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Contributors and Correspondents.

DIARY IN THE EAST.

ANATHOTH, NICKMASH—FEAST OF PARIM IN JERUSALEM—GEBRO, JORDAN, AND THE DEAD SEA—Continued.

March 3rd was the Jewish feast of Parim, the celebration of which I was anxious to witness, and accompanied the Jewish missionary and another English clergyman in making a tour of the Synagogues, of which there are a number in Jerusalem. Two of these are tolerably handsome buildings, but some of the smaller Synagogues are wretched, dirty, close dens. The Jewish quarter is the dirtiest in Jerusalem, and that is saying a good deal. There had been much rain during the last few days, so that the narrow fitting lanes were worse even than usual. Through these we wandered about, preceded by a man carrying a lantern for the service of the Parim feast takes place after sunset. The light of the lantern was a doubtful benefit, as it often only showed beds of filthy mud which we could not avoid, and which it might have been almost more agreeable to plunge through in the dark. But a lantern is an absolute necessity in going through the streets of Jerusalem at night, for any one passing along without a light is liable to be taken up by the watchmen who are posted every here and there. I never heard of any good these watchmen do except whistling when anyone passes them, giving a separate shrill whistle for each passenger. We found all the Synagogues well filled, some of them quite crowded. The separate nationalities of the Jews in Jerusalem necessitate separate places of worship, and the dress of the worshippers in each marked their origin. The Spaniards and Poles are both numerous. The latter are very peculiar looking with their high fur caps, and their long dressing-gown looking coats, also often trimmed with fur. In each Synagogue the large high pulpit was occupied by a reader engaged in reading aloud the book of Esther. The reading through of that book seems the whole of the public religious ceremonial of the Parim feast. The reader had a sort of scarf over his head, and as he read swung himself back and forward without cessation till, what with the exertion of loud reading in a close atmosphere, and what with the bodily exercise, the perspiration was streaming down his face.

One of the superior Synagogues was well lighted by chandeliers; the others were but dimly lighted, and many of the worshippers held a candle in their own hand, and in the other a copy of the book of Esther, in which they followed the reading. There were some very quaint looking old men among them. With the great round eyed broad-rimmed spectacles on their large noses, and their faces lighted up by the candle held close to their book, they would have made excellent studies for a painter. Whenever, in the course of reading, the name of Mordecai occurred, a great shout of praise was raised. When Haman's name was read loud curses were uttered, and a deafening noise was raised by thumping the floor or benches with sticks kept ready for the purpose. Some, even of the oldest men, took part in the row, and it was truly ludicrous to see the solemn venerable looking elders provided with rattles like what are used in England for frightening birds in the fields. Of course the liberty to make as much noise in the Synagogue as they liked was delightful to all the little boys, and the moment in their faces was very infective. One little fellow took off his wooden shoe, and rising from the stool on which he had been sitting, belaboured it most vigorously. But ludicrous as the scene was, it was a very sad one too. It was so like that which our Lord so strongly condemned in the spirit of His people when He trod this earth. Now, as of old, the Jew says in this feast of Parim not only "Thou shalt love thy neighbour," but "Thou shalt hate thine enemy," and after laughing at the children's merry noise, I could not but feel sad to think in what a spirit of malice and hatred they were being educated. This feeling was increased by hearing that after the reading in the Synagogues the Jews spend the night in feasting to drunkenness. By old tradition it is said that a Jew may on the two days of Parim drink until he does not know the difference between blessing Mordecai and cursing Haman. Of this, of course, I saw nothing, as it goes on in their own houses, and few of the Jews of Jerusalem have the means of indulging to the full in this licensed drunkenness. The worshippers in the Synagogues made no objection to my going in, and in one of the Synagogues I saw several other ladies, travellers like myself. The Jewish women of course were separated from the men, as usual, having latticed galleries for their use. They were much less numerous than the men.

March 4th is a very marked day in my memory. On it I started off on the trip I had been longing for, and almost despairing of making out. I went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. Ever since the

first week of the year, Mr. W. B. and I had been talking of it, and here was the first week of March come, without our having accomplished it. Every time we fixed on a day for starting, either the weather or Mr. W.'s engagements made it impossible to go. Even at the very last it seemed as if we never should get away. Nobody who has not had to make arrangements for travelling with natives of the East can have any idea of the fertility of their ingenuity in putting difficulties in the way, if it does not suit them to move. The man from whom I generally hired my horse was on this occasion to provide one for Mr. W. also, besides attending to himself. On the morning on which we were to start it was discovered that most of his horses were away with another party, so that he had no horse for Mr. W. This made him anxious to put a stop to the whole expedition for that day, that he might not lose the hire of a horse. This we would not submit to, and Mr. W. hired a horse from another man. But our mistake was not so easily foiled in his purpose of lumbering us. It is quite necessary for all travellers to Jericho to be provided with an Arab escort from the Sheikh of Abudis, a village a little way on the other side of Olivet, the Sheikh of which has the monopoly of the Jericho road. There is generally no difficulty in finding an escort, as in the travelling season, men from Abudis are constantly hanging about the different consulates waiting for employment. But as Mustapha did not want to go he managed to make it appear that there was not a single Abudis man to be found in Jerusalem. Good kind Mrs. G., always inclined to believe every one, in spite of her twenty-seven years experience in Jerusalem, was now quite ready to believe Mustapha, and wished us to defer our expedition for another week. This Mr. W. and I would not hear of; they were sure it was all a trick of Mustapha's. We had all our preparations made, the weather seemed likely to hold good for a few days, and so we would, and go we did. We told Mustapha we would ride out without an escort if there was none to be found in Jerusalem, trusting to getting one at Abudis in passing. When he saw us so determined he withdrew his opposition, and then marvelously soon it was discovered that the son of the Sheikh of Abudis himself had just arrived in Jerusalem, and was quite ready to be our escort.

So at last about 11 a.m., we were all mounted, and with much waving of hands to those we left behind, started for our three days trip. Our cavalcade was a little larger than when you went to Hebron. Mustapha looked quite splendid, mounted on a large grey horse, and fully armed with solimtar, pistols, etc. Another native followed on a donkey; he had charge of Mr. W.'s horse. Our Arab guide was a pleasant intelligent young fellow, well clad and armed, and very quiet and dignified in manner, a perfect contrast in that to the donkey man, who was a regular harlequin, full of every kind of antic. B. rode her pony, which from its small size provoked many remarks as to how it would be possible for it to make out the journey. In the usual style of pious ejaculation, which often in the East covers such utter godlessness, the donkey man exclaimed, "God help the little animal, how will it ever do such a journey." He did not know its powers of endurance as well as we did. Riding around the north side of Jerusalem we took the road across the Kedron valley and up over the shoulder of Olivet, which was now such familiar ground to me. Passing through Bethany we descended a steep hill into a narrow gully running eastward. Above us to the right we saw the village of Abudis, from which we were expecting our escort to appear, for he had hurried home to tell of his intended expedition. We saw nothing of him as we passed below the cluster of little houses, and rode slowly on wondering whether he could have preceded us, or whether he was going to fail us after all. We soon met a rather warlike figure, an Arab, well mounted, fully armed, his long gun slung over his shoulder, and with scars on his face which told of former conflicts. He looked suspiciously at us, for all were already in the region where no traveller is safe without an escort. We stopped to speak to him, and when Mustapha told him who B. was he at once became exceedingly gracious, the Bishop's name being well known and respected in his tribe. He belonged to Abudis, and though he was just returning from a long expedition, declared his willingness to turn back with us if B. wished it. When he found we were looking for another escort he volunteered to hurry on to the village and see what had become of him. So after a friendly greeting we again rode on slowly, and not long after had the pleasure of hearing our Arab coming clattering after us at full speed.

The road to Jericho was particularly good when I went over it. A traveller who had passed when it was in bad order had expended a large sum in having the worst places repaired, and that so lately before my journey that the road had not had time to be destroyed by the rains, as it soon would be.

It seemed such a strange thing to hear of travellers in Palestine expanding their money on repairing roads, and cleaning the streets of Jerusalem, while the natives and government looked on indifferent. In the gully below Abudis we passed a very fine spring of water, the stream from which flowed down the valley. The fountain is covered by the remains of a Saracenic arch, and there are other ruins supposed to have been a Khan. We went along the winding gully for about an hour and a half. Most people describe this road between Jerusalem and Jericho as desolate in the extreme, passing between rugged hills, and through savage wilds where abundant lurking places for the savage men who make the road even now so dangerous.

The hills are indeed rugged and solitary in the extreme, and the occasional glimpses which we got of one or two Arabs peering round some cliff, or looking down on us from some commanding rock, made us feel thankful that we had one with us who knew them, and whose presence was a guarantee for our safety, for every man we saw, however poor and ragged he might be, was fully armed. But the hills, wherever the rocks were at all covered with soil, were, when I saw them, clothed with verdant and brilliant with flowers. B. who had been at Jericho before said the never could have believed there could be so much verdure on these usually barren steeps. The very abundant rain of the winter accounted for the difference. Certainly my ride to Jericho was one of the most delightful of my whole tour. I wish I could just convey to my readers something of the feeling that comes over my own mind when I think of that day. The weather was charming, the hot sun being tempered by some light floating clouds, which not only gave us refreshing shade, but added immensely to the picturesqueness of the views as their shadows floated over the hills. The air had sufficient of the hill sharpness to give that sense of exhilaration in the exercise of riding which makes everything appear delightful, and fills the heart with songs of praise. The flowers of such endless variety made a perfect garden of much of the valleys. Many of them were quite new to me, and had I followed my inclinations I fear we should have made it rather a long ride to Jericho. There was such temptation to stop and gather some lonely blossom of which I had never seen the like before.

My horse was in much better condition than most hired horses in Palestine. Mustapha had just purchased it, and it had not got worn out with the constant work of the traveller's season. It possessed the peculiar paces called *rayhan* by the natives. It is neither a daintier, a trot, nor a walk, but something faster than a walk, and smoother than a trot. They say that horses are trained to it by having their legs tied together when they are young, so that they get into the way of moving along quickly without much action. It is a capital pace for a long ride over rough roads where much cantering is impossible.

(To be Continued.)

Regeneration.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—We have been getting some extraordinary theology recently on this subject from two of your correspondents, the first of whom signs himself "A Layman," and the second "Layman." The attempt of the latter to guide the former to a correct view of this subject, reminds me very forcibly of the passage of Scripture that speaks of the blind leading the blind. It is difficult to decide which of the two is furthest from the truth. The first finds fault with Mr. Moody and other teachers of the present day, who, in guiding a sinner in the matter of salvation, say to him, "Just believe, and you are regenerated." Does "A Layman" mean to assert in opposition to this, that the man who believes on Christ is necessarily a regenerate man? or that ministers should, in dealing with and directing sinners, impress on them that they must be regenerated first and believe afterwards? He is perfectly correct in asserting that faith is a living act, and cannot take place in a soul spiritually dead; but what soul ever knew itself quickened or regenerated by the Holy Spirit before faith? Just as truly as breathing in the newly-born infant proves the presence of life, so does faith prove regeneration, or imply it, and consequently, for all practical purposes in the case, it is perfectly correct to say to an anxious sinner perplexed about regeneration, "Just believe and you are regenerated, i.e., you get over all your difficulties about regeneration by simply believing on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, on the ground of God's testimony to you in His Word." "A Layman" further says, that in regeneration the soul is passive, and so it is; he is so far quite correct, but he finds fault with the preaching of the present day in not bringing out this truth prominently enough. Has he read his Bible to so little purpose, or listened to the great preachers and theologians of Glasgow to so little profit, as to imagine that ministers in the pulpit should impress on sinners to keep themselves as passive as possible in order to regeneration. Your correspondent has a little inkling of Calvinistic theology as a theory, but he would require to read the sermons of some such preachers as Spurgeon, in order to get a conception of how the Calvinistic theology should be handled in the pulpit, especially when addressing the unconverted. I remember hearing Dr. Duff once say that water sometimes seemed very deep, simply because it was very muddy. I have been forcibly reminded of this observation in reading some recent literature on the subject of regeneration.

Having noticed thus briefly "A Layman's" letter, I now turn to "Layman."

In reply to the question "Can this living act of faith be exercised by one who is spiritually dead?" He promptly answers, "Of course it can," and he adduces two forms of proof. The first is, that when Jesus called Peter and Andrew saying, "Follow me," they left their nets and followed him, though they were still in a natural state! How does he know they were still in a natural state? He might as well assert that when Jesus said to the man with the withered hand, "Stretch forth thy hand," no divine power was exercised on the man as the command was given, but that the hand was as powerless as ever until after he had stretched it forth! His second proof is taken from the sending of children to school, and, I confess, it is the

most original argument I have ever met with on the subject. It amounts to this, that a child without knowing anything of education whatsoever, or believing any truth in education may come to school, and so a sinner, without knowing or believing any truth in religion, may come to Christ, that is, may exercise faith in Christ! A knowledge or belief of any truth is unnecessary in order to a child's walking to a school-house, therefore, a sinner can come to Christ, while, as yet, he knows nothing, believes nothing, and has no conception of spiritual things, etc. And all this is to prove that faith precedes life in the soul. Nay, further, that faith may take place without a man's knowing or believing anything! The Bible says that "he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him," but according to "Layman," a person may come to Christ without believing that Christ exists, or that he is divine, or that he did anything for sinners, or that the person concerned needs him other as prophet, priest, or king! I would strongly recommend those two laymen when they again attempt to help forward the cause of true religion by means of the pen, to select a subject more familiar and simple, such as the claims of Christian missions, and the liberality with which they should be sustained, or the duty of the churches in respect of the support of the ministry, or the duty of every member of the Church to be doing some work for Christ, whether in the Sabbath School, visiting the sick, helping the needy, acting as collectors for the schemes of the church, or in some way helping in the great work. Each of these brethren may be a power for good, if he will only take hold of work that he can do. Yours, etc., W. T.

History of Presbyterianism in Carlow.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—It may be interesting to your readers to hear the history of our Church in this newly settled district. I send you the following extract from our minute book: "Settlers began to enter this region from the Ottawa side in the year 1855. The Rev. Mr. Lees was sent by the Presbytery of Kingston in connection with the Canada Presbyterian Church for the whole district north of Tudor in the third year thereafter, and labored for over one year very acceptably. The Rev. Jas. Stewart, the second ordained missionary, followed him in the year 1857. Mr. Lees dispensed the Lord's Supper once, Mr. Stewart twice.

After that year the following students were sent here by "Knox College Students' Missionary Society, Messrs. Frizzell and Stewart, for the summer of '71; 2; Carmichael, for '73; Gilchrist, for '74; and Acheson, for '75; all of whom have been successful in doing missionary work.

In 1878 the Lord's Supper was dispensed by the Rev. Mr. Burton, of Belleville, and the next year by the Rev. Mr. Wishart, of Madoc. Through the instrumentality of the latter, a glebe of thirty acres has been purchased for the use of the congregation, and preparation for the erection of a Church was made in the winters of '73-4. Service is now held in it, though not completed. By appointment of Presbytery, Messrs. Robt. Grant and Jas. Wilson were ordained elders in the year 1868.

The former having left the second year thereafter, and his place requiring to be filled, Sylvanus Gemmill was elected by the congregation in 1878, and ordained after a show of hands from the congregation in proof of their confirmation of the same, on the Sacramental Sabbath, the 22nd August, 1875. The Communion Roll now numbers sixty-five, including seven new members, about sixty of whom observed the ordinance. The services of the cause here, and indeed of the whole North Riding of Hastings, has been mainly due to Mr. Wishart, of Madoc. We are the only denomination represented here. This part has been wholly given to us as a Church—let us do the work assigned us by the Master. And how are we about to do it? In four weeks we are to leave these sixty five communicants—in fact the whole district without service; for in that time we students shall be (D.V.) returning to college. Could not at least one ordained missionary be obtained for this whole district. There are four mission fields in all, two occupied by the students from Montreal College, and two occupied by the students from Knox College. An ordained missionary could give each of these fields one Sabbath per month. I trust the Presbytery of Kingston will be successful in obtaining a missionary for this much needed district. This whole district seems to be given us as a Church; let us do the work the Master has assigned us, lest we be accounted unworthy, and the vineyard be given unto others.

I trust the friends of our society will be liberal in their contributions, that we may be enabled as heretofore to send the Gospel to these somewhat out of the way places.

Yours truly, STUART ACHESON.

Boulter P. O., August 31st.

"Domestic Economy"

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Domestic economy is one of the branches of education professedly taught in some of our Ontario Public Schools. It is a good thing that it is taught, and we wish it was so, much more extensively than it is. We are not among those who cry out as if the average Canadian girls were just as nearly as possible useless, except as matters of ornament and amusement. On the contrary, we are quite sure that a very large number of our young women, in all ranks, are very pleasant, intelligent, and without active and industrious as well. Still, there

is no doubt a good deal of room for grumblers saying hard things about the shortcomings of a good many. In a great number of such cases the mothers are more to blame than the girls. They don't teach them anything about the management of a house,—nay, they seem rather jealous about their interference. In many instances mothers toil on and then complain of getting little help from their girls, though they have said again and again they would rather do things themselves than be at the trouble of showing such "thoughtless things" how to do them. Girls may, in such circumstances, be excused if they don't meddle with domestic matters, and grow up perfectly ignorant of everything connected with housekeeping when their mothers have monopolized the whole work, and have only treated them to scolding and contempt, as awkward, thoughtless, and unhandy when they tried. What unpleasant reflections some mothers must have when they send away their daughters to houses of their own, as ignorant as children how they are to proceed in the changed circumstances. They may laugh at the idea of "baby wives," but it is no laughing matter to the husbands and as little to the wives themselves, who may have to pass through a discipline of vexation, anxiety, and annoyance before they learn that which they ought to have learned under their mother's direction and care, or which is still more likely, may sink into careless disgusted slatterns, fully convinced, and their husbands equally so, that the romance of matrimony had entirely disappeared. If mothers were only wise, would they be continually treating their daughters—"poor things"—as if these were to be kept laid up in wadding all their days, or as if they would rather not be troubled with the task of teaching them how to "keep house," though they have no objection to young men in due time taking them off their hands. There are managing, bustling mothers, whose daughters could not cook a dinner or dust a room, or know when these were done as they ought to be. Have they no pity on the coming husbands?

A Roman Catholic's Title in Church Property.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

It is probable that few Roman Catholic laymen are likely to bring a suit, based on a supposed title in church property, acquired through money contributions. Such a suit, has, however, been brought in the New Hampshire courts, and the decision, given by the judges last week, will be of interest to Roman Catholics everywhere. The suit was one brought, in equity, by some attendants of the Roman Catholic Church at Portsmouth, against the local priest and the late Bishop Bacon. The complainants contended that they had contributed toward the erection of a Church edifice, but at times were debarred from entering it for the purpose of religious worship, unless on payment of an entrance fee. They also complained that the priest abused his clerical office by taking advantage of the position to abuse some of the complainants in an open meeting on the Sabbath, etc. The case had been on the docket for two years, and was regarded with interest, as likely to indicate how many, if any, rights were preserved by contribution towards the erection of Roman Catholic Churches by the laity. The defendants claimed that the sole and exclusive proprietorship of the church was in the bishop, and the laymen had no rights therein, which the priests were bound to respect as against their own convictions.

The court has sustained the bishop on the ground that the complainants show no legal title in the church property; their contributions are given without acquiring right of ownership. The title rests in the bishop, in whose name is the deed of the land upon which the building is erected. The remaining questions, as to priestly conduct and admission fees, follow the other decision, but the court goes further, and indicates that such matters belong to ecclesiastical jurisdiction and not to the courts of the State, and it declines to interfere. The decision firmly entrenches the bishops and priests in the power as enjoyed in foreign countries over church property, and, however much at variance with the custom in such property owned by Protestants, seems to be in accordance with the contract with the Roman Catholic laymen, who may contribute but not control in matters of church lands and buildings.

Waiting.

One windy afternoon I went with a friend into a country almshouse. There was sitting before a feeble fire a very aged man, who was deaf, and so shaken with palsy, that one wooden shoe constantly pattered on the brick floor. But deaf, sick, and helpless, it turned out that he was happy.

"What are you doing, Wisby?" said my friend.

"Waiting, sir."

"And for what?"

"For the appearance of my Lord."

"And what makes you wish for his appearing?"

"Because, sir, I expect great things then. He has promised a crown of righteousness to all that love his appearing."

"And to see whether it was a right foundation on which he rested that glorious hope, we asked old Wisby what it was. By degrees he got on his spectacles, and opening the great Bible beside him, pointed to the text, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom, also, we have access by faith into the grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God."

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Pastor and People.

The Preacher and his Times.

[Condensed from Dr. John Hall's Lectures on Preaching.]

The present lecture would consider how far the preacher should be influenced by his times. It would be generally admitted that the Apostles spoke in their way to their times, and that the great preachers of the Reformation, and successful preachers of the present, did likewise. The Apostles combated Judaism and Paganism; the preachers of the present, unbelief and various forms of worldliness; yet the factors of the preaching of Peter and Paul and John, were factors in all later preaching; the means were constant; it was dangerous to go outside their essentials; Gospel truth was adapted to all periods of human history. People travelled to-day by rail and steamship, but the difference was only of surroundings; there was the same human nature, with its old weakness and needs. The devil, too, was finite; he was credited with more ingenuity than he had, in Eden he said, "Ye shall be as gods, shall not die," and these were his arguments now. Before the flood they were eating and drinking, and marrying, and giving in marriage—all lawful things—but were forgetting God; and so it was now in New York, and Boston, and Chicago—the old temptations and the old yieldings ever new. And as the sin was constant, so was the remedy, the loving, self-denying Christ—ever fitted to be the chief among ten thousand—to those who would receive him. It was a uniform tendency to overrate both the advantages and disadvantages of one's time. Particularly were "fads and the press teaching; men to count their age the worst. But it was the self-same press that made the impression of such badness; crime was more heard of than of old; it was collected from all over the earth, and set forth in artistic form. Bearing in mind, then, the exaggerations both of good and bad, the uniformity of human nature under all the changes, and the constant quality of God's truth as a power in the world, several discouraging, and then several encouraging, features of the times were to be regarded by the preacher, though he was not to make radical changes from methods as old as Christianity.

I. Of the discouraging features, were to be mentioned.

1. An over valuation of wealth. Applied science had opened new avenues to it; inventions and discoveries had helped to it; the gold of the West had been uncovered; there had been great opportunities and brilliant successes, and the love of it was contagious. Wealth was made much of in the Old Testament, being a concrete illustration of God's favor; but the Testament emphasized its unsatisfactory nature, and its transitoriness, and the New Testament spoke even more plainly. This wealth-getting peculiarity should be recognized by the preacher, and he should turn it into praiseworthy channels, as in the support of missions and similar enterprises. The preacher was often reluctant to do this, lest he should seem to plead his own cause; but he was to speak God's truth, without thought of the consequence, and especially was he to disenchant the young of a fatal devotion to gain.

2. Another disheartening peculiarity of the times, was an extravagant use of money. By this was not meant the use of large sums for legitimate ends, by those owning large sums, but extravagance for the very sake of extravagance, and often in trifling directions. The ways of the wealthy in this particular, too often reminded one of the days of the Roman Empire, when wine, in which costly pearls had been dissolved, was drunk, and when the equivalent of \$150,000 for a woman's dress was applauded by the populace—signs not of the old Roman might, but of decay like that of Babylon and Tyre. And this is the danger of our own prosperous Republic. The preacher was to teach Christian men and women to eschew such follies, and especially Christian women of wealth, who had much influence in these particulars. Vain was it for wealth to use part of its treasure to endow Magdalen asylums, and the rest in adorning its daughters in a way to induce those frivolous characteristics which were too ready preparatives for needing such asylums. The Disciples admired the splendor of Jerusalem; but Jesus, who had seen the better Jerusalem, was nowise so dazzled.

3. A third besetting evil was a tendency to overrate physical studies. They were attractive and refining. Legitimately followed, and not with absolute absorption, they were highly serviceable to the world. But they were not wholly disinterested; there was money in them, as in applied chemistry and electro-magnetism. They induced, too, a habit of mind too little open to spiritual truth; their fruit was too often refusal to believe what scalpel or microscope or crucible could not verify. This amounted to a crying evil when men eminent in physics overstepped their proper domain, became oracular in other fields, and backed their positions in spiritual things by their prestige in natural science. The old story of naturalists becoming first the wise men of a land, then the counselors of kings, and then even priests to a people, was being told over again in a different phase, in our day. The preacher should be loyal to all truth, but should teach men that each realm of truth had its plane, laws, conditions, and that there is spiritual truth that is not discovered by scales and lenses.

4. A fourth tendency to be borne in mind by the preacher, was that—common to all wealthy and luxuriant ages—of overrating the value of fine arts. The arts were less potent for good than was popularly supposed. They were capable of being subsidized by a corrupt religion; of standing high while religion stood low—as witness the age of the French Renaissance, of Leo X., of the Medicis. When the people came to the preacher wanting to help him on by aid of the fine arts, he was not to second their efforts, but to impress them with what was higher, by the manifestations of the truth, commending himself to

every man's conscience in the sight of God.

5. A fifth evil was the idolatry of genius—not genius, but its idolatry. Men needed to realize more that a man might be very brilliant, and in a specialty very authoritative, and yet be a most unsafe guide. The Way of Life was so constructed that the genius had no advantage in it. The way-faring man, though a fool, had as fair a prospect in it as men of the sublimest talents. In the light of this, the preacher was to counteract the evil, and uplift truer standards.

II. The above, and like special evil tendencies, must not more be overlooked than certain excellent ones:

1. Foremost among these was the independent thinking of the age. Mention of Plato, Aristotle, and the Christian Fathers, no more made men bow the head, councils were held to be but assemblies of fallible men; the State was not accepted as a religious guide. Of all this no one was to be afraid. Some rotten branches might be broken off under the tempest, but the healthful trees would be bettered. The Bible bade men "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." Infidelity was over-estimated. Bishop Butler, in 1796, wrote in the Preface of his Analogy, that Christianity was held by leaders in society as ready to be put by, which was wise true now. It was the fashion of even Christian authors to write infidelity up, by exaggerating its power. The Bible challenged criticism; reckoned the old manuscripts worth their weight in gold; sent explorers to verify in historic ruins the truth which skepticism had fruitlessly attacked. There was no Voltaire, or Rousseau, or David Hume, or their match, in the infidel camp now.

2. There was next a universal sense of brotherhood and helpfulness among men. Ethnology had sown its wild oats, and was helping this on now. War was coming to be regarded as a cruel thing; arbitration, much helped from this place, was gaining in favor; when war must be, its honors were vastly mitigated, as in the recent rebellion, and in the Franco-German war (copying from America's experience); miners and factory employees were being cared for and elevated; asylums and prison reform were samples of much more. All of this was to be saved by the preacher from being mere sentimentalism, and to be encouraged and helped on by him.

3. The yearning for church union, or at least the union of sympathy, was a most encouraging feature. It had its elements of ambition and narrow policy, doubtless, but on the whole it was healthful. All of this was to be a help in the preacher's work, and he was to enter into its best spirit. The speaker did not want to be cut off from Paschal, and Fenton, and Thomas a Kempis; nor from Waldenses and Albigenses; nor from the lights of the Reformation; nor from the Latimers, and Ushers, and Butlers, and Lightfoots, of the English Church; nor from Oliver Cromwell, Wesley, or Whitfield,—and how could he—how could any preacher—shut himself away from God-fearing workers in the corresponding sections of the church that might be toiling in the same parish with himself to-day?

4. The mission spirit of the age was another most encouraging feature. The Church was coming back to something of the spirit of missions in the Primitive Church—the true faith age. The "ages of faith," the subject of so much rhapsody, were ages of crusades, of Gualfs and Ghibelines, of servile reverence for authority. Now the old spirit was coming back, and men were going forth mightily to preach the Gospel in the old time simplicity.

5. A final source of encouragement to be made the most of by the preacher, was the spirit of individual activity in the church. There was never a time when so many were ready for mission and other good works, never a time of such general religious activity. This activity was to be made more and more a sanctified activity. This the preacher was to teach the people by being himself active in this high spirit. That was the true secret of all success in religious service. God was to be before all things; the spirit was to be in all one's service. Then would it like Abel's offering, be "had respect unto." To serve God otherwise as a preacher was to throw away one's life; to serve him in this blessed sense was to make life in the sublimest degree successful.

The Ordnance Survey. A Saxon Deed.

The Report of the Progress of the Ordnance Survey, by Sir Henry James, the Director-General, which has just been issued, is unusually interesting from the information which is supplied in it on the processes of photozincography, which resembles lithography, was discovered by Sir Henry James in 1860; and Her Majesty's Government was so strongly impressed with its value, that they immediately authorized him to undertake the production of a facsimile of "Domesday Book," which was commenced by publishing the part of it relating to Cornwall. The whole work has since been published, and it has been universally received, as a most valuable contribution to the history of the kingdom, and the sale of copies has more than covered the costs of their production.

On the completion of the facsimile of "Domesday Book," the Government resolved to have facsimiles made of the most interesting national records, which would not only give the information, as it had been handed down, respecting important historical facts, but the documents being arranged in chronological order, would show the changes which had been made in our language and in our writing during the lapse of time. A series of manuscripts, relating to England, was accordingly copied, commencing with the Charter of London by the Conqueror, and ending with the dispatch of Marlborough reporting the victory of Blenheim.

In pursuance of the original intention to publish a series of documents which would illustrate the changes in writing and language from the earliest times of which we have any authentic records, a copy of a Saxon charter by King Edgar is inserted:

in the report as an example of the materials which were preserved in abundance. The charter was exactly 900 years old last year, and its fine bold-writing is perfectly preserved up to the present time. The body of the charter is in Latin, and the description of the boundaries of the property is in Anglo-Saxon, the most familiar language of the time. As the form of so ancient a conveyance must be regarded with interest by antiquaries, we append the translation by Mr. W. Bassett Sanders, assistant keeper of Her Majesty's records:

(Latin.)

"Our Lord Jesus Christ reigneth for ever. It is advisable that every deed or gift should be made under the testimony of writing, lest the succession of posterity be swallowed in the whirlpool of rapine and the clouds of ignorance. Therefore, I, Edgar, having by divine grace obtained the pre-eminence of royal rule over all Britain, being willing to endow with perpetual freedom a certain part of the country under my jurisdiction, do in reward of his devoted service grant unto Eborac my faithful minister three plots of ground [manors] in the place which is called in common parlance Nymed, that he may hold it, as we have above said, in perpetual inheritance, with all fields, woods, and meadows thereunto of right appertaining. Moreover the aforesaid land is to be free of all secular tribute and royal service excepting only going to the wars and the building of bridges or castles. Whosoever, therefore, moved by a benevolent and sincere disposition, shall trouble himself in amplifying this aforesaid grant, may the Parent of All increase and amplify his life in this present world, and may he and all his family happily experience the unclouded joys of the over-lasting one to come. But may they who shall diminish or unjustly violate the same, which God forbid should enter into the minds of the faithful, make part with those of whom on the other hand, it is pronounced, 'Depart from me, ye wicked, into everlasting fire, unless they shall have made lawful satisfaction beforehand.' This said land appears to be enclosed about by these bounds."

(Saxon.)

"This is the land-meer of the three lodes of Nymed. First to Copulanstan (the stone of Copela); from the stone westward on to the high road at Eisandune; then therefrom to the high road at Red Flood; therefrom to Sedgbrook's head; therefrom down Sedgbrook to where the lake [stream] strikes west; therefrom out on Heathfield to the gutter head; from the gutter down on Hano; therefrom adown along stream to where Rushbrook strikes on Nymed; therefrom eastward on Rushbrook to Shipbrook; then up Shipbrook and so back to Copulanstan."

(Latin.)

"Moreover this aforesaid grant was made in the year of the Incarnation of our Lord DCCCLXXXIII. In the second indiction. These are the witnesses of this grant whose names are here written.

- I, EDGAR, King, have confirmed the aforesaid grant.
I, DUNSTAN, Archbishop of Canterbury, have corroborated it.
I, OSWALD, Archbishop of York, have Strengthened it.
I, AELFRITH, Queen have consented.
I, AELFHIRE, Duke.
I, AETHELWINE, Duke.
Here follow the signatures of several Bishops, Abbots, and Ministers.
The deed is endorsed in Latin and Saxon:

(Saxon.)

Copulanstane's deed.
"This is the deed of the three hides at Nymed, which King Edgar bestowed upon Eilfhere his thane in perpetual inheritance."

(Latin.)

"This is the charter of the land which is called Copulanstan, which the reverend priest Brihtic gave for the relief of his soul and the souls of his parents to the monastery of Saint Mary, which is in Crydatun, for the maintenance of the canons serving God thereon. If any one thereafter shall take it away from the aforesaid place, or in anywise diminish it, may he be stricken with a perpetual curse and perish everlastingly with the devil unless he strive by due reparation to make amonement."—The Architect.

Helps on the Journey.

Of all sections of mankind the clergy are those to whom, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the community, marriage should be most commended. There are no homes in England (and the same is true of America) from which men, who have served and adorned their country, have issued forth in such prodigal numbers, as those of the clergy of our church. What other class can produce a list so crowded with eminent names as we can boast in the sons they have reared and sent forth into the world? How many statesmen, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, physicians, authors, men of science, have been the sons of village pastors? Naturally—for they receive careful education—they acquire of necessity the simple tastes and disciplined habits which lead to industry and perseverance; and, for the most part, they carry with them throughout life a purer moral code, a more systematic reverence for things and thoughts religious, associated with their earliest images of affection and respect, than can be expected from the sons of laymen, whose parents are wholly temporal and worldly. This is a cogent argument, to be considered well by the nation, not only in favor of married clergy, but in favor of the church, which has been so fertile a nursery of illustrious laymen; and I have often thought that one main and undetected cause of the lower tone of morality, public and private, of the greater corruption of manners, of the more prevalent scorn of religion, which we see in a country so civilized as France is that its clergy can train no sons to carry into the contents of the earth the steadfast belief in accountability to heaven.—Lord Lytton.

Zeal Without Knowledge.

A gentleman passing one of the halls occupied by the American Revivalists, observing a number of people leaving, asked one of the "workers" whether the service was over. "Yes, sir," replied he, "it is." "Has it been a good service?" "Yes, yes," said the "worker," "a very good service;" and then, putting his face close to that of the gentleman, he exclaimed, "Are you a Christian?" After a pause, the gentleman replied, "I hope I am." "You hope you are!" Hope won't do, sir. You must be sure, sir; you must be sure; hope is not enough." "Nay," answered the gentleman, courteously; you forget, my friend, that the Apostle Paul expressly teaches that 'we are saved by hope.'" The "worker" seemed surprised at the quotation, but exclaimed, "Ah! yes, yes; but I tell you, sir, hope will not take you to heaven. You must know that your sins are forgiven, sir." "But," my friend, pursued the gentleman, "you must know that the Apostle Peter gave God thanks that He had in His 'abundant mercy begotten us again unto a living hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.'" This fact also seemed new to the "worker;" but he nevertheless replied, "Look at this paper, sir," holding a tract in his hand; "I am sure I have this; and you must be sure that your sins are forgiven; it is no use hoping, sir." "My good friend, you must read your New Testament a little more before you speak to others as you have spoken to me. Read it carefully, and see whether it does not say in the Hebrews, 'For the law made nothing perfect; but the bringing in of a better hope did; by which we draw nigh to God.' 'Christ in you, the hope of glory.' 'Faith, hope, and charity.' 'In hope of eternal life, which God promised before the world began.' Faith produces hope. Hope is the fruit of faith; and hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us. Now, said the gentleman, kindly, "Go home, my friend, and read what the New Testament says about hope, before you speak to any one as you have spoken to me. Good night."

The Next Duty.

This is an epoch of elevators. We do not climb to our rooms in the hotel, we ride. We do not reach the upper stories of Stewart's by slow and patient steps; we are lifted there. The Staircase is crossed by a railroad, and steam has usurped the place of the Alpenstock on the Rhigi. The climb which used to give us health on Mount Holyoke, and a beautiful prospect, with the reward of rest, is now purchased for twenty-five cents of a stationary engine.

If our effort to get our bodies into the sky by machinery were not complemented by our efforts to get our lives up in the same way, we might not find much fault with them; but, in truth, the tendency everywhere is to get up in the world without climbing. Yearnings after the infinite are in the fashion. Aspirations for eminence—even ambitions for usefulness—are altogether in advance of the willingness for the necessary preliminary discipline and work. The amount of vaporing among young men and women, who desire to do something which somebody else is doing—something far in advance of their present powers—is fearful and most lamentable. They are not willing to climb the stairway; they must go up in the elevator. They are not willing to scale the rocks in a walk of weary hours, under a broiling sun; they would go up in a car with an umbrella over their heads. They are unable, or unwilling to recognize the fact that, in order to do that very beautiful thing which some other man is doing, they must go slowly through the discipline, through the maturing process of time, through the patient work, which have made him what he is, and fitted him for his sphere of life and labor. In short, they are not willing to do their next duty, and take what comes of it.

No man now standing on an eminence of influence and power, and doing great work, has arrived at his position by going up in an elevator. He took the stairway, step by step. He climbed the rocks, often with bleeding hands. He prepared himself by the work of climbing for the work he is doing. He never accomplished an inch of his elevation by standing at the foot of the stairs with his mouth open and longing. There is no "royal road" to anything good—not even to wealth. Money that has not been paid for in life is not wealth. It goes as it comes. There is no element of permanence in it. The man who reaches his money in an elevator does not know how to enjoy it; so it is not wealth to him. To get a high position without climbing to it, to win wealth without earning it, to do fine work without the discipline necessary to its performance to be famous, or useful, or ornamental without preliminary cost, seems to be the universal desire of the young. The children would begin where the fathers leave off.

What exactly is the secret of true success in life? It is to do, without flinching, and with utter faithfulness, the duty that stands next to one. When a man has mastered the duties around him, he is ready for those of a higher grade, and he takes naturally one step upward. When he has mastered the duties at the new grade, he goes on climbing. There are no surprises to the man who arrives at eminence legitimately. It is entirely natural that he should be there, and he is as much at home there, and as little elated, as when he was working patiently at the foot of the stairs. There are heights above him, and he remains humble and simple.

Proachments are of little avail, perhaps; but when one comes into contact with so many men and women who put aspiration in the place of perspiration, and yearning for earning, and longing for labor, he is tempted to say to them: "Stop looking up, and look around you! Do the work that first comes to your hands, and do it well. Take an upward step until you come to it naturally, and have won the power to hold it. The top, in this little world, is not so very high, and patient climbing will bring you to it ere you are aware."—Scribner's Monthly.

Miscellaneous.

The Intercolonial is beyond question the best built railway on the continent of America. Its cost when finished will be about \$3,500 sterling, or \$42,000 per mile.—Nova Scotia.

The neighbourhood of Jungbunzlau, in Bohemia, has been laid almost completely under water by a violent water-spout. The garrison troops were ordered to the scene of distress to endeavor to save life and property.

The Worcester Journal states that on the 17th of July 1797, King John's tomb was opened, and the public admitted to see the remains of the King. Among those present was Mr Christopher Bardin, a respected citizen, who attended at the cathedral last Saturday (seventy-eight years since the opening of the tomb), being then in good health.

MR. EDWARD JENKINS, M.P., the Agent General for Canada, announces that in the present state of commerce in the Dominion, it is not desirable, especially at so late a period of the season, to encourage the emigration of artisans, mechanics, clerks, and general labourers. To do so just now would be almost criminal, and equally disastrous to the emigrants themselves and to the interests of Canada. Agricultural labourers are still, however, in demand, but they are not wanted in large numbers. Female domestic servants are always wanted, and may safely go at any time.

A NEW UNIVERSITY, we hear, is to be established in the city of Baltimore, Maryland, U.S., through the munificence of a Quaker gentleman, the late Mr. Hopkins, who bequeathed for the purpose, the enormous sum of seven millions of dollars. It is to stand in a fine wooded country, filled with old oaks and elms, and near to the city. There are to be twenty-five Professors, and a Librarian. Prof. Gilman, late of the University of California, has been appointed President. To carry out the will of the testator, there have been appointed twelve trustees, entirely irresponsible to the state, or to any political party.

In the Oldham, Ashton, and Mossley districts, between twenty and thirty thousand hands are on strike in consequence of new regulations into the cotton mills. At Ashton and Mossley the workpeople also demand an increase of 15 per cent. On one day about 160 mills ceased working.—At Dundee thirty-one mills are closed, and upwards of 12,000 persons idle. An open-air mass meeting of the operators was held recently; 10,000 men and women attended. It was resolved to continue and strike till the notices reducing the wages by 10 per cent, were withdrawn. Fifty-nine spinners and manufacturers, representing about forty of the leading firms, assembled in the Royal Exchange in the afternoon, and determined to adhere to the reduction. The workers expect considerable pecuniary support from Belfast, Glasgow, and other places.—The failure is announced of Messrs. Schultze and Moir, East India merchants, with liabilities estimated at £900,000.

A MEASURE of Lord Carnarvon's seems likely to be more successful than could be anticipated from its first reception. Some weeks ago he suggested to the Governor of the Cape the consideration of a plan for forming all the South African colonies, after the example of Canada, into one great Dominion. The proposal was met in the Cape Parliament by a petulant burst of self-assertion, intended to repel the supposed dictation of the Colonial-office, but the last accounts show that the Parliament by no means represented the mind either of its own or of the other colonies in this respect. The notion of a Dominion evidently becomes more popular the more it is dwelt upon, and it will probably in no long time be attempted. The pressure of a vast native population, closing round on all sides, makes unity a thing particularly desirable to the South African colonies.

MR. H. WALLER, Hon. Secretary to the West London Scientific Association, writes to the papers that on Saturday, the President of his society, Dr. Gladstone, F.R.S., was fortunate enough to discover in a pit, about half-a-mile east of Erith Station, which has yielded two species of British elephant and one of a lion, a large flint implement of palaeolithic make—the first indubitable specimen of the kind which these mammalian beds of the lower Thames valley have yielded, to show the contemporaneity of man with the great quadrupeds of the pleistocene age. The implement is a long and slightly convex flake, clipped on its outer face into three longitudinal facets. It has consequently four working edges. At the butt-end there is an echinus or "sea-urochin" in the flint, and this natural ornament has evidently guided the artificer in the process of manufacture. I have seen the flint found at Crayford, in 1872, by Professor Boyd Dawkins, and I may safely say that the doubts entertained with regard to its artificial origin, will not apply to the specimen found on Saturday, as the above description will show.

Our Young Folks.

Charley's Two Gardens.

"O mother!" exclaimed Charley Allen, as he burst into his mother's quiet sitting-room one bright spring afternoon.

"Not so fast, dear boy," answered Mrs. Allen; "I am very sorry to disappoint you, but I have just paid out my last penny to old Mrs. Walters, who always comes to me for help with her rent."

"I wish Mrs. Walters and the rain would keep away?" he cried, dashing out of the room and shutting the door in no gentle way.

The next day was a clear, bright Saturday. Charley was soon in possession of his seeds and rake, and after breakfast he prepared for a good day's work.

"You bothering little thing," he exclaimed at length, "go into the house and keep out of my way!"

"How does your garden promise to look, dear?" she continued, when Charley had seated himself by her side.

"Elegant, mother," replied Charley, with a look of pride.

"Have you made the soil soft and rich?" "Soft, mother! Soft isn't the word, and rich as—Cressus!"

"O mother," answered Charley, "I love my garden, and I am determined that it shall be splendid this year; and the weeds shall not grow faster than I will pull them up."

"How is your other garden flourishing, Charley dear?" said his mother, after a pause, in which she had been pondering how best to turn his mind in the direction she wished it to take.

"My other garden, mother! What do you mean? Oh, I know; you mean the corner piece in the next lot that I wanted for beans and corn. Father could not let me have it after all!"

"No, Charley, I do not mean that, but the one of which I fear you think too little. I mean the heart-garden which God has given you, and which he has put you into the world to cultivate."

"Among the first is the noble and stately lily, the emblem of Truth and Parity. I think this lovely flower does grow in your heart-garden, my boy. Never, never let it droop from neglect, and sow this precious seed to insure a plentiful growth."

"What did you plant in the centre of your bed last year, Charley?" "Why, that beautiful pink rose, mother, and you need to say that its sweetness overpowered all the other garden perfumes."

"Yes, Charley, that is like the spiritual rose Charley—love towards all men—which sheds its influence far and wide, and of which the Bible says, in contrast even with Faith and Hope, 'the greatest of these is Charity.'"

"Then do not forget, dear Charley, the fragrant hyacinth, which I would like to see in your garden, and which I would like to see in your heart-garden, my boy. Never, never let it droop from neglect, and sow this precious seed to insure a plentiful growth."

"Dear boy," answered his mother, tenderly, "could we have one flower of any kind without God's almighty aid? And

grace to help in time of need is promised to all who ask for it."

"But, mother, there are the weeds," whispered Charley. "Yes, my child; anger, pride, envy, ingratitude, impatience, deceit must all be rooted up, and that constantly; but the surest way to permanently rid of them is to pull up with one hand, and with the other to drop in seeds of the choicest, sweetest flowers."

Charley's eyes were filled with tears as he put his arms around his mother's neck, exclaiming, "Dear mother, I will begin on this garden in good earnest, asking God to help me."

And he did, encouraged by his mother's kind and helpful talks, and strengthened and upheld by the grace he now began to seek.

And the sweet plants of love, humility, patience and truth made good progress, and though it was a hard fight with the weeds, yet anger and impatience even, which seemed most discouraging in their abundance at first, lost ground, crowded out by the fragrant flowers.—N.Y. Observer.

Truth and Falsehood.

"Willie, why were you gone so long for the water?" asked the teacher of a little boy.

"We spilled it, and had to go back and fill the bucket again," was the prompt reply; but the bright noble face was a shade less bright, less noble than usual, and the eyes dropped beneath the teacher's gaze.

The teacher crossed the room and stood by another who had been Willie's companion.

"Freddy, were you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?"

For an instant Freddy's eyes were fixed on the floor, and his face wore a troubled look. But it was only for an instant—he looked frankly up to the teacher's face.

"Yes, ma'am," he bravely answered; "we met little Harry Braden and stopped to play with him, and then we spilled the water and had to go back."

Little friends, what was the difference in the answers of the two boys? Neither of them told anything that was not strictly true. Which one of them do you think the teacher trusted more fully after that? And which was the happier of the two?

Hats Off.

Off with your hat, my boy, when you enter the house. Gentlemen never keep their hats on in the presence of ladies, and if you always take yours off when mamma and the girls are by, you will not forget yourself, or be mortified when a guest or stranger happens to be in the parlor. Habit is stronger than anything else, and you will always find that the easiest way to make sure of doing right on all occasions, is to get in the habit of doing right. Good manners cannot be put on at a moment's warning.

Each in its Own Place.

The puppies and the pigeon met together in the kennel at the corner of the farmyard. They were two young puppies of about three months old, and the pigeon was a trim, respectable, middle-aged individual. They had not much in common, you might have thought—their worlds being so very different, and their characters so unlike each other. The dogs were full of fun and frolic, rollicking and rolling about, so that you never knew which side would be uppermost, running after their own tails, and never still a minute: the pigeon was grave and demure on the ground, but when in its own proper element, the air, soaring and sweeping in endless circles, and only condescending now and then to come down to the level of those who dwell on the earth.

Neither was it likely they would have much to say to each other, or would find it easy to understand each other's talk. Well, I cannot tell how it was exactly (one cannot explain everything, you know), but somehow or other the puppies and the pigeon got into conversation.

"I say, I wish I was you," said one of them, as, after watching the pigeon wheel round, it alighted close beside them; "what a fine thing it must be to be able to fly! I can take a good high jump, but then down I come. You don't and I wonder why."

"Because I can fly, and you can't, and because I was meant to fly, and you were not," returned the pigeon, grandly. "But you see we can't all take the same place in the world: if some are at the top, I suppose the others must be at the bottom, fancy how it would look to see you flying!" and calm and self-possessed as the pigeon generally was, it could not retain a contemptuous smile at the very thought.

The puppies, on their side, did not approve the idea of being at the bottom, because their own precious notions had rather disposed them to think themselves of some consequence in the world. And their ears stood up very straight, and they tried to look very fierce to testify their disapproval.

"Well, I don't know about that," remarked one of them reflectively, "we have got four legs to walk with, and as far as I can see walking is as good as flying. And we are looked after and fed and cared for, and have got this corner all to ourselves, just as if it was on purpose for us; so I don't see we need wish to be anybody else. I suppose as we grow older we shall find there is some use for dogs in the world as well as pigeons."

long life. That has been my work, and I've been esteemed in it by my neighbors. So will you be, if you fill your own place without trying to be something you were not intended to be."

The pigeon spread its wings and flew up into the sky, but had not gone far when there came a flash and a bang, and the pigeon fell dead. It was wanted for a pigeon-pie! That was rather a narrow place to fill after all the talk about an end flying. And it was not what the pigeon intended, but it was the right place, for all that.—M. K. M., in the Child's Companion.

Some Scotch Anecdotes.

In the Cornhill Magazine for March, 1860, in an article on "Student Life in Scotland," there is an anecdote of the late Professor Gillespie of St. Andrews, which is told in such a way as to miss the point and humor of the story. The correct version, as told by the professor himself, is this: Having employed the village carpenter to put a frame round a dial at the manse of Culls, where he was a minister, he received from the man a bill, to the following effect: "To facing the dial, 6s. 6d." "When I paid him, said the professor, "I could not help saying, 'John, this is rather more than I counted on; but I haven't a word to say. I got somewhere about two hundred a year for facing the dial, and I'm afraid I don't do it half so effectually as you've done."

It is curious to mark the glimmering of sense, and even of discriminating thought displayed by idiots. As an example, take a conversation held by John McLymont with Dr. Paul. He seemed to have recovered his good humor, as he stopped him and said, "Sir, I would like to appear a question at you on a subject that's troubling me." "Well, Johnnie, what is the question?" "To which he replied, 'Sir, is it lawful at any time to tell a lie?' The minister desired to know what Johnnie himself thought upon the point. "Well, sir," said he, "I'll not say but in every case it's wrong to tell a lie; but," added he, looking archly and giving a knowing wink, "I think there are waur lees than thers."

"How Johnnie?" and then he instantly replied with all the simplicity of a fool, "to keep doop din for instance. I'll no say but a man does wrang in telling a lee to keep doop a din, but I'm sure he does not do half so much wrang as a man who tells a lee to kick up a devilment o' a din."

Dr. Ritchie, who died minister of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh, was, when a young man, tutor to Sir G. Clerk and his brothers. Whilst with them, the clergyman of the parish became unable, from infirmity and illness, to do his duty, and Mr. Ritchie was appointed interim assistant. He was an active young man, and during his residence in the country he became fond of fishing, and was a good shot. When the grouse shooting came round, his pupils happened to be laid up with a fever, so Mr. Ritchie had all the shooting to himself. One day he walked over the moor so far that he became quite weary and footsore. On returning home he went into a cottage, where the good woman received him kindly, gave him water for his feet and refreshment. In the course of conversation, he told her he was acting as assistant minister of the parish, and explained how far he had travelled in pursuit of game, how weary he was, and how completely knocked up he was. "Well, sir, I dinna doubt ye maun be sair travelled and tired wi' your walk." And then she added, with sly reference to his profession, "Dead sir, I'm thinking ye might have travelled frae Genesis to Revelation and no been footsore."

A. anecdote of Livingstone.

Before he went abroad as a missionary Livingstone was placed for a time under the tuition of the Rev. R. Cecil, of Ongar, in Essex. In the neighbouring village of Stanford Rivers the minister of the independent Church, being suddenly taken ill, and unable to conduct his evening service, applied to Mr. Cecil, who at once sent over Livingstone. The young Scotchman soon surprised the congregation beyond measure, for having taken his text he became bewildered, and could not utter a word. Then, without attempting an apology, or making any remark whatever, he hastily descended from the pulpit, snatched up his hat, and made his way to Ongar, leaving the Stanford Rivers people to think or say what they pleased. The old parson for whom Livingstone came to officiate is still alive, and in telling the story makes it point a moral. The man who ran away from a congregation of Essex rustics was the man who was afterwards not afraid of men or of lions. Modesty and partial failure often precede greatness, and missionary committees ought to be on their guard against saying too hastily, "that man is too bashful ever to make his way in the world."—North British Daily Mail.

About One's Self.

The object of brushing the teeth is to remove the destructive particles of food which by their decomposition generate decay. To neutralize the acid resulting from this chemical change is the object of dentifrice. A stiff brush should be used after every meal, and a thread of silk floss or India rubber passed through the teeth to remove particles of food. Rinsing the mouth in lime water neutralizes the acid.

Living and sleeping in a room in which the sun never enters is a slow form of suicide. A sun-bath is the most refreshing and life giving bath that can possibly be taken.

Always keep the feet warm, and thus avoid colds. To this end, never sit in damp shoes or wear foot coverings fitting and pressing closely. A full bath should not be taken less than three hours after a meal. Never drink cold water before bathing. Do not take a cold bath when tired. Keep a box of powdered starch on the washstand; and after washing, rub a pinch over the hands. It will prevent chapping. If feeling cold before going to bed, exercise; do not roast over a fire.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XXXVIII.

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE (John xi. 1-44). COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 43, 44. PARABLES PASSAGE.—Luke viii. 14, Mark v. 41, 42. SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With v. 34, compare John i. 1, with vs. 35, 36, read Luke xix. 41, and Heb. ix. 15; with v. 37, compare John ix. 6, with v. 38, compare 2 Cor. v. 2; with v. 39, compare v. 6; with v. 40, compare v. 25; with vs. 41, 42, compare Matt. xi. 25-27; with v. 43, 1 Kings xvii. 22; and with v. 44, compare John xv. 5, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death.—Hos. xiii. 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus has swallowed up death in victory.

Lazarus is a shortened form of Eleazar. He only appears in this Gospel, and nothing is known of him certainly beyond this account of him. It is inferred from v. 1, that his sisters were better known than he, probably the youngest of the family (v. 5). They lived in a quiet village, to which, in his later ministry, Jesus sometimes retired from the streets of Jerusalem (Luke xxi. 67; xxii. 89). Mary was a devout and lowly believer; Martha was more inclined to activity and self-satisfaction (vs. 20, 21). Of Lazarus' view we have nothing. (He has been thought by some to be the younger ruler of Matt. xix. and Mark x., wavering and unsettled). He is seized with sore sickness; the sisters send for Jesus (v. 3), and count upon his instant coming. They deem no formal invitation needful. He was engaged meantime at Bethabara (John x. 41, 42), and continued for two days. A day was needed for the message, and a day for his journey to Bethany, bringing the death of Lazarus soon after the departure of the messenger, according to v. 39. Perhaps dissolution had occurred when Jesus said (v. 4), "This sickness, etc." He was rightly absent. It would be unlike Jesus to let him die for the purpose of raising him. On his arrival, the Jews being at the house, with the customary consolations, he does not go to it, but steps outside the town, probably not far from the grave. Mary and Martha both utter words of gentle and not unnatural regret, almost complaint, over his absence. This and the tears of the whole party moved him greatly. He saw in them the types of a sorrowing world, unbelieving, and suffering the ravages of sin and death. But he spent no time and no words on more sentiment. There is nothing done for effect. He proceeds to show by a specimen, how he who came to put away sin can remove the misery and destroy even death.

We have one leading central figure in this scene; all the rest are secondary. The figure is Jesus. In v. 34 we have

AN IMITATION OF HIS WILL.

"Where have ye laid him?" It showed sympathy. It is for information. There is no collusion. It secures spectators. It raises expectation, as we see by v. 47, for the by-standing Jews said, "Could not opened the eyes of the blind," etc. The other cases of raising the dead were in Galilee, and news did not travel there as now. But the miracle of John ix. was near in time and place. How far they said this in good faith, or in the spirit of the rulers, soldiers and robber of Luke xxii. 84, we cannot determine; but the "groaning" of Christ within himself, suggests an unfavorable opinion of their feeling.

"JESUS WEPT."

Sheel tears (v. 35), not the loud weeping of v. 38, (see other cases of his weeping, Luke xix. 41; Matt. xxv. 39, and Heb. v. 7) This is the well-known shortest verse in the Scripture, but full of meaning, justifying natural grief, proving his true humanity, evincing his deep sympathy with their sorrow, even though he knew how it was to be ended, and putting the highest honor on pure, true friendship, such as he cherished for these sisters. These tears of Jesus have moved many a soul, unlocked many a fountain, and encouraged many a mourner to go to him. The Jews, by whom John usually means the party opposed to Jesus, interpreted this as proof of Christ's love to Lazarus, saying, (v. 36), "Behold how he loved him." We have Jesus

EMPLOYING MEN TO DO ALL THAT MEN CAN DO.

"He cometh to the grave" (v. 36). Such a grave as one may see outside such towns, a small chamber cut into the face of a rock, with ledges on its inside for the dead bodies, and its door a stone laid upon or against it, in the more elaborate, shaped into a door and even put on hinges. He bids them roll aside (away) the stone. They can do this much. (Martha probably thought this was only in order to gratify affection by a look at the remains, and put in a natural objection founded on the time he had been dead or buried. "The sister of him that was dead" said this, no collusion. The Jews buried on the day of death). It is disregarded—like many of our difficulties. "God is his own interpreter," etc., and her attention is turned to the word that had been spoken, probably in the former conversation reported in v. 28. We see Jesus

IN COMMUNION WITH THE FATHER (v. 41).

He lifted up his eyes, the fitting look of one speaking to God, and addressed him, not in a whisper or in a juggling, pretentious way, after the manner of exorcists and magicians, but with plain language which the by-standers, for whose good the words were spoken could understand, and from which they might see that he acted as God's righteous servant and did his will. "I thank thee that thou hast heard me," perhaps in the groaning of vs. 38 and 39, more likely in prayers offered when on the way and before coming to the place. What an example for us! "Praying always." He aims here also at the good of the people, and the highest good for them is "that

they might believe" in the Messiah (v. 42.) We have

JESUS CALLING LAZARUS FROM THE GRAVE. in a loud, distinct voice. There is no incantation or mumbling. The pupils may compare the three cases of raising from the dead (see the parallel passages). The ruler's daughter had just died. He took her by the hand and said, 'Damsel, arise.' The widow's son was on his way to the grave. He touched the bier and commanded him to arise. Lazarus had been four days dead. He cried with a loud voice. So it had been a 'd, some only need a tender word, some a command, others a loud voice from Jesus to raise them from the death of sin and awaken them to God. (V. 44.) We have

JESUS INSTANTLY OBEYED.

"Lazarus came forth as buried, hampered with the grave-clothes, the same in kind, it might naturally appear, as put on the body of Christ himself. The spectators can again do something that needs no miracle. "Loose him and let him go," and 'they do it. So the grave is conquered. So death is mastered. So Jesus is proved to be the resurrection and the life. So it is seen how the sickness, the death, his absence, the whole and every part of this transaction are for the glory of God, as Jesus had told the disciples and told Martha.

I. Jesus is truly man; he can be angry, hungry, weary; he can be a friend, can rejoice, groan, weep. But he is truly God. He can raise the dead. He knew all about Lazarus, though at a distance of a day's journey, and he patiently waits his time. As the God-man he is doing his Father's will. Hence his aid is thanksgiving.

II. He who does all for us that we need, does not that which we can do. He bids the men roll the stone away and loose Lazarus. So now we can roll away the stone of ignorance. He quickens the dead soul, we can teach the living. He saves, atones, subdues, rules. We could not do these things. But we can watch, strive, arm ourselves, run, fight. He will not do these things. Any "restfulness" he is opposed to give; that which shuts these out is a delusion, not in Scripture. We fill the water pots, he makes the water wine (John ii. 7).

III. As Lazarus' death is a specimen of the effects of sin, so the raising him is a type of the general resurrection. The word of Christ will raise the dead.

IV. All bereavements among Christians, all sickness even, should be looked at in the light of this record. We may feel, sorrow, weep. We must toll Christ. Whether he appear or not, all is for the glory of God. The saints shall rise again. He feels for us while he waits. He wishes us only to believe. Even Martha finds it hard to do this in the great times of life. But it is the only way of comfort, strength and safety.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The small town or village—how honored—the family—apparent standing—characteristics—how visited—message to Jesus—where he was—his reply—his course of action—how the sister was found—"The Jews"—Christ's question, meaning and use of—his tears, meaning of—impression they made—the question of some—(b) order of Jesus—objection of Martha—reply—Christ's thanks—why uttered—his command—the result—his next order, and the lesson to us.

The Athanasian Creed.

The Rev. Dr. Reichel, the newly appointed Archdeacon of Meath, in a sermon on "The Athanasian Creed, neither Uncharitable nor Unreasonable," uses the following language: "It is said that the Athanasian Creed is uncharitable, inasmuch as it declares that all that do not believe it will be damned. Now here it is necessary to observe, in the very first place, that this extremely common objection is, after all,—strange as it may sound to some of you,—a mere absurdity. Consider the matter thus:—Supposing any of you were to see a man walking straight forwards on a road which you believed ended in a precipice, so that if he went on he would infallibly be dashed to pieces; would it be uncharitable to cry out and warn him of his danger? And supposing the person thus warned was equally persuaded that the warning was not required, that there was no such precipice before him, and that he consequently ran no risk at all. What would you think of him, if, instead of thanking you for your well-meant, but as he believed, quite unnecessary warning, he were to turn round savagely upon you and declare you were exceedingly uncharitable in predicting his destruction if he advanced. Now this is an exact counterpart of what is done by the Athanasian Creed, and its professors on the one hand, and by objectors to that creed on the other. The Athanasian Creed and its professors cry out to warn those that are going on in a certain track that it ends in a precipice, over which they will be dashed in pieces if they proceed; and you turn round on it and call us uncharitable because we love you so much as to warn you against the destruction which we are convinced awaits you if you do not change your course! If this is to be uncharitable, may God grant I may never be less uncharitable! God preserve me from the charity that can look on with tranquil indifference, and rather see a brother perish than offend him!"

The Duke of Edinburgh is said to about to resign to Germany his sovereign rights of accession to the throne of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The country will then become an Imperial Province. The Duke will receive as compensation £70,000 or £80,000 a year.

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Specimen copies will be sent to any address. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, P.O. Drawer 2184, Toronto, Ont.

British American Presbyterian. FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1876.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We must remind many of our subscribers of the fact, which they may have overlooked, that their payments to the PRESBYTERIAN are considerably in arrears.

IS CALVINISM DEAD?

Such was the heading of an article in a recent number of a Methodist magazine published in this city.

It would not indicate very correct information on the part of a Presbyterian editor to head an editorial with the question "Is Methodism Dead?"

Calvinism does not mean all that Calvin ever said, or wrote, or did. Calvinism is a system of theology—a good, clear, outspoken exhibition of the system we find in "The Westminster Confession of Faith."

It cannot be that Calvinism is dead when we find all the Presbyterian Churches of the United States of America still holding by the Westminster Confession.

(three hundred and fourteen thousand) copies of this savory little catechism. It cannot be that Calvinism is dying or dead when we find all the Presbyterian Churches of this Dominion recently uniting on the basis of Calvinism.

It cannot be that Calvinism is dying or dead, when we read of such gatherings as the recent meeting in London of Calvinistic Churches.

This Alliance of Presbyterian Churches, which is based on Calvinism and Presbyterianism, is as wide as the globe, and contains within its bosom twenty distinct Presbyterian denominations.

It would (so say Carlyle and Froude, Spurgeon and Moody,) be a sad day for the world if Calvinism were dead.

But when she came back she found him a laughing. But, in all seriousness, there is no need surely that Calvinism should die, or that any one should wish it dead.

THE GUIBORD CASE. The Guibord case is apparently not settled yet. After the final decision of the Privy Council, we had thought that wise and moderate counsels would have prevailed.

The Rev. J. Somerville, M.A., who had received and accepted a call from Division Street Church, Owen Sound, was ordained by the Presbytery on Wednesday last, the 25th ult.

the whole question of consecrated ground and excommunication and "church authority," etc., there may be differences of opinion, but about the absolute necessity of maintaining the final decision of law, as enacted by the Supreme Court of Appeal, there can, in the estimation of every true British subject, and every truly peaceful citizen, be no doubt whatever.

OBITUARY.

At his residence, near Huntingdon, P.Q., on the 9th day of August, 1876, Hugh Barr, Esq., in his 88rd year, died.

Ministers and Churches.

PRESENTATION.—On the evening of Wednesday, the 25th ult., the ladies of the Presbyterian Congregation of Port Elgin presented their pastor, the Rev. James Gourlay, M.A., with a purse containing one hundred dollars.

We have just learned that Alexander Langmuir, Esq., died last month, after protracted and severe sufferings, at the residence of his son, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, of Toronto.

A MEETING of the Woman's Missionary Society (called from the pulpits the Sunday previous) was held at the Manse, South Georgetown, on Tuesday afternoon, August 31, to organize a society auxiliary to the Canadian Woman's Board of Missions.

The Rev. J. Somerville, M.A., who had received and accepted a call from Division Street Church, Owen Sound, was ordained by the Presbytery on Wednesday last, the 25th ult.

Pettigrew, (Weston,) and Nichol, (Vaughan.) A choir, led by Mr. Dabbie, preceptor of the congregation, sang a number of suitable pieces with great precision and taste.

LITERARY ITEMS.

THE Oxford University Press announces an edition of the Bible which, as to the size of the volume, will be the smallest in the world.

AN old Scotch lady told Sir Walter Scott that she, at seventy, could not read without blushing the works which were openly read and freely discussed in her girlhood.

LAST year American books to the value of \$584,659 were exported from this country, and the record shows that their readers are in all parts of the world.

DR. CANDLISH (Professor in Glasgow College) is to succeed Dr. Dykes as editor of the British and Foreign Evangelical Review, so largely circulated in Canada.

DISRAELI proposes a new verb for membership of the English language. He said in the House of Commons, "There is no one whom I should like more to convene than my honorable friend."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, the Danish poet and story-teller, is dead. He was widely known and of great popularity.

THE ex-Premier Gladstone has collected his three essays, "The Vatican Decrees," "Vaticanism," "The Pope's Speeches," and added a new preface.

THE most comprehensive Biblical book of this decade has just appeared in Paris on "The Prophecy of Daniel; or, the Philosophy of History from Creation to the End of Time."

MR. FRANCIS PARKMAN, the author of the charming history of the French settlement of Canada, is not properly a theologian, but he has got the Roman Catholic Church of to-day in the neatest formula that we have anywhere seen.

THE poor Bishops of the Church of England are the targets for all manner of arrows shot by cunning archers.

EVEN the most careful and learned writers will occasionally make slips. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, in a recent article in the Contemporary Review, said: "This fierce light that beats upon a throne is sometimes like the heat of that furnace in which only Daniel could walk unscathed—too fierce for those whose place it is to stand in this vicinity."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

DR. GUMMING, of London, is preaching on Moody's place in prophecy. His place in history can be more easily ascertained.

NEWMAN HALL still wants \$20,000 to complete the new church in London without debt.

THE Abyssinians are making preparations to invade the Egyptian frontier, which is not sufficiently guarded.

PROF. BLACKIE announces that he has already received \$25,000 for the endowment of a Celtic Chair at Edinburgh University.

THE English Revisers of the Authorized Version of the New Testament, at their fifty-second session, completed the Revision of the First Epistle to the Corinthians to the middle of the fourth chapter.

THE Sustentation Fund of the Free Church of Scotland, which last year was increased by above \$10,000 is still moving onwards and upwards.

of the last month show an increase over the whole Church of \$210 17s 8d.

A RUSSIAN Tract Society has been established this year. A gentleman of the name of Palschoff, who had been converted by Lord Radstock, is distributing every month one thousand copies of the New Testament among the Moslems.

THE national revenue of France for the first six months of this year exceeds the estimate by 45,000,000 francs, (£1,800,000). This is a pretty good indication of the returning prosperity of the country.

THE spiritualistic phenomena are to be thoroughly investigated in St. Petersburg by a special committee of scientists, appointed by the Imperial University, under the Presidency of Professor Mendeleeff.

THE richest of the landholders of Scotland is the Duke of Sutherland, whose "broad acres" aggregate 1,323,333, or more than 2,072 square miles, yielding annually somewhat above a quarter of a million of dollars.

THE London Christian World is the medium for supplying poor Dissenting English ministers, whose salaries range from £50 to £100, with valuable publications, the sums given by their congregations for the object being duplicated from other sources.

THE break up in the convents in Germany has already begun. The Ursuline nuns of Posen have sold their property, and will migrate to Cracow.

THE Moderatorship of the Irish General Assembly is not by any means a sinecure. The incumbent is generally busy, the whole year of his official life, in forwarding some project of the Church.

THE one hundred and thirty-second annual conference of the British Wesleyan Church has lately been held at Sheffield, England. It is the largest Methodist body outside the United States.

THE Education Committee reported the number of schools in operation at 890, with 178,550 scholars; Sunday-schools 5893, scholars, 700,210. The Connectional Sunday-school Union had been organized the past year, and about 1000 schools had joined it.

Easy Manners.

Recent events have called public attention to the intimate relation of morals and manners. It may be said that there is no greater peril to morality than much that is called merely free and easy manners.

IT is thought that over 45,000,000 pine-apples will be shipped from Florida this year.

Measrs. Moody and Sankey—What to be the Effect of Their Visit?

A well-known "Presbyterian Elder" has addressed the following letter to a Glasgow newspaper. It contains so much in the way of suggestion, advice, and warning so necessary and applicable in those cities which have been favoured by the labours of the American Evangelists that we owe no apology in transferring it to our columns. He says:— "They have left after a great and good work, many a blessing will follow them, and few will doubt that their mission has borne much fruit. We trust this fruit will be carefully gathered. There has been much excitement—in some cases too much; a running to and fro; numbers surging from meeting to meeting, so much so that Mr. Moody had often to entreat those who spent their whole time thus to stay away and allow those who had been shut out to get in. Now is the time when the lessons given forth are to be put into practical use. Homes have been broken up, and many duties neglected. In times past we have had many earnest workers, and thousands in our city have had to bless the visit of Christian men and women who have pierced the darkest abodes, and brought comfort and consolation to many a poor soul. Nor has the body been forgotten. Christ's example has been followed, and thousands fed. All this has been greatly increased since the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. What I now fear is the number of imitators with whom we are likely to be flooded—each trying to gather a church around them to listen to utterances often very unsound, the Word of God being sadly twisted. Some favourite ideas and pyramids of texts gathered, which when put together, form but a building on sand. In going to the quarry to gather stones for the pyramids they have left the most precious behind, and so the building, not being fully joined together, quickly falls, because it is not of God. I write now more especially for my brother Presbyterians. Let the effect appear in fresh vigor being shown in all our churches. May God inspire our ministers with fresh zeal for the work; old habits broken up and a fresh start made; may they be found with hearts warmed and minds full of their subject! Strive to reach the hearts of their hearers, bringing forth things old and new from God's treasury. And may the minister feel that he is upheld by a praying people! Alas! many enter the House of God expecting little, and so bring little away; such hearing will bear little fruit. May our elders feel far more the importance of their office, the vows they take are far too often a dead letter. How many never enter the door of members of the congregation. The sick are left to the minister, and the broken-hearted get no word of comfort. The young of families, instead of heeding the older as their friend, hardly know his name. How can we expect the church to have life with all this? And our deacons—how often do they look on their office as a begging expedition? How different would it be if they remembered that they were the appointed means to bring before God's people His cause at home and abroad. Never will this be done effectually until they are full of the subject, and are so able to speak in glowing terms of the work to be done at home and abroad. Would that men would realize that the silver and gold were the Lord's. Our collectors would find their hands strengthened were the elders and deacons faithful to this. Why do so many of our young men, especially in the upper classes, break the hearts of fathers and mothers, wasting time, money, and health, and often driven to leave home, and to be too often lost in some far distant land? I believe the cause is not far to seek. Fathers and mothers in too many—far too many—cases are engaged in the whirl of society, so much so that between business and pleasure the fathers see little of their children, and yet they wonder that things go wrong. Let the father realize his duty—let him make companions of his sons, be much with them, help in their sports when young, become their companion when they grow up, walk with them, read with them, and show an interest in all their studies, and strive to make home the happiest spot they know, bringing good companions around them, and do let them look back in after-life to the happy evenings they spent, and memory of father and mother will be blest. Many a family—do we know who have been thus brought up, and the children have turned out a blessing to society. To obtain this fathers and mothers must be prepared for much self-denial."—Review.

St. John and Patmos.

In the Egean Sea, in latitude thirty-seven degrees and in longitude twenty-seven degrees, stands a rocky and desolate island. It was selected by the Roman Emperors as a place of confinement for criminals. It has been made forever memorable by the presence of Saint John the Revelator. Patmos is its name. John was a criminal, hence he was banished. His crime was preaching the Gospel. He had done it at Jerusalem, in Samaria, and in Asia Minor. He had founded Churches and gathered many converts. Domitian became his home and the scene of his operations. How long John remained there is not known. Long enough, however, to have glorious visions and divine revelations, such as no other man ever had. What other island was ever so highly favoured? St. Helena housed the great Napoleon, the conqueror of Europe; but Patmos had the companion of Jesus Christ and the guardian of Mary. It is his day. It is the Lord's day. Saint John is the spirit. Behind him a trumpet-voice is heard,—he turns and looks. The Son of Man is there, clothed with a garment, girt with a golden girdle, with snowy locks, flaming eyes, bushy feet, and sunlit face. He speaks: "Write the things which are, and things which shall be hereafter." How much was crowded into that day! "Thursdays and Saturdays, voices and trumpets, winds and angels, bones and tables, gold and vials, harp and throne, robes and crowns, rays and rays, and heaven and earth, joys and sorrows, and heaven and earth. The past, present,

and future in miniature. Sin depleted and righteousness portrayed; sin condemned and righteousness rewarded. Churches cheered, rebuked, censured, condemned, cheered. Earth drenched with blood, weighed, famished, rent, and cursed in man and beast. Heaven studded with diamonds and pearls; its city walled with jasper, set in sapphire, beryl, emerald, and other like precious stones; its streets paved with pure gold, as transparent as the clearest glass. Universal history outlived. Terrestrial and celestial life cast into one grand perspective, and thrown into startling contrasts. In a single day, in vision, Saint John ranges over three worlds. Now amid the commotions of time, with pride, hypocrisy, sin, and death on every side; men rushing to and fro, up and down, in hot pursuit of what they most desired, reckless of the impending dangers and regardless of the comforts and rights of others; then transported to the throne of judgment, where sits the Son of God in His regal majesty, armed with justice, and dispensing to the assembled and trembling multitudes according to heaven's redemptive scheme, of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and works as faith's fruitage. Whom he saw, how they appeared, what surprises of joy or sorrow were depicted upon their countenances, we know not. He simply says: "And I saw a great white throne, and he that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Now he talks of the bottomless pit, of the lake of fire and brimstone, and of the torments which will endure forever, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; then he walks the fields of glory, stands before the mighty city, gazes upon its magnificent walls, glistening with the light of God's eternal presence as if they had been burnished by ten thousand suns, treads the streets of gold, peers into the crystal stream, sniffs the fragrant odors from life's fruitful tree, and falls into a blissful silence as the melody of the "New Song" greets his ear, harped and sung by all the white-robed, and blood-washed throng of the heavenly world. In short, this is what John saw and heard, and of which he wrote. Twenty-two brief chapters of the Bible tell us all we know about this vision. Eternity alone will disclose the details. John saw, but could not read; he heard, but did not understand. Here and there were words whose meaning he could divine; now and then were sounds that he could understand; but doubtless most of what he saw and heard was as a sealed book to him. Such has it been to subsequent ages. Though there was much that he could not comprehend, yet there were some things which he could never forget,—the day, the scenes, and the presence of Christ. These must have colored his subsequent ministry, and lent a charm and power to his words. How eloquently he must have discoursed upon salvation. He was the companion of Christ, saw Him expire upon the cross, stood at the vacant tomb, was with Him in Galilee, and witnessed His ascension from Olivet. Now, after many years, He beholds his risen Lord. Immortality, heaven, and hell are to Saint John the most momentous varieties. Once Patmos meant simply banishment, affliction, hunger, poverty, and death. Now it means divine revelations, Christian ecstasy, holy communion, and gracious deliverance.

Are the Heavenly Bodies Inhabited?

On these calm summer nights naturally our eyes and our thoughts are turned to the shining firmament above us. He must be dull indeed who does not become silent, and thoughtful in the presence of all that starry splendour. Even the child, looking up in wonder, exclaims: Little twinkling, twinkling star, How I wonder what you are and here the wonder does not cease with knowledge, but grows as the child grows to be the man, and with more practised eye and with the searching telescope sees farther into the depths of the universe. As we still gaze upward the question rises whether it is probable that those worlds above us are inhabited? Are they, like our earth, populous with life? Are they swarming with living, sentient beings? or are they cold, and dark, and dead, with not a voice to break the eternal silence? The moon, it seems probable, is a burnt-out world, so far as life is concerned, if it ever had any life upon it. It is probable that it was once the seat of action of tremendous volcanic forces, that have left their traces in the general wreck and ruin that scar the face of our placid satellite. Now, on all that bright, shining orb, that looks so calm and beautiful when at the full, there is not a drop of water nor a breath of air. Not a flower blooms on the sides of those mountains, nor in the depths of those hollow craters that yawn so deep. The sun, on the other hand, is still too active, too burning, for the habitation of animal or vegetable life. What living thing could exist on a globe that is a mass of fire—a thousand times hotter than melted iron, with flames of hydrogen sweeping round it in terrible cyclones, and mounting upwards thousands of miles? So the planet Mercury seems too near the sun for life to exist upon it, while other members of the solar system, whose orbit lies beyond ours, seem too cold. Only the little red planet Mars appears to white the conditions of life such as we have upon the earth. It has both air and water, as we can see the large belts of ice and snow which encircle its northern and southern poles. We can trace also the outline of its geography, mapping out its continents and its seas, with the accuracy with which we can trace the configuration of the earth. Here, there is a race not unlike that of man, they live among the hills and valleys, and cultivate the soil, and build cities, and learn to know and worship the Creator of all.

These speculations may seem, perhaps, more curious than probable; and yet, as they press upon the attention of every

thoughtful mind, we are right to get all the knowledge that we can. Our attention has been recalled to this subject by reading an article in the Spectator summing up the views of Professor Proctor, the well-known lecturer on astronomy, on what he calls "The Wastefulness of the Universe." It raises questions which exercise all thoughtful minds, and especially Christian thinkers, as the astronomical objection to Christianity is perhaps the most powerful one that has been produced by the discoveries of modern science. The difficulty seems to grow heavier, and to weigh upon us still more, the more we investigate and come to realize the vastness of the material universe. How can it be, exclaims the sceptic, that the infinite Creator takes such notice of us when our globe, compared to the whole number of worlds, is but a grain of sand on the sea shore. How could God give His Son to die for a race that is great only in its own conceit, but that in His sight is of an insignificance too small for notice? If we accept the views of Professor Proctor, however, we may come to the conclusion that while the material universe is so vast, the living universe is much more limited, so that what seemed impossible comes at last within the range of credibility. But we need not resort to such a suggestion to relieve the tremendous mysteries of our faith. When once we accept the existence of God, the infinite Creator, then all things are possible. The minds of many Christians have been greatly exercised in regard to this astronomical objection to Christianity. They have been lost in wonder, and can only lift up their eyes to the firmament above, and repeat the words of the Psalmist: "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visitest him?" In the presence of such a being and such a universe the Christian feels that all men are but the insects of an hour.—Weekly Review.

The next Canonization.

Perhaps the most remarkable phase of the history of modern Romanism is its unblushing effrontery in the face of this civilization, the intelligence and the common sense of the age. Times was when the mass of the people were so ignorant and superstitious that they had but to receive with unquestioning faith whatever preposterous lies were told, and the more educated and cultivated classes were at least awed into silence. But in this age there is believed to be an emancipation from the intellectual degradation of the past. And the Roman Church makes a large draught upon the credulity of the people when it holds up for their faith its lying wonders, its pious frauds, and its mountebank juggling with the statements of history. The yoke of an oppressor will be long borne with, but when made too heavy and galling, the oppressed will rise up and break it. So with the yoke imposed upon the minds of the people. There are indications that the Roman Church may at no distant day find its dominion broken. Among the latest insults to modern intelligence is the effort now in progress to have Columbus canonized. The name of Christopher Columbus will always be held in honor in America and throughout the world. It has been supposed that something was known of his history. To be sure there were no facts to warrant the placing him among the saints. Yet that is a matter of small account; facts can be made to order, and they are. Preparatory to the canonization we must needs have a new biography of the great discoverer, and as all that had been known of him before was insufficient, "facts" not known or dreamed of before must be brought to light. The task has been undertaken at the instance of Cardinal Donnet, by a French Count, Russey de Lorgues. The book has been published under the title "The Ambassador of God and Pius IX." We are indebted to a contemporary for a synopsis of its contents: The author decides that the vocation of Columbus was truly marvellous; that his mission was being frequently foretold; that he was looked upon by the Holy See as its natural legate to this New World, where he became its first missionary, was the first to plant the cross, to proclaim the Divine Word, to make known the Roman Liturgy, and teach the natives the names of Jesus and Mary, the Lord's Prayer, the veneration of the sign of the Cross, and to lead them to become the true sons of God and His Church. Count de Lorgues shows that the real aim of Christopher Columbus was the ransom of the Holy Sepulchre by means of the riches to be found in the new region; that his heart burned with apostolic zeal, and that while holding the office of admiral and viceroy, his life was rather that of a monk than that of a man of the world; that he ordained the foundation of a college for foreign missions 125 years before the Propaganda was instituted, and openly professed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception before its definition. The author likewise points out a mysterious connection between the first Christian that carried the cross into the New World, and the first Pope (Pius IX.) that ever visited the land of the future. He offers proofs of the facts that Columbus practised, to a special degree, every theological and cardinal virtue. He affirms that he did not owe his great celebrity to his genius or science, but only to his vocation, to his faith, and to the divine grace. As a sailor he was in nowise superior to others of his own time; in fact, the Professors of Berlin and Paris laughed at his ignorance of geography and astronomy; notwithstanding which this ignorant man, the chosen of God, discovered, besides the New World, seven principle laws of the globe, and was, notwithstanding the progress made by science, unrivalled in cosmography. Thus we have, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, a specimen of the medieval policy of the Church of Rome, and of a literature corresponding to it. THREE vessels, all over one thousand tons, were launched in Nova Scotia, Sept. 2nd.

Judging by Faces. A man's character is stamped upon his face by the time that he is thirty. I had rather put my trust in any human being a countenance than in his words. The lips may lie, the face cannot. To be sure "a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain;" but what a smile it is—a false widening of the mouth and creasing of the cheeks, an unpleasant grimace that makes the observer shudder. "Rascal" is written legibly all over it. Among the powers that are given us for our good, is that of reading the true character of those we meet by the expressions of the features. And yet most people neglect it, doubt the existence of a talent which would save them from dangerous friendships or miserable marriages; such fearing to trust a test so intangible and mysterious, and in defiance of their impulses, and suffer in consequence. There are few who could not point out an actual idiot if they met him, and many know a confirmed drunkard at sight. It is as easy to know a bad man also. The miser wears his meanness in his eyes, in his pinched features, in his complexion. The brutal man shows his brutality in his low forehead, prominent chin, and bull neck. The crafty man, all suavity and elegance, cannot put his watchful eyes and sneaky smile out of sight as he does his purpose. The thief looks nothing else under heaven, and those who lead unholy lives have so positive an impress of guilt upon their features that it is a marvel that the most ignorant and innocent are ever imposed upon by them. Perhaps it is the fear that conscientious people have of being influenced by beauty, or the want of it, which leads so many to neglect the cultivation of the power which may be brought to such perfection; but a face may be beautiful and bad, and positively plain, and yet good. I scarcely think any one would mistake in this way, and I aver that when a man past the earliest youth looks good, and pure, and true, it is safe to believe that he is so.—N. Y. Scotsman.

Chaldean Account of the Creation and the Fall of Man.

The following letter from George Smith, the great Assyrian discoverer, published in the London Telegraph, will be read with interest. It gives a succinct account of the most remarkable discoveries that have ever been made in Assyria: Having recently made a series of important discoveries relating to the Book of Genesis, among some remarkable texts which form part of the collection presented to the British Museum by the proprietors of the Daily Telegraph, I venture once more to bring Assyrian subjects before your readers. In my lecture on the "Chaldean Account of the Deluge," which I delivered on December 3, 1872, I stated my conviction that all the earlier narratives of Genesis would receive new light from the inscriptions so long buried in the Chaldean and Assyrian mounds; but I little thought at that time that I was so near to finding both of them. My lecture, as your readers know, was soon followed by the proposal of your proprietors and the organizing of the Daily Telegraph expedition to Assyria. When excavating at Kouyunjik during that expedition, I discovered the missing portion of the first column of the Deluge tablet, an account of which I sent home; and, in the same trench, I subsequently found the fragment which I afterward recognized as part of the Chaldean story of the Creation, which relic I have noticed already in your columns. I excavated later on, while still working under your auspices, another portion of this story, far more precious—in fact, I think, to the general public, the most interesting and remarkable Cuneiform tablet yet discovered. This turns out to contain the story of man's original innocence, of the temptation, and of the Fall. I was, when I found it, on the eve of departing, and had not time to examine my great prize. I only copied the two or three first lines, which (as I had then no idea of the general subject of the tablet) did not appear very valuable, and I forthwith packed it in the box for transport to England, where it arrived safely, and was presented by the proprietors of the Daily Telegraph, with the rest of their collection, to the British Museum. On my return to England I made other discoveries among my store, and in the pursuit of these, this fragment was overlooked. I subsequently went a second time to Assyria, and returned to England in June, 1874; but I had no leisure to look again at those particular legends until the end of January in this year. Then, starting with the fragment of the Creation in the Daily Telegraph collection, which I had first noticed, I began to collect other portions of the series, and among these I soon found the overlooked fragment which I had excavated at Kouyunjik, the first lines of which I took down in the notebook of my first expedition. I subsequently found several pieces in the old museum collection, and all join or form parts of a continuous series of legends on primitive history, including the story of the building of the Tower of Babel and of the confusion of tongues. The first series, which I may call "The Story of the Creation and Fall," when complete must have consisted of nine or ten tablets at least, and the history upon it is much longer and fuller than the corresponding account in the Book of Genesis. With respect to these

Genesis narratives a furious strife has existed for many years, every word has been scanned by eager scholars, and every possible meaning which the various passages could bear, has been suggested; while the age and authenticity of the narratives have been discussed on all sides. In particular, it may be said that the account of the fall of man, the heritage of all Christian countries, has been the centre of this controversy, for it is one of the pivots on which the Christian religion turns. The world-wide importance of these subjects will therefore give the newly-discovered inscriptions, and especially the one relating to the Fall, an unparalleled value, and I am glad, indeed, that such a treasure should have resulted from your expedition. Whatever the primitive account may have been from which the earliest part of the Book of Genesis was copied, it is evident that the brief narration given in the Pentateuch omits a number of incidents and explanations—for instance, as to the origin of evil, the fall of the angels, the wickedness of the serpent, etc. Such points as these are included in the Cuneiform narrative; but of course I can say little about them until I prepare full translations of the legends. The narrative on the Assyrian tablets commences with the description of the period before the world was created, when there existed a chaos of confusion. The desolate and empty state of the universe and the generation by chaos of monsters, are vividly given. The chaos is presided over by a female power named Tislat and Tiamat, corresponding to the Thalath of Berossus; but as it precedes the Assyrian account agrees rather with the Bible than with the short account from Berossus. We are told in the inscriptions of the fall of the celestial being who appears to correspond to Satan. In his ambition he raises his hand against the sanctuary of the God of Heaven, and the description of him is really magnificent. He is represented riding in a chariot through celestial space, surrounded by the storms, with the lightning playing before him, and wielding a thunderbolt as a weapon. This rebellion leads to a war in Heaven, and to the conquest of the powers of evil, the gods in due course creating the universe in stages, as in the Mosaic narrative, surveying each step of the work and pronouncing it good. The divine work culminates in the creation of man, who is made upright and free from evil, and endowed by the gods with the noble faculty of speech. The Deity then delivers a long address to the newly-created being, instructing him in all his duties and privileges, and pointing out the glory of his state. But this condition of blessing does not last long, before man, yielding to temptation falls, and the Deity then pronounces upon him a terrible curse, invoking on his head all the evils which have since afflicted humanity. These last details are, as I have before stated, upon the fragments which I excavated during my first journey to Assyria, and the discovery of this single relic, in my opinion, increases many times over the value of the Daily Telegraph collection. I have at present recovered no more of the story, and am not yet in a position to give the full translations and details; but I hope during the spring to find time to search over the collection of smaller fragments of tablets, and to light upon smaller parts of the legends which may have escaped me. There will arise besides, a number of important questions as to the date and origin of the legends, their comparison with the biblical narrative, and as to how far they may supplement the Mosaic account. It will probably be some few months before my researches are sufficiently advanced to publish them in full; meanwhile the interest which I know the public feel in these discoveries must be my excuse for this short and imperfect notice in your columns. When my investigations are completed I will publish a full account and translation of these Genesis legends, all of which I have now been fortunate enough to find, some in the old museum collection, others by excavation in Assyria.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES. At St. Mary's Church, 31st ult., by Rev. D. Ross, B.D., Chatham, P. Q. Alex. Robinson, eldest son of Eli Robinson, Plantagenet, Prescott Co., to Eliza Jane, only surviving child of C. S. Gill, of Galtville, East Templeton. On Sept. 1st, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Jas. Wallace, John Milton, groom of Montreal, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Wm. Ross, Esq., of St. Laurent. At St. Andrew's Church, Seymour, Ont., on the 1st inst., by the father of the bride, Alex. M. Davidson, of Montreal, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the Rev. Robt. Neil, D.D. At Dunvegan, Ont., on the 3rd inst., by the Rev. Kenneth McDonald, of Altonara, Ont., Henry Bloor Wright of this city, Notary Public, Commissioner and Justice of the Peace, to Jennie, eldest daughter of Peter Stewart, Esq., of the Township of Kenyon, County of Glengarry, Ont. Near Dunvegan, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. A. McLeod, of No. 25 in the City of Kenyon, on the 4th inst., by the Rev. J. H. Smith, Scotch Church, to Miss Donald Mcintosh, of No. 7 in the City of Galtville, to Miss Anne, second daughter of Mr. A. McLeod. By Rev. J. Wallace, on the 24th August, John Daniel Anderson, to Margaret Crosswell, both of Toronto. At the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. R. Wallace, George Meade, to Kate, eldest daughter of M. J. Kerby, Esq., both of Toronto. DEATHS. At Oranmore, on the 29th ult., George Walsh, Esq., 51st of a long and illustrious life, aged 87 years, 2 months, 4 days, 11 hours.

Official Announcements.

ARRANGEMENT OF PRESBYTERIAN SYNODS AND CONFERENCE, AND APPOINTMENTS OF MEETINGS.

MEMPHIS.—The Synod of the West will meet in St. Louis, Mo., on the 15th of October, at 11 o'clock.

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Session 24th will begin on 6th October next. For copies of Calendar for 1875-6 containing full information as to courses and subjects of study, graduation, scholarships, fees, &c., &c., apply to PROFESSOR MOWAT, Registrar of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont.

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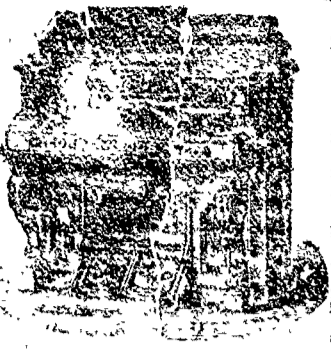
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