

Duncan Robertson

The Canadian Evangelist.

"GO . . . SPEAK . . . TO THE PEOPLE ALL THE WORDS OF THIS LIFE."

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THE Canadian Evangelist

is devoted to the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ; and pleads for the union of all believers in the Lord Jesus in harmony with his own prayer recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John, and on the basis set forth by the Apostle Paul in the following terms: "I therefore, the prisoner in the Lord, beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long suffering, forbearing one another in love; giving diligence to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body and one Spirit, even as also ye were called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all."—Eph. iv. 1-6.

Trip to Hiram.

When the Church in this place decided that I should have a holiday, extending over three Lord's days, the question how to spend it was first in order; having settled that, the other question where was soon disposed of. Accordingly on the morning of the 5th of August I took the Chicago-Flyer, think its wings must have been impaired for it was two hours late, for Chatham. Here I dropped off to visit relatives and friends for a few days. While in that vicinity I had a most enjoyable time driving about, etc. It is safe to say that Kent county still retains its right to be called the garden of Ontario. While there has been a general falling off in the values of farm lands, Kent farms have suffered no depreciation. After having spent four days thus I again took the Chicago-Flyer for Detroit, where I spent a few hours in company with Bro. W. B. Thomson, of Washington Avenue Church. Said Church is now busily engaged in the erection of a beautiful edifice, estimated to cost about \$25,000. The location of the new building is all that could be desired.

At 12 p.m. on Sunday night I took passage on the City of Detroit for Cleveland. The city, illumined by myriads of varied lights, appeared in all its midnight splendor as we steamed away from it, and glided down the then peaceful river. While on the river all was delightful, but when we reached the lake we found it very rough, the waves were rolling, not exactly "mountain high," but high enough to suit all on board. About 6 o'clock a.m. we picked up the crew of the Two Fannies, a schooner which had gone down about 1 a.m. The crew, thoroughly drenched and almost exhausted, had been tossed about in an open yawl during all those weary hours. The captain said: "The sea was as high as I ever saw it. . . We had hardly got aboard the yawl before the Two Fannies careened and went down in about 10 feet of water. None of us saved anything but the clothes we had on. After putting off in the yawl we didn't know what minute we'd all be drowned. The sea was so heavy that it dashed right over us, and two or three times Mrs. Stowell, the cook, was almost strangled by the water."

We arrived in port at Cleveland at

7 a.m. The chief place of interest, for visitors, in that city is the Garfield Memorial, which is situated in Lakeview Cemetery. To this place in company with several others I directed my steps.

The beautiful and elaborate structure was designed by Mr. Geo. Keller, of Hartford, Conn. The erection began in October, 1885. The view from the building is very extensive, including the City of Cleveland, the far-reaching fields and forests, and the waters of Lake Erie. The terrace upon which the memorial is built is 200 feet above the waters of the lake; then the memorial itself rises to the height of 180 feet above the terrace. The following is the briefest description of the place I have at hand: "Aside from the architectural perfection of the memorial, the execution of the memorial windows, the marble and glass mosaics, the Egyptian marble dado and the heroic-sized marble statue of President Garfield are universally admired. The people of this country may well be proud of this noble tribute to the memory of its illustrious dead. Special attention is called to the allegorical funeral procession in marble mosaic. The entire work, the beauty of whose colors cannot be reproduced in photography, is composed of myriads of pieces of marble of various colors and shapes. The entire dome above the statue is inlaid with richly colored Venetian glass mosaic, and represents the flag of the union; the stars forming a band around the centre of the dome, the stripes extending around the base.

The memorial windows, ten of cathedral glass and four of Venetian glass mosaic, represent the thirteen original States of the union and Ohio, the native State of Garfield. Two figures in Venetian glass mosaic occupy the niches over the entrance door, representing War in full armour, and Peace extending the olive branch. Beneath these figures is carved the inscription:

Erected by a grateful country
In memory of
James Abram Garfield,
Twentieth President of the United States of America.
Scholar, Soldier, Statesman, Patriot.
Born 19th November, 1831.
Died 19th September, 1881.

After having feasted my eyes upon the beauties of the place I returned to the city, from which place I took train for my destination, Hiram, Garfield's old home, where I found the Assembly in full blast.

In the next issue I shall endeavor to give a short account of the work and workers at the Assembly.

W. S. J., Sept. 11. J. M.

Some passions cannot be regulated, but must be entirely cut off.—Seneca.

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.—Bacon.

They understand but little who understand only what can be explained.—Marie Elmer Eichenbach.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

Mistake Our Faults For Virtue.

All of us are ready to confess that we do not do as well as we ought to do. Most of us are willing to admit that we do not always do our full duty as we see that duty. Many of us will even concede that we are at any time liable to be in error as to some one of our specific duties, and so to fall of right doing through our ignorance or misapprehension. But few, if any, of us realize our constant proneness to mistake our positive faults for special virtues, and to cultivate and exercise conscientiously the very tendencies of mind and character that we ought to be striving to repress or to hold rigorously in check. Yet, as a matter of fact, this is a peril to which all of us are ever exposed, and which it is our duty to face determinedly as a peril.

Virtues and faults are not so differentiated in this world that every person can see at a glance that the virtue is a virtue, and that the fault is a fault. Many a fault is, indeed, only the wrong exercise of a virtue; as, again, a virtue exaggerated is obviously a fault. The same act may be a virtue in one instance, and a fault in another. Hence the very tendency of conduct in a certain direction, which would be a virtue in one person, becomes a fault in another person, who, however, cherishes it as a virtue because he lacks the lack of it to be a fault in another. And herein is a cause of our practical peril in mistaking our faults for virtues; in supposing that we ought to cultivate a certain quality of mind that is the bane of our lives, merely because we know that there are persons so constituted that they would do well to cultivate that quality.

One man is by nature inclined to excessive outspokenness. He is ready to say what he thinks on any subject, and to say what he thinks about anybody. He is of the opinion that frankness is a virtue, and that a lack of frankness is a fault. He has seen the evil of undue concealment of the truth on the part of others and he is determined never to err on that side. So he goes through the world as a social nuisance. He makes trouble between others. He raises barriers across his own path of usefulness. He disregards the rights of his fellows, and he oversteps the bounds of propriety in speech and action. Yet all the while he consoles himself with the thought that frankness on his part is a virtue; whereas in fact it is, in his case, a predominant fault. His special need is to learn that that quality which he cultivates as a virtue is a fault that he ought to set himself to repress, and that what he prides himself on as a commendable element of character is a personal trait that he ought to be ashamed of. It might be a virtue in another man, but in him it is an unmitigated fault. Another man is by nature disinclined to express, in a face-to-face conference; his praise of another's well-doing, or to tell another explicitly that he likes his work and his ways—in any line that might fairly be open for mutual consideration, or for comment. As he sees it, free speaking in such a direction is often prompted by a desire to flatter, or it is liable to be so understood, and therefore it ought to be avoided. Hence

this man goes on in life persistently refraining from giving praise where praise is due, and withholding kind comment when silence is a discourtesy, or a cause of pain to the well-deserving. He knows that he is different from many others in this respect, and that he is censured by not a few because of it; but he feels sure that his habit, so far, is a virtue, and he cultivates it assiduously accordingly, when in fact it is one of his chief faults, and he ought to battle it with all the energy of which he is capable. There are those in whom caution in this direction would be commendable; but in his case excessive caution just here has become blameworthy.

One man counts it a virtue to disregard the opinion of others, and to accept unpopularity as a proof of personal independence; and this supposed virtue is used by him as to become his principal fault, and a means of shutting him out from the hope of helping others through a wise adaptation of all his powers to their carefully considered preferences and prejudices. One man cherishes as a virtue the fault, to which his nature inclines him, of so repressing all show of emotion, in his ordinary intercourse with personal friends, that he gives them no true understanding of his real warmth of affection for them. Because of undue demonstrativeness of manner and excess of effusive speech, he is, in fact, uplifted into the place of a virtue the fault of concealing his possession of a loving regard for those who are entitled to know it. One man is sure that his disregard of money is a virtue, when in his case it is a sad fault; while another counts as prominent among his virtues his fault of refusing to use the money which he loves to hoard. One man is sure that his constitutional reluctance to act quickly is a virtue, when in fact a willingness to act promptly, in spite of the risks of his action, would be a virtue in his case; whereas in another man's case the fault and the virtue would change places. And so all along the scale of human action, one's cherished virtue is liable to be one's chiefest fault.

This, be it remembered, is apart from the truth that we cannot know ourselves, and that we are peculiarly liable to think ourselves strong where we are weak, or weak where we are strong. We may, indeed, think that we are generous, when we are mean; that we are charitable, when we are bigoted; that we are cautious, when we are rash; that we are unassuming, when we are pretentious; that we have independence of character, when we are wholly subject to the influence of others, and so on. But in addition to all this, even when we know precisely what purpose it is that actuates us, and what quality it is that we are exercising, in a given instance, we are liable to count as a virtue that which in our case is a fault. Not only are we often in error as to the characteristics which we possess, but we are constantly liable to think that it is our duty to pursue a course that we ought religiously to shun. We incline to look at certain natural tendencies of ours as virtues, when in fact they are faults. Because of this mistake we tolerate them, whereas if we saw them in their true light we should

be ashamed of and strive to uproot them. But, this being so, what are we going to do about it? This difficulty existing, how can it be helped? To begin with, we ought to distrust our judgments of ourselves. It is more than possible, it is probable, it is well nigh certain that we are mistaken in our estimates of our prevailing characteristics, and of their practical value in our lives. Every virtue, on which we are tempted to pride ourselves, might well be challenged by us as a possible fault. And in deciding whether our virtues are virtues or faults, we shall obviously be the gainers by the frank and loving counsel of real friends, when this is obtainable. In this sense it is that the inspired counsel comes home to us each and all with peculiar fitness: "Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed." And it might also be safe for us to render this: "Confess therefore your virtues one to another in order to find out whether the supposed virtues are not faults."

A young man, who had never apprehended this important practical truth, was startled into its consideration by a peculiar experience. He was told bluntly on one occasion that he was constantly at fault at a very point where he knew he was always conscientiously careful in the doing of his duty. He was, in fact, discussing the question just then, he went to a friend, of whose love he was sure, and whose judgment he was willing to trust, and laid the case candidly before him. Telling of what had startled him, he said: "I can't understand this; but it may be there is something in it. Now, I want you to lay the whole truth bare to me. I come to you as to a surgeon in whose hands I am willing to risk my case. Stretch me out on your operating-table, and put the knife in mercilessly. Don't stop till everything that needs cutting is cut. I want you to do it, and I can stand it—from you."

Then the wise young man listened patiently with open mind and heart, and the loving friend gave him all the help to an understanding of his case that it was possible for one to give another. When that interview was over, that young man had a better knowledge of his case than would have been possible to him through any process of unaided self-examination, and he was so far better fitted for a course of right action than he could have been through any stern determination to act conscientiously, regardless of the consequences. If there were more of such wise distrust of self in this realm, and of such fearless seeking of the truth at every personal cost, there would be more of true virtue-fostering and of important fault-uprooting in the world.

It is by a frank recognition of our liability to mistake our faults for virtues, and by a trustful readiness on our part to avail ourselves of all the help that God proffers to us in our Christian friendships, that we may do something toward the answering of the Psalmist's prayer, that we should make our own continually:

Search me, O God, and know my heart: Try me, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any way of wickedness in me, And lead me in the way everlasting. We may mistake our faults for virtues, but God will not; and he can help us to discriminate between them.—S. S. Times

Contributions.

Letter from China I.

We have a neighbor near us named Tang, who beats his wife. We have wife-beaters at home, but the sufferings of the poor wife are not to be compared to the sufferings of the poor Chinese wife. She has usually no resource, and, in many cases, men can beat their wives black and blue or maim them for life without any appeal. It seems to be usually a calamity to have a daughter born, and sons are the great desire of parents. Many thousands of girl babies are put to death every year all over China. This infanticide is terribly prevalent, mainly, I believe, in the south of China. When a family is poor they frequently sell their daughters to be raised up as wives or concubines to sons in the purchaser's family. These poor little girls have great sufferings to endure. They are the drudges for the whole adopted family. They are practically the slaves of their future mothers-in-law. An ordinary marriage is almost practically as much a purchase of a wife as the buying of a horse or a cow. There are regular middlemen or women who conduct these matters and arrange the marriage. In many cases the parties most interested have never seen one another, and, of course, there must be many cases when they are wholly unsuited to one another. When a man has secured one wife, if he has money, he can easily secure as many secondary wives as he wants. Often the excuse is that no sons have been born, which is a very good one in China. The Chinese say, "Of the unfilial (acts), not to have children born is the first." There must be a son born to inherit the position of high priest of the family, to burn incense to the ancestors, and it is the height of virtue to take one wife after another till a son is born, and many think we are wrong in arguing for monogamy. Some will take a second wife because the first gets sick, and my student, in speaking of the husband of a lady I was treating for paralysis, said: "That man is good, he has not yet taken a second wife." A wife, when taken, is subject to the gaze of all the relations, and her good and bad points commented on regardless of her feelings. There is feasting and drinking at the wedding, and when all the novelty is over the wife finds herself a child of another family, and subject to her mother-in-law. A woman was brought to my dispensary a year ago, whose mother-in-law had beaten her on the face, and had ruined her eyes. There seemed to be no recourse, either from law or from her relations. I asked my neighbors about wife-beating; whether it was allowable, and if there was no remedy. They could tell me of none. That day I had heard the sound of my neighbor's blows on his wife's body from his house several doors away. I offered to contribute to a prosecution of this offensive neighbor, but not one Chinaman would move a finger to help the poor woman. The thought of marriage is so loathsome to some Chinese girls that, in places, several have been known to combine to commit suicide rather than marry. Woman is always subject, as the proverb says, "While at home she obeys her father, when she marries she follows her husband, and when her husband dies she follows her son." She has the prospect of becoming a mother-in-law some day, and then she can treat her daughter-in-law as she has been treated. Marriage is not the close relationship it is with us, as the Chinese say: "A brother dies, you cannot replace him, but if a wife dies you can replace her like replacing an old

out with a new one. There are some good things in the classics, however, on married life: "Heaven and earth are a great husband and wife," etc. A plurality of wives breaks up all houses, as there is constant quarrelling, and many poor women resort to the opium, which is always handy for suicide, or chokes herself with a string tying it to the bedstead. Christianity will cure these great social evils.

Yours sincerely,
W. E. MACLEAN.
Nankin, July 21, 1890

Professor Jules de Launay

T. H. KNOWLES

Bro. Jules de Launay was educated with the view of entering the Romish priesthood. And his uncle, the Baron des Acres de Valpincon, would have provided liberally for him had he become a priest. In Rome he studied under the care of the Sacred College of Cardinals for that purpose. But when brought down to death's door by typhoid fever, he found himself unprepared to meet God, and sent for a priest to bring him the last communion. The priest, "while lifting up the sacred host," quoted "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." "Come unto Me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." These words led De Launay to Christ, and to the closer study of His word. "Then," as he says, "Christ the Son of God became to him the one and only Mediator between God and man."

His frequent visits among the Catacombs, and studying of the inscriptions upon the tombs of the martyrs, "When he found no prayers for the dead, or to the dead, nowhere a cross, but the signs and symbols of the Resurrection." He began to see that popery had wandered far from the truth. "No where," says the Professor, "among these miles and miles of groves is there a prayer to Mary; she is not even named." "But Christ is named everywhere upon those tombs."

Here, in the Catacombs, Prof. De Launay first met Monseigneur Rézé, first Bishop of Detroit, Michigan, who "had been summoned to Rome to answer charges of heresy," and was confined in the Convent of St. Lorenzo. The professor visited him in this convent often, "and received much truth from his lips." One day Rézé said to him: "Fly Rome, my brother; you want too much light on the Scriptures to please Rome." "But all at once," says a writer, "this friend disappeared, and to this day the fate of Bishop Rézé remains a mystery." Bro. De Launay says: "We visited the Holy Inquisition in company; Bishop Reze was disgusted and horrified as well as myself with what we saw in those infernal regions. I have often thought the Bishop was murdered there." The Professor was down in the Catacombs one day with Padre Marchi, and Cardinal Mazzofanti, his teachers in Theology and Language. As they contrasted the religion of the early Christian martyrs with that of Rome, he said to them, "I have no more faith in our Church, I cannot conscientiously remain a Roman Catholic." They replied: "Dear brother, what you have said here in the silence of the Catacombs to us will not be repeated; but do not repeat what you have said to us now to anyone else when you go above in the city, as you will disappear, and no one will know what has become of you; your death will be a mystery to your friends."

Bro. De Launay left the Church of Rome, and for many years has preached Christ among Catholics in Paris, and elsewhere. In Paris he has had access

to the people of many nations. He says that at one of their night meetings twenty five nations were represented in the salle or place of worship. One hundred and forty Catholics, three of these priests, have been baptized under his labors in Paris. Sister De Launay has done much among the sick and poor, and in Sunday school work. For her work along this line, she has received from societies for doing good some six different decorations, as tokens of appreciation for her sacrifice and toil. One case reported I mention: "She saved a man from shooting himself, wife and five children, to put them out of misery. She clothed the family, paid three quarters of rent in arrear by selling her watch and chain for the family, while she found them work through her friends, etc." That is *Christlike*. The mission in Paris is an important one for seed-sowing. I learn that persons converted there have gone to Java, Spain, Austria, India, Russia, Italy, Germany, Switzerland and Africa.

In two years there have been given away in the streets 10,000 tracts, 2,000 Gospels, portions of Scripture, texts, cards, Bibles, religious journals, etc. Who knows what fruit may be gathered from all this, to the glory of God! One soul saved will repay a thousand fold!

Bro. De Launay, though now in his 77th year, is visiting the Churches in this country and the United States, and is delivering lectures on "Christianity in the Coliseum and the Catacombs"; "Popedom, Christianity and Paganism Blending"; "How the Study of the Epistle to the Romans led me to renounce the Roman Catholic Religion," and kindred subjects. The Professor delivered two lectures, illustrated by oil paintings taken from original sketches he had collected while visiting the Catacombs in Rome, in our Church this week. He speaks with a clear voice, and with great earnestness; and his lectures were both instructive and touching.

Bro. De Launay has undertaken this long journey, and great toil, at this advanced age, as a last work of love for the cause of Christ in Paris. He has collected quite a large and well selected library, which he intended leaving to the mission in that city.

Simple Dress.

We wish that more women considered it a religious duty to dress simply for church. A few set a noble example in this matter, but there needs to be concerted action in order to bring about any general reform. Showy apparel in the Lord's house not only indicates very poor taste on the part of the wearer, but it distracts weak-minded worshippers, and deters some in straightened circumstances from attendance altogether. One of the most impressive sights in the cathedrals of the old country is the poor peasant and high-born dame kneeling together, clad in simple black.

But uniformity, either in color or style, is not necessary or even desirable. We plead only for what is so unostentatious as to attract no special attention, and will not awaken feelings either of envy or discouragement in those who have little of this world's goods.—E.C.

Mr. Winchester, in coming from China across the United States, had his heart stirred within him at seeing three or four churches in small villages of from four to seven hundred inhabitants, while he thought of the "magnificent parish of Pao-ting-su with its three millions of precious souls." "Oh, if I can but give the people here a look at the distant work and people as I see them, they surely will know no limitations to their service in behalf of foreign missions."—*Missionary Herald.*

Selections.

The Lesson of Pain.

Oh pain! mysterious guest,
Coming unbidden, unguessed,
To greatest and to least,
Birthday and wedding feast;
Standing where lovers' eyes
Shine with love's prophecies—
Whence, therefore, art thou sent,
Unwelcome visitant?

Not that our hearts may know
To feel for other's woe,
And learn from their own sting
To pity suffering;
That were too small and vain,
The loss outweighs the gain;
And God deals justly, who
Rendereth to each his due.

Not that some favored souls
May reach the higher goals,
And, hovering, shining high,
Tempt other souls to fly;
Nor that those bent on sin
May find a curse therein,
And, by His lifted rod,
Know an offended God.

No! Heaven sent bitter-sweet,
With swift and tireless feet,
Thou comest unasked for, Pain,
Again, and yet again,
Bound on this errand blest,
To make of us our best—
That which we could not be
Save for thy help and thee.

The gold ore grieveth not,
Though fires are fierce and hot;
Nor counts it wrong or loss,
To lose its cumbering dross.
Intent on being pure,
It can abide, endure,
However fierce the blast,
So it is gold at last.

So from thy crucible
Our souls debased and dull,
Shall come, dear Pain, some day
With their dross burned away,
Come with new name and sign
To own thee all divine,
And see in thy stern eyes
All joyful promises.
—Susan Coolidge, in S. S. Times.

The Bible and Union.

At a recent meeting of the Bible Society in England, Mr. Spurgeon spoke as follows:

"I want next to give voice this morning to certain earnest hopes that are in my soul that make me love the Bible Society. I have a lurking hope somewhere about me—I hardly know whether I can speak it very loudly, but I will whisper it—I sometimes hope that it is by the way of the Bible that all believers in Christ will come together. Each one here loves the Church to which he belongs—or else let him clear out of it. But there is nobody here that loves the divisions of Christendom. We would all end them if we could. How to do it I cannot tell. Unity I love, but attempts at unity always create fresh divisions. All the schemes I have ever seen have been but partly successful and partly injurious. When we shall all come to the Word of God, and each man shall say, 'There, I will retract everything I have said if it is not in accordance with that Book. I will come down to the pure Word of Christ, and walk in the spirit of it to the utmost of my ability,' then shall we all come together. Things that come near to one point come near to one another. And oh, that it might be so in our coming near to the Word of the Lord. For my own part, I do not see, if there are weighty differences of judgment, why they should not be held, so far as they are weighty differences, most conscientiously held, and yet, wherever there is a point upon which there can be common service, we might all heartily agree. I delight in the Word of God, with regard to the hope I have of the return of the churches to the one faith, once for all delivered to the saints. Many have adulterated the Word of

God, taking away its tone and spirit and fulness of meaning, until we are coming to a minimum of faith, when only a few things will be regarded as essential, and even those will be questioned. As we venerate the Word of God, we shall come back to the old truth again, for the Word of the Lord has not changed, and the Gospel of the grace of God has not changed. We shall, therefore, as we come back to the immutable foundation, come back to the truth itself as it was held in the beginning. God grant that this may come to pass! I look to the Word of God again for guidance as to the threatening politics of the age. We are not pessimists, nor optimists, but with the use of common sense we cannot help feeling that we are entering upon times which, while they promise progress, also contain a threat of anarchy. Upon whom are we to depend? You, gentlemen, have your favorite politicians. I do not know that I have any. You have probably some philosophical schemes, it may be, of Christian socialism, or Christian this, or Christian that. I have no scheme. I am so great a fool that all I can do is to preach the Gospel, and if I try my hand on anything else I make a mess of it. The great cure of evil politics will be to permeate the population with the Word of God. We shall not see riches made into an iron safe in which men lock up their hearts, if they really love Christ and their fellow-men according to the scriptural precept."

Remove the Thorns

How many perious fail to give sympathy and comfort where it is needed, because they offer sharp words along with the tender! "I'm sorry for you, but you know I told you how it would be," is not the sweetest consolation in the world. Says Miss Wallington, in *the Golden Rule*: "When representatives from all Italy gathered at Naples to welcome home the wounded who survived the slaughter of Dogali in Abyssinia, they were ordered to receive them in perfect silence and to refrain from throwing wreaths, bouquets or flowers with stoms, for many were terribly wounded; but as the ambulance waggons passed through the laurel-straw streets on their way from the port to the hospital, from windows, balconies and house-tops were showered soft flower petals from the hands of the sympathetic people. Let us be careful to remove all thorns and stems from our 'bits of helping.'"

Our Training.

What reading only hath not taught thee, affliction will interpret and make plain. For I do not visit my chosen alike. Sometimes the comforts of my grace are proper; at others the withdrawing of those comforts, and bringing their patience and constancy to the touch by outward calamities and inward anguish of spirit. Thus I daily train them up in goodness by chastening them, and making them hate their sin, and cultivating and encouraging their advancement in virtue. The one dispensation engages their love of Me, the other abates their fondness for the world. But lost and wretched is that stupid creature upon whom those methods make no impression. "For he that rejecteth Me, and heareth not My words hath one that judgeth him in the last day."—*J. Kempis.*

MISS HELEN I. SINCLAIR, of Ninette, Man, writes that she has used Burdock Blood Bitters for loss of appetite and headache with the greatest benefit and heartily recommends it. Her experience is shared by thousands. B.B.B. is a specific for headache.

The Royal Hand

The following little anecdote of our dear Queen I have not seen mentioned in any of the books written about her. It is undoubtedly true, as being contained in the Memoir of Patterson, the Martyr-Bishop.

About fifty years ago there was great excitement at Eton, that famous school where so many sons of wealthy parents have been educated to become statesmen, warriors and noblemen. The Eton boys on this day, long ago, are half wild with pleasure, and run about shouting and waving their caps, as is the ways with English lads when any great event fills their heart with delight. And a grand event is happening at Eton, the famous school is receiving a visit from a fair young blue-eyed maiden, Victoria, the Queen of the realm! Rush along, boys, beside that low carriage in which is seated the youthful Lady whom you are to serve and obey! Shout, for this lovely Lady is your own rightful Queen! A proud boy is he who shall win a smile from her lips! One excited young Etonian goes too fast in his eagerness to run beside the carriage; his foot slips, he is down! will not the poor fellow be crushed under the wheel! No! the Queen sees his danger; there is no time to stop the carriage, but the young sovereign bends over from her seat, and her quick, firm grasp is upon the boy; the Queen herself has caught him up, but the boy has no time to thank her. Little knows the Royal Lady that her small white hand has rescued a future missionary saint and martyr!

For the boy was Patterson, the son of a learned judge. As one of good family the youth might have passed his life in luxury and ease, staying with those who loved him in his dear native land. But Patterson, when a young man, had the love of Christ in his heart; he had promised to obey his heavenly King, and he meant to keep that promise. Patterson felt that the Lord was calling him across the wide sea, to preach the Gospel to the heathen.

Judge Patterson dearly loved his son. Would he consent to what might be a lifelong parting from one made to be the staff of his age? To him his son left the decision, for the young clergyman would not go without his parent's blessing. It was a hard struggle for the poor father, the sacrifice of such a son seemed almost too painful to be made; the Judge could not decide at once. But faith in God, and obedience to His will, triumphed at last. Judge Patterson gave his full consent to his son's going as a missionary to savages in the Pacific. The father and son parted to meet no more upon earth. One sank to rest in his peaceful English home, the other was murdered by those whom he went to bless. We doubt not that Judge Patterson and his martyred son are now united in bliss.—Churchman.

Christ has a cause in the world, and He could carry it on by miracle if He chose to do so; but this is not His pleasure. He could make the rolling thunders proclaim the Gospel, and write words of salvation in the firmament. He could employ angelic agency in circulating the messages of His grace. But these are not His methods of operation. He employs His disciples. He makes those saved by Him the means of saving others. He calls His servants "the salt of the earth" and "the light of the world." These figures denote both the power and the extent of their influence. This influence is to be felt at every point in the circle, the circumference of which is the circumference of the world. They are to abound in the work of the Lord. It is work for the Lord, and with the Lord—active co-operation, etc.

Thomas Paine's Recantation.

The following communication is taken from the Standard of Chicago. It would be well for our readers to preserve it as a matter of history:

"As I have received a number of letters from strangers in various sections, asking for more information about this noted person, and feeling there may be others to whom a few additional facts may be profitable, let me further say that Thos. Paine in early life was a friend and an intimate associate of Elias Hicks, with whom my Aunt resided for years. Hence they were all well acquainted, and had worshipped in the same congregation till Hicks became the leader of the Hicksite Quakers, Paine, the standard-bearer of deism, and Mary, still in faith abiding.

"Thus the parties stood when Thomas was taken with his last illness, which lasted for some time. Weeks before his death 'he was foreaken of all his friends,' whose character one fact will ambrouty. Often they would pause in front of his house and shout, 'Hello, there, Tom. How are you?' When with a groan he would turn to aunt, saying, 'Ah, Mary, they seem what company I've kept.' The great burden of his being was his guilt in inflicting on the world his 'Age of Reason.'

"On one occasion he asked Mary, 'Hast thou read my 'Age of Reason?' On her answering, 'Yes, Thomas, I have,' he said: 'And what didst thou think of it?' she replied: 'I thought it so bad I burned it up.'

"With deep emotion he exclaimed: 'Would to God everybody had done the same! For if the devil ever had an agent on earth, I am that one.'

"This 'Age of Reason' was the thought that made him such a coward; he would not be left alone day or night, and if the candle went out or was removed, he was in mortal horror. It was well known to Aunt that for weeks before he died, Paine was extremely anxious to give to the world his recantation of his 'Age of Reason,' as they often conferred together about it, and she served him as his amanuensis when his strength would fail him, as it often did for hours. The sheets as they were filled up were placed on a shelf over his writing table, and were there when he died. But after the funeral they were nowhere to be found, though Aunt made diligent search for them.

"She always told me that she had no doubt 'the company I've kept' took and burned them, as they know full well that Paine had done that righteous act." J. H. Rasco. Bloomington, Mich.

From this it appears that Thomas Paine did recant on his death bed. A few years since Paine's recantation was published in the Courier Journal, of Louisville, Ky. The recantation was found in an old book by Bro Zach Smith, of Eminence, Ky. At the time Bro. Smith gave abundant evidence of its genuineness. In face of all this, sippant infidels will tell us that Paine died firm in his infidelity. This they cannot prove by well authenticated documents. But what do infidels care for authenticated documents?—Sel.

Let us break the sod in spring-time, And sow our scanty seed; Though we weep o'er vacant caskets, And wait in patient need; Though we wait in dark, sad places And plead one drop of rain, God is God of seed and harvest, And labor is not in vain. Selected.

Our Lord has a keen eye for all that is good. When He searches our hearts He never passes by the faintest longing, or desire, or faith, or love of any of His people. He says to each and all: "I know thy works."

Results of Sowing Wild Oats

Few young men seem to realize the power of sinful habits, youthful vices and the many evils that are hid behind the phrase, "having a good time." Nine tenths of the young men who thus give themselves up to what is called "sowing wild oats," have these habits grown on them—becoming a fixed second nature and sooner or later work their utter ruin. Enjoyment comes through the intellect, and is of the mind, and of course is all right, but yielding to the pleasures of the flesh and pursuing and encouraging lustful desire in youth, to simply gratify the animal nature is sowing the seed of a poisonous blight that robs the youth of his promised manhood, and clothes him with a diseased instead of a healthy body, to reflect the image of God. The following lines, from the pen of T. T. Munger, are to the point, and should be carefully read:

"In the first place, sowing wild oats is dangerous business. When we hold wild seed in our hand, we may do what we see fit with it, crush it, burn it, or cast it to waste; but if we sow it, it passes from our control and calls into action forces that we cannot master. The seed is ours, but the crop is beyond us. It is safe to say that half the moral wrecks we see about us came from this habit of sowing wild oats. It commonly means a little drinking, and the harvest is an insidious habit firmly entrenched in the nervous system. It often means a little gambling; and, before one knows it, that strange and fatal passion is kindled. It sometimes means a few steps in the path that leads down to hell, and endless shame and remorse are the consequences. Wild oats nearly always mean wasted time, lowered vitality, interrupted studies, the grief and anxiety of parents, the distrust of employers, the blasting of good prospects, and closing up of opportunities all of which are subtractions from life. Let me speak of the latter point. A young man's prospects in life are usually determined in that period when wild oats are sown. Then parents and friends and employers look him over to see what he is fit for, and what he will amount to; they can judge by nothing so well as by his habits. Matthew Arnold said that 'conduct is three-fourths of character,' but habits are nine-tenths of character. Friends may discern energy, intelligence, aptitude; but these do not enter into their estimate if the habits do not point in the right direction, for the simple reason that the serviceableness of a life depends far more upon the habits than upon talent. They also form their opinion upon the basis that habits become fixed and that early directions are kept up. Hence the young men that are busily engaged in sowing wild oats are generally passed by when places of trust and responsibility are to be filled, and are left to take up a lower grade of employments than their talent deserves."

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 16th, 1890.

Notes by the Way.

The Churches for which I preach, having signified their desire that I should have a rest, I left home August 13th to rest. Some things I saw and heard may be interesting to the brethren, and an attempt will be made to set them forth in these notes. If there should be a good deal of "I" in them, we—I—trust it will not be considered a sign of egotism.

In considering diverse ways in which a vacation might be spent, Prince Edward Co. came to mind. I had often heard of it as a beautiful part of Ontario, containing many warm-hearted Disciples, and, never having visited it, I thought I would wend my way thither and see and judge for myself.

On the way, I remained in Toronto a day or two, made a pleasant call at Bro. Gaff's, and saw the new meeting-house on Cecil Street a building. It is expected to be completed about Jan. 1. While in the city I learned of the accident that befell Bro. Charles McMillan, and, wishing to know the particulars, I went out to the Junction on Friday afternoon the 15th; I found a sad house. When the accident happened both Sister McMillan and Miss Via were so ill as to be confined to their rooms. It was touching to find them forcibly overcoming their own illness for the time that they might be near, and help to minister to the loved one who was apparently very near the river's brink.

Lord's day, the 17th, was spent in Oshawa at the home of Bro. L. K. Murton. I attended with him the Christian Church, and there had the pleasure of being in Bro. Murton's Bible Class, and of listening to Elder Shoult's of Toronto preach two good sermons. Bro. Shoult urged me to speak in the evening; but I was resting and insisted upon being a hearer of the Word. I was glad to meet again Bro. Elmer Lick, whom I knew in Guelph, when he was attending the O. A. College. The regular minister of the Church, Elder Prosser, was absent, and so I had not the privilege of hearing and becoming acquainted with him. The Disciples in Oshawa have for some time been worshipping with the Christian Church; they have not united with the Christian Church, neither do they by worshipping; with them wish to be understood as endorsing certain doctrines which are more or less prevalent among the Christians. A condition upon which they agree to meet with the Christian Church is: that the Lord's table shall be set in the Church every Lord's day. The practice of the Christian Church is once a month. A number of the Christians break bread every Lord's Day; but the majority of them follow their old custom of monthly communion. It seemed odd

to me to see the greater part of the congregation retire when the time came for the Lord's Supper, and stranger still when I learned that the most of those retiring were members of the Church. It was to me a sorrowful sight to see, what I may call the historic meeting-house of the Disciples, occupied as a Public school building. It may be accounted bigotry, but I am sorry the Disciples are not still using their old house; I think the Lord hath need of them in Oshawa.

The older brethren will be glad to know that Bro. James Murton is still living and generally enjoying good health, though he was somewhat unwell when I was in Oshawa. Bro. L. K. Murton, with his wife, left for the seaside by the late train Sunday night. Mrs. Murton has been very unwell for a good while, and it was hoped that a stay by the sea might place her in a fair way to recovery; so may it be.

On Monday morning I received a telegram announcing the death on Lord's day morning of Bro. McMillan. Through some fault of the telegraph officials the message was not delivered until it was too late to catch a train to take me to the funeral. I felt like quarrelling with the officials; I hated to be denied the melancholy pleasure of accompanying the remains of an honored friend and brother to their last resting place.

Bro. John Henry, well-known to our brethren in the Province as a thorough-going and enthusiastic Disciple, took me in charge on Monday afternoon. First, he conducted me through the McLaughlin Carriage Works; there were seen buggies in all the different stages of manufacture. I am not much of a judge of buggies, but if I wanted one I would not be afraid to purchase "a McLaughlin." From the factory Bro. Henry led me to Bro. Laughlin's. On the way we fell in with Bro. John McGill, another early Disciple still loyal to the truth. At Bro. Laughlin's a very enjoyable evening was spent. It was no small pleasure to meet with those Oshawa Disciples. Had there never been a congregation of Disciples in that town, one would say the Disciples living there would form the nucleus of a live church. It is not invidious to say that Bro. L. K. Murton is a host in himself. He is a successful professional man; but that does not prevent him from having a knowledge of the Bible that many a preacher might covet, and a comprehensive view of the religious condition and needs of our country. It was really invigorating to hear him express his abhorrence of Universalism, Materialism and Unitarianism.

Tuesday morning I retraced my steps as far as Toronto. I spent the night at Bro. W. B. Malcolm's. Bro. Malcolm was away on a trip to the Maritime Provinces. His father-in-law, Bro. Win. Forrester, was holding the fort during his absence; he entertained me much with reminiscences of the Pickering Church, and with an account of his fellowship with the Disciples in England and Scotland during his visit to Europe a year or two ago. One remark of Bro. Forrester's is commended to whom it may concern. He said it was a mistake for churches in our day not to have baptisteries in their meeting houses. I think he is entirely right in that. There are churches in Ontario that have hindered the Lord's work by neglecting or refusing to put baptisteries in their houses. Let them consider the opinion of an experienced brother.

Wednesday afternoon found me in the Town of Picton, the county seat of Prince Edward. I soon discovered Bro. Richard McDonald, formerly of West Lake, who courteously invited me to

abide at his house. The Rev. Mr. McIntyre, of Chicago, was announced to deliver a lecture on the Wyandotte Cavern that night in the First Methodist Church. Not having many opportunities of listening to noted lecturers, I resolved to go to hear Mr. McIntyre. The lecture was a magnificent piece of word painting; the proprietors of the Cavern could well afford to pay Mr. McIntyre a handsome salary to travel for them and describe the wonderful cave. A number who heard the lecture were heard to say that if they should ever have an opportunity they would certainly visit the Cavern and see it for themselves; probably all who listened to Mr. McIntyre's eloquent description felt the same way. I dare not undertake to say a word about it, nor attempt to reproduce one sentence of the lecture. But will simply inform the reader who is not already aware of the fact that the Wyandotte Cavern is in Indiana, and advise him to visit it if he gets a chance.

In Picton I also found Bro. Richard Young and family, Mrs. L. J. McDonald, and her daughter, Mrs. S. M. Conger. These Disciples are sound in the faith, although they are not able regularly to meet with their brethren, there being no Church in Picton as there ought to have been these many years. Sister McDonald has been a great reader in her day, and her mind is still in good condition as may be inferred from the fact that she proposes to read this Fall the "Campbell and Parcell Debate."

On the evening of Sept. 2nd, I had the pleasure of uniting in marriage the youngest daughter of Bro. Richard McDonald, and Mr. John C. McDonald, of Picton. There was a small cheerful party of the immediate friends. In the course of the evening the Citizen's Band showed their appreciation of the newly-wedded pair, by coming round and playing a number of appropriate selections in fine style.

I took passage by stage on Friday afternoon, August 22nd, for West Lake. A drive of seven or eight miles brought me to the home of Mrs. Catharine McDonald. Many of our readers have met Sister McDonald at one or two of our Annual Meetings; every preacher who has visited West Lake will remember her generous hospitality, and her interest in the cause of Christ. She reminds one of the brother who wished it were lawful to appoint certain sisters elders of the Church. On Lord's day morning I attended the Sunday school presided over by Bro. James M. Hyatt. Bro. Benjamin Ainsworth, of Hillier, preaches every other Lord's day for the Church, it happened to be his appointment that day. He said I must speak. As I had been resting a week, I thought I might inflict a couple of old sermons on the brethren. Bro. Ainsworth has an afternoon appointment at Salmon Point where he has recently been invited to speak in a Methodist house. As I wanted to get over with Bro. B. by hearing him preach, I got Bro. Byron Hyatt to drive me over. There was a good congregation, and Bro. B. gave us a stirring Gospel sermon.

The Church at West Lake is not so strong as it used to be; many of the old members are dead: the names—Hicks, Platt, and Trumppour, will be familiar to the old Disciples in Ontario. These brethren have all passed away, as well as many others. Their places have not yet been filled with young people. There are indications that a special effort in the near future would accomplish something in this direction. Bro. James M. Hyatt, who is now the only elder in the Church, and upon whom consequently the care of the Church and the labor of teaching falls

when no preacher is present, is an earnest, intelligent Christian, deeply interested in missions at home and abroad, and of good report of them that are within, and them that are without. Bro. Robert McDonald has a beautiful home on the shore of Lake Ontario. I had a very interesting conversation with him regarding the state of the cause in the Province. He thinks a great mistake has been made in neglecting the towns and cities, and is therefore in hearty sympathy with the effort to establish churches on a permanent basis in Toronto, Hamilton, London, etc. A study of the Acts of Apostles shows that one feature of primitive Christianity was the special attention devoted to capital cities, as Jerusalem, Antioch, Ephesus, Corinth, etc., etc.

In the company of Bro. Byron Hyatt and wife I visited Hillier. On the way we passed through the village of Bloomfield, where there is a large Universalist Church and three kinds of Friends (Quakers.) A novel sight to me as we proceeded were the hop-yards. The picking season was just commencing, and a few yards were alive with women and girls who appear to have a monopoly of that work. When we arrived at Bro. Benjamin Ainsworth's we found Bro. Royal Ainsworth, whom I had never met before. He had arranged to speak in the Hillier meeting-house that evening and the following one. Though the notice was short there was a goodly number present, and Bro. Ainsworth delivered a heart-searching sermon from the words: "What must I do to be saved?" For some time the Hillier Church had not been meeting; through the efforts of Bro. W. K. Burr, recently returned home, Lord's day services were resumed a week or two before. Bro. Ainsworth's discourse was well calculated to arouse the church to a sense of its duty to the Lord, to itself and to the unconverted people in the community. A protracted meeting was in contemplation, and it was believed that an earnest effort would be productive of much good. The following morning I called upon Father Ainsworth. The weight of years rests somewhat heavily upon his body, but lightly upon his mind—the outward man is decaying, but the inward man is renewed day by day. He feels that the time of his departure is at hand, nevertheless he faints not. He still rejoices to speak of his deliverance from mysticism years ago, and of his efforts to set others free by the preaching of the Word.

In response to a kind invitation extended the night before at the meeting, the following took dinner at Bro. W. K. Burr's on Friday, August 29th:—R. Ainsworth and wife; E. Ainsworth and wife; Byron Hyatt and wife, and the writer. To say that we had a good time is to use a very mild expression. Sister Burr, in whose praise all who know her delight to speak, entertained us royally. Miss Chat discoursed most excellent music—vocal and instrumental. Much conversation was had on diverse questions, and before we parted, at the suggestion of Bro. Burr, one brother read a portion of the Word of God, and another commended us in a fervent prayer to God.

I was glad to learn from Bro. Royal Ainsworth of the good work done at Sweet's Corners in Rainham Township. When he began to preach there, not a great while ago, there were but a few Disciples, now there is a self-supporting Church of upwards of seventy.

An interesting object in Picton was the house built and occupied, for a time, by Bro. David Oliphant.

On my way home I stopped over a few hours in Bowmanville. I wanted to see some of the brethren and have a

look at the new church building. Yet I felt that it would be almost painful to meet the brethren and speak of Bro. Baughman. It was September 3rd. Just one year before, my wife and I were hastening home from Kent that we might be present at the marriage of Bro. Baughman on the fourth. Who could have thought—or thinking could have endured the thought—as he and his bride plighted their troth, each to the other until death should them part, that within eleven short months they would be so tragically separated? Who can consider without emotion that where about a month ago there was a happy youthful pair devoted to each other, and to the work of the Lord, enjoying their newly-made home, there is now a grave?

The church in Bowmanville has not yet secured a preacher. They are in correspondence with several, and it is much to be desired that they should find a good one soon. Bro. Gilfillan, who had a long run of fever, is now rapidly gaining strength. Bro. Windatt and I called upon him and also upon Bro. George McGill. These brethren are just as much interested in the spread of the gospel as ever. It is stimulating to meet them and converse with them on the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. They have not lost faith in the truth; they believe there is still a work for the Disciples to do in this country. Bro. McGill, in particular, was very emphatic in expressing his conviction that the greatest need of the churches is able ministers of the New Testament wholly devoted to the work of preaching and teaching. G. M.

As the Business Manager is somewhat under the weather, our friends and agents are the more requested to assist us by sending in subscriptions and payments for THE EVANGELIST.

A note from Bro. J. B. Lister informs us that he expected to leave with his family for Minnedosa, Sept. 6. Our readers will join with us in wishing him a safe journey and great success in his new field.

We understand that an event is about taking place which will make the Warton people sad and the Ridgetown people glad. Sister Brown is preparing to join Bro. Brown in Ridgetown. We sympathize with Warton and congratulate Ridgetown.

DEAR BRO. MUNRO:—Please announce to your readers that the Correspondence Bible College and Johnson's Quarterly have a home and postoffice of their own. All communications intended for them should be addressed to Kimberlin Heights, Delia P.O., Knox Co., Tenn. Faithfully,
ASLEY S. JOHNSON.

We expect to have an account of the opening services at Hamilton in next number. The brethren in Hamilton have sent invitations to the churches throughout the Province. There will, no doubt, be a goodly number present from the regions round about to rejoice with the Church on the auspicious occasion.

We observe that our brethren in the States have had, are having, and expecting to have, grand conventions in the different States. We have been intending to give particulars for the benefit of those of our readers who do not see any other religious paper than this one, but a pressuro of other matter and duties has prevented us thus far. Later on we hope to do better.

Bro. Crowson's account of the labors in Muskoka of Brothron A. C. Gray, D. H. Stewart, and J. D. Stevens is highly interesting and encouraging.

Referring to our criticism in the August 1st No. on Bro. E. Frazier's declaration—"I am a disciple of Jesus, but I am more, I am a Christianu"—the Christian Evangelist has this to say:—

No, indeed, Bro. Frazier and the Voice are not "nodding," it is THE CANADIAN EVANGELIST that is napping. A disciple is a learner, but a Christian is a follower of the Lord.

The Christian Evangelist does not see the point, which is remarkable in that able paper. It astonishes us to find such a sentence as this in the columns of the Christian Evangelist: "A disciple is a learner, but a Christian is a follower of the Lord."

Church News.

GUELPH.—Our confession and baptism on the evening of the 13th, at our regular prayer meeting. We are having very good audiences.

J. K. HESTER.

EVERTON.—Bro. T. L. Fowler made a short visit to his old field in August, and preached at Everton August 21. He reports the Colloge at Fairfield in a prosperous condition.

ERIN.—During the absence of the writer for three weeks, Bro. Donald Munro preached for the brothron at Erin Centre and Erin Village.

morning, Sept. 7, at Erin Centre. He spoke at Mimosa in the afternoon of the same day, where also the congregation was highly pleased with his discourse.

RODNEY, ONT., SEPT. 2, 1890.—Lord's day, Aug. 31, was the date of our annual meeting here. Bro. Shoppard was with us and delivered a discourse in the morning on "The Inheritance of the Saints in Light."

Co-operation Notes.

The following contributions have not yet been reported:— Mrs. Samuel Nunn.....\$1 00 Church, Rosedene..... 5 00

The Board respectfully calls the attention of superintendents of Sunday schools to the fact that the first Lord's day in October is the day on which the Sunday schools are asked to take up a collection for Home Missions.

It will be noticed from Bro. Crowson's notes that it is very desirable that another preacher should be supported in Muskoka. The Board is asked to contribute to his support, but the Board can only pay out what it receives from the brethren.

The Board took prompt steps after the Annual Meeting to secure the services of a first-class evangelist to hold meetings at central points. They thought they had obtained a suitable man in the person of Bro. J. M. Van Horn, and had arranged for him to be present at the opening of the new houses in Hamilton, Sept. 14, and at West Toronto Junction, Sept. 21.

will take more or less time. The Board will do its best to have a good man in the field at an early day.

For a month or two after the Annual Meeting, as a general thing, not much money is sent in for mission work. It is so this year. About this time the payments begin to come in freely.

The Committee on Education is making arrangements to provide courses of lectures on Biblical subjects for students attending Toronto University during next session.

GEO. MUNRO, Cor. Sec.

Muskoka Mission Matters.

W. M. A.

Mission work has gone on lively for the past two months. The young men, Brethren Gray, Stewart and Stephens, preaching and visiting among the people, meeting with opposition in some, and with true heartfelt sympathy in others, and in still others indifference, have pressed home the truth to the good of many souls.

Those young brothers, by their excellent deportment, by their cheerful acceptance of the situation, by their Christ-like sympathy for the poor, Christian courtesy and humility, have won the confidence of all; and, by their plain presentation of the gospel and their earnest appeals to the hearts and consciences of the people, have awakened many to a sense of their danger, and we trust that many more may yet be led to Christ and Him crucified.

Now we are getting pledges with a view to securing the services of one of them, or some other man for a year at least, in order to carry on the work in as many places as possible. There are nine places where there should be preaching every alternate Lord's day at least, and one man cannot do it all.

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The Critic's Corner.

Arrangements have been made for the undersigned to occupy a small space in each issue of the CANADIAN EVANGELIST, in criticisms upon important and difficult passages of the Word of God, and he will be pleased to receive any suggestions or queries in regard to such from any of its readers; with the understanding, however, that only such questions as relate to what is practical and useful will receive attention, and that subjects of mere speculation or idle curiosity will be discarded. E. SHEPARD, Walkerton P. O., Bruce Co.

II. Corinthians vi. 14.

Does not this verse refer to marriage? I do not need the information for myself, for I am already safely married to a true Christian companion; but I do most seriously think that others need a voice of warning, for I have seen a good many pious young persons, of both sexes, spiritually ruined by their union in matrimonial bonds with infidels, worldlings, bigoted sectarians and worthless professors of Christianity.

QUESTIONNAIRE.

This is a most serious matter, and needs the careful and prayerful consideration of all our brethren and sisters who contemplate a change of domestic relation, and also calls for the oversight and advice of Christian parents and teachers in behalf of those who may be in danger of forming such a matrimonial alliance as will ruin their future happiness and imperil their salvation.

For while the words of the Apostle probably do not refer exclusively to marriage, but to any intimate alliance with the ungodly; yet, as marriage is the most intimate, the most near and dear connection in which any one can be "yoked" to another, it is also that which will exert the largest influence for good or evil character and destiny.

The All-wise Jehovah, foreseeing the evils that would accrue to His ancient people by their inter-marriage with the ungodly Hittites and Amorites, gives this prohibition: "Neither shalt thou make marriages with them; thy daughter thou shalt not give unto his son, nor his daughter shalt thou take unto thy son, for they will turn away thy son from following Me, that they may serve other gods." Deut. vii. 3, 4.

Parkhurst renders heterogonos, "to be unequally, or unfittingly yoked; particularly in marriage"; and justifies this definition by reference to a passage in Leviticus, where this word is used in the Septuagint, which he judges the Apostle had in his mind when he used it in the passage under consideration. E. S.

Children's Work.

Mrs. Jas. Lediard, Supt., Poplar Hill, Ont.; to whom communications for this department should be addressed.

Erin, Aug. 22, 1890.

DEAR MRS. LEDIARD,—During this quarter we have collected \$2 18, which was sent to Miss Fleming. There has been nine additions since we started, making twenty-five members in all at present. MARY E. McMILLAN, Sec.

I was pleased to receive this report, as it is the first word from any of our Bands since the Annual Meeting. I hope it is the forerunner of reports from all the others. J. E. L.

DEAR CHILDREN,—The holidays are nearly over, and you will soon all be at school and settled down to hard work again. I hope you have all had a good, happy time, and are feeling stronger and better for your vacation. I wonder how many of you have found time to think of our Mission work, and the many thousands of boys and girls in other lands who would rejoice in the enjoyment and rest which seems so natural to you, and I wonder, too, how many of you have been sacrificing your own ease and comfort or indulgence, so that you may be able to do

something for others who have none of your blessings. I am sure I should rejoice, if I know what some of you have been doing, and must take it for granted your regular meetings will begin again soon, and then I shall hope to hear from some of you. I have not heard from Dr. Macklin as yet, for it takes a long time for letters to travel to and from China. Do not forget that the first quarterly report for this year will be due at the beginning of September. Let me have them as promptly as possible.

Little Things.

A cup of water timely brought, An offered easy chair, A turning of the window blind, That all may feel the air; An early flower bestowed unasked, A light and cautious tread, A voice to softest whispers hushed 'To spare an aching head—' 'O, things like these, though little things, The purest love disclose, As fragrant atoms in the air Reveal the hidden rose.

—From Pure Words. J. E. L.

The following story was read to a great Lord's day school missionary meeting in Broad Street Church, Burlington, N.J., by a little girl:—

"Did you ever want anything awful bad and then have it come? Then you know how I felt when that package came from my auntie in New York, and I opened it and found a pair of real silk mitts. Jack said they were just 'splendor-if-it'; and Jack's my brother, and he knows. I had wanted some for ever so long, but I didn't say much about it, 'cause when you live in a little, cuddled-up house, and your papa has to buy bread and shoes for so many, the money all flies away before it gets around to what little girls want.

"I don't know how auntie found it out unless Santa Claus told her, and it wasn't near Christmas time, either. They were such pretty brown mitts. Tilly Jones said they were just the color of my hands, but I didn't care for that. Little hands will get brown when they weed the garden and do so many things. I looked at them 'most a hundred times in two days, I guess, and then it came Lord's day. Wasn't I glad! I put them on and walked to church, just so. Jack said I hold my paws like a scared rabbit, but I didn't ever see a rabbit with mitts on.

"It isn't right to think too much about what you wear when you go to Lord's day school, and by and by I didn't, for we had such a good Lord's day school I forgot everything else. A missionary man told all the folks about some poor little children away off; how the fire had burned down their school-house, and they hadn't any nice houses, or clothes, or anything, but they were trying so hard to get along and to learn; and he said what was given to those little ones was just the same as given to Jesus. Think of that! Just the same as given to the dear Christ child! I just suppose everybody would give. Why, some of the folks are worth as much as \$10, or \$100, and yet that basket stayed 'most empty.

"I did wish I was rich, and all at once I remembered the poor widow in the Bible; I'd read it that very morning, how she had given her two mites, every living mite she had; it said so. So I slipped mine off and dropped them into the basket, and I was glad, if my throat did all choke up. But pretty soon, when that basket was carried up, the gentleman picked them right out.

"Has any little girl lost her gloves? Nobody said anything, and he asked again: 'Did any little girl

drop her gloves in the basket by mistake?' It was awful still in that room, and I thought he was looking right at me, so I had to say something. 'It wasn't a mistake,' I told him; 'I wanted to help and hadn't any money, but I knew how the poor woman in the Bible gave her two mites, and so—.' Then those folks just shouted, they did! And I felt as if I'd like to drop right down through the floor.

"I know I had made some awful blunder, but I couldn't see what, for if m-i-t-t-e-s don't spoil mitts, what does it spell? 'Course I cried, but my teacher put her arm right around me and whispered, 'Never mind, little Nellie'; and she stood up and said, with her voice all trembling: 'Dear friends, this little girl has given her greatest treasure; have we older ones given as much?' Some way, the money just poured into the basket after that, and the missionary looked gladder and gladder. They brought my mitts back to me, and teacher said she would show me how to get some money to give. But O, how full that basket was! and when that gentleman counted it his eyes grew all wet; he said softly (though I didn't know what he meant): 'A little child shall lead them.'"

Happy Children.

Happiness is the natural condition of every normal child, and if the small boy or girl has a peculiar facility for any one thing, it is for self-entertainment; with certain granted conditions, of course. One of these is a physical freedom and a few rude and simple playthings. Agreeable occupation is as great a necessity for children as for adults, and beyond this almost nothing can be contributed to the real happiness of a child.

"I try so hard to make my children happy," said a mother, with a sigh, one day, in despair of her efforts.

"Stop trying," exclaimed a practical friend at her elbow, "and do as a neighbor of mine does."

"And how is that?" she asked dolefully.

"Why, she simply lets her children grow and develop naturally, only directing their growth properly. She has always thrown them, as far as practicable, upon their own resources—no matter how many servants she had—and to construct their own playthings. When she returns home from an absence they await but one thing—their mother's kiss. Whatever has been brought for them is bestowed when the needed time comes. Nothing exciting is allowed to them at night, and they go to bed and to sleep in wholesome mental state that insures a restful slumber.

They are taught to love nature, and to feel that there is nothing arrayed so finely as the lily of the field, the bee and the butterflies; there is nothing so mean as a lie, nor anything so miserable as disobedience, that it is a disgrace to be sick, and that good health, good teeth and good temper come from plain food, plenty of sleep and being good.

In order to thrive, children require a certain amount of "letting alone." Supreme faith in the mother, few toys, no finery, no dross and early to bed are the best things for making them happy.—Quiter.

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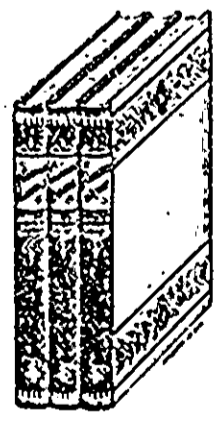
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Official News from the Foreign Society.

The Executive Committee met in regular session in Room 55, Johnston Building, Cincinnati, O., August 16, 1890.

FINANCES.—The receipts for the month amount to \$1,613.77, the disbursements to \$6,070.88. The receipts are unusually small, and the disbursements unusually large.

CONVERSIONS.—The following were reported: One in China; 14 in Turkey (7 in Alboostan, 6 in Brijdjak, 1 in Bythias); 7 in England (6 in Liverpool, 1 in Fulham).

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.—China.—Mrs. E. T. Williams has been sick for several months. The medicine she has taken has done her little good. Drs. Beebe and Macklin urged her to take a trip to Japan for rest and to escape the hot season in Nankin. She reluctantly consented to go. It is hoped that she will return in a few months with her usual health and strength.—Thomas Arnold, speaking of Luho, says that C. P. Hearndon and he contemplate taking up their residence in that city. "There is a fine opening for work, but some one is needed on the ground to organize and superintend it. The people are well disposed towards foreigners, and listen willingly to the gospel. Meanwhile we are working in Chu Chen with greater determination than ever to spread the truth. Almost daily we engage in open air work, besides the indoor services. By God's help, we mean to wake the people up to their true condition. We scatter literature freely, and trust that the Word will take root in many hearts and bring forth fruit."—James Ware has opened a mission in Shanghai. At the first meeting the audience became riotous. He secured order by telling them that he would remain there all night and speak when they were exhausted.

Japan.—G. T. Smith reports ten conversions during the quarter. "A deeper spiritual growth is seen among our believers. They carry on numerous meetings without me."—There has been some fear that Japan would exclude all foreigners. Such fears are groundless. Revolutions do not go backwards. Japan can not go back to where she was in 1858. She wants Western civilization. She can not have Western civilization without at the same time accepting the gospel.

The silver legislation in this country has seriously affected the salaries of missionaries in China and in Japan. The money they receive is worth twenty per cent. less than before. On account of the rice famine, and for other reasons, prices have advanced considerably. For those whose stipends are as small as they can be made, consistently with good health and efficient service, this is a matter of serious concern.

India.—Mr. Durand and Mrs. Adams have been very sick, but are mending slowly.—M. D. Adams asks for twenty men for India. "Bilaspur District needs a number of them. Then on the borders of our district there is virgin soil with millions of heathen. We ask for men of the right spirit and power to come to these destitute places, men who are willing to be isolated from everything but idolatrous people, that they may be instrumental in winning souls to Christ."

Turkey.—G. N. Sishmanian asked for five dollars a month to pay for the rent of a room in Antioch. The church has been meeting in the house of one of the members, but it was too small to accommodate those who wish to hear. The request was granted.—Garabed Kovorkian writes "About three weeks ago a Greek came to Marsivan from four days' distance to be baptized, and I did baptize him in his confession. Truly the harvest is great, but the laborers are few. We have now in our day school 105 boys and girls, and we could have twice as many if we had room."

Scandinavia.—Dr. Holck is proceeding with the chapel in Copenhagen. Building a house of worship, editing and publishing a paper, and preaching several times a week keep him tolerably busy. In addition to his other duties, he has the care of all the churches in Scandinavia.—Niels Devold writes of some trouble in the church in Christiania. Plymouth Brethren notions took possession of some. They claimed to be guided by the Spirit. All wanted to be leaders. The result was confusion, anarchy and division. It is his opinion that the church is stronger and better off since those who were not of them went out from them. The need of Scandinavia is the same as in the other fields—competent and consecrated men. There are several good men, but they are men of limited information, and while they can hold a series of meetings, they can not preach to edification for many months in one place.

England.—H. S. Earl writes very encouragingly from Liverpool. He expects to attend the Des Moines Convention.—J. J. Haley captured Birkenhead at sight. While J. M. Van Horn and family are held in loving remembrance, and deservedly so; there is no break in the continuity of the prosperity of the Music Hall congregation.—W. T. Moore is in this country, and expects to return reinforced for the winter campaign. The good effect of this visit will be visible in the Tabernacle and on the Commonwealth.—W. Durban has good news from Tasso Tabernacle, where he preaches himself, and from Gloucester, where F. W. Troy is at work. Gloucester is the birthplace of Whitfield. "This effort greatly interests us. Bro. Troy reports that he is drawing excellent audiences, and that people of all classes are giving him a hearing. He will plant a church there, and then move on to other towns within easy reach of Cheltenham. The plan is to found a cluster of churches around one of our existing centres."

NEW MISSIONARIES.—Miss Rosa Sickler, of Sutter, Pa., was appointed a missionary to China, to be associated with Mrs. Williams. She will sail with those previously appointed in September. From every field the cry comes for more helpers. This is the burden of almost every letter. No more can be sent unless the receipts of the Society are increased. There is no lack of volunteers. Young men of character and capacity say, "Here am I; send me," but the Board can not send them. It was confidently hoped that the increase this year would reach and pass the \$100,000 line, but unless the offerings for the next two months greatly exceed those of any other two months during the year, we are bound to be disappointed. This year only no collection is asked from the churches. Many of the largest and richest churches have not yet been heard from. Over three hundred churches less have responded than responded last year. It may be that they postponed the date of making their offerings. If so, it is particularly requested

that they attend to this duty soon. The Sunday schools that reported did very well; many of them doubled their contribution of a year ago, but all have not sent in their offerings. The aggregate of the offerings received is less than it was a year ago. We ought to raise a hundred thousand dollars this year. We are well able to do it, and more. It would send a thrill of delight through the heart of every missionary in the field, it would gladden and ennoble our own lives to do this. The last two months of the year ought to be by far the best of all.

A. McLEAN, Cor. Sec., P.O. Box 750 Cincinnati, O.

An Appeal to all Protestant Churches of Christian Lands.

DEAR BROTHERS IN CHRIST.—We, the General Conference of Protestant Missionaries in China, having just made a special appeal to you for a largely increased force of ordained missionaries to preach the gospel throughout the length and breadth of this great land,—to plant churches, to educate native ministers and helpers, to create a Christian literature, and in general to engage in and direct the supreme work of Christian evangelization, and having also just made a special appeal to you for a largely increased force of unordained men, evangelists, teachers and physicians,—to travel far and wide distributing books and preaching to the masses, to lend a strong helping hand in the great work of Christian education, and to exhibit to China the benevolent side of Christianity in the work of healing the sick. Therefore, we do now appeal to you, the Protestant Churches of Christian lands, to send to China in response to these calls one thousand men within five years from this time.

We make this appeal in behalf of three hundred millions of unevangelized heathen; we make it with all the earnestness of our whole hearts, as men overwhelmed with the magnitude and responsibility of the work before us; we make it with unwavering faith in the power of a risen Saviour to call men into his vineyard, and to open the hearts of those who are His stewards to send out and support them, and we shall not cease to cry mightily to Him that He will do this thing, and that our eyes may see it.

On behalf of the Conference, J. HUDSON TAYLOR, Wm. Ashmore, Committee H. CORBETT, C. W. MATEER, (C. F. REID.

Married.

McDONALD.—McDONALD.—In Picton, September 2nd, 1890, at the residence of the bride's father, Richard McDonald, Esq., by George Munro, John C. McDonald and Annie B. McDonald.

BUTCHER.—SAYRES.—In Collingwood township, Simcoe county, Sept. 10th, 1890, by George Munro, James W. Butcher, of Erin, and Martha, daughter of Nelson Sayres, Esq.

Obituaries.

Willie Frame, only son of Bro. S. T. and Clara Stephens of Glenoraire, died on August 9th. He was a lovely child of sixteen months, like a beautiful rose life opened up, but this world being too full of sin, darkness and sorrow for one so pure, the loving Saviour transplanted the tender bud into the paradise of God to live and bloom for ever. The bereaved parents have the consolation that falls from the lips of Jesus whom they trust and love: "Of such is the kingdom of God." C. S. Collingwood, August, 1890.

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