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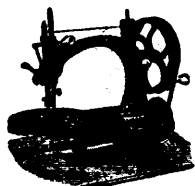
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GREEN GRAPE JELLY.—Put the grapes, with a little water, over a slow fire, but do not let it boil; strain in the usual way, add a pound of sugar to a pint of juice, and boil until it has become a pretty pink colour.

ASPARAGUS SOUP.—Take two quarts of stock, four onions, two turnips, some sweet herbs, and the white part of a hundred young asparagus; let them simmer till soft, then rub them through a sieve, strain and season; have ready the boiled green tops of the asparagus, and add them to the soup.

APPLE JELLY.—Cut your apples into quarters. Do not pare or core them. Dip each quarter into water, put them in a jar, and place them in the oven to cook until tender. Strain off the juice, and add a pound of sugar to a pint of juice. Boil for twenty minutes. I have found this jelly superior to any other apple jelly.

PLUM MARMALADE.—Take six pounds of plums and four pounds of sugar, stone them, and put the fruit into a colander, beat it through with a wooden spoon into a preserving pan, which set on the fire to dry the pulp, stirring constantly. In the meantime, clarify and boil the sugar, and mix it with the fruit (still on the fire), stir it till the whole is of the consistency of jelly; then take it off and pour into pots.

WATER THE FOWLS.—There is no more fruitful source of cholera and other poultry diseases than water that has become stagnant or heated. Endeavour to have some kind of a trough or earthen vessel in a shady place, and fill it with fresh water twice or three times a day. The drinking-cups of the hens with broods of chickens will need special attention, as being shallow they are quickly emptied.

TREATMENT OF CREAM.—While the cream waits for churning it should be occasionally stirred, especially if it is exposed to the air, or a thick crust of hardened cream will form on the surface, and this makes churning more tedious and uncertain; it is the influence of dry air which causes this crust to form, therefore it is better to keep the cream covered up from the air. Yet it is not advisable, even in cold weather, to keep the cream more than half a week before churning, though it will then keep sweet a much longer time than it will when the weather is hot and no artificial means of cooling it and keeping it cool are employed.—From Dairy Farming, by Professor Sheldon, for August.

ENGLISH PICKLE.—One peck of green tomatoes, sliced; one half dozen onions, sliced; one half dozen green peppers, chopped fine; two dozen very small cucumbers; one quart of string beans (small), and two cauliflowers; salt over night, and then after draining off all the liquid put into a pot with a few ears of green corn, shelled, two bunches of celery, one half pound of brown sugar, one-fourth pound of white mustard seed, one-half cup of horse-radish, grated, one ounce of ground cloves, enough vinegar to cover the whole, and boil one-half hour. Then add one pound of English mustard mixed with cold vinegar, and let it just come to a boil when it is done. This is the old English recipe, and is fully equal to the English pickle we buy put up in bottle. This will keep all winter if kept in a cool place.

EVILS OF THE SKIPPING ROPE.—An eminent American physician has just performed a surgical operation on a young girl. The bones of both her legs will have to be partly removed, and the little sufferer will have to submit to two painful surgical operations. The cause of her affliction is "jumping the rope"—a pastime engaged in generally by young girls, resulting in necrosis, or death of the bone. The doctor stated to a reporter, in this connection, that similar cases were constantly occurring from the same cause, but more frequently resulting in necrosis of the spine. He says that rope-jumping produces continuous concussions on the joints which impinge upon the bone, causing at the first stage periostitis, and finally resulting in the death of the bone. He thinks the parents and teachers should be warned of this dangerous sport, and eradicate it entirely from the play-grounds of the children, as it is ruinous in its effects, and is the prime cause of more cripples among the female portion of the community than probably any other cause. He also adds that during the practice of his profession deaths had been coming under his observation which were the result of this pernicious pastime. In conclusion, he said, "I would warn children against rope-jumping, and would advise parents and teachers to prohibit it under all circumstances."

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3rd, 1880.

No. 44.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

DISTRESSING news comes again from Africa. A message from Zanzibar reached London on the 10th ult., reporting that Captain Carter and Mr. Cadenhead, of the Royal Belgian Exploration Expedition, have been murdered by a chief named Wrambo.

THIRTY French Jesuits have settled at Pastrana, near Madrid, 150 at Barcelona, 80 at Salamanca, 50 at Ciudad Rodrigo, 40 at Vittoria, 100 at Burgos, and 40 at Saragossa. Municipal buildings or private mansions have in most cases been placed at their disposal. At Lisbon some French Jesuits have also arrived, commissioned to purchase and fit up buildings for schools like those about to be closed in France.

THE French Government continues its work of secular purification by the separation of clerical influence and interests from State affairs. General Farre, the Minister for War, has issued an order enforcing the immediate execution of the law suppressing military chaplains. It is further intimated that the Council of State, in a series of judgments delivered simultaneously, has dismissed all the actions which were brought by some zealous priests against mayors for interfering according to law with the Corpus Christi processions.

ALTOGETHER 4,800 works were published in India during 1879, but a good many of these were republications and translations. Under the head of biography were 36 works; drama, 119, and fiction, 199. To poetry, 717 volumes were credited, nearly the whole of them from native hands. India would seem to possess very few tourists, for there were only nine volumes of travels and voyages. Only two works on politics figure in the list. Only three out of 199 novels were due to European authorship. Bengal was responsible for no less than 71 native romances, Bombay for 43, Madras for 21, and the Punjab for 8. The Punjab, in spite of its industrial activity, had leisure for the production of 815 works, including 183 poems and 245 books on religion.

AN Australian Methodist periodical says: "Another fact we notice is that these Methodist churches are Presbyterian in their organization, and really ought to be represented in the Pan-Presbyterian Synod or Assembly. We are in full accord and sympathy with, and our services are very much like the extempore devotion and reverential worship of the Presbyterian churches. Our Conferences are General Assemblies under another name, and our District meetings and Circuit and Trustee and Leaders' meetings are almost literal transcripts of Synod, Presbytery, and Kirk Session. Certainly man proposes, but God disposes. John Wesley began his great work as a reformer of the Episcopal Church, but when that Church drove him out he fixed and crystallized the glorious result of his evangelical labours by organizing and legalizing a revived English Presbyterian Church, and called it Methodism."

THE Belfast "Witness" has the following very suggestive remarks in a late issue: "We are proud to say that in Presbyterian Ulster, though it has borne a full share in the losses and misfortunes of recent years, the farmers have in the main faced their difficulties like men. Many of them must have been put to great straits to fulfil all their obligations, but from few districts have we had appeals for either charity or even sympathy. We hope this fact will be remembered both by landlords and legislators, and that in whatever changes take place, those who have suffered rather than shouted will not be forgotten. There must be changes in the land arrangements, whether from legislation or the social necessities of the case. We hope, in whatever takes place, the farmers of Ulster, who have made the province what it is, will receive their due meed of recognition, and will have their rights and interests fully considered and guarded either in any commission that may be appointed, or in any law that may be enacted."

THERE has been considerable excitement in Switzerland over the *plebiscite* in the Canton of Geneva as to whether the Church should be separated from the State. The result has been a great victory for those who are in favour of Establishment. Out of 13,000 votes, only 4,000 were given for the separation. This result is partly due to the attachment of the people of Geneva to their National Protestant Church, so closely identified with the ancient glories of the Republic, and partly to a feeling that the suppression of the "Budget of Worship" would be regarded as a Roman Catholic victory. A writer on the spot says: "The magnitude of the majority against Disestablishment caused general surprise; for, though the coalition of a considerable section of the Moderate Liberal party with the ultra-Radicals and ultra-Protestants had rendered the result a foregone conclusion, the victors themselves did not count on so decided a victory. The vote was due, in fact, to a fortuitous combination of incongruous elements, and the religious difficulty in this canton is as far from being settled as ever."

A MEETING has been held in London in behalf of the Reformed churches in Spain, Portugal, and Mexico, under the presidency of the Bishop of Meath. The Bishop of the valley of Mexico made a statement of the condition of those churches, in which he said: "If we were to attempt to draw a picture of what might be seen in Spain and Mexico, he would ask them at once to dismiss from their minds any ideas they might have of what Spain was in the days of the Inquisition. He himself had been welcomed in that land by large congregations, some of them meeting in Roman Catholic buildings, welcomed also by former Roman Catholic priests, one of whom was on the platform to-day. The Bible was circulated freely, and there was a strange desire on the part of many to have their children educated in Church schools. At Seville they had organized an Episcopal church. Rome has never had a bishop for Madrid, but the little Spanish church stepped in and named one for that capital. . . . In Mexico they had a splendid cathedral building and a large stone parish church, fifty congregations, church schools where five hundred children were being taught, and twenty-two students were being trained as missionaries." Bishop-elect Juan D. Cabora, of the Spanish Episcopal Church, gave an account of the work of the Synod, saying that it was drawing up a confession of faith and would soon have a catechism. His own church at Madrid had last year given \$940.

IN an able speech lately delivered, in aid of the Princess Mary's Village Homes for Little Girls, Mr. W. H. Smith, Member of Parliament, dwelt upon a subject of vast importance, though little understood—that is, the proper training of such waifs and strays as those for which charities provide. He said: "I once went into a school where there were 300 or 400 children, and I found an admirable system of hot water distributed over the whole building, and machinery employed for carrying things from one part of the building to another, which was a great economy of labour. I was told that the results were most satisfactory, excepting where the poor child left the school at thirteen or fourteen years of age and obtained a situation. The child came back frequently with tears in its eyes to tell the matron that she was called upon to do household and other work which she had never contemplated as necessary in the ordinary duties of life. She had never received the training which would fit her to do the work in a small family." Now, this is precisely the fault which is to be too often found with benevolent establishments. The children are well cared for, fed, clothed, taught to read and write, and then, unhappily, turned out into the world helpless, for the lack of that very class of information which they most require. Nor are they alone the sufferers. The community is also troubled; for, in place of having good domestic servants provided for it, who would do satisfactory work for generous pay, it is unable to procure domestics who are trained, or who have any knowledge of the duties they are desired to perform.

THE Commissions of the Scottish Assemblies were summoned to meet on the 10th ult. In the Established Assembly Hall there was not a quorum. In the Free Assembly Hall there was a full House, the large attendance being due to the interest attached to the case of Professor Robertson Smith. Before this case was reached the ordinary business was overtaken. Appropriate references were made to the loss the Church has sustained by the death of Lord Kintore and Dr. Bruce. Dr. Wilson briefly referred to the position of the Sustentation Fund, and mentioned that the Presbyteries were being visited by deputations, with the object of reviving an interest in this great scheme of the Church. A resolution having reference to the S.P.C.K., was adopted, and satisfaction expressed that the Government proposed appointing a Royal Commission to deal with educational endowments. At the same time the Commission resolved to ask that the members of the Royal Commission should be of a more representative character, and that before the appointment the people of Scotland should be afforded an opportunity for expressing their views in regard to the powers to be entrusted to it. The debate on Professor Robertson Smith's case occupied several hours. Dr. Wilson proposed the appointment of a committee to examine Professor Smith's writings, and to consider their bearing, and to report to a special meeting of Commission in October. Mr. Charles Cowan submitted a motion to the effect that no action be taken until the case is brought before the Assembly next year. Professor McGregor moved that the Commission should, seeing that such matters as have emerged since the last Assembly are ordinarily dealt with by the Presbytery or the College Committee, take no action. Mr. Benjamin Bell submitted a motion similar in its object to that of Professor McGregor. On two of the motions a division was taken. Dr. Wilson's and Professor McGregor's the result being for Dr. Wilson's motion, 210; for Professor McGregor's, 139; majority for Dr. Wilson's, 71.

LETTERS from the missions of the American Board in Western Turkey show how Moslems are becoming interested in Christianity. In one village Mr. Parsons (since murdered) found a Turkish official who had obtained a New Testament years ago and now desired another. He had given the first one away to an interested Moslem. He said he had seen God. When asked how, he replied in the gospels. In another Turkish village the whole male population came together after evening service in the mosque to hear the Sermon on the Mount read. One Sunday Mr. Parsons and his servant were guests of a Moslem Kurd, who had become a Protestant and is doing valiant service for Christianity among his fellow Moslems. In Central Turkey the revival at Marash has continued. Sunrise meetings for converts have been held, and sometimes as many as twenty-five were present. The general meeting on Saturday evening was attended on one occasion by 400, and it continued two hours and a half. The people could not be dismissed sooner. "The stream of prayer, exhortation, confession, and praise flowed on without pause, a mighty, resistless river of divine influence." Fifteen asked for prayers. The church, which will hold a thousand, has been full since that event several times. So far, not less than 300 persons, it is believed, have been converted. These conversions appear to be very thorough. The people, though poor, raised in a very short time \$2,250 for a girls' seminary. The people are generally much more willing to help in the education of boys than of girls, and this is the only instance where so large a sum has been given for a girls' school. In the Eastern Turkey Mission, likewise, there is much to encourage. There are now thirty-three churches, with 1,806 members, of whom 119 were received the past year on confession of faith. The attendance on public worship has increased from 7,898 to 8,470, and the Protestant community from 11,174 to 11,749. The scholars have increased from 4,227 to 5,194, or about 23 per cent., and the contributions have risen from \$5,125 to \$7,593.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

A PRIEST OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. R. C. MOFFAT, WALKERTON.

Wanted, immediately, a Christian priest for every Presbyterian family.

We enter some household where family worship should reverently close the day, and we stand awed and humbled. The family altar is in ruins, the altar fires are all dark, no father kneels by the old arm-chair, no household group get first sweet glimpses of the crucified. The children are on the streets or worse, and as one by one they reach the home in which they eat and sleep, exhausted or disgusted by the world's follies, a family altar, a few sweet moments with a yearning Saviour, are moral impossibilities.

But now let us look at

A PATRIARCH'S FAMILY IN THE FAR EAST.

There are ten in Job's family circle to start in the journey of life. Shall they go out untaught, untrained, to be wrecked by the first subtle temptation, or shall they go out taking the hand of their father's God, more than conquerors all through life. There may be the aristocracy of wealth, but where there is also the aristocracy of godly culture, then are the loved ones fit either for tent or city.

It is one thing to be hungry to see life, fast, flippant, and godless; it is another thing to live life manly, nobly, and godlike. It is one thing to see the ill-fated "Waubuno" tossed amid rocks and stones, leaving no one to tell the story of that awful hour, but it would be another to see her firmly held by anchor sure and steadfast. So the sons one by one push out into life for themselves, and there is always room either east or west for the right men. And now the great question comes, shall it be as drudges, toiling sordidly for pelf and wealth, or shall it be patriarchal life of the noblest type—wherever a tent, there an altar. The "Cottar's Saturday Night," may either be a theme for godless mockery, or an abiding inspiration for an intensely practical life. Away then with all whining about the indifference of the young to religion, and let every Christian father be a warm-hearted Christian priest, and God assuredly will make good the covenant blessing.

Let us also glance at a

PATRIARCH'S GREATEST FEAR.

With some fathers the great fear is that their sons may not be able to reach wealth and position, with others that they may bring disgrace upon the family name. But with Job it was this fear, unhappily so rare, "It may be that my sons have cursed God in their hearts." We have not the slightest hint that they ever did curse God, in heart or speech. Yet if the old may too often forget God, so may the young, and should the heart be left unfilled and unguarded, then from life and lip there will be surely seen a viperous procession. Should the son forget his God well may a father fear, and such a terrible danger confronts every father with this question, What plans do you take to keep your children near to God. The father who continuously leaves his own altar fires black out is surely preparing for his own sons not a benediction but a malediction.

Let us further notice a

PATRIARCH'S MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS.

We have everywhere professing Christian fathers who are busy about everything but the salvation of their own children. Fathers, your noblest work on earth is to bring your children to Jesus Christ. Let no one rob you of the eternal honour, and should you have been neglectful in the past, then listen even to a worldly poet, "Tis time to live if I grow old." Job's first business was to care for his children's souls, for their souls' prosperity, for if not that, then soul declension and soul ruin. "A burnt offering for each," not only a father's God, but a personal Saviour for every child.

Thrice happy is every son when he can honestly say, "Yea, mine own God is He." And mark well how prompt these sacrifices, "early in the morning," no waiting, the motto is, short accounts with God. An Eli may feebly remonstrate with his godless sons—Ah, it is too late, too late, the battle of "Mansoul" is lost, and Ichabod is a flaming beacon forever.

It would be a strange notice to post on the door of every Presbyterian church, "Wanted, a Christian priest, a church in every house; wages sure; the paymaster Jesus Christ." For in many a family we see fatal barriers in the way of sons coming to a living

Saviour. In one it is a father's indifference, in another it is a father's godless example, in another it is a father's incessant fault-finding with the minister or the church. The assertion is often recklessly made that Job was not yet a Christian, but even if he were not, he sets before every true Christian, the great truth that the father's most important business, in this world, is that his sons may be the true and pure sons of God Almighty.

Let us again mark well a

PATRIARCH'S LIFE-LONG RELIGION.

We have heard of a man who had married a godless bride giving up family religion lest it should offend her. The moment she knew it she quietly remarked that she thought she had married a Christian, but that the only Christian she could love and respect was one faithful and true to his God. Need I add, that night two souls side by side worshipped God. Oh weary mother, to-night, give the family Bible into the hand of him who swore to love and cherish you, and plead with him for your children's sake, for your sake, for Christ's sake, to be a man, a high priest for life before God's altar. Did Job's religion soon pass away? No! There may be utter poverty, terrific bereavement, passionate prayer to curse His God, but the anchor held. With Job eternal life had only one meaning, eternal life and nothing else. And wherever you have such a religion consecrating the dear old family altar, then you have one of God's mightiest powers to hold the scattered ones. A gray-haired father walking with God, a saintly mother in that old arm-chair, are sights never to be forgotten. These sons may go out into the world, but the prayers of such a father wrestling with a covenant-keeping God can reach their heart, either in the land of Uz or on the far Saskatchewan.

And many a sacred memory comes back of the lowly family altar, the dear old church, the much-loved minister of our childhood, and the seed long buried springs up into vigorous life, useful and eternal. The special want of this-busy age is a religion which, starting from the family altar, will stand the wear and tear of the longest life, ever growing in every Christian grace. For years the family may be unbroken, but soon death enters, all the ten are gone, swept by one strange blow. Would Job then in that dark hour regret these sacrifices, these prayers, these years of godly example? Regret them! no, the very thought were madness.

Fathers, would you hold high office in God's sight, be God's high priests in your own families? We have religious life in many a public form, but never forget the dear home vineyard; it is your sacred trust, see to it that it is well kept. If living piety fills the home there is no fear of the Church; if the altar fires are all aglow there is no fear of the family; if the blood of sprinkling is on every conscience, then there is no fear of the outgoings of every son's life. I urge upon you in the strongest language your personal accountability to God and to your family. Would it not be overwhelming shame if, before God and the world, one after another of your sons were to rise up and say, "I never heard my father plead with God; I never heard my father read one chapter; I never heard God's worship spoken of by my father with joy or gladness; I never heard my father speak of true religion with any other spirit than a sneer; and I rarely ever knew my father to speak of our minister and his life-work otherwise than with the coldest criticism." With such grave evidence possible from any child's lip, at once, through Him mighty to save, confess your madness, get grace from on high for your great priestly work, and then in the midst of that wondering family group you can face the world and say, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

And if that life is truly in earnest, then, in some coming year, that dying father may get his last glimpse of his grand life-work, family religion ripening for family salvation. It was once asked, "Is the sermon done already?" "It is finished; but it is not done yet," was the thoughtful answer. Then let this be the glorious beginning to you, oh father, "Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy." And then will be seen in the far west, as in the far east, another priest of the old school, surrounded by godly sons, all heirs of the new life, the "King's Own" for work and worship evermore.

If Christ wholly sets Himself apart for believers, how reasonable is it that believers should consecrate and set themselves apart wholly for Christ.—*Flavel.*

PLAN OF STUDY FOR SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

MR. EDITOR,—I wish to address to your readers a few considerations explanatory and in support of the plan put before the Church for promoting Bible study among our people, especially our Sabbath school teachers.

The plan is simple and thoroughly practical, it is an experiment only as it applies to our Church. Three things are all that is needful to find in it a great benefit.

1. Thoughtfulness on the prescribed subjects.
2. Patient effort in their weekly and daily study.
3. Concerted and prompt action on the plan of a time table to be furnished to applicants.

There is no doubt that those in real contact with Sabbath school work and who are alive to its importance as a department of church duty, feel that *its strongest and its weakest point* is the teachers who are called to do the work.

It is no disparagement of our public ministrations to say, that the methods of presenting truth, the aims that must control the preacher, and the results he labours to secure, are diverse from those that are adapted to equip and qualify the Sabbath school teacher for his work; while the truth is the same, the successful and wise handling of it to the soul, by the preacher and the teacher are diverse; and because the pulpit ministration of the truth is mainly what the teacher has to depend on, our teaching work is not what it ought to be, not what under other circumstances and methods it might be; and if we are to do the best that is possible in our day and generation, we must adapt ourselves to the work to be done. The Assembly's Sabbath School Committee have felt that to do something in the direction of the plan submitted was desirable, and to do the best that was possible, was necessary.

Practical educationists say there is nothing unworkable in the scheme unless from the difficulties that arise from the *vis inertia* of the Body. The Committee earnestly ask the Church to make a commencement. The scheme in its essential points has been wrought out by the Christian Evidence Society of England, also by the Young People's Improvement Committee of the Free Church of Scotland—indeed it is but an adaptation of our system of public education as applied to S.S. teachers. Permit me to state a few reasons why the Church should give the plan submitted a prayerful and honest trial.

1. It utilizes secular education for moral and spiritual work. Methods of drill, methods of defined presentation of facts and principles, methods of testing attainments and knowledge by question and answer and by written examination, are essentials to mental growth and moral power, and the Church in her duty to train workmen that need not be ashamed, can just here become vitally and hopefully united with the school training, and the business training, and the home training, of our youth and through them augment the influence and efficiency of our Sabbath school work.

2. It is in the direction of meeting a felt want in the best of our 9,000 Sabbath school teachers and another 9,000 senior scholars. It is from this latter class that we must expect our future teachers and church workers, in elders and deacons. That this is a felt want, and that the Church in her corporate capacity has not met it, is manifest from the eagerness with which associations and societies promising help are sought after; these institutions have done the important work of deepening the sense of need, and calling attention to the adaptation of means to meet that felt want. This scheme, if taken hold of by the Church, would in an appreciable degree act directly and indirectly upon 18,000 of our people, as a magnet drawn through the sand that is rich in ore, year by year it would attract to itself the precious, the susceptible, the hopeful and the waiting.

3. The adoption of this plan of study would inspire the whole Presbyterian body of the Dominion with an *esprit de corps*, that is desirable, that is laudable, hopeful and healthy in its influence.

4. The scheme is adapted to the condition of any congregation and to the circumstances of any pastor. It sets no limit to age or sex, it does not make a written examination compulsory, it invites all to enter upon the work, they are to be reported as in the work, and it holds out inducements to proceed to the final examination in his, or her, own Presbytery, or even

home. The enthusiasm of the whole body reaches the two or three in the remote country charge as readily as the twenty or thirty in the city charge. The country pastor can be as useful and as helpful as the city pastor. Times for rehearsal, drill, and animation, oral or written, are in any case and under any scheme a matter of personal convenience.

5. This line of work would help the Church to meet a felt want in our workers, by forming a bond of vital sympathy between them and the supreme court of the Church; through our Presbyteries it would connect the unofficial worker with the official labourer. It is a worthy thing for the General Assembly to hold out, and a laudable aspiration for our teachers to seek in this way to have their names engrossed in the records of our Church, and it should begin in our sessions and Presbyterial records. In this way we would reduce to the least possible degree all misunderstanding between our teachers and office-bearers; it would lead to an intelligent recognition of the principles of Presbyterian government, and to a grateful obedience to the duties involved in these principles. The uniting of our school work with the inner life of the Church is a matter of the greatest moment.

6. This department of study for our teachers involves no new machinery, other than what is supplied by the constitutional appliances of the Church. The entire plan is in deepest sympathy with the best aims of the pastorate, the Presbytery, and the higher courts of the Church. Nor is it unimportant to observe that it lays little or no financial burdens on the schemes of the Church. The smallest possible fee of twenty-five cents per student, is the condition of receiving the Syllabus of subjects and all papers connected with the scheme; a copy of these will be sent to every pastor in the Church early in September, that he may examine the whole work for himself and counsel his people in the work. Further, the plan leaves it in the power of congregations, sessions and Presbyteries to give their own prizes under their own directions, subject to the regulations of the scheme.

7. The general adoption of this plan of study would raise in the sight of the whole Church an ideal in the right direction sufficiently high to need effort and yet not so difficult as to be unattainable to persevering and patient labourers. The desire to be awakened is exceedingly valuable, and the effort to be put forth is absolutely necessary. I need not answer any anticipated objections, but will readily give any further information if desired.

JOHN MCEWEN

Ingersoll, August 20th, 1880.

TARES OR NEW WINE.—II.

1. In dealing with the literary remains of the Old Testament, Professor Smith adopts two principles, borrowed from his German teachers—the theory of evolution, and the æsthetic faculty as an unfailing judge of Scripture and non-scripture. With the one he evolves the books of the Old Testament from oral tradition to sparse collections of lyrics and legends, and from these to perfect written works and histories, and the ultimate completion of our present canon.

By means of his other principle, he professes himself able to discern interpolations in certain books, parabolic teachings in others, and legends in not a few. The same faculty seems capable of shewing him what part of any sacred book has been written by its reputed author, and what portion by some one else.

Under such circumstances, it is not strange that, in his article on the Hebrew Language, Professor Smith virtually provides us with a *new Bible*.

Any unbiased reader of the Pentateuch finds ample internal evidence in its structure, and in the references to it in the New Testament to prove that, with the exception of its last chapter, its five books were written by Moses.

This view is amply confirmed by the Jews, the divinely appointed guardians of the Old Testament Scriptures.

The learned Professor and his Dutch masters seek to overthrow these venerable and well established views.

He boldly affirms that "it may fairly be made a question whether Moses left in writing any other laws than the commandments on the tables of stone—even Exodus xxiv. 4, and xxxiv. 27 may in the original context have referred to the ten words alone. And it is certain that ancient law was handed down by oral tradition to a much later date." In proof of this last statement is quoted a fanciful translation of 2 Samuel xx. 18: "Ask at Abel and at Dan whether the genuine old statutes of Israel have lost their force."

"The story of the early fortunes of the nation" points "to oral tradition as its original source."

He endeavours to shew that the best written and most brilliant part of the narrative of the Pentateuch was composed about the time of David.

The Book of Deuteronomy appears to have been

written sometime during the prophetic period and the struggle with Nineveh. "In the Book of Deuteronomy the ancient ordinances of Israel were re-written in the prophetic spirit."

"The synchronous systematization of the ceremonial law" seems to have been made on "lines first drawn by Ezekiel."

In a note on page 595 occur the following words. "The Terahites, according to other testimonies, are Arameans (Gen. xxii. 20; Deut. xxvi. 5), but our Elohist, who can hardly have written before the Captivity, makes Aram a separate offshoot of Shem, having nothing to do with Eber (Gen. x. 22, 23)."

It will thus be seen that the Pentateuch is "the combined history of the Jehovist and the non-Levitical Elohist," and was only completed after the exile.

Job, which shews so many internal proofs of a very early origin, is described as "the highest utterance of another characteristic form of Hebrew literature, the *Chokma*, that is wisdom, or practical philosophy in parabolic, epigrammatic, and poetic form."

"The earliest distinct trace" of this philosophy "is the collection of ancient proverbs by scholars in the service of Hezekiah."

The Book of Job must then have been written after the days of Hezekiah. Indeed in another passage, it is stated that in Job the phase of prophecy which Jeremiah represented "was absorbed into the poetry of the *Chokma*."

In harmony with his theory of evolution, Professor Smith notes a decadence in the post-exilian writings of the Old Testament. With the exception of the post-exile psalms, the writings of this last age of Hebrew, "are on the whole much inferior;" Chronicles are a "colourless narrative."

The fine rural idyll of Ruth is said to have a "natural affinity" with the post-exilian psalms, and is thus made the production of that late age.

The Book of Jonah is no real history, but is "generally taken [by whom?] as an early example" of the *Haggada*, "the formation of parables and titles attached to historical names."

These quotations shew how our venerable Old Testament is so displaced and disarranged as to become a new book, scarcely recognizable by any devout reader of the Word.

2. A second result of these views is not only a *new*, but a *mutilated Bible*.

The thirty-nine books of the Old Testament are so intertwined with each other, that an assault on one of them is an attack upon all.

With his æsthetic knife the learned Professor deals with these books in much the same manner as the son of Josiah dealt with the writing of Jeremiah.

It will surprise most students of that most beautiful spiritual drama, the Song of Songs, to be told that "this lyric drama has suffered much from interpolation, and presumably was not written down till a comparatively late date, and from imperfect recollection, so that its original shape is very much lost."

What its "main stock" is he does not condescend to disclose. The early histories of the Hebrews are eminently "fresh and vivacious," but "it can hardly be said that the writings of this period have a specifically religious purpose."

The "historical books" "were finally shaped after the fall of Jerusalem, when the old popular narrative was filled out and continued in a spirit of prophetic pragmatism, and with the direct object of enforcing prophetic teaching."

Biblical scholars have generally concluded, since the learned investigations of Hengstenberg and Delitzsch, that the Book of Isaiah is a unit, and the production of the prophet of that name.

The incomparable commentary of Professor Addison Alexander, undoubtedly the most thorough and profound Oriental scholar of modern times, has forced the same conviction of unity of authorship upon any candid mind. And, if other proof were needed, it is found in the recent commentary of Nagelsbach. Meagre and unsatisfactory though it be to a plain English student, yet it has this excellency, that with the weapons of the German Rationalists it most triumphantly demolishes the theory that Isaiah xl. lvi. is the production of an unknown prophet.

In the face of such irresistible evidence, the learned Free Church Professor, not only makes the work itself post-exilian, but states that "in the author of Isa. xl. lvi., we find a prophet who no longer appears in person before his audience, but does his whole work by the pen."

The real Isaiah does not escape scathless from the sword of this modern critic.

"There are other short prophecies of the Babylonian age, as Isa. xiii. 14, which seem to have been first published as anonymous broadsides." Jonah is no veritable history but an "early example" of the formation of "parables and tales attached to historical names." These specimens of destructive criticism prove that when its principles are faithfully carried out, the Old Testament will be seriously curtailed as to size and completeness.

And the course of mutilation is all the more alarming when we read the following note at the foot of page 597, which treats of "The Literary Development of Hebrew."

"As we possess no books in classical Hebrew except the Old Testament, the reader is referred for several aspects of this topic to the sketch of the Old Testament literature in the article 'Bible'."

This little and apparently harmless note opens wide the door for the re-entrance and reiteration of the many objectionable statements of Professor Smith's former article. It is thus homologated by the present production.

The Professor may be a very learned Hebraist, but it is plain that he is not very discreet, after what has occurred in the Church courts.

Are the Christians of this age prepared to accept of his mutilated Bible, or even to accord to him the use of his Professorial chair, with liberty to recommend such cutting and carving of the holy oracles?

3. A third result of Professor Smith's views is not only a *new* and *mutilated*, but also an *uncertain Bible*.

Any minister who keeps his eyes open must be aware of the extreme sensitiveness of good, Christian people in regard to any tampering with the Word of God. Even when it is necessary, in some cases, to correct our admirable version from the pulpit, suspicion is at once aroused, and it is always advisable to exercise the utmost caution in doing so. But Prof. Smith, not having had the experience of a pastoral charge, seems unconscious of any such feeling, and proceeds on German rationalistic principles to re-construct the Old Testament. The song of songs is interpolated. Jonah is no history, but a disguised parable, woven around a historical name.

Some of the best writings "can hardly be said" to "have a specially religious purpose."

The names in Genesis xi., and Gen. x. 24, such as Peleg, Reu, Serug, and Nahor, "are not to be taken as the names of individual men." "Several of them are designations of places or districts." He suggests the probability that "the genealogy is not even meant to exhibit a table of ethnological affinities, but rather presents a geographical sketch of the early movements of the Hebrews." Certain books are described as "singularly destitute of literary merit."

The corrupt and imperfect Septuagint Version is appealed to, and exalted at the expense of the original Hebrew, and the whole tenor of the article is fitted to beget distrust and uncertainty. If evolution and æsthetics can so dislocate and delete our sacred Hebrew scriptures as to leave them like a series of disjointed fragments of comparatively recent date, what may not be anticipated in the future when another Professor Smith arises, without the Christian piety of his predecessor, and applies his critical pruning knife to the holy oracles.

In an able address, before the General Assembly at Montreal, a learned Free Church Professor defended his fellow-professor with great tact and eloquence. He tried to shew that he ought to have liberty to carry on his investigations, because the results would not be tares, as some supposed, but new wine, which time would mellow and make palatable to the Christian public. With all deference to the views of so able a theologian, it does appear self-evident to the writer that to construct, on rationalistic principles a *new Bible* is sowing tares with a vengeance. It does not require any great proof to demonstrate that to dislocate and delete the Word of God with a critical knife, and then offer to Christendom a *mutilated Bible*, is to scatter tares broadcast among men.

It does not demand the gifts of a prophet to foretell that to produce an *uncertain Bible*, whose mission would be the suggesting of doubts, instead of the strengthening of faith, is the diffusion of a quantity of obnoxious tares, that can only bring forth a harvest of unmitigated evil.

Indignant though the Professor was at these views being stigmatized as rationalism in the Free Church, yet the acute, incisive mind of Dr. Patton penetrated into the very core of the whole matter when he shewed that the entire conduct and procedure of Prof. Smith had for their basis a substratum of rationalism.

If his views be new wine they are like the first crude, abortive attempts made in Ontario to produce good wine out of Canadian grapes, resulting in sour stuff, that time, instead of mellowing, only turned into poor vinegar.

J. G.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

WHAT HAS CHRISTIANITY DONE FOR US?

A PAPER FOR YOUNG MEN.

It has given us *rest*. Some of us were floundering in the horrible pit and miry clay of sin, perfectly incapable of extricating ourselves, when it came with its strong, beneficent, loving grasp, and drew us out, and gave us a new chance and a fresh start. Others of us were sorely perplexed. We had no fixed principles—at least, none to speak of. Confused by the clash and clatter of opinions that went on around us—turning first to one adviser, and then to another—we knew not what to think; and instead of living a life, we were perpetually asking questions, and receiving no answer; perpetually starting problems and finding no solution. Now, this is all altered. We have come to a settlement, and know where we are—to our unspeakable comfort. A man may be a strong man enough, and active enough, but if you place him on an insecure and slippery footing, of what avail are his broad shoulders and muscular arms? He can do very little. He will be entirely occupied with keeping his balance. Plant him, however, on solid ground, on a sure basis, and what a difference there will be! So with us. We have our feet on the Rock now, and we can put forth to their utmost stretch, the powers, whatever they may be, that we possess, and we can engage, with safety and with comfort to ourselves, in working the work of the world. Do you say that this persuasion of ours is all a delusion? Well, think as you may, it is a delusion which has exercised a marvellously transforming influence upon our heart and life.

Again, this Christianity has given us *certainly*. We find men nowadays walking in a fog; at least, we find that very many of them are not sure whether they are in the right path or not. They ask every one they meet to be so good as to direct them, and they are ready to accept for Gospel the assertions of the last comer till the next comer arrives. Like Pilate, nearly two thousand years ago, they have the question perpetually on their lips, "What is truth?" and at length they begin to doubt whether there is such a thing as truth at all in the matters which concern their duty here and their destiny hereafter, and they give themselves up to drift, like weeds on a tide, over the ever-shifting currents of contemporary speculation. With us it is different. There are some things we are sure about; we have no misgiving, no doubt concerning them whatever. We believe, for instance, with a confidence that nothing can shake, in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. That Resurrection is to us a fact, more certainly a fact than many which we are accustomed to regard as such. We believe with confidence in the Fatherhood of God. In our view it is blankly incredible that there should be laws without a Lawgiver, and that this universe should be formed by the concurrence of atoms mysteriously endowing themselves with the germs of life and intelligence; indeed, we might be unphilosophical enough to amuse ourselves with the idea, were it not for the deadly animus against God which it displays. Nor can we credit that we are cast at the feet of a huge machine, which, when once set a-going, has been left to work out its results with pitiless precision, but without anything like a loving, divinely-sent superintendence. But we look up and see through all complications the hand of a heavenly Father, who loves us and cares for us, and who busies Himself in conducting our frail and bungling lives to a blessed issue. We believe, too, in the practical efficacy of prayer. We hold that prayer is not a mere spiritual dumb-bell exercise, intended to promote the soul-warmth and soul-reform of the solitary actor engaged in it, but that it produces, if we may so say, an effect upon God which could not be produced without it; and when clever men—far cleverer than we are—talk about fixed law, and the inflexible progression of events, and tell us in effect that prayer is so much empty breath, we just put their words into one scale, and the words of Jesus Christ into the other, and are quite content. If to be prayerless is to be wise, we are satisfied to be fools—especially in such good company. Do you say that all this—this belief in the Resurrection, in the Fatherhood of God, in the efficacy of prayer, is a delusion? Well, say so if you like, but at least it is a delusion which

we have found to exercise a most strengthening influence upon heart and life.

Again, our Christianity has given us a power to resist temptation, which, without it, we feel we should never have possessed. We hold that a new life has been imparted to us; that we have been raised into an element in which, if we abide, we are lifted above the atmosphere of low motive, and grovelling desires, in which, alas! too many of our fellow men born to better and nobler things—are contented to live. "A delusion," you say. "Well," we answer, "if it be a delusion, it is a delusion which has strangely raised us, elevated us, and made us better than we were."

And, yet once again, our Christianity has given us definite ideas about a future state. We do not profess to know very much about the subject. Streets of gold, and gates of pearl, and foundations of precious stones, and all the gorgeous images of the Apocalypse, do not convey to us, nor are they, we suppose, intended to convey to us, any thoughts we can really grasp. But we can form a tolerably clear conception of what Jesus Christ is, and of what pleases Him; and this enlightens us, to a certain extent, as to the nature of the place, or region, in which He makes His most distinct self-manifestation. Nor is this all. We believe we have—we say it in all humility—a personal acquaintance with this Great Being. He is no stranger to us. We "know Him," as St. Paul says, and we believe that death, with all its painful and humiliating accompaniments, will be nothing more, if we continue faithful, than the coming of this known Friend—who has walked with us through life—to receive us to Himself, that where He is, there all His friends may be also. You say, "This is the greatest, the grossest delusion of all." Well, say so if you please, but, at any rate, it is a delusion which imparts to us great comfort, for we feel that when we die we shall not be taking a leap in the dark.

This being the case with us, we are anxious that others should share in our blessings. In the early days, when Christ was choosing His disciples, one of them, brimful of his own joy, hurried off to tell the news to a friend, and to bring him to Christ. But his eager enthusiasm was checked at once by a difficulty. "The Messiah!" cried the friend, "and out of Nazareth! Who ever knew a good thing issue from that degraded locality? Your story is inconceivable, your facts are wrong. You must be egregiously mistaken." Now, Philip, perhaps, felt himself to be no adept in arguing; at all events, he felt that arguing was not the way to convince his friend of the truth of his statement; and so he adopted a much better plan. He simply said, "Come and see," come and judge for yourself; for he knew that in the sight of that gracious Presence all his friend's objections would vanish, as mists vanish before the rising sun. The result, as you will remember, justified him in the course he took. And so with us. We are no professed disputants. We know that controversy is a match of intellectual skill in which the practised player, familiar with all the turns, and tricks, and rules of the game, gets the better of the unpractised opponent, even if he should happen to have the truth on his side. We doubt, too, if arguing wins hearts. We think it wiser, then, and more likely to be effectual in most cases, to do as Philip did: to waive controversy, to decline the clash and clatter of argument, and simply to say, This is what Christianity, or rather what Christ has done for us. He has changed the current of our lives, has given us rest and peace, and repose of soul; has elevated our conceptions, and our character, has nerved and strengthened us for duty—has been, in fact, a source of blessing such as we are unable to describe. Could a delusion have done all this? Come, then, we pray you, and judge for yourselves, whether He be not all that we have told you, and very much more.—*Quiver*.

NEIGHBOUR DODSON'S WELL.

I was on my first visit to my neighbour Dodson, who was an old settler, while I had lately come into the neighbourhood. Going with him to look over his fine farm, I was a little surprised to find a pump standing in one of the back fields.

"Have you a well away back here?" I asked.

"I hardly know what to say," said he; "a hole has been dug down here, a wall built, and a pump put in, by a man who formerly settled here; but there is no water. What do you say; is it a well?"

"Why," said I, "your question is about as hard to answer as the one I frequently hear about a certain

class of people. Men will ask, Is he a Christian? or a professor? or church member?—according to the different ways of expression—and I am often puzzled for an answer."

"Just what I have thought many a time. I have seen men who have at some time made some of the outward movements towards a Christian life (and I have no right to say that they have not commenced the inward ones too), but now, for years past, though they may have a few outward forms of religion, and they make them as few as possible, so far as doing anything for accomplishing Christ's work is concerned, why a thirsty ox might as well come to this old pump expiring to find water. You might perhaps find out whether they were church members, by searching the church records; but as to finding any signs of real Christian life, it would baffle any tests that I know how to apply."

"That is too true," said I, "but sad as it is, I suppose we must be careful not to judge them too harshly. The actions of such are a great hindrance to the success of the Gospel, but let us pray the life-giving Spirit may yet rouse to action their seeming dead souls."

"You are right, there," said neighbour Dodson, "and I am one of the last men that ought to forget it. I remember when I first dug the well where I live; it filled with water almost to the top, and I was greatly pleased. Some of my neighbours who had no wells of their own yet, used to come to me, and they were all welcome, for there was enough for all, and just as much always left in the well. But by-and-by, as the season grew hotter and drier, the water got lower in the well, and I had to restrict my neighbours in the amount they might take, and finally to refuse it to them altogether, as I could get from the well no more than I needed for my own daily use. I remember one evening as I was standing by the well after I had told one of my neighbours not to come any more, the thought struck me forcibly that there was a close resemblance between the well and myself. Once I had been so filled with the grace of life, that I was always ready to help and encourage others, remembering who had said, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' But as I thought of it, I was compelled to acknowledge to myself that I had become so absorbed in worldly things, and so little attentive to anything higher, that there would have been small encouragement for any one to come to me for help in the spiritual life. The thought was bitter to me but did not at once produce any improvement. The supply of water in my well grew more and more scanty, and I was obliged to go away off to the river for much of the water for home use. And I could not but think that it was much the same with the divine life in my soul. I still tasted of the goodness of God, but I was far indeed from the fulness of joy in the Lord. I would not have given up either my well or my religion, but how far was either from satisfying the want it was intended to supply!

"The thought of that time is still grievous to me, but I think I should at least learn from it the lesson of charity for others. When I see professing Christians running after the follies of the world, and am ready to ask, 'How can a person with any portion of the mind of Christ have any desire for those beggarly elements?' my conscience retorts, 'How could you act just as inconsistently, though in a little different way?' About this time it was discovered that there was under our neighbourhood a body of water which could be reached by artesian wells. Tired of a scarcity of water, I got a drilling machine and set it to work in my well. Down through the rock the drill gradually cut its way, till one day it struck an open seam in the rock, and the little water there was in the well ran out and disappeared.

"By this time I had been so accustomed to compare myself with the well that I was almost frightened. A couplet of one of our hymns kept running through my mind,

'My former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins.'

But the drill kept on cutting, cutting its way through the flinty rock, until one day it struck into the water, and we had to hasten to clear away the machinery and get the pipes in place and the flood gushed forth! and ever since, without a moment's pause, the stream has been flowing with an ample supply. Summer and winter, heat and cold, flood or drought, have no effect upon it, but it is always the same. As I saw the water flow, I felt a gleam of hope in my heart. I said

to myself, 'If there is such a supply for our natural wants, is there not also that which will satisfy the soul's undying thirst after God?' I began to cry to God to shew me His will and give me the full experience of His salvation, at whatever cost. And I found this was no empty phrase. Though, as in the case of the well, the fountain-head was far above, yet in order that the refreshing stream might come unto my soul, I found it necessary to go very low, and open my heart to the keen piercings of the Spirit, that the hard rock of evil nature and sinful habit might be penetrated.

"But the blessed experience came and was indeed like a well of water, springing up within me unto everlasting life. I will not say that it has always been full and satisfying as the flow of the well, but it has at least resembled it more than anything in my early experience. Formerly, at the best estate, I had to work the pump to get water; now it gushes forth by its own pressure."

"And very much the same experience do I find in my religious life. I have no occasion to look back regretfully to the joys of the new Christian life, for precious as they are, God has provided some better thing for us, if we abide in Him, and His Word in us."

On further acquaintance, I found my neighbour's reputation among his fellows correspond with the experience he had related. Do not many of us find our experience unsatisfactory? Is it not a drop when we need a stream; a taste when we want a feast? Does not our faith often set narrow limits to the boundless grace of God? Possibly we may learn something useful from the story of "Neighbour Dodson's Well."—*New York Observer*.

WHITEFIELD.

With no companion but his Bible, and no object but the salvation of sinners from the dreadful fate which he believed to be impending over them, he plunged fearlessly into trackless forests, over untrodden mountains, across unfrequented seas, through treacherous morasses, and swamps reeking with deadly miasma. Thirteen times he crossed the Atlantic Ocean, when steam navigation was unknown and the perils of the deep struck terror even into Wesley. Almost as many times he penetrated the tremendous solitude of those majestic forests which then covered so much even of the eastern portion of the United States. Twice he preached through Ireland, fourteen times he traversed Scotland, one visit he made to Holland, one to the Bermudas, and pilgrimages innumerable into almost every county in England. . . . He was in the habit of speaking in the compass of a single week, and that not once or twice, but continuously for years, generally forty, and very many weeks sixty, hours per week, and to audiences of many thousands of people. . . . John Wesley, during a ministry of fifty-two years, travelled over two hundred and fifty thousand miles and preached over forty thousand sermons, making an average of about eight hundred every year. Excepting Wesley, it is probable that no other man ever preached so many sermons as Whitefield. Indeed it has been said, and the statement is warranted by facts drawn from sources so various and trustworthy that they cannot be questioned, that "if the time spent in travelling and some brief intervals of repose be subtracted, his whole life may be said to have been consumed in the delivery of one continuous and almost uninterrupted sermon." . . . There was a general complaint that all labour was practically suspended at Whitefield's approach. Stores were closed, shops deserted, factories abandoned, while rude mechanics and unlettered labourers, neglecting the daily toil upon which the support of their families depended, could think of nothing but bearing sermons or discussing these great moral and psychological problems which lead only into a labyrinth of reasoning too intricate for even an Aristotle or a Bacon. So great was the enthusiasm aroused that people sometimes followed him on foot for sixty miles, merely to hear him preach. They sat and listened unwearied until two o'clock in the morning, regardless of the weather, and unprotected save by the open heavens. . . . Whitefield was fully conscious of his histrionic powers, and cultivated them with an assiduity which would have done credit to a disciple of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. It was not difficult for those who heard him often to distinguish between sermons which he preached for the first time and those which

he had repeated before; and both Garrick and Foote declared that he never reached his greatest perfection until he had preached a sermon forty times. Then every sentence that was powerless had been pruned off, every gesture that did not speak to the eye was omitted, and the great preacher stood before his vast audiences the impersonation of a divine power, armed with the wrath of Jehovah, or clothed with the gentle meekness of the Son of man. . . . While preaching to a congregation of sailors in New York he compared the state of the sinner to a ship about to be lost at sea. "How the waves arise and dash against the ship!" exclaimed he. "The air is dark, the tempest rages! Our masts are gone, the ship is on her beam ends! What next?" "The long boat! Take to the long boat!" shouted the sailors naively, springing to their feet.

On another occasion, while addressing a congregation among whom were many learned and aristocratic hearers, so powerfully did he expose the peril of the sinner by describing a blind old man, deserted by his dog, and groping along with his cane, unconsciously drawing nearer and nearer to a frightful abyss, that, just as he brought him to its brink, the elegant and polished Lord Chesterfield, forgetting the presence he was in, exclaimed aloud, "My God, he is gone!"—*International Review*.

LUTHER'S BATTLE HYMN.

"EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

I.
God is our tower of strength and grace,
With shield and sword He arms us;
He gives us help in every place,
No present danger harms us.
The old fearful foe,
Would fain bring us low;
His malice and mail,
Make firmest courage quail,
On earth there is none fiercer.

II.
By our own power we fail to stand,
But from the field are driven;
Yet for us wars the proper Man,
Whom God in love hath given.
He, the Holy One,
Jesus Christ the Son;
God of hosts is He,
Which was, is, and to be—
He wins for us the battle.

III.
Did swarming devils fill the world,
All bent on our destruction;
We could not from our faith be hurled,
Nor drawn by their seduction.
This world's prince may stand
With grim terror grand;
We fear not his nod,
For he is judged of God—
A word can overwhelm him.

IV.
God's Word shall stand for all their rage:
No thanks to them, nor merit;
God acts with us upon this stage
By His own grace and Spirit.
Though they take our life,
Gods, fame, child and wife,
All shall freely go—
We seek no gain below:
God's kingdom stands forever.

—*Lutheran and Missionary, 1863.*

ANTIOCH.

The ancient metropolis of Syria has secure for itself a manifold celebrity on the pages of history. It has been celebrated as the splendid residence of the Syrian kings, and afterwards as the luxurious capital of the Asiatic Provinces of the Roman Empire. It has been celebrated for its men of letters and its cultivation of learning. It has been celebrated for the magnificence of the edifices within its walls, and for the romantic beauty of its suburban groves and fountains. The circling sun shone nowhere upon more majestic productions of human art than where it gilded, with its rising or its setting beams, the sumptuous symbols of its own deluded worshippers, in the gorgeous temple of Daphne and the gigantic statue of Apollo, which were the pride and the boast of that far-famed capital. While it was from one of the humble hermitages which were embosomed in its exquisite environs, that the sainted Chrysostom poured forth some of those poetical and passionate raptures on the beauties and sublimities of nature, which, alone have won for him the title of the "golden-mouthed."

At one time, we are told; it ranked *third* on the list of the great cities of the world, next only after Rome

and Alexandria, and hardly inferior to the latter of the two—at least in size and splendour. It acquired a severer and sadder renown, in more recent though still remote history, as having been doomed to undergo vicissitudes and catastrophes of the most disastrous and deplorable character—now sacked and pillaged by the Persians, now captured by the Saracens, and now besieged by the Crusaders; a prey at one moment to the ravages of fire, at another to the devastations of an earthquake, which is said to have destroyed no less than 250,000 human lives in a single hour. Its name has thus become associated with so many historical lights and shadows, with so much of alternate grandeur and gloom, that there is, perhaps, but little likelihood of its ever being wholly lost sight of by any student of antiquity. Yet it is not too much to say, that one little fact, for which the Bible is the sole and all-sufficient authority, will fix that name in the memory, and rivet it in the affectionate regard, of mankind, when all else associated with it is forgotten. Yes, when its palaces and its temples, its fountains and its groves, its works of art and its men of learning, when Persians, and Saracens, and Crusaders, who successively spoiled it, and the flames and the earthquake which devoured and desolated it, shall have entirely faded from human recollection or record, the little fact—the great fact, let me rather say—will still be remembered, and remembered with an interest and a vividness which no time can ever efface or diminish—that "the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch;" that there the name of Christian, given at the outset, perhaps, as a nickname and byword, but gladly and fearlessly accepted and adopted in the face of mockery, in the face of martyrdom, by delicate youth and maiden tenderness, as well as by mature or veteran manhood, first became the distinctive designation of the faithful followers of the Messiah.—*R. C. Winthrop*.

INFANT SALVATION.

A Philadelphia paper, the "Episcopal Register," says: "Within the memory of living men the declaration or intimation has been frequently made by Presbyterian preachers, that unbaptised infants are condemned to never-ceasing torments; but the clergyman who would make such an assertion now would shock his hearers, and would soon find himself very unpopular in his congregation." To this the "Presbyterian" replies: "We say deliberately that, in the memory of living men, there never was uttered a more unpardonable falsehood. The editor cannot find a case that he can authenticate within the limit of the life of any living man; and we doubt if there is, in the records of the past, any such doctrine taught or held by any respectable Presbyterian minister. We shall wait for the proof. We have spent some considerable portion of our life in the study of ecclesiastical history, and in sharp research for the birth-place of this oft-repeated falsehood, and have sought in vain. May be at last the editor of the "Register" can shew us. But what inducement any writer could have for such a statement passes our comprehension. All our principles in regard to baptism are in stout opposition to such. We deny and abhor baptismal regeneration. It belongs to Rome and the Episcopal Church, and if anybody ever held it, it was one or the other, or both. The Scotch Solemn League and Covenant, an old Presbyterian document, protests specifically against Rome's 'cruel judgment against infants departing without the sacraments,' which Dr. Schaff says, is the 'first confessional declaration against the damnation, and by implication in favour of the salvation of unbaptized infants.'"

EVERY Christian is born great, because he is born for heaven.—*Massillon*.

A QUARREL, nine times out of ten, is merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding.

DON'T despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

FEW persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure which is needful to them, to praise which deceives them.—*La Rochefoucauld*.

A CHRISTIAN must be a man of faith every step of the way. One whom the world knows not though he so well knows the world.—*Cecil*.

STRONG in the goodness of his cause, with his back to the throne of God and his foot on the rock of truth, a man can stand against the world.—*Guthrie*.

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Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1880.

OUR readers would notice that the first No. of the "Presbyterian Sabbath School Teacher's Study" was printed last week instead of, as it ought to have been, on the 24th inst. No. 2 will appear on the first of October, and all concerned had better preserve last week's PRESBYTERIAN for reference to No. 1.

COUNTRY CONGREGATIONS.

THE remark is an old and oft-repeated one which it is said a certain theological professor first made to a graduating class of young ministers, to the effect that if they were to preach in the city they had better wear their best coat; if in the country they had better bring out their best sermon. The best sermon is everywhere and at all times in order, and it will be none the less acceptable, perhaps all the more so, if the preacher have also on the best coat. But if the professor by his suggestion meant to caution his young friends against the idea that anything in the way of a sermon would do for the country, and to suggest that if there was any difference between city and rural audiences in the way of intelligence and appreciative power the advantage in many cases rather lay with the latter, he was a wise, shrewd man whose advice was worth the following. We have no wish either to make invidious comparisons or to hint at disagreeable contrasts, but at the same time we have no hesitation in asserting that in very many cases there are no better congregations for close attention, for hearty and intelligent relish for the truth when that is earnestly and sensibly presented, and for the cordial recognition of intellectual and spiritual power, than those located in country districts. It was and is so in the old country, and the same thing holds true in Canada and all over this continent. We have no wish to set the one class of congregations against the other, but the more or less covert feeling cherished by some preachers to the effect that so long as their ministrations are confined to the country their gifts are in danger of being unappreciated is a very erroneous one. Some think it smart to refer to the number of sleepers to be found in country churches, as if in this respect things were very different in the towns and cities. As a matter of fact, however, if such references have any measure of smartness about them, they are greatly destitute of accuracy. On a warm summer's day, after having travelled some miles to church, it is not surprising that sometimes not a few should fall into a deep sleep, the more especially if there is nothing either said or done very specially calculated to keep them awake. But even in such circumstances if the preacher has really got anything to say to the people, and can manage to say it with any measure of power, he will have on an average less reason to complain of either inattention or the absence of appreciative interest in a congregation of farmers than in one of merchants and other "city folks." As one has well put it, we may say with all truth: "The earnest look they give you, as if in anticipation of something to nourish the mind and heart, and the disappointment depicted on their countenances when the bread they expected proves to be dough, and soft at that, will convince any man that the best he can do will be appreciated by such hearers." There is no reason whatever, why the members of a city congregation should be thought more intelligent on religious matters at any rate than those in the country. The stir and activity of commercial life may often impart a greater amount of apparent sharpness, but it does

not at all follow that there is any greater degree of general intelligence, and still less any deeper and more life directing acquaintance with the things of God and all that is connected with the way of salvation. A good many ministers are restless and dissatisfied because their spheres of labour happen to be in the country. They fancy that they would be more comfortable and more useful if they had a town or city charge. That their abilities would be more appreciated and that their opportunities for doing good would be indefinitely increased. Are they quite sure that in cherishing such ideas they are not grievously mistaken? In many cases, we are persuaded, they are. No one need wish for a better or wider sphere than that in which, in the providence of God, he is placed, and if he is not receiving that amount of sympathy and support to which he may think he is justly entitled is he perfectly certain that the fault lies exclusively with the pews, while the pulpit is blameless? Perhaps he has good reason for being so persuaded, but perhaps, also, he has not. Sure we are, at any rate, that the devout, competent and persevering preacher of the Gospel will not lose his reward in these days, any more than in those of the gone by, and many would, we are convinced, come nearer their purpose if, instead of casting their eyes in the direction of every eligible vacancy, and writing to this and that one to try and get them "a hearing," they were to go heart and soul into the work that lies directly under their own hands, fully convinced that it was large enough for their abilities, involved responsibilities sufficiently weighty for them to bear, and carried with it a possibility of reward far beyond their most sanguine anticipations and their utmost desert. We have not a doubt of its being the fact that many congregations are stingy and unappreciative. These, however, will not all be found in country localities, and perhaps even in those cases where the people are most freely blamed, strict impartiality would not in every case saddle them with all the responsibility attachable to congregational difficulties, and the necessity for ministerial change. If not a few ministers could hear sometimes the remark which is frequently made, and quite as often in the country as in the town, not by the fault-finding and superficial, but by the most thoughtful and devout, to the effect that it would be better if they would give more time to the preparation of their sermons, and try to bring out of their treasure things new and old, it might be better for all concerned, and the desire for change might neither be so common nor so inveterate.

PRESBYTERIAN BIGOTRY.

WITH certain individuals and classes there is not a more common or a more favourite exercise than that which consists in the denunciation of Presbyterian bigotry and Scottish clannishness. The people who indulge in this pastime are not generally careful to define what they mean by the terms, or to lead proof in support of what they regard as very detestable and unworthy, but they make up for any vagueness of utterance and any absence of evidence by the vehemence of their condemnation, the vigour of their assertions, and their general disregard of all argument and all decency. They have settled in their own minds that Presbyterians are bigots above all the bigots that ever were or ever will be, and they forthwith become eloquent, indignant and pathetic by turns over this supposed unpardonable iniquity. They know intuitively that the Scotch have always been guilty of clannishness, and from that one fact, which they fondly imagine "nobody can deny," they are positively sure that they can, beyond a doubt, account for all that Scotchmen have ever been or done without the slightest credit being given to one redeeming characteristic either of their heads or their hearts. "John Calvin burned Servetus;" "the Scotch clergy caused that poor boy Aikenhead to be hanged," and no wonder, you know, for Presbyterians are "awful bigots!" Scotchmen are a very small minority of the world's population, but they are always pushing themselves forward and getting into places of trust and honour and emolument for which it seems they are ridiculously unfit; but then they are so clannish, which fact accounts for it all. Their feebleness of intellect, their poverty of thought and acquirement, their hopeless mediocrity of resource, and their general want of energy and perseverance are beyond all reasonable question, but they stand by each other and thus jostle aside those who are in every way their superiors, so that

this one single fact accounts for all the success which they have ever achieved or ever will!

Is it not about time that this foolish and incoherent way of talking should cease? Or, if not, that those who indulge in it should condescend on particulars and give some small modicum of evidence in support of what with them has hitherto been but groundless and offensive assertion? Leaving Scotch clannishness in the meantime untouched, we affirm that instead of the Presbyterians of the present day, whether in Scotland or in any other part of the world, being to be characterized and denounced as bigots their fault has lain, and lies still, all in the opposite direction. For what is a bigot? The dictionaries tell us that it is one who is "obstinately and blindly attached to some creed, opinion, or practice, with an unreasonable zeal or warmth in favour of a party, sect or opinion." Now whether the disposition of mind thus indicated be right or wrong, a shining virtue or a discreditable vice, we assert, without fear of anything like reasonable contradiction, that it is not specially characteristic of the Presbyterians of the present day, nor for the matter of that of those in the times past. Presbyterians have ever held fast, and do so still, by the great central doctrines of the Gospel, which they profess in common with all evangelical Christendom; but instead of being blindly, ignorantly and unreasonably attached to these, they have ever been ready and rejoiced to give to every one who asked them a reason of the hope that was in them, while as to their attaching undue importance to their peculiarities as Presbyterians, whether of doctrine or discipline, or as to their dragging these forward before the public, whether for statement or defence, with undue or disagreeable frequency, there is, perhaps, not a single denomination in Christendom that says less about these peculiarities or makes them less frequently the subjects for public exposition and enforcement or for private discussion and defiance.

In ordinary cases how long would an individual have to attend upon the services of a Presbyterian place of worship, whether on week or Sabbath days, before he heard any exposition of Presbyterian Church government, or any answer to the usual objections to its claims? In very many instances he might do so all his days without having to listen to anything of the kind even once, and in the others such references would not occur once for every ten times that the changes would be rung on the peculiar excellences and the scriptural authority of their forms of Church government in the churches and chapels of every other denomination which could be mentioned. Instead of doing too much in this way we hold that Presbyterians have done, and are doing, far too little, and that they have lost ground by not expounding and magnifying the special excellences of their system of Church government to anything like the extent required both by sound policy and scriptural obligation. In other words, instead of in this respect being justly chargeable with what is usually called bigotry, it would have been well for the Presbyterian Church, and well for the world, had there only been a great deal more reason for the accusation and the taunt.

Roman Catholics and others most foolishly and most groundlessly imagine that Presbyterians spend most of their Sabbath services in attacks upon the errors of this Church or the short-comings of that; while they ask, with affected compassion, what would be done if there were no Romanism, or some other *ism*, to denounce and assail? Instead of there being even a shadow of excuse for this kind of talk we affirm that in this connection also it will be found that there is less properly controversial discussion in Presbyterian pulpits than in any other which could be mentioned. We are not saying whether this is an excellence or a defect, though to a good degree we think it is the latter; we are at present taken up with the one point, that it is a fact.

Presbyterians hold very strongly by the doctrine of infant baptism for instance. Nothing then surely would be more natural or more becoming than that they should ever and anon discuss that whole subject *ex professo*. Yet is this done with a tithe of the frequency or a hundredth part of the vehemence with which the "other side" is all at it and always at it? So much is this the case that when some Presbyterian brother turns aside for a little to speak the "present truth" on the subject, though in language of the most studiously moderate description, he is assailed with accusations of having made unjustifiable "attacks" or of having been guilty of something like profanity, by raising,

perhaps, a smile at the limping logic or careless exegesis of those who have been all their days making merry over "infant sprinkling" or triumphantly, and often not very delicately, proclaiming the defective scholarship and the more or less conscious dishonesty of those who could not read "baptizo" with all its ramifications in their special light and through their peculiarly focalized spectacles.

To Presbyterians, Calvinism, as a short way of describing all that is specially peculiar and specially precious in the "doctrines of grace," is unspeakably dear. Yet, while they hold that the Gospel in all its fulness cannot possibly be proclaimed without that Calvinism being taught in all its details, how very seldom is it dwelt upon controversially and how rarely is the Arminianism which it rejects either characterized with the scorn or denounced with the vehemence so frequently displayed by even good men, who are themselves not only Calvinists but Hyper-Calvinists as soon as they get upon their knees! And so we might notice every point which differentiates Presbyterians from other sections of the Church of Christ and in every case the same conclusion would have to be arrived at, viz., that, far from the charge of "bigotry" being to be brought against them with any show of propriety, the danger and the defect have lain, and lie still, quite in the opposite direction.

It is quite easy so to dwell on denominational peculiarities, and so to ring the changes on sectional issues, as to induce a meagre, narrow, unchristlike and unspiritual bearing and character. But it is equally possible to err in the opposite direction, and instead of being too "bigoted," to be, strange as it may seem, not "bigoted" enough. Canadian Presbyterianism is more in danger from the latter than from the former tendency, and the Gospel which comes from its pulpits would be not less free, full, and effective if there were taught, in all its borders, with greater zeal and greater frequency than there too often has been, both what Presbyterianism is and what it has accomplished in days gone by, for the cause at once of humanity and heaven.

TEMPERANCE IN SCHOOLS.

WE lately noticed the progress made in the crusade against intoxicating drinks as indicated among other things by the attitude towards the movement lately assumed by the London "Times." Another very significant proof of how the wind blows is found in the late action of the Glasgow School Board, which points to the principles of temperance being made a distinct subject of instruction in the public schools of that city. The various masters are invited to meet and agree upon some short and well-suggested plan for the guidance of the Board, and what is surprising there is little or no opposition to the proposal. Of course it is carefully noted that this is not a total abstinence movement. Oh dear, no; quite the reverse. But in view of the terrible ravages of drunkenness it is felt to be necessary to use all means within reach in order to stay the gigantic evil and to train the rising generation in habits of thrift, sobriety and self-restraint. In order to this the teachers are to shew them how injuriously alcoholic liquors act on the physical frame; how unnecessary these are as a common beverage; how ruinously destructive they are both physically and socially, when taken in any measure to excess, and so forth. All very gratifying even though coupled with the needless intimation that the movement is not to be confounded with that of total abstinence. It all indicates a very important process of education going forward from which the earnest and really philanthropic will in due time learn wherein their scheme is deficient and be led to take other and more effectual measures for the attainment of the end they have in view. Of course stilted *litterateurs* will protest, the parasitical will scoff, and the thirsty may relieve their feelings and seek to justify their practices by an occasional diet of swearing. But in the meantime the work goes on. Ever growing numbers take the right and reasonable side. Public opinion is being changed. Paltry toppers, who maunder about "good-fellowship" and fancy that they are almost inspired because they drink so many glasses of wine "every day at dinner," either die off and find no successors, or begin themselves to think that there may be "something in it after all." The clergy of all denominations are seeking to indoctrinate the young with a heart horror for all intoxicating drinks, and with very gratifying success. In short, the indications are

hopeful, and those who in this great struggle stand between the living and the dead, and speak in the name of the Lord that the plague be staid, have much reason to thank God and take courage. The end is not yet, but the beginning of the end is here.

SPEAK TO THEM.

"YOU ministers are too slow about speaking to such as I am. We wait for you to do 't and are often disappointed that you talk about everything but the one most important matter of all" A minister once got this said to him; how often has something like it been felt though never expressed in words! A great many more people than is often suspected are waiting to be personally addressed on religion by their ministers and are feeling disappointed again and again because they never are. And many also are very naturally calculating on the same thing being done not only by ministers but by some one or other who makes a profession of religion. Said a young man once to a minister after a lengthened conference on this most important of all subjects, "My sister is one of the members of your church. Does she hold the same opinions which you do on the matter?" When assured that she did, the reply was startling but natural, "I don't believe she does. Why, I know she loves me so well that she would willingly die for my sake, and am I to believe that she could stand by and see me going down as she thought to hopeless perdition without her ever saying a word either about my danger or about the means of safety? It is impossible." Or how could a professedly Christian father like to have his supposedly dying child asking him in wonder, and not without an implied reproach how it came to pass that all that matter about the soul's concern for eternity had never been spoken of long before? Politics, the markets, the state of Europe, business, literature, anything, everything, sooner and apparently with greater earnestness than, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" There was something sadly, solemnly suggestive, in what an unbeliever said once to a minister who had been preaching in his hearing and who afterwards became a distinguished and successful missionary. "Is all that you have been saying true?" "Yes, all true." "Then you and I will need to be converted." "You may speak for yourself. As for me, I believe I have been converted long ago." "We must be converted all the same. You don't believe these things any more than I do. Why, if I believed what you have been saying I could not think of anything else. I could not speak of anything else. It would haunt me in my dreams. I should go to the ends of the earth to speak about 't, and so would you." Even so; and when multitudes are thus waiting and wishing to be spoken to in reference to the things which belong to their peace, why are Christians so falsely modest or so culpably indifferent? Afraid? Afraid of what? Of being insulted? Alas, the likelihoods all are, that these very persons whose supposed rudeness is so formidable, are weary, heart-burdened ones, anxious only to be directed into rest. A word fitly spoken, how good has it often been. How good may it still be! It is worth the trying, even though it should appear to fail.

"W. S. T." AND THE HYMN BOOK.

MR. EDITOR,—Is it possible that "W. S. T." has never heard of the new hymn book, authorized and adopted by the last Assembly of our Church, and which, it is hoped, will put an end to the very evil which he complains of? That any member of St. James' Square Presbyterian Church could display such ignorance is almost incredible. How could you, Mr. Editor, who know all about the matter, permit the publication of such a silly letter. ERSKIN, CHURCH. August 28th, 1880.

INSTRUCTIONS, it is said, have been sent from the Vatican to the Belgian bishops to try and make known the contents of the recent papal allocution among the laity. The bishops and clergy are to make every effort to improve the standard of their schools, and to establish new ones to compete with the Government schools, but not to depart from the strict limits of the law. It is stated that Mgr. Jacobini and Prince Reuss have arrived at an understanding for filling the vacancies in the parishes in Germany, but that the other questions remain unsettled.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. Sept., 1880.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW, for September, is a more than usually good number of a very excellent periodical. The article on the Presidential Election, by John Jay, is specially able and opportune.

ANNUAL CALENDAR OF MANITOBA COLLEGE, WINNIPEG, SESSION 1880. (Toronto: Presbyterian Printing House.) This is a neatly got up and convenient calendar, and with a list of alumni and undergraduates, gives also specimens of the examination papers of Manitoba University for June 1880.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for August. (Toronto: J. P. Clougher.)—We are always pleased to see this magazine, and shall be glad to know that it is widely circulated. It is truly a "family" magazine, which the most scrupulous need have no fear in seeing in the hands of their boys and girls. This Canadian reprint will compare favourably with the English original.

CANADIAN CONGREGATIONAL YEAR BOOK, for 1880, is a very creditably got up publication. It gives all denominational information not only in reference to Canada, but to the whole world. From it we learn that there are 70 Congregational Churches in Ontario, with 26 stations, 50 ministers, and 4,183 members. In Quebec there are 19 churches, 20 stations, 19 ministers, and 1,204 members. In Nova Scotia the churches number 17, stations 15, ministers 6, and members 1,108. New Brunswick has 4 churches, 4 stations, 3 ministers, and 300 members. Newfoundland has 4 churches, 6 stations, 4 ministers, and 175 members. While Manitoba has 1 church, 1 station, 2 ministers and 41 members. As far as can be ascertained there are in Great Britain and the United States more than 8,600 Congregational churches, 7,137 ministers, and about 750,000 members. In Madagascar there are 1,142 churches, with 70,000 members, and 250,000 adherents. The London Missionary Society, the American Board and the American Missionary Association, together, employ 6,567 missionary agents, English and native, representing about 630 churches with 122,000 members. They expended last year, \$1,323,272. The whole number of Congregationalists, including members and adherents, statisticians variously estimate at from seven to eight millions.

It is said that a bitter struggle has for some time past been going on between the Romish bishops and the monks and nuns in England for pre-eminence. A committee has been appointed by the Vatican, consisting of ten Italian cardinals, to try and settle it. The idea of the unity of the Roman Catholic Church and its freedom from disputes is as erroneous as it is general among Protestants.

THE American Board of Foreign Missions has issued a brief financial statement in which it says: "The contributions for eleven months aggregate—From donations, \$287,674.33; from legacies, \$66,878.98; total, \$354,553.31. In order to meet that part of the appropriations for the year for which provision must be made from the regular contributions and legacies, we need to receive at least \$85,000 during the month of August. Of this amount we must look for about \$75,000 from the donations of churches and individuals. This will require only about \$8,000 in advance of the average donations during the month of August for several years with the exception of last year, when there was a decline of over \$26,000 below this average. We have no reason to anticipate another such unfortunate decline the present year. The indications of the first eleven months are all against it. We only desire that churches and individuals contributing to the board will make sure that their donations are forwarded to the treasurer before the financial year closes, his books being kept open for this purpose until after the first Sabbath in September. During these last days we are accustomed to look for the final ingathering from churches which have not previously sent their full donations for the year, also for the regular or special gifts of some of our largest donors, and for the personal thank-offerings of many who desire thus to express their individual consecration to the great missionary work. All these contributions are imperatively needed that we may honourably meet our obligations and successfully close the year."

CHOICE LITERATURE.

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

BY MARK GUY FRANKS.

CHAPTER XII.—A GAIN IN GRIEF.

Where the pulpit deliverance from the lips of Mister Horn just referred to was candidly heard, it bore good fruit; but a few of "the society" did not receive its teachings with favour. Perhaps the sermons that are most liked may sometimes do the least good; at any rate Mister Horn always took it as a good sign when the grumblers and faulty ones were louder than usual in their speaking out. "Depend upon it, if you pinch the devil a bit hard he'll squeak," was Mister Horn's explanation, "and I never think that 'tis all right unless I can get a poke at him somehow." The village shopkeeper had a visit from more than one grumbler during the next week, who growled, but paid something toward a long-neglected account.

The result on James Niggardly, Esquire, was singularly amusing. You might have supposed that he was a champion ready to die for the injured "Gospel" that he talked so much about. He declared that he would hear Mister Horn no more. He didn't think that the house of God was a place in which every one was to be made uncomfortable, that he didn't. It was a place where men and women went for rest and comfort. He would tell Mister Horn so when he saw him. And he did.

"Pre-cise—ly," said Mister Horn, very slowly, and screwing up his lips—"pre-cise—ly. But then it depends upon the kind o' men and women, you know, Jim, al—to—gether" (and he brought down his ash stick with each syllable). "The blessed Master made the house of God a very uncomfortable place to some folks, you know, Jim, and He is a good example for us to follow. People who cared more about getting than about giving were very uncomfortable when He made a scourge o' small cords and drove them out; when he upset the tables and sent the money rolling over the floor, and drove out the sheep and oxen, and turned out the dove-sellers. I dare say they were very angry, and talked about the house of God being a place where folks ought to feel very easy and comfortable. But then we are told that the blind and the lame came to Him and He healed them. He made them feel very comfortable indeed. You see it depends, Jim—depends on the kind o' men and women al—to—gether." And once more the ash stick came down with an emphatic confirmation of its master's opinion. "The Word is like salt, Jim—it's sweet and savoury to folks who are sound and right; but folks with chaps and cracks in their religion will feel it smarting and stinging, perhaps more than they care for."

Little did any one think that within a week of that Sunday morning Mister Horn's sermon would come to the mind of one of the hearers with a new meaning, and a force as if every word of it had been on fire, and had burned its way right to his heart. That one was James Niggardly himself.

Of the three daughters living at Stukeville the youngest was Marian, a little bright-haired, bright-eyed, laughing maiden of eight summers. She wore sunshine always, and wherever she stepped came gladness and happiness, like the joy that greets the sun in early spring.

All day long her sweet voice was heard singing through the house or as she was roaming in the garden, and whenever it reached James Niggardly's ears it seemed to wake up something of the old better self that lay sleeping within. Everybody loved her—they couldn't help themselves about that. But her father's devotion was more than love—she was his idol. And marvellous was the power she had with him. The hard, stern, selfish James Niggardly found nothing a trouble that little Marian asked, and nothing was a sacrifice that could please her, whatever it might be. Why you might have come upon him amid ledger and day-book, sitting there at his office-desk—he, the great James Niggardly, Esquire, with little Marian at his side making all his busy world stand still while he bent over the troublesome work of mending her broken doll. If ever his voice regained its old ring and the cheeriness of former days, it was as little Marian ran for a romp. If anything brought back the simple kindly Jim Niggardly that used to be, it was as he yielded to some request of his little maiden's.

As is so often the case with children who die young, Marian was full of an old-fashioned religiousness—very simple, yet so constant and so real that it seemed as though it were the growth of years. Does not heaven mature the spiritual in such, and make those little ones who are going to join the saints in light meet for their inheritance?

One day when she was not yet four years of age her father was lying in a darkened room suffering from some temporary indisposition. The silence was disturbed by a very gentle knock at the door, followed at once by the intrusion of a sunny face and sunny hair, and a little voice asked plaintively, "May I come in?" And Marian crept over and sat down beside the sofa.

"Papa," she whispered, "if it won't hurt you, I am come to read to you." Quite unable to read, she opened a book she brought with her, and, as if reading, she repeated with exquisite simplicity those words that she had learned—

"And they brought young children to Jesus that he should touch them; and His disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, 'Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God.' Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them."

Then she closed the book and kissed him very gently, whispering, "Good-bye, papa; I hope that will do you good. I have asked Jesus to make you better and I know He will." And she left him in tears.

Little Marian's love to Jesus was not only an affection for Him who had long ago lived a life of yearning pity, and who

had died for all men on the cross; nor was it only the thought of the glorious King who hears and helps us when we cry unto Him. It was the devotion of her whole being to One who was to her a constant presence and a personal friend. There was not a thought, not a feeling about anything that she did not share with Him. Her toys, her dresses, her opinions of people, all the little incidents that made up each day of her life, were talked of to Him with a confidence and simplicity that realized Him as "the Friend that sucketh closer than a brother." The little maiden loved Him with all her heart, and could keep nothing from Him.

With Mister Horn she was a great favourite, and many a visit was paid for an hour's talk in the garden with Marian. To him, perhaps, she owed much of the intense love that she felt for the Saviour, for he, more than any other, had told her of Him. She had learned his favourite text when she was very little, and all the thoughts and motives of her life were shaped and coloured by it.

"Mamma," she often said, "can you tell how it is that Jesus should care so much for me and love me? Isn't it wonderful, mamma? He gave Himself for me! I do love Him for it very, very, very much. Don't you, mamma?" Sometimes she stood quietly by the window, rapt in some deep thought, and then looking up, she would say, "Oh, mamma, I do love Jesus so, I want to give Him everything—you, and papa, and all of us, and Mister Horn, and all that I have got, and the sun, and the flowers, and everything there is. You know He gave Himself for me."

Without any formal resolution on her part, she instinctively came to look upon all her money as belonging to her dearest friend. It was perhaps the only thing that she had absolutely in her own disposal, and so she naturally gave it to Him to whom she was so devoted. A money-box was the treasury of her little offerings and of her possessions; nothing was more prized than this. To her mind Jesus was still standing watching the gifts that came into the treasury. One day her father thought that the sum was too large to be given all at once, and hinted as much. Little Marian looked up in wonder and said, "I must put it all in, you know, papa, or else Jesus won't be able to look at me with a smile and say, 'She did cast in all that she had.'"

She had not been well for two or three days previous to the Sunday of Mr Horn's sermon. On the Monday she got much worse, and all were alarmed. For two weary days all was hopeless, and before the week was over it was plain that the end was approaching. Her father could not leave her—day and night he remained at her side. His love grew jealous at the thought of losing her. He was jealous of those to whom she spoke a word; jealous of every look that wandered from him; impatient that any other should minister to her wants but himself.

Propped up on the pillows, she lay with flushed face, the thin white fingers resting upon her little money-box—an angel already in purity and celestial beauty. As the breath grew quicker her lips moved. All listened to catch her words: her father stooped over her, most greedy for every loved sound. She whispered, "He is coming now! Dear Jesus!" And the eyes were fixed as a smile lit up all her face. "I am coming. . . . Now I shall be able to tell Jesus how much I love Him; and that mamma loves Him, and sisters, and you, papa, and Mister Horn."

The voice grew fainter, slowly and scarcely audible the voice was heard again, "Now I can't give Him my money any more. Please, papa—do it—for—" The head fell upon the father's shoulder, the soft bright hair hung over his arm, and little Marian was with Jesus.

That night James Niggardly sat vacantly staring into the fire, numbed with grief to the very bone. All was dark, accursed, and utterly forsaken. At first a wild rebellion filled his soul, but the storm had spent itself in a flood of tears. And now he could scarcely resist the memories of little Marian that began to crowd in upon him, memories that at first he had flung forth angrily as unbearable. Soon they seemed almost to quiet and soothe him. Among the visions there rose one more distinct, more impressed than any other—it was of her coming in four years before when he was lying in this very room. He almost heard her gentle voice go through the words again "Jesus said, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein." Again he seemed to hear her voice saying, as if it were a prayer more than a wish, "Papa, I hope that will do you good."

A prayer it was, a prayer answered that night as James Niggardly fell on his knees and poured out his soul to God. "As a little child, as my own little Marian, as Thine own. O Lord, help me to receive thy kingdom."

Diavely did he fight against the selfishness that had become habitual, nerved and inspired whenever he recalled the dying words, now made sacred to him, "Please, papa, do it for—"

Mr. Horn was now a frequent visitor at Stukeville, and his prayers and counsels led James Niggardly back to the man he had been—farther back than that, until he became humble and simple, and received the kingdom of God as a little child.

It was twelve months after, on the anniversary of Marian's death, that they talked of the little maiden. James Niggardly stood leaning against the mantelpiece as he held in his hand the money-box. "Ah, Mister Horn," said he with tears of gratitude, "her death was my life; her loss saved me."

Many a generous deed was done, and many a noble gift was sent without any other explanation than this, which was written within:

"J. N. FOR MARIAN."
THE END.

LEARN A TRADE.

I never look at my old steel composing rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted I can go back to the type case and be sure to find work; for I learned the

printer's work—newspaper work, job work, book work, and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigour for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of a self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing office or to the artisan's bench; or, if you please, to the farm—for, to be sure, true farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that branch off into whatever profession you please. You have heard, perhaps, of the clerk who had faithfully served Stephen Girard from boyhood to manhood. On the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday, he went to his master and told him his time was up, and he certainly expected important promotion in the merchant's service. But Stephen Girard said to him, "Very well. Now go and learn a trade." "What trade, sir?" "Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade; and when you have made a perfect barrel, bring it to me." The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own make. Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said to him, "Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room; but henceforth you will not be dependent upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come you have always a good trade in reserve." The young man saw the wisdom and understood. Years ago, when the middle-aged men of to-day were boys, Horace Greeley wrote, "It is a great source of consolation to us, that when the public shall be tired of us as an editor, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting type or farming, so that while our strength lasts, ten thousand block-heads, taking offence at some article they do not understand, could not drive us into the poor-house. And so may a man become truly independent."

WAS IT AN ACCIDENT?

Many a seeming accident illustrates Cowper's lines:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Dr. Hamlin, so long the head of Robert College, Constantinople, tells of one of these "accidents." One hot day in July, 1839, while passing the Galata custom-house, a crowd attracted his attention. Forcing his way through it, he saw a poor sailor lying by the side of the wall, apparently dying of cholera.

"Do you speak English?" asked Dr. Hamlin.

"Yes," said the man following the word with an oath.

"Are you an Englishman or American?"

"American"—another oath.

Worse expressions showed that profanity had become his mother tongue. Dr. Hamlin, after many appeals to the crowd, whose brutal natures were stirred by the prospect of seeing him die, secured assistance and removed the sailor to a house.

For several weeks he was nursed and visited by the missionaries. He recovered and sailed for Boston. On the morning he left, he called on his missionary friend to say good-bye. Lingered for a moment by the door, he said:

"I have been a very wicked man, Mr. Hamlin, and have done all the evil I could in the world, and now I am going to do all the good I can."

Three years after, Dr. Hamlin received a letter from him, which thus began:

"DEAR MR. HAMLIN:—Thank God, I still serve the dead! I am here workin' and blowing the Gospel-trumpet on the Eri Kanal."

When Dr. Goodell, an old missionary, saw the letter, he asked that he might begin the answer, and taking a sheet of paper wrote:

"DEAR MR. BROWN:—Blow away, brother, blow! Yours, in blowing the same Gospel-trumpet.

"WM. GOODELL."

Twenty-five years after, Dr. Hamlin, while dining at a hotel in Paris, was accosted by an American gentleman:

"I am just from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands," said the gentleman. "I have known a man there by the name of Brown, who has done a great deal of good among the sailors. He can go everywhere and anywhere with the Bible. He has told me how he was once dying, a blasphemous dog (his own words) in the streets of Constantinople, and you picked him up and saved him, soul and body. Is it all true, or is it in part a sailor's long yarn?"

What seemed the accidental passing of Mr. Hamlin down a street in Constantinople was the means by which God saved "a blasphemous dog," and sent him "blowin' the Gospel-trumpet" along the "Eri Kanal," and among the islands, the Pacific. Is there such a thing as an accident in God's moral government?—*Christian Observer*.

JONATHAN'S PICNIC.

"Come, Jonathan, can't you leave that mallet and chisel for one day, and go a pleasuring? Two hundred of us, man, to-morrow at Leech's Grove! Don't you like a picnic now and then?"

"Yes, I like a picnic amazin', and I mean to have one, but my own kind."

"And what kind is that?"

"First, it's a picnic that won't take bread out of my mouth by losing a day's wages, nor anger the boss by deserting my work. I'll bide till a slack day comes, and then ask for my holiday, and get it and welcome. Then mine will be a family picnic. The wife works as hard as I do, and needs a pleasuring as much, and the children are all the better for a jaunt with their parents."

"Bring 'em along to our picnic to-morrow, man."

"Not L. Your picnic will take a keg of rum, and two or three barrels of beer, and some demijohns. There will some get drunk, and all will be noisy, and late quarrelling will begin, and a few heads will be broken, and horses frightened, and waggon-wheels cracked. How do I know but my boys might be lured to try the tippie, and my arm get broken in stopping a row?"

"And how will your style of picnic go off, Jonathan?"

"Just two or three neighbours of us, with all the good things the women can cook, and a dozen of lemons for lemonade, and a jug of cold tea or coffee with cream in it. Off early to some nice grove by a brook, where the children can wade and fish; and home happy and comfortable about sunset. No accidents, no bad example; nice wild-flower bouquets, instead of black eyes and bruised shoulders. No seeds of devil's weed sown in the children's hearts. And the whole picnic will not cost each family over a couple of dollars. That's what I call 'Jonathan's Temperance Picnic,' and it's an uncommon neat affair, I do assure you."—Mrs. J. McNair Wright, in *National Temperance Almanac*.

AN EASY PLACE.

A lad once stepped into our office in search of a situation. He was asked:
 "Are you not now employed?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Then why do you wish to change?"
 "Oh, I want an easy place."
 We had not the place for him. No one wants a boy or man who is seeking an easy place; yet just here is the difficulty with thousands.
 Will the boys let us advise them? Go in for the hard places; bend yourself to the task of shewing how much you can do. Make yourself servicable to your employer at whatever cost of personal ease, and when the easy places are to be had they will be yours. Life is toilsome at best to most of us, but the easy places are at the end, not at the beginning of life's course. They are to be won, not accepted.—*North Carolina Presbyterian*.

A BOY WHO GAVE HIS NOTE.

A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy who inquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and was, moreover, a methodical man; so, pulling out a large drawer he exhibited his stock of waste paper, "Will you give me two shillings for that?" he asked.
 The boy looked at the paper doubtfully a moment and then offered fifteen cents.
 "Done!" said the lawyer and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag of the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass. Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.
 "No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"
 Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operation, the boy made no reply.
 "Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.
 "Yes, sir."
 "Very well, if you consider your note is good I would just as soon have it as the money; but if it is not good, I do not want it."
 The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen cents, which the boy signed legibly, and, lifting the bag of paper, trudged off.
 Soon after dinner, the little fellow returned, and, producing the money, announced that he had come to pay his note.
 "Well," said the lawyer, "this is the first time I ever knew a note to be taken up the day it was given. The boy that will do that is entitled to day and money, too;" and, giving him both, sent him on his way with a smiling face and happy heart.
 The boy's note represented his honour. A boy who thus keeps his honour bright, however poor he may be in worldly things, is an heir to an inheritance which no riches can buy—the choice promises of God.—*Sunday School Visitor*.

A LITTLE CANDLE, SHINING FAR

A mother, on the green hills of Vermont, was holding by the right hand a boy, sixteen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And as he stood at the garden gate one morning, she said:
 "Edward, they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of seamen's life is drink. Promise me before you quit your mother's hand, that you will never drink liquor."
 And, said he, for he told the story, "I gave the promise, and went the world over, to Calcutta, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, and the North and South Poles. I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form at the gate did not rise up before my eyes; and to-day I am innocent of the taste of liquor."
 Was not that sweet evidence of the power of a single word? Yet that is not half; "for," still continued he, "yesterday there came into my counting-room a man of forty years."
 "Do you know me?"
 "No."
 "Well," said he, "I was brought into your presence on shipboard; you were a passenger; they kicked me aside; you took me to your berth, and kept me there till I had slept off my intoxication. You then asked if I had a mother. I said I never heard a word from her lips. You told me of yours at the garden gate, and to-day I am master of one of the finest ships in New York harbour, and I have come to ask you to come and see me."
 How far the little candle throws its beams, the mother's words on the green hills of Vermont! God be thanked for the mighty power exerted by the utterance of a single word.—*Wendell Phillips*.

DISHONEST MEN VALUE HONESTY.

A young man came to me one day with a case of conscience. He was corresponding clerk in a flourishing house of business. His employers had begun to direct him to write letters to customers containing statements which he and they knew to be false. He had objected and they said, "We are responsible for these statements; it is nothing to

you whether they are true or false." I said to him, "Do they sign the letters, or ask you to write them in your own name?" As soon as the question left my lips I saw that, if there was a difference, both would be wrong, and I hastened to tell him so. He said, "I have to sign them with my name, pro Messrs. Blank." I said, "Your course is perfectly clear; you must decline to do it." He said, "Then I shall be dismissed;" and after a pause, "I have a wife and family." I replied, "My dear friend, this is a trial of faith and principle; you must do right and trust to God to take care of you and your family." I met him some days after. "Well, Mr. —," I said, "how are you getting on?" He replied: "I am still in my situation; I had an interview with the partners, and told them I could not write letters I knew to be untrue. They were very angry, and I expected to receive notice, but I have not received it yet." Months passed and he remained in his situation. After a while he called on me again; I saw by his face that something had happened. "Well, Mr. —," I said, "have you had your dismissal?" "No," he said, "I have not," and smiled. "What then?" "A very confidential post in their service, with a higher salary, has fallen vacant, and they have put me into it!" On second thoughts those unprincipled men had come to the conclusion that the clerk who would not deceive a customer would not deceive them, and was too valuable to be lost.—*Dalton*.

SIXTEEN AND SIXTY.

O, grandma sits in her oaken chair,
 And in flies Bessie with tangled hair,
 "I'm going to be married, O, grandamma!
 I'm going to be married! Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

O, grandma smooths out her apron string:
 "Do you know, my dear, 'tis a solemn thing?"
 "'Tis solemn not to, grandamma
 I'm going to be married. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Then grandma looks through her sixty years,
 And sums up a woman's hopes and fears;
 Six of 'em living and two of 'em dead;
 Grandpa helpless and tied to his bed.

Nowhere to live when the house burned down;
 Years of fighting with old Mother Brown!
 Stockings to darn and bread to bake,
 Dishes to wash and dresses to make.

But then the music of pattering feet,
 Grandpa's kisses so soft and sweet,
 Song and prattle the livelong day,
 Joy and kisses and love away.

O, grandma smooths out her apron string,
 And gazes down at her wedding ring,
 And still she smiles as she drops a tear:
 "'Tis solemn not to. Yes, my dear."

THE REIGN OF ALCOHOL IN FRANCE.

A book has been issued from the press of Dunker and Humblot, in Leipzig, in which some startling revelations are made concerning the reign of alcohol in France. The author, a Hungarian, is a physician, who, during several years' practice in the French capital, especially in the hospitals, has had an opportunity to become intimately acquainted with the various classes of Parisian society.
 That the writer is not unkindly disposed toward the French is evident from the general tone of the book, especially from the introductory chapter, in which he speaks of the French nation at large, and of Paris in particular, in terms so flattering that were he a Frenchman his statements would have in our eyes a strong colouring of *chauvinism*. On page seven we read: "When the poet—referring to Victor Hugo—calls Paris the brain of humanity, he does not exaggerate. If Paris were suddenly destroyed, like Pompeii of old, a fearful gap would be torn in the history of civilization. It could no longer be written entire. Whole chapters would be wanting in the annals of human progress, especially where they relate to art and invention—chapters that could not be restored by the united effort of the entire human family. If Paris were deserted by its millions—as long as its scholars, its literary men, its artists remain, it would still be the Mecca of modern culture."
 I ask: Have we reason to suppose that a man who has so high an opinion of French culture and exalts the metropolis on the Seine *ad astra*, can harbour ill-will toward the French nation, and that his statements could have been prompted by any other than pure motives? Well, let us hear what he has to say on the use of alcohol in France. We give a few extracts of his work in free translation:
 "Intemperance," says our author, "is the great national disease of France, and the true friends of the French people are pained to see the spreading of this evil among a nation that has done so much for liberty and civilization. It is, however, not an easy task to demonstrate this truth to foreigners, the great majority of whom are labouring under misconception and prejudice. 'The French surpass all other nations in sobriety, and Paris is the last place to look for intemperate drinking;' similar statements are heard all over Europe.
 "Though the verdict is general, it is but partly founded on truth. It ignores many stubborn facts, of which the great mass of casual observers are quite ignorant, however well known they are to the physician and others that have been favoured with occasional glances behind the curtain. I do not deny that fewer drunkards are seen in Paris than in London; but there are reasons for this.
 "English labourers, as a class, drink comparatively little during the week. It is on Saturday evening, when they have received their wages, that many of them indulge in Bacchanalian orgies, and drink until they are picked up out of the gutter; whereas in Paris the people seldom drink to such an extent as to lose all self-control. But they drink

continuously, incessantly; they slowly poison their constitutions, and destroy their health. If you would see the consequences of such a ruinous course, do not look for them in the gutter, but in the sick-room and in the hospital.
 "The prevalent opinion that the English, as a nation, are more addicted to the use of alcoholic drink than the French must also be attributed in part to the fact that the former make a great deal of noise about intemperance. With them public sentiment is awake; they are constantly talking about their evil; they have written volumes upon it; have organized temperance societies, and are untiring in their efforts to suppress it. The French, on the other hand, are loth to acknowledge that alcoholism has become a wide-spread disease among them. They endeavour to keep the matter from public observation. They carefully avoid speaking about it, for fear it might be brought to public notice. They even ridicule temperance societies and other laudable efforts made to prevent the evil from spreading." The writer asserts that not only the English, but even the Poles and Russians, consume less alcohol than the French, which statement he proves by referring to official documents and statistics.
 Speaking of social customs, he says: "Drinking has become a habit with us. Everybody drinks, regardless of age, sex, or occupation. Even infants, when troublesome, are quieted with the wine-bottle. Shortly after my arrival at Paris I one day happened to meet a small boy, belonging to a neighbouring family, on his way to school. In one hand he was carrying his satchel, in the other a basket. Pointing to the latter, I addressed my little friend in these words: 'Gugusse, what have you in there?' The youngster lifted the cover and exposed a piece of white bread and a bottle of claret. I have since ascertained that it is not uncommon for children to take wine with them to school. To us this seems monstrous, but the French find such habits perfectly proper."
 Of the labouring classes our author draws a pitiful picture. "Parisian workmen," says he, "are discreet drunkards. Though we rarely see them intoxicated, they are constantly under the stimulating influence of alcohol. I have treated thousands of labouring men, some at their homes, others in the public hospitals, and inquired closely into their modes of living. From the answers that were given I have formed an idea of the manner of living of the average Parisian *ouvrier*, which, I am confident, is not extravagant. Early in the morning he takes a glass of liquor, either a bitter or a stronger kind, which he calls '*brulegoster*' (throat-burner), or '*casse-poitrine*' (chest-breaker). In connection with it he generally eats a piece of bread and a bowl of soup. About eleven o'clock he takes his breakfast, consisting of a *ragout*, or some other dish containing meat, but in insufficient quantities, with an enormous mass of bread, and one or two pints of wine. He invariably finishes breakfast with coffee, followed by a glass of cognac, which is called '*la goutte*' (the drop), or '*la rince-gueule*' (the throat-rinser). At six or seven o'clock dinner is taken, consisting of a vegetable soup, a plentiful quantity of meat, bread, two pints of wine, a cup of coffee, and '*la goutte*' (the drop). The labourer who lives thus considers himself a man of temperate habits. Many, however, exceed these bounds by drinking more wine and cognac and by indulging in an occasional glass of absinthe."
 Concerning the evil effects of spirituous liquors the greatest ignorance seems to prevail among the labouring classes. On this point the author quoted says: "I have treated many cases of acute alcoholism in the public hospitals. The invariable reply to my inquiries concerning the former habits and diet of the patient was: 'I never drink alcoholic liquors,' although he freely confessed that for years he had been in the habit of drinking from six to seven pints of wine daily; but, then there certainly could be no harm in that. When told that wine is also an alcoholic beverage, and detrimental to health when drunk immoderately he would look at me in blank astonishment. The labourer is well aware of the fact that rum, cognac, and absinthe are dangerous, but nothing can shake his belief that wine, taken in any quantity, is a wholesome and strengthening beverage and perfectly harmless."
 "What has been said about the reign of alcohol among the labouring men will apply almost equally well to the higher classes. The ignorance and prejudice referred to seems to be universal. Large quantities of wine are consumed at every meal, cognac is taken by many with every cup of coffee, and absinthe, as a refreshment, between meals, especially during the hour between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, which has received the characteristic name of 'absinthe hour.' Ladies indulge in the use of alcohol as well as men, but they endeavour to hide their intemperate habits under all sorts of graceful names and conventionalities. A lady would, of course, never swallow absinthe for shame, no! She will cry horror with affected disgust every time the vulgar words, *dram*, *drop*, *throat-rinser*, or *chest-breaker* are pronounced in her presence, but with evident satisfaction she will sip her green *chartrouse*, to help the digestion; her golden *benedictine* to quiet the nerves; her *cu de melisse des carmes*, to cure the megrim. These elegant names and laudable purposes, however, do not always prevent ladies of rank from acquiring a well-conditioned copper-nose, nor have they proved to be preventives of *delirium tremens*."
 The author closes the chapter from which we have quoted, with the sweeping assertion that it is alcohol principally that fills the hospitals and insane asylums of France, and causes the number of suicides to increase from year to year. He declares that unless proper means be soon employed to check the evil it will bring about the moral and physical ruin of the French people.—*Professor Victor Walker*.

We would do many more things if we believed less in impossibilities.—*Malsherber*.
 I KNOW not any pleasures of sense more exquisite than a draught of cool, clear water when you are thirsty; but few things are more insipid than water when there is no thirst. It is thus that Christ and His salvation are very sweet to one and very tasteless to another.—*William Arnot*.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev. Dr. Robb, of Galway, Ireland, desires with thanks to acknowledge the receipt of thirty-five barrels of flour and oatmeal, contributed by friends in Toronto, Canada, in relief of Irish distress, and forwarded by Alderman John Hallam; also the sum of two pounds eleven shillings and five pence sterling, forwarded by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., balance of funds in his hands for similar purposes. These benefactions have proved suitable and seasonable.

ON Monday, August 23rd, a committee representing the congregation of the Presbyterian church of Petrolea, waited upon their pastor, the Rev. J. McRobie, and presented him with a handsome morocco purse, containing the sum of \$100, as a mark of the esteem in which he is personally held and as evidence of their appreciation of his abilities as a preacher of the Word. The address was read by Mrs. Alex. McDonald on behalf of the committee and congregation, and was as follows. "To the Rev. John McRobie. Rev. Dear Sir, - We have the honour of appearing before you, as a committee, from a congregational meeting held on the 17th inst. Such was the solicitude of your people, as it became known that your health was failing, that a meeting of the congregation was held, and a resolution passed, asking you to avail yourself of your undoubted right, and to take an annual holiday, and as a fitting accompaniment to this resolution, it was agreed that an opportunity should be given the congregation of contributing to a fund to be presented to you, to enable you comfortably to take such a change of air as might be the means of restoring you to your wonted health. We would therefore respectfully ask you to accept this expression of good-will from your people, and have only to add the often expressed wish of your congregation, that you may return much benefited by your rest. Signed on behalf of the congregation. M. McDonald, M. McLean, J. McMillan, N. Scott, W. Taylor, W. Clark." For some little time the Rev. gentleman has shewn evident signs of weariness, and his appreciative congregation, unwilling that he should sacrifice his health in their spiritual interest, without reward, organized this pleasing scheme to allow him an opportunity to recuperate his exhausted energies. We understand he purposes spending a few days at Niagara Falls and from there will proceed to the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia, which convenes early in the incoming month. We wish the Rev. gentleman an enjoyable holiday, and a speedy return of his old-time healthful vigour.

THE Rev. Dr. Blaikie, Edinburgh, editor of the "Catholic Presbyterian," occupied the pulpit of Cooke's Church, Toronto, on Sabbath morning last, and preached to a crowded congregation from 1 Sam. ii. 27-30. In the course of his sermon the Dr. spoke of the honour and obedience that is due to God. If you view God as the head of an army you will be like soldiers in this sense, by obedience you will rise in the ranks and be promoted to the highest honour; and if you view Him as the head of a court, by obedience you will be raised to the highest office. God is the same God to-day as in ages past. The law of heaven is more stable than the law of the Medes and Persians. You should honour God and obey His will, for the men that honoured God, He honoured them. Some light may be thrown on the real meaning of the words "honouring God" by deeply considering the words of the text. God reproved Eli, the priest, for the sins of his sons, who dishonoured God. They kept back to themselves a portion of the offerings of the people, and made offerings to God of the fragments. To honour God is to pay what is due to Him out of the property which may come into our hands. We should pay honour to God with what God claims as His share out of the substance we possess. It should be given cheerfully and with a profound feeling that it was due to God. He does not want us to pay to Him all the property we have. God deals with us in a frank spirit, and it is left to our own conscience to know what we owe Him for the benefits and goodness He has bestowed on us. God expects that His children will remember Him and His claim in the disposition of what property comes into their hands. You honour God when you give to Him that which He claims cheerfully and thankfully, and not grudgingly or of necessity. That is only part of what is meant by honouring God. To honour God is to render to Him respect, to obey the will of God with unqualified

obedience forever. To surrender obedience to the will of man is far different to that of obeying the will of God. The soldier or sailor knows the will of his superior officer, and obeys it without hesitation. The society of Jesuits requires that those belonging to that order make oath that they will implicitly obey the will of man. No human being should so completely give up his soul and conscience to a fellow creature. It is robbing God when they make a fellow-creature their lord and master. It is sinful to give to a fellow-creature what is due to the Creator. He that honours God must regard God's will and render Him unhesitating obedience. We find such men in Abraham, Eli, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and the prophet Daniel and others. Readiness in doing the will of God and in obeying Him was strongly shewn in the offering made by Abraham of his son Isaac, and his departure from his father's house to sojourn in a strange land. Abraham knew that he must render to God absolute obedience. He went forth from his father's house not knowing where his feet would rest, and when commanded to offer up as a burnt offering to God, the child of promise, he obeyed. We must not think that the law which guided the ancient people has been repealed. The same obligation rests on us as it did on them, and will continue until the day of judgment. On the day of judgment it will be seen whether God approves of the principles that have guided men through this life. The Lord Jesus said, "Not every man that says unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father, which is in heaven." To honour God is to place your trust in Him. Job honoured God when he said, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Yet Job had been brought near to the edge of the precipice, and in another moment might have fallen over, he had complained against the Lord, yet he honoured God. God moves in a mysterious way His wondrous works to perform. You cannot honour God unless you in spirit follow His will. God is honoured by those who trust in Him. God has honour to give those who honour Him by giving them great spiritual prosperity, and sometimes temporal prosperity. Those who honour God will be the more prosperous men as a rule. We see how wonderfully some men do the work of God, men who are not cultivated, or highly educated as many others have been. They are men in a plain position of life, yet they successfully undertake the work of God, and God blesses them. Who are the men who have done the most for the good of the world? Luther honoured God. Many princes were against him, and the power of the Church of Rome was ready to crush him. He taught the people to trust in the Rock of Ages, which God would not allow to be removed. Then we have Wilberforce, and many others who did their work steadfastly and immovably, giving all to the glory of God. They honoured God, and sought to serve Him. God honours those who honour Him, and gives them enjoyments which the world cannot give or take away. Christ says, "He that loves Me and will keep My word, My Father will love him and honour him." Many, no doubt, have seen the Bass Rock in the Frith of Forth. There, some two hundred years ago, a number of good Covenanters were confined in a dreary dungeon. It must have been a sad, dreary life for them while held in that dreary dungeon. They could hear the noise of the waves around them, but everything else was cut off from them. God remembered them, and blessed them with spiritual consolation, and poured into their hearts a vision of faith which sustained their drooping spirits. If any of the young men or women of this congregation had not a fixed maxim to guide them let them deeply consider the words contained in the text, "Those who honour Me I will honour." That is a maxim that will stand the test of time and eternity. Let that be the rule of your lives, and the more you feel it, the more peace and happiness it will bring you, and when the judgment day comes it will be found the right one. Remember, you cannot serve two masters; God must be master. Do not shrink away from this maxim, for if you do you will shew yourself to be morally a coward. Are you prepared to say that you have not courage enough to take for yours that principle and maxim which will serve you for your whole life? Do not favour mere worldly maxims, or content yourselves with the mere rules of life which will not stand, but choose the rule which is established through all eternity—that great principle which will prevail on that day when God will judge the world. In the evening Dr. Blaikie preached in St. Andrew's Church, also to a very crowded congregation.

FREE CHURCH COMMISSION.

THE CASE OF PROFESSOR SMITH.

The Commission of Assembly of the Free Church met at Edinburgh, on Tuesday, August 10th, when there was an unusually large attendance of members, and Rev. Thomas Main, Moderator of Assembly, presided. The principal business was the consideration of twelve memorials concerning the article on Hebrew Language and Literature, by Professor Robertson Smith. The memorials were from the Presbyteries of Aber-tarff, Breadalbane, Caithness, Dingwall, Inverness, Linlithgow, Lockerbie, Meigle, Nairn, Stornoway, Edinburgh, and Tongue. There was also submitted from the Presbytery of Aberdeen, the letter recently written by Professor Smith, and noticed in these columns, giving an explanation with reference to the writing and publication of the article.

Mr. Laughton, Greenock, in reply to a question by Mr. Grant, Tain, read minute of the College Committee, at which a memorial was considered from the Presbytery of Tain with reference to Professor Smith's views, and shewing that the College Committee resolved to take no action in the matter.

Dr. Wilson then proceeded to point out that a grave crisis had arisen, which warranted interference by the Commission. He differed from the exposition of the deliverance of last Assembly in Professor Smith's letter, and pointed out that since the Presbytery of Aberdeen had not seen it their duty to take up disciplinary action, it would be tyrannical to force them to do so. He moved "That the Commission, having respect to the letter of Professor Smith transmitted by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and to the representations made to them by so many Presbyteries as to the writings of Professor Smith, to which attention has been called since last General Assembly, and considering the widespread uneasiness and alarm as to the character of these writings, resolve to appoint a committee maturely to examine them and the letter of Professor Smith, and to consider their bearing upon the accepted belief and teaching of the Church, to report their opinion and advice to an *in hunc effectum* meeting of Commission, which is hereby appointed to be held on 27th October next, at eleven o'clock, that they may be prepared to take such action in this matter as may appear requisite; and the Commission hereby cite Professor Smith to appear for his interest at this *in hunc effectum* meeting, and instruct the clerks to see that a citation is served upon him in due form." He thought it necessary to state openly and frankly that that motion contemplated the possibility, by no means the certainty, that the Commission might see cause to interpose its authority to prohibit Professor Smith from resuming his teaching in the College at Aberdeen—and if that should be the issue of the committee's inquiry, it was evidently necessary that the Commission should meet previous to the commencement of the College session. That was the reason why an *in hunc effectum* meeting was proposed to be held at the end of October.

Dr. Gould seconded the motion. A question was now raised of graver and wider aspect than that merely affecting Professor Smith. He, however, protested against the idea that in the question that had been raised any new light had broken upon the world. He believed it was an old question, and that not merely in English but in German works the question had been stated forty years ago, and that with more ability than it had ever been stated by Professor Smith in the articles which had occasioned the present re-opening of this question.

Professor Macgregor moved.—"While deeply regretting the renewed agitation in connection with Professor Smith's public teaching, the Commission, considering that the case of Professor Smith has already been dealt with by the Assembly, and that such matters as that which has emerged since that time ordinarily fall to be dealt with by the College Committee and Presbytery of Aberdeen, resolve, *in hoc statu*, to take no action in the matter." In supporting the motion, Dr. Macgregor argued that there had not been any alleged violation of the law, but an outrage of the feelings of the Church in relation to Scripture. He never heard of the Commission trying a man, and it was for those who thought there was an accusation provable against Professor Smith to go to the Presbytery of Aberdeen, demand to be received as prosecutor, and have the case tried.

Mr. Donald Falconer, Carnylie, seconded the motion.

Mr. Charles Cowan, of Westerlee, then moved a resolution to the effect that the Commission decline to re-open the case; and Mr. B. Bell, elder, Edinburgh, moved to the effect that the Commission was not called upon to interfere, and that the College Committee and Presbytery of Aberdeen were the proper parties to receive and deal with complaints—but ultimately both these motions were withdrawn.

In the course of the debate which followed, Sir Henry Moncrieff justified the interference of the Commission on the ground that they had a question to deal with of the tendency and effect of the article upon the people of the Church, which could be considered apart altogether from dealing with Professor Smith for his views. He had read the article, and was perfectly satisfied that there were things in it that called for the attention of the Church. He had not looked into the article sufficiently to say whether there would be any ground for a libel; but that was not what they had to do with that day. There was ground for feeling that the article was injurious to the Church, and the question was, What was the Church to do in relation to a thing that tended to injure her? That was a proper question for the Commission to take up, while the Presbytery of Aberdeen and the College Committee could not do it. If they went to the College Committee with it, that necessarily implied that there was ground for libel; and then, so far as the Presbytery of Aberdeen was concerned, that was partly the case also. Dr. Wilson's motion did not assume that was the case, and he gave it his support.

Dr. Begg and Dr. Ogilvie (Alloa) supported Dr. Wilson's motion.

Principal Rainy, in supporting Dr. Wilson's motion, said it appeared to him, on full consideration of this whole matter, that this article of Professor Smith's was an article which really constituted by its character a fresh challenge to the Church upon this subject. He thought to put back that article under cover of the Assembly's decision was really to give a new meaning and a new character to the Assembly's decision. They had Professor Smith's letter, which he thought was so far very creditable, as in it they had a far more genial, hearty, and cordial explanation of the sort of intentions he was disposed to cherish, and the way he meant to carry out his work, than they had ever had before. On the other hand, observe the position which Professor Smith took. He took up the position of saying, as he understood him, that he was in his good right when he wrote that article. Professor Smith wished it to be understood when he took the Assembly's decision that he was in his good right in writing such an article. He took this ground that, expecting the article to be out before the Assembly, he was not prepared to accept any decision of the Assembly that would not have recognized him in his good right in writing that article before the Assembly. The consequence was that he would still be in his good right in writing another such article. Of course, Professor Smith told them that he was very much disposed to avoid that, only men were at the mercy of their convictions. He could not think the Church would let that pass. He did not see that the Church could be called upon to accept that as the decision of last Assembly, as its genuine meaning, and as a meaning in which they could acquiesce. It appeared to him that the Church must look into that question; that the Church must make up its mind about it. He believed Professor Smith was not reckless of his obligations as a member of the Church. They did not understand him who said he was. He saw in Professor Smith's writings much application in order to satisfy himself that he was in harmony with the Confession of Faith; but he regretted the tendency of this criticism as going to an unsettling of the Old Testament history and legislation, which he could not but regard as of a most seriously dangerous character. He regretted it because it put possibilities in the room of established fact. This was a matter which ought to be looked into. This fresh position was one in which they could not avoid the obligation of looking into the matter, and that being so, he thought it was a right thing that that Commission should signalize that fact. The sooner it signalized it to the Church the better. It was a heartbreaking thing to him that they should be thrown back into the opening up of this question again; but as things stood he was afraid they must be stirred up again, and that all men should be warned that at next General Assembly they would have a very serious question before them.

On a division there voted for Dr. Wilson's motion

210, for Dr. Macgregor's motion 139, majority for Dr. Wilson's motion 71, which thus became the finding of the Commission.

Professor Lindsay dissented from the deliverance for the following and other reasons. "(1) Because in the resolution the Commission assumes functions which do not clearly belong to it in the absence of particular reference from the Assembly, (2) because, in ignoring the College Committee and the Presbytery of which Professor Smith is a member, the resolution implies the adoption of a course irregular in itself and not fitted to lead to a satisfactory determination of the question at issue." To this dissent there adhered Professor Macgregor (for the second reason only), Dr. Laidlaw (for the second reason only), Professor Salmond, Messrs. P. C. Purves, Alex. Warrack, Alex. Miller, A. B. Inglis, G. Renny, W. R. Taylor, John Robertson—ministers, Messrs. B. Bell, Gilbert Beith, W. Ferguson, C. Cowan, R. Rule, W. Duncan—elders.

Sir H. Moncrieff proposed, and it was agreed, that Dr. Wilson should be Convener of the Committee to be appointed under his own motion.

Dr. Wilson proceeded to nominate the following Committee, with power to add to their number Dr. David Brown, Messrs. J. C. Burns, D. R. Clark, J. G. Cunningham, D. D. Bannerman, Dr. Goold, Mr. W. Laughton, Sir H. Moncrieff, Messrs. Alex. Mackenzie, Robert Smith, Robert Williamson, Drs. Adam, Rainy, Mr. Wallace, Dr. Wilson, Mr. McPhail, Drs. Begg and Kennedy—ministers; Messrs. James Balfour, Dugald Campbell, John Cowan, D. Dickson, Surgeon-General Fraser; Messrs. Stewart Gray, J. R. Miller, John Muir, Glasgow; Captain McGill, Mr. D. McLagan, Professor Grainger Stewart, Dr. T. A. G. Balfour; Messrs. W. Kidston, James Grieve, R. R. Simpson, Colonel Young, and Mr. James Kennedy—elders.

The reading of the names was received with disapprobation.

Professor Lindsay proposed that the following names be added to the committee. Mr. Cowan, Troon; Professor Salmond, Mr. Reith, Mr. C. G. McCrie, Mr. John Laird, Professor Lindsay—ministers; Messrs. Benjamin Bell, Francis Edmond of Kingswells, Henderson of Devanha, W. Ferguson of Kinmundy, John McCandlish, Gilbert Beith—elders.

Professor Salmond suggested that Dr. Laidlaw's name should be substituted for his own, as he did not feel at liberty to serve on the committee, and this was done.

The committee was then formed of the names mentioned above, and the Commission adjourned.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXVII.

Sept. 12, 1880. } TRIAL OF ABRAHAM'S FAITH { Gen. xxii. 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Now I know that thou fearest God."—Gen. xxii. 12.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Gen. xxi. 1-8.. Birth of Isaac.
- Tu. Gen. xxi. 9-21. Hagar and Ishmael.
- W. Gen. xxii. 1-14. Trial of Abraham's Faith.
- Th. 1 Pet. i. 1-12.. More Precious than Gold.
- F. Heb. xii. 1-11.. Peaceable Fruits of Righteousness.
- S. 1 Pet. iv. 12-19. Partakers of Christ's Sufferings.
- Sab. Ps. xi. 1-7... The Lord trieth the Righteous.

HELPS TO STUDY.

It is supposed that the events of our present lesson occurred at a period in Abraham's life about twenty-five years subsequent to those with which our last lesson was occupied.

The principal occurrences between the destruction of the cities of the plain and the offering up of Isaac are: the removal of Abraham from Hebron to Gerar on the south-eastern border of Canaan, a repetition of the deception which he had formerly practised in Egypt regarding his wife; the birth and circumcision of Isaac; the banishment of Hagar and Ishmael; and the treaty with Abimelech, the Philistine king of Gerar, which defined the southern limits of the land to be afterwards occupied by Abraham's descendants. After the making of this treaty Abraham called the place of his residence Beer-sheba. It was while living there that he received the command to make a journey to the land of Moriah and undergo the trial with which we now have to deal.

The topics of the present lesson are: (1) Abraham commanded to Sacrifice his Son, (2) Abraham's Obedience, (3) The Substitute Provided.

I. ABRAHAM COMMANDED TO SACRIFICE HIS SON.—Vers. 1, 2. At no time does Abraham seem to have been without faith in the promises which God had given him; but that faith had at one time been accompanied by anxious questionings, which had been put to rest by the birth of Isaac and his advancement towards manhood, so that the

patriarch's faith was now strong and implicit; it was, however, to be subjected to the severest possible test.

God did tempt Abraham. God did not entice Abraham to sin. In that sense He tempts no man (James i. 13). He simply tried him, or put him to the proof. References to this kind of trial may be found in the following passages: 1 Pet. i. 7; Job. i. 9-12; 1 Pet. iv. 12, 13; 1 Pet. v. 10; Deut. xiii. 3; Psalm lxxvi. 10; Zech. xiii. 9; Isaiah xlvi. 10; Job xxiii. 10, Rom. v. 2, 3; Deut. vii. 2; Heb. xii. 6.

Take now thy son. This was the hardest thing that Abraham could be called upon to do; and the very wording of the command brings out the points that made it so (1) thy son, (2) thine only son, (3) whom thou lovest.

Get thee into the land of Moriah. The Hebrew word *Moriah* means *manifestation of Jehovah*. It is supposed to indicate the country about Jerusalem. There is nothing, however, to prove this except that the name here applied to a district is also used to designate the mountain afterwards chosen as the site of the temple (2 Chron. iii. 1).

Offer him there for a burnt offering. The "National S. S. Teacher" says: "There is no need to enter into a discussion of the question, Was this command a moral one? to which some of the commentators have given so much space. For some are troubled with the idea that it may appear to sanction the custom of offering human sacrifices. We should miss the best part of the lesson by going upon a needless chase after this nightmare phantom. Of it, therefore, we will only say: 1. God has a right to do what He will with His own, and He never wills to do anything but what is right. 2. He did not permit the sacrifice to be made. It is evident that He had no intention of so doing. It was a test of Abraham—not a demand. So far as it teaches anything in this direction, the lesson puts special emphasis upon the fact that God will not accept of human offerings."

II. ABRAHAM'S OBEEDIENCE.—Vers. 3-10. What was to become of God's promise if Isaac should be put to death? That was none of Abraham's business. Time was when he would have troubled himself greatly with this question; but that time was past.

Abraham rose up early in the morning. His reluctance to injure his son, great as it was, did not hinder him from obeying the command with alacrity. He went about the matter in a way which shewed that he meant it, and was fully bent on its accomplishment. What had he to do with consequences? He knew that his descendants should inherit the land of Canaan; he firmly believed that in him all the nations of the earth should be blessed; he was perfectly certain (for God had told him) that *in* *me* should his seed be called. Was anything too hard for God? Could He not restore Isaac to life again, even though his blood should be shed and his body consumed on the altar of sacrifice? Probably Abraham would rather sacrifice his own life than that of Isaac, but he would rather yield up both than disobey God.

III. THE SUBSTITUTE PROVIDED.—Vers. 11-14. Where is the lamb? said Isaac. Abraham answered the question, and answered it well according to his light—God will provide Himself a lamb; the ram caught in the thicket was a solution of it, in the lowest sense; but it was fully answered at a much later day by John the Baptist, when he pointed to the Saviour and said "Behold the Lamb of God."

Here we make room for a somewhat lengthy but valuable extract from "The Ages before Moses," by the Rev. J. M. Gibson, D.D.:

"Can we read this without remembering that God gave his Son, his only Son, whom he loved, somewhere in the land of Moriah, as an offering for us? Here, in Genesis, we have an expression of the will of God, that the seed of Abraham, even Isaac, should be offered up in sacrifice. In this connection think of the name of the place—'Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh,' which means 'Jehovah will provide.' If you ask what Abraham had in his mind when he gave the place this name, turn to the eighth verse: 'My son, God will provide a lamb for a burnt offering.' 'Behold the lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' So much for the sacrifice required of the father.

"Next, notice the 'obedience unto death' of the son. There you see Isaac, in obedience to his father, setting his face in that same direction where afterwards stood the city of Jerusalem. There he is nearing the place; his followers left behind afar off. And what is he carrying? He is carrying wood on his shoulder—the wood upon which he is to be bound for sacrifice. And when he comes to the place, and his father lays hold of him, he meekly submits. He allows himself to be bound on the wood which he has carried along the road and up the hill. Thus Isaac, the seed of promise, is obedient—'obedient unto death.' Can we read all this without remembering the obedience of the Seed of Promise, even Jesus, who 'steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem,' though He knew, as Isaac did not, the fearful death that awaited Him there; without remembering how, as the hour drew nigh, He was to be seen carrying the wood on which He was to be bound, and how, in circumstances far more trying, forsaken by His followers—forsaken, as it were, even of His Father—'He was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.'

"Next, we have a figure of the resurrection, as we are expressly told in Heb. xi. 19. The three days of sore trial have passed away; three days, during which the son of Abraham has been 'as good as dead'; three days, during the dark course of which the hopes of promise and the blessings of the covenant seemed about to be buried in the tomb of Isaac; yet, there again, coming down from the mount, you see the son of promise alive still—alive from the dead—in a figure, with all the blessings of the covenant in his hand, and all its hopes in its eye—hopes greatly confirmed by the issue of this fiery trial. Can we witness this again without thinking of that other Son of Abraham who, like Isaac, and yet unlike him, was Son of God as well, after the three days of the darkness of death had passed over Him, appearing again alive from the dead, holding in His hand all the blessings of the covenant, and shewing, in His resurrection from the dead, the strongest confirmation of its hopes?"

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

LOVE.

Love is the theme of saints above;
Love is the theme of saints below;
Love is of God, for God is love;
With love let every bosom glow.

Love stronger than the grasp of death,
Love that rejoices o'er the grave;
Love to the Author of our breath,
Love to His Son, who came to save.

Love to the Spirit of all grace,
Love to the Scriptures of all truth,
Love to our whole apostate race,
Love to the aged, love to youth.

Love to each other;—soul and mind,
And heart and hand, with full accord,
In one sweet covenant combined
To live and die unto the Lord.

Christ's little flock we then shall feed,
The lambs we in our arms shall bear,
Reclaim the lost, the feeble lead,
And watch o'er all in faith and prayer.

Thus through our isle, on all our bands,
The beauty of the Lord shall be;
And Britain, glory of all lands,
Plant Sabbath schools from sea to sea.

—James Montgomery.

"CAN THE LIKE OF US GET IN?"

COMING rather late, one stormy afternoon in November, to the place where a children's service was to be held, I was surprised to find a group of little ones standing outside the door in the heavy rain, apparently waiting for something. They were strangers to me, but as I came up three of them ran to me, asking eagerly, "Is there anything to pay to get in?"

"Nothing, dear children," I said, and in the three ran at once.

But two little ragged ones, with bare feet, still lingered outside, till one of them shyly asked me, "Can the like of us get in?"

Glad was I to be able to say, "O, yes; all are welcome;" and we went in together.

But I had learned a lesson from the children which I hope I shall never forget. They had all been invited to come. They were cold and weary outside, and they wanted to get in. The door was open, and a kind welcome awaited them inside. They kept themselves out by thinking the invitation could not be meant for them—that they were not fit to come in. Here, then, is my lesson. God has, in His infinite love, provided a rich feast, to which He freely and fully invites all. Before God could give you and me—guilty sinners—this full and free invitation, His only begotten Son had to suffer and die in the sinner's stead, in order that He might take away the mighty barrier of guilt that blocked up our way to heaven. But now there is "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, His flesh" (Heb. x. 19, 20); and in every out-cast who enters, Jesus sees of the travail of His soul and is satisfied.

Jesus, then, wants you to come. The Father is waiting to welcome you. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to Him and live. The Holy Ghost saith, "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." And God's messengers are sent out to say, "All things are ready: come;" "Whosoever will, let him

come." "Whosoever:" that means you; you will never get a fuller invitation.

Do not think the invitation is not meant for the like of you. Do not let any thought, as that you are not fit to come in, keep you out. The like of you may come in. Jesus "came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance" (Matt. ix. 13); and He has declared, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

Reader, will you accept the invitation and come just as you are? And come now.

FOR THINE IS THE POWER.

"I CAN'T do it—it's quite impossible. I've tried five times, and I can't get it right"—and Ben pushed his book and slate away in despair.

Mrs. Hartley gave a little sigh at her boy's perplexity, but only said, quietly, "Then you don't believe in the Lord's Prayer?"

"The Lord's Prayer, mother! Why, there's nothing there to help me with this example."

"Oh! yes; there is help for ever trouble in life in the Lord's Prayer, if we only know how to get at it. I'm afraid you don't yet know that prayer."

Ben flushed. If it had been anybody else who had said that, he would have been really vexed, but mother was different. Ben always tried to be sure he quite understood her, for he never for one instant forgot why her hands were never idle.

"Now, mother, you don't mean that. I've said that prayer ever since I was a baby! I couldn't go to bed or leave my room in the morning without saying it. I know I sometimes don't think enough of what I'm saying, but you know, mother, I do try to mean it—I—I—" But Ben stopped, his voice half choked.

The mother saw that her boy had misunderstood her, and answered quickly. "I never doubt, Ben, my boy, that you are trying and praying; but I was trying a long time before I knew what the last part of the Lord's Prayer really meant. I'm no minister or scholar, but I'll try and tell it to you. You know we ask God for bread, to be kept from evil and to be forgiven, and then we say, 'for Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory.' It's God's power we rely on—not our own; and it often helps me, Ben, when I have a difficult new pattern to fit. I say 'For Thine is the power—this is my duty, Heavenly Father, give me Thy power,' and He does, Ben, He does."

Ben sat silent. It seemed almost too familiar a prayer. And yet that time when he had to stay from school because he had no clothes he had asked God; and the minister's wife had brought him a suit the very next day. "But a boy's sums, mother!" he said.

"I think that sum is just as much to you, as many a grander sounding thing to some one else. You say, if you only get that right, you'll be perfect for a month. Now, I care a great deal about that, but I'm sure your Heavenly Father loves you better than I do. I would help you so gladly, Ben, if I could, but He can help you; His is the power; ask Him."

There was another silence, and then Mrs. Hartley said: "Now, Ben, I want you to run to the store for some sowing silk for me; the air will do you good. I believe, my son, that, if you ask, you can do that sum when you come home."

Ben started at once; his mother's slightest wish was law to him. He ran along, enjoying the rest from study and the cool, fresh air. The sewing-silk was bought, and Ben started home, when he caught sight of Phil Earlie across the street. Ben gave the whistle boys so delight in, and Phil looked back and joined him.

"Done your lessons?"

"All but my sums."

"Did you try that fifteenth example?"

"Yes."

"Get it right?"

"No, not yet; but I will."

Phil gave a provoking little laugh.

"You will? I guess not. I've done it, but I never could have found it out alone. I had help."

Ben's heart fairly ached with envy for a moment. It was always so; Phil had his Uncle George, and other boys had big brothers or fathers to help them, only he was left quite alone. But just then he remembered his mother's words, "It's God's power we rely on—not our own." "I'll get help, too," he said to himself. The boys chatted on, played leap-frog and raced each other; but even as he raced and romped Ben felt changed. He had begun to believe in his Heavenly Father as never before, and was wonderfully happy.

After giving the silk to his mother, he picked up his slate and book and went up to his own little room. Kneeling by the bed he repeated the Lord's Prayer, stopping at "Thine is the kingdom," and saying, with all his heart, "And Thine is the power, Heavenly Father. I want power to understand this. There's no one to help me; please give me power."

Ben waited a moment, and then, still on his knees, he took his slate and tried again. Do you ask me, did he succeed?

"If any man lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not." Ben had asked and God had answered. After a little earnest thought, he saw what rule he had neglected, and worked the example correctly. The next day he was "head," for he was the only boy who had "done his sums without being helped."

"Yes, I was helped, mother," he said; "and I shall never forget the last part of the Lord's Prayer after this."

VIRTUE is the safest helmet—the most secure defence.

If money is not your servant, it will be your master.

WHENEVER you see persecutions there is more than a probability that truth lies on the side of the persecuted.

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O Most High; to shew forth Thy loving kindness in the morning, and Thy faithfulness every night."—Ps. xcii. 1, 2.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE Collingwood "Messenger" now reaches us as a bright, neatly printed evening paper.

"THE WORLD" is a new evening paper recently started in this city by Messrs. Horton and Maclean, formerly of the "Globe" staff.

THE TIDY HOUSEWIFE. — The careful, tidy housewife, when she is giving her house its spring cleaning, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than houses.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Tuesday, September 21st, at three o'clock p.m.

PARIS.—At St. George, Sept. 20th, at half-past seven p.m., for Congregational Visitation; at Glenmorris, September 21st, at eleven a.m., for business, and at half-past seven p.m. for visitation.

WHITBY.—At Whitby, on the third Tuesday of October, at eleven a.m.

LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on the third Tuesday of September, at two p.m.

GUELPH.—In First Presbyterian Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of September, at ten a.m.

MONTREAL.—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 5th October, at eleven a.m.

BRUCE.—In St. Paul's Church, Walkerton, on the second Tuesday of September, at two p.m.

PETERBORO.—At Cobourg, on 28th September, at half-past ten a.m.

HURON.—At Seaforth, on the second Tuesday of September, at eleven a.m.

SAUGER.—In St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest, on the 14th September, at eleven a.m.

MANITOBA.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on the third Wednesday of September, at ten a.m.

TORONTO.—On the 7th September, at eleven a.m.

BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, 28th September, at eleven a.m.

OWEN SOUND.—In Knox Church, Owen Sound, on the third Tuesday of September, at half-past one p.m.

OTTAWA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, on 21st Sept. at two p.m. Regular meeting on the first Tuesday in November, at two p.m.

STRATFORD.—In St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, on September 28th, at ten a.m.

MAITLAND.—In Melville Church, Brussels, on the third Tuesday of September, at two p.m.

BROCKVILLE.—At Waddington (Mr. Morrison's church), on the 14th September, at three p.m.

CHATHAM.—At Bothwell, on the 14th September, at one p.m.

QUEBEC.—In Morrin College, Quebec on the 2nd of November, at ten a.m.

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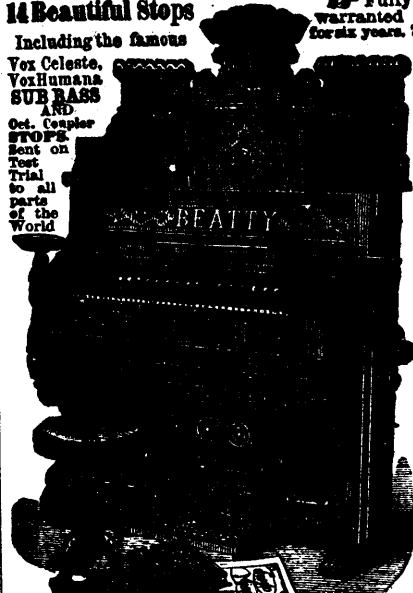
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By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary. Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 16th August, 1880.

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