, Nov. 13th. He was also appointed *interim* Moderator of the session of Chalmers Church. Mr. Rogers declined the call to Noel. Sympathy with Noel congregation was expressed. Mr. Dickie was appointed to visit Bridgetown, etc., in the interests of Presbyterianism in Annapolis County. Since last regular meeting a number of meetings for visitation have been held in different parts of the Presbytery, and generally with good results.

**SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.**

**INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.**

**LESSON XLVIII.**

Nov. 27. } **SERPENT IN THE WILDERNESS.** { Num. xli. 1881. } 1-9.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."—John iii. 14, 15.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Num. x. 11-36. . . . . Removal from Sinai.
- T. Num. xiii. 1-33. . . . . The Report of the Spies.
- W. Num. xiv. 1-45. . . . . Exclusion from the Promised Land.
- Th. Num. xx. 1-29. . . . . Passage Through Edom Denied.
- F. Num. xxi. 1-9. . . . . The Serpent in the Wilderness.
- S. 2 Kings xviii. 1-7. . . . . The Brazen Serpent Destroyed.
- Sab. John iii. 1-17. . . . . Christ Lifted Up.

**HELPS TO STUDY.**

Between our last lesson and the present one a period of over thirty-seven years in the history of the Israelites is passed over.

The Book of Leviticus closes with the instructions given regarding the year of jubilee. The Book of Numbers, from which the text of our present lesson is taken, opens with an enumeration of the able-bodied men of Israel, by their tribes, "from twenty years old and upward, all that are able to go forth to war." It is from this enumeration, along with that contained in chapter xxvii., that the book takes its name. Chapters i-x tell of the preparations for departure from Sinai. Chapters xi-xiv. describe the journey to the borders of Canaan; the sending of twelve chosen men—one from each tribe—to spy the land; their return, and the acceptance of the evil report of the majority by the people, while the favourable report of Caleb and Joshua is rejected; the Israelites of that day thus by their cowardice and unbelief shutting themselves out from the promised land to spend their lives in the wilderness, while a new generation grew up around them prepared to enter upon the enjoyment of the inheritance. Chapters xv-xix. are occupied with certain legal enactments and the record of the sin and punishment of Korah, Dathan and Abiram. In the remaining chapters we find an account of the occurrences of the last year of the forty years' wanderings, including that which forms the subject of our present lesson.

The following division is suggested: (1) *A Hopeful Victory and a Discouraging Journey*, (2) *Murmurings*, (3) *Punishment*, (4) *Repentance*, (5) *Deliverance*, (6) *The Type and the Antitype*.

**I. A HOPEFUL VICTORY AND A DISCOURAGING JOURNEY.**—Vers. 1-4. For the second time we find the army of Israel hovering on the south-eastern border of the land of Canaan. It was not the same army that had appeared there about thirty-seven years before. Those who were twenty years old and upwards when they left Egypt had all passed away except the two truthful spies, Caleb and Joshua, and the venerable leader himself. The men who composed the new army had been born in the wilderness or had left Egypt as children or youths whose spirits had not been broken by the yoke of bondage. Their free wilderness life had made them superior to their fathers, at least physically; they were also more amenable to discipline; they had more confidence in their leader; and they were somewhat more ready to confess their faults and betake themselves to God in their difficulties than their fathers had been; although in all these respects they were still far from being perfect.

By the way of the spies. By turning back to Num. xiii. it will be found that the spies, passing through the wilderness of Zin, entered Canaan from the south and penetrated the country as far as Hebron. Although a long time had elapsed, it would appear that some of the inhabitants of that part of the country remembered that incursion and feared that the Israelites would now follow up their former explorations. In this they were mistaken, for the Israelites had just resolved to enter Canaan from the east rather than from the south, because the Edomites had refused to let them pass through their territory, and Israel would not fight with Edom on account of the common descent of the two nations from Isaac. The unfounded fears of the southern Canaanites, however, led them to attack the Israelites, who were partially defeated.

If Thou wilt indeed deliver this people into my hand I will utterly destroy their cities. The new army was an improvement upon the old one. A mere report had frightened the latter away from the promised land, an attack only taught the former their own weakness, and sent them to God with a resolution to conquer in His strength.

And the soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way. They were now under the necessity of making a long detour to avoid passing through the land of Edom. Elated by their victory, they were eager to follow it up and impatient of delay.

**II. MURMURINGS.**—Ver. 5. True to their parentage, these people, after all their improvement, now and again strongly remind us of the generation that had passed away. There is no bread . . . . . and our soul loatheth this light bread. Their complaints were contradictory and even ludicrous, as the grievances of the constitutional grumbler are generally apt to be.

**III. PUNISHMENT.**—Ver. 6. The region through which the Israelites were passing abounds in serpents to this day. A modern traveller speaks of "a very mottled snake of large size, marked with fiery red spots and wavy stripes which belonged to the most poisonous species . . . . ."

According to the Bedouins, these snakes, which they greatly dreaded, were very common in that neighbourhood. Ancient historians also say that Alexander the Great lost many men in that part of the country by serpents that sprang upon them from the sand and brushwood.

**IV. REPENTANCE.**—Ver. 7. These people were not quite so stiff-necked as the generation which had preceded them. "It is a good thing," says the Westminster Teacher, "when the punishment of sin leads to repentance. It is a great step toward heaven when one says 'I have sinned.' Blessed is any trouble which leads one to this confession."

**V. DELIVERANCE.**—Vers. 8, 9. Speedily were the murmurings of Israel followed by the serpents' bite; no less speedily did the remedy follow Israel's repentance, "for though His arm be strong to smite, 'tis also strong to save."

Make thee a fiery serpent—that is, as exact an imitation as possible of the reptile from whose bite the people were suffering. Here there is some indication that "fiery serpent" was the name by which the species was known, whether it took that name from its colour or from the sensation resulting from its bite.

**VI. THE TYPE AND THE ANTOTYPE.**—Golden Text. The following extracts from the "National S. S. Teacher":

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. In those words Christ pointed out the brazen serpent as a type of Himself, and indicated the manner of His death. What correspondences are there between the type and the antitype? (1) The brazen serpent was a mere similitude of that which was causing the death of the people. It had itself none of their evil qualities. In that respect the analogy is perfect. 'God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh' (Rom. viii. 3). 'Him who knew no sin he made to be sin on our behalf' (2 Cor. v. 21). (2) He was 'lifted up,' as He said He would be, 'that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have eternal life.' The scene of the desert was repeated at Calvary; and one who was crucified like Himself was the first to look and live! (3) The cure is the same—instantaneous and complete. The sin-bitten soul has nothing to do—only to look. And it will not do to look at anything else. If a man looks on upon himself and his own wretched condition—if he looks at the example of others, no matter how good they may be—if he looks to ordinances and observances—if he looks anywhere except at the Healer upon the cross, there is no hope for him. There is life only by a look at the dying One."

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—*Howard Hill*.

If I am between two moral evils I will not have either. "There is small choice in rotten apples." I am to reject both. A man is not to lie to save from the necessity to steal; nor to break the Sabbath lest he should not be able to pay debts. Never choose to do wrong.—*John Hall*.

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## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### A HYMN SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,  
That it speak no wrong.  
Let no evil word pass o'er it;  
Set the watch of truth before it,  
That it speak no wrong,  
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;  
Prying is not wise;  
Let them look on what is right;  
From all evil turn their sight;  
Prying is not wise;  
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear!  
Wicked words will sear;  
Let no evil words come in,  
That may cause the soul to sin.  
Wicked words will sear,  
Guard, my child, thine ear.

### HOW TO BE STRONG.

BY THE REV. JAMES HASTIE, LINDSAY, ONT.

"He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."—Job xvii. 9.

THERE are two things all boys want when they are small. One is, they want to be big. When the time comes to put off their little petticoats and frock, and get their first little coat and trousers, how proud they are, for they now think they are getting big.

The other thing they want is to be strong. Sometimes they want to be strong so that they can harness the horse and drive it themselves. Sometimes they want to be strong so that they can earn something and so help mother. Sometimes a boy wants to be strong because he wants to beat that boy at school who is always challenging him to a wrestle, and always manages to throw him down. When I was a little fellow going to school there was a boy about my own age, but stronger, who was always challenging me to wrestle and who always got me down. I had often heard it said that fat pork would make one strong, and that no one could be strong who did not eat it. So for some days I ate fat pork for supper and fat pork for breakfast, expecting that by noon I would have the benefit of it in the way of making me strong enough to throw that other boy down. By-and-by I got such a dislike to fat pork that for years I could not bear it and scarcely can yet. That was my plan to get strong. But the text recommends another way yet, it is by getting "clean hands." But, how can clean hands make you strong? you ask.

"Harry," said his brother John, "what has made you take this wonderfully clean fit all of a sudden? This is the seventh time I have seen you go to the pump and wash your hands to-day."

"Because I want to be strong," said Harry.

"Well, but washing your hands won't make you strong."

"Yes it will, the Bible says so."

"I don't believe it does," said John.

"I am sure it does, though," retorted Harry, positively, "papa read it at prayers this morning: 'He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger,'" and Harry waved his arm in the air as if to see whether six or seven washings had really made him any stronger.

"Well, you don't suppose that means really clean hands," said John. "You are a silly little boy, you have had all this trouble for nothing."

"No, I haven't. I'll ask papa to-night if the Bible doesn't mean what it says."

So after tea Harry said, "Papa, doesn't the Bible say that if you have 'clean hands' you'll be strong?"

"Certainly, my boy," said Mr. Williams, smiling; "I am glad to see that you remember so well what we read this morning, how Job said, 'The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.'"

"There," said Harry, "I know I was right; and washing your hands will make you strong, won't it?"

"It is very good for little boys to wash their hands," said Mr. Williams, "and it helps to make them strong and healthy if they keep clean. But there are some stains we can't wash off with soap and water, and these are the stains that this verse means." The other day I saw a little boy lift his hands to strike his sister; and doing this made his hands far dirtier than if he had been making mud pies for a whole day."

Harry blushed, for he felt his father meant him; and then his papa went on—"When I was a little boy I was taught that it was my duty to keep my hands from picking and stealing—picking, you know, means taking little things that don't belong to you—like lumps of sugar out of mamma's cupboard, or picking fruit off the young trees that I tell you not to touch."

"Well," said John, "Eve must have had dirty hands, for she stole fruit in the garden."

"Now, John," said Mr. Williams, "can you remember the name of a man who 'stretched forth his hands to vex certain of the Church,' a thing that made his hands very dirty indeed?"

"That was Herod, papa, when he killed James and put Peter in prison."

"Yes, and do you know who it was who tried to clear himself of a terrible crime by washing his hands?"

Both boys were silent, and Mr. Williams asked again: "Who took water and washed his hands, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person?'"

"Oh, that was Pilate, when he let the people crucify Jesus," said Harry.

"Yes," said their father, "but the stain of the sin was just as much on his soul after he had washed his hands as before; and it is the same with our sins, whether we call them little or great; we cannot get rid of them or their consequences, however we try to clear ourselves. No washing of our own will do it. So what must we do, Harry? When you make your hands dirty with doing wrong, how can they be made clean?"

"God can wash them, papa; that is what you mean—ain't it? Because David said, 'Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

There, my young friends, you have the meaning of the text. Doing wrong makes you have in God's sight dirty hands. Doing right makes you have in God's sight clean

hands. And when you have clean hands in this sense you are strong in heart and mind and soul, to resist temptation and to work for God. Now I will give you two texts about being strong and being clean, and you will see how they agree with what I have been saying. The first text is 1 John ii. 14: "I write unto you, young men, because ye are strong, . . . and have overcome the wicked one." And why were they strong? Because "the word of God abideth with you," i.e., you do what God's Word commands, and you are strong in doing good.

The other text tells that without clean hands no one will be allowed to enter heaven—Psalm xxiv. 3, 4: "Who shall ascend the hill of the Lord (heaven)? Who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart."

Now, young friends, you will remember the text—"He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger," in all that is good, till by-and-by you shall be like Christ Himself, always doing right, never doing wrong.

### WAITING TO GROW.

Little white snowdrop, just waking up,  
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup!  
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,  
Waiting to grow!

And think what hosts of queer little seeds;  
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds;  
Are under the leaves and under the snow,  
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,  
Reaching their slender brown fingers about  
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,  
Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more  
Will they have to wait behind that door;  
Listen and watch and wait below,  
Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small, and hidden so well,  
That God will not find it, and presently tell  
His sun where to shine and His rain where to go,  
Helping them grow!

### BAD HABITS.

WE feel sorry when we look at a number of little boys playing in the streets, smoking, chewing, and swearing, as we think some of them will have to spend a portion of their lives in the penitentiary. Look at the sunny-haired boy, with laughing eyes and rosy cheeks, as he sits on the goods box, squirting tobacco and rolling his eyes in a languid, unnatural manner, trying to imitate the chronic loafer; and notice that disgusting, impertinent smile as he relates some vulgar story, to which he has listened in some saloon, as it was related by some brute in the shape of a man. What will be the state of our coming generation? and who is to blame for this state of affairs but the parents who allow their children to run the streets, and the idler who sets these brutish examples?

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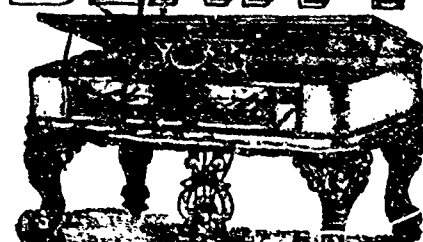
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