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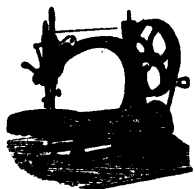
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TOMATO OMELET.—Peel a couple of tomatoes, which split in four pieces; remove the seeds, and cut them into small dice; then fry them with a little butter until nearly done, adding salt and pepper. Beat the eggs and mix the tomatoes with them, and make omelet as usual.

LEMON CHEESE CAKES.—Take three lemons—grating the rind and squeezing out the juice—six eggs, well whisked, and one pound of sifted or lump sugar. Put all into a jar, stand and boil in a pan of water till thick, stirring occasionally for about three-quarters of an hour. Then cover and keep in a cool place.

LEMON SAUCE.—One lemon, six pieces of cut loaf sugar, one teacupful of cold water. Pare the rind from the lemon, and cut this into strips the size of a straw. Put these strips of lemon-rind into a small saucepan, together with the lumps of sugar, and, covering those with the cold water, squeeze into the mixture the juice of the lemon. Put the saucepan over the fire, and stir the contents until boiling. When this takes place, cover the saucepan, and drawing it on one side of the fire, let all simmer slowly for twenty minutes. This sauce should be poured over the pudding with which it is served, in order that the straws of lemon-rind may garnish the top of the pudding.

WORK BASKET.—Boat-shaped work basket of black polished cane, with sides of strong card-board, covered outside with puffings of blue taffeta, cut out of a strip on the cross. At the upper edge the taffeta is hemmed and gathered with blue silk and fastened over the cane of the basket with overcast stitches of blue silk. The lid, which opens in two parts, is made of cardboard slightly wadded, and covered with blue taffetas. The lid has also an oval applique of scolloped white flannel, with olive and two shades of blue and pink silk in chain and feather stitch. A crossed upright cane, like a mast, is fitted with cords of blue silk, hung with double balls of silk. On the cross beam of the mast is a bow and ends of blue ribbon.

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I ONCE met (it was at a garden party) a clergyman's wife—a graceful, accomplished woman—who introduced her three daughters, all so much after the mother's type that I could not help admiring them. "Yes," said she, with a tender pride, "I think my girls are nice girls. And so useful, too. We are not rich, and we have nine children. So we told the elder girls that they would have to turn out and earn their bread abroad, or stay at home and do the work of the house. They chose the latter. We keep no servant—only a char-woman to scour and clean. My girls take it by turns to be cook, house-maid and parlour-maid. In the nursery, of course [happy mother who could say "of course!"] they are all in all to their little brothers and sisters." "But how about education?" I asked. "Oh, the work being divided among so many, we find time for lessons, too. Some we can afford to pay for, and then the elder teach the younger ones. Where there's a will there's a way. My girls are not ignoramuses, or recluses either. Look at them now." And as I watched the gracious, graceful damsels, in their linen dresses and straw hats—home manufacture, but as pretty as any of the elegant toilettes there—I saw no want in them; quite the contrary. They looked so happy, too—so gay and at ease! "Yes," answered the smiling mother, "it is because they are always busy. They never have time to pet and mope, especially about themselves. I do believe my girls are the merriest and happiest girls alive." I could well imagine it.

LADIES, would you be beautiful, have a clean complexion free from blotches, pimples, and other skin diseases arising from impure blood; would you restore the bloom of health to the palid cheek, the brilliant sparkle to the eye, and elasticity to the step, take Burdock Blood Bitters, the great blood purifier, vitalizer, and tonic. A sure cure for all forms of female complaints, weakness and irregularities. One dollar per bottle. Sold by all druggists. T. MILBURN & Co., Toronto.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5th, 1880.

No. 53.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE astonishing statement is made that of 3,609 students in the University at Berlin 1,302 are Jews. Sixty-nine names were stricken from the list during the summer session for idleness.

TWO more Hittite inscriptions have been discovered. They have been found by Col. Wilson, on a rock at Ghurun, where the Euphrates issues forth into the plain below, through a narrow gorge, six feet wide.

ADDITIONAL antiquities, most recently excavated by Mr. Rassam, at Kuyunjik, have arrived at the British Museum. They include three terra-cotta cylinders of Sennacherib and an Assyrian bronze helmet.

AFFAIRS in Ireland become always darker and more threatening. Were it in any other country we might be tempted to think that civil war was imminent. As it is, it is still possible to hope for a peaceful solution of the long standing and wonderfully complicated "Irish question."

THE admission of women to the classes in arts, laws, and science in University College, London, Eng., inaugurated two years ago, seems to have met with a most gratifying success. In the recent examinations both Latin prizes and one of two Greek prizes were awarded to women, and as a proof that the required standard is not low, it is stated that the second competitor for the Latin prize has won an Oxford scholarship. In French two prizes out of three were awarded to women, in English four out of nine, and the only one in political economy. These facts cannot fail to give encouragement to those who favour and urge a higher system of female education.

THE eloquent and devoted French evangelist, M. Reveillaud, has made a number of addresses in New York, at the American Board in Lowell, and at the sessions of the American Missionary Association. He is obliged to speak through an interpreter, but all the fire and force of his moving enthusiasm are not quenched before the ear of the English hearer is reached. He affirms that not one tenth of the French people are really Roman Catholic; that the peasantry are not in sympathy with the Romish Church, that France is now open to the Gospel and will welcome it everywhere. He said that in one town 300 heads of families, upheld by their wives, signed a declaration abjuring Romanism.

MR. BIGGART, of Dalry, whose death occurred lately at Kirkland House, Dalry, Scotland, was a liberal benefactor of the U. P. Church, of which he was an elder. In furtherance of its various schemes he has given about £20,000, and bestowed liberally upon objects not sectarian. Among the most prominent of his numerous benevolent acts were the gift of £6,000 to Glasgow University for bursaries for all students; the gift of \$5,000 for students attending the U. P. Theological Hall, and the purchase of the late Dr. Eadie's library for the new Synod buildings in Edinburgh. At the time of his death Mr. Biggart was expending additional sums for the fitting reception of the library in the new hall.

JOHN BRIGHT was sharply epigrammatic, though we may hope that he was not altogether correct, when he said in Parliament that "the higher classes in England believe the teachings of Christianity as little as the lower classes practise them." But it is sad to read that in the late Church Congress in England Canon Barry, reporting on "the religious condition of the nation as represented by the upper classes of society," said that "unlimited scepticism, the positive license of a conscious ungodliness, and a resolute self-trust and self-will are their only rule of life." The Bishop of Bedford, who reported on the industrial classes, stated that, without much speculative unbelief or hostility to religion, "the feeling of the masses is that of simple indifference."

AT the close of Dr. Calderwood's course of lectures before the Union Theological Seminary, week before last, the Rev. Prof. W. N. Martin of the New York University spoke in high appreciation of the course, and offered the subjoined resolution. The Rev. Dr. Ormiston followed, seconding the resolution and expressing his gratification at what he had been privileged to enjoy. After a few words from Prof. Hitchcock of the Seminary, the resolution was adopted amid hearty applause—as follows: "Resolved, That we hereby express our high appreciation of the eminent ability, the generous candour, and the sound learning displayed by Rev. Dr. Calderwood in his recent course of lectures upon the Morse foundation, and that we tender to him our cordial thanks for the valuable instruction we have derived from them."

DR. KNOX, of Belfast, speaking at the Pan-Presbyterian Council of the eldership in the Presbyterian Church, remarked that the incumbents of such an office ought to be educated and trained in the performance of its duties. He said that he had done this in his own church in Ireland, and so successfully that when he started for America he left the affairs of the congregation in their hands. He expected them, during his absence, to hold the regular services, not only presiding over them but conducting the exercises in the responsible way of "teaching" the people. He is a skilful and a happy man; the results, however, which he has reached are but those which ought to be gained in all congregations. There is no reason why, when a pastor is absent for a day, that the church should be "shut up," when there are bishops on hand to carry on the worship.

A. P. SEARIN, for fourteen years a Roman Catholic priest, has renounced his faith in the Church of Rome, and written a letter to Bishop Fabre giving an account of his conversion to Protestantism, in which he says: "Auricular Confession appeared to me more and more what it is in reality: a snare and a school of perdition to the priests and their fair penitents. I was more and more, every day, the witness of an unspeakable moral degradation and corruption in the lowest ranks of the clergy, and of an unbearable impudence, avarice, insolence, gluttony, villainy and heartless tyranny in the bishops. . . . Every day it was more and more evident to me, that a Church where infamies which would have made the people of Sodom blush, and where acts of tyranny which would have puzzled a Caligula were of daily and unchecked occurrence, could not be the spotless Bride of the Lamb of God."

AT the meeting of the Glasgow Presbytery of the Church of Scotland on the 6th inst., the "Scotch Sermons" were discussed and strongly condemned. Dr. Jamieson proposed the following motion: "The Presbytery having had under their consideration the deliverance at last meeting, and had their attention directed to two sermons by one of their members, the Rev. Mr. McFarlan, of Lenzie, contained in the volume entitled 'Scotch Sermons,' laid on the table of the Presbytery, and having regard to the matter and the statements made therein as affecting the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, agree to remit these sermons to a committee, with instructions to confer with Mr. McFarlan on the subject, and to report on an early date." The seconder of this said the "Sermons" were the most unscriptural and pernicious he had ever read. An amendment was proposed to the effect that Mr. McFarlan be admonished to be more careful in future. The debate was adjourned.

THE Rev. John Ross, of the Scottish United Presbyterian Mission in Manchuria, China, who has recently completed a translation of the New Testament into the Corean, writes that four Coreans of the literary class were baptized the past year in connection with the mission, and he is looking forward to the day when Coreas shall be open to missionaries. He notices a great improvement in the attitude of the Coreans. Six years ago he could not hire one of them to teach him, and none would admit that they had a language

and literature apart from the Chinese. The improvement is indicated by the fact of the baptism of the four literary Coreans, that eleven others have become inquirers, and that as many as are desired can now be obtained to do literary work for their countrymen. Christianity, we have good reason to believe, will make rapid progress among the Coreans as soon as Corea is open to it. Of his regular work in Manchuria Mr. Ross has much that is encouraging to report. There were the past year thirty-five converts from heathenism, which is half as many as were received in the previous five years.

So Sara Bernhardt has got to America and, we suppose, will in due time be in Toronto—with all those who claim to be "aesthetic," and we don't know what else, bowing down before her in a very agony of baseness, anxious if it were but permitted them to touch the very hem of the garment of one in comparison with whom Nell Gwynn or Catharine Sedley was a decent woman. At the risk of having "maw-worm" and "fanatic" thrown at our head by pompous dulness and sniping imbecility which would fain be thought "cultured," we gladly give the following extract from a letter by "An Old Minister" addressed to the New York "Independent" and cordially endorsed by the editor of that journal. "But in nothing, I am sure, does 'Our Own Correspondent' exhibit himself to such disadvantage before the American people as in his public relations with that particularly dirty, impudent, and offensive French strumpet, Sara Bernhardt. The revolting character of this creature ought to have held back decent newspapers from so much as commending her in her capacity of play actress. But what shall we say when we find our household newspaper made use of by 'Our Own Correspondent' to commend the somewhat withered charms of his heroine to social recognition and admiration? He has been very long abroad, and seems to forget, while extolling her obsolescent fascinations, that the habit of American society to exclude vicious women is founded not on the fact that these persons are deficient in talent and vivacity, but on the fact that they are vicious. But, in fact, this insulting proposal to American ladies and gentlemen in behalf of his client is really made on the very ground that she is vicious. There is something so bold and free in defying conventional traditions on this matter: There is something so distinguished, and quite like the aristocracy, in entertaining 'La Traviata' in your own parlour! There is something so piquant in having her introduce to you one of her bastards, with a wink and a sly allusion! And, above all, it is so high an honour to 'Our Own' to be permitted to escort to her stage-box the very woman with whom His Royal Highness has been amusing himself in the green-room! O, ladies of New York: O, gentleman! if it is possible that the voice of a Christian minister may reach to your boudoirs or your clubs, let me beg you, for the credit of America, not to repeat in New York the London scandal, at which the cheek of every honest English woman blushes, or ought to blush; but, rather, by your closed doors and by empty seats in the playhouse, make the brazen cheeks of this infamous creature, whose infamy is her boast, to redden through all her paint at finding a different reception from what she had hoped and from what her diligent drummer had laboured to prepare. And O, Whitelaw Reid! O, 'Tribune!' O, journal founded by Greeley and honoured by many noble words and deeds, abate this nuisance! Deodorize and disinfect this London correspondence. Give us once more, as in past years, a clean newspaper for our families, and a republican and American one for our citizens."—We have been assured by those who profess to know, that for its size, Toronto is as immoral a city as is on the continent, especially among what are called the better class. We don't believe anything of the kind. The secret is not that the members of that "better class" are to any notable extent personally immoral, but that a good many of them have such an absurd hankering after being thought "cultured" and fashionable that they are ready to perform even the "kotu" to a strumpet if it "be the correct thing—you know."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

SERMON.

PREACHED ON SABBATH, OCT. 17TH, 1880, IN CONVOCATION HALL, QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON, BY THE REV. D. M'RAE, D.D., ST. JOHN, N.B., MODERATOR OF GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

"Apt to teach,"—2 Timothy ii. 24.

And, therefore, himself a scholar, "apt to teach," that thus, as he hath been taught, he may be able, by sound doctrine, both to exhort and to convince the gain-sayers.

I have taken it upon me, my brethren, to deal, this morning, with a vast and important subject. It is some aspects of the bearing of the Christian faith and education upon each other. There is implied, the duty of a Christian people with reference to education; how they should regard it; how they should act toward those institutions of which to impart education is the design.

A vast subject, I say, so vast that, in the half-hour or so at my disposal, it will not be possible to do more than glance at some of its outlines. An important subject, so important that, in comparison with it, well nigh every other that can be named dwindles into insignificance.

The time has gone by when a professing Christian could stand up and urge that ignorance is the mother of devotion. You, my brethren, are not here taught so to learn Christ. You are taught to regard Him as the Head over all things to the Church which is His body. You are taught to reverence Him as the Creator, and feel yourselves bound, therefore, to acquaint yourselves to the utmost of your ability with His works. You are taught to love Him as your Redeemer, and are sensible that you honour Him, as well as benefit yourselves by an intimate knowledge of His word. You are taught to believe that He is wise, "spake as never man spake," and you cannot persuade yourselves—the very fact of your presence here, many of you as students, in this seminary of learning conducted under Christian auspices, is the proof that you cannot persuade yourselves—that the most favourable condition of mind for the reception of His truth and influence is a condition of stolid and apathetic stupidity. Nay, rather your presence here evinces that you believe in the importance, necessity, indispensableness, of a large and liberal education. You cannot be of the number of those who aver that between faith and knowledge there is an irreconcilable opposition. This has, indeed, been asserted by some in the past. It is loudly proclaimed from opposite camps, by not a few in the present day. In the camp of infidelity the advance of knowledge is hailed as involving the downfall of faith. In the interests of faith the advance of knowledge is regarded by many in some of the Churches with jealousy. By whom? By those in all the sects, and only by those, who are puffed up with the conceit of their own infallibility; who think that "they are the people and that wisdom will die with them;" who would "limit the holy one of Israel;" who deem "God altogether such an one as themselves;" who imagine that their little systems embrace and exhaust the whole round of the Divine knowledge; who cannot even dream that God has any fresh light to break forth from His Word. As well expect that the whole tide of old ocean can be contained in the smallest creek, or that a farthing rush-light shall outrival the blaze of the sun at noon-day.

I freely grant that the chief end to be kept in view in and by a Church is the salvation of souls; and that the possession and the imparting of knowledge is not salvation. Most true. Neither is the gathering together of materials for building—of bricks and mortar and wood and glass—a house. But who can build without materials? Who can erect a choice fabric without suitable materials? And who will be content with a hovel if he can build a palace? The belief of all the enlightened Christian Churches, in the face of bigot and infidel, is that the knowledge of God in Christ is the very crown and cope-stone of all earthly knowledge. "In Christ Jesus all things consist"—stand together—cohere. Every pathway that can be legitimately followed in any direction of human attainment leads to Him. The heavens declare His glory. The meanest flower that blows reveals His handiwork. All history culminates in Him. All providence attests His presence. In every human occupation, the fisherman casting his net, the sower sowing his seed, the woman kneading

her dough, there is teaching, in one way or other, of Christ. To the full understanding and preaching and applying of the Christian faith, all other knowledge whatever is subsidiary. One day, I believe, every science and art and pursuit of humanity will cast its crown at the feet of Jesus. And the man who would be fully competent to unfold all the mysteries of the Christian faith would be one enabled by the Spirit of God to "examine into all things, even the deep things of God." For the sake of definiteness I shall, in my further remarks, dwell chiefly upon two aspects of the boundless theme before me. They are these: (1) The nature of revelation; (2) The necessities of our times both demand that Christians shall not be behind the very chiefest in respect of education, and the means of its attainment.

I. The nature of the Bible, its form, its character, demands education—demands, in other words, that every faculty of our being shall be drawn out, disciplined, and fitted to be concentrated upon its study; the understanding trained to comprehend, the will to obey, and the affections to love, the truth it unfolds.

Who has not observed that the Bible contains no cut and dry system of doctrine, no formal creed? And some may have murmured at this. What a saving of trouble it would have been, you may have thought; how many controversies it would have prevented! No, brethren, in my belief it would not have prevented one. And, besides, the existence of such a formal creed, telling us precisely how many doctrines we ought to believe—and what—would have tended to arrest the progress of the human soul. In my belief the omission was of design, and this was the design: that we might "search the Scriptures," and in and by the process of searching be educated.

Well, you do search the Scriptures, and like the Ethiopian chamberlain, you would "understand what you read." At the very threshold of Scripture what is it that meets you? A study, a summary, a hymn, if you like, of creation—echoes of the song of the morning stars, of the shouts for joy of the sons of God. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" How many volumes, wise and otherwise, have been written to elucidate that one chapter? Of how many even embittered controversies has the first of Genesis been the occasion? How much profound, reverent and irreverent thought has been devoted to its exposition? And still it stands there, the majestic gateway or porch to the sacred temple of God's revelation of truth to man; inviting our entrance by its beauty, baffling our skill to unravel all the mysteries of ingenuity displayed in the subtle complexity of its structure. All, in a word, can admire, nay, must. Who has ever hitherto fully comprehended? And yet it demands our study by the mere fact that God has placed it there for our contemplation. How many different branches of human learning, to say nothing of languages, ought that man to master, who would fully expound what can be expounded of this one chapter? Shall I venture to enumerate them? But it is impossible.

Astronomy, oldest of sciences, and geology, the youngest, both lay their tribute at the feet of Moses, and therefore of Christ. The wondrous properties of light, called by the Psalmist "the garment of God," the treasures of land and ocean, of field and forest and river, of life and its countless varieties, and its insoluble mystery, and, to crown all, man, the image of God, the lord of all below—man, with his gift of language and his power of praise and prayer—the half has not been told. It is a key to the universe of God, and the hand that shall rightly turn that key shall place at our feet all mysteries and all knowledge. Should I not add, the hand which would rightly turn that key must be guided by the hand—the Spirit—of Christ.

We have but stepped on Revelation's threshold. As we advance, what perplexities, yet teachings, of history meet us! On what views of the greatness and guilt of man are we called to gaze? The formation and movements of nations; the laws of life; the aspirations of the soul; a drama, like that of Job, to open up glimpses into higher and deeper problems; psalms to thrill our souls with devotion; proverbs to be finger posts, pointing out the pilgrim's path; prophecies to inspire his hopes and rekindle his ardour when tempted to flag; running through the whole, for his refreshment, the gradually broadening, deepening river of the grace of God. And so we arrive at the Gospel, that mystery of godliness, the holy of holies

of the temple of Revelation, goal and fresh starting-point of the pilgrim's career; at the Apostolic Acts, with their counsel and comfort for the ministers of all the ages; at the sacred letters, treatises of doctrine and duty; and finally, at the Book of Apocalyptic visions, where heaven and earth and hell meet on the canvas of the seer of Patmos. And as we began with creation we end with a new creation, led from Paradise lost, to Paradise regained and restored.

Is it not manifest, brethren, that to be apt to teach, and equally to be apt to learn from the sacred volume its fulness of testimony to Jesus, a man must be educated—the more highly the better? No knowledge comes amiss. The man who has most, what has he? A speck of light, shall we say, in the midst of a universe besides of darkness? Possession of a little island surrounded by an immeasurable ocean? Or rather a pebble or two picked up on the shore, the ocean itself undiscovered before him!

Let me again repeat: knowledge is neither faith nor salvation. A man might, conceivably, understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not charity—the love of Christ—in him. And "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." By no process of mere learning or education, by no mastery of any or all of the branches of human wisdom, can a man gain a saving knowledge of Christ. That is God's gift. That is the work of Christ's Spirit. Thank God also that vast human learning is not necessary in order to gain a knowledge, a saving knowledge, of Christ. The way-faring man, though a fool, need not err therein. The sweet story of old may be savingly lisped by babes, and the cottager, who knows her Bible true, is richer in that knowledge, though ignorant of all besides, than the sovereign, destitute of that knowledge.

I own it all, nay, glory in it. In the same way a man needs not be acquainted with the sciences bearing on agriculture in order to earn his livelihood by farming. Nor does one need to be versed in the history of the British Constitution in order to enjoy its blessings. Or yet more to the purpose, a man may be made whole of some disease who knows nothing whatever of medicine. Our faith is practical.

But, two things: (1) the more knowledge a man has the better is he qualified alike to profit by the Scriptures, and to adorn the doctrines of "God, his Saviour;" and (2) education is not this or that branch of knowledge. Education is having the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the observant mind, the open understanding, the loving heart, the reverent will. To the man who has these, alike the Word and works of God will be sources of delight and instruction and study, as they were to our Saviour Himself on earth. See how profoundly He was acquainted with the Old Testament Scriptures, how easily and aptly He quotes from them, now, in a controversy with Satan, again with the Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians; and He learned these things as we have, and ought, to learn them, if we would be ready to give a reason for the hope that is in us. He grew in wisdom as well as in stature, bought wisdom as we have to buy, heard and asked question, and was thus "about His father's business."

And see how He refers to the lily and the sparrow, to the craft of farmer and fisherman, and merchant, unfolded heaven, and descended into the deep places of the earth. See again how He trained His disciples for their work. Was ever college so equipped with teaching ability as that the galleries of which were the hill-sides of Galilee, the halls of which were the fields and the lake? See, too, how, for the great work of turning the Gentile world upside down, He selects Paul, a man brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, learned not only in the Jews' religion but in the philosophies of Greece and Rome.

"But, did He not promise," you say, "that He would give to His disciples, when needful, what they should speak? That, therefore, they needed take no thought beforehand? Yea, that they spake as the Holy Ghost gave them utterance, and had the witness in themselves; all things being brought to their remembrance?" Assuredly, and did like times recur, as they may recur, and should the Church be again subjected to fiery trials, I make no doubt, nay, I firmly believe, that we should find Jesus Christ in these respects, the same now as of old.

But, by what right, in ordinary circumstances, do we look for miracles, to save ourselves the pains of diligence in business? God chose for His work, at one time, the learned Moses; caused Samuel to establish schools of the prophets; had David and his

companions carefully, educated; and shews us a Paul commending Timothy, because "from a child he had known," etc.

And, to sum up under this head—though the half has not been told—not to speak of my text and countless other passages, all implying or inculcating the duty of learning, the whole make and structure of the sacred volume, the language in which it was written, the manners and customs to which it refers, the histories it embodies, the doctrines it unfolds, the duties it enforces, the exceeding great and precious promises scattered like pearls over its pages, all demand that we "search the Scriptures"—which is learning; that we "meditate on them"—which is learning; that, in a word, we know them so as at once to be apt to teach, and apt to be taught the mysteries of the Kingdom of God.

11. The necessities, the character of our age renders it imperative that education be increasingly promoted in the interests of the Christian faith.

Brethren, the want of every age is an earnest ministry. But the special want of our time, to the best of my judgment, is a learned ministry. It is emphatically an age of bold questioning. It is an age of boundless inquiry. It is—let us not, in fact we cannot, shut our eyes to it—an age of widespread scepticism, doubt, and infidelity. "I speak as to wise men, judge ye," etc. The press is active, the platform is active, private intercourse is active, the very pulpit, not a little of it, is active in disseminating thoughts, and views, and modes of regarding God and man, the Bible and the world, which tend to shake men's minds. The fascinating tale, the striking magazine article, the newspaper paragraph, the pointed remark, all are more or less busy, sowing the seeds of disturbance in reference to our faith. It is an age of travel, of running to and fro, of increasing knowledge. We are powerless to arrest the wheels of time, if we would—we would not if we could. But we would do what in us lies to roll them in right directions, upwards, not downwards, up towards the everlasting light of Gospel truth, not downwards into the dark abyss of ignorance of truth and God.

Much, very much too, of the education of our age is godless. Every branch of human knowledge, rightly regarded, should, I have said, and may yield tribute to Christ. But men are slow, very many refuse to bring the tribute that is due. There is a knowledge that puffeth up. There is such a thing as men "professing themselves wise and becoming fools." There is a saying, "Our lips are ours, who is Lord over us?"

Now, it is useless to forbid men to eat of the tree of knowledge. The flaming sword is gone; gone, too, are the cherubim. Thank God, not gone with them is the tree of life. What is wanted is to induce men to eat of its fruit as well. In a word, what is wanted is the hallowing of all our increase of knowledge by leavening it with the mind of Christ, by consecrating it the services of Christ, by exhibiting it in the light of Christ. Let it be manifest that for you Christ is verily "the door"—door to all the riches of nature and providence and grace. And I, for one, have no fear of the result of all or any increase of knowledge. It is hopeless, useless, ruinous, to expect that the Churches will stem the scepticism of our age by asking their members to shut their eyes and fold their hands. No Church can prosper which should act in the spirit of Jeroboam.—be content that its ministry should be taken from, should consist of, the meanest, *i.e.*, the least educated, the most ignorant and uncultivated of the people. No country can prosper, which should be content that to this class its public men should belong. As Presbyterians, we glory, among others, in the memory of John Knox. And what was his greatest glory? Was it not his earnest and enlightened efforts to provide for Scotland's education? The highest proof offered by Jesus of his Messiahship—was it not "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them?" Was the design then, of His preaching to them, to keep them ignorant—mentally, morally, spiritually poor? Oh, hear the fisherman of Galilee counselling us to add to our faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge.

Brethren, the Christian faith can hope, humanly speaking, to hold its place in the conflicts of our times—we who profess our faith in Jesus can be fellow-workers together with God in extending that faith—only as we shew ourselves friends of knowledge and of education. What have we to conceal? Of what are we afraid? Do we dread the light? Do we fear

that our doctrines are of so tender a make that they will break down in presence of the discovery or knowledge of truth? What! one truth tremble at the approach of another! Does light dread light, or sweetness sweet, or the beautiful the neighbourhood of beauty? Let us believe it, all truth is of God. And Gospel truth is that highest and best, to which all else that is true is subordinate and subsidiary. Truth never was, never will or can be, in collision with itself. Along the same telegraph wires, by proper contrivances, several messages can be transmitted simultaneously, one not interfering with another. So truth moves smoothly by the side of truth. Any opposition or conflict is only in seeming. It is time for the Churches boldly to assume this attitude. What! you would peril your souls' salvation for eternity—you would trust for victory in death to a weapon which you are afraid to expose to encounter in the battles of the life of time. Away with the thought! The ark of the Lord, of old, needed no rash hand to defend it from falling. And the truth in Christ is fearless, needs not be guarded from competition or consequences.

Or again: Men gain knowledge from the works of God, from stars, rocks, countless objects and forces in the world that He has made. And God has also given us His Word. Did God not know His own works when He gave His Word? Has He contradicted Himself, or can He? Is God a man that He should lie, or the son of man that He should repent? Our notions, opinions, beliefs, or those of our fathers, about this or that in His word or works or ways, may indeed, be astray, and demand correction; "Our little systems have their day, they have their day and cease to be;" but between the teachings of God's works and God's Word, both rightly understood, there not only is no collision—there can never be. In one word, let your attitude towards all truth and knowledge be that of fearless faith. How often, even in my life, have I heard the cry, "The Bible in danger!" This or that discovery has been made. Oh, the old book may be laid on the shelf. The old, old story is but a fable! As well cry, "The sun has vanished from the heavens," because, for a moment, its light has been intercepted by a passing cloud. No. The book lives on, for Christ lives and reigns. The book lives on and shall "till moons shall wax and wane no more."

Brethren, my text seems to me to represent the aim to which some of my hearers have already attained, to which all connected with this University profess to aspire. And it matters not now what particular walk of life's pursuits, embraced within the range of the studies provided for here, you have already adopted, or ultimately design to adopt; whether that of law, the object of which is to sift the right and the true from the wrong and the false; or that of medicine, the purpose of which is to guard or restore the health of the body, or at least to alleviate the pains of disease; or that of theology, the intent of which is to "justify the ways of God and man," and to bring back man to God; or that, merely, of knowledge for its own sake, and, in its possession, of being more useful and enlightened citizens of our land. Follow which you will, you will miss the mark if you do not keep these two points before you, (1) that the aim of your studies is to render you apt to teach, and (2) that you can hope truly to be thus apt, only as you subordinate all your studies to the glory of the great Master, as in one word you recognize the glory and duty of being the servants of Christ. What name ought to be so honoured in the faculty of medicine as that of this wondrous Healer? What, among the legal fraternity, as His to whom we owe the clearest exposition of Ethics, of morality in its widest and most comprehensive aspects, and will one day sit as our Judge? Of theology, He is the Alpha and Omega. Is not His Gospel the only university manual? What aspect of the cosmos, the world, is untouched in His Word? Past, present and to come; the height, the depth, the material, the spiritual, the mystery of the body, the profoundest problems of the mind, worlds visible and invisible, life and death, God, man, and immortality—the half cannot be told—a universe of thought. The more learned you become the more will its riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God thrill your souls with a Pauline amazement—the more will you, with the great apostle who studied at the feet of Gamaliel, acknowledge, "How unsearchable His judgments and His ways past finding out."

I have thus tried to illustrate the two points raised at

the outset, that alike the nature of the Bible and the necessities of our age demand the utmost regard to a high education that it is in our power to bestow. I have assumed that the possession and knowledge of the Bible are of the last importance to the welfare of our country. And now, did time permit, I should have desired to shew the counter proposition, that a truly enlightened education invariably reacts beneficially upon the study and understanding of the Scriptures, and therefore upon the best interests of a country, on the raising and maintenance of that standard of righteousness which alone exalteth a nation. But I must pause. Enough, for the present, that the assertion is made. The foremost need of every community is righteousness, and the grand mainstay of righteousness, under God, is a true and enlightened knowledge. This Province is renowned for the efforts it has made to educate its people. Kingston stands in the very first rank for its exercise of a grace in which you desire and are resolved, I am sure, to abound yet more and more, the grace of liberality in the cause of education. And now you have a worthy institution around which to concentrate your efforts. Alike for the sake of the cause of Christ, and for the best temporal interests of your country, it will be your care to transmit to posterity, not only unimpaired but improved and strengthened, the blessings which in this respect you have received from the wise and God-fearing of the past, or which have been created through your own exertions. What results have already accrued from the work done by this institution during the forty years of its honoured career in your city you are well able to judge. What we see to-day is one proof that your judgment is one of heartfelt approval.

While the studies of this University are presided over as they now are, while the spirit now infused into those studies continues to pervade them, the results cannot fail to continue to be hallowed. Like David, you, the young persons who are here being trained, will serve your own generation by the will of God. Like the apostles, you will have given to you "a mouth and wisdom, which none of your adversaries shall be able to gainsay nor resist." As to Job, "unto you men will give ear, and wait, and keep silence at your counsel." In one way or other you will "turn many to righteousness." And rejoicing, thus, in being the servants of Him "in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge;" "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." One day you will cast your crowns at His feet, and with angels and elders and living creatures, and a great multitude which no man can number, your song shall be, "Blessing and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto our God for ever and ever."—Amen.

THEOLOGY IN MANITOBA COLLEGE.

MR. EDITOR,—I am sure all who read Rev. Mr. Warden's letter in the October "Record," must have been impressed with the importance of the work being done in Manitoba, and the intimate relation of the College to that work. His suggestion as to a theological teacher, in addition to what we already have, is most important. Five students, during the present session, will be receiving theological instruction in the College under the direction of the Presbytery of Manitoba. I have this year had correspondence relating to three others who are desirous of pursuing their theological studies. For several years back I have had I should say three or four letters each year inquiring about such study in our College. With the Assembly's approval it is my impression we might have, in a year, ten or twelve students in theology. I would recommend the course suggested by Mr. Warden, not now on general grounds, which readily suggest themselves, but for reasons connected with our mission field. The great demand for our Northwestern missionary work is cheaper missionary labour than we at present have. We have well tested the matter now, and are more than ever of the opinion that a married missionary cannot live on less than \$900 per annum, and then he is without many of the comforts that his brethren in the older Provinces on \$600 enjoy. If any one is disposed to question this statement, and will write to me or to any of our missionaries, I believe he can be easily convinced. Further, houses cannot be got in new settlements, and, ignoring the sufferings of the missionary's family in the transition stage, see the expense of erecting even

a primitive log house—and the missionary must do it out of his own resources, or borrow several hundred dollars at twelve per cent. interest, if he is fortunate enough to obtain a loan at all.

Well, it may be said, Why not get single missionaries at \$700 per annum? These cannot be got to any extent worth mentioning. Out of our twenty-five home missionaries only four are single men; and for two years past we have clamoured, at every application, for single men, so that our money grant allowed by the Home Mission Committee might go the further and give us more men. The Committee can't get them. To meet the clamours of our rapidly increasing field—which we warn the Church will, on the present system, get beyond our reach as soon as the railway from Thunder Bay to Winnipeg is open—What is to be done?

We have so far only been able to keep up at all, on account of the obstacles of want of railways, and having to pass through a foreign country, having kept back the wave of settlement, but so soon as these obstacles are removed we shall be swamped, unless we can obtain a cheaper class of labourers, or vastly increase Home Mission contributions. But if we should have, say twelve students liberated from our College for the summer, they would cost, at six dollars per Sabbath, \$150 each for the season, and compared with twelve missionaries for the same period, at \$900 per annum, there would be a saving effected of \$3,500, besides a further saving during the winter months. Or if it be proposed to bring students from the Colleges in the Eastern Provinces for the summer, to come and return will cost \$75—and that at reduced rates—that is \$75 of travelling expenses to overtake \$150 worth of supply. That would not do. If it be said that our Home Mission Committee has done very well, and why not go on as before, I appeal to lovers of the Church not to make their induction from the facts afforded by North Hastings, or Minden, or the Georgian Bay region, where settlement is necessarily slow, but to face the facts that we never did as a Church or Churches any work before, of the kind, in the North-West—where a whole community rises in the hitherto untenanted prairie in a single summer. Let us rise to the situation. So far as I can see there is no way to do the work but by obtaining a cheaper class of labour; and there is no way of obtaining (if the metaphor will be pardoned) a cheaper article unless it is manufactured on the ground. The same reason that prevents us from importing labourers for our summer work, disposes of the argument, so far as our College is concerned, that the Church has too many colleges already—a saying, by the way, so trite that it would be unpardonable in writing anything about a Canadian college not to mention it. But think of what a force to begin with in a summer or two—a dozen of young men of zeal, and full of the western pioneer spirit, to preach the Gospel and propagate our noble Presbyterianism. Shall we not take the means to obtain them?

GEORGE BRYCE,

Chairman of Senate, Manitoba College.

Winnipeg, Oct. 15th, 1880.

TRY TO PLEASE.

The late George Merriam, the publisher of "Webster's Dictionary," whose early life, though spent in poverty, gave token by its diligence, purity, and kindness to his mother, of what a true noble man he would become, said, when he was an old man: "I trace my success in life to a desire to please. To try to please was my great aim; first, my father, and then for his sake my employer. I lived with my mother, and took four or five apprentices to board with her, and if at the end of the year she came out short, I evened it up." The one who tries to please makes many friends, and therefore, has wide influence. One need never sacrifice principle, but one can always be kind. "What is the secret of the success of Miss—?"—one of the belles in Washington last winter—we asked of a friend. "She does not appear remarkably intellectual, and she is not very beautiful." "No," said the person addressed, "but she tries to please people." And this was the secret of her being loved.

ONE can never repeat too often, that reason, as it exists in man, is only our intellectual eye, and that like the eye, to see, it needs light—to see clearly and far it needs the light of heaven.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

MIDNIGHT, JUNE 30th, 1879.

Charles Tennyson Turner, in whose memory this poem was written, was the brother of Alfred Tennyson, and was himself a poet. He was born July 4th, 1808. He graduated at Cambridge in 1832, and became Vicar of Grasby. By the will of a relative, who bequeathed him a small estate, his surname of "Tennyson" was exchanged for that of "Turner." He died April 25th, 1879. His brother, the poet-laureate, says of his sonnets that some of them have all the tenderness of the finest Greek epigram, and that a few of them are among the noblest in our language.

I.

Midnight—in no midsummer tune
The breakers lash the shores,
The cuckoo of a joyless June
Is calling out-of-doors.

And thou hast vanish'd from thine own
To that which looks like rest,
True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.

II.

Midnight—and joyless June gone by,
And from the deluged park
The cuckoo of a worse July
Is calling thro' the dark.

But thou art silent under ground,
And o'er thee streams the rain,
True poet, surely to be found
When Truth is found again.

III.

And now to these unsummer'd skies
The summer bird is still,
Far off a phantom cuckoo cries
From out a phantom hill;

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun
Of sixty years away,
The light of days when life begun,
The days that seem to-day,

When all my griefs were shared with thee,
And all my hopes were thine—
As all thou wert was one with me,
May all thou art be mine!

—Alfred Tennyson, in *Harper's Magazine for Nov.*

"THE CHILDREN'S PORTION IN THE SABBATH SERVICE."

What I wish to advocate is the introduction of suitable words for children in the regular ministration of the pulpit. At least one out of every three who come to our churches is a child under twelve. In every congregation of worshippers, therefore, there is a congregation of children. Sunday brings to those young hearts a certain stir of expectation. Everything is different from other days; the very preparations announce that it is to some great festival the family are going. The thoughts of the children are set toward a great occasion. Sunday after Sunday they go up to it with expectation in their hearts; and Sunday after Sunday, in the majority of our churches, that expectation is not recognized; their presence is not felt. They are not once addressed. The Psalms and hymns express experiences at which they have not arrived. The sermon is in a language they do not understand. At length the great occasion has come to an end; the people are faring back to their homes; but not one word has been spoken to the children; who, nevertheless, as baptized persons, are members of the flock, and concerning whom the Lord left this injunction: "Feed My lambs."

Who can think of the immense number of children scattered over our Presbyterian churches, who come up to the public service Sunday after Sunday with eager hope of finding some interest for their young souls, with that hope growing smaller and smaller as the brief years of childhood run out until at last the pathetic habit is formed of expecting nothing—who can think of this and not sympathize with the desire to provide for them, also, a portion in the service, which they shall look forward to and by which their spiritual lives shall be fed?

The Presbyterian Church has never known a time when the religious training of her children has not been a subject of the deepest interest to her. Her Sunday schools are an honest, most earnest endeavour to supply a portion of that training; but they cannot adequately supply all that is desired.

Perhaps the greatest monument of the Presbyterian Church's interest in the religious training of children is its Catechisms. I, personally, have the best of

reasons for thinking well of one of these. I was brought up, theologically speaking, on the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism. It is a book I greatly honour. Nothing I am about to say implies the suggestion that it should be laid aside; but I am bound to report the good I got out of it was not till the years of my childhood were past. As a child I did not understand it. I do not think many of my generation did. It was a task book. It was a treasury of doctrinal statements set in terms too abstract and theological for children to take in; statements, none the less, good to be lodged in the memory, good as forms of thought for the future, but beyond the present comprehension of all except a specially gifted few among such children as I have known.

In childhood it is the imagination that is most fully developed and most eager for food. At every turn those young eyes open upon new vistas and reaches of wonderland. Everything presents itself to them in the resemblance of something else. The stars are lamps; the rainbow, ladders; the clouds, islands in a sea of blue. Now is the time, also, when the world they see seems to veil another unseen; when woods are peopled with strange forms of life, and mountains have secret doors opening into hid kingdoms of diamonds and gold; when the shadows on the wall, and the sighing of trees, and the prattle of brooks, are living things. It is the time, especially, when the past lies behind the child like a golden age—and stories of that past are of all things the most welcome to the soul. Thought, feeling, emotion—everything is touched with imaginative receptiveness. If at this time, therefore, the heart is to be reached, it must be through the gates of the imagination.

My suggestion is that we should recognize and meet this condition of mind; that we should follow where nature beckons; that we should set ourselves to meet the susceptibility and yearning of childhood by truth set in imaginative forms; using the word in a large, elastic sense, let me say by stories—sermon stories—which the child's own pastor shall tell.

I do not undertake to say what is the best arrangement for bringing in the stories. The arrangement that would suit one congregation may be unsuitable for another. But I offer the following as suggestions which at least are practical:

In churches where two lessons are read in the morning service, the second might be set apart for the children—might itself, in fact, in the very words of the Bible story, be the children's portion. Just there every child might be apprised that the word read and the brief remarks made in connection with them were for them.

In churches where instrumental music is used, the time consumed in playing over the tunes and in executing little snatches of cadence between the singing of verses, if gathered together, would probably give all the time that would be required.

In churches where quartette and duet singing is allowed, the proper place would be there. Let the quartette singers fall back into the choir. Let the children's service occupy their place.

In churches where there are neither two lessons, nor an organ, nor quartette singing, I suppose I am not far from the fact in assuming that the sermon is at least three-quarters of an hour in length. Let the minister cut it down to thirty minutes. He will thereby have done two good things: he will have greatly improved the working quality of his sermon; and he will have found a good quarter of an hour for his word to the children.

The practical aim we have in the Christian upbringing of our young people will determine the kind of stories we should tell. Our purpose is not entertainment but instruction. We are set to train up the children in Gospel principles and to lives which shall be the embodiment of the Gospel. Not every story, therefore, will suit for this work; not stories for stories' sake; only stories which have more or less the formative principles of the Gospel in them; stories which have truth as truth is found in the parables, or truth of actual event, as it is found in biography or history. Stories which have Christian truth neither in the one form nor the other, which are mere fiction, are inevitably detected by children, and, in nine cases out of ten, discarded just because they are not true. The stories which a minister of the Gospel will tell will be stories of life rather than death. Morbid stories, which give undue prominence to the details of the death-bed, he will soon come to feel can only work evil in young minds. The grand purpose of the

Gospel is life, not death; purer life, higher life, holier life. We are sent into the world to live, and every word spoken by the Christian minister should be promotive of this purpose. This does not require that there shall never be reference to death. It is the Gospel of immortality we have to preach. The wonder of divine grace has its triumphs in the death-bed as well as in active life. But in the main it is life, not death, we have to illustrate and commend. Our Sunday stories, therefore, should be brimful of life, wholesome with the wholesomeness of life, and their natural influence should be along the lines which lead to manly and womanly worth, and to honesty, purity, temperance and truth in daily life. They should be such stories as go to make boys brave and honourable, and girls tender-hearted and pitiful with the pity and tenderness of God.

I need hardly say that the stories should be moral. They should not be, and in the hand of the Gospel minister they cannot be, such as in the name of religion discredit morality. We are set to educate and foster Christianity—the natural affections. Therefore we shall shut out, for example, those hateful stories which tell of drunken fathers and mothers lectured and sometimes converted by good little abstainers. I have been an abstainer all my days, but I am bound to testify against a great deal that is admitted in temperance literature, and especially I testify against such stories as I have just referred to. They are stories which exhibit as heroes children who, instead of covering themselves with a garment and going backward, go forward with impudent open eyes to look at and censure their parents' shame. The children who are set forth in these stories as "heroes" are, or would be if they ever existed, intolerable little prigs.

Just as bad are stories which commend an impossible morality. We are set to train Christ's little ones to lives passed under conditions which have been appointed by the tenderest consideration for their weakness. They are to do what they can—no more. They are not called to angelic conditions but to human. They are not to be exhorted to a morality too high for them, or so severe as to give them a distaste for the Gospel which has called them to it. We shall, therefore, exclude stories which set up impossible standards, or which invite them to sacrifices they are as yet simply not old enough to understand.

But, above all, the stories ought to have in the heart of them some fair vision of God, which is the same as saying they ought to be Gospel stories. Some aspect of the divine face, or some reflection of the divine character, or something which should suggest these, should be in them all. It is the Gospel we are set to preach to the grown-up people, it is the same Gospel we should preach by our sermon stories to the children.

I shall never forget a little speech made once to a company of Sunday school teachers, of whom I was one, by an old Secession elder in Glasgow. It was at the time when Kitto's Illustrated Bible was first brought out. People imagined that they were getting something very grand when they were getting pictures of the Holy Land, and wood-cuts of palm trees, and beasts of burden, and dresses, and buildings. But this old elder, who had looked into the heart of the Bible more deeply than we young teachers, said: "It may be useful and very entertaining to tell your classes of the height and girth of the cedars of Lebanon, and the dimensions of the Temple of Solomon, and such things; but in my experience there is nothing will interest a child so much, or bear repetition so many times, or do so much good, as the story of the cross of Christ."

And I entirely assent to that statement. The story itself as it lies in the Bible, or illustrations of it or of little bits of it, as we have supplied sometimes in the loving and self-denying conduct of mothers and mother-hearted souls, are the stories which most easily fascinate a child, which make the deepest impression, and which are the happiest opening for children into the knowledge of the love of God.

But now comes the natural inquiry: Where are such stories to be found? Now see the wisdom and provident goodness of God. Great portions of the Book we are set to expound come to us in the form of stories. An endless supply is there, and a boundless variety, and all of it touched with both imagination and ethical force. In Genesis and Exodus alone are stories which will last for a whole year. We have only to name the heroes of Bible history to recall the rich materials prepared for our use: Abel, Enoch,

Noah, Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Samson, Samuel, David. We have only to think of the events of which the Bible is the record to see the same thing—the expulsion from Eden, the deluge, the ten plagues, the crossing of the Red Sea, the life in the wilderness.

What child will not feel the awful side of the divine majesty in the story of Belshazzar's feast? or the weird doom on filial disloyalty in the death of Absalom? or the pathos of human life in the anguish which sings in Psalm cxxxvii. "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" or the protective care of God in the preservation of Daniel in the lions' den? or the wonder and miracle of his presence in that story of the form of the Son of man who was seen walking with the three children in the fire?

And see how the life of our Lord has been told. That life unfolds in a way that might justify the supposition that it was meant to be told to children. At once it arrests the imagination and engages the heart of a child. The manger in the stable, the star, the wise men, the visit to the temple, the preaching at Nazareth, the baptism by John, the temptation—we have in these events an interest which never loses its fascination for children. And, as if these were not enough, we have line upon line of other and as interesting materials in that life. There is the richness of incident and circumstance in the history of the public ministry. The parables are just stories of the kind, and for the kind of minds, I am bringing before you. The miracles are stories. And, last of all, as the old Secession elder said, there is the endlessly interesting story of the sufferings at the end.

And we are not confined to the Bible. The history of God's dealings with His people, and of their contentings for His kingdom and truth, is another Bible outside of the Bible we know. Why should our children not be instructed on the Lord's day in the glorious memories of the Reformation? Why should we ever suffer to be forgotten the heroic faith under persecution which in every country those who followed the Reformation sustained? Is it nothing to have stories to tell like those of the Waldensian valleys of the Puritan pilgrims, of the Scottish Covenanters? Or is it wise to know all we do of the conquests of the Gospel among the heathen and let our children grow up in ignorance of them?

God has set the teacher of the Word in a world teeming with illustrative stories. Did He intend the poets to sing to idle worldlings only? Why should the Christian ballad, for example, of the venerable Whittier not be used in the spiritual training of the young? Why should the preachers not make incursions into the field of general literature? Shakespeare himself will minister to the children if we let him. The best sermon on the necessity of clean hands and a clean heart is just to tell his story of Macbeth. And, if all other books should fail, there remains the glorious Dream of the Bedford prisoner. This will supply many a Sunday story, and be good for the highest ends in the Christian training of the young.

Nor are we confined to books. Life is surging all around us, and sending us whole tides of interesting incident through the newspapers every morning. Never a week, if we care to gather them, but illustrations of Bible lessons may be found in that supply alone.

I will close by pointing out the good we might expect if this suggestion were adopted.

There would be good to the minister. Mr. Phillips Brooks, in his Yale lectures, expresses the fear that preaching to children may impair the power of preaching to adults. If that fresh and genial spirit has himself preached to children, as I have no doubt he has done, it certainly has not impaired his power to speak to the adults. It did not impair the power of Norman Macleod, nor of William Arnot. It will not impair the power in any true-hearted speaker for God, but it will quicken his spirit; it will simplify his presentation of the Gospel; it will be like a bath in young-heartedness. Having set the child in the midst, he will turn round, like the Master, to the rest of the flock, and speak to them with the tenderness and simplicity of heart which spiritual contact with childhood never fails to impart.

It will be a blessing to the adult portion of the congregation. People never cease to be affected by the memories of their childhood. That song murmurs behind us along all the paths of life. We are never far from the subtle tendrils that hold us, or are ready to lay hold of us and bring us back to the fair vision of the early years. Touch the hearts of children in

your flocks and you have thereby touched the hearts of the parents. When the shepherd wishes the lambs to follow him he carries the lamb on his shoulder. It is true in the narrower sphere of the congregation as in the world-wide sphere of the race, that a little child shall lead. And sometimes, speaking to the children, or evoking their praise, you touch chords in the parental heart which nothing else can touch. It is not alone in Longfellow's song that fathers rejoice to hear the voice of their daughters in the praise. To real fathers before you that voice will sound like the dear mother's in Paradise, and hard, rough hands in real life will

"Wipe the tears out of their eyes."

We were talking the other day, in the Council, about the enrichment of Presbyterian worship. What we are in search of awaits us here. And, coming this way, it will come to us, not from without, but from within. Recognize the presence and the claims of the children, and, when the minister's brief word to them is ended, give voice to their songs; and by that one bound, by that one addition, Presbyterian worship shall have ascended to a height and richness which an imitated liturgic service could never reach.

But, chiefly, it will be good for the children. The little sermon or story to the children will make the Sabbath a delight to them. It will draw their young hearts into the same acts of worship with their parents. It will be the sowing of their minds with seeds of thought. We can never tell the immense results in after life to which the simplest looking event in childhood will lead up. A little boy at Tarsus once heard the story of Gideon and the earthen pitchers; and in his old age he lifted up that story into eternal forms of still fertile thought, in the great utterance where the memory of Gideon's lights and pitchers is made to illustrate both the light which God in the Gospel commanded to shine out of darkness, and the power and excellency which he has stored up in preachers who in themselves are but earthen vessels.

Be sure we have not come yet to the last visions of life, in the stories of the Bible. There are wells of truth, ideals of practice, solutions of problems still untouched in those tales of the divine past. Drop them, minister of the Gospel, one by one as you have opportunity, into the soil of young hearts. You will tell some day, for example, the story of the runaway slave whom Paul found in the slums of Rome and sent back to Philemon, his master, and, who knows? out of that soil, prepared by God, in after years shall spring up the very word we are waiting for, the very solution of the problem we had before us the other day, of the relation between employer and employed.

And in other ways past naming good shall spring forth. The life of the pulpit shall flow like a river through the lives of the children; and the boys and girls who are to be the fathers and mothers of the years to come shall rise up to call us blessed.

I am not advocating an untried proposal. Many congregations in England and Scotland have had happy experience of it for years. Would that it might become an ordinance in every Presbyterian church in the world. At every morning service, for one ten minutes out of the ninety let the minister be in direct contact with the souls of the children. Let never a day pass in which he shall not give wings to a story of God's love or Christian life. It will go up and down and in and out, throughout the week which follows, doing work for God.

Doing thus we shall whet and keep whole the appetite of the children for the services of the sanctuary. Doing thus we shall open the windows of heaven and give them also glimpses of the vision of God. And in that golden space in those consecrated minutes we shall bring back for the children, and it may be for their parents as well, the days when Jesus spoke to His disciples in parables, and taught those children of His love as they were able to receive His words.—*Rev. A. Macleod, Birkenhead, England.*

A CHARACTER of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded rather than exalted by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompence which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons—the most common readers of romance—that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with or adequately rewarded by the gratification of our passions, or attainment of our wishes.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE PRESBYTERIAN is really a first-class paper, and should receive a wide and liberal support.—*Guelph Mercury*.
Mr. Inglis is one of the foremost writers on the Canadian Press.—*Montreal Witness*.

Canada Presbyterian.

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Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1880.

TO THE READERS OF "THE PRESBYTERIAN."

THE commencement of a new volume of THE PRESBYTERIAN presents a fitting opportunity for saying a few words to its readers more directly personal than are generally indulged in. In the ninth year, as it is, of its existence, THE PRESBYTERIAN may very fairly be regarded as fully established, while its record during the whole term of its existence has been such that every one connected with its production and publication can look back upon it with a large amount of satisfaction and thankfulness. No infallibility has been claimed for its utterances, and nothing like absolute perfection for its contents. It very likely has sometimes said what might have been better left unsaid. It is more than possible that not a few things have been omitted which ought to have had special attention and prominence. But with all its imperfections and shortcomings, of which none can have been more aware than its conductors, it has honestly sought to serve the Church, and the increasing support which from year to year it has received has shewn very clearly that it has not done this in vain. It is not necessary to do more than merely refer in passing to its early struggles, and to the various discouraging circumstances with which it had to contend. These struggles were sometimes very severe, and the discouragements connected with them sufficiently numerous and depressing. They have, however, been successfully passed through, and to-day THE PRESBYTERIAN stands upon a firmer basis, and occupies a more influential position in the country, than ever it did before. Wise and considerate friends have helped it not a little in many ways. By their active sympathy, their considerate forbearance, their prudent counsel, their hearty commendation, their vigorous and appropriate literary contributions, and surely without any seeming impropriety it may, in this connection, be added, by their heartfelt prayers, they have often held up hands that sometimes were

ready to hang down in weariness, and have very effectually and timeously brought renewed strength when difficulties were most numerous and most formidable. It is not necessary, and, in the circumstances, would not be becoming, to dwell upon what might have been, had the sympathy been more general and the practical support more rapid and more widely extended. Everyone knows that the Presbyterians of Canada will support neither newspaper nor magazine simply as a matter of charity. It is well that this is the case, and therefore the slow, yet steady and uninterrupted, progress of THE PRESBYTERIAN, in the circumstances, has been at once a certificate to its worth, and an encouragement and stimulus to its improvement. That its progress henceforward will be increasingly rapid, is confidently anticipated, and certainly no pains or expense will be spared to make it more than ever worthy of finding a place in every Presbyterian home, not only of our own Province but of the whole Dominion.

That Christians have not sufficiently availed themselves of the periodical Press in prosecuting their work of faith and labour of love for the great Master, and for the cause that is by way of eminence "good," is now generally acknowledged. Much, no doubt, has in this way been accomplished, but not nearly so much as might long ere this have been achieved had more of God's people been wise to discern the signs of the times and to employ with appropriate energy the instrumentality which has been lying so conveniently and so invitingly to their hands. Will all the readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN kindly and impartially consider whether or not they have been doing their duty in this respect, and will those also who are not among its readers, but to whom these words may come, do the same? If the influence of this publication is beneficial, why not extend it? If individuals have been thereby helped to "higher things," why not recommend it to others? And if it has been recognized, as it has been by many, as a useful and efficient medium of communication between the members of the Presbyterian Church all over Canada, why not take some trouble to make it more effectually serve this very necessary and important end?

In many parts of the Church it is to be regretted that THE PRESBYTERIAN is still all but unknown. Are the congregations where this is the case prospering the better on that account? It is to be more than doubted if they are prospering nearly so well. It is neither asked nor expected that ministers or elders should act as canvassing agents, but if all of these were henceforth to give the kindly word and the cordial commendation which some have been giving all these eight years and more, the results would be as gratifying as they would be beneficial.

Will the readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN permit the present editor to say one or two words more directly personal? Beginning, as with this number we do, the second year of our connection with the paper, we cannot but gratefully recall the many kind and encouraging words which, during these past months, we have received from many upon whom we had no possible claim, and to whom, in many cases, we were altogether personally unknown. If the intercourse maintained from week to week has been half as pleasant to the readers as it has been to the editor, then it has been pleasant indeed, and profitable let us hope as well. To say that we have made THE PRESBYTERIAN all that, even according to our own ideal, it ought to be, would be as absurd as it would be offensive. None can feel more keenly than we do the varied imperfections and shortcomings in our work. But at the same time let us add, these shortcomings have been the result neither of a want of interest nor a lack of labour. The more, let us repeat, the circulation is extended the more the means for both improving the character and increasing the contents of THE PRESBYTERIAN will be put within our reach and turned, we hope, to good account.

To our contributors and correspondents we tender our most sincere and hearty thanks, and most earnestly ask from them a continuance and increase of their favours. Church news we specially invite, and to such we shall always give a ready place in our columns, if at all of general interest, though sometimes we may find it necessary to condense very considerably. Letters on all matters connected with church work and church life, if written at all in a decent and becomingly Christian manner, are always acceptable, and always so far in order. We may not be able to publish them all, and in some cases even those given may not

appear exactly as they are sent, but free and full discussion is what we like, and fair play what in all cases we seek to render.

We have often been asked to publish some of the sermons of the more celebrated preachers in the United States and Britain. In this matter, however, we prefer as far as possible to cultivate our home field. We have abundance of talent in the Presbyterian Church in Canada to far more than supply all the sermons which THE PRESBYTERIAN can, with propriety, publish in the course of the year, and we fully expect that in the future that supply will be both abundant and appropriate.

We continue our labours on THE PRESBYTERIAN with ever increasing interest and pleasure. That we have displeased some, though most unintentionally, and disappointed many, we can well believe. If, however, in even the humblest way we have helped forward the cause of truth and righteousness in this new land, and have to any, even the smallest, extent contributed to the consolidation and extension of our beloved Presbyterian Church, and of Christ's cause through it, we shall be abundantly satisfied. Under God it lies far more with the ministers and members of the Church than with us to determine, both by their contributions and commendations, how far in the future THE PRESBYTERIAN shall be increasingly made an instrument for good. That it has been so in the past, we know. That it shall be so in the future, and that to an ever growing extent, we sincerely hope. That so soon as it ceases to be this, it shall cease to exist, is what all connected with its production most honestly desire, and will most resolutely execute.

DOGMA? OR DOCTRINE? WHICH? OR WHAT?

IT is curious to notice how a very considerable number of persons who lay claim to the possession of a more than usually large amount of that undefinable something which they so fondly call "breadth" as well as of a corresponding quantity of "culture" and calmness, become very speedily excited, denunciatory and insolent whenever they think or speak of certain statements of supposed fact, or when the slightest reference is made, either by themselves or others, to certain opinions which they are pleased in their wisdom, to call "narrow," or to denounce as "dogmatic." Like the cynic with Plato's pride, they trample upon poor "dogma" with greater "dogmatism," and denounce the so-called positive and declared to be unsupported assertions of others, in statements which they themselves do not even pretend to say have any other backing than their own self-evolved ideas in reference to the eternal fitness of things as this ought to be whether it really is so or the reverse. "Dogma," it seems, is something very naughty, and if these gentlemen are only allowed to give their own definition of what it is, and to settle authoritatively what is to be so characterized, the whole is very plain sailing, and the result eminently satisfactory. Of course it is to be always taken for granted that what these wise men do not know is unknowable and what they do not understand is certainly meaningless jargon. Of late there has been a more than usual amount of this wild and foolish talk indulged in by men who while very wise, even to the confines of infallibility in their own estimation, have never given any such proof of being possessed either of that adequate amount of varied learning or of that clear and independent power of thought and expression which might lead the generality of their neighbours to attach any importance to aught they might either do or say.

As a specimen of what we refer to, and one which may well be quoted because it is, we had almost said, of course, specially arrogant and specially absurd, we give the following from the "Bystander," for November: "Principal Caven says we must have dogma. We hope the distinguished theologian means doctrine. Doctrine, of course, we must have; no religion, not even that of Swedenborg or Madame Guyon, can consist of mere emotion or aspiration without any intellectual belief. But dogma, which is unreason imposed by ecclesiastical authority, may, it is to be hoped, be laid aside, because it forms a fatal obstacle to that union of the Christian Churches towards which the hearts and minds of the best and wisest Christians are evidently turning. The grand example of dogma is the Athanasian creed."

Now all this is just the very perfection of an easy, jaunty, patronizing superciliousness which can settle

everything with a wave of the hand or by the oracular utterance of a phrase or two. That the "Bystander" has never read a single word which Principal Caven has uttered on the subject of "dogmatic preaching" is very evident. That this is as natural as it is evident is equally uncontroversial. Kindly hoping that the poor man meant "doctrine" when he said "dogma," the oracle forthwith tells us what it means by "dogma," and having given that word a definition which might just as properly and as truly be applied to "doctrine," as well as to many other words, it forthwith concludes that no sane person could have anything to do either with the word or the thing. We naturally conclude from this declaration—from which of course there is no appeal—that if the Athanasian creed is the grand example of dogma and is "unreason imposed by ecclesiastical authority," then all other "creeds" must in their several positions pass under the same definition, and receive their mittimus to the same limbo. The "Thirty-nine Articles," "the Confession of Faith," etc., etc., have, in that case, all the same element of "unreason" for they all teach very much the same supposed truths, and must all, therefore, be laid aside as a "load of sacerdotalism, paganism and Byzantine theosophy." Now, who told this man that the creeds of Christendom were "unreason imposed by ecclesiastical authority?" or how does he propose to shew that what Christendom and the ordinary usage of the English language have agreed to call "dogma" is simply another name for "unreason," while the word "doctrine" is all different, and may be possessed of any amount of "sweet reasonableness?" He does not propose to shew it. It is all a matter of individual opinion, and just as likely as not "unreason imposed" by personal dogmatism. That even this Athanasian or any other creed "imposed by ecclesiastical authority" could be examined by individual reason, and adopted by individual conviction, is dismissed at once as too absurd for anything like serious discussion. Men might say they believed it, but of course they never did. Why never? Because I, the "Bystander," cannot conceive how such a thing is possible, and therefore it is impossible. And so it goes on. Once settle that "dogma is unreason imposed by ecclesiastical authority" and that all creeds have been so "imposed" without being adopted by individual conviction, and the conclusion against these "creeds" is as comfortable as it is convenient. But is it founded on reason, and is it entitled to any respect? It is, on the contrary, the mere "sic volo, sic jubeo" of an individual, and is even worse than the dogmas imposed by ecclesiastical authority, for while considerable efforts were made to shew that the latter rested on a revelation from heaven, and were in accordance with its dictates, the former is paraded as right simply because its author, and he not a very wise man at that, thinks it is.

It is all very well to preach up, as some are doing, a gospel of indistinctness, a revelation from somewhere or other which has not even the consistency of a fog, and is not so definite as what Jeremy Taylor used to call the "dream of the shadow of smoke." But what does it amount to! As even the "Bystander" admits, no religion can stand without some "intellectual belief," and whether this formulated and believed statement of fact or truth be called a "dogma" or a "doctrine" it comes very much to the same thing. Those, for instance, who have adopted the "Confession of Faith," with its every proposition, we are virtually assured, have done so either in ignorance or dishonesty. Why? Because some man more than usually wise or more than usually presumptuous, has said so, without, however, giving any reason for his assertion. A dozen of men or a dozen of hundreds, have, after having come to the years of maturity, with their intellects sharpened by continuous training, and their hearts professedly purified by contact with the Word and Spirit of God, declared solemnly that what some call "unreason imposed by ecclesiastical authority" is to them the shortest, simplest, clearest and most satisfactory exhibit of a revelation from heaven which they could desire, and that they adopt it as their own. Is it decent to say that all these men or any of them are necessarily knaves or fools? Or are they to be described as immature boys who are ready to swallow anything in order to be put into the priest's office so that they may eat a piece of bread? But suppose one of these men in the course of time gets new light, and says to his neighbours, "I want to remain with you, to work with you, to be identified with you, but there are some things in that 'creed' which we

all signed that you really must allow me to give up." Would it not be the most natural thing in the world for those others to say, "Tell us what you object to, and we shall see?" And would it not be the most absurd and unnatural thing possible for the troubled brother to say "No, I won't give any particulars. I just want relaxation all round, and to be allowed to think what I like and as I like, while I pass muster as being still what I was, though with a vague, indeterminate and very accommodating difference?" And yet it seems we are to be told that those who say they have *not* changed are all irrational, straitlaced bigots, while he who *has*, but will not tell either how or in what, but simply that he wants more elbow room, is the ideal of all wisdom and the embodiment of all virtue! If this be the essence of reason, what is unreason? If this be wisdom, what can be folly? If certain men agree to co-operate on certain terms, and some of them by and by repudiate the conditions of the compact, we repeat that reason and honesty would surely say that the repudiators should frankly and fully define their new position, so that it might be seen if co-operation were still possible. To apply this common-sense principle, however, to religious creeds and their adherents is, it seems, narrow, unreasonable and even monstrous. The cry is, "Set about and remodel your creeds." "Get quit of the 'dogma.'" "Get quit of the 'sacerdotalism.'" "Get quit of the 'paganism.'" "Get quit of all the Byzantine theosophy." But the reply is evident and reasonable: "Don't trifle and fool round with big words, like hulking illiterate pedants, but tell us what you mean and what you want. We are not 'crypt-ceptics,' and this creed does not make us feel as if in fetters any more than it did you in other days. We are ready to hear what you have got to say. If after hearing it, we can continue to walk together—good and well. If not, let each take off his several way." This seems to be a course recommended by individual reason, though often in these days, denounced as the utterance of personal dishonesty. "This creed" (whichever it may be), some may say, "is too long." If so, it surely lies with those who are dissatisfied to say how and where it ought to be shortened. The twenty-sixth chapter of the Confession of Faith has in this way in many Presbyterian Churches been got quit of. The objectors to its apparent teaching brought forward their reasons, the validity of these was allowed, and the necessary modification was effected. So has it been in the past with every change in the statement of dogma or doctrine, or whatever it may be called, in every Church which could be mentioned, and so in the very nature of things it will be in the future, in spite of all the cheap talk about "unreason," the gratuitous imputations against the honesty of other people, and the patronizing affectation of a superior "culture" and a deeper knowledge, which content themselves with glittering generalities and that strange air of profundity which instinctively leads one to think of the rather disrespectful inquiry about a former somewhat solemn and surly chancellor, "Do you think there ever was any one *really* as wise as Thurlow *looks*?"

By reference to Prospectus, in another column, it will be seen that THE PRESBYTERIAN is offered *free*, up till the end of this year, to new subscribers for 1881. This fact should be helpful to canvassers, and incite to immediate effort. In the matter of terms we are doing everything in our power to meet the wishes of friends; while the premiums we offer to getters-up of clubs will be found very liberal. Go about the canvass at once, and hurry in the names.

THE Rev. Dr. Reid has received the undermentioned sums for schemes of the Church, viz.: Additional from bequest of the late Mrs. Ann Quay, Port Hope, per her executors, \$13; C. Blair, Puslinch, 75 cents—for Home Mission. Mrs. John Thom, sr., Toronto, \$20; C. Blair, Puslinch, 75 cents; Friend, Ottawa, \$1—Foreign Mission. Executors of the late Rev. Dr. Spence, Scotland, for Aged and Infirm Ministers Fund, \$1,077.43; also from same, for Assembly Fund, \$48.49. C. Blair, Puslinch, for French Evangelization Fund, 75 cents.

YOU cannot dream yourself into a character. You must hammer and forge yourself one.

THE block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.—*Carlyle*.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY AND ST. NICHOLAS FOR NOVEMBER. (New York: Scribner & Co.)—Both as attractive and as instructive as usual.

FUNK'S STANDARD SERIES has received the following additions: (1) "Pulpit Table Talk" by that inimitable gatherer of interesting anecdote, Dean Ramsay. (2) "The Bible and the Newspaper," by Mr. Spurgeon. (3) "Lacen, or Many Things in Few Words," by Rev. C. C. Colton, of Cambridge. These complete the first series, and with a dozen or more other works may be bound in one large volume. These publications should have a wide circulation.

TRUE MANLINESS. By Thomas Hughes. (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. Price \$1.)—This volume belongs to Messrs. Lothrop & Co's "Spare Minute Series," and consists of 154 separate extracts from the writings of Thomas Hughes, perhaps even yet best known as the author of "Tom Brown's School Days." Those who have read any of Mr. Hughes' books will not be very much surprised when they find that the selections which make up this volume fill 300 octavo pages and that they are all true to the title. The "spare minutes" devoted to the perusal of this book, especially by young men, will undoubtedly be profitably employed.

HARPER'S illustrated periodicals continue to occupy a foremost place in their several departments. The "Bazar" is an unquestioned authority in the world of fashion, and enlivens the leisure time of the family circle; the "Weekly" lends artistic vividness to current events and every-day topics; while "Harper's Magazine" and "Harper's Young People," to an un-failing supply of varied information and instruction fitted for readers of all ages, add the charm of a refined literary style. The last mentioned publication, being of comparatively recent origin, perhaps requires, and certainly deserves, special notice, as supplying the young with beautifully illustrated reading matter which, while it is sufficiently entertaining, is at the same time, to say the least, not inimical to their highest interests. The following are the new terms for these periodicals: Harper's Magazine, one year, \$4; Harper's Weekly, one year, \$4; Harper's Bazar, one year, \$4; Harper's Young People, one year, \$1.50. The reduced rates for combinations are: Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar, one year, \$10; Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly, one year, \$7; Harper's Magazine and Harper's Bazar, one year, \$7; Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar, one year, \$7. Address, Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

THE NOVEMBER ATLANTIC opens with five chapters of a striking new serial story, "The Portrait of a Lady," by Henry James, Jr. Mr. James is unquestionably one of the foremost of living novelists, and his new story will be followed with eager attention by a multitude of readers. Col. T. W. Higginson writes "A Search for the Pleiades," a charming out-door essay on New Hampshire mountain scenery, birds, and animals. The third paper on the "Intimate Life of a Noble German Family" is no less interesting than previous papers. Miss Phelps discusses the puzzling question "What is a Fact?" Geo. P. Lathrop describes the Concord School of Philosophy in a paper entitled "Philosophy and Apples." Prof. Shaler of Harvard treats "The Future of Weather Forecasting." Rev. S. J. Barrows has a thoroughly interesting article on "The Silk Industry in America." Richard Grant White seems to conclude his excellent English papers with one made up of "Letters and Notes from England." "The Washington Reminiscences," which have been pronounced by competent judges the best series of papers ever written on Washington political and social life, this time relate to the close of the Tyler administration. Miss H. W. Prentiss furnishes a capital translation of "Storms in Autumn" from the Georgics of Virgil. T. B. Aldrich contributes "The Jew's Gift," a striking poem, and there are also poems by E. H. Clement and Anna Head. There is, apropos of "The Stillwater Tragedy," a careful and hearty tribute to "Mr. Aldrich's Fiction;" and many other new books are reviewed in the excellent style for which the "Atlantic's" criticisms are noted. A variety of topics is treated entertainingly in "The Contributors' Club," which closes a remarkably good number of this sterling magazine.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

A DAY OF FATE.

BY REV. R. P. ROR.

BOOK FIRST—CHAPTER I.—AIMLESS STRFS.

"Another month's work will knock Morton into 'pi,'" was a remark that caught my ear as I fumed from the composing-room back to my private office. I had just irately blamed a printer for a blunder of my own and the words I overheard reminded me of the unpleasant truth that I had recently made a great many senseless blunders, over which I chafed in merciless condemnation. For weeks and months my mind had been tense under the strain of increasing work and responsibility. It was my nature to become absorbed in my tasks, and, as night editor of a prominent city journal, I found a limitless field for labour. It was true I could have joggled along under the heavy burden with comparatively little wear and loss, but, impelled by both temperament and ambition, I was trying to maintain a racer's speed. From casual employment as a reporter I had worked my way up to my present position, and the tireless activity and alertness required to win and hold such a place was seemingly degenerating into a nervous restlessness which permitted no repose of mind or rest of body. I worked when other men slept, but, instead of availing myself of the right to sleep when the world was awake, I yielded to an increasing tendency to wakefulness, and read that I might be informed on the endless variety of subjects occupying public attention. The globe was becoming a vast hunting ground, around which my thoughts ranged almost unceasingly that I might capture something new, striking, or original for the benefit of our paper. Each day the quest had grown more eager, and as the hour for going to press approached I would even become feverish in my intense desire to send the paper out with a breezy, newsy aspect, and would be elated if, at the last moment, material was flashed in that would warrant startling head-lines, and correspondingly depressed if the weary old world had a few hours of quiet and peace. To make the paper "go," every faculty I possessed was in the harness.

The aside I had just overheard suggested, at least, one very probable result. In printer's jargon, I would soon be in "pi."

The remark, combined with my stupid blunder, for which I had blamed an innocent man, caused me to pull up and ask myself whither I was hurrying so breathlessly. Saying to my assistant that I did not wish to be disturbed for a half hour, unless it was essential, I went to my little inner room. I wished to take a mental inventory of myself, and see how much was left. Hitherto I had been on the keen run—a condition not favourable to introspection.

Neither my temperament nor the school in which I had been trained inclined me to slow, deliberate processes of reasoning. I looked my own case over as I might that of some brother-editors whose journals were draining them of life, and whose obituaries I shall probably write if I survive them. Reason and Conscience, now that gave them a chance, began to take me to task severely.

"You are a blundering fool," said Reason, "and the man in the composing room is right. You are chafing over petty blunders while ignoring the fact that your whole present life is a blunder, and the adequate reason why your faculties are becoming untrustworthy. Each day you grow more nervously anxious to have everything correct, giving your mind to endless details, and your powers are beginning to snap like the overstrained strings of a violin. At this rate you will soon spend yourself and all there is of you."

Then Conscience, like an irate judge on the bench, arraigned me. "You are a heather, and your paper is your carol Juggernaut. You are ceasing to be a man and becoming merely an editor—no, not even an editor—a newsmonger, one of the world's gossips. You are an Athenian only as you wish to hear and tell some new thing. Long ears are becoming the appropriate symbols of your being. You are too hurried, too eager for temporary success, too taken up with details, to form calm philosophical opinions of the great events of your time, and thus be able to shape men's opinions. You commenced as a reporter, and are a reporter still. You pride yourself that you are not narrow, unconscious of the truth that you are spreading yourself thinly over the mere surface of affairs. You have little comprehension of the deeper forces and motives of humanity."

It is true that I might have pleaded in extenuation of these rather severe judgments that I was somewhat alone in the world, living in bachelor apartments, without the redeeming influences of home and family life. There were none whose love gave them the right or the motive to lay a restraining hand upon me, and my associates in labour were more inclined to applaud my zeal than to curb it. Thus it had been left to the casual remark of a nameless printer and an instance of my own failing powers, to break the spell that ambition and habit were weaving.

Before the half hour elapsed I felt weak and ill. The moment I relaxed the tension and will-power which I had maintained so long, strong reaction set in. Apparently I had about reached the limits of endurance. I felt as if I were growing old and feeble by minutes as one might by years. Taking my hat and coat I passed out, remarking to my assistant that he must do the best he could—that I was ill and would not return. If the Journal had never appeared again I could not then have written a line to save it, or read another proof.

Saturday morning found me feverish, unrefreshed and more painfully conscious than ever that I was becoming little better than the presses on which the paper was printed. Depression inevitably follows weariness and exhaustion, and one could scarcely take a more gloomy view of himself than I did.

"I will escape from this city as if it were Sodom," I muttered, "and a June day in the country will reveal whether I have a soul for anything beyond the wrangle of politics and the world's gossip."

In my despondency I was inclined to be reckless, and after merely writing a brief note to my editorial chief, saying that I had broken down and was going to the country, I started almost at random. After a few hours' riding I wearied of the cars, and left them at a small village whose name I did not care to inquire. The mountains and scenery pleased me, although the day was overcast like my mind and fortunes. Having found a quiet inn and gone through the form of a dinner, I sat down on the porch in dreary apathy.

The afternoon aspect of the village street seemed as dull and devoid of interest as my own life at that hour, and in fancy I saw myself, a broken-down man, lounging away days that would be like eternities, going through my little round like a bit of driftwood, slowly circling in an eddy of the world's great current. With lack-lustre eyes I "looked up to the hills," but no "help" came from them. The air was close, the sky leaden; even the birds would not sing. Why had I come to the country? It had no voices for me, and I resolved to return to the city. But while I waited my eyes grew heavy with the blessed power to sleep—a boon for which I then felt that I would travel to the Ultima Thule. Leaving orders that I should not be disturbed, I went to my room, and Nature took the tired man, as if he were a weary child, into her arms.

At last I imagined that I was at the Academy of Music, and that the orchestra were tuning their instruments for the overture. A louder strain than usual caused me to start up, and I saw through the open window a robin on a maple bough, with its tuneful throat swelled to the utmost. This was the leader of my orchestra, and the whole country was alive with musicians, each one giving out his own notes without any regard for the others, but apparently this score had been written for them all, since the innumerable strains made one divine harmony. From the full-orbed song from the maple by my window, down to the faintest chirp and twitter, there was no discord; while from the fields beyond the village the whistle of the meadow-larks was so mellowed and softened by distance as to incline one to wonder whether their notes were real or mere ideals of sound.

For a long time I was serenely content to listen to the myriad voiced chords without thinking of the past or future. At last I found myself idly querying whether Nature did not so blend all out-of-door sounds as to make them agreeable, when suddenly a cat-bird broke the spell of harmony by its flat, discordant note. Instead of my wonted irritation at anything that jarred upon my nerves, I laughed as I sprang up, saying,

"That cry reminds me that I am in the body and in the same old world. That bird is near akin to the croaking printer."

But my cynicism was now more assumed than real, and I began to wonder at myself. The change of air and scene had seemingly broken a malign influence, and sleep—that for weeks had almost forsaken me—had yielded its deep refreshment for fifteen hours. Besides, I had not sinned against my life so many years as to have destroyed the elasticity of early manhood. When I had lain down to rest I had felt myself to be a weary, broken, aged man. Had I, in my dreams, discovered the Fountain of Youth, and unconsciously bathed in it? In my rebound toward health of mind and body I seemed to have realized what the old Spaniard vainly hoped for.

I dressed in haste, eager to be out in the early June sunshine. There had been a shower in the night, and the air had a fine exhilarating quality, in contrast with the close sultriness of the previous afternoon.

Instead of nibbling at a breakfast while I devoured the morning dailies, I ate a substantial meal, and only thought of papers to bless their absence, and then walked down the village street with the quick glad tread of one whose hope and zest in life have been renewed. Fragrant June roses were opening on every side, and it appeared to me that all the sin of man could not make the world offensive to heaven that morning.

I wished that some of the villagers that I met were more in accord with Nature's mood; but in view of my own shortcomings, and still more because of my fine physical condition, I was disposed toward a large charity. And yet I could not help wondering how some that I saw could walk among their roses and still look so glum and matter-of-fact. I felt as if I could kiss every velvet petal.

"You were unjust," I charged back on Conscience; "this morning proves that I am not an ingrained newsmonger. There is still man enough left within me to revive at Nature's touch," and I exultantly quickened my steps until I had left the village miles away.

Before the morning was half gone I learned how much of my old vigour had ebbed, for I was growing weary early in the day. Therefore I paused before a small gray building, old and weather-stained, that seemed neither a barn, nor a dwelling, nor a school-house. A man was in the act of unlocking the door, and his garb suggested that it might be a Friends' meeting-house. Yielding to an idle curiosity I mounted a stone wall at a point where I was shaded and partially screened by a tree, and watched and waited, beguiling the time with a branch of sweet-brier that hung over my resting place.

Soon strong open wagons and rockaways began to appear, drawn by sleek, plump horses that often, seemingly, were gayer than their drivers. Still there was nothing sour in the aspect, or austere in the garb, of the people. Their quiet appearance took my fancy amazingly, and the peach-like bloom on the cheeks of even well-advanced matrons suggested a serene and quiet life.

"These are the people of all others with whom I would like to worship to-day," I thought; "and I hope that that rotund old lady, whose face beams under the shadow of her deep bonnet like a harvest moon through a fleecy cloud, will feel moved to speak." I plucked a few buds from the sweet-brier bush, fastened them in my button-hole, and promptly followed the old lady into the meeting-house. Having found a vacant pew I sat down, and looked around with serene content. But I soon observed that something was amiss, for the men folk looked at each other and then at me. At last an elderly and substantial Friend, with a face so flushed and round as to suggest a Baldwin apple, arose and

creaked with painful distinctness to where I was innocently infringing on one of their customs.

"If thee will follow me, friend," he said, "I'll give thee a seat with the men folks. Thee's welcome, and thee'll feel more at home to follow our ways."

His cordial grasp of my hand would have disarmed suspicion itself, and I followed him meekly. In my embarrassment and desire to shew that I had no wish to appear forward, I persisted in taking a side seat next to the wall, and quite near the door; for my guide, in order to shew his good-will and to atone for what might seem rudeness, was bent on marshalling me almost up to the high seats that faced the congregation, where sat my rubicund old Friend lady, whose aspect betokened that she had just the Gospel message I needed.

I at once noted that these staid and decorous people looked straight before them in an attitude of quiet expectancy. A few little children turned on me their round, curious eyes, but no one else stared at the blundering stranger, whose modish coat, with a sprig of wild roses in its button-hole, made him rather a conspicuous contrast to the other men folk, and I thought—

"Here certainly is an example of good-breeding which could scarcely be found among other Christians. If one of these Friends should appear in the most fashionable church on the Avenue he would be well stared at, but here even the children are receiving admonitory nudges not to look at me."

I soon felt that it was not the thing to be the only one who was irreverently looking around, and my good-fortune soon supplied ample motive for looking steadily in one direction. The reader may justly think that I should have composed my mind to meditation on my many sins, but I might as well have tried to gather in my hands the reins of all the wild horses of Arabia as to curb and manage my errant thoughts. My only chance was for some one or something to catch and hold them for me. If that old Friend lady would preach I was sure she would do me good. As it was, her face was an antidote to the influences of the world in which I dwelt, but I soon began to dream that I had found a still better remedy, for, at a fortunate angle from my position, there sat a young Quakeress whose side face arrested my attention and held it. By leaning a little against the wall as well as the back of my bench, I also, well content, could look straight before me like the others.

The fair profile was but slightly hidden by a hat that had a perceptible leaning toward the world in its character, but the brow was only made to seem a little lower, and her eyes deepened in their blue by its shadow. My sweet-brier blossoms were not more delicate in their pink shadings than was the bloom on her rounded cheek, and the white, firm chin denoted an absence of weakness and frivolity. The upper lip, from where I sat, seemed one-half of Cupid's bow. I could but barely catch a glimpse of a ripple of hair that, perhaps, had not been smoothed with sufficient pains, and thus seemed in league with the slightly worldly bonnet. In brief, to my kindled fancy, her youth and loveliness appeared the exquisite human embodiment of the June morning, with its alternations of sunshine and shadow, its roses and their fragrance, of its abounding yet untarnished and beautiful life.

No one in the meeting seemed moved save myself, but I felt as if I could become a poet, a painter, and even a lover, under the inspiration of that perfect profile.

CHAPTER II.—A JUNE DAY DREAM.

Moment after moment passed, but we all sat silent and motionless. Through the open windows came a low, sweet monotone of the wind from the shadowing maples, sometimes swelling into a great depth of sound, and again dying to a whisper, and the effect seemed finer than that of the most skillfully-touched organ. Occasionally an irascible humble-bee would dart in, and, after a moment of motionless poise, would dart out again, as if in angry disdain of the quiet people. In its irate hum and sudden dartings I saw my own irritable fuming and nervous activity, and I blessed the Friends and their silent meeting. I blessed the fair June face, that was as far removed from the seething turmoil of my world as the rosebuds under her home-windows.

Surely I had drifted out of the storm into the very haven of rest and peace, and yet one might justly dread lest the beauty which bound my eyes every moment in a stronger fascination should evoke an unrest from which there might be no haven. Young men, however, rarely shrink from such perils, and I was no more prudent than my fellows. Indeed, I was inclining towards the fancy that this June day was the day of destiny with me; and if such a creature were the remedy for my mishapen life it would be bliss to take it.

In our sweet silence, broken only by the voice of the wind, the twitter of birds beguiling, perhaps, with pretty nonsense the hours that would otherwise seem long to their brooding mates on the nests, and the hum of insects, my fancy began to create a future for the fair stranger—a future, rest assured, that did not leave the dreamer a calm and disinterested observer.

"This day," I said mentally, "proves that there is a kindly and superintending Providence, and men are often led, like children in the dark, to just the thing they want. The wisdom of Solomon could not have led me to a place more suited to my taste and need than have my blind, aimless steps; and before me are possibilities which suggest the vista through which Adam might have approached Eve."

My constant contact with men who were keen, self-seeking, and often unscrupulous, inclined me toward cynicism and suspicion. My editorial life made me an Arab in a sense, for if there were occasion, my hand might be against any man, if not every man. I certainly received many merciless blows, and I was learning to return them with increasing zest. My column in the paper was often a tilting-ground, and whether or no I inflicted wounds that amounted to much, I received some that long rankled. A home such as yonder woman might make would be a better solace than newspaper files. Such lips as those might easily draw the poison from

any wound the world could make. Wintry sunlight would be more genial than even June sunlight, if her eyes would reflect it into mine. With such companionship, all the Gradgrinds in existence would prove in vain; life would never lose its ideality, nor the world become a mere combination of things. Her woman's fancy would embroider my man's reason and make it beautiful, while not taking from its strength. Idiot that I was, in imagining that I alone could achieve success! Inevitably I could make but a half success, since the finer and feminine element would be wanting. Do I wish men only to read our paper? Am I a Turk, holding the doctrine that women have no souls, no minds? The shade of my mother forbid! Then how was I, a man, to interpret the world to women? Truly, I had been an owl of the night, and blind to the honest light of truth when I yielded to the counsel of ambition, that I had no time for courtship and marriage. In my stupid haste I would try to grope my way through subjects beyond a man's ken, rather than seek some such guide as yonder maiden, whose intuitions would be unerring when the light of reason failed. In theory, I held the doctrine that there was sex in mind as truly as in the material form. Now I was inclined to act as if my doctrine were true, and to seek to double my power by winning the supplemental strength and grace of a woman's soul.

Indeed, my day-dream was becoming exceedingly thrifty in its character, and I assured ambition that the companionship of such a woman as yonder maiden must be might become the very corner-stone of success.

Time passed, and still no one was "moved." Was my presence the cause of the spiritual paralysis? I think not, for I was becoming conscious of reverent feeling and deeper motives. If the fair face was my Gospel message, it was already leading me beyond the thoughts of success and ambition, of mental power and artistic grace. Her womanly beauty began to awaken my moral nature, and her pure face, that looked as free from guile as any daisy with its eye turned to the sun, led me to ask, "What right have you to approach such a creature? Think of her needs, of her being, first, and not your own. Would you drag her into the turmoil of your world because she would be a solace? Would you disturb the maidenly serenity of that brow with knowledge of evil and misery, the nightly record of which you have collated so long that you are callous? You, whose business it is to look behind the scenes of life, will you disenchant her also? It is your duty to unmask hypocrisy, and to drag hidden evil to light, but will you teach her to suspect and distrust? Should you not yourself become a better, truer, purer man before you look into the clear depths of her blue eyes? Beware, less thoughtlessly or selfishly you sully their limpid truth."

"If she could be God's evangel to me, I might indeed be a better man," I murmured.

"That is ever the way," suggested Conscience; "there is always an 'if' in the path of duty; and you make your change for the better dependent on the remote possibility that yonder maiden will ever look on you as other than a casual stranger that caused a slight disturbance in the wonted placidity of their meeting hour."

(To be continued.)

GOD'S TITHE.

One-tenth of ripened grain,
One-tenth of tree and vine;
One-tenth of all the yield
From ten-tenths' rain and shine.

One-tenth of lowing herds,
That browse on hill and plain;
One-tenth of bleating flocks,
For ten-tenths' shine and rain.

One-tenth of all increase,
From counting-room and mart;
One-tenth that science yields,
One-tenth of every art.

One-tenth of loom and press,
One-tenth of mill and mine;
One-tenth of every craft
Wrought out by gifts of Thine.

One-tenth of glowing words
That golden guineas hold;
One-tenth of written thoughts
That turn to shining gold.

One-tenth! and dost Thou Lord,
But ask this meagre loan,
When all the earth is Thine,
And all we have Thine own?

A QUEER TEST.

"How happens it, Tom, that you never married?" asked Harry Stanhope of his friend, Tom Meredith, as the two sauntered along Broadway one fine spring morning.

"Because I never could find any woman who would have me, I suppose," answered Tom, laughingly.

"No use to tell me that, old fellow," rejoined Harry. "Girls are not so foolish as to decline a good looking man like you, with plenty of money; yet here you are, nearly thirty years old, and no more prospect of settling than you had ten years ago. Now if it were me, why, the case is very different. A doctor just struggling into practice, is scarcely considered eligible by match-making mammas, to say nothing of their worldly-wise daughters, but they are ready and eager to smile upon you, and you might as well make your choice."

"Thank you," answered Tom, still laughing, "when I find a young lady who can come up to my grandmother's standard of domestic virtues, I will invite her to become Mrs. Thomas Meredith."

"And what were your grandmother's peculiar doctrines on the subject?" asked Harry.

"I presume she had more than one," said Tom, "but this she particularly impressed upon my mind: 'Always look at a woman's dish-towels,' she would remark with much solemnity. 'No matter how well she plays the piano or sings, or how many languages she can speak, never marry her unless you see that she uses soft, dry towels; and plenty of them, when she wipes her dishes. Be sure that the girl who uses soiled or wet dish towels does not know enough to be the wife of an honest man.'"

Harry laughed at this definition of house-wisely knowledge, but presently he said in a serious tone:

"There is considerable truth in the old lady's ideas after all, but I don't quite understand how, in these days, you can apply the test. Most young ladies that we know have, perhaps, never seen a dish towel. Now I think of it, I promised to introduce you to my cousins. There are three of them, all bright, pretty girls, though I think it doubtful whether they would fulfil your grandmother's requirements as a wife. Still, you may find them pleasant acquaintances, and if you like we will go there now."

"Agreed," responded Tom, and the two friends soon found themselves in the magnificent parlour of Mrs. Renshaw, Harry's aunt.

The young ladies were all at home, and, as Harry said, were bright, pretty girls. Ida, the eldest, was a tall, queenly brunette, whose magnificent black eyes and abundant raven tresses seemed to compel universal admiration, though she had a powerful rival in Adele, the second daughter, whose delicate blonde beauty shewed to fresh advantage beside her more brilliant sister. The two were acknowledged belles in their own circles, and few who knew them ever failed to give a second glance at their younger sister, little Violet. As shy and shrinking as her floral namesake, she avoided the gay assemblages in which her sisters loved to shine, and passed her time pleasantly and peacefully with her books, her music and flowers.—She was not present when Harry and his friend entered, but when her cousin, with whom she was a great favourite, asked expressly for her, Miss Adele desired the servant to call her. Tom, who was conversing with Ida, did not notice her entrance until accused by Harry's voice saying:

"Mr. Meredith let me introduce you to my cousin, Miss Violet Renshaw."

And, turning quickly, he was surprised at the sight of the tiny creature, so unlike her elder sister. There was nothing magnificent, and little that could be termed strictly beautiful, in the almost childish figure, but there was something indescribably winning in the clear, gray eyes, and the rich, chestnut curls that clustered about the broad, low brow.

Tom had little time for observation, however, as Ida and Adele claimed all his attention, while Harry monopolized Violet in a frank, brotherly way, quite unlike his more formal and ceremonious manner with the elder sisters.

"Well, what do you think of my two cousins?" was Harry's natural question when he and Tom were once more in the street.

"I can only express my admiration by saying that I wish it were possible to divide myself into three separate and distinct individuals, that I might offer each of the fair enslavers a hand and a heart," replied Tom with much solemnity.

"What, without waiting to discover whether their dish-towels are in proper order?" retorted his friend. Tom laughed.

"I have a presentiment that I shall forget my reverend grandmother's advice until too late, when the important event of meeting my fate shall arrive."

"And then remember it for the rest of your life, I suppose," observed Harry; "on the principle of 'marrying in haste and repenting at leisure.' Well, I hope my fair cousins will not be the cause of such a catastrophe; but I must leave you here, as I have a patient in the house." And he hastily ran up the steps.

Left to himself, Tom sauntered slowly on, thinking of the young ladies whom he had just seen. It must be confessed that little Violet occupied but a very small portion of his thoughts—which were filled with Ida and Adele.

"But I doubt if either of them ever saw a dish-towel," was his concluding reflection, as he reached his boarding house.

Weeks passed on. Tom was devoted in his attentions to the Misses Renshaw. Rumour assigned him first to Ida, then to Adele, and waited with impatience for the time when the engagement should be publicly announced.

Meanwhile, almost every day brought some good and sufficient excuse for him to call at Mrs. Renshaw's pleasant house, a new poem, the latest song, an invitation for a drive, or a plan for an excursion. Of Violet he saw less than of the other sisters, although they were very friendly, and he treated her with the same brotherly frankness as did Harry.

One lovely June morning he presented himself at Mrs. Renshaw's at quite an early hour, intending to invite the three sisters to pass the beautiful day in a long country drive. He noticed that there was some delay in answering his ring, which was not usually the case with Mrs. Renshaw's well-trained servants; but at length he heard a light footstep, and in another moment the door was opened by Violet. She had a broom in her hand and a dust-cap covered her bright curls; but she bade him good morning with as much cordiality as usual, and inviting him to enter, adding:

"Please walk into the dining room, for I am sweeping the parlours."

Secretly wondering, Tom obeyed. As he turned the handle of the dining room door, there was a sudden rush, a hasty bang at the door, and a hurried exclamation of "O Violet, how could you?" and he found himself in the presence of fair Adele, although for a moment he scarcely recognized her in the slovenly dressed girl, with dishevelled hair, who stood by the breakfast table dabbling the cups and saucers in some greasy water, and wiping them on a towel, which to say the least, was very far from being spotlessly clean. She coloured and with some confusion, said:

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Meredith. So you have come

to find us all at work this morning. It happens that we have for our three servants a brother and sister. They received this morning the news of their mother's dangerous illness, and mamma at once gave them all permission to go home. We supposed we could get a woman who sometimes does extra work for us, but she was engaged for this day, so we are obliged to do the best we can for ourselves. I assure you," she continued with a little laugh, which Tom had often thought pretty and engaging, but which now sounded false and affected, "that I am by no means accustomed to such work, nor have I any desire to become so."

"Cannot you allow me to assist you?" asked Tom, politely. "I was brought up on a farm, and often washed dishes and made myself generally useful in the kitchen."

"You!" exclaimed Adele, in such an astonishing tone that Tom couldn't forbear laughing.

"Yes, certainly; why not?" asked Tom.

"Oh, I don't know—only I thought—you never did anything," stammered out Adele. Then endeavouring to seem at ease she said: "Yes, if you will help take the teakettle into the kitchen and set it on the stove."

Tom seized the kettle, and throwing open the door leading to the kitchen, was crossing the room towards the stove, when his progress was arrested by the sudden appearance of Ida from the store-room. If Adele looked slovenly and dishevelled, what shall we say of Ida? An old dress, dirty and torn slippers, run down at the heels and burst out at the sides, no collar or ruffle, very little hair, instead of the magnificent tresses he had often admired, and what there was was hanging uncombed about her face, no wonder that Tom stared in blank astonishment.

A heavy frown took the place of the usual smile, as she curtly bade him good morning. Tom muttered an apology for his intrusion, as he deposited his burden on the stove, and turned to retrace his steps just as Violet entered the dining room. She did not see him, but addressing Ida, said:

"Run away now, Ida dear, and dress before callers come for you. I have already sent Adele upstairs, and will finish the dishes, now that I am about done with my sweeping."

"You have been long enough about it, I hope," muttered Ida ungraciously, nevertheless availing herself of her sister's offer with much celerity. "Here are the dish-towels, Violet," extending several greasy, blackened articles to the young girl.

Tom stood meditating an escape; not an easy affair, as the sisters stood directly in his path, but at the word dish-towels, he involuntarily stopped and glanced around.

"No wonder my grandmother cautioned me," was his first thought, as the soiled towel met his sight, and he hastily approved the look of disgust which crossed Violet's face as she laid them aside, and opening a drawer she took from it a splendid supply, soft and clean.

Ida and Adele had both disappeared, and Tom ventured to renew his offer of assistance to Violet, who startled a little, as she for the first time noticed his presence. But she recovered her composure at once, and quietly answered as she deftly filled the dish-pan with clean, hot suds:

"No, thank you, Mr. Meredith. I shall do very well without your assistance. My sisters have not left me much to do. You had better walk into the parlour, and they will soon join you."

"No, indeed," replied Tom. "I will take myself out of the way, with apologies for my untimely intrusion, unless you will really let me be of some service. And believe me," he added, earnestly, with an admiring glance at the neat little figure tripping so lightly about the kitchen, and mentally contrasting her with her two sisters, "you make me happy by allowing me to help you."

"O, very well," said Violet, smiling and blushing a little as she met his gaze. "If you are really in need of employment I'll try and find some for you to do. Suppose you set those dishes on the lower shelf of the closet as I wash them; then I can arrange them after all are done."

Tom obeyed and was rewarded by being allowed to bring a hod of coal from the cellar and doing various other little errands, during which time he was noticing the neatness and despatch with which Violet worked, and was especially observant of the clean, dry dish-towels and the skill with which, when done using them, she washed and scalded and hung them to dry.

He declined the invitation to dinner, given by Mrs. Renshaw when she came in and found him assisting Violet, and made his way directly to Harry's office.

"I have made my choice at last, Harry," he announced, "it is the one who would even suit my grandmother."

"Might I inquire who the fortunate damsel is?" asked Harry, laying down his book; "and how are you sure of your reverend grandmother's approval?"

Tom told his morning's experience, concluding with: "If she will only accept me, I shall be the happiest man alive, and all owing to my dear old grandmother's advice."

QUARREL not rashly with adversities not yet understood, and overlook not the mercies often bound up in them; for we consider not sufficiently the good of evils, nor fairly compute the mercies of Providence in things afflictive at first hand.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

ALL truly consecrated men learn, little by little, that what they are consecrated to is not joy or sorrow, but a divine idea and a profound obedience, which can find their full outward expression, not in joy and not in sorrow, but in the mysterious and inseparable mingling of the two.—*Phillips Brooks.*

NEVER give way to melancholy. One great remedy is to take short views of life. Are you happy now? Are you likely to remain so till this evening, or next week, or next month, or next year? Then why destroy present happiness by distant misery which may never come at all, or you may never live to see it? for every substantial grief has twenty shadows, and most of them shadows of your own making.—*Sidney Smith.*

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

A CLOUD of affliction has hung over the household of Rev. Mr. Waits for weeks past, Mrs. Waits having been prostrated with typhoid fever. Just as she was beginning to recover, their eldest boy, a bright little fellow, has been suddenly taken off by scarlet fever. The family have the warm sympathy of the community in their deep sorrow.—*Stratford Beacon*.

THE ladies of Knox Church held a bazaar at the time of the Union Exhibition, in Paisley. The drenching rains at the time prevented the attendance of people on the grounds; nevertheless \$200 have been handed to Mr. W. W. Hogg, treasurer, as proceeds for the building fund, and goods to the value of nearly \$100 are yet to be sold. Their zeal is commendable. After this manner in the old time, the holy women also who trusted in God adorned themselves, "not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array, but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works."

A VERY cordial reception was given at the Lobo manse on Thursday evening, the 21st ult., to the Rev. Mr. Johnston, the recently inducted minister there, and his bride, on their return from their wedding trip. The turnout of the congregation was large, and the welcome given most cordial. Besides a beautiful wall ornament, the handiwork of one of the members, a splendid buffalo robe was presented by the congregation, with an address, touchingly replied to by Mr. Johnston. The Rev. Messrs. Whimster and Henderson were present, and briefly expressed congratulations and their hearty God-speed to both pastor and people.

ON Tuesday evening, the 19th ult., the Rev. R. C. Moffat, of Free St. John's Church, Walkerton, gave a new lecture upon "Uncle John Vassar," commonly called "The Shepherd's Dog." The peculiar life and work of this singular Christian worker, among cold and formal churches, in gathering in the wanderers, and in the army amidst the horrors of the American civil war, were set forth by the lecturer with great earnestness and power. By his lectures Mr. Moffat is helping not a few churches and associations out of their difficulties in the north, and no doubt this his latest will do further good work this winter. The collection was \$57.

AN exceedingly pleasant evening was spent at the entertainment in the Presbyterian church, Newtonville, on the 22nd ult. The affair was under the auspices of the Newtonville and Kendall Sabbath schools. Considering the disagreeable weather there was a large attendance of scholars belonging to both schools, and in addition the choirs of both churches were present. The programme submitted was mainly by the scholars of the two schools, and a most creditable affair it was. The rendition of the pieces was very good, and the selections faultless. The two choirs rendered excellent service, and an address and two pieces of music from Mr. Thos. Yellowlees, of Bowmanville, completed the programme. Rev. A. Leslie, the pastor, presided.

THE induction of the Rev. J. Carswell into the pastoral charge of Arkona and Adelaide took place on Tuesday, the 19th inst. The Rev. J. B. Duncan preached and presided on the occasion, the Rev. Geo. Cuthbertson addressed the pastor, and the Rev. A. Henderson the people. Arkona is a young congregation; it has only been in existence about two years, and has never had a pastor before. West Adelaide is an old congregation, but has been a long time without a minister, and has—as is usual in such cases—suffered by the protracted vacancy. Both are situated in a very fine district, and, under the labours of an experienced pastor, will, it may be confidently expected, become a very fine charge. They both made a good beginning by paying a half-year's stipend in advance.

THE anniversary services of the Presbyterian church, Orono, on the 17th and 18th inst., were well attended. Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Toronto, preached to large and attentive audiences on Sabbath morning and evening. His hearers were very highly pleased with his sermon on both occasions. On Monday tea was served in the town hall to a very large number of people, many being present from surrounding villages and some from Bowmanville. The public meeting after the tea was as interesting as such meetings usually are. The speakers were Rev. Messrs. Drummond, Cameron, Leslie, Atkinson, and Mr. Thos. Yellowlees. The latter gentleman favoured the audience with two very

appropriate Scotch songs by special request. The pastor, Rev. A. Fraser, presided and introduced the speakers.

THE annual social of the Presbyterian church, Bolsover, came off on Wednesday evening, the 13th inst., in the school-house, and proved a decided success. Over 250 persons sat down to a sumptuous repast which was got up by the ladies of the congregation. After full justice had been done to the good things provided, an adjournment took place to the church, where addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Paul of Bolsover, Gunn of Eldon, and Windom of Manvers. The Gamebridge choir assisted on the occasion, Mrs. McFadyen presiding at the organ. On the following evening Rev. Mr. Paul was waited upon by some of the members, at his residence, and presented with a purse of \$75, the proceeds of the preceding day. Mr. Paul made a suitable acknowledgment for the valuable and thoughtful present.

THE juvenile concert in St. Andrew's church, Kippen, on the 19th ult., in aid of the Sabbath school library was quite a success, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the roads and weather. The children, under the leadership of Mr. Blair, with Miss Hunt presiding at the organ, rendered several pieces very nicely, though they had only a few weeks practice. The music was interspersed by short addresses by Rev. Messrs. Smith and McCoy, and Messrs. McMurdie and Miller. After the programme had been faithfully gone through, six girls, in the name of the children and their parents, presented Mr. Blair with a beautiful writing desk, an elegant gold pen, and an album, in token of a sense of his self-denying efforts on their behalf. Mr. Blair was altogether taken by surprise, but made a neat reply, thanking the donors for their beautiful gifts. The meeting was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem and pronouncing the benediction.

ON the 17th ult., the new Presbyterian church at Lieury, in the township of McGillivray (D. McEachern, pastor), was opened for divine service; the Rev. J. Thomson, Sarnia, preaching in the morning and afternoon, the Rev. A. Glendenning, Grand Bend, in the evening. All the services were largely attended and highly appreciated. The edifice is a very neat one; tasteful in design and the work well executed. It is seated for 250; pews very comfortable, made of ash and cherry, finished in oil and varnish; stained glass windows and wall veneered with brick. On Monday evening a very successful tea meeting was held, Mr. Thomson delivering a lecture entitled "Life and its Lessons," which was replete with practical instruction. After which Rev. Mr. Rennie and Mr. W. Fraser, musical leader of the congregation, gave brief but very happy addresses. The congregation deserves much praise, for not merely is the church opened free of debt, but a small balance is actually in hand, with which they proceed at once to build a lecture room.

THE new Presbyterian church (Rev. J. Monroe's) at South Gloucester, Presbytery of Ottawa, was opened on Sabbath, 17th ult., by Rev. Principal McVicar, Montreal, who preached morning and evening to crowded congregations. In the course of his morning sermon, which was founded on Psalm cxlii. 6, "They shall prosper that love Thee," he drew attention to the fact that "church" in the New Testament has a variety of meanings. (1) a company in a house; (2) a congregation; (3) Christians in a large city or province, e.g., Jerusalem; (4) the visible Church on earth; (5) the whole company of the redeemed in all ages, whose names are written in heaven. The evening sermon was from Gen. xxiii. 1-2. The pastor and congregation were delighted to have with them the former pastor of Gloucester, Rev. W. Lohead, now a venerable patriarch over eighty years of age. Rev. H. J. McDiarmid, East Gloucester, and Rev. J. F. McLaren, Presbyterian College, Montreal, were also present. The new church, which is of brick, commodious and neatly fitted up, may be said to be unencumbered by debt, the whole amount having been provided for.

A SUM of money was given to the Rev. Geo. Burnfield, pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, by Mr. John M. Gill, in order that he might visit the Pan-Presbyterian Council, lately held at Philadelphia. Mr. Burnfield gave an interesting address last Sabbath evening, to a large congregation, on the Council. He spoke of the causes that led to the existence of the Council. Two facts had been impressed on the speaker's mind by the missionaries' state-

ments, viz., that the Gospel was suitable for all races, and that it was a mighty power yet, as it had been in apostolic days. He then reviewed some of the papers read at the Council. First the papers on the "Atonement," by Drs. Cairns and Hodge were brought before the people, and the position held by these divines shewn to be entirely scriptural, and that held by the Reformed Churches. Second, The subject of "Inspiration" was examined. The position taken by Dr. Watts, of Belfast, and others, was pointed out, and the arguments by which they defended their views of verbal inspiration were stated. The subjects of "Missions" and "Sabbath Schools" were spoken of. Many facts of great interest in connection with these departments of Church work were mentioned. The benefits obtained by the Council were referred to. Among these were named, (1) that true unity of all the branches of the Church of Christ consisted in oneness of doctrine, spirit, and life, and not in external uniformity; (2) that there is a true unity in all the branches of the Presbyterian Church along with external diversity; (3) that the weakest Presbyterian congregation is not isolated, it is a living member of a great living Body; (4) that the Council tends to stimulate the zeal of the Churches at home by definite knowledge of the great work to be done in the world. The speaker closed by an appeal to self-consecration and effort for Christ.

PRESBYTERY OF WHITBY.—This Presbytery met at Whitby on the 19th Oct. There was a good attendance of members. According to the instructions of the last General Assembly the name of Mr. A. Kennedy was retained on the roll with all his judicial functions. An elaborate report on the Presbytery's statistics for the year 1879-80 was read by Mr. Crozier, and an abstract statement was ordered to be printed and sent to every family within the bounds of the Presbytery. It was agreed that a missionary meeting be held in each congregation during the winter, the pastor and session to make the necessary arrangements for it and report to the meeting in April. The subject of Presbyterial visitation was brought before the Presbytery, on notice of motion given at last meeting, when the finding of the Presbytery, two years ago, was reaffirmed by an all but unanimous vote, viz.: that the Presbytery by deputation or otherwise, visit those congregations that request visitation and those where it is known visitation is needed. The circular on Sabbath school work from the General Assembly's Committee was handed over to the Presbytery's Committee on Sabbath school work, with instructions to deal with it according to the best of their knowledge. The following members were appointed to take charge of the schemes of the Church. Mr. Drummond, Home Missions; Mr. Eastman, Foreign Missions; Mr. Little, the Colleges; Mr. Carmichael, French Evangelization; Mr. Crozier, the Aged and Infirm Ministers; Mr. Leslie, the Widows and Orphans; and Mr. Abraham, the Assembly Fund. A very interesting conference on the state of religion was held in the evening, in the presence of a goodly number of the congregation of St. Andrew's. Messrs. Drummond, Eastman and Leslie introduced the topics that were discussed—viz., The Duties of Parents to the Young; Revivals; The Promise of God and the Duty of the Church—and were followed by other members of Presbytery in short and pointed addresses. At the close, the Presbytery expressed its satisfaction with the exercises, and hoped that by the blessing of God, the meeting would be promotive of much good. The Presbytery adjourned to meet in Oshawa on the third Tuesday of January next at eleven o'clock a.m.—A. A. DRUMMOND, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF SAUGEEN.—The Presbytery of Saugeen met in St. Andrew's church, Mount Forest, on Oct. 21st. In the absence of the Moderator, Mr. Macmillan was appointed Moderator *pro tem*. Mr. C. Cameron accepted the call from Chalmers' Church, Kincardine, and the Presbytery agreed to his translation. Mr. Aull having accepted the call to Palmerston, and the Presbytery of Paris having agreed to the translation, his induction was arranged to take place on the 10th of November. The following minute was read and Mr. D. Stewart's translation: "The Presbytery, in parting with the Rev. D. Stewart, desire to place on record their high esteem of him as a faithful and zealous pastor; his kindly bearing and genial manner were such as to make his co-Presbyters feel that they had in him a true friend and a kind brother. Regular in his attendance at the meetings of Presby-

tery, he took an active part in any business that came before it, and of the value of his counsel as a member of Presbytery his brethren were sensible—always ready to undertake any duty assigned to him by the Presbytery and to fulfil it faithfully and promptly. The Presbytery follow Mr. Stewart and his family with their best wishes, and pray that the Lord may bless them abundantly in their new sphere of labour. The Presbytery express sympathy with the Arthur congregation in their present vacancy, praying that the Great Head of the Church will soon send them a pastor after His own heart." Mr. Fraser, on behalf of the committee appointed to visit Durham with a view, if possible, to effect a re-union of parties there, gave in a report to the effect that according to appointment they had met with the congregation and petitioners, and that "those present representing the congregation, almost without exception, expressed themselves as in favour of removing the organ with a view of effecting peace and re-union;" and that "a number of those present representing the petitioners expressed their willingness to fall in with this proposal." Parties representing the petitioners and congregation were heard. After lengthened reasoning, it was moved by Mr. Nicol, and seconded by Mr. Chas. Cameron, "That the prayer of the petitioners for a separate church organization at Durham be granted." It was moved in amendment by Mr. Fraser, and seconded by Mr. Campbell, "Whereas the Presbytery have failed to find a basis of reconciliation between parties in Durham; whereas a new congregation could only prosper in Durham by the ruin of the present one, and whereas the introduction of the organ is the grievance alleged in the petition, that the Presbytery decline to grant the prayer of the petitioners, enjoin the congregation to discontinue the use of the organ in the service of praise with the view of securing the return of the petitioners to the membership of the congregation; and if the removal of the organ produces the desired effect within twelve months, that the organ revert to the original donors, but if at the end of a year from date no reconciliation is effected the congregation be at liberty to resume the use of the instrument with leave of Presbytery without a new vote." The motion was carried by the casting vote of the Moderator, *pro tem* Messrs. Fraser, Campbell, Young and Straith, ministers, and Mr. Scott, elder, dissented from the finding of the Presbytery. Mr. Park and Mr. Weir protested and appealed to the Synod of Toronto and Kingston with reasons to be given in due time. Messrs. Nicol, Crow, and Macmillan were appointed to answer reasons of protest and appeal. - S. YOUNG, *Pres. Clerk*.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XLVI.

Nov. 14. } JOSEPH THE WISE RULER. { Gen. xli. 1880. } 41-57.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings."—Prov. xlii. 29.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Gen. xl. 1-23. Joseph in Prison.
- Tu. Gen. xli. 1-24. Pharaoh's Dreams.
- W. Gen. xli. 25-40. Joseph's Interpretation.
- Th. Gen. xli. 41-57. Joseph the Wise Ruler.
- F. Prov. xxii. 16-29. A Man Diligent in Business.
- S. Ps. cv. 8-22. God's Providence over Joseph.
- Sab. Prov. xvi. 17-33. Ruling his Spirit.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Our last lesson left Joseph in prison; our present one finds him not only restored to freedom but exalted to the highest position, short of the throne, in the land of Egypt.

The steps which led to this wonderful change can be recalled in few words.

Joseph, having interpreted the chief butler's dream to mean that he should be restored to his office, requested him to make it known to Pharaoh that an innocent man was detained in jail on a false charge. The chief butler, however, ungratefully forgot Joseph, and probably would never have recalled him to mind, but "at the end of two full years" his memory was prompted by a fresh and urgent need for Joseph's services as an interpreter of dreams, he related his prison experiences to his master, who was now as much perplexed by inexplicable visions of the night as he himself had at one time been, and the long-forgotten Hebrew youth was hastily released and brought before the king.

Pharaoh had dreamed of seeing seven fat cows eaten up by seven lean ones, and seven full ears of corn (grain, probably wheat) devoured by seven ears that were "withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind."

Joseph, divinely inspired, interpreted these dreams as announcing the approach of seven years of great agricultural productiveness, to be followed by an equal period of failure in crops.

Along with this interpretation Joseph furnished advice by

following which the impending national calamity could be averted; and Pharaoh, perceiving at once the vital importance of the information and the soundness of the advice, raised Joseph to the second place in the kingdom, and gave him all the authority necessary to enable him to carry out his own scheme.

The following are the lesson topics. (1) *Joseph made Ruler*, (2) *The Seven Plenteous Years*, (3) *The Seven Years of Dearth*.

I. JOSEPH MADE RULER, vers. 41-46.—Under this head attention may be directed to such points as the following: (1) Sudden Elevation, (2) Absolute Authority, (3) Diligence in Business.

1. *Sudden Elevation.*—The unexpected advent of outward prosperity is sometimes as injurious to people as that of misfortune. The former makes them "lose their heads" much more frequently than the latter does. But we do not find Joseph "greatly moved" by the sudden change from a prison to a palace. And this indicates neither apathy nor extraordinary strength of mind, but that admirable balance of the faculties and feelings which result from the affections being turned to God as their supreme object. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee" (Isaiah xxvi. 3).

I have set thee ruler over all the land of Egypt. Compare Mordecai's elevation in Persia, and that of Daniel in Babylon.

Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand. This ring was the signet ring, which is the symbol of authority in Eastern governments. See Esther iii. 10, 12; Dan. vi. 7.

Vestures of fine linen—Correctly translated; not silk as in the margin of some Bibles. Egypt was celebrated for the finer products of flax. See Isaiah xix. 9; Ezekiel xxvii. 7.

2. *Absolute Authority.* Without thee shall no man lift up his hand or foot. This was a phrase employed to denote the unlimited control claimed by despotic rulers. The word translated bow the knee is by some linguists regarded as Egyptian, and they have been unsuccessfully searching for its meaning; but seeing that there is such a word in Hebrew, and that it means "bow the knee," why may we not suppose that Moses translated the Egyptian proclamation?

3. *Diligent in Business.* "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might" (Eccles. ix. 10) seems to have been Joseph's motto through life. As a slave in Potiphar's house, as turnkey in the prison, he was always diligent; and now, clothed in fine linen with a royal ring on his finger and a gold chain about his neck, with a nation at his bidding, and connected by marriage with one of the noblest families in the land, he seems to have entertained no thought of sitting down at his ease to enjoy the luxuries of his position; he was still "diligent in business," and without loss of time went throughout all the land of Egypt to build granaries, and establish agencies in preparation for the carrying out of his benevolent plan.

II. THE SEVEN PLENTHOUS YEARS.—Vers. 47-52. Under this head also we find three prominent topics: (1) Good Crops, (2) A Benevolent Monopolist, (3) Manasseh and Ephraim.

1. *Good Crops.* The country with which we have to do is Lower Egypt, the capital of which was On, called afterwards by the Greeks Heliothis (city of the sun). Watered by the Nile, which annually overflows its banks and floods the whole plain, leaving a sediment which serves all the purposes of manure, it was in ancient times (and still is where properly worked) an exceedingly fertile country. But during the seven plenteous years referred to in our lesson there was an unusual product even for the fertile valley of the Nile. It came not in single stalks, but by handfuls.

2. *A Benevolent Monopolist.* Besides the "fifth part" which was due to the Government, Joseph seems to have bought up and stored all the surplus grain of the country. He bought, but he refused to sell—he would not sell at any price until the famine came. This course undoubtedly kept up the price of grain, and some of the consumers would perhaps grumble, and call Joseph a monopolist; but those who believed that the famine would assuredly come would no doubt approve of his course. It was not in order to enrich himself or even to enrich the Egyptian Government that he bought up the grain and refused to sell it. Even self-interested monopolists, quite unintentionally on their part, serve a beneficial purpose in helping to equalize the distribution of food supplies, so that the abundance of one season, to some extent at least, makes up for the deficit of another. Joseph, however, was disinterested in the matter; his object was "to save much people alive;" in doing so he was the means of saving, among others, his father's family, the seed of the Church.

3. *Manasseh and Ephraim.* The name Manasseh means *causing to forget*. Joseph was happy in his domestic relations—so much so that he forgot all his toil and all his father's house, that is, all the persecutions he had suffered there. Ephraim means *doubly fruitful*. These two sons of Joseph afterwards took each his place among the patriarchs of Israel on a level with Jacob's sons, for their grandfather adopted them.

III. THE SEVEN YEARS OF DEARTH.—The following topics come under this head: (1) A Widespread Famine, (2) "Corn in Egypt," (3) Go unto Joseph.

1. *A Widespread Famine.* This famine, no doubt, had its secondary causes, and it is quite possible that those could be found among the mountains of equatorial Africa or in Lake Nyanza; God can place his finger, so to speak, on nature's processes at any point, and thus change or modify the result.

The dearth was in all lands—that is in all lands with which Egypt had communication, such as Syria, Arabia, and Ethiopia.

2. *"Corn in Egypt."* Joseph's full granaries were now opened, and their contents dealt out to purchasers. When the people had expended all their money, food was still supplied to them in exchange for their cattle, and ultimately for their land and their personal service.

3. *"Go unto Joseph."* Moses thus translated the words used by Pharaoh in replying to the famine-stricken people who cried to him for bread; but it is not unreasonable to suppose that Pharaoh told them to go to Zaphnath-paaneah, for that was the name that he gave him. It means according to various authorities, "Saviour of the world," "sustainer of life," "food of the living," "bread of life." With any of these significations it seems prophetic of Him whom Joseph in so many ways typified.

NOTES ON THE SYLLABUS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN S. S. TEACHER'S COURSE OF STUDY—1880.

LESSON VI.

I. THE NUMBERS THAT WERE LED OUT OF EGYPT.

- (1) Six hundred thousand footmen capable of bearing arms.—Exod. xii. 37; Num. i. 45-46; xi. 21.
- (2) The ordinary way of estimating would give the same number of males under age, also the same number of females as both added together.
- (3) Twenty-three thousand Levites not numbered (Num. i. 47; xxvi. 62). Also a mixed multitude of Egyptian vagrants, convicts, and foreign captives, glad to get out of the house of slaves, giving in definite numbers the host of the exodus, two millions, four hundred and twenty-three thousand, well organized. "The 'I am' had burst their bonds."—Exod. xii. 51; xiii. 18.

II. THE TIME OF THE EXODUS.

(Read Exod. xii. 40-41.)

Taking an agreed point of departure we have:

Gen. xi. 27.—Birth of Abraham.....	2,211, B.C.
" xvii. 24.—Age of Abraham when Isaac is born.....	100
	2,111, B.C.
" xxv. 20, 34.—Age of Isaac when Jacob is born.....	60
	2,051, B.C.
" xvii. 9.—Age of Jacob when he went into Egypt.....	130
	1,921, B.C.
Exod. xii. 40-41.—Time of the sojourn...	430

Date of the departure.. 1,491, B.C.

Another way of reaching the same result: Solomon's temple was built four hundred and eighty years after the exodus from Egypt.—1 Kings vi. 1.

The temple was built.....	1,011, B.C.
Add the above fact.....	480

1,491

They took with them: Flocks of sheep and cattle, household goods, gold and silver, kneading troughs, the embalmed body of Joseph, preserved in the family of Ephraim.—Gen. l. 25; Exod. xiii. 19.

III.—GOD IS THE LEADER BY MOSES AND AARON.

(Ps. lxxvii. 15-20; Isa. lxiii. 11.)

(1) The journey to the Red Sea. The road along which they journeyed was not the direct but the circuitous route; and to human judgment the worst possible way.

Three Reasons Given for its Choice.

- (a) Israel was unprepared for war with the Philistines.—Exod. xiii. 17.
- (b) To lure Pharaoh to pursuit and overthrow.—Exod. xiv. 27.
- (c) To prove the faith of Moses as a leader. He knew the direct route, having travelled it twice, but in calm and courageous faith he followed the Lord.
- (2) It gave a signal lesson in faith and true progress, educating the emancipated and well ordered host.—Exod. xiv. 26-31.
- (3) God shows how He can adapt the same agencies to the comfort and guidance of His people and the confusion and overthrow of His enemies.—Exod. xiv. 19-21.
- (4) The wisdom of Divine guidance celebrated in the song. The key note of the song, "My Father's God."—Exod. xv. 1-2.
- (5) The wilderness of Shur.—Exod. xv. 22.

(a) A tract of elevated desert which separates Egypt from Palestine, involving three days' journey without coming to water, the water reached was bitter, "marah" (Exod. xv. 23). Bitter water, reached in a bitter spirit.

(b) The triumphs of the sea are soon succeeded by the trials of the desert. The minstrels soon become murmurers. "It is the hard condition of authority that when the multitude fare well, they applaud themselves; when ill they reprove against their governors."

(c) The meekness of Moses exemplified. "He cried unto the Lord."

(d) God reveals His healing ministries of life to the devout spirit.—2 Kings ii. 21; iv. 41; Rev. xxii. 2.

This miraculous healing of the water is to be an ordinance and a memorial statute. By it their faith in God increased, and their trust in Him to heal and help deepened. The pathways of the sweetening ministries of life are obedience.—Exod. xv. 20.

(6) The journey to Elim. The place of trees and water.—Ps. xxiii. 2.

(7) Between Elim and Sinai lies the desert of Sin.—Num. xxxiii. 6.

(a) Their bread is exhausted. Famine seemed inevitable, and death certain.

(b) The confident faith and calm courage of Moses. "Bread from heaven.".....Exod. xvi. 4.

Regulations regarding the Manna.... xvi. 32-36. Given six days every week for a period of forty years, and on the sixth day a double portion.—Deut. viii. 3. Read Jno. vi. 31-58.

JOHN McEWAN.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BE IN TIME.

Be in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all—
Be in time.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust in you—
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start;
Set out with a willing heart—
Be in time.
In the morning up and on,
First to work and soonest done—
This is how the goal's attained.
This is how the prize is gained—
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late—
Be in time.
Life with all is but a school;
We must work by plan and rule
With some noble end in view,
Ever steady, earnest, true—
Be in time.

Listen then to wisdom's call;
Knowledge now is free to all—
Be in time.
Youth must daily toil and strive;
Treasure for the future live;
For the work they have to do;
Keep this motto still in view—
Be in time.

THE STOLEN MELON.

IT was vacation, and Eben and Robert had gone to the city with their father. During their absence the boys proposed a picnic to Clark's Point, in honour of two old associates, on a vacation visit home. I was the youngest, and perhaps a little proud of my invitation. My mother prepared me cake and sandwich for the occasion. As I was down in the garden I noticed Eben's large water-melon, now fully ripe. It had been the object of his special care. "O, if I only had that melon," thought I; "none of the boys will have a melon to carry." This I wished not only once, twice, three times, but many times, until I could not help thinking of it.

"What's on your mind?" asked Bill Parsons, as we walked up street together.

"Something," I replied.

"Tell me; I won't tell," he said, coaxingly; and I told him how I wanted Eben's melon for the picnic.

"Capital!" cried Bill, who was fond of melons; "let's have it."

"Why, mother won't give it to me, because it's not hers to give, and Eben hasn't come home," I said.

"O, never mind that; you know what the college boys tell of their spree—how they rob hen-roosts, orchards, and nobody knows what. It's all in joke, you know. Now let's have Eben's melon."

We talked until it did not seem so bad a joke, after all. I went home. That night, or never. Away from Bill Parsons, I was the victim of doubts and hesitation. I went down into the garden, but was afraid to touch the melon. It grew darker; "Bill says it would be so capital; and after all, it's only a joke." I rushed forward, seized and snapped it from the stem. The deed was done, and I hid it in the barn. The next morning I rose very early. After breakfast my mother tied up my catables in a nice white bag, kissed, and bade me be a good boy. I ran out the front door, and then stole round to the barn. I tried to

shove it into the bag; it was loath to go in, but at last I shouldered the bag and was off.

The melon was heavy on my back, but a heavier load was on my conscience. Tugging to the place of rendezvous, before half way there, in a little cross street, I sat down on a log, hot and unhappy. "I can't carry this poor melon any longer," I said, opening the bag. After a moment's thought I pulled it out, tossed it over a fence, and scampered off. The day wore away wearily enough. Bill Parsons called me a coward when he saw no melon, and his ugly words rankled in my heart all day.

What surprise and sorrow attended the discovery of the theft. "My beautiful melon stolen!" cried Eben when they told him of it.

"That you took so much pains to ripen," echoed Robert.

"I am sorry for you, my son," said father, feelingly.

"You shall soon have another, Eben," said mother, cheerily.

"But I did nurse that so carefully, mother."

Poor Eben! Did not I feel miserable? Where was the happy independence of conscious integrity? I cringed before them all; my appetite and spirits forsook me. Everything I saw seemed to reflect but one dreadful image—that I was a thief. I bore it until I could bear it no longer. It was Saturday afternoon; and turning away from play I went to my father's counting-room.

"Father, are you alone?" I asked, the door being ajar.

"Yes, my son, walk in. I am happy to see you;" and he put aside his book.

I went in and shut the door firmly behind me. "Father," I said, with desperate courage, "it was I who stole Eben's melon; I stole it one evening." I fell on my knees before him, and hid my face, but I could not cry. He laid his hand on my head.

"Did you forget that God saw you?"

The sorrowful earnestness of his tone pierced my inmost soul. I then told him all. "Father, what shall I do? Can you forgive me? Shall I ever be happy again?" I sobbed out.

"My son," he at length said, slowly and sorrowfully, "you have broken God's law; you have wronged a dear brother, and violated the confidence of your family"—I wished he had whipped me, or sternly sent me off, for his sad tone hurt me a great deal more—"but I thank God, my son, that you have confessed your sins; it shows you are penitent; you can be forgiven and restored, my child." My pent-up feeling found relief in tears, and I wept bitterly. "Tell mother; tell Eben." He took me up on his knees, great boy as I was; but I dared not look him in the face. "They must know all this painful story, Ralph," he said. O, yes; I wanted nothing hid any longer. "Will you go and tell them?" I asked, for I longed to have the great wall of partition broken down between us. I felt that my sin had separated me from them.

I sat down on an old trunk of papers until he came back. It was an hour before he re-appeared, and it seemed ages; he told me the result of his sad consultation with my mother, in all the requirements of which I humbly and heartily acquiesced. I staid with him

until he went home to supper, when I went to my father's chamber. After supper my father called me to the sitting-room. It was time for evening devotion, and mother, sister and brothers were all in their accustomed places. Near my father was an empty chair, in which he motioned me to sit. One hasty glance at my mother; she looked paler than ever. "I have something now to say," began he, with unaffected seriousness; and he rehearsed my sad story. In striking language did he shew the guilt and danger of disguising sin under any harmless or innocent names. "Sin is no joke," he said impressively; "and a prophet of God, in stern and strong language, has denounced a woe against them who call evil good, and put light for darkness"—every eye was fixed on me—"and now I hope Ralph is penitent; he feels he can never be happy until forgiven. Eben, do you forgive your brother?" Eben would have flown to me, but my father motioned him back; but Eben from his heart forgave me.

"Now we must carry the matter before God," said he, with increasing solemnity; and the family knelt in prayer. He placed his hand upon my head, and how earnestly did he pray for me! How he sought that I might be cleansed from all sin by the blood of Christ, and made strong in His might. How did he plead for us all, that we might so live on earth as to become a united family in heaven. Did I not realize that sin must be no light thing, though committed in darkness and alone, which could bring such terror and wretchedness to myself, such sorrow to a parent's heart, and which required the blood of Jesus to wash away? I had known the peace of well-doing; had I not also tasted the bitter fruit of wrong-doing?

SOMETHING ABOUT DAISY.

DAISY wanted her slate. It was in the upper hall, which was very dark, and she was afraid to get it. She hesitated for a moment and then ran and brought it. "Mamma, while I was going up-stairs I said:

'I will not fear for God is near,
In the dark night, as in the light,'

and so I was not afraid."

One night Daisy prayed that the snow might all go away, so brother Harry could try his new skates. That night the greatest snow-storm of the season came. When Daisy arose in the morning and looked out of the window, she exclaimed, "Mamma, I think God did not understand my prayer!"

"I had such a hard time while you were gone, mamma," she said one day. "I was singing out of the hymn-book and Harry tried to sing bass, and Fred wanted to sing too, and it did not sound well, so I went into the sewing-room and shut the door, and Fred and I prayed."

"What did Fred pray about?" asked mamma, for the little fellow was only three years old.

"He said: 'God bless,' and I prayed that he and Harry might both be good boys and not trouble me."

JUST as soon as a boy likes any place better than home, he is on the way to perdition.

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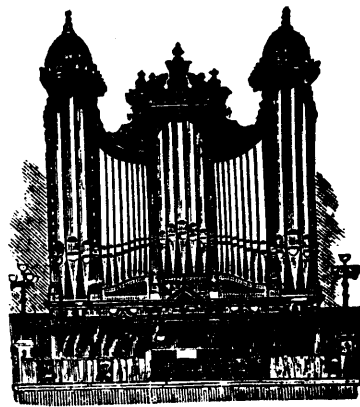
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TORONTO.—In the usual place on the first Tuesday of November, at eleven a.m. OWEN SOUND.—At Owen Sound, in Division street Church, on 16th November, at half-past ten p.m. PETERBORO'.—Regular meeting in St. Paul's Church, Peterboro', on the second Tuesday of January, at two p.m. HURON.—In Clinton, on the second Tuesday of November, at ten a.m. BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, 30th November, at eleven a.m. KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, on Tuesday, 21st December, at ten a.m. MAITLAND.—At Lucknow, on the third Tuesday of December, at two p.m. LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on Tuesday, 30th November, at eleven a.m. GUELPH.—In First Presbyterian Church Guelph, on the third Tuesday of November, at ten a.m. MANITOBA.—In Winnipeg, on the second Wednesday of December, at ten a.m. BRUCE.—At Tecumseh, on the 21st December, at two p.m. SAUGHEN.—In Palmerston, on Wednesday, 10th November, at two p.m.

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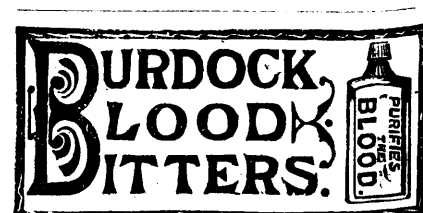
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