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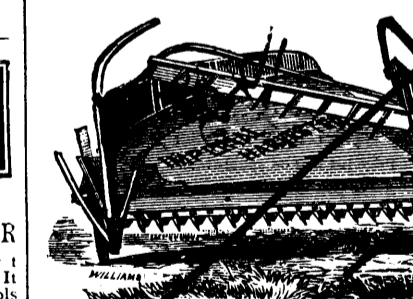
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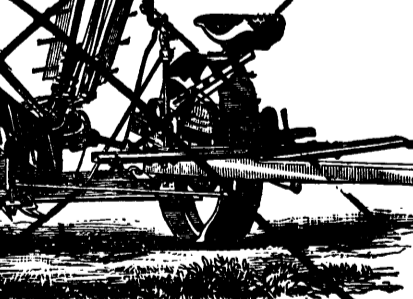
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PLAIN COOKIES.—One cup of butter, two of sugar, one-half cup of warm water with half teaspoonful soda well dissolved. A little lemon or vanilla. Flour enough to roll very thin. Bake in hot oven and sift sugar over them as you cut them out.

CLEANING FLAT IRONS.—Salt will make your rusty flat irons as clean as glass. Tie a lump of beeswax in a rag kept for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, and then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

TREATMENT OF BURNS.—Dr. Shady, of New York, recommends that burns be treated by applying a paste composed of three ounces of gum arabic, one ounce of gum tragacanth, one pint of carbolic water (one part to sixty), and two ounces of molasses. The paste is to be applied with a brush, renewed at intervals, and it is stated to be a successful method. Four applications are usually sufficient, the granulating surfaces being treated with simple cerate or the oxide of zinc ointment as indicated.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.—Take six thin slices of bread and butter, place them in a pint pie-dish well greased inside with a piece of clarified dripping, then take two ounces of well-washed currants, and an ounce of candied peel chopped up fine, and sprinkle between each slice of bread and butter, then beat up two eggs and add a tablespoonful of moist sugar and a pint of milk; stir well together, and pour over the bread and butter in the pie-dish; grate half a teaspoonful of nutmeg over the top, and let the pudding soak half an hour before baking. The time required for baking would be about half an hour.

VENTILATE YOUR CLOSETS.—Soiled undergarments or the wash-clothes should not be put into a closet, ventilated or not ventilated. They should be placed in a large bag made for the purpose, or a roomy basket, and then put in a well-aired room at some distance from the family. Having thus excluded one of the fertile sources of bad odours in closets, the next point is to see that the closets are properly ventilated. It matters not how clean the clothing in the closet may be; if there is no ventilation that clothing will not be what it should be. Any garments after being worn for a while will absorb more or less of the exhalations which arise from the body, and thus contain an amount of foreign—it may be hurtful—matter, which free circulation of pure air can soon remove.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—Put some of the best whiting in a plate; have some clean, warm water close by; dip a piece of clean white flannel in the water, and squeeze as dry as you can. Then dip the wet flannel in the whiting, and take up as much as will adhere to it. Apply to the paint to be cleaned, and a very little rubbing will remove dirt or grease. Then wash as far as has been cleaned in clean water, rub dry with soft chamois, and proceed in the same way till all is cleaned that is needed. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first put on. The most delicate are not injured by it, and it does not take more than half the time or labour usually spent. The whiting used will not cost more than the soap a girl uses who cleans the paint in the ordinary way.

"MAMMA," said Alice, "did you ever hear of a pie? Cousin Kate makes it in this way: Instead of filling her crust with apple or other fruit, she fills it with pieces of old white linen, and bakes. Meanwhile on the range she prepares the fruit, if it is desirable to cook it. And, when the crust is baked, she slips it on a plate, lifts off the upper crust, takes out the rags, and fills their place with the juicy fruit, which couldn't possibly be baked in the pie without losing the looks, as well as the taste, of the pie. At dinner every one who does not understand the trick wonders how so juicy a pie was so perfectly baked. And no one can imagine how the upper crust was baked so rich and brown without being stained with juice, and the under-crust so crisp without being soaked as heavy. To the uninitiated it is no doubt a great marvel as the apple inside the dumpling was to the bewildered king, who asked, 'amazed 'How got the apple in?'"

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE British and Foreign Bible Society put in circulation in China last year 120,000 copies of the Scriptures.

FOR a while last week there was great anxiety felt in reference to President Garfield. The danger, however, was averted, though it may return again.

DUELLING will not last long in France under the present regime. The widow of a victim of the "code of honour" has been awarded 100,000 francs from the estate of the duellist-murderer, and he has been also sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

A MEETING was held a few days ago in London (England) to take leave of the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, the celebrated Free Church missionary, who is returning to India, and also to hear from Miss Beilby an account of her medical and zenana work among the women of Lucknow. Lord Shaftesbury presided.

THE English Presbyterian Foreign Mission Committee have adopted a new plan for new missionaries to China. They send them to Professor Legge, at Oxford, to study Chinese, and are convinced that three months spent at Oxford would equal a whole year's study passed in an unhealthy region like China.

EDMUND YATES writes to the London (England) "World" that he saw "more intoxicated women at the Derby races than on any former occasion, and not merely the female with whom inebriety is normal, but decent looking women, apparently the wives and sweethearts of artisans and small shop-keepers. Perhaps the heat of the weather upset their calculations as to the amount of liquor they could take with impunity." But of course it is a part of the cost of "improving the breed of horses"—and they must be improved!

POPE LEO has taken occasion of a popular disturbance in the streets of Rome during the removal of the remains of Pope Pius IX. from St. Peter's to their final resting-place in the Church of San Lorenzo, to protest to the European governments, and to declare that he must still longer continue his so-called and self-imposed "imprisonment" in the Vatican. If a man—whether Pope or "private party"—will persist in a wrong-headed and absurd course it can't be helped. It is to be supposed that he will tire of such a thing when he finds it to be as useless as it is unnecessary.

THE greatest triumph of Mr. Gladstone's life seems to be just about to be achieved in his successfully carrying through Parliament the Irish Land Bill, practically unimpaired. It is still possible that it may be stopped by the House of Lords, but that is by no means likely. It is said that the plan agreed on by the majority in the Upper House is to throw the whole responsibility of the measure on its promoters by allowing it to pass as it came from the Commons, and thus under the persuasion that it will in practice be found perfectly unworkable and will thus tend to complicate matters and discredit the ministry that promoted it. It will be wise if such a course is followed whatever be the motive.

KING KALARAU is on his travels—as some reports assert, to sell his kingdom if he can find the right bidder; according to others, to replenish it. The native race is rapidly dying out, and the king is probably looking for new subjects. It ought not to be a difficult matter to turn the tide, or at least a rill, of emigration in the direction of those depleted but beautiful islands. The climate is unequalled for its salubrity and fruitfulness, the location—on the great highway between the continents—is very desirable, and the acknowledged prevalence of Protestant Christianity is in itself a potent attraction. No heathen or Catholic country to-day is drawing to itself emigra-

tion. Rich in resources as are Brazil and Mexico they fail to attract the swarming populations of other lands. Protestantism promises safety and freedom, and its domination in the Hawaiian Islands will probably be one of the strongest inducements to emigrants to turn their steps thither.

IN France "even the domestic servants contrive to save money. They deny themselves all but the necessities of life. The head servant of an acquaintance of mine has saved enough to bring him in \$3,000 a year. He has been for twenty-five years in the same situation, and does his duty as strictly as he did the first day of his service. He seldom goes out, never takes anything between his meals, and all he gains is carefully put aside. I have met with so many examples that I am bound to believe this thrift to be the rule. A careful observer, who has occasion to mix with the middle classes in France, will be even more struck by the qualities I have indicated. The whole mode of living is made subservient to the children; the baby has hardly seen daylight before the parents are already saving for him. Every child's future is provided for at his cradle by the earnest efforts of his parents, and it is rarely their fault if they do not succeed. The better paid artisans in towns and cities are the only improvident people to be met with. Among them you find drunkenness and subsequent improvidence."

AN Organ correspondent says, in connection with the troubles in Algeria, that letters were sent from Mecca in 1880 to all Mohammedan countries, vigorously appealing to the sentiment of the brotherhood uniting all Mussulmans; declaring that Islam was threatened with complete destruction; that England was mistress of India, France of Algeria, and Russia of Turkestan; and it therefore behooved Mohammedans to awake and everywhere to throw off the Christian dominion. The Tripolitan tribes, which annually migrate to Tunis at this time of the year, have joined the insurgents and raided within twenty miles of the capital. Spies report that the rebels declare they intend to fight both the Bey and the French. They plunder and massacre the Christians by wholesale. The Sultan of Morocco has appealed to the Sultan of Turkey to put a stop to the agitation in northern Africa, lest the insurrection result in the expulsion of himself from the throne of Morocco, and the complete separation of the Barbary States from the Turkish hegemony. It is stated that these representations have produced a profound impression at Constantinople.

MR. GLADSTONE has sent a noble letter of sympathy to Mrs. Garfield. After referring to the general feelings of the British people as well as his own, he says they were "in the first instance of sympathy and afterward of joy and thankfulness almost comparable and, I venture to say, only second to the strong emotions of the great nation of which he is the appointed head. Individually I have, let me beg you to believe, had my full share in the sentiments which have possessed the British nation. They have been prompted and quickened largely by what I venture to think is the ever growing sense of harmony and mutual respect and affection between the two countries, and of a relationship which from year to year becomes more and more a practical bond of union between us, but they have also drawn much of their strength from a cordial admiration of the simple heroism which has marked the personal conduct of the President, for we have not yet wholly lost the capacity of appreciating such an example of Christian faith and manly fortitude. This exemplary picture has been made complete by your own contribution to its noble and touching features, on which I only forbear to dwell because I am directly addressing you."

THE Scottish correspondent of the London "Non-conformist" states that quiet has settled down in the Free Church, and that the danger of disruption is all past. He also says that the friends of liberalism are now inclined to believe that Principal Rainy, without

intending it, has done a service for freedom of discussion. The conclusion come to was simply this that the Free Church could not consistently or prudently maintain Professor Smith as a teacher of her students. She has not said that she cannot tolerate him within the ranks of her ordinary ministry. The only other course that had a chance of being followed was that of trying Mr. Smith for heresy. If that course had been taken it is almost absolutely certain that in the present temper of the Church a conviction would have been given forth at next Assembly that Mr. Smith and all who agreed with him had gone beyond the limits of toleration. The result would in such a case have been a split, to a certainty, for the liberty now allowed would have been deliberately taken away. It is acknowledged, therefore, that, quantum valent, Dr. Rainy has for the time saved at once the integrity of the Church and the freedom of inquiry within it."

WE have received a report of the Twenty-fourth International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations and the "Year Book" for 1881-82. It is a book of 250 pages, and contains a report of the Convention held in Cleveland with the address of Rev. John A. Broadus, D.D., on "The Study of the Bible by Books, with Illustrations," papers and addresses on phases of Christian Association work, the report of the International Committee and its agents, giving the details of work among railroad men, in colleges, among Germans, commercial travellers, coloured young men, and at the West and South; the reports of seven hundred American Associations and eight hundred Associations in Europe and other parts of the world. Also a list of secretaries, buildings, libraries, etc. The Associations now own buildings free of debt to the value of \$2,022,334, and building funds and other property to the value of \$653,469 additional, a large increase on last year; 210 men are now employed as secretaries or assistants, an increase of thirty-two during the year. The book gives in a very compact form a report of what Associations all over the world are doing for young men. The price of it is fifty cents, postpaid, and may be had of R. C. Morse, Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue, New York.

KING JOHN of Abyssinia is nominally a Christian ruler, but it would be impossible to find a more cruel sovereign among the most barbarous of peoples. His persecutions of missionaries and all who do not agree with him rival the brutalities of the King of Dahomey. The Rev. J. M. Flad, a Swedish missionary, writes of a trip made from Suakim, on the Red Sea, to Galabat, on the Abyssinian frontier, with a supply of Bibles in the Amharic language. Five agents of the Mission Society met Mr. Flad secretly at Galabat. Others did not dare to come, because the king prohibited every Abyssinian from going to Galabat, under penalty of having one leg and a foot cut off. This barbarous threat was carried out in the case of four merchants. Mr. Flad writes further, "From our native missionary agents I learned that King John is a most fanatical Coptic Christian, who never will tolerate European missionaries, either Protestants or Roman Catholics. By his order he had had baptized all Mosems and Kamants, and even part of the Falashas, with some Galla tribes. Many Abyssinians whom I met at Metama [Galabat] assured me that King Theodore was a far better man than John. I am glad to say that he is not against the circulation of the Word of God and good tracts, and so I hope that some good will come from the Scriptures and tracts I have brought this time into Abyssinia in such large numbers. To our native Scripture readers and teachers who carry on the mission work among the Falashas he has always been kind. They belong, as you know, to the Abyssinian Church, and their converts from the Falashas have by baptism become members of that Church." To one of his tributary kings, Tekla Hailemanot, at Godjam, King John has given orders to subject all the Galla tribes as far as Kaffa, and have them baptized by Abyssinian priests.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

HOME LIFE IN INDIA.—IV.

BY FAIRWEATHER.

India is essentially an agricultural country, and compared with its population has few large cities. Those containing upwards of 50,000 inhabitants are only forty-four in number. The great masses of the people live in villages, and practise what we shall term *communal agriculture*. The manufactures of India are comparatively insignificant, so that the revenue almost entirely depends upon the cultivation of the soil, and whatever therefore affects the welfare of the peasantry must of necessity be of vital importance to the supreme Government.

From the earliest times until the rise of the British power these villages had ever been left to their own resources as regards internal regulations, the supreme Government only requiring at their hands (1) the maintenance of peace and order, (2) the payment of the annual revenue tax, (3) whatever extra assistance either in the shape of military aid or money the emergencies of the nation demanded. Beyond these points the villagers kept strictly to themselves and had little to do with the rulers at all.

State interest in the land during the old Hindoo period was fixed at one-sixth the average produce of the soil. After the Arab invasion this legal standard was doubled, and one-third the average was exacted. British law, I think, assigns itself one-fourth or twenty-five per cent. These revenue taxes were not levied upon the individual, but in a lump sum upon the whole village, each village bearing what was considered its share of the whole according to its wealth and importance. The *head man* was constituted *collector*, for which service he received a certain percentage, and thus his honesty and co-operation were secured to the Crown. The Mohammedans interfered but little with the workings of the village system which before their time had greatly endeared itself to the people. But law at Delhi, and the *executive* in the hands of unscrupulous mercenaries in the distant provinces, were unfortunately very different matters, and hence we read of the most terrible injustice and oppression during this period. For the slightest offence, and often for no offence at all, the old Hindoo nobility and gentry were thrust out from their possessions that their estates might be conferred upon Mohammedan courtiers and favourites. Justice seems never to have been a consideration when it interfered with the avarice or pleasure of the conquerors. The British, from the very commencement, made every effort to restore these estates and endeavoured to do the Hindoos justice as far as it lay in their power. Investigation soon shewed, however, that such a thing as *documentary titles* to property did not exist, thus all schemes for restitution had to be abandoned. Whenever the English authorities turned their attention to a property they were immediately beset with a multitude of claimants all ready to swear false oaths or produce forged documents at the shortest possible warning. The *Saddar Courts* at Calcutta were literally crowded to overflowing, and the Judges at length gave up in despair, utterly unable to unravel the miserable tangle into which a long period of misrule had brought the land. At this juncture Lord Cornwallis, formerly Governor-General of Canada, brought forward his famous "Permanent Settlement Act" of 1793, to the effect that all who could be proven to have been in possession of lands for a period of *twelve consecutive years* were confirmed in these lands under two conditions, viz. 1. Prompt payment of the land-tax; 2. Proper cultivation of the estates granted. Neglect of either of these conditions equalled ejectment. These restrictions the Hindoo landholders determined to resist until compelled to obedience. They had not yet learned that the British meant what they said, nor the sure retribution which follows the breaking of the laws of the land, and so it transpired that upon the breaking out of the Mutiny in 1857 almost every estate in Bengal and the North-West had already changed hands. It was not until 1859 that the British Parliament decided in favour of the Ryots and granted to them legal *documentary titles*—not deeds—confirming them in their possessions. After Christianity this Act is acknowledged to have been the greatest boon which English rule has brought to India, inasmuch that with *order* naturally came *safety* to life and property.

The great poverty of the land is undoubted, unrelieved, deep-seated and chronic; the main cause being simply *over-population*, aggravated by (1) our suppression of infanticide; (2) our putting an end to local feuds; (3) the loss through maintenance of an expensive foreign government; (4) the loss through the large sums of money annually remitted to England as pensions, etc., for which India receives no direct equivalent; (5) to this add the heavy additional loss through *exchange* in the transmission of these sums; (6) we may put as a sort of climax the price of the occasional expensive blunders, such as the Afghan war, which the English may heap upon the head of the Hindoo, in all of which matters he has no voice or power to control, he is only asked to furnish the *money*. Let us not wonder then when the native takes the small revenge of an occasional sixpence from the master he is forced to serve as a common man, while he really supports him. Looked at from the native standpoint these are a few of the reasons why they consider our Government a burden, and of the wide-spread discontent which tills the hearts of the Hindoo people.

IN THE NORTH-WEST.

MR EDITOR, I arrived here last Friday night at half-past eight o'clock, and was met at the station by Professor Bryce. A preparatory service was in progress in Knox Church, conducted by Mr. Robertson, which I was able to attend for a little, and was gratified to hear the names of fifty new members read out by the pastor, swelling the active membership to over 400. Last year 145 names were added. The church is a fine building, and with its noble spire, is seen to advantage from every direction. It is a credit to our denomination, and speaks well for the energy and zeal of both pastor and people.

Before speaking more particularly of our great mission work in Manitoba, in whose interests I have come, it may not be out of place to revert to the marvellous growth of the city and suburbs. Eight years ago, when I visited the Province, Winnipeg was but a straggling town of some 2,000 inhabitants. To-day it is variously estimated to contain from 10,000 to 13,000 inhabitants. A correspondent of the Chicago "Tribune," who has been sent to make observations in the country (in his first letter, published last Wednesday), presents a full and very impartial picture of the present condition of affairs, from which I extract the following, as the testimony of one who certainly has no motive to exaggerate. He says:

"Manitoba, the Prairie Province, and Winnipeg, its capital, with several changes of proprietorship and vicissitudes, have had two distinct epochs of history—one about sixty years long, from the grant to Lord Selkirk in 1811 to the formation of the Canadian Confederation in 1870; and the second, from that event to the present. The first was a long period of torpor and slow growth, crowded with wild adventure and romantic incident, but unmarked by signs of material progress and advancing civilization. The second period has been one of considerable growth and swift material development. Single branch of semi-barbarian commerce has been succeeded, with the rapidity of a panoramic change, by all the varied industries of a civilized people; a settled political system has succeeded a species of feudal land-proprietorship. When Manitoba was taken into the Dominion in 1871, the population of Winnipeg was only 200 or 300. The growth has been steady since 1871, varying little from about 1,000 per year. With the establishment of the Provincial Government, Dominion land-offices and railroad headquarters began disbursements of large sums of public money, which have continued in increasing amount. They have been a powerful artificial stimulant to the natural growth of the Province, and have increased the population of the city tenfold, while that of Manitoba has increased from 17,000 in 1871, to 40,000 this year. The trade of the Province has certainly grown fivefold to tenfold in ten years, though in its chaotic primitive condition there is a lack of positive statistics. But the customs duties for this year are estimated at between \$300,000 and \$400,000, against some \$67,000 in 1874. The exports arrive by two channels—the Pembina Branch Railway and the Red River, on which five or six steamers ply in the summer months. The interior trade is in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, which has lines of steamers upon Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan, and trading-posts scattered over the whole immense region stretching to the Arctic Ocean and the Rocky Mountains; and two private lines of steamers upon the Assiniboine.

"Immigration, upon which the future of the North-West depends, has been steadily increasing since 1877, though as yet it is inconsiderable in comparison with what future years must bring. The immigration for the present season, now about half finished, numbers about 4,000, of whom the Commissioner of Immigration believes about two-thirds are from Canada, and the rest from Great Britain.

"Emerson, the first station across the boundary, from a mere customs-post, has grown to a prosperous town of regular streets, stores, churches, and public buildings, whose importance is apparent, even from the railroad crossing on the other side of the river. Winnipeg, as I saw it upon my ar-

rival here a week ago, bears upon its municipal countenance obvious marks of the wonderful changes of the last ten years. A city has succeeded a trading-post; the Province has trebled in population, and its capital has grown tenfold; railroads have brought emigration and commerce; and all the varied pursuits of agriculture, trade, and manufactures are crystallizing about the growing centre of national life. Ten years ago Winnipeg awoke from a lethargy of half a century to the vigorous, palpitating life of a modern commercial city, almost in a day. As yet, the whole has a raw, unfinished look, like the stage of a theatre behind the curtain when the scene is being shifted. The old picturesque landmarks are in course of obliteration, and the new city that is growing up on their ruins has not taken definite form. Fort Garry, the most conspicuous feature in the old town, has been surrounded by new buildings; and the old wall that surrounded it has been torn down to furnish material for the foundations of brick blocks; a fine steam mill has arisen on the plateau below, and a substantial iron wagon bridge is spanning the Assiniboine at the very gates of the fort. The prairie west of the fort is taking shape as the popular residence section, and many fine brick residences are rising upon the bank of the river and the adjoining plain. All the residence part of the city presents an air of thrift and prosperity, and there is a notable absence of squalid shanties. The public buildings and recent business blocks are solidly built of brick. The only part of the city that retains anything of its ancient aspect is the French Catholic suburb of St. Boniface, across the Red River from the main town. This is the episcopal residence of Bishop Taché (whose authority extends over the whole North-West), the site of St. Boniface College, and the favourite residence of many wealthy citizens. It is a charming spot, with wide, regular streets, and attractive cottage homes."

What I said in my last letter regarding the speculating and money-making proclivities of Chicago, applies to Winnipeg and the Province. Men are here from all parts of Canada, and indeed beyond the limits of the Dominion, bent on trade, and hoping, by some lucky venture, to become millionaires in a day.

To give your readers an idea of the immense increase in the value of real estate, I may state that the site selected for the new Manitoba College of our Church, bought in April last at \$6,000, could be sold to-day for \$18,000. One gentleman whom I know (now in Ontario), bought a block on Main street in 1873 for \$10,000, and holds it to-day at \$120,000. Personally, I do not much envy the good fortune of such men, but I could wish that some far-seeing Presbyterian had purchased a few central blocks in the city at the nominal values of 1872, and gifted them to the Home Mission Committee. We should now be in the position of such rich corporations as Trinity Church and the Reformed Church in New York city, with an annual income more than sufficient to meet all our present demands. Perhaps, however, it is better that we should be directly dependent, for the promotion of God's work in this great land, upon the liberality of God's own professed people.

On Saturday afternoon we drove towards Kildonan, returning in the evening to the city. On this evening, after the labours of the week are over, the main street is literally crowded and the stores filled with purchasers. There is no lack of "saloons" and "sample rooms," which do a thriving business, evidently among the floating population. Sabbath morning was still and peaceful beyond expectation. There were very few found in the streets, and as the hour of eleven o'clock approached numbers from all directions were seen going towards their respective churches. It was the usual quarterly communion in Knox Church, which was filled throughout. The centre seats in the area were packed with communicants, while the side seats were filled with adherents, or strangers temporarily residing in the city. The galleries were also filled, principally with young men, of whom large numbers attend Knox Church. In the evening the building was filled to repletion, chairs being put in the aisles to accommodate numbers that could not otherwise be provided for. Such congregations, we are told, are not exceptional in our church in Winnipeg, for in the winter season the attendance is even larger than in the summer.

The necessity of forming another congregation to meet the demands of the city has been under consideration for some time. Mr. Robertson's appointment as Superintendent of Missions will hasten this desirable end. Different proposals are before the congregation, and as these are to be discussed this evening I may be able to inform you in my next of the decision arrived at. It need hardly be said that no more important or desirable field can be found in the whole Dominion for a man of energy, ability and self-denying spirit, than the capital of the North-West. His influence will not be confined to his own congregation or the city, but must be felt by the thousands of emigrants who are daily passing through to other districts beyond. It is admitted by all that the Presbyterian is

the most numerous Church both in the city and in the Province, and this fact makes it necessary that our vacant pulpits or pulpits should be speedily and well supplied.

Other denominations, with commendable spirit, are engaged with us in our great mission work. There need be no unholy rivalry. There is a wide field for all.

"To invite each settler in the North-West, being or desiring to become a member of the Church of England, to place himself, immediately on his arrival in this Province, in communication with the officers of the Society, who will give him:

"I. Advice and information on any subject connected with his settlement in the country.

"II. References to reliable persons in any quarter of the North-West which he may desire to visit.

"III. Letters of introduction to the clergymen of the Church stationed in any part of the North-West.

"IV. Facilities in obtaining the services and ordinances of the Church; as by furnishing him and his family with seats in church, and by supplying them with introductions to the clergyman in charge.

"V. Countenance, and in every way treat him as a brother Churchman, and exhibit to him and his family all possible kindness.

"The officers, with the ladies of their families, will at all times be happy to carry out these objects on their parts. It is hoped that every settler, whatever may be his position in life, will encourage the operations of the Society by frank and free acceptance of the friendly offices hereby tendered.

Circulars containing the above, and also a long list of representative men in Winnipeg and every point in the North-West, are given to every person on the trains arriving in Winnipeg from the eastern provinces, so that no member of the Church of England need be at any loss for direction and friendly counsel.

Last night I lectured in Knox Church, and to-morrow leave for the Presbytery meeting in Portage la Prairie, where I hope to spend the Sabbath and visit some of the neighbouring stations.

Winnipeg, July 19th, 1881.

PRESBYTERIANS AND THE SABBATH AND THE UPLIFTED HAND.

MR. EDITOR,—There is a song which begins with these words, "There's nae cov'nant noo, lassie." Well, we can almost say, "There's nae Sabbath noo among Presbyterians."

The Presbyterian mode of swearing is by the uplifted hand. It is a Scriptural one. Whenever God represents Himself as swearing He speaks of lifting up His right hand.

the Ganges, if he professed to believe that the one way or the other was the proper one.

One of the decorations at the Presbyterian Council in Philadelphia last year was an upright arm with the open hand on Scotland's column.

Metis, Que.

OBITUARY.

William King, the subject of the following notice, was born at Greenock, July 7th, 1800. He came to Canada in 1820, and lived in Quebec until his removal to Bristol in 1841.

He slept away peacefully on the evening of Sabbath, the 24th July, and realized his oft-repeated longing, "to have it all over," and "to be with Jesus, which is far better."

THE LATE REV. R. HALL, MISSOURI.

MR. EDITOR,—In the list last sent you of the amount I had received, I find the following were not fully reported: Rev. J. Hogg, \$1; Mrs. Bartlett, \$1.

AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.—WESTERN SECTION.

ANNUAL COLLECTION.

The annual collection for this Fund is, by appointment of the General Assembly, to be made on the third Sabbath of August, by congregations that do not contribute to it from the funds of their missionary associations.

the Assembly's appeals for increased contributions; but unhappily there are not a few congregations, and some of these very wealthy city congregations, that have hitherto done little or nothing to assist the Committee in their struggle to prevent the reduction of the annuities.

JAMES MIDDLEMISS, Convener.

THE LATE REV. MR. McKERRACHER.

MR. EDITOR,—It was only yesterday I heard of the death of Mr. McKerracher, of Wallaceburg. I write briefly to express my sense of the great loss our Church has sustained by the removal of such a devoted servant of God.

Winnipeg, July 27th, 1881. WM. COCHRANE.

FORMOSA MISSION.

The work of raising the \$4,000 in Oxford County for the Theological Institute in Formosa goes on vigorously, and there is every prospect of the entire sum being actually in hand before the meeting which is to be held to take leave of Dr. McKay.

SHOULDER TO SHOULDER.—The boys of Oxford are still loyal and true as in the days of Callain Athor. Witness the following letter:

"Rev. W. A. McKay, B.A. DEAR SIR,—I had forgotten the significance of being one of Oxford's sons, until reminded by your communication in the last PRESBYTERIAN.

"With kind regards, I am, etc.,"

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

IS THERE PROGRESS IN INDIA?

BY MRS. MURRAY MITCHELL.

The question is often put to me by my home friends in their letters, "Do you find much progress in India?" I would answer this as Mr. Bowen answered me when I put the same question to him a few days ago. "There seems to be little," he said, "but there is a great deal." If I shortly describe two very different scenes we witnessed during our visit to Bombay, they may illustrate what I mean, and shew how little in one aspect there seems of result from mission work, and yet in another how much. The first of these occurred just as we arrived. It impressed me painfully, and, I confess, sent a pang of disappointment through my heart. As we drove away from the railway station with our friend, Mr. Mackichan, the first thing we came upon was a crowd of natives engaged in celebrating, with all its wild absurdity, the unholy festival of "the Holi." This, originally, was rather a pretty celebration, accompanied with joyful rites, to welcome the glad return of spring. But in process of time it degenerated into the wretched saturnalia it is now—full of frivolity and tomfoolery, with practices of a most indecent and immoral kind. Respectable women will hardly venture into the streets during the Holi. The first look we got of our dear old Bombay was when it was "mad" over this festival. The crowd was dancing, shouting, singing obscene songs, beating tom-toms, clashing cymbals, and throwing on each other quantities of pink and yellow wash, red powder, and any sort of filth they could lay their hands on. The garments, not only of this multitude, but generally of the common people we passed in the streets, were bespattered with this coloured nastiness, and the faces smeared with red paint, and dusted with red and orange powder in the most revolting way. It looked as if we had stepped back forty years. No wonder if with a chill sense of disappointment, our spirits were stirred within us. Was it really as bad as ever? Was the whole city still given to idolatry?

One would have been apt to say that it was indeed as bad as ever, looking merely on the surface—seeing only the ignorant and the degraded crowd still, as for long ages back, mad upon its idols. This is one picture; but, thank God, there are others.

A few evenings later we availed ourselves of a kind invitation we had to join a gathering of native Christian friends. With very special pleasure we attended this meeting; and nothing could have made the progress there really is so visible to us as the sight we then witnessed. Perhaps I may be allowed to add, that this evening, and one or two others in Calcutta, when we were similarly entertained by our dear Bengali Christian friends, were among the happiest and most interesting we ever spent. Indeed, the welcome accorded to us everywhere has been as surprising to ourselves, from the great cordiality and warmth, as it has been gratifying and delightful. It makes us young again to be here. The invitation to this meeting was issued in the name of "The Native Christian Union of Bombay." This is an association, the name of which sufficiently indicates the object—namely, to promote union and united action among the Christians of western India, of whatever Church or denomination, it is true, but we are all baptized into Christ; we eat the same spiritual meat, and we drink the same spiritual drink. We are one, and we wish to manifest our union by common action against a common foe, and by the exercise of brotherly love among ourselves.

This interesting and important association meets quarterly; but this was a special meeting to receive "their oldest living missionary friends," as they kindly said; and also receive from Dr. Mitchell the letters of salutation he was the privileged bearer of from the churches in Japan and China to the brethren of India. The meeting was held in the residence of the Rev. Zani Ali, of the Church Missionary Society, close to dear old "Ambrolic," where Dr. Wilson lived so long, and where he and Mrs. Margaret Wilson sowed some of the first tiny seeds which have grown into so goodly a tree. On going up a lofty flight of stairs, we found an immense hall filled to overflowing with native Christians of all ages—men, women, and children; the verandah was also filled. There were from 300 to 400 present—so I was assured. "Are all these Christians?" we

asked, astonished. "Yes; every one." There was not an outsider present except the missionaries and their families, and some other European guests. At the upper end of the large room there were a punkah and table, and some sofas and easy chairs, while the rest of the room was seated closely with benches and chairs which were crowded with the company. Every Protestant Mission was represented except the Episcopal Methodist brethren who had that evening a "love feast" of their own. A good many young men in long black coats flitted about, attending to everybody. Here and there a gray head was to be seen; and we soon recognized some old friends among both men and women. Naturally those we had known during our missionary life in Bombay would have gray hairs now. There were Mr. and Mrs. Appaji, of the Church Missionary Society; Mr. and Mrs. Vishnupunt, of the American Mission; our own dear Mr. and Mrs. Dhanjibhai, and their nice daughters, Mr. Baba Padmanji, and many others I must not take room to mention. We had met most of them before since our arrival, but still the greetings were full of heart and kindness. Then there were the children of many we had known, now married men and women, with children of their own. There were some nice-looking young Hindoo ladies, intelligent and well educated, some of whom are employed as teachers. All were prettily dressed in native costume—some in coloured silk sarrees, the school girls in simple white, and the men in a kind of dress of their own. The veranda was filled with poor women, who had to bring their babies, not having any one at home to leave them with. We went through them all, giving and receiving hearty greetings. Some little fellows frankly appealed to our sympathies regarding the tea and cakes circulating rapidly within, which were very tempting, and long of reaching the veranda.

After tea and plenty of talk, Mr. Dhanjibhai gave his address; Dr. Mitchell presented and read the letters from China and Japan, which caused deep interest, and a good deal of emotion; and there were other addresses, Marathi and English, with hymns sung beautifully, and led by the different schools, between each; prayer followed, and we came home with hearts I need not say how profoundly moved and thankful. Here seemed the promised "reaping time of joy" almost begun. And surely we were taught that there is no reason to be cast down, impatient, or distrustful of the promises of our God, although institutions, old and deep-set in the affections and customs and religion of the people, should alter more slowly than ideas do among the educated and enlightened. Both in Bombay and Calcutta the native Church is steadily growing in numbers, influence, position, visibility, and unitedness; and everywhere over India many are being added to it of such as shall be saved.

Outside the Church, the progress is not less marked. Mind is not only awake, but marvellously active. Religion is admitted to be all-important, and many seem truly in earnest, feeling after God. But Christianity, alas, is not recognized as the sole guide to heaven. It is admitted to be good, if not, perhaps, the best; but it is not the only one. Meantime the conflict between rival systems of thought increases continually.

The same thing is true of the Parsees. There is much excitement among them at present, caused a good deal by the case of the dear Parsee girl who came out from home with the hope of being baptized and living among the Lord's people. Doubtless your readers know her touching story. She had to be given back to her friends, as she was not of age; and I would, in passing, beg every one to pray for her, that she may be enabled to remain faithful to the end; and also that God would yet open a door of escape for her, so that she may be enabled to profess Christ openly. Although the Parsees are greatly roused, yet there does seem to be less bitterness in their dealings with Christians than there was when the first encroachment was made on their ranks some forty years ago.

I do not think it is true that the mists of superstition and prejudice are growing thinner. The Indian mind is getting imbued with Christian thought and Christian principles. Progress is a fact; and let those who love India rejoice. The day breaks, and the shadows are beginning to flee away.

HE that would see our religion in its native simplicity, purity and glory, must study the character of our Lord and Saviour.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES ON TEMPERANCE.

Professor William James, of Harvard College, who has served as assistant professor of physiology, and who has been lately chosen to a Chair of the same grade in the department of philosophy, is regarded as one of the most scholarly and impartial of the younger professors of the University. He has recently spoken to the students upon the use of alcoholic liquors. He considered the arguments for and against moderate drinking, and concluded that, without reference to the moral aspects of the question, the evidence was in favour of total abstinence. This evidence he regards as of two kinds: the observation by physiologists of the effects of alcohol on men and animals; and, secondly, generalizations from experience.

The following is a synopsis of Professor James's address:

First.—What is the result of the physiological or scientific analysis? It should be noted that the experiments from which our conclusions are drawn were made on absolutely healthy persons; and, therefore, in the present state of society they are not capable of direct application to individual cases. Is alcohol a food? It was said a few years ago, by eminent French scientists, that no alcohol was destroyed in the body; and this statement was heralded by the teetotalers as proving that, since alcohol is no food, it must be a poison. Now, however, such men as Anstie and Park have shewn conclusively that about one and one-half ounces per day will be destroyed in the system, and that only the excess above this amount appears in the breath, perspiration, or urine. Taken in addition to the usual quantity of food, alcohol increases the weight of the body; and, if less than the usual quantity of food is taken, alcohol will make up the deficiency and prevent a loss of weight. Alcohol would seem, then, to be a food; but experiments shew that it rather takes the place of food by diminishing the demand for it, this diminution resulting from a diminution in the activity of the vital forces or oxydizing of the tissues. This effect, however, is not desirable, as it is not consistent with a state of perfect health, though, when one is living on an insufficient diet, the use of alcohol as a "saving food" may be the least hurtful alternative. The effect of alcohol upon the heart is to increase temporarily the pulsation; but afterward the increase is compensated, so that, on the whole, there is little change. The use of the spirit dilates the blood vessels of the surface, and, since it is from the surface that the sensations of warmth are derived, alcohol seems to warm the body; but the thermometer will shew that the temperature of the interior of the body has fallen, for the cold air has chilled the blood as it circulated over the surface. The feeling of warmth, therefore, is illusory. The effect upon the muscular strength, though there is a seeming increase of activity and vigour, is likewise illusory. Alcohol is the worst of stimulants for the muscles. Liebig's extract of beef is the best and coffee comes next. The reason for craving alcohol is that it is an anæsthetic, even in moderate quantities. It obliterates a part of the field of consciousness and abolishes collateral trains of thought. The association of ideas is less vigorous, and thus are brushed from the mind all the cobwebs of unpleasant memories. The single idea, therefore, is strongly enforced, and the speaker thinks he is giving utterance to something of unusual brightness or sublimity. Experience shews, however, that the work of authors and others done under the excitement of alcoholic stimulus does not stand the test of sober after-judgment. Any task requiring more than half an hour for its accomplishment cannot be done so well under the influence of alcohol as without it. As a rule, then, never take alcohol before or during work; but, if at all, when the labour is finished at night, as an anæsthetic to help sound sleep. Never take it into an empty stomach. So far the effects of alcohol are chiefly deleterious; but, on the other hand, it has the good effect of aiding digestion. Yet, since its action here is strictly that of a flavour to satisfy the nerves of taste (these are seldom entirely satisfied by the substantial food of a dinner, and, hence, the importance of flavours as an aid to digestion is very great), the result desired may be more safely secured by the use of other flavours—as, for example, fruits.

The second kind of evidence, the results of experience, bearing on the subject under discussion is very conflicting. Whole nations that use alcohol for many

years seem more healthy than could be the case if alcohol were a poison. On the other hand, evidence collected from within one of these nations shews that teetotalers are more healthy than moderate drinkers, as appears by experience in hospitals and by the statistics of insurance companies. The insurance companies divide all insured into two classes teetotalers and moderate drinkers (drunkards never being insured); and, according to accurate statistics, where, computing from mortality tables, 1,113 teetotalers ought to have died only 801 did die, but where 2,010 ordinary persons should have been visited by death 1,997 actually did die.

One may well ask, therefore, in this struggle of our modern American life, with its too rapid succession of burdens. Is it well to start handicapped by the use of a beverage the effects of which are, on the whole, likely to be injurious? The young man of average physical health will do well to consider this question whether he can safely adopt such a course.

THE HABIT OF FRIVOLITY.

The duty of being cheerful is one which is at all times binding upon us. We have no right to be morose or sullen, or accustom ourselves to look on the dark side of things. No sense of solemnity and importance of life can excuse us for giving way to a sour and unhappy temper. Though sadness must at times fall across our path, and our hearts and souls be often impressed with the weight and seriousness of imposed duty or of surrounding circumstance, yet sadness and seriousness ought by no means to be considered synonymous with gloom and despondency. From the exercise of trustfulness and cheerfulness, in a high and true sense, we are never absolved, whatever discouragements or temptations beset us.

But cheerfulness and frivolity are different things, and those who confound them make a sad mistake. Some of the noblest and serenest natures which are cheerful and wholesome the whole year round, cannot assume a manner of light playfulness, nor utter tripping words of banter and jest, nor rouse their companions to a merry laugh. And on the other hand, there often lies beneath the thin veneering of real or affected gaiety, wherewith men and women win the reputation of being happy and hearty, a true disposition toward insincerity and cowardice and cynicism, and all the essentials of genuine misery. True cheerfulness, whatever its reserve and modesty, will surely shew itself sooner or later—if not in spontaneous outburst at unimportant times, then all the more at such seasons of trial or danger as threaten to overwhelm the more superficial nature. But the frivolous mind, however it may seek to conceal its real character behind its slender barricade of outward manner or spoken word, is equally certain to reveal to others, at some time when it was least prepared, the essential feebleness and the consequent wretchedness and misery which it fain would cover.

Since frivolity is plainly to be distinguished from that wholesome and natural gaiety which is either innocent or positively praiseworthy, it often seems strange that persons of a frivolous disposition so deceive themselves as to the effect which they produce upon others. Every community, however small, is pretty sure to contain within its society, and sooner or later to rate at its true value, some person—man or woman—whose walks and talks are utterly given over to the frivolous and the trifling. If the conversation turns upon some topic of the utmost importance to religious or social welfare, such persons find nothing in the words of those wiser than they, save material for some cheap pun, or would-be witicism. If news comes to their ears of a sad casualty, or a woful downfall of personal character, they gaily intimate that "those people won't travel on that railroad again," or that "he has been found at last." By them a political revolution is measured by its effect upon the price of dry goods. All the true work of life—in the line of the betterment of men's souls, the instruction of their minds, or the welfare of their bodies—is to them but food for playful jest and humorous sally. They seek to conceal ignorance on some important subject by hollow jokes or ill-timed personalities, and they seem to think that their own superior wisdom and importance are sufficiently proven by the fact that they are, in their idle way, more ready to attack and criticise than to defend and upbuild.

If the habit of frivolity were only a thing affecting young men and women in their "salad days," it would

still be sad enough to look at, and hard enough to endure. But it is a habit which grows apace with all indulgence of it, and too often fastens itself upon the adult character so that it can be shaken off, if at all, only by an effort that shakes the whole moral nature. And it must be shaken off, else it will surely bring one down to the lowest depths of that woe and misery at which it has so long laughed and mocked. A time of storm and stress is sure to come—a time beneath which the nature accustomed to nothing better than frivolity is sure to quail. And whether in life or death for a frivolous death is really no worse than a frivolous life—he must indeed have little forethought or brief experience, who thinks to escape a tempest by relying upon the habit of jocular speaking or superficial thinking, however long that habit may have been acquired. *S. S. Times.*

"COME HOLY GHOST, IN LOVE."

Come, Holy Ghost, in love
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart:
Oh, come to day!

Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest.
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace when deep griefs o'erflow,—
Cheer us this hour!

Come, Light, serene, and still,
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth Thy beams Divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest!

Exalt our low desires,
Extinguish passion's fires,
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Come, all the faithful bless;
Let all, who Christ confess,
His praise employ,
Give virtue's rich reward,
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

—Translated by Ray Palmer.

SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD.

Salvation is all of grace. Yet these things are required: "Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from all iniquity;" "Whosoever would be my disciple let him take up his cross, deny himself daily, and follow Me." "Ye cannot," says our Lord, "serve God and mammon." Shrink not from the pain these sacrifices must cost. It is not so great as many fancy. The joy of the Lord is His people's strength. Love has so swallowed up all sense of pain, and sorrow been so lost in ravishment, that men of old took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, and martyrs went to the burning stake with beaming countenances, and sang high death songs amid the roaring flames. Let us by faith rise above the world, and it will shrink into littleness and insignificance compared with Christ. Some while ago two aeronauts, hanging in mid-air, looked down to the earth from their balloon, and wondered to see how small great things had grown—ample fields were contracted into little patches, the lake was no larger than a looking glass, the broad river with ships floating on its bosom seemed like a silver thread, the wide-spread city was reduced to the dimensions of a village, the long, rapid, flying train appeared but a black caterpillar slowly creeping over the surface of the ground. And such changes the world undergoes to the eyes of him who, rising to hold communion with God and anticipating the joys of heaven, lives above it and looks beyond it. This makes it easy and even joyful to part with all for Christ—"this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—*Thomas Guthrie, D.D.*

SERMONS WITH SLINGS IN THEM.

"Deacon Plain-speech," writing of the Gloryville Church in the "Christian Intelligencer," says: "I don't want to say anything against the ministers, and least of all the men who have been giving Gloryville

such a treat this year past, and whom we have treated so shabbily. Preachers, as a class, are the most intelligent, pure minded and self-sacrificing people in the world. And we would be badly enough off without their help in getting through this sad and sinful world. And there's only one thing, so far as I see, which they can't do, and that is preach. What do I mean? Why, I mean just this. When David went out against Goliath, suppose he had walked meekly up to the big man, and laying one of the smooth stones in his hand had said, 'My dear Goliath, oblige me by killing yourself with this' what, think you, would have happened to Israel? And what fun it would have been for the Philistines. Instead of that, we all know what the brave little fellow did: how he fixed his eye on the giant, and ran directly towards him, how he put his smooth stone into a sling, and whirling it around and around his head with all his might, let fly as if he meant it, and meant him. And the stone went straight to the armed monster's vulnerable point, and sinking into his brain, laid him a lifeless heap along the ground. Now tell me whether these smooth little essays, which have been so courteously presented, for our consideration, have been anything more than a polite laying the stone in our own hands instead of letting it drive straight for our hearts of sin. I am not objecting so much to the essays. God can make even the smooth stones of the brook achieve greater things than the spear of Saul and Jonathan. But what I want to see is the sling. I want to see the young warrior of the Lord come leaping along the plain with a light in his eye and a shout on his lip, his arm aloft, and his entire body and soul giving vim to the weapon he whirls and aims."

"IF I HAD KNOWN."

Not long since we met a lady whose sad face told the story of great mental suffering. Entering into conversation with her we found her bowed down beneath the weight of a sorrow from which there seemed to be no relief. She said:

"The Lord has laid His hand very heavy upon me. He has taken from me the light of my eyes and the staff of my old age."

And then, in a few words, she told of the death of a son, a promising lad, after an illness of only a few hours, and concluded by saying:

"O, if I had only known he might die, how differently I would have trained him! He received no religious education. I have been so absorbed in gaining the meat that perisheth that I have neglected the more important eternal things. O; if I had only known!"

This experience speaks for itself. We need add but a word of warning to all who have in their hands the training and welfare of young immortal souls. O, see to it, dear friends, that your children are early taught the way of life through Jesus, the only Saviour. Seek first the riches of the kingdom above for yourself and them, and God will provide for the meaner things of this earthly life.

"IT WON'T HURT IF YOU LET IT ALONE."

"Liquor won't hurt if you let it alone," said one with a sneer, to another who was making a strong fight to have it kept out of town by law. "You needn't meddle with it. If others take it, that is their look out."

"But liquor does hurt thousands who let it alone, who hate it utterly and never set foot in a saloon."

"I should like your evidence," said the other, a little puzzled.

"Just step around the corner into Mrs. Watson's house—a pretty little house, but it will not be hers much longer. The rum-seller has it in his grip; I hear she must move out next week. Watson is working on his new veranda, which is to run around three sides of the tavern, to pay up another liquor bill, while his wife and children are starving. They never touch liquor, but it has hurt them. I can pick out twenty families in this place where it has done its mischief, more or less, and it is so the world over. Every man that drinks involves others with him. Those that let it alone have to suffer. Probably five sufferers to each drunkard would be stating it low. Now, I mean to work hard and fight hard, if need be, for those who have no helper; and if the law can be made to help them, well and good."

Our boys are to be our future law-makers. Let them be well established in temperance principles. Let them look on liquor license just as they would on a license to commit any other sort of crime. All these and far more are included in every permit to sell rum,

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Proprietor.

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Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 5, 1881.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN THE NORTH-WEST.

WE call attention to the interesting letter from Dr. Cochrane, which will be found in another column, in reference to the state and prospects of the work which is being laid in the North-West to the hand of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. There, as elsewhere, the fields are white to the harvest, and it remains to be seen whether or not we, as a Church, shall fully realize the extent and importance of that work given us to do, and shall address ourselves to it with an amount of zeal and consecrated liberality in some measure corresponding with the mighty issues and interests involved. There is no doubt about the fact that, in not a few cases, the mighty and ever rising tide of emigration to the fertile prairies of the North-West will exercise a somewhat depleting influence on a good many of our congregations in all the more eastern Provinces. Some may argue from this that it is rather too much to expect liberal contributions and hearty effort from those thus weakened, for the very purpose of building up congregations which have in many cases been made and strengthened at their expense. But a very little thought and a comparatively small amount of enlightened piety and Christian patriotism will shew that this is a very short-sighted and inconsiderate way of viewing matters. Whether much, or little, or nothing, be done in the way of sending the Gospel to the North-West, the tide of population will continue to flow steadily and persistently in that direction. Members of our congregations will go all the same. Our young men and women will, in ever growing numbers, catch the spirit of the hour, and make for this land of the setting sun. Some may grumble about this. Some may even be inclined to get angry, and may think that they and the congregations with which they are connected are ill-used by such defections from their numbers, and that they are bound, on this very account, to confine their efforts and their liberality only the more to themselves and to their own localities. But will such selfish inclinations and threatenings pass muster at the bar of conscience and of God? Far from it. In a certain sense it may be, and is, discouraging to see this and that one leaving congregations which need all their help, thus weakening the hands of ministers who may have been brought into their present positions so far by the solicitations and promises of those very persons that, for simply selfish and worldly considerations, are quite ready to throw their promises to the winds, and leave their pastors and their fellow church members in the lurch. There will always be a good deal that is depressing and discouraging in such proceedings, and members of churches ought very solemnly and very prayerfully to consider what is the line of duty which they ought to pursue, and whether or not they can, in the sight of God, justify such migrations as they frequently contemplate and make good. In many cases we are convinced that such removals could not, on Christian principles, be successfully defended, while in others we are equally sure that they could. But whether they could or not, whenever they actually take place, what is the evident Christian duty of those who remain but to follow as fully and as vigorously as they can, with the Gospel, those who, for reasons good, bad, or indifferent, are withdrawing themselves from Christian influences and ordinances, and are thus exposing their own souls, as well as those of their children to the formidable danger of becoming more or less heathenized. They may in many cases be only too willing to run the risk, but Christian zeal, enlightened selfishness, and far-seeing patriotism will

only on that account be the more determined not to let them. The most formidable of barbarians are the members of a Christian civilization that have sunk to that position, and of all the barbarizing influences at work none are more formidable or more likely to be effective than the exclusive pursuit of merely material good, amid all the well-known influences and surroundings of a new country, and among new and more or less questionable associates.

Though then there were in many cases no valid reason for "pulling up stakes," and for thus helping to swell the tide of population that rolls and will continue to roll towards the Canadian North-West, yet the Churches of Canada in general, and the Presbyterian Church in particular, cannot afford to say even to such wanderers, "Go, but you can help yourselves to the Gospel or go without it, as you please, for we won't move a finger or a foot to follow you with its living and life-giving influence." Such a policy of selfishness and petulance could only act disastrously on those who adopted it, and it is one, we trust, which will be far from the thoughts and far from the resolutions of a single Presbyterian, at any rate, in this Dominion. The work is great, but it is one which, faithfully and earnestly engaged in, will secure the blessing, mighty and far-reaching, at once for those who go and those who stay. It would be shocking to the Christian heart to contemplate the possibility of the great Canadian North-West being occupied by a population distinguished for nothing so much as a grubbing, barbarized ungodliness. But the enlightened patriot would have equally good cause to tremble at the contemplation of such a possibility, for in such would be implied morals relaxed or set at naught, law despised, mutual confidence weakened, if not destroyed, brutality rampant, truth a myth, righteousness an exploded delusion, the family practically unknown, and society itself in the last throes of dissolution. Perhaps some will say that there is in any case no danger of this because we are in the last quarter of the nineteenth century! Is there not? Remove Christianity and its influences and what is to prevent it? Not, certainly, the "gospel of getting on," or that of the survival of the fittest. As little the proclamation of pleasure being the only motive, and utility the only good; of death being an eternal sleep; a personal Deity a fond delusion; and individual responsibility, except to that inexplicable something called law, a fantastic and exploded dream. The enlightened Christian knows and feels that not only is there such danger to civilization, even in the ever growing worldliness of the times, but that that danger is great, and that the only sure counteractive to its triumph lies neither in æsthetic talk nor Kyril clubs, but in the ever-widening diffusion of that Gospel of the grace of God, whose presence and whose power are, after all that has been said, the only genuine and effective guarantees for the existence and permanence of a civilization that shall either imply or bestow purity and spiritual elevation to the individual soul, or a healthy vigour and something better than a superficial refinement to the general community. All the Churches of Christ on this continent have, in this respect, a mighty work set before them, but there is not one of these which, according to its position and the openings presented, has a mightier or more urgent one than has the Presbyterian Church in Canada. May it be found faithful to its trust, and be duly appreciative of the enterprise and honour to which it is so evidently called.

AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

WE call attention to the circular issued by the Convener of the Western Section of the Committee for the management of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. It will be seen from that document that the collection ordered by the Assembly to be taken up for this Fund falls upon the third Sabbath, or twenty-first day, of August (some three weeks hence), and that there is great need that this collection should be specially liberal. It is not necessary to repeat, what has been already so often stated, that the plan involved in the creation and maintenance of this Fund is not the best that could be imagined. If all the ministers of the Church were paid throughout the whole course of their active official lives fairly liberal salaries, then they could, as they ought, make more or less provision for old age and for the support of those who might be dependent upon them. But as things have hitherto been, and to a great extent are still,

such has not been the case. Hence the necessity for such funds as the one of which we speak, not as the best thing that could be thought of but as the best possible in the circumstances. The provision is so made by this arrangement that it is available when the necessity comes round, and if individuals are so happily situated as never to be obliged to fall back upon the assistance thus provided so much the better for them. The protection is always there, and in the varied changes of life there are very few who are justified in coming to the absolute conclusion that they shall never find it necessary to avail themselves of it. But in many instances such a fund has been found to be not merely for the advantage of ministers; it has been equally beneficial to congregations, for it has enabled aged labourers in the vineyard to retire instead of persisting in work after their energies had been greatly exhausted, and which could only be prosecuted to the injury of themselves and of the best interests of their congregations. It is very easy to tell the minister who has toiled long and faithfully in a small congregation that he ought to withdraw because his usefulness is gone; but if such withdrawal practically involves something like starvation it is not surprising that that minister should hold on to the work even after his energies are all unstrung and his ministerial efficiency greatly impaired. An aged ministers' fund, in thorough operation, greatly obviates such a difficulty, and, as a matter of fact, has in some denominations often prevented the grievous injury, if not the almost absolute ruin, of many congregations. As most of our readers are aware, the fund is maintained by a yearly contribution from each congregation and by a certain percentage on the income of each minister. This is fair and right. Both minister and people are benefited by the arrangement, and both should accordingly share in the necessary burden which has nothing of charity in it whatever. It may so happen that for very many years neither congregations nor ministers derive any apparent advantage from the Fund. They are, however, reaping advantage from it all the while, for they have always the protection which it affords, and they have also always the comfort and satisfaction of knowing that in this way they are very efficiently helping forward the Lord's work and carrying comfort and encouragement to the hearts of not a few of the Lord's workers.

CATECHISTS SOMETIMES A NECESSITY.

THE remarks, recommendations and resolutions to be found or implied in the minutes of the Barrie Presbytery in another column only express the wishes and convictions of an ever-growing number of those most deeply interested in the progress of the work of the Presbyterian Church in the newer districts of our country. The great injury done to mission stations by their being comparatively neglected during the time when our Theological Colleges are in session has been often remarked upon and deplored. Nothing, however, very effective in the way of remedy has been either suggested or applied. The work of the summer has in very many cases been allowed to disappear by the supply of religious services being withdrawn for the winter half of the twelve-month. In very many cases it has from season to season been but a weary working up during the summer of the loss caused by the preceding silent winter. This surely ought not so to be. There is a large amount of sanctified talent in the Church which is not turned to account in the way which is both desirable and possible. Ought not this to be done in the manner suggested by the Barrie Presbytery or by some other plan which might be thought likely to be more effective? Many of our readers would notice in a recent communication from Dr. Burns, of Halifax, a suggestion which he says was thrown out by Dr. McKay, of Formosa, to the effect that it would be well to have one or more of our Theological Halls—especially the one down by the sea—open during the summer months so that the students then attending might be available for mission work during the winter. There is no necessary antagonism between these plans. Both could so far be turned to account in a way at once effective and quite in accordance with all Presbyterian rules and traditions. In the few cases in which catechists have been employed very marked and beneficial results have followed. Why not extend and systematize the plan? We are quite sure that many of our ministers know individuals—modest, worthy, pious, prudent and com-

petent—who could do such work with great efficiency. Could these not be utilized to the full without in the slightest relaxing the time-hallowed and indispensable demand for a thoroughly educated ministry? Dr. Chalmers' dear and honoured convert and friend, "Sandy Paterson," was certainly not less chosen of God and efficient for the work to which he was called and consecrated, though his great and good spiritual father protested against his being spoiled by "a scratch of Latin;" and no harm was done to the standard of ministerial education and acquirement by that man of God being set apart to the work in which he was found so efficient and in which he continued till the Master gave him his discharge. No doubt there are but few "Sandy Patersons" to be expected, but there may be some, while a great many far behind him both in gifts and graces might still do very efficient work in ways, places and times, where and when others more competent might not be to be had for either love or money.

We understand that a beginning in this work has been made in Muskoka, and has been found to answer well. The Guelph Presbytery sent a catechist to labour during last winter in that wide and necessitous field. He is still engaged in the work and is said to be doing well. The ladies' association of St. Peter's Presbyterian Church, Rochester, sent a young man to the same region last summer and is again sending him this. There are Presbyteries that have little or no Home Mission field of their own. Could these not seek out and support such labourers in destitute localities? It might bring a great and precious blessing to all concerned. In any case it is surely worth trying. The memory of some catechists in the London Presbytery is very fragrant and will be long cherished by not a few. Surely the class of men from which they were drawn has not become extinct. Quite the contrary. It is a matter at any rate which deserves to be discussed in all its bearings, and we shall only be too happy that this should be done in our columns, of course at moderate length and in a becoming spirit.

MISSIONS IN CHINA.

THE Rev. Mr. Swanson, who has for the past twenty-two years been one of the missionaries of the English Presbyterian Church in Amoy, and is at present on his way to Scotland, spent a few days at the end of last week and the beginning of this in Toronto, and gave two most interesting and impressive discourses—the one on the morning of last Sabbath in Knox Church, and the other in the evening in that of St. James's Square, on the work in which he had been engaged in China. Those who were privileged to hear Mr. Swanson will not soon forget the able, eloquent and yet most business-like way in which he sketched the work to be done and the amount and kind of success which had been already achieved. The only regret felt and expressed was that Mr. Swanson could not remain for a longer time and tell more fully of what he knew of the spread of the Gospel in that most interesting and ancient land. There was also a large and interested meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, held in Knox Church lecture-room, on Tuesday afternoon, at which Mr. Swanson dwelt at considerable length and with great power on Gospel work among the women of China.

We hope Mr. Swanson may be able, on his return journey to his work in China, to spend a longer time in Canada. We are quite sure his presence and pleadings would do very much to deepen the already widely felt interest in the progress of the truth in the Flowery Land. After all it is but very little that the most intelligent Canadians know of China and its wonderful history, and perhaps it is still less which Canadian Christians know of the great things that God has wrought and is working for the diffusion of His own truth among the teeming millions of that most important and interesting country. The visits and addresses of such men as Dr. Mackay and Mr. Swanson greatly help to dispel such ignorance, and we therefore earnestly desire, if possible, to have more of them, well assured that as the facts are more fully known the active prayerful interest of the Churches in the work of evangelization in China and elsewhere will be more generally called forth, and, under the blessing of God, will issue in yet greater and more glorious results—that men may at once "marvel," and at the same time be thankful as they contemplate what the Lord hath wrought.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for August is up to the usual high average of this favourite magazine. The illustrations are numerous and beautifully executed; and the topics treated cover a wide range. To Canadian readers the illustrated paper on "Water-Routes from the great North-West," will be found very interesting; as questions involving the future ascendancy of the Erie Canal or the St. Lawrence system, as well as the bearings of Mississippi transportation and railway competition, are very thoroughly discussed.

CHRIST AND MODERN THOUGHT. Boston Monday Lectures for 1880-1 (Boston: Roberts Brothers, Toronto: Willing & Williamson.)—Many of our readers are aware that for some years past the Rev. Joseph Cook has kept up a Monday lectureship in Boston. When he left for a considerable absence in Europe it was thought undesirable that the lectures should be altogether dropped. Accordingly certain distinguished men were invited to fill Mr. Cook's place, and the result was the delivery of lectures, some of which are published in the volume before us. There is a preliminary lecture by Mr. Cook on the "Methods of Meeting Modern Unbelief," after which we have ten lectures on such subjects as "The Seen and Unseen," "The Moral Law in its relations to Physical Science, and to Popular Religion," "Christianity and the Mental Activity of the Age," "The Place of Conscience," "Development, its Nature, what it can do and what it cannot," etc. All these lectures will repay a very careful perusal, even the somewhat celebrated "Calm View" of Dr. Crosby, which any one who actually reads it will have little difficulty in discovering to be anything but "calm."

REMINISCENCES BY THOMAS CARLYLE. (New York: Harper Brothers.)—It is absurdly out of time to notice these now celebrated "Reminiscences" which every one has either actually read or has most persistently and courageously pretended to have done so. The most sensible and judicious friends and admirers of Mr. Carlyle and his wife are now pretty well agreed that the publication was a great mistake, and that James Anthony Froude shewed a marvellous lack of judgment in the course he has pursued in the whole matter. Some, no doubt, have got it into their heads that Mrs. Carlyle has here received the worthy "apotheosis" to which she, it seems, looked forward as a sort of compensation for all the drawbacks involved in marrying a "genius," especially one provided with such a stomach as unfortunately fell to the lot of the "Sage of Chelsea." The number of those, however, can surely not be large, for anything more calculated to make a decent woman ridiculous than these reminiscences, we don't remember to have ever come across. The circumstances in which they were written, and the time of life at which the writer had arrived, may excuse the many maun-dering platitudes, the trivial and uninteresting details, the insolent omniscience, and the querulous, unmanly regrets to be met with *passim*; but what excuse can there be for the man who in cold blood, with no disturbing sorrows, no "abominable" stomach, and it is to be hoped, no incipient dotage, could deliberately read all these, and then as deliberately give them to the world, without apparently one excision, or without the slightest consciousness that he was doing his best to dishonour the memory, and so far to detract from the reputation of one who shewed how sadly his power of reading character had disappeared when he trusted his posthumous fame in the hands of one who has so absurdly and so ostentatiously betrayed his trust, and that not from any want of loyalty to his "master," but from an evident and inherent inability to settle what really is, and what is not, in accordance with the fitness of things. Those who have long loved and honoured Carlyle will make all allowances for these unfortunate "Reminiscences" having been written; will persuade themselves that they were never intended for publication; and seeing that they have been, will endeavour as far as possible to play the sons of Noah over again, and with these use a similar garment for a similar purpose, and it is to be hoped, with similar success.

FEW things look worse than to see a young Christian sauntering in the street; it is courting temptation, and inviting Satan to lead you astray; hasten home to your calling, your closet, or your Bible.

CHURCHES IN SCOTLAND.

From the report of the Home Missionary Committee, presented to the last General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, it appears that the receipts of this Committee for 1880 amounted to £15,983 1s. 1d., exceeding that of 1879 by £5,388 0s. 3d., and that of the average for the last ten years by £5,685 1s. 2d. In the year before the Disruption the income for Home Missionary purposes was £5,029. In 1843 it fell to £2,289. In 1850 it had risen to £4,324; in 1860 to £5,055, in 1870 to £6,620; and, as already stated, in 1880 to £15,983. In this income has to be reckoned a legacy of £7,142 from James Buist, Esq., Law Park, St. Andrews, who, during his life and after his death, gave in all to the schemes of the Church, £40,000.

The stations supported by the Fund are fifty-one, with an attendance of 6,232, and 1,944 communicants. The mission churches so far assisted from the same fund were seventy-seven, with 16,810 attendants and 9,894 communicants. The Committee has also during the year assisted fifteen congregations with building grants to the extent of £5,600.

From the published abstracts of the thirty-eighth report of the Public Accounts of the Free Church of Scotland, it appears that there was raised in that Church during 1880 for local building operations the sum of £80,586 15s. 5¼d.; for Congregational and Miscellaneous objects, £191,622 12s. 9¼d.; for Sustentation, £162,618; from congregations and from legacies, etc. £12,322; making in all £174,941 7s. 8d. For Home Missions, £5,757 11s.; for Home Evangelization, £1,812 13s. 1d.; for Church and Manse Building, £1,954 12s. 11d.; for Highlands, £5,461; for Colleges, £10,314 2s. 5d.; for Education, £19,571 4s. 3d.; for Foreign Missions, £38,735 13s. 4d.; for Colonies, £3,813 17s. 10d.; for Jews, £4,554 7s. 2d.; for Continent, £4,928, 15s.; for Pre-disruption Ministers, £2,346 3s. 6d.; total for Missionary and Educational Schemes, £99,230 10s. 9d. Gross total for all purposes, £590,333 1s. 4d., or nearly three millions of dollars.

THE "New Zealand Presbyterian," published in Dunedin, is an excellent monthly publication, conducted with a great deal of ability, care and outspoken frankness. It is not so large as the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN and has hitherto been published at the rate of threepence sterling per month, or 87½ cents per annum. At the same rate THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN would cost \$3.50. After an experience of two years, however, our lively cotemporary finds that the price has been too low, and intimates the levying of an additional sixpence in the following pleasant and outspoken terms, which might be read with advantage over a wider area than New Zealand.

"We have endeavoured month by month to furnish sound literature to the families into which we are privileged to enter. We have been made aware that all men do not speak well of us; and that we do not strike the key note which awakes a responsive echo in many good and honest hearts; and these things we regret, regret the more that we dare scarcely promise amendment; comforted, however, by the knowledge that whosoever among men or angels occupied our seat it could not possibly be otherwise with him than it is with us. It is difficult to edit to please all men—sevenfold more difficult to represent and speak for a denomination; for when one has pretty strong feelings and opinions of his own, it is hard to repress one's individuality, that it shall not be more visible than the face and figure of the Church. No doubt, our comments on men and things are sometimes wrong or lopsided or misleading; do our brethren not know that we shall be delighted to give insertion to their refutations, corrections, amendments, and supplements? We are astonished that they do not favour us more frequently; and surely there are thoughts in many brains in country manse or cottage, these long winter nights, such as might do good if printed in our columns. Admitting, however, all our faults, we are none the less convinced that our readers get splendid value for threepence a month; nay, that they can get no such value for their money in the length and breadth of the land; indeed, one almost blushes to think that you can get a copy of the 'New Zealand Presbyterian' for the price of half a glass of bad beer or half a bad cigar, or a couple of oysters! We were desirous of continuing this generous incongruity, but, alas! a heavy, heavy bill still due to our printer, reminds us of Bankruptcy Acts and Debtors' Courts, and winding up, and collapse and ruin; and with grief we have to announce that the price must be henceforth raised one halfpenny per month on each copy; and so let our readers note that they will have to pay next year, 4s., instead of 3s. 6d. per annum, to have our periodical sent them by post. No one will leave us for the sake of a halfpenny a month! If any one grudges 4d. a month for us, we must be made of sorry stuff indeed. So we go to work again with a good heart and good will—not caring much to be able to trace the results of our work, content to know that they are *there*, and that all true and honest labour passes from us to the custody of the great Taskmaster, who renders to every man according to his work."

CHOICE LITERATURE.

THE OATH KEEPER OF FORANO.

A TALE OF ITALY AND HER EVANGEL.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER III.—SER. JACOPO AND HIS FRIENDS.

"How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!"

When Jacopo had started his son Sandro toward Firenze on an admonitory mission to his Uncle Nanni, the lad was in a state of high delight; the weather was charming, the vetturino was almost sure to drive very slowly, and to the boy of fourteen, who had never been five miles from home, a trip to the Tuscan capital was a glorious event. Leaving his father about four o'clock, Sandro in less than three hours stopped for the night in a little hillside village, where the vetturino had a relative. After supper and a chat by the wood fire, in which country people indulge, and which amazed Sandro by its prodigality, the boy wrapped himself in his father's great cloak, lined with fur, and lay down to sleep among the parcels in the vetturino's cart, having no canopy above him but the sky, which he saw through a breathing-hole which he had left for himself in the folds of his cloak. Sandro had very little on his mind. His father had bidden him keep his especial mission to Uncle Nanni from the ears of strangers, and his message to his relative was short and simple—merely to come to his loving sister, and forget Vaudois. As for the Vaudois, Sandro had heard of them in school, and considered them a sort of cross between the dragon which fought with St. Michael and Monacello, the goblin of the Italian nursery, so that the little rascal was very glad of the existence of the Vaudois, else there would have been no occasion for his journey to Firenze.

The next day the cart, drawn by its strong, mouse-coloured, sure-footed mules, still wound slowly along hill and level, the driver walking beside his favourite mule, and Sandro lagging behind, both gossiping with every man, woman and child that met them, and tarrying long before every drogheria and village albergo. Evening found them again in a mountain hamlet, supping on wine, black bread and sausages in a small tavern. As they sat thus the door opened and a keen, handsome face looked in. The face was set off by a velvet smoking cap, with blue embroidery, and tassel. Sandro's back was toward the door, and as the newcomer saw only three or four villagers, a heavy-faced vetturino and a boy, he considered it safe to come in; he threw by his green cloak, seated himself with a lordly air at the table, and called for sausages and a bottle of wine. The sound of his voice diverted Sandro from his supper.

"Ecco! are you here, Ser. Giulio? This is rather out of your way to the Forano villa. And you have sold your olive oil, then? I hope you made a good bargain. Why you stare at me as if you didn't know me; you remember I saw you in my father's shop two days ago. He met you in the street and brought you in about some slippers."

"Cospetto! how boys do gabble now a-days," said Giulio, testily. "Yes, Ser. Sandro, I remember you; and davvero, I could not be permitted to forget you if I wished. As to being out of my way, pray what brought you here?"

"Oh, I am going to visit my uncle," said the sharp little Vaian; "that is only a nephew's duty, I suppose."

"And I," said Giulio, quickly, "have just been to visit my aunt—that is only a nephew's duty, I suppose—and I shall be at the villa Forano to-morrow, and deliver the slippers."

(The ubiquitous Giulio, who certainly had never been to Elba, since he ostensibly sailed for that island, did indeed deliver the slippers to the Marchesa, telling her he had received them from Sandro at a wayside inn.)

"Ha, Ser. Vetturino, you are already nodding," cried Giulio.

"Si, si, Signore, it is very troublesome work driving mules all day."

"But not such a troublesome thing as to have soldiers quartered at your casetta," said one of the villagers.

"I wonder what is the most troublesome thing in the world," said Sandro; and then the talk became general, some suggesting one thing and some another. Giulio, who had disposed of two bottles of wine almost in two draughts, authoritatively remarked that to take an oath was the most troublesome thing.

"I have made two in my life," said Giulio: "one to a priest, one to a woman, and truly I have grown thin under the obligations imposed, for they were oaths exactly contrary to each other."

"Then you broke the one that you made to the priest," said Sandro.

"No, no, the one made to the woman; that would be less a sin," said the now waked vetturino.

"A chi lo dice! I kept them both," said Giulio. "It is the one thing which I dare not do, is to break an oath."

"To keep them must have been the most difficult thing in the world," said the innkeeper.

And then the irrepressible Sandro, anxious for information, asked what was the most difficult thing in the world. Giulio might have given as his experience, "To speak the truth," but he had never even made an effort in that line. He had early made up his mind that perfect safety would best be secured by never telling the truth; but by telling lies in a perfectly truthful manner, keeping his own counsel, Giulio was accepted as a thoroughly reliable person by all who knew him. It never occurred to him to laugh at his dupes, nor to plume himself on his own sharpness. He merely considered that it was well for him to deceive, and for everybody to be deceived. Following these, his principles of action, Giulio appeared next day at the Villa Forano, stating that his aunt was dead, and that he had

remained to bury her. Indeed, he had heard from one of the boatmen that the old woman was very ill, and a few weeks after, by some circuitous means, he heard of her death.

All these wanderings and falsehoods had been used for what? Merely to cover a hasty visit of Giulio to a chesnut-wooded, purple mountain north of Firenze, where he took the little Michael from a solitary deaf and dumb woman, who lived by gathering nuts and fagots and knitting hose. Giulio had given this woman some silver, descended to the sea by way of Pisa, where he procured the child's carnival costume and a boat, and thence he had departed in a fishing vessel. When he reached the Villa Forano, and laid aside his gala costume for the plain garb of a vine-dresser, he took from his purse half a franc. It was the very last money remaining of a sum which Judith Forano had given him five years before, when he was about to act as her courier in her journey to London. Giulio turned it over and over.

"It shall never be spent," he said. "I will keep it to shew that I have fulfilled the oaths I made to a priest and to a woman, and to warn me never to make another."

He drilled a hole in the bit of silver, and hung it about his neck with a silken cord.

While Giulio was thus occupied, Sandro entered Firenze, and made his way to the shop on the Piazza San Marco, where his uncle worked. A slender, fair-complexioned young man, with a kindly honesty in his face and a grave sincerity in his air, that made him the very opposite of the acute Giulio, Nanni Conti was busily pegging a shoe when his little nephew looked in at the door of the bottega.

"Hey! Can that be Sandro!" cried Nanni, as a shadow fell over his work. "Has any evil befallen mia sorella?"

"We are all well, Uncle Nanni, but my father thought I had better visit you and get a look at the world," said the boy, casually regarding the workers in the shop. "Nevertheless, uncle, I have some news from home such as that we have yet another brother duly christened Paulo by Father Zucchi, in the Duomo, and perhaps, if you are not too busy we might walk about the piazza while I answer all your questions."

Nanni laid aside the shoe, took off his leathern apron, and donned his cap. Sandro was looking very important, and leading the way from the shop the lad glanced quickly about and directed his steps to the open door of the little church of San Marco. The front of this church is only a hundred years old but the remainder of the building dates from the thirteenth century, and is historic. Here Fra Savonarola preached, flashing upon the city a day-beam, which presently perished in a deepening night of persecution. Here Fra Angelico dreamed of angels, and painted them—creations of singular beauty, but unfortunately with gold platters behind their heads. Here also Fra Bartolommeo had enrapturing visions, and contributed them to the world of art. To the right of the entrance door is one of Bartolommeo's pictures—a virgin enthroned. A few people were scattered about the chapel praying, and Sandro, seeing no one near the virgin, sat down beneath the picture, first making it a reverence, and motioned his uncle to a place beside him.

"The fact is Uncle Nanni," said the young ambassador, "my father has sent me on an errand which is not for strange ears. He has heard that you have fallen in with Vaudois (the boy crossed himself), and he says these are days when it is well to let heresy alone. He says no friends would stir for you as for the Madai, whoever they were, and it would go far to break my mother's heart if you were put in prison. Your old father at Barletta will not be the worse for seeing you, and you must not bring grief to his gray hairs. Moreover, our shop and home are yours, and my father wants you to return with me."

"And what, Sandro, are Vaudois?" asked Nanni, quietly.

"Why, uncle," said Sandro, puzzled now that he was beyond the limits of his instructions, "a Vaudois is—a something that destroys the souls of young infants like my new brother, and blasphemes most terribly."

"And do you think, mio Sandro, that I would be with such a people as that?" asked Nanni, looking kindly at him.

"Why no, uncle; now that I think of it such evil seems quite impossible to you."

"I hope so," said Nanni. "Instead of growing worse I strive to grow better. But you do well to speak of my old father. I was just thinking of going to Barletta. You will like to stop here to-day and to-morrow, to rest and see the sights, and then I will go with you to your father. If we make good travelling comrades perhaps he will let you go with me to Barletta."

Sandro was enraptured with this proposal and he and his uncle soon left the church. The boy did not fail to make a reverence toward the tabernacle, but he did not notice that his uncle neglected both this and the holy water.

In the afternoon Sandro was sent, with a boy of his own age, to see some of the piazzas and bridges, and in the evening his uncle told him that he was going to meet some friends and would be glad of his company.

The night had fallen when Sandro and his uncle stumbled along the almost unlighted, narrow streets of Florence. Here and there a lamp or two burned dimly at some street-corner shrine (invariably a Virgin); the markets had closed, but the wine-shops were open and crowded, and in the restaurants many men could be seen playing at dice at little tables. Nanni finally rang a bell by a great archway, and was admitted to a narrow court. He crossed this and knocked at a door.

"Chi è?" said a voice within.

"Amici," responded Nanni.

Now any enemy might have answered friends, but the word seemed talismanic, for the door opened and admitted them to a dull, small, bare room, lighted by several dim oil-lamps. Half a dozen more "amici" swelled the numbers present to thirteen. All shook hands, and seemed friends indeed, and Sandro was kindly greeted by each one. An old man then opened a little book and read for a long time, stopping to answer questions, to make remarks, or listen to

the remarks of others. All seemed so easy and home-like, and the reading was so delightful, that Sandro, never, a timid youth, made bold at last to speak out.

"Will you tell me the name of that book which has such beautiful stories of Ser. Jesus? I can read a bit, and would like to have one."

There was a little stir through the room. The aged reader sighed deeply.

"My son, it is the Evangel."

"My father shall get me one," said Sandro, confidently.

"God grant it," said the voice of Uncle Nanni in his ear.

There was a little girl present, also a young infant in arms; and after a time the old man read a very lovely story of the Lord blessing children, and a young man, kneeling down, prayed very fervently for the young children, for the babe, for the girl, for the "strange bambino," to be kept in life and received at last to heaven. Sandro's eyes filled with tears, it was all so pathetic and so beautiful.

"Oh, Uncle Nanni!" cried Sandro when they were returning home, "what very nice friends you have! Who are those people?"

"Sandro," said Nanni, "I see that you are a lad who can keep his own counsel. Say nothing to any one about these people, and I will tell you the whole secret in a month's time."

Sandro had spent a Sabbath in his coming to Firenze—your Catholic Italian is oblivious of the command which begins "Remember."

(To be continued.)

HOW MISS JENKINS "GOT OUT OF IT."

It was "writing afternoon,"—said Miss Jenkins,—and my scholars were new. If you had ever been a teacher, my dear, you would realize what the combination of those two simple facts implies—the weariness of body and the utter vexation of spirit. First, there's the holding of the pen. If there's one thing more than another in which scholars exhibit their own originality, it is in managing a pen-holder. Then, the ink: To some it was simply ink, nothing more. To others it seemed an irresistible tempter, whispering of unique designs, grotesque or otherwise, to be worked out upon desk or jacket, or perhaps upon the back of one small hand.

Well, upon the afternoon of which I am going to tell you, I had had more correcting to do than usual, for some of the scholars were stupid, and couldn't do as I wished; and others were careless, and didn't try. What with the looking, and stooping, and continual shewing, I felt my patience giving way, and when I saw that three of the largest boys had left the page upon which they should have been practicing, and were making "unknown characters" in different parts of their books, I lost it utterly. "That I will not have," said I, sharply, "I will punish any boy who makes a mark upon any but the lesson page."

They were very still for a while. Nothing was heard but the scratch, scratching of the pens, and the sound of my footsteps as I walked up and down the aisles. Involuntarily I found myself studying the hands before me as if they had been faces. There was Harry Sandford's large and plump, but flabby withal, and not over clean. His "n's" stood weakly upon their legs, seeming to feel the need of other letters to prop them up.

Walter Lane's, red and chapped, with short, stubbed fingers, nails bitten off to the quick, had yet a certain air of sturdy dignity; and his "n's," if not handsome, were certainly plain, and looked as if they knew their place, and meant to keep it.

Tommy Silver's, long and limp, besmeared with ink from palm to nail, vainly strove to keep time with a tongue which wagged uncertainly, this way and that, and which should have been red, but was black, like the fingers. His "n's" had neither form nor comeliness, and might have stood for "v's," or even "x's," quite as well.

Then there was Hugh Bright's hand, hard and rough with work, holding the pen as if it never meant to let go; but his "n's" were "n's" and could not be mistaken for anything else.

At length I came to Frank Dunbar's desk—dear little Frank, who had been a real help and comfort to me since the day when he bashfully knocked at my door with books and slate in hand. His hand was white and shapely; fingers spotless, nails immaculate, and his "n's"—but what was it that sent a cold chill over me as I looked at them? Ah, my dear, if I should live a thousand years, I could never tell you how I felt when I found that Frank Dunbar had written a half dozen letters upon the opposite page of his copy book!

"Why, Frank," said I, "how did that happen?"

"I did it."

"You did it before I spoke?" said I, clinging to a forlorn hope.

"No, 'm; I did it afterward. I forgot."

"Oh, Frank! my good, good boy! How could you? I shall have to punish you."

"Yes, 'm,"—the brave blue eyes looking calmly up into my face.

"Very well; you may go to the desk."

He went, and I walked the aisles again,—up and down, up and down, giving a caution here or a word of advice there, but not knowing, in the least, what I was about. My thoughts were all with the flaxen-haired culprit, who stood bravely awaiting his penalty. Vainly I strove to listen to my inward monitor. It seemed suddenly to have become two-voiced,—the one tantalizing, the other soothing,—and, of course, the tones were conflicting.

"You must punish him," said one.

"You mustn't," said the other.

"He deserves it."

"He doesn't."

"He disobeyed you flatly."

"But he forgot—and he has always been so good."

*"Ser. Jesus" is the ordinary way of the Italian speaking of the Lord Jesus. The prefix "Ser." strikes a reverent foreigner unpleasantly.

* Cottage.
† To whom do you speak? Used as an exclamation, as we say, "What do you mean?"

"But you promised. You have given your word. Here are thirty boys to whom you should be an example. Do you think they are not watching you? Look at them!" I did look at them. Walter Lane's sharp black eyes and Harry Sandford's sleepy orbs were fixed curiously upon me. Nor were these all. Gray eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes—all were regarding me intently; I almost fancied that they looked at me pityingly. I could not bear it.

"Attend to your writing, boys." Then I walked slowly up to the desk.

"You see how it is," said the troublesome voice. "You will certainly have to punish him."

But I had thought of a possible plan of escape. "Frank," said I "you have been disobedient, and you—you know what I said, but—you are such a good boy that I cannot bear to punish you—not in that way, I mean. You may go to the foot of your class, instead."

"I'd rather take the whipping." The honest, upturned face was very sober, but betrayed not the least sign of fear, nor was there the slightest suspicion of a tremble in the clear, childish voice.

"Bless your brave little heart," thought I. "Of course you would! I might have known it," and again I walked the aisles, up and down, thinking, thinking.

"You will have to do it," repeated the voice. "There is no other way."

"I cannot,—oh, I can't," I groaned, half aloud.

"The good of the school requires it. You must sacrifice your own feeling and his."

"Sacrifice his feelings! Loyal little soul!—good as gold, and true as steel."

"No matter, you must do it."

"I Won't!"

I walked quickly to the desk and struck the bell. The children looked wonderingly. "Listen to me, boys," said I. "You all know that Frank Dunbar is one of our best scholars."

"Yes, m—yes, m!" came from all parts of the room, but two or three of the larger boys sat silent and unsympathetic.

"You know how diligent he is in school, and what a little gentleman, always."

"Yes, m. That's so. We know." Only two unsympathetic faces now; but one of them, that of a sulky boy in the corner, looked as if its owner were mentally saying: "Can't think what your driving at, but I'll never give in—never."

"You all know how brave he was when Joe Willis dropped his new knife between the boards of that unfinished building on Corliss street. How he did what no other boy in school would do—let himself down into the cellar, and groped about in the dark until he found it for him."

"We know that—yes, m. Hurrah for—"

"Stop a minute. One thing more."

Sulky-boy's companion was shouting with the rest, and Sulky-boy's own face had relaxed.

"You all know," said I, "how he took care of Willie Randall when Willie hurt himself upon the ice. How he drew him home upon his own sled, going very slowly and carefully that poor Willie might not be jolted, and making himself late to school in consequence."

"Yes, m. Yes ma'am. Hoo-ray for little Dunbar!" Sulky-boy was smiling now, and I knew that my cause was won.

"Very well," said I. "Now let us talk about to-day. He has disobeyed me, and—of course I ought to punish him."

"No'm, you oughtn't. Don't punish him! We don't want him whipped!"

"But I have given my word. It will be treating you all unfairly if I break it. He has been such a faithful boy that I should like very much to forgive him, but I cannot do it unless you are all willing."

"We're willing. We'll give you leave. We'll forgive him. We'll—"

"Stop! I want you to think of it carefully for a minute. I am going to leave the matter altogether with you. I shall do just as you say. If, at the end of one minute by the clock, you are sure you forgive him, raise your hands."

My dear, you should have seen them! If ever there was expression in human hands, I saw it in theirs that day. Such a shaking and snapping of fingers, and an eager waving of small palms—breaking out at last into a hearty, simultaneous slapping, and Sulky-boy's the most demonstrative of all.

"Disorderly" do you say? Well, perhaps it was. We were too much in earnest to think of that. I looked at Frank. His blue eyes were swimming in tears, which he would not let fall.

As for me, I turned to the blackboard, and put down some examples in long division. If I had made all the divisors larger than the dividends, or written the numerals upside down, it would not have been at all strange, in the circumstances.

And the moral of this—concluded Miss Jenkins (she had just been reading "Alice in Wonderland")—is that a teacher is human, and a human being doesn't always know just what to do.—*Mary C. Bartlett in St Nicholas for August.*

FORMS OF LIGHTNING.

A flash of lightning is a very large spark of electricity—just the same thing that one sees given by an electric machine in a lecture on Natural Philosophy, the only difference being that the best machine will not give a spark more than a yard long, while some flashes of lightning have been estimated to be several miles in length. According to their appearance, various names have been given to these sparks in the sky, though in reality all the several kinds are one and the same thing. On a warm summer evening one often sees the clouds on the horizon lit up with brilliant glows of lightning, unaccompanied by any sound of thunder. To this appearance the name of "heat-lightning" has been given, and the warm weather is often assigned as its cause. In point of fact, the heat-lightning is only that

of a thunder-shower so far off that, while the observer can see the flash, no sound of thunder reaches him, and the intervening clouds veil and reflect the flash until it becomes a glow, instead of the sharp streak usually seen. Where the flash, starting from one point, branches out and divides into several parts, it has received the name of "forked-lightning." This is usually seen when the discharge is near the observer. Single flashes bearing a zigzag or crinkled aspect are denominated "chain-lightning," probably from their resemblance to a chain thrown loosely on the ground. Again, when several discharges occur from about the same place at the same time, and are screened by rain or clouds so as to light up the heavens with a broad, bright glow, the title of "sheet-lightning" is applied. These four comprise all the common forms. There is, however, one rare manifestation, called "ball-lightning." In this phenomenon a small globe or ball of apparent fire rolls slowly along the ground, and after a time suddenly explodes, scattering destruction around. There are few instances of this on record, and no very satisfactory explanation has ever accounted for this curious appearance.

"HE SUFFERED."

"He suffered." Was it, Lord, indeed for me, Tho' just one for the unjust, Thou didst bear The weight of sorrow that I hardly dare To gaze upon, in dark Gethsemane? "He suffered!" Thou, my near and gracious Friend, And yet my Lord, my God! Thou didst not shrink For me that full and fearful cup to drink Because Thou lovedst even to the end! "He suffered!" Saviour, was Thy love so vast That mysteries of unknown agony, Even unto death, its only gauge could be, Unmeasured as the fiery depths it passed? Lord, by the sorrows of Gethsemane Seal thou my quivering love forever unto Thee!

—F. R. Havergal.

"GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME."

"Why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Manners of her cousin Lydia, one morning after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted, faded old summer silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and frayed.

"Oh, anything is good enough for home!" said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar, and twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"Oh, never mind; it's good enough for home," said Lydia carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning dresses, and with neat hair, and dainty collars and cuffs, but now she was back again among her brothers and sisters, and with her parents, she seemed to think anything would answer, and went about untidy, and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress; she seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything was good enough for home.

There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home; whereas, effort to keep one's self neat, and to treat father, mother, sister, brother and servant kindly and courteously, is as much a duty, as to keep from falsehood and stealing.

BE STUDIOUS.

Whitfield was poor, and in "service," but he managed to get education; and both England and America have felt his power for good. William Harvey did not find out the circulation of the human blood by a lucky accident. He was a hard student at home and abroad, and taught the doctrine to his classes for ten years before he published it to the world.

Young men ought to remember that there are still splendid services to be rendered. All the discoveries have not yet been made. The field is now the world, as it never was before. The best books can now be had as never before. Education of the highest kind in physiology, mental philosophy, engineering, chemistry, is accessible as it never was before. An empire without the emperor has grown up on this continent, and much of the soil is yet without occupant and master. Other empires are open to educated ability, and will become more so every year. There is a legitimate sphere for splendid ambition.

Let our boys forego the cost of tobacco and catch inspiration from the best books. Let them turn their backs on the tempting glass, and spend their money in stimulating the mind. Even fashion "parties" and pleasure may be put in the background, that the time and thought required for them may be given to getting that mental habit and furniture that will make its possessor a helper to his race, and a capable servant of that Creator—the "Father of Lights"—who has given us brain and heart, with capabilities, that we may be lights, benefactors, and conquerors, on fields where no life is lost, and even the vanquished are gainers.—*Dr. John Hall.*

A ROMAN despatch says: The Republican associations have resolved to organize an agitation throughout the kingdom for the repeal of the law of Papal guarantees.

TROUBLES frequently meet us in the way of duty; they are designed to try our constancy, courage, and sincerity; think not you are going wrong because tried; but wait on the Lord, and He shall save thee.

THE best part of man's life is in the world of his natural affections, and that realm has laws of its own that neither know nor heed king nor congresses, and are deaf even to the voices of shouting popular majorities, but heed and obey rather the gentle voice of woman and the cry of helpless and feeble childhood.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE London Religious Tract Society states "that ever since 1868 the Spanish people have bought a larger number of the Scriptures, in proportion to their population, than France or Italy."

THE first great trial in connection with the recent political events in Russia is to commence in September, when twenty-nine male and female Nihilists will be brought before a court martial.

THE "Osservatore Romoe" publishes telegrams to the Pope from priests, who are chiefly Spanish and belonging to religious societies, protesting against the insults to the remains of Pope Pius IX.

THE British press, irrespective of politics, agree with the belief that England can rely on the good faith of America to prevent the renewal of attempts of conspirators against the British Government.

THE late Sir Josiah Mason entered Birmingham as a labourer to wheel coal and ashes at the gas works, afterwards amassing an immense fortune, £400,000 of which he bestowed on benevolent objects in the town.

THE discovery was recently made by Prof. William R. Brooks, at Phelps, N.Y., of a tail to the new telescopic comet in the Constellation Auriga. It is about fifteen minutes of arc in length, and forked. The comet is growing brighter, and may yet develop into an object of great magnitude and brilliancy.

IN the debate in the House of Commons on the 24th ult., on the vote of censure of the Government's policy in the Transvaal, which was rejected, Gladstone shewed that the peace overtures began before the disasters to the British occurred. He said to have withdrawn the terms of peace on the point of military honour, and insist on a certain number of victims being slaughtered to expiate the British defeats, would have been wicked, cruel and mean.

IT has been for some time suspected that a considerable traffic in explosives has been carried on between America and England. Recently a barrel purporting to contain cement, by the Cunard steamer *Alata*, was opened by the Customs officials, and six zinc boxes discovered containing clock-work infernal machines prepared with dynamite. A few days afterwards a barrel containing six more machines was found aboard the *Bavarian*. It is stated that in some of the barrels bill heads bearing O'Donovan Rossa's name were found.

M. MUNKACS, the Hungarian painter, has just declined to take less than \$160,000 for his new picture of "Christ before Pilate." It is not so long ago that this brilliant and now wealthy artist was a cabinet-maker's apprentice, and was thankful to earn small sums in his leisure hours by painting flowers upon the furniture of the peasant farmers of his native town, taking his commissions from them as he stood in the market-place with his master's wares. A chance talk with two art students, who stood with him under a gateway during a heavy shower, first opened to him the way to a regular academic education.

WILLIAM PORTER, who was wrecked early this year in the steamship "Diamond," of Dundee, bears testimony, in a letter published in "Chambers' Journal," to the extraordinary efficacy of oil in calming waves: "I first heard of its good effects in the case of a whaler in the South Seas. She was on the point of foundering. The men were unable, owing to heavy seas to remain at the pumps, . . . when some of the oil casks broke adrift in the hold and smashed. The oil was then pumped out with the water, and the sea, though still as high, did not break on board." At the wreck of the *Diamond* he considers that they owed their life to the oil thrown out.

THE class of 1856 in Williams College of which President Garfield was a member, had a gathering at this Commencement. In a meeting to pray for the President's recovery, one of his classmates rose and said: "Twenty-six years ago to-night, and at this very hour, our class were on the top of Graylock to spend the night of the Fourth of July. As we were about to lie down for sleep, Garfield took out his pocket Testament and said: 'I am in the habit of reading a chapter every night at this time with my mother. Shall I read aloud?' All assented, and when he had read he asked the oldest member of the class to pray. And there in the night, on the mountain top, we prayed with him for whom we have now assembled to pray."

THE body of Emmanuel Kant, the German metaphysician, which since his death, in 1804, lay in a tomb in the Cathedral of Koenigsburg, has been removed to a new Gothic chapel built in his honour, adjoining one side of the Cathedral. The stone which covered the old tomb has been removed to the chapel, and still bears the inscription prepared by Kant's friend, the Counsellor Scheffner, as follows: "Sepulchrum Immanuelis Kant nati a. d. X. Calend. MDCCXXVI decessit pridie I. D. Febr. a MDCCCIV hoc monumentum signavit amicus Scheffner." Under this stone and enclosed in a zinc coffin are the ashes of the philosopher. Behind it, on a pedestal, is a marble bust of Kant. The wall near by is decorated with copies of Raphael's pictures in the hall Della Segnatura of the Vatican.

THE drain of population from Germany and the adjacent lands by emigration attracts much attention, and the rulers are very much puzzled to find means of reducing it. Statistics published by the Hamburg police authorities shew that the number of German emigrants passing through Hamburg alone to America, from January 1 to June 30, 1881, amounted to 74,633, being twice the number for the same period in the year following the late war between France and Germany. The figures for such emigration in the corresponding period of last year were 32,489, and the total for the year 1880, 190 so that, if the emigration proceeds in the same proportion for the second half of 1881 the Government will find that, reckoning the fugitives by other channels, it has lost in 1881 about a quarter of a million of its most efficient subjects.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

MR. ROBERT H. MONTGOMERY lately presented to the New Richmond Sabbath school a very fine organ. The presentation was for the Sabbath school and Ladies' Missionary Society, in each of which Mrs. Montgomery takes a leading part.

THE Presbyterians in Metis are proposing to build a new church more in harmony than their present building with "this age of progress." They need outside help, however, for they are neither numerous nor rich. Contributions for this purpose will be thankfully received by the pastor, the Rev. T. Fenwick. The nearest Presbyterian station to Metis is on the one side, 100 miles distant, and on the other, 220. Many, we have no doubt, will be happy to assist in such a work, especially those who visit that locality during the summer.

THE Rev. A. Stewart, the pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of North Easthope, having obtained leave of absence from the Presbytery of Stratford for three months, to enable him to take a trip to the old country for the benefit of his health, which for some time past has been declining, was waited upon at the manse by a few of the leading members of his congregation on the evening before his departure, and was presented with an address which was accompanied with a purse containing \$155 to help to defray the expenses of his journey. Mr. Stewart made an appropriate and feeling reply.

ON Friday evening, 22nd ult., Rev. John Ferguson, B.D., of Chesley, was made the recipient of a beautiful present of a horse, buggy and set of harness, by Messrs. Milne and Boyd, two young men of his congregation, who acted on this occasion as the representatives of the whole congregation. Mr. Ferguson thanked them, and through them the congregation, very heartily, for this renewed token of their kindness, it being, he said, only a little while ago since the ladies of the congregation had presented him with a purse of \$70, and he and Mrs. Ferguson had received many kind favours from friends in the congregation since. After taking a short drive, Mr. Ferguson was very much pleased with his present, and now hopes that every congregation whose pastor needs a horse and rig may go and do likewise.

LARGE congregations attended the services at Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Sabbath, the 24th ult., both morning and evening. In the morning, Rev. George Bruce, of St. Catharines, preached from Acts. iv. 13, a thoroughly practical and stirring sermon; and in the evening the church was densely packed with an audience assembled to hear the pastor, Rev. James Robertson, preach his farewell sermon. The text was Philippians i. 27. The reverend gentleman gave a brief outline of the progress made by Winnipeg during the seven years of his pastorate there. Describing the city as it was then, and contrasting its present position with its position at that time, he shewed that the congregation of Knox Church had kept pace with the times. In closing his discourse he affectionately bade farewell to the people to whom he has ministered so long. On the following Tuesday evening Mr. Robertson was installed as Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in Manitoba and the North-West. Rev. Prof. Bryce presided over the meeting, which was held in Knox Church. Rev. Dr. Cochrane addressed the minister, and Revs. George Bruce and Prof. Hart the congregation, others taking part in the services. A collection was taken up in aid of the fund for wiping off arrears due to missionaries. The occasion was one of peculiar interest.

PRESBYTERY OF KINGSTON.—An adjourned meeting of this Presbytery was held in the Lutheran Church, Ernestown, on the 26th day of July. A call to the Rev. Colborne Haney, from the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Trenton, was presented and sustained. The call was largely signed, and was accompanied by a guarantee of stipend to the amount of \$800. The people are very enthusiastic in their desire to obtain Mr. Haney's services. Pursuant to arrangements made, the Presbytery proceeded with the ordination of Mr. David Kellock. Mr. Wilson presided, and put the usual questions, after which Mr. Kellock was duly ordained by prayer and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. Rev. Mr. Mitchell preached, Rev. Mr. Young addressed Mr. Kellock, and Dr. Smith the people. Although the

farming community were greatly pressed in their work, the fields being white to harvest, still the church was thoroughly filled. Mr. Kellock is appointed to labour as an ordained missionary for a term of years in a district of country fraught with historic associations dear to Presbyterians. It was in this region that the Rev. Robert McDowall erected the Presbyterian standard at the close of the preceding century, and gathered around him a band of attached followers. May this revival of the cause redound to the glory of God and the welfare of many souls.—THOMAS S. CHAMBERS, *Pres. Clerk.*

PRESBYTERY OF MANITOBA.—This Presbytery met at Portage la Prairie on the 20th ult. After certain routine matters had been disposed of, Mr. Robertson's appointment as Superintendent of Missions in the North-West was taken up. The minute of Assembly was read, the representatives of Knox Church, Winnipeg, heard, and the following minute on the subject finally adopted: "That this Presbytery, having decided to sever the tie heretofore existing between Rev. James Robertson and the congregation of Knox Church, Winnipeg, would express its high appreciation of the services rendered to the congregation over which Mr. Robertson has been placed for nearly seven years. That, in looking at the very great increase that has taken place in the membership of Knox Church, at the active part taken by Mr. Robertson in the erection of a creditable church building, built during his pastorate, at his general Christian influence in his earnest personal dealing with inquirers, his successful teaching of the young, the hearty reception giving to incoming settlers belonging to our Church, at the earnest advocacy of all movements of social amelioration, such as education, temperance and the like, the Presbytery is of the opinion that the congregation was most wisely guided in the choice of a pastor, and would earnestly wish Mr. Robertson the enjoyment of every blessing in the wide and honourable sphere of usefulness to which he has been called by the highest court of the Church." Application was also made on behalf of Knox Church, Winnipeg, to find its own supply during the vacancy, the rate of payment to be \$40 per Sabbath to ministers coming from other Presbyteries, and \$20 to those who might be members of Manitoba Presbytery. The congregation also asked for leave to sell the present church if it should be thought best, promising if it did that the proceeds should be equally divided between the members that might agree to form two congregations in the city, the one to the north and the other to the south. In accordance with instructions of the General Assembly for the drawing up of a code of rules for the guidance of the Superintendent of Missions, certain suggestions were then made by Dr. Cochrane and submitted to the Presbytery for consideration. These, with some amendments suggested by the Presbytery, are as follows: Designation—Superintendent of Missions for Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Duties of the Superintendent: (1) His duties shall include the oversight and visitation of all the mission stations and supplemented congregations within the aforesaid territory; the organization of new stations and the adjusting of the amounts to be paid by the different stations and congregations for the support of ordinances, and the amounts to be paid by the Home Mission Committee; and in general the supervision and furtherance of the entire mission works of our Church in Manitoba and the North-West. (2) In the prosecution of his work he shall consult with and act under the direction of the Presbytery of Manitoba. He shall transmit from the Presbytery of Manitoba or such other Presbyteries as may be hereafter erected, to the semi-annual meeting of the Home Mission Committee in March and October, a detailed statement of the progress of the work, including the adaptability of the missionaries to the fields assigned to them, and the fulfilment on the part of stations and supplemented congregations of the engagements entered into for the support of the missionaries. (3) He shall transmit to the Home Mission Committee an annual report for presentation to the Assembly, containing complete statistics of the membership, families and adherents in each mission station and supplemented congregation; also the additions made during the year, the amount of contributions for the support of ordinances and for the Home Mission Fund during the year, and the extent of new territory occupied during the same period, with any other information and recommenda-

tions that may be deemed important for the Committee and the General Assembly to know. (4) All moneys shall be paid by the Superintendent of Missions to the stations and supplemented congregations, and he shall be empowered, should he see cause, to withhold payment of grants promised by the Committee in cases where the stations and supplemented congregations have not fulfilled their monetary engagements, or where statistics have not been regularly furnished. (5) Payments shall be made to the stations and congregations quarterly. (6) No draft shall in any case be drawn by the Superintendent of Missions until he has sent to the Convener of the Home Mission Committee a detailed quarterly statement of the amounts due to each station and congregation, and until he has received his sanction to draw for said amount upon the treasurer of the Church. (7) In the meantime the missionary at Prince Albert shall receive his payments directly through the Convener of the Home Mission Committee. (8) The Superintendent of Missions shall spend three months of each year as directed by the Home Mission Committee, in the other provinces, with a view to enlist the sympathies and evoke the liberality of the Church in the mission work of Manitoba and the North-West. (9) The Superintendent of Missions in his dealing with stations and congregations shall be guided by the rules passed by the last General Assembly for mission work in Manitoba and the North-West, and any other rules that may from time to time be enacted by the General Assembly. (10) The Superintendent shall report his travelling expenses every six months to the Presbytery, to be passed by it before being paid by the Home Mission Committee. It was duly moved, seconded, and agreed to, that these resolutions, as amended, become the judgment of the Presbytery, Rev. Mr. McKellar, however, entering his dissent from the word "oversight," contained in the first suggestion as to the duties of the Superintendent. Dr. Cochrane then stated that a request for the payment of certain arrears due to several of the missionaries of this Presbytery had been presented to the Home Mission Committee, and that the question of arrears had been referred back to the Presbytery with the request that a full statement be prepared and brought before the Presbytery at its July meeting, when it was expected that the Convener of the Home Mission Committee would be present to consider the whole matter with the Presbytery; and that according to this arrangement he was now present, ready to enter into the consideration of this subject. Each of the missionaries whose salary was in arrears presented a statement of the amount due to him. The total amount of the arrears was found to be \$1,789.67. A settlement of this question was finally reached in the following manner. The missionaries agreed to forego about one-third of the whole amount; the Superintendent agreed to raise \$500; Dr. Cochrane agreed to recommend that the Home Mission Committee pay a similar amount; and the remainder, some \$200, is to be raised by individual effort in different portions of the Presbytery. The committee appointed to strike standing committees for the year then presented a report, which, with several changes suggested by the Presbytery, was duly adopted. A call from Selkirk and Little Britain in favour of Mr. Matheson was taken up. It was signed by thirty-six members and twenty-two adherents. Reasons for Mr. Matheson accepting the call were given in, and all parties were cited to appear for their interests, when the whole matter would be settled at an adjourned meeting of Presbytery on the 3rd of August. Reports of visitations to different congregations were given in and disposed of, and other appointments for visitation by the Superintendent of Missions or by some members of Presbytery arranged for. This took up all the second day of meeting. On the third day, after some other matters had been disposed of, Mr. Stalker presented a certificate from the Presbytery of London, Ont., stating that he had been licensed by that Presbytery on the 11th day of May, 1881, as a preacher of the Gospel. After the delivery of a lecture on a passage chosen from the Epistle to the Romans, and a popular sermon on 1 Peter ii. 7, and a very satisfactory examination on subjects prescribed by the General Assembly, it was moved by Mr. Borthwick, seconded by Mr. Mullins, that the Presbytery having heard the trials of Mr. Stalker, taking a conjunct view of the whole matter, sustain him, and appoint his ordination to take place on Sabbath next at the Court House, Portage la Prairie, Mr. Bell to preside, Dr.

Cochrane to preach and address the minister, and Mr. McKellar the people. This motion was agreed to. Mr. Roddick's resignation was, on motion, accepted, and the Presbytery agreed to put forth all due efforts to have the amount of \$300, passed at the last meeting of Presbytery, paid to Mr. Roddick, that the Superintendent be appointed to examine into the matter, and that full documents in the case be forwarded to the Assembly's Home Mission Committee. Agreed to. Mr. John A. Macdonald, a graduate of Knox College, Toronto, having delivered a lecture on Hebrews iv. 14, 15, and a popular sermon on Matthew v. 16, and having passed a very satisfactory examination in the subjects prescribed by the General Assembly, on motion duly made, it was agreed, that the Presbytery having heard the trials of Mr. John A. Macdonald, taking a conjunct view of the whole, sustain them and proceed to license him as a preacher of the Gospel, to exercise his gifts as a probationer for the holy ministry in this Church. Mr. Macdonald having given satisfactory answers to the questions appointed to be put to candidates for license, the Moderator led in prayer and licensed Mr. Macdonald to preach the Gospel within the bounds of this Presbytery, or wherever God in His providence may cast his lot. Dr. Cochrane, at the request of the Moderator, addressed Mr. Macdonald. On motion of Prof. Bryce, seconded by Mr. Bothwick, it was agreed that the clerk be ordered to procure a book with formula to be subscribed by ministers of the Presbytery. The Presbytery continued the appointment of Mr. Bothwick at Mountain City until the next meeting of the Presbytery. The Presbytery then adjourned.

THE LATE REV. ROBERT HALL.

The Rev. Robert Hall died on Tuesday, the 26th ult., at the manse, East Nissouri, after a long and trying illness. For some considerable time, probably not less than a couple of years, he had entertained serious apprehensions as to the state of his health, but only within the last six or seven months was the relentless nature of the disease suspected. Early in the present year he consulted some of the most eminent physicians of Toronto, who expressed the fear that he was in the grasp of a terrible cancer, which, buried beneath the surface of the right cheek, was slowly eating its way behind the eye and toward the brain. A visit to New York in May last where he passed through a painful operation, only confirmed the judgment of his previous medical advisers, without affording him any hope of respite or recovery. Since his return he has been confined almost entirely to the house, suffering much physical pain, yet in calm assurance quietly awaiting his approaching end. Mr. Hall was a native of Northumberland, England, where he was born in the year 1831. His parents were pious seceders, and he was brought up in the Secession Church. In the year 1855 the late Dr. Taylor, professor in the United Presbyterian Church, Canada, went home to the old country, and among other services rendered to his Church he induced a number of young men to come to Canada and study for the ministry. Mr. Hall was one of the number. He arrived in Canada in the summer of that same year. He studied theology under Dr. Taylor, was licensed in 1859, and on the 17th of April, 1860, he was ordained in the North Church, Nissouri, and inducted into a charge which then embraced North and South Nissouri, Biddulph and Fish Creek. The two latter were after a while detached from the group and formed into a separate charge, but of the two Nissouri congregations Mr. Hall continued the pastor until his death. He was a devoted pastor, and toiled on faithfully amid many discouragements and with very inadequate support. His scholarship and especially his intellectual gifts, were far above the average. His moral nature was deep and rich. He had a noble scorn of everything dishonest and unworthy, while his perfect transparency of character and many sterling qualities endeared him to all who really knew him, and especially to his brethren in the ministry. The bereaved widow and family, we are sure, have the most heartfelt sympathy of the whole community in this their day of affliction and sorrow.

It will be well to be very slow in believing the sensational story about the native missionaries who murdered a thousand converts in the Tino Islands, because they went back to their heathenism. It is really quite incredible as told, though a war of tribes is not impossible.

AN important migration of Jews from Russia to Spain is under consideration. The question having been asked of the Government of Spain, in behalf of 60,000 persecuted Jews in Russia, whether protection to them would be afforded in Spain, the King replied in the affirmative. Some 60,000 Jews, it is said, are preparing to emigrate, under this assurance, to Spain. In order that the Jews may have religious privileges which the constitution now forbids, the King has proposed to the Cortes to modify the clause which declares that there shall be no public exercise of any worship save the Roman Catholic. Some Conservative papers and all the Ultramontane organs, even in Madrid, have, however, attacked and ridiculed the royal decision that allows the Jews to return to the country from which 160,000 of their ancestors were expelled in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXIII.

Aug. 14. } 1887. } THE RED SEA. { Ex. xiv. 19-27

GOLDEN TEXT.—“Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.”—Ex. xiv. 15.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Ex. xiii. 1-22. The Departure from Egypt.
- T. Ex. xiv. 1-18. Pharaoh's Pursuit.
- W. Ex. xiv. 19-31. Through the Red Sea.
- Th. Ex. xv. 1-23. Song of Moses.
- F. Ps. lxxvii. 1-20. “Thy Way is in the Sea.”
- S. Ps. lxxiv. 1-23. “Thou didst Divide the Sea.”
- Sab. Isa. lxxix. 7-19. Led through the Deep.

HELPS TO STUDY.

At midnight on the night following the fourteenth day of the month Abib, while the Israelites were eating the pass-over, “the Lord smote all the firstborn of the land of Egypt, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sat on his throne to the firstborn of the captive that was in the dungeon; and all the firstborn of cattle.” By this terrible visitation the stubborn will of the tyrant was conquered, and, influenced not only by the judgment that had overtaken his own family, but also by the “great cry” of his terror-stricken people, he became as anxious to hasten the departure of the Israelites as he had formerly been to prevent it. Without waiting for daylight he sent for Moses and Aaron, and through them not only permitted but commanded the immediate departure of the people whom he had kept in bondage so long.

The Egyptians also did what they could to facilitate the exodus, and loaded the Israelites with presents, to gain their favour and, if possible, avert further judgment on their account.

When, however, the Israelites had actually left, with all their movable property, and “not an hoof” was left behind, Pharaoh began to realize the greatness of the loss which he had sustained by letting his bond-slaves go free, and “his heart was hardened”—he repented, not of his generosity, for he had never shewn any, but of his cowardice; he became valiant once more, under the inspiration of greed, and, hastily marshalling his forces, set out in pursuit of the fugitives, and very speedily came in sight of them.

Meantime the Israelites—the Lord going before them, with the visible appearance of a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, for their guidance—had nearly reached the shore of the Red Sea, and were filled with dismay at finding themselves pursued, while the sea apparently barred their further progress. They loudly found fault with Moses for bringing them out of Egypt. “It had been better for us,” said they, “to serve the Egyptians than that we should die in the wilderness.” The oppressor's yoke had been removed from their necks, but they were slaves still—slaves in spirit; and it took forty years of wilderness life, with strict discipline and judicious training, to make free men of them, or rather to raise up a nobler generation for the conquest of the promised land.

It was then—as the Israelites turned their terrified gaze alternately on the sea in front and on the enemy behind them, and as Moses cried to God in behalf of his people in the hour of their need—that God gave to Moses the reassuring and inspiring order expressed in the words of our Golden Text: “Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward;” and it was when that command was implicitly obeyed in the face of apparently insuperable obstacles, that God wrought for Israel the wonderful deliverance which is recorded in the text of our lesson.

Each verse of the lesson text supplies a topical division, as follows: (1) “The Fiery, Cloudy Pillar,” (2) The Bright side and the Dark, (3) The Dividing of the Waters, (4) The Safe Passage, (5) The Rash Pursuit, (6) A Look and its Consequences, (7) The Attempted Retreat, (8) The Return of the Waters, (9) The Overthrow.

I. “THE FIERY, CLOUDY PILLAR.”—Ver. 19. In the grand old hymn “Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!” (Presbyterian Hymnal, No. 152), may be found the lines:

“Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.”

The reference in that beautifully expressed prayer is to the pillar of the cloud mentioned in our lesson text, or rather (is it not?) to the Word of God, which is our guide from the bondage of sin even as the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night was the guide of the Israelites from Egyptian slavery.

II. THE BRIGHT SIDE AND THE DARK.—Ver. 20. As

the bright side of the pillar was towards the Israelites, and threw light on their path, so Bible truth is intelligible and convincing to the Christian, directing and cheering him in his course; and as the dark side of that same pillar was towards the Egyptians, and hindered their progress, so the written word is only a stumblingblock to the unbeliever. To the docile it supplies instruction, but to the froward and the scornful it is incomprehensible. (See Isaiah xxviii. 10-13; 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.)

III. THE DIVIDING OF THE WATERS.—Ver. 21. Dr. Edward Robinson speaks of the strong east wind as a “miraculous adaptation of the laws of nature to produce a required result.” That is quite true, not only of this miracle but of all recorded instances of the extraordinary exercise of Divine power; but that does not by any means take away from the miraculous character of the event. The exercise of the power of God is just as much required in the usual operations of the “laws of nature” as in the unusual; and the growth of a blade of grass—if it were not rendered familiar to us by frequent recurrence—would be quite as miraculous in our eyes as the raising of the dead.

IV. THE SAFE PASSAGE.—Ver. 22. It is not necessary to accept as quite accurate the pictures that are sometimes seen of the Israelites passing along a narrow path with a perpendicular wall of water on each side of them. Hugh Miller, somewhere in his writings, calls attention to the fact that in no instance does the execution of God's designs involve a superfluous expenditure of miraculous power. It would be much more in accordance with common sense to take the word wall in this verse as meaning a protection, as it does in Nahum iii. 8.

V. THE RASH PURSUIT.—Ver. 23. In Proverbs xxvii. 22, we are told that “though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar, among wheat, with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.” Pharaoh was a fool. Ten times he had been smitten—ten times a power infinitely greater than his own had laid him low, but after all he defied Omnipotence and blindly rushed to his destruction.

VI. A LOOK AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.—Ver. 24. It is quite possible that this look means thunder and lightning. In Psalm lxxvii. 16-20, we have a poetical description of the passage of the Red Sea which favours this view, and it is also supported by Jewish tradition as gathered by Josephus.

VII. THE ATTEMPTED RETREAT.—Ver. 25. At last, and too late, the Egyptians realized the fact that they were fighting against the power which they had so long and so ineffectually resisted—the power of the Ruler of the universe, of the Supreme Being who has the natural elements entirely under his control. In the moment of their extremity—as happens to many in the hour of death—the terrible truth was irresistibly borne in upon their minds, but, alas! too late, too late!

VIII. THE RETURN OF THE WATERS.—Ver. 26. “The means again,” says the “National S. S. Teacher,” “were very simple. The wind merely ceased to blow, or shifted to the opposite point of the compass. It was easily done. Against that great and terrible army the Lord put forth none of His immeasurable strength. ‘Thou didst blow with Thy wind, the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty waters.’ (Ex. xv. 10). The Red Sea is a place for the nations to learn a lesson—‘For the nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish; yea those nations shall be utterly wasted.’”

IX. THE OVERTHROW.—Ver. 27. Modern commentators are greatly exercised over the question whether Pharaoh himself was drowned in the Red Sea or not. We rather think he was; but we care not. The flower and strength of the Egyptian nation perished in that disastrous hour; no force could be raised for further pursuit. Jehovah had triumphed; His people were free. Let us learn a lesson concerning the sure judgments of God when once the cup of iniquity is full. Many had been the warnings. Chrysostom says, “God always warns before He waits, and waits before He strikes, and strikes before He crushes;” and a pagan poet tells us that “the mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding small.” To the being that opposes the Divine power, or resists its benign exercise for his good, ultimate ruin is inevitable.

MEN are so fearful of wounding a woman's vanity that they rarely remember that she may, by some possibility, possess a grain of common sense.

IF God's people in this land were once brought to abound in deeds of love, as much as in praying, hearing, singing, and religious meetings and conference, it would be a most blessed omen. There is nothing would have a greater tendency to bring the God of love down from heaven; so amiable would be the sight in the eyes of our loving and exalted Redeemer, that it would soon, as it were, fetch Him down from His throne, to set up His tabernacle with men.

A POOR, converted woman of India said: “I have no money to give to missions, but I am able to speak of the Saviour to my neighbours.” Could a volume tell more of the duty of the people of this country who live in so much light? Said a young man in a prayer-meeting recently: “I worked for M.—, a well known Christian, for eight years, and he never spoke to me of religion.” The woman in India had learned what is better than money—the power of personal influence, and eleven persons had been brought to Christ through her “speaking to her neighbour.”—Congregationalist.

“THEY all put brandy in them!” said one. “They all don't! My mother has never put a drop of brandy into her mince pies since the day Bob said he could taste the brandy and it tasted good. Mother said then it was wrong, and said she would never be guilty of it again; and if my mother says a thing is wrong, you may be sure it is wrong, for what my mother knows she knows.” “How about mince pies? Are you sure she knows how to make a mince pie good? and a laugh went up from a group of girls gathered over the register of the recreation room, eating their lunch. But some of them winced a little when back were tossed the words: “If she don't, she knows how to make a boy good, and isn't a boy worth more than a mince pie?”

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

"EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM."

Rev. i. 7.

When first to this polluted earth
The holy Saviour came,
So humble was His place of birth,
Few cared to know His name.

His lowly form no comeliness
To mortal eye possessed,
No beauty in His grief-marred face
Revealed the Heavenly Guest.

But lo! with clouds He comes again,
The crown upon His brow;
And every eye shall see Him then,
And every knee shall bow.

Thine eye, O thou with soldier's spear,
Or with more cruel dart
Of unbelief, reproach, or sneer,
Who pierced the Saviour's heart.

Thine eye, O thou in pride who dost
His great salvation scorn,
Or by neglect thy soul hath lost,
Shall look on Him and mourn.

Thine eye, O weak and trembling saint,
Whom sin makes often sad,
Who, though pursuing, oft art faint,
Shall see Him and be glad.

Thine eye, O thou whose faith is bright
With joy in One unseen,
Shall see thine Everlasting Light,
Without a cloud between.

O! blessed hope, O! joyful thought,
For those who know His grace,
That when the fight of faith is fought
They shall behold His face!

To work and wait, to watch and pray,
With lamps kept burning clear,
Be this our service, day by day,
Until the Lord appear.

HARD WAGES.

"I WANT your boy to my store," said a man to a poor widow. "I have had a great deal of trouble with boys; and now I want him because he is honest." The widow was glad that her son would now be in the way of earning something. So, when the boy came home, and was told, he was as much pleased with his good fortune as his mother. But neither the mother nor son knew anything about Mr. T's store. However, on Monday morning the boy went to his new post. As he returned at night, his mother asked him how he liked it. At first he said, pretty well, and next he didn't exactly know; and then not very well; and on Saturday night he told his mother plump, that he did not like it at all, and was not going to stay longer. "Why," exclaimed his mother, grieved, "are you so bad to please? Do you know how very important it is that you should stick to your business?" "Mother," said the boy, "the store is a grocery-shop, and I cannot stay there." The mother's mouth was stopped, as after that she had no wish to have him remain.

When the master paid the boy on Saturday, and he told him that he could not stay, the man was surprised. "How is this," said he, "have I not done well by you this week?" "Yes," answered the boy, "I could not expect to find a kinder master." "Then do you find fault with the pay?" "No, sir, it is good." "Well, then, what is the matter or difficulty?" The boy hesitated. "Come, come, you won't leave me. I'll raise your wages." "Oh, sir,"

said the boy respectfully, "you are very good; but I cannot be a dram-seller. I am afraid of the wages, for I cannot forget that the Bible says, 'The wages of sin is death.'"

LITTLE SALLIE.

LITTLE SALLIE was sick; that is, she had a sore throat, and papa and mamma were worried for fear it might turn out to be something serious. And so Sallie had to have her throat painted with a solution of "something," and as this was a rather painful process she did not enjoy it at all, but kicked and struggled so that it required the combined efforts of her papa and mamma and nurse to perform the operation—one to hold her still, one to keep her mouth open, and one to do the painting.

It was after one of these painting "scenes" that Sallie's papa—who is a minister, and has to write sermons—sat in his study writing; and presently in came Sallie. Then her papa took her upon his knee and talked to her, and told her that we all had to be sick sometimes, but that God only, made us so for some good reason, and so we should try to be patient and not displease God and make those about us unhappy by being cross and unruly. And then he set her down and went on with his writing, while little Sallie ran away out of the room.

It was not long, however, before Sallie again came into the study, this time very quietly. And when papa looked up, there she stood, with her hands behind her, looking very thoughtful indeed. Then she said, gazing up shyly from under her long eyelashes at papa "You don't know what I've got!" And papa guessed ever so many things, but could not hit the right one at all; so he finally gave it up and asked, "Well, little daughter, what have you got?" And then she came close to papa, and drew her hands slowly from behind her. And what do you think she had? I am quite sure you will be as unable to guess as her papa was, and so I will tell you. In one hand was the brush, and in the other the bottle containing the solution, and she wanted papa to paint her throat. And when he did so she did not cry nor make any fuss at all. And now, little readers of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, cannot some of you learn a lesson from little Sallie?

DID HE DIE FOR ME?

A CHILD sat on its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into the face which was beaming with love and tenderness for the cherished darling. The maternal lips were busy with a story; the tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was one of mingled joy and sadness. It was a tale concerning the death of the Saviour—how He so loved the people as to give His life a ransom for them to redeem them from a lost and ruined state. Sometimes her voice was scarcely heard above a whisper, but the listening child caught every sound. The crimson deepened on its little cheek, as the story went on increasing in interest. Tears gathered in its earnest eyes, and a long sob broke the stillness as its mother concluded. A moment and its ruby lips parted, and in

tones made tremulous by eagerness, the child inquired—"Did He die for me mamma?" "Yes my child,—for you, for all." "May I love Him always, mamma, and dearly too;" "Yes my darling, it was to win your love that He left His bright and beautiful home." "And He will love me, mamma; I know He will. He died for me. When may I see Him in His other home?" "When your spirit leaves this world, my darling, and goes to a better and happier one." "My spirit?" murmured the child. "Yes, your spirit; that part of you which thinks, and knows, and loves. If you love Him here, you will go to live with Him in heaven." "And I may love Him here? How glad you have made me, dear mamma." And the mother bowed her head, and silently and earnestly prayed that her child might grow up to love and revere the Saviour.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

A LITTLE boy once happened to be away from home. He started on his journey homeward, and, after walking some distance, came to a small stream flowing across the road, which he could easily have stepped across. "But no," thought he, "I see there are beautiful flowers along down the stream on this side, and I do love to gather them and play with them, and I have time enough to spare, so I will walk along down the stream, and when I have enjoyed these flowers as much as I like, I will then step across and go home."

But as he wandered on down, the stream gradually, and at first imperceptibly, grew wider and deeper. At length he began to discover that the stream had become much wider, but thought he could throw a rail across or find where some tree had been blown across and in that way get over.

"I will gather," said he, "a few more of these beautiful flowers, and select from the water's edge a few of these beautiful stones for the children, and bask in this delightful sunshine, for it looks very dark and gloomy on the other side, and after a while I will cross over, and go home."

Thus he talked and thus he walked, until he found that the stream had become a river. Now," thought he, "I will cross over the next bridge I come to."

But he passed the bridge. Finally the river has become an arm of the sea, but he must go over. So when the sun is just sinking in the west, and darkness is about to overspread the earth, pallid with fear, he slowly goes into the cold water, now it comes up to his knees, now to his waist (see how he shudders), and now up to his chin, and finally he sinks to rise no more.

Little children, the crossing of this stream is intended to represent the step which you must take, by receiving Jesus Christ as your Saviour, that you may reach that beautiful home in heaven where your Father awaits your coming. You may think as this boy did, "I will wait a while longer and enjoy the pleasures of this world, and then I will take the step." But remember, every day that you put it off, will make it but the harder, and the stream grows wider, and, it may be, you will find at last that you will have to enter the cold, dark stream of death unprepared.

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