

THE PRESBYTERIAN

1881 TO 1882

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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on the 29th November, at eleven a.m.
LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on the second Tuesday of November, at two p.m.
CHATHAM.—In St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, on December 10th, at eleven a.m.
LANARK AND RENFREW.—At Carleton Place, on the first Tuesday of December, at half-past one p.m.
BUCK.—In Knox Church, Paisley, on the second Tuesday of December, at two p.m.
GUELPH.—In St. Andrew's Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of November, at ten a.m.
MAITLAND.—In St. Andrew's Church, Lucknow, on Tuesday, 20th December, at one p.m.
SAUGUEY.—In St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest, on Tuesday, the 20th December, at eleven a.m.
PETERBORO.—At Coburg, on the third Monday of January, 1882, at half-past seven p.m.
SARATIA.—In the Presbyterian church, Watford, on the last Tuesday in November.
TRURO.—At Great Village, on the 15th November, at two p.m.
BROCKVILLE.—In the First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, on the 13th December, at half-past two p.m.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, on Tuesday, December 20th, at half-past seven p.m.
BARRETT.—At Barre, on Tuesday, November 28th, at eleven o'clock a.m.
PENNY.—In St. Andrew's Church, Brantford, on Tuesday 20th December, at eleven a.m.
ST. THOMAS.—In St. Andrew's Church, St. Catharines, on the third Tuesday of January, 1882, at ten a.m.
HURON.—At Clinton, on the second Tuesday of November, at eleven a.m.
HAMILTON.—At Hamilton, on November 15th.
WHITBY.—In St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, on the 22nd of November, at eleven a.m.
OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on the 15th November, at half-past one p.m.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 9.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4th, 1881.

No. 44.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE New York "Independent" says: "Mr. Clark Braden is making it his business to discredit Colonel Ingersoll, morally and intellectually. Some of his assertions are of a character which the Colonel may think it dignified to ignore; but the charges of downright and extensive plagiarism, extending over pages of matter, and supported by parallel columns verbally identical, demand attention, or his moral reputation is badly impeached."

THE Land League in Ireland is practically extinct. The foolish final blow which it attempted to strike by proclaiming "No Rent," has recoiled upon its own head. It no doubt meant murder, but has simply committed suicide. The farmers are everywhere paying rent, and are already by thousands availing themselves of the provisions of the Land Act for securing fair rents and fixity of tenure. It would have been humiliatingly strange had it been otherwise.

GENERAL GARFIELD is quoted as saying in a letter written ten years ago to a lawyer who had opposed the insanity plea in a murder trial: "The whole country owes you a debt of gratitude for brushing away the wicked absurdity which has lately been palmed off on the country as a law on the subject of insanity. If this thing had gone on much further, all that a man would need to secure himself from the charge of murder would be to rave a little and tear his hair a little, and then kill his man."

TEN years the Patriarch in Constantinople sent an ultimatum to President Washburn, of Robert College, to the effect that all Christian instruction must cease, or the Armenian students would all leave. He replied that the Faculty proposed to "run" the College, and that Christian instruction would be maintained. The Armenian students were withdrawn. But they so insisted at home on returning that all but seven or eight were soon in their classes again. And this same Patriarch has since commended the College in almost unmeasured terms.

REV. DR. BUCKLEY, editor of the New York "Christian Advocate," while abroad in attendance on the Methodist Ecumenical, had an interview with Professor Robertson Smith, and gives his impression of the interview as follows: Says he, "The impression, as a whole, is that he is almost a phenomenon of intellectual vigour and alertness, and that he is thoroughly sincere; that his views may perhaps be safely held by him, but that, logically followed to their last results, they would lead many to the verge of rationalistic unbelief, if not to the last fatal plunge."

THE net results of prohibition in the State of Maine are summed up by ex-Governor Dingley, who states that the number of dramshops has been reduced from one to every 225 inhabitants in 1833, to less than one secret groggery to every 1,000 inhabitants in 1881, while the sale of these secret shops are less than one-fourth what they would be in openly licensed saloons. He also states that the criminal records afford convincing proof of the benefits of prohibition; there being in Maine only one State prison convict to 2,700 inhabitants. That proportion is lower than obtains in seven States which he mentions. The proportion in New York is one to 1,400.

A CAREFUL survey of the murders, suicides, and other great felonies committed in the chief cities of the United States during the last ten years, shews that a heavy fraction of the perpetrators were *atheists and free thinkers*. These unhappy persons, persuaded that life is the be-all and end-all here, imagine that they can jump the life to come. A collection of letters and other papers often left by criminals, when anticipating death, shews a fearful number of instances, some of which many readers will recall, of absolute disbelief in the existence of God or in penal-

ties for sins committed in this life to be exacted in a future one.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

THE "Chinese Recorder" reports an interesting state of affairs at Ningpo, where the native Christian converts connected with the Presbyterian Mission have established an academy. It is a purely native affair, controlled and supported by them. Native gentlemen, not Christians, have contributed, and the converts who were poor gave materials and labour, and the farmers gave cotton, and the women spun and wove the necessary articles for furnishing the buildings. All this is done in hearty coöperation with the mission, and gives every promise of great success.

SIR JOHN LUNBOCK, before the British Scientific Association, said that "the true test of the civilization of a nation must be measured by its progress in science." But the Belfast "Witness" very pertinently says: "To know right from wrong, to love the right and hate the wrong, to will to do the right and shun the evil, to struggle manfully with evil, to shew sympathy with sorrow and distress, to suffer patiently the unpreventable ills of life—these are the characteristics of an advanced civilization." And then it asks the pointed question, "Can these qualities be produced by the telephone, or the spectrum analysis, or the Leyden jar?"

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH said to Dr. Buckley, editor of the "Christian Advocate": "It is impossible for an organization to exist without a common basis of belief. If a minister preaches contrary to the Standards he should be suppressed. If I had been guilty and proved guilty of denying the Standards of the Church to which I belong, but one course would have been open to the Assembly, namely, to remove me from the ministry. Ministers, indeed, who do not agree with the recognized Standards which form the bond of union should not remain. Honesty requires them not to wait to be thrust out. As I said a few moments ago, while my opinions on some points differ widely from the opinions held thereon by some others, I claim that upon the doctrines of the Church I have uttered nothing contrary to the Standards."

DR. MURRAY MITCHELL, who has been visiting the missions in Asia in behalf of the Free Church of Scotland, writes from India: "I have been profoundly interested in watching the doings of the Brahma Somaj, which is split into three strongly antagonistic sections. I have twice seen Keshub Chunder Sen. On one occasion the conversation occupied two or three hours. He is as eloquent as ever, and apparently as full of hope regarding his own work. But his position is thoroughly illogical, and I believe he must soon advance toward full Christianity, or recede from it. There ought to be much solicitude and prayer in connection with this remarkable man. Crowds still hang on Keshub's lips whenever he comes forth with one of his set orations. Yet in Bengal, and especially in Calcutta, he has certainly lost influence; and this chiefly in consequence of the marriage of his daughter with the Rajah of Cooch-Bihar, in circumstances and with accompaniments entirely irreconcilable (so his opponents assert) with his own strongly avowed principles. I have also met with the most influential man in the Sadharan Somaj. The body at present professes an expansive Theism; but there is, I fear, some danger lest this degenerate into a contracted Deism."

ROME has been a good deal stirred up by the conversion to Protestantism of Count Campobello, one of the canons of St. Peter's and a member of a very ancient and noble family. In a letter to Cardinal Borromeo he declared that he had thought of withdrawing from the Church while Pius IX. was Pope, but remained, under the belief that after his death there would be a change for the better. He finds, however, that under Leo XIII. Church tendencies are more conservative and reactionary than under his predecessor. The chasm between the Church and

the State in Italy is caused, he thinks, by the obstinacy of the Pope, and he finds himself unable longer to continue in a Church which "requires its ministers to form a kind of Hindoo caste in the midst of modern society," so that he is unable to be a patriotic Italian and a sincere Catholic at the same time. A canon's life, he confesses, has wearied him; uninterrupted religious exercises five or six hours every day tending, in his opinion, to confirm one in "stupid idolatry or degraded idleness." He therefore renounces the Catholic religion and has joined the Methodists. The high position of the Count Campobello, and the fact that he has been on the best terms with the Church officials, makes his apostacy a matter of considerable consequence.

THE New York "Times," a secular paper, has the following sensible remarks in reference to the case of the Rev. Dr. Thomas: "Like most men in his position, Mr. Thomas thinks that he is a persecuted man. The facts in the case do not justify this opinion. He voluntarily joined a society the object of which is to teach certain doctrines, and became a trusted officer of that society. Having decided in his own mind that these doctrines were untrue, it was his obvious duty to withdraw from the society. To continue to occupy his position of trust and at the same time to teach doctrines which the society was organized to combat, was clearly not permissible, unless the society desired to commit suicide. If a man joins a temperance society and is hired to deliver temperance lectures, he has no right to deliver lectures affirming that temperance is all wrong. Should he be guilty of such conduct, the temperance society would deserve no respect if it did not expel him, and in that case he could not claim that he was the victim of persecution. Dr. Thomas may be all right in his theological views and the Methodist denomination may be all wrong, but as a Methodist minister he is bound not to attack the doctrines of the Methodist denomination, and if he does attack them he cannot call himself a persecuted man if he is turned out of the Methodist pulpit."

WHILE we in Canada are gradually but surely giving up our Sabbath rest, and allowing wealthy and unscrupulous corporations to do very much as they please with the Sabbath laws which still, apparently as a matter of form, remain on the statute book, the people on the European continent are trying to struggle back to the old state of things, which, by sad experience, they have found to be better than the everlasting drive which modern cupidity and ungodliness have thought indispensable. Minister Meybach of Germany has drawn up several regulations, designed to secure rest on the Sabbath for railway officials, which, if faithfully executed, will produce beneficial results. The assembly of German paper-makers, lately held at Nurnberg, unanimously resolved to discontinue all work on the Sabbath at once. In Cassel a great many citizens have requested that no papers or letters be delivered to them on the Sabbath by the post-office, except those marked "express." A Sabbath Union has been formed in Lunenburg and in Griefswald to reduce Sunday work as far as possible. The French Minister of the post-office and telegraph department has made inquiries whether a law cannot be enacted giving rest to all his officials on every alternate Lord's day. The French paper-makers are more and more observing the Sabbath. The great Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railway Company has granted rest on every alternate Sunday to their servants at all stations. In Switzerland the Jure-Berne-Lucerne Railway has done the same, and the radical Canton of Appenzell have prohibited public dances on Saturday evenings and on the Sabbath. A considerable number of merchants there have begun to close their shops all day Sunday. In Austria, the Minister of Worship and Instruction has issued a decree forbidding all public work on the Sabbath and holydays, and Count Chorinsky of Salzburg has issued a similar order to all workmen under his control. Only work of necessity is to be allowed, and that only after mid-day.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

A SABBATH IN EDINBURGH.

And this is Edinburgh! The city of boyish dreams! The beautiful modern Athens! Yonder is the castle: there ran the blood of martyrs; down the street is the manse of John Knox, the greatest of Scotchmen. Yonder are the memorials of soldiers and bards, and here of travellers, philosophers, and literary men. These men have made Scotland great.

FORENOON.

But it is the Sabbath morning; the sun has broken through the clouds, and the clear sky makes us glad. Where shall we worship? At last we decide that to begin we shall take Free St. George's—remarkable as having been the congregation of him who was the brain of the great religious movement of '43, as Chalmers was the arm. It is but a step to the church, on which a most substantial stone spire is being built. Collection given at the door—a strange sight for Canadians—we fall into the crowd who are strangers waiting for eleven o'clock, after which all seats are free. The church is well filled on floor and gallery by a congregation unsurpassed, we should say, in appearance and standing by any in Edinburgh. In a short time the preacher—Dr. Whyte, lately married, and but last year made a doctor—appears. It is stated that when the registrar of the University sent, as is the custom, for the list of works of the new doctor, Dr. Whyte returned the annual report of St. George's; and from all accounts, a fully attended prayer-meeting, a successful Bible class, and all parts of the Church's work thoroughly organized, are the striking features of Dr. Whyte's work in this powerful church. Dr. Whyte's sermon was what we in Canada would consider decidedly heavy. It was on Job xi. 7: "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" The sermon was apologetic in tone, seemingly the first of a series of winter sermons on leading doctrines. The preacher's mode of treatment was on the old lines. God may be known, within certain limits, from the natural world, from conscience, from providence, in Jesus Christ. With a sonorous Doric tone, and good firm voice, the preacher read rather closely, and with a sort of measured cadence, a good but by no means remarkable sermon. A good point was made in the statement that, vast as these four different regions are, as we pass upward through them from nature to Christ the feeling of uncertainty vanishes; that while sorely bewildered and perplexed in nature, we find reality and certainty in Christ. As we seek for God in nature, we reel and stagger at its immensity; and, said the preacher, "the firmer-footed we think ourselves, the more we reel." Conscience the doctor defined as God in the soul, and refused to enter into any analytic consideration of conscience. We should much prefer Calderwood's view. Dr. Whyte seemed to us hazy and indefinite. The treatment of the third field was scanty—Providence is a vast sphere in which each of us is a point. No interference with one of its points, but it is felt to the outmost limit. The treatment of the fourth head was the usual one. The impossibility of man seeing God directly—God revealed by the only begotten Son. One of the best parts of the sermon was that which dealt with the necessity for a proper state of receptivity would we find God. The sermon was solid, instructive, and in some ways powerful, but we can recall congregations in Canada where such preaching would not be well received. A striking feature of the singing of the congregation was that it was begun and maintained by several persons in the very midst of the church; and although there was no instrumental assistance, and the tunes were somewhat difficult, the singing was general and the harmony good.

AFTERNOON.

In Scotland, in many of the leading churches, the second service is held at a quarter past two. It was the duty of your correspondent to take the afternoon service in St. Cuthbert's (Established) Church. St. Cuthbert's is the largest church in Edinburgh, having a seating capacity of 3,000. It is decidedly quaint, both as to exterior and interior. It is situated in the midst of the beautifully kept cemetery which lies immediately below Castle Rock. The present building is said to be about 150 years old. It was in use in 1745, when the Pretender was in possession of the Castle just above it. Neil McVicar was the Whiggish pastor at the time. Orders were given that in all the

churches prayers should be offered up for the young prince. The proximity of the Castle guns suggested to the recalcitrant pastor that "discretion, and so on," and he cut the knot by the following prayer: "As for this callant that is come among us seeking an earthly crown, Lord, speedily send him a crown of glory." Good old Neil's portrait still hangs in the vestry. In the porch of the church is a memorial stone of Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of logarithms, and among the graves outside is that of Thomas De Quincey. We have said St. Cuthbert's is a large church—the congregation fills it. It has 2,700 communicants. Dr. McGregor, who has lately been travelling with the Marquis of Lorne, is senior minister. Rev. Jas. Barclay, who, two Sabbaths ago, preached before the Queen at Balmoral, is his colleague, and there are besides two assistants. Your correspondent took as his text Isa. xxxv. 1: "The wilderness and the solitary places shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." No doubt many of the hearers subjected the sermon to as free criticism as has been done with Dr. Whyte's, probably with more disastrous results. In the evening we discussed with Mr. Barclay many features of church life in Scotland. The Church of Scotland, which was almost completely paralyzed in the cities after the disruption, by the necessity for thrusting the "mere camp followers and hangers on," in many cases (the expression is not mine), into the vacancies created, has increased vastly since a younger race of men has grown up, and now the Established churches, I am informed, are as well filled as the other churches. The abolition of patronage has had a considerable effect. Many who dislike what they call "candidating," long for the return of the old system, but they admit that the change was inevitable. Your correspondent had the pleasure of spending a night lately at the castle of a member of the Scottish nobility, a few miles from Edinburgh, who is an elder of the Church of Scotland, and was greatly pleased with the evidences of domestic piety and the strong interest in the advancement of the Church's work shewn by this gentleman and his family. You may look for an occasional letter from us, if you care for it, as new scenes and other churches fall under our notice. G. B.

NORTH-WEST.—I.

MR. EDITOR,—It has occurred to me that it might not be uninteresting to many of our Presbyterian people to know something more of the mission field in the North-West than is found in our ordinary reports; and that a more intimate acquaintance with the work would awaken sympathy with those occupying the outposts, and evoke a generous response for the vigorous prosecution of the work. With your permission I will use THE PRESBYTERIAN as the means of communicating such information. Having visited the most of the stations north of the Assiniboine River, as far west as Fort Ellice, I shall follow the course I took in travelling. As I write from my notes, the use of the present tense in some places will be explained.

After my appointment by the General Assembly I made inquiries as to the most economical method of visiting the different stations consistent with efficiency. The railroads reach but few of the settlements yet. Stages charge ten cents per mile; and run only along one or two trails. Livery stable-keepers charge \$4 per day, even when you feed, as you require to do when absent for a time. I have concluded that the best and cheapest way of undertaking the work was by purchasing a conveyance of my own. I was confirmed in this opinion by the practice of such as go out through the country to explore from time to time. They purchase a horse and buckboard, or buggy, and when they return dispose of the outfit for as much as it will bring. Knowing that although I would not be apt to lose myself, yet that I might lose the trail and have to spend the night on the prairie, I deemed it wise to provide myself with a tent, some provisions, a hatchet, etc. Thus equipped, I started from Portage la Prairie, August 12th. From the worthy pastor of Portage la Prairie, Rev. A. Bell, I received valuable assistance in preparing, and suggestions about camping, etc. After travelling about nine miles, I stopped at Mr. Hugh Grant's, Burnside, for dinner. Burnside is one of the oldest Canadian settlements in the Province, and few are more flourishing. A large area is under cultivation, and the crop this year is very fine. Mr. Grant entertained Mr. McRae (the missionary in charge here) and myself with stories of his experiences in early

times. His house is on the west side of Rat Creek, on the north side of the trail, and of course such a locality is a favourite place for freighters and settlers for camping. Such travellers are often not very particular as to how or where they get what they want, provided they are supplied. Hence, if the grass is bare, why should one hesitate to help himself from the neighbouring field? If he lived in Burnside that might be called stealing, but since he is only going west or returning for his family, and his oxen are hungry, no such ugly name should designate the act. To boil the kettle or keep one warm during the chilly night, who would hesitate to take a rail, or more if necessary? And if one has no axe, or is too tired or lazy to use it, why should he not help himself to all the rails he requires, crossing them and putting a fire in the centre? This may destroy fencing, and open fields to the cattle; but when one does not know the man, or better still, when he does not know him, why should one bother? Mr. Grant seeing some travellers camped on the road one evening, went down to see that the fences were all right. It was dusk. He saw a man on the road a short distance from him, and heard him talking to some one. As he approached, the man moved away. His companion kept talking, and on coming to the place where he was, Mr. Grant saw that he was in his field cutting oats. The stranger remarked, "I think I have enough. I wonder what the feller would say who owns these oats if he saw us?" "Never mind," replied Mr. Grant, "he has lots of them. Take plenty, he won't know." The man rose to his feet instantly and would have fled, but Mr. Grant told him to stop and take what he had cut, for it would do him no good. An apology and promise of amendment followed. Mr. Grant tells of a company that came to his house one cold winter night. One man knocked at the door and asked lodgings. He was invited to stay. Another soon rapped, and on the door being opened made the same request. A third followed, and a fourth. Mr. Grant said: "Stop! how many are there of you?" "Fifteen." "Why did you not all come in at once?" "We were afraid that you would refuse us because of our number, and so concluded to try this plan." After consulting with his family they were all invited to stay, and they stowed themselves away upstairs as best they could. Travelling in the North-West is likely to test a man's Christianity, whether it is plated ware or solid gold. Roughing it soon removes the plating. It is only the genuine article that stands the wear. Leaving Mr. Grant's, I followed the South Saskatchewan trail going due west. The road was good, dry, and smooth, but it bore evident traces of not being always so. The country is low, level, and wet. A good deal of wood is found on either side of the trail. I pitied those who had to travel west with loaded teams when the roads were bad. Cattle and horses died by the dozen from fatigue, and, I fear, abuse from those who knew little of the country or the power of endurance of beasts of burden. Happily the railway will put an end to much of this now. Passing Cook's Stopping Place and Pangman's, I got to McKinnon's (Kintyre Hotel) about six o'clock. I concluded to camp, and two young men who were there waiting for the train volunteered to help me. The country about McKinnon's is high and rolling. The soil is somewhat light, but much of it is fit for cultivation. There is a good deal of wood and plenty of good water. McKinnon came from Wardville, Ontario, settled here several years ago, and certainly has done well. He has over 100 acres under crop this year, and it has a fine appearance. It is ready to cut, and provided with a self-binder he is eager to begin. He tells me that there are sixteen claims taken up near him, that six or seven families are settled south of him, but that there is no likelihood of the settlement being large, owing to the land being wet and rough. His claim is in Tp. 11, R. 11, and just within the boundary of the old Province of Manitoba. There is no school, and children are without the advantages of an education. After supper all about the house gathered in the parlour, and I had service with them. It is only when some minister is passing that the people have an opportunity of attending a religious service. I slept soundly and felt well for a day's journey. Breakfast over and Tom (my horse) fed, I started for the west and travelled through a country that is hilly and unwinning. There is much good land, however, although the soil for the most part is light. There is a good deal of wood in some places, and plenty of good water. Crossed the railway track at several points—in fact it would seem as if the engineers for some distance had followed the

old trail here. Reached Pine Creek, eighteen miles from McKinnon's, about noon, and decided to stay for dinner. Pine Creek, like Boggy Creek and some other small streams, takes its rise in the Sand Hills, a low range of hills running east and west north of the Assiniboine. Their elevation scarcely entitles them to the name *Hills*, but where a few houses constitute a city, and a stream of small size is dignified with the same river, one is not apt to be critical. These creeks have their origin quite close to the Assiniboine, but instead of flowing into it, they run north-east, and uniting with the creeks rising in the south-east of the Riding Mountain, constitute the White Mud River, which falls into Lake Manitoba. The Assiniboine unites with the Red River at Winnipeg and falls into Lake Winnipeg.

Soon after crossing Pine Creek the trail forks, one branch going towards Brandon, and the other towards Rapid City and Minnedosa. The northern branch traverses the Big Plain, and was the route selected by the Governor-General in his trip to the west. The Big Plain is about twenty-five miles in length by about eighteen in width. The soil is not nearly so heavy as in the neighbourhood of Winnipeg, but appears as good as that about Portage la Prairie and towards Lake Manitoba. The land is almost all broken up, and good progress has been made in breaking, some having forty or fifty acres under crop. The people are well satisfied with their claims. The crops I saw were heavy, and I have no doubt the yield will be large. When one sees this plain, with good water at no great depth, and wood at no greater distance anywhere than five or six miles, he is astonished to be told that many settlers on their way west passed it by as too light. He is more astonished still to be told that there used in old times to be a notice stuck up at one end of the plain for the benefit of freighters, "Carry wood and water here," and that cattle could scarcely get enough feed while passing along, except in spring. If such was the case, the country is evidently changing. Accustomed as I had been to so many muskegs in the east of Manitoba, it was pleasant to drive here with no fear of being mired. Driving up to a house to inquire for the Rev. Mr. McGregor's place, I saw two small boys within playing checkers. I asked the way. One of them came out, and pointing in the direction I was to take, said, "That is the road." There being no trail, I hesitated. He noticed my hesitation and assuringly said, "You need not be afraid, sir; there is no swamps nor nothin'." I followed his directions, and reached Mr. McGregor's about seven o'clock, seeing "no swamps nor nothin'." I fear I have taken up too much of your space already, and hence must reserve my notice of this important mission field for another letter.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

Chicago, October 22nd, 1881.

DEGREES OF AUTHORITY IN THE ELDERSHIP.

MR. EDITOR,—Your correspondent "J. W.," in a recent number of THE PRESBYTERIAN, lays down, as a ground for different degrees of authority among elders, the principle that "as there is an inequality in the calling, the ordination, the competency and the work, so there is an inequality in the authority. The measure of authority is greater and less, as the measure of grace is."

It would have been well if, instead of reproaching others for ignorance on the subject, he had given proof that his own premises were correct by evidence adduced from the Word of God. A widely diffused spirit of inquiry prevails among the ruling elders of the Church regarding the Divine warrant for and the nature and extent of the duties and powers pertaining to their office, together with a feeling, which may be correct or otherwise, that the office of ruling elder is being denuded of much of its New Testament character and authority. In view of this fact, "J. W." is bound, in the interest of truth, to furnish scriptural warrant for the distinction he makes between elders and elders. Let him, for example, prove directly, or by fair inference from the Word of God, that the call to the teaching elder and the call to the ruling elder should emanate from different sources; that distinctive modes of ordination are sanctioned by apostolic authority, and that by the same authority the elders of a particular congregation are to be adjudged so void of the spirit of their office as to be incapable of performing the duties thereof, in the absence of the one of their number who labours in word and doctrine.

Thus far with reference to call, ordination, competency and work. As regards the "measure of grace" by which "J. W." gauges the "measure of authority," will he kindly point to a single gracious qualification which, by Divine authority, is to characterize one class of elders, which is not also, on the same authority, requisite in the other? W. T.

A CALL FROM HEATHEN LANDS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Who are those whose pleading voices
Fall upon the startled ear?
Borne afar o'er sea and ocean—
Trembling words of pain and fear?

From dark lands the cry is sounding—
Lands oppressed by vice and sin:
Open wide your hearts in pity,
Let the plaintive voice come in.

"In gross darkness we are groping—
Poor maimed hands we stretch to you—
Send, oh send the light from Heaven!
Give, oh give the Bible true!

"In fierce hunger's pangs we anguish—
Idols dumb—they mock our need!
Give, oh give the bread from Heaven!
Scatter wide the precious seed!

"In dire thirst our souls are dying!
Give, oh give the waters cool,
That the desert land may blossom—
Watered from the Fountain full!

"In dense gloom the grave is shrouded;
What beyond? Ah, starless night!
Tell us of your risen Saviour—
Of His home of love and light!"

Shall China's millions vainly plead?
India fruitless stretch her hands?
The distant isles in lonely seas?
Dwellers in far Northern lands?

Shall the precious souls now struggling,
Sinking 'mid the storm and strife,
Go down e'en in sight of harbour—
Near to love and light and life?

No! Man the lifeboat! breast the billows!
Throw a rope! All strong hands come!
Help with prayers! All work together!
If by any means "save some!"

And our God will grant His blessing;
Richest fields for Him we'll win.
See the thousands start awakened!
Eager—press to enter in!

See the fields already whitening!
There is work for all to do.
Hasten, Christians! why stand waiting?
The Lord of Harvest calls for you.

Till each kindred, tongue and nation,
Grateful song and prayer shall raise,
"To the Lord who died to save us,
Be for ever glory—praise!"

PRESBYTERIAN STATISTICS.

The "Catholic Presbyterian" for October gives, in a paper by Dr. J. Prince, a comparative statement, extending over six years, of the progress of the American Church. On the whole, the exhibit is satisfactory. But there are two ominous features which have a lesson for us in Canada, as well as for our American brethren. These features are the steady decrease in the number of admissions to Church membership by examination, and in the number of adult baptisms. The first gives in 1876—additions, 48,240; then 43,068; 32,277; 29,196; 26,838; 25,344. This is a decrease of nearly fifty per cent. in six years. The second gives in 1876—baptisms, 15,753; then 15,263; 11,610; 10,018; 9,232; 8,174; again not far short of fifty per cent. decrease—a truly startling result. Dr. Prince accounts for this by the want of revivals. But another question lies behind that. Why are there fewer powerful revivals of late years? May not the increased intelligence of the people have something to do with this? And may it not be true that those exciting methods by which churches in America have been periodically increased have lost their peculiar power? Scepticism in the shape of ignorance of Scripture, and doubt as to a future state, as to sin and redemption; and the existence of God, with immorality which pollutes the imagination by means of modern sensational literature, is doing its work of death, and the world is being more removed from Church influences and Christian education, while the children of the Church are being led away into godlessness and churchlessness. L.

MISSION WORK IN MUSKOKA AND PARRY SOUND.

BY REV. ALLAN FINLAY, BRACEBRIDGE.

(Concluded.)

On Tuesday following, Mr. Leiper having returned home, Mr. Moodie and I took the steamer for the

NORTH SHORE OF THE LAKE,

Sturgeon Falls, some three miles up the river of that name, being our destination. Notice of our intended visit having been forwarded, we found a comparatively large congregation waiting us when the hour of service arrived, comprising all the settlers and Indians who were at home, for miles around. Mr. Moodie preaching, and has the honour of conducting the

FIRST PROTESTANT SERVICE,

so far as we could learn, on the north shore of Lake Nipissing. We might have gone further indeed and held a meeting of Presbytery, as we had a quorum present on the occasion, having in our company "a faithful acting Elder" from the congregation of Angus.

There is doubtless a field here for the churches in the near future, as there is good land along the Sturgeon, which will be settled ere long—the more likely this, as the C. P. R. R., now in course of construction a few miles to the east, will cross this fertile strip. We returned to Nipissing on Wednesday, the whole trip being most enjoyable, rendered so in a great measure by the courtesy and kindness of Captain Burrit, of the "Inter-Ocean," who showed us every attention. We proceeded immediately to

COMMANDA,

some twelve miles south, from which point on Friday we visited the station known as McVettie's, in the Township of Mills. Here we held a service and administered the ordinance of baptism.

The ordinance of the Supper was dispensed at Commanda and Mecunoma on Sabbath, the 28th, Mr. Moodie doing duty at the latter and I at the former station. A good work has been accomplished here this season by Mr. A. Hamilton, the desire being strongly expressed that he may return again next season. The results of this year's work in this whole field will prove the wisdom of the step taken by the Society of Knox College in dividing the field, and giving to three Missionaries the work formerly attempted by two. Anticipations have not been fully realized, it is true, with regard to the settlement of the country, or the building of the railroad; but at the same time work has been accomplished more satisfactorily, and more substantial progress has been made than could possibly have been the case if only two men had been on the field.

We returned to Bracebridge again on the 30th of August, having been gone twenty-seven days, and having travelled 420 miles by driving, riding, rowing walking, and sailing.

No note has been taken in the above report of the following stations and groups, for the reasons given below, viz.: of the Maganetawan group, consisting of five stations, as Mr. Moodie, who was appointed specially by the Presbytery to visit these stations, will report separately as to their condition; nor of the McKellar field, as it was not supplied this season; nor of the station at Katrine in connection with the Emsdale group, as the members here attended the communion services either at Emsdale or Burke's Falls; nor of Bracebridge and associated stations, as I have been absent from them for sixteen Sabbaths since my last report. Service, however, has been given regularly on Sabbath, and I was able to hold the weekly prayer meeting excepting during the month of August.

In looking back over the season just closed, we have every reason for thankfulness for past mercies and hopefulness for the future. During this period 127 persons have been received into the membership of the Church in these districts by profession and certificate, and 100 by baptism, three of these being adults.

I cannot close this report without referring to a matter of deep concern to all who feel an interest in the welfare of our cause in this field. I refer to

THE EXTENSIVE BUSH FIRES,

by which portions of these two districts have been devastated during the past few weeks. We need not refer to the—in some instances—harrowing details, as many of these have already appeared in public print. Many of the settlers have suffered severely. Some of them have lost their all, and find themselves poorer to-

day, after years of conflict with the difficulties and privations of first settlement in the bush, than when they commenced life. It is true there is much reason for thankfulness even in this heavy affliction; things are not so bad as they might have been; yet not less severely will their losses be felt by the many sufferers. We must not forget that many of our people, those who have contributed to the support of ordinances in our stations in the past, are among the sufferers. From this it must be evident that the resources, in some of the stations at least, will be to a certain extent lessened—not perhaps this year, as in some of the stations we know the year's finances had been arranged before the fires broke out; but it need not be a matter of surprise if for a year or two some of the stations, at least, be less able to contribute than in the past. I may also state that those who have suffered most severely are in the fields occupied by the Students' Missionary Associations, and therefore there is all the more need that those who have an opportunity to contribute to the funds of these Associations do so liberally. Is there not also in their peculiar circumstances a strong reason why they should not be left destitute of Gospel ordinances during the coming winter? No more opportune time could occur for pressing upon those who are thus deprived of their earthly comforts, those richer heavenly blessings which the Gospel of Jesus Christ alone can bring them.

While we have in these afflictive dispensations of Providence reason given us to humble ourselves under the mighty hand of God, we have no less reason for gratitude to the great Head of the Church for the measure of prosperity vouchsafed to us. A feeling of thankfulness for the interest taken in their spiritual wants was generally manifested, as also a desire to do what they are able for the support of ordinances among themselves; coupled with this, a spirit of hopefulness for the future was found to exist which was quite marked. How far the untoward circumstances above referred to may have damped the spirits of the hopeful remains to be seen.

We trust that arrangements for

WINTER SUPPLY

may be made on a much larger scale than ever before. We want, and must have if the field is to be overtaken, at least eight men, ordained missionaries and catechists, for the winter months. And this will not be thought an exorbitant demand when we take into account that these eight will occupy the ground wrought by *fourteen* labourers during the summer months. If we fail in this the work must suffer severely, and virtually a year be lost in the advancement of the cause.

The thanks of the Presbytery and of the Home Mission Committee are due to the Missionary Associations of Knox and Queen's Colleges, for the very efficient aid they have given in carrying on the work in these districts, the former having five and the latter one Missionary in the field during the season, occupying in all twenty-two stations. But for their aid many of these stations would as yet have no existence. Also to the Ladies' Aid Association of St. Peter's Church, Rochester, for the kindly interest taken in the work originated by them last year in the Township of Franklin. Might we be allowed here to suggest their action in this matter as an example to some of our wealthy Canadian congregations who may not be conscious of doing all they might for the spread of Christ's cause in our land? By giving attention to a particular field a definite object would be kept in view, and their interest in the work as a whole might thereby be deepened. There are many points in this wide territory where work of this kind might be carried on—points which neither the Presbytery nor Committee can reach under present circumstances. Applicants will have fields assigned to their care in the order in which they apply.

Nor must we forget the very practical evidence of interest in our work here given by the Presbytery of Guelph, in sending a labourer for six months to this field. We can assure the brethren of that Presbytery that Mr. Knox's labours have been very highly appreciated by those among whom he had laboured, and we have every reason to believe that much good has been accomplished. In connection with the Students' Missionary Associations, I would suggest that the Treasurer of these Associations be asked to forward to the Clerk of Presbytery, in time for insertion in the returns to the Assembly, the amount of moneys re-

ceived by them from the respective fields during the preceding summer. I observe, in looking over the returns for past years, that these stations appear to great disadvantage, as virtually contributing nothing for the support of ordinances among themselves, which fact also leaves the returns in a very imperfect condition.

I cannot close this report without embracing this first opportunity of thanking the Committee for their kindness in granting me, at their meeting in April last, three months' leave of absence. As this report indicates, I did not, for various reasons, avail myself of the leave granted. Among others, I felt that the interests of the work demanded my attention; and though my health was very unsatisfactory at the outset of my work in May, yet by a judicious conserving of physical strength, I am happy to say that I have quite recovered my former state of health.

ROBERT SOUTH.

One of the finest passages in Professor Phelps' volume on the "Theory of Preaching" is the following notice of Dr. South:

"Probably one of the most notable examples of a really powerful mind, which was often crippled in the pulpit by its fear of fanaticism, was Dr. Robert South. A man of more brawny force of intellect never stood in an English pulpit. He has scarcely had his equal in command of that Saxon English which gives to speech power over the masses of his countrymen. In his delineation of the weak points of human nature he was the peer of Shakspeare. He deserves to rank among the most racy of English satirists. His casuistical sermons indicate a marvellous insight into human motives. He adhered stoutly to the Geneva theology, a theology which has always held sway in England when the pulpit has been eminent among the practical forces of the age. To the court of the second Charles he might have been what John Knox was to that of Queen Mary. He was courage incarnate. He read prayers at Westminster on the day of the execution of Charles the First, praying for his Majesty by name. He had the intellectual resources and the temperament of the reformer at his command, at a time when England ran wild in its reaction from the rule of the commonwealth, and needed just such a mind as his at the head of the English pulpit to stay the torrent of corruption which was flooding the Church.

"Yet with this singular adaptation of resources to opportunity, he missed it as fatally as if he had been an imbecile. The sermons on which his fame as a preacher chiefly rests breathe scarcely a hint of apostolic appreciation of the crisis in which he acted. Indeed, some of them hardly suggest the possibility of their having been instrumental in the salvation of souls. Why? It is not for the want of sound evangelical themes from pungent texts. Some of them are among the imperial themes, such as President Edwards would have used in the 'Great Awakening.' It is not for the want of practicality of aim in his discussions. Many of them are replete with application to real life as he read it. What is it, then, that takes religious life out of so many of his sermons, and gives them the title which modern criticism has applied to them of 'week-day sermons?' Why are they read now as standards of literature, rather than of the evangelical life of the pulpit? Robert South was for more than fifty years contemporary with Richard Baxter. Why did South leave for posterity the sermon against Extemporaneous Prayer, and the sermon in memory of Charles I., the 'Royal martyr of blessed memory,' while Baxter left the 'Saint's Rest' and the 'Call to the Unconverted?'"

"I answer, South was corroded by his enmity to Puritan fanaticism. His pulpit was eaten through by that dry-rot. South, the preacher, shrivelled into South, the courtier. The prince of preachers became the most servile of courtiers whenever he stood face to face with the spirit of the age. That spirit saluted him and gave him great opportunity; and he rebuffed it with ridicule and invective. Thenceforth his eye was closed upon the future of England. While prophets and apostles were moving in the air he could see no other revelation in the heavens than that Cromwell was 'Baal,' and Milton a 'blind adder.'"

HE that knows how to pray has the secret of safety in prosperity, and of support in trouble.—*Jay.*

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

A FIVE-MINUTE SERMON TO CHILDREN.

BY REV. JAMES HASTIE, LINDSAY.

[Subjoine^r is a report of a five-minute address to the children of the congregation, lately delivered in St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay, just before the regular sermon. The plan adopted by Mr. Hastie is so to shorten the usual sermon on Sabbath mornings as to allow a five minutes' address to the children, without protracting the service to an undue length. It is found to be both profitable and interesting. These children's sermons are given regularly in the Lindsay "Post," and we are sure our young readers will thank us for occasionally transferring them to the columns of THE PRESBYTERIAN.—ED. C. P.]

"No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."—John xiv. 6.

Everybody thinks that heaven is above them, and that to get there they must rise higher than the place they now occupy. This notion seems well founded, for when Christ was leaving this world, we are told that He went up to the top of a mountain with His disciples, and then went up to heaven in a cloud; and His return is spoken of as coming down to earth.

Now the text tells us that the only way to get to our heavenly abode is by the help of Jesus. To make this plain let me give you a fable:

A number of young folks were one day walking through a dark forest. They knew not the way, nor did they care very much, so happy were they laughing and singing and telling stories. They hoped to come out somehow all right and reach home. Suddenly the sky grew dark and they knew not where they were going. Then one of the boys stumbled over something and fell far down, out of sight into a deep place. His companions thought he was surely killed, and they would never see him again. But their fears soon gave place to joy when on looking down they saw he had not fallen to the bottom, but had caught hold of a bush half way down and was clinging to it. "Hold on and we will save you," they shouted. Quick as they could they made a rope; but alas! it was made of poor stuff called *self-righteousness*, which had no strength at all. It looked all right, and seemed as if it would never break. Soon as they dropped the end to him he seized it with all his might and let go his bush. But they had not lifted him more than an inch or two when lo! the rope broke, but luckily he seized his bush once more. "Oh," he shouted, "the rope is broken. Give me something stronger. Be quick, for my hands ache dreadfully."

Then they made another. This one seemed very good, and they said it must hold. It was made of a stuff called *morality*. "Now," said they, "take hold of this and we will draw you to the top." But scarcely had he begun to rise when it snapped like the other, and if it had not been that he held on to his bush he must have gone to the bottom and been killed. While they were making the third rope the poor fellow turned his eyes downward, but could see only darkness. He then heard a kind, sweet voice from below saying, "Fall, fall, I will save you; let go, I will catch you." His friends at the top did not hear this voice, so busy were they at their third rope, which they made of a material close by, called *good resolutions*. Throwing this rope down they said, "Now we have a rope you can never break. Hold on now; we will soon get you to the top. It's the last rope we can give you."

So they pulled with all their might, but like the others this one snapped too. But as the poor boy hung there by his bush, with little strength left and his hands so sore, the kind voice again said, "Fall, fall, I will save you." "But it is dark and I cannot see you," said the lad. "Trust my word and see. Let go at once," said the voice. Just then the bush itself gave way, and as he felt his strength all gone he faintly cried, "Lord, save me or I perish." Then oh! unspeakable joy, when suddenly he found himself safe in the arms of "Him who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Jesus," and he was carried up safe to the top.

That, my dear young friends, shows what are some of the wrong ways to get to heaven, and what is the right way.

What do we mean by "good resolutions" and by "morality," and why cannot we get to heaven by

these? When this last week some of the boys schemed from school to see the central fair in town, and were punished for it by their teachers and by their parents, they promised or resolved to do so no more. That was a good resolution. When one does everything that is right and nothing that is wrong, never swears, nor steals, nor fights, obeys his parents, attends Sabbath school, etc., he is moral, he has morality. But these things cannot take him to heaven, and why? Suppose last week one of you boys had gone to the gate of the fair ground to get in, and the gate-keeper should ask for your ticket or money, and you should say, "I have none; but I washed my face this morning and I blackened my boots, and carried in the wood, and did all my homework, and promised never to scheme from school again, so I want in." The gate-keeper would say, what you have done is all right, but I can't admit you on that account. No admittance without a ticket or money.

Now, we cannot get to heaven by morality or good resolutions, which make up self-righteousness, because these things cannot do for us what we must have done; they cannot take our sins away, and they cannot make us fit for heaven. Jesus alone can do this, and so He says in the text, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Don't trust in any one else. Don't take hold of anything else, or you will never get there. God shuts heaven's gate against every one who is not taken up by Jesus. But every one whom He takes up passes in and is made welcome forever.

SHARP WORDS.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Wheaton, shortly.

Mrs. Wheaton's face flushed scarlet; she looked up at him, and, if I mistake not, a sharp reply got up as far as her throat, but she choked it down; it did not part her lips. She looked furtively at me, but I looked steadily at the fire. Mr. Wheaton all the time was quite unconscious of the stir his words had made in one tender and sensitive heart. Then Mrs. Wheaton murmured something about her scissors, and slipped out of the room.

Mrs. Wheaton had ventured to make some remark on some business question; I think it concerned the morality of some Wall street operations. The subject was one with which she had no great acquaintance, and perhaps her woman wit was at fault. Indeed I remember thinking at the time that it was, at least in part; but what she said was not nonsense.

After Mrs. Wheaton had gone out there was a moment or two of silence; then I broke it. Mr. Wheaton and I are old friends, and I presumed a little on that fact.

"Tom," said I, "how long have you been married?"

"Twenty-four years next May," said he. "A year from next May, if we both live so long, will be our silver wedding. And yet it seems but yesterday that Lucy and I were sleighing it in the moonlight that Christmas that I ran away from home for my holidays, much to the chagrin and vexation of my sisters, because I found greater attractions at Lucy Vine's."

"I wonder," said I, speaking slowly and musingly, and as it were to myself—"I wonder if that Christmas holiday you would have spoken to Lucy Vine as you spoke to your wife just now?"

"How?" said Mr. Wheaton; and he turned sharply upon me.

"Nonsense!" I repeated; and I threw into my voice all the vigour and the sharpness there had been in his. It was a hazardous experiment, but Tom and I were old friends; and at all events there was no drawing back now.

He looked at me sharply for a moment, and I looked at him; then his eyes went back to the fire. "Shoh!" said he, speaking to himself. "I wonder—" and then quickly turning back to me, "Do you suppose she minded it?"

"What did she get up and go out for without a word in reply?" I asked.

"To get her scissors, I believe," said he.

I laughed at him. "It is taking her a long time to find them," I replied. "Yes, she did mind it. If you had seen the quick flush in her face, and the quick look, first at you and then at me, and the choking at the throat, and the nervous movement of the hands, you would not have doubted that she minded it. Suppose she had said to you 'Nonsense!' and I fired at him again as explosively as I could, 'how would you have liked it?'"

He shook his head slowly; he was still studying the fire.

"Suppose I had said to her, 'Nonsense?'" (explosively as before), "how would you have liked it?"

"I would have said you were no gentleman," said Mr. Wheaton; "but—but—"

"But what?" said I.

"By George, John, a fellow can't be studying all the time how he'll talk to his own wife, you know. If he can't be free at home, he can't be free anywhere. She ought not to be so sensitive. She knows I didn't mean anything."

"Tom," said I, "if any one else accused you of saying something when you didn't mean anything, you'd get redder in the face over it than she did just now. You did mean something. You meant exactly what you said. You thought what your wife said was nonsense, and blurted it right out."

"Well, it was nonsense," said Mr. Wheaton.

"I am not sure of that," said I; "but if it were, that was no reason why you should tell her so."

"Do you always weigh your words when talking with your wife, as if you were in a witness box before a Philadelphia lawyer?"

"No matter what I do," said I. "Perhaps I have learned a lesson here to-night that will make me more careful hereafter. Of one thing I am sure, Tom: if we were as careful of our wives after twenty-five years of married life as we are of our girls in courtship—"

But I did not finish my sentence, for just at that moment the door opened and Mrs. Wheaton came in. I had barely time to notice that she had forgotten what she went for; for she had no scissors in her hand, when Mr. Wheaton, in his warm, impulsive way, reached out his hand, and caught hers, drew her to him, and said, "Lucy, my dear, Mr. Laicus here has been giving me a regular going over for speaking to you as I did just now. It was nonsense, you know; but I had no business to tell you so; at least not in that brutal style."

She flushed redder than before; then stooped down; brushed the rich, black hair from off his forehead; put a kiss upon it; thanked me with her eyes; and then said, "I declare I forgot my scissors after all," and slipped out of the room again.

"John," said Mr. Wheaton, grasping me by the hand, "I am much obliged to you. I remember Lucy always had a sensitive soul; I wonder if I have been pricking it with sharp words without knowing it all these years. I think I have learned a lesson to-night which I shall not soon forget."

"I think I have learned one, too," I replied.—*Christian Union.*

EFFECT OF SYMPATHY.

John B. Gough tells many affecting stories of his experience in rescuing men and women from drunkenness. He addressed a temperance meeting in a town in England, and a man and a woman came forward together to sign the pledge. Their appearance was wretched in the extreme. The man was bowed down, his hands twitched nervously, and he had a silly look, as if the drink had scorched up his intellect. The woman was fierce-looking, dirty and slovenly; the ragged remains of her garments were tied round her waist by a bit of rope, and above these nothing but an old shawl twisted and brought over one shoulder and under the other. Certificates printed in colours were given to members; the price of them was sixpence each. The man looked wistfully at them, and after a few moments remarked to his wife:

"I would like to join and get a 'stiffkit."

"There's sixpence to pay for them things; now you come 'long o' me," repeated the woman, pulling him away.

"Well, good people," kindly said a gentleman, "I hope you will sign the pledge."

"We have signed the pledge, me and my missus. We want to get a 'stiffkit and join the society."

"Well, why do you not?"

"There's sixpence to pay for 'em."

"That need make no difference," said the gentleman cheerily. "Here, Mr. Secretary, make these good people out a couple of certificates, and here is the shilling for them."

The man and the wife were very differently affected by this act of kindness. The former stood erect, with a more manly air, but the woman put on almost a savage look, as if resenting the first approach to kind-

ness, but finally she lifted her hand to dash away a tear! Then another—and another came—they would come; so, covering her face with her hands, she let them come. The tears ran over her hands. The word of kindness had recalled the womanly nature in her. She gave her name; the certificate was handed to her; and the two poor creatures looked bewildered, and almost lovingly, at each other.

The gentleman who had paid the shilling laid his hand on the man's shoulder, and said:

"Now remember, you are one of us. You have signed the temperance pledge, you belong to the society, and you must always remember you are one of us."

"Did ye hear that, old woman?" cried out the man. "Did ye hear that? He says we're 'one of us.'" And they went out of the hall.

Three years and more had passed from the time when the above scene occurred, when at the close of an address in a town at some distance, a person told Mr. Gough that a man wished to see him.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"He is a mechanic; he has been living here for some time, and is an active member of our society. He says: if I tell you 'it's one of us,' you'll know."

"Show him up."

It was the same man, but now clean, tidy and healthy. Mr. Gough told him how glad he was to meet him, and that he should not have known him; and then asked:

"Have you ever seen the gentleman who said, 'you're one of us?'"

"No, sir," replied the man; "but I'll never forget him, if I never meet him till I meet him in heaven. Then I'll tell him how his good kind words helped me when I needed help. My wife is a changed woman now, and she remembers him, and when she teaches the children to say their prayers, she weaves in requests that God would bless him."

WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

If a man is fit to preach, he is worth wages. If he is worth wages, he should receive them with all the regularity that is demanded and enforced in business life. There is no man in the community who works harder for what he receives than the faithful minister. There is no man in whose work the community is more interested—to whom regular wages that will not cost him a thought are so important.

Of what proportionate use can any man be in the pulpit whose weeks are frittered away in mean cares and petty economies? Every month or every quarter day every pastor should be sure that there will be placed in his hands, as his just wages, money enough to pay all his expenses. Then, without a sense of special obligation, he can preach the truth with freedom, and prepare for his public ministration without distraction.

Nothing more cruel to a pastor, or disastrous to his work, can be done than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. He is the creature of a popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him or his office sufficiently to pay him the wages due to a man who devoted his life to them. Manliness cannot live in such a man, except it be in torture—a torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charities doled out to them.

Good, manly pastors do not want gifts—they want wages. They need them and the people owe them; but they take to themselves the credit of benefactors, and place their pastor in an awkward and false position. If Christians do not sufficiently recognise the legitimacy of the pastor's calling to render him fully his wages, and to assist him to maintain his manly independence before the world, they must not blame the world for looking upon him with contempt that forbids and precludes influence. The world will be quite ready to take the pastor at the valuation of his friends, and the religion he teaches at the price its professors are willing to pay in a business way for its ministry.—*Dr. Holland, in Scribner's Magazine.*

In his proposed treaty with the King of Ashantee, the Governor of the Gold Coast, west Africa, insists that the human sacrifices shall be utterly abolished in his kingdom.

The English papers note the fact, as a proof of Mr. Gladstone's great vitality, that though he has been a prodigious student he has not used spectacles until the present year, though past seventy years of age.

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To render THE PRESBYTERIAN more convenient to its numerous readers, a Folding Machine will shortly be purchased, so that the paper may be sent out not only folded, but also pasted and trimmed, thus placing it on a par with American Journals published at a much higher price.

The co-operation of friends is earnestly invited to aid in extending our circulation. Much has been done in the past in this direction, but much yet remains to be accomplished in the future. Young and old alike can help in this work, and now is the time in which to make a hearty effort.

TERMS FOR 1882.—Single subscriptions, \$2.00 each; Clubs of 6 and over, \$1.65 each; Clubs of 20 and over, \$1.50 each. Balance of this year free to new subscribers for 1882.

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Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1881.

MISSIONS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

WE are pleased to be able to give in this week's issue the first of a series of papers by the Rev. James Robertson, on the state and prospects of Presbyterian missionary operations in the Great North-West. These papers will answer for themselves, so that we need say nothing about them. The writer's official position and personal character guarantee abundantly that every statement made can be absolutely relied upon, so that a fuller and more satisfactory view of the whole field than has yet been presented may be confidently anticipated. It is only by degrees that the general public is coming to have any adequate conception of that great country, whether as an inviting field for the industrious settler or for the devoted Christian missionary. But a few years ago it was represented by those who professed to know to be a mere dreary, inhospitable waste, incapable of being turned to any better account than a breeding-place and refuge for fur-bearing animals, and a home for the wandering savage, and the not much more elevated white hunter and half-breed. Why such representations were made is now pretty well understood, and the only wonder is how they came to be so long and so generally received. Even at a later date, when the dishonesty of the first repre-

sentations could not but be conceded, it was a matter of great difficulty to secure anything like general credence to the most moderate statements about the character and extent of what had come to be known as "the fertile belt," while any amount of harsh criticisms and depreciatory wit was expended upon the climate and everything connected with those supposedly hyperborean and inhospitable regions of almost perpetual winter. Men who were thought to be wise, moderate, and well informed, said the very mention of the country sent a cold shiver through their frames; while those who were struggling to make known the truth about the territory were entreated with good-natured banter to remember that Canada had already a sufficient amount of frozen, unproductive regions under its control, so that it was quite *de trop* to seek to add to her icy and unprofitable burdens. How entirely all this has passed away need not be said. Not a few of the wit-crackers are not yet old, but they don't care about being reminded of that misdirected fun of former days. The statements which were scoffed at as monstrous lies are now found to have been studiously moderate, and the so-called romancers of these almost prehistoric times are found to have told only the truth, but not nearly it all. It takes an effort to realize the fact that it is only a few years since Louis Riel was master at Winnipeg, and that what is now a pleasant three-days' travel suggested permanent banishment and naturally led up to all the mysteries of will-making. The changes in the character and extent of our Presbyterian mission work are equally marvellous. Ten years ago what was it? Ten years hence what will it be? Never had a Church such an inviting and ever-extending field; never one more precious opportunity for doing right noble work in the Master's cause. What shall the harvest be? Humanly speaking, the next few years will permanently and unmistakably determine. It has now passed into an axiom, that holding forth the Word of life is as indispensable to the progress and prosperity of any Church as holding that Word fast; nay, that the latter will not long continue if the former is lost sight of or practically ignored. There is no temptation to the Presbyterian Church in Canada "to draw the curtains and retire to sleep." The work is urgent, and everywhere—at hand and afar off. Is it going to be overtaken with any adequate measure of energy and success? The indications are that it is, and if so, great will be the full tide of blessing upon all who show that they have heard and have responded to the call to come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

PRINTED MATTER FOR OUR MISSION STATIONS.

THERE is one way of helping the Lord's work in the newer quarters of our country, which we fear is not sufficiently thought of, and not by any means so utilized as it easily might be. Too many forget that what is so plentiful with them as to have become stale and little prized is very scarce and very precious in other regions of the land. Sabbath school papers, magazines, and juvenile libraries are in very many congregations supplied in lavish abundance. It is to be feared in some cases there is even a good deal of positive waste. Have many considered that with a very small amount of care and effort these papers might be made to do double and very blessed work? There are scores of congregations which could each fully supply one or more mission backwoods schools with reading matter from their own superfluous abundance—abundance which is absolutely going to waste. In many of these each child is supplied with one or more papers every Sabbath. In this way frequently three or four copies of the same publication come to one house. Why should this be? The surplus after each home has got a copy would make many little hearts in the backwoods glad and grateful as well. Why should not this be done? Why also should not many of these publications be gathered up after they have been read, and instead of being treated as useless waste paper, reposted regularly to some place where none can be taken—at least where none are? The trouble would be very small, and so would be the expense, while the blessing all round might be very great.

The same thing with Sabbath school libraries. Every one knows that it would be a positive kindness to take away a large number of volumes from many

libraries, because they have been read and re-read till they are absolutely stale. These volumes would be all new and wonderfully acceptable in many recently settled and spiritually destitute districts of Canada. Why not gather them up, get them all put into good order, box them up and send them off, carriage paid, to rejoice the heart of some hard-working missionary and the little folks that he is seeking to win for Christ? We are asked by the Rev. Mr. Wellwood, of Minnedosa, in the North-West, to acknowledge with his heartiest thanks the receipt of a large box of just such books, kindly sent by Crescent Street Church, Montreal. We only wish we were asked to make an indefinite number of such acknowledgments. Mr. Wellwood says: "They are sent for free distribution, and will prove a great boon in the long winter evenings which are now upon us. The people need good books, as the freight has been so high that very few have been brought into the country." What is to hinder this being done to almost any extent? The post-office could easily carry Sabbath school papers to almost any extent and at very moderate rates, while the freight by express of a box of books might be a mere bagatelle to those who sent, but a very formidable burden to those who received. Let none say that they have no idea how or where to send such things. All they have to do is to send a postal card to the Rev. James Robertson, Winnipeg, to the Rev. A. Findlay, Brackbridge, or to any of the students at any of our colleges, and they will soon get directions for the practical and profitable disposal of all they have to spare. It would be a fair interchange of blessing, and would help on to something more and perhaps something better. Why not do the same with THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN and other religious newspapers that are not styled? Every missionary we have could find abundant and profitable use for all that could thus be sent. Reading matter, let us repeat, is in many parts of our country very scarce, and these papers might often preach the Gospel in regions where the voice of the preacher is heard but seldom, if at all. Those who are not willing to undergo the trouble and incur the expense implied in doing this, surely make manifest that their faith is feeble and their zeal but small. Let them gather up even the fragments that remain, so that nothing be lost.

THE MEN NEEDED FOR MISSION WORK.

A MISSIONARY in the North-West says in a recent letter: "The crying need for this country is that of men—young men without families, who can make their home the field—remaining wherever night overtakes them, sleeping on the floor with a bag for a pillow and their robes for a bed—men who have a love of the Master, and who do not care wet or cold, or even hunger, many a time when on a weary journey—men who are not looking for salary, nor for great praise or flattery. Let it never be forgotten that the people have but little money, and can spare but few comforts either in words or things." Such men, we have no doubt, will be forthcoming in ever-increasing numbers—aye, and will meet with adequate encouragement eventually, both in salary and souls.

SABBATH DESECRATION.

THE rumour went abroad about the end of last week, and was repeated in some of the newspapers, that the Grand Trunk had followed the pernicious and ostentatiously catchpenny proceeding of the Credit Valley Railway in the matter of Sabbath trains. We are glad to say that such rumours are at any rate premature. The Grand Trunk authorities, it is said, have not yet moved in the matter, and have no immediate intention of making any change in their arrangements. This is so far well. They already do a large amount of very unnecessary Sabbath work, and there was little need for their adding to the amount. With the Credit Valley lies as yet the bad pre-eminence and peculiarity of introducing a new form of intrusion upon the needed rest of the Lord's day. There is a deep feeling among religious people on all hands that something should be done to arrest this increasing Sabbath desecration, but what that something shall be is the difficulty. If, however, the Christians of the land would, first of all, keep the Sabbath faithfully and becomingly themselves, and that to a far greater extent than is generally done, and were then to combine upon some plan to influence others, they would exert a power that could hardly fail of producing good results.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE SCOT IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA. By W. J. Rattray, B.A. Vol. II. (Toronto: Maclear & Co.)—The second instalment of this valuable work fully justifies the favourable opinion which we expressed on the appearance of the first volume, and so far fulfils the expectations then aroused. Notwithstanding an embarrassing abundance of material, the author still maintains that clear, forcible, and elegant style which rendered the opening chapters of the book so fascinating, even to readers for whom the subject had no special attraction. The present volume deals with the Scot in his political aspect, his doings as a warrior having already received their award, and the part which he has played as a settler and a pioneer of civilization being reserved so as to afford time for the collection of information on the subject from all parts of the country. The two remaining volumes will be eagerly looked for.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. (Boston: Littell & Co.)—The number of the "Living Age" for last week—No. 1949—contains Sir John Lubbock's Inaugural Address at the Jubilee Meeting of the British Association at York, in which he reviews the progress of science since the first meeting of the Association, on the 26th of September, 1831. The review is necessarily far from being exhaustive; it is somewhat superficial withal; and the learned knight seems inclined to make too much of the present phases of scientific knowledge in some departments, such as that of archaeology. The scientific conclusions of 1831 have not all stood the test of half a century's investigations; many of the accepted theories of that day have been exploded; and it is but reasonable to expect that at least a few similar explosions will happen during the next fifty years. Besides this address, the number contains a variety of readable articles from leading English periodicals.

WE want all our old friends to help extend the circulation of THE PRESBYTERIAN. Premium Lists have been forwarded to all who aided in past years; but should any miss reaching their destination, a postal card intimating the fact will get an immediate reply. Now is the time to commence the work. New subscribers are entitled to balance of the year, free.

THE HITTITE INSCRIPTIONS.

The following letter from Professor Campbell, of Montreal, appeared lately in the Montreal "Witness," and we are sure many of our readers will thank us for giving it also in THE PRESBYTERIAN:—

SIR,—As I have just succeeded in finding the key to the Hittite inscriptions, and have sent a statement of my discovery to the Society of Biblical Archaeology, it may not be without interest to you and your readers to know how the work has been accomplished. Extracts from the inscriptions found at Hamath, Aleppo and Carchemish have been figured in the Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, vol. vii., part 2, by the Rev. Professor Sayce, of Oxford, who as an Assyriologist, is *facile princeps*. There also we find a representation of the bi-lingual (Hittite and cuneiform) silver boss of Tarkondemos, the Cilician. Professor Sayce has read the cuneiform legend as:

"Tarriktimme, king of the land of Erme."

He has endeavoured to find the same legend in twice repeated Hittite hieroglyphics, which are six in number, and I am not aware that he has yet receded from this position, which, up to the beginning of the present month, had affixed no further results. What may have occurred in Europe during the month in this connection I cannot tell. In order to read the whole of the contents of the cuneiform legend in the Hittite, the six Hittite characters must, in part at least, be ideographic. I was satisfied from the beginning that they were alphabetic, or rather syllabic, and was at once led to the similarity between some of the characters and the Mexican—Aztec, not Maya—hieroglyphics. The animal's head, which Professor Sayce read Tarrik, I found to have the power of *t, ta, to* in Aztec. The third, a bundle of sticks, had the power of *ka, ke*; the fourth, a tooth, that of *l, la, li*. The second and fifth, owing to the incompleteness of my Mexican material, I found in the Cypriote alphabet, which Professor Sayce has compared with Hittite, as forms denoting *ra* and *ma*. The Cypriote also confirmed me in the third and fourth, definitely set-

ting their value as *ke* and *li*. I then read the five characters of the inscription as:

Ta-ra-ke-ti-me.

Adding the Aztec phonetic values of an eagle, *qua* or *ga*; of a house, *ca*; of a cultivated field, *al*; of an eye, *ix* or *ih*; of a basket, *xi* or *li*; of a moon or crescent, *ci* or *sa*; and of a form denoting water, *a* or *ha*; and superadding two other Cypriote forms, *ma* and *ne*; I was prepared to attack the inscriptions proper.

Thus, taking an inscription from Hamath and reading from left to right and then boustrophedon, I found it to consist of a circle or oval with diameter for the first, then a basket, next the Aztec sign for water, followed by another oval and another basket, a foot or boot, another oval, an animal's head, a perpendicular line between two dots and a hieroglyphic, which Professor Sayce has compared to a two-leaved gate. The first character is almost the same as the Cypriote *ma*. In the basket I found the Aztec *li*: in the water symbol *a* or *ha* as in Aztec. The two next repeated the first and second. The boot or foot gave me *oc* or *ca*, which I afterwards found to be equivalent to *ga*, from *oc* or *cacilli*. The oval again gave another *ma*, and the animal's head *li*, as in Tarriktimme's inscription. The line between two dots is identical with the Cypriote *ne*, and, taking gate as the Aztec *calacouayan*, I gained a final *ca* or *ga*. Thus I read the inscription Mati Ha-ma-ti ga, ma-ti ne-ga, "The King Hamath of the king great."

In another inscription from Hamath I found the same words, with a change of syntax:

ga Ha-ma-ti ma-ti
of Hamath the King.

Three inscriptions from Carchemish I read partly by the aid of the signs already mentioned, adding the eye which I interpreted by the Aztec *ix* or *ih*, the eagle by *qua* or *ga*, and the moon, *ci*, *si* or *sa*, representing *ixlli*, *quanhlli* and *cillali*. They gave me

1. Ma-ti Ga-ra-ga-ma-ish.
The king (of) Carchemish.
2. Ma-ti Sa-ga-ra.
The king Sagara.
3. Ka-ma-ish.
Chemosh.

The latter inscription, Professor Sayce suggested, should contain the name of the chief divinity of Carchemish, which is confirmed by the reading Chemosh. Sagara, again, is the name of a king of Carchemish belonging to the ninth century B.C., who is mentioned more than once in the Assyrian records.

These are sufficient to indicate the correctness of my present results, which will be severely tested before many days. It is interesting to know that we have on this continent the remains of a people who played a great part in ancient history. It is also gratifying to learn that by the establishment of the Hittite origin of the Aztecs, evolutionism in philology and ethnology will receive its death blow. JOHN CAMPBELL.
Presbyterian College, Montreal.

THE marked improvement in nearly all branches of business, consequent on the general good harvest and fair prices of all kinds of produce, should make a canvass easy. A push all along the line for renewals and new subscriptions is sure to result in large accessions to our list in every locality.

OBITUARY.

Mr. John Hart, senior, died at Perth, Ont., on Sabbath morning, the 23rd ult., aged seventy-three years. Of him the "Perth Courier" says: "For nearly forty years Mr. Hart has been a resident of this town, having come hither in the year 1842. He came of that sturdy old Covenanted stock that has done so much for civil and religious liberty. His birthplace was the good old town of Paisley, Scotland, from which not a few of those who have helped to make this Province what it is to-day originally came. When Mr. Hart came to Perth it was a little backwoods town of a few hundred people—the county town of the old Bathurst district. In all matters affecting the general welfare of the community Mr. Hart took a deep interest, and any good cause could always depend upon his counsel and active co-operation."

"For several years he had practically retired from business, and spent happily the evening of his days in paying visits to the different members of his family

at their distant homes, and in promoting the enjoyment of his children to the third generation in their frequent visits to the old fireside. He took great delight in his garden, and in the cultivation of both fruits and flowers he was highly successful. In the cause of Christ he ever took a deep and active interest, especially in connection with the Presbyterian Church. For many years he was a member of the congregation of the late Rev. Wm. Bell, of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, and when in 1857 that pioneer of Presbyterianism in Upper Canada, through the infirmities of old age, retired a few months before his death from the active duties of the ministry, and the congregation to which for forty years he had been pastor, united with the congregation of St. Andrew's, under the pastorate of the Rev. Wm. Bain, D.D., Mr. Hart took a part in the movement, and soon after was elected to the eldership. He was thus an elder of the church for nearly a quarter of a century of the most eventful period of its history. In the efforts that resulted in the late happy union of the different branches of the Presbyterian Church, and in the formation of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, he bore his share as representative elder of St. Andrew's in the late Synod of the old Church, and he sat several times in the same capacity in the General Assembly of the united Church.

"In the Sabbath school he was an active worker, taking part in various Sunday school conventions, but especially engaging with unwearied earnestness in the Sabbath school of his own congregation. In the congregation, as well as in the community, he will be long and greatly missed.

"As was to be expected from his life, his death was one of perfect peace. His illness was long and painful, but he bore it with Christian patience and resignation. He was conscious to the last, and fell asleep with the words "Precious Jesus" on his dying lips, in the full assurance of faith, trusting in the atoning blood of that Saviour whom he so long loved and served."

ON the morning of Friday, the 14th October, the Rev. J. J. Henry breathed his last at his father's house in Tyrone, Darlington township, county of West Durham. For several months it had been evident to Mr. Henry's friends that the end must soon come. He was also himself expecting, and was prepared for, the change. Many who were his fellow-students and acquaintances will hear these tidings with sorrow, and will read with kindly sympathy any word written to honour his memory. Mr. Henry was about thirty-five years of age at the time of his death, and had been born and brought up in the county in which he died. Having grown up under Christian influences and in a Christian home, he was drawn to the Saviour in early life. At the age of eighteen he made a profession of religion, and when about twenty-one determined, if the Lord opened the way, to enter the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, to which he and his family belonged. With much assiduity he entered upon and prosecuted his studies preparatory to entering the University of Toronto, and with increasing earnestness and success he continued them in that institution, until he graduated with distinction in 1875. The study of systematic theology he prosecuted in Knox College in Toronto, until symptoms of the disease (consumption) so far developed themselves as to render a pause in his work necessary. In the hope of recruiting his health, and at the same time advancing his course of preparatory study to a close, he went in the winter of '77 to the Theological College of Columbia, in South Carolina. He maintained his reputation there as a good and faithful student, and returned home in 1878, believing his health was improved. In hope of effecting a complete recovery, he resorted to the balmy climate of Florida during the two last winters of his life. As the last drew to a close he contracted one of the malarial fevers of that section, and hastened home early in the summer to go away no more. Mr. Henry had completed the preparatory curriculum required for entering the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, and had occasionally exercised his gifts in the pulpit with promise and acceptance. But just as he seemed ready to enter on a career of usefulness in the Lord's kingdom below, he is called to go up higher. His life closed peacefully in the faith, comforts, and hopes of the Gospel. Those who loved him have, in his life, aims, perseverance, and success, many sweet memories and stimulating examples.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

THE OATH-KEEPER OF FORANO.

A TALE OF ITALY AND HER EVANGEL.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER X.—LEAVING ALL FOR CHRIST.

"They lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones; then picked him with their swords; and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake. Thus came Faithful to his end."

If, in the autumn of 1865, we desired to visit Barletta, we might have Nanni Conti for a fellow-traveller; for in all the mellow glory of an Italian October we find him journeying through Southern Tuscany, turning aside by Ortoello and climbing the hills—as he has done many a time since he and Sandro passed that same way—to visit the patriarch and his wife in the lonely mountain *casatta*. As Nanni surmounted the last ascent, and the road lay level before him as it wound through the wood, he saw the old dame Marie standing in her doorway, and the huge form of her aged husband moving along the clearing, followed as usual by his dog and two goats. The old mother at once began waving a welcome, but the man stood as one transfixed with pained surprise; and not until Nanni was near enough to take his hand did the cotter look in the Evangelist's face. He replied to Nanni's cheery greeting by a question, asked eagerly:

"Saw you no one between us, my son?"

"I saw none but yourself, Monna Marie, and these brutes."

"I saw some one. The Capuchin friar Benedetto. He was nearer you than ever before, yet he did not touch you."

"You have often warned me against the friar, father," said Nanni, as he entered the cottage; "and I frequently meet him in the streets of Barletta. Hitherto I have had nothing from him but maledictions, and I trust in God's mercy to get no worse at the man's hand. As for his curses, my father, you know the Arabians say, 'Curses are like chickens, come home to roost.'"

"Do not despise warning, my son, even for me. I myself do not know the meaning of my visions, nor whence they come."

"I do not despise them. I believe these impressions of years are the result of your long anxieties, dangers, loneliness, and your care for me and my friends. Yet I think God often warns and guards His children by very simple means. Your words have made me careful not to disturb the friar in any needless manner. I have thought that there might be a danger hanging over the children of our families—that the friar might capture some of them, as in the Mortara case, and we not be able to regain possession, which would be heart-rending. As all Ser. Jacopo's sons, and the child of my sister Mariana, were baptized in the Roman Church, they might plead that as a claim on them. We have therefore been careful to watch the little ones, to warn them, to see to it that they do not wander far from our own doors, and that they are housed before nightfall. God keep them; they are very gracious children. Joseph is doing well in his school up in the valleys, I hear."

"And how is the nice *bambino* Sandro?" asked Monna Marie.

"Hardly a *bambino* at nineteen," said Nanni, smiling. "He is a noble youth, is Sandro: honest, cheery, busy, godly. He does half the work of the shop, and is more over a great help to us in the church and school. The boy has a notably fine voice, and he teaches the young people to sing well the psalms and hymns, and he leads out singing in service."

"God give him grace to witness a good confession," said the old man, shaking his head mournfully.

"God does so give him grace: he witnesses for Jesus each day of his life, following the footsteps of his Master," said Nanni.

"I meant such confession as the martyrs witnessed," said the old man.

Monna Marie began to weep. Nanni replied:

"He who gives grace for each day's living will also give grace for dying; and if God calls His servants to Him through any peculiarly bitter death, He gives them abounding grace to meet that demand. Has He not said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee?'"

With the next morning Nanni was up early to be on his way; at the first railroad station he intended to pursue his journey by cars. The patriarch was anxious that he should remain with him for a day or two to visit some families scattered among the hills.

"I cannot," said Nanni; "I have been absent from my work over a fortnight. Besides, my father was very feeble when I left home; nor was my wife well. I am told that a colporteur is coming from Florence to visit this district within a few weeks; you will see him, and take him to these families; meanwhile this is the work the Lord has laid upon you in your old age, to teach and comfort this scattered flock."

"May the blessed Ser. Jesus go with you, my son," said the aged man, taking Nanni's hand and looking wistfully at him. "I cannot tell if I shall see your face again—this side the city that hath foundations."

As for Monna Marie, she folded the young Evangelist in a motherly embrace, weeping as if she parted from him beside a grave. The shade cast on his spirits by this melancholy farewell soon passed from Nanni's mind. He was naturally of a hopeful, courageous temper, and he had a strong trust in God—an assurance that however He led His people it would ever be in a right way.

Aside from the old man's forebodings, and the thought of his father's failing strength, Nanni had but little to make him sad. He had this year been finally stationed at Barletta, to spend all his time there in taking charge of the church and school. This church now numbered thirty-five members, and there were thirty children in the school. Nanni and Assunta lived in the house with his sister Mari-

ana Sandro; and another of Ser. Jacopo's numerous boys occupying an upper room. These families abode in the greatest harmony together; they laboured industriously each day, and had usually enough for their simple wants. As Nanni looked forward to reaching this happy home after his two weeks' absence at Florence his heart bounded with joy, and he fervently thanked the God who had so greatly blessed him.

And yet we must not suppose that Nanni had met with no opposition in his field of labour, that the little church had had only sunshine in its course; it had grown by the storm as well as by the sun. Thirty-five converts to Evangelism in one town were never made without stirring the wrath of Rome. A Vaudois church, its school, its settled pastor, its regular gatherings, had not failed to excite deeper enmity. The Evangelists, on their part, had been very wary; they had never boasted, made no public demonstration, pursued their way with the utmost quietness. A middle-aged couple with two children, neighbours of Ser. Conti, having joined the Evangelicals, the upper room of their house was used on Sabbath as a church, on week-days as a school-room. Each pupil provided his own chair; a few planed boards were procured, and these, stretched between chairs, furnished seats sufficient for Sunday services. During the week these same boards, lifted on tressels, were desks for the children. Nanni had painted on the wall several texts, and a square for a blackboard for his pupils. During service the windows were kept shut, and the singing and preaching were in a low key. The Vaudois establishment at Florence had given this church some Bible, school books, and psalm books; the people paid for the schooling of their children a very small sum weekly, and gave Nanni, their pastor, what they could in money or food; beyond this they received a small sum from the churches in the valleys. Yet in spite of all this quiet and humility the Evangelicals were a marked people. So much petty persecution did they suffer from their Romish neighbours that they by degrees left their former abodes and collected in the street which held their church and pastor. Thus became known as the "Evangelical quarter."

Anxiety for the safety of their young children, who might be spirited away, was a main reason for this massing of the Evangelical forces. It had at first been difficult to get house-room, for as soon as a man joined the Vaudois he was ejected by his landlord, and found other owners of property unwilling to receive him whom THE CHURCH had cursed. Provisionally the owner of three or four humble tenements near Ser. Jacopo's abode became a convert, and his houses were rented to his brethren. Care of the property, regular pay and high prices combined to induce two or three Romanist landlords, less hostile than many of their townspeople, to let dwellings to the outcast Vaudois.

But when thus housed near together and about their church, the troubles of this congregation were not ended. The men who had had regular employment were dismissed as heretics by their masters, and could only get chance work. Hardly any one but poor Evangelicals patronized the shop of Ser. Jacopo; the Barletta people had rather buy poor leather and work than trade with a "turn-coat." So the Vaudois who had been a tailor lost his custom; and the greengrocer had only his poverty-stricken brothers to deal at his shop, and the *fachino*, or coal-seller, lost half his customers. These people had always been poor; hardly one of them had had savings, and now that their daily gains were diminished, they were sorely pressed for even the very necessities of life.

And what was true at Barletta in 1865 is true to-day of the "Evangelicals"—the converts from Romanism—in very many Italian towns. These people who gathered each Sabbath to hear the truth from the lips of Nanni Conti had literally left all to follow Christ. Their relatives and friends who were Romanists, abandoned them; they were cursed and sometimes pelted in the streets; they were poorly fed, clad and warmed, and there was little prospect of their circumstances soon improving.

Still they were resolute; not one looked back from the plough; they were a united and faithful band, and so exemplary in their daily conduct, such orderly citizens, and so graciously forgiving of injuries, that they were already beginning to live down the opposition of their fellow-citizens, and Nanni Conti hoped the day might come when Evangelicals could rent homes, obtain work, sell their wares, and go in and out in peace as well as any of their neighbours.

When, in this October, Nanni had reached Barletta, and was hurrying to his home in the "Evangelical quarter," he was suddenly stopped by the Capuchin friar, Benedetto, who had never before spoken directly to him.

"Tell me, villain heretic," said the friar, "is it true that Joseph, the second son of Ser. Jacopo the *calcolaja*, has gone up into Piedmont to learn to be a Vaudois priest?"

"It is true," said Nanni, briefly and quietly.

The Capuchin planed himself with his back against a sunny wall, and, clenching his fists, poured forth such a horrible stream of blasphemy and malediction that Nanni hurried along at the top of his speed to get out of hearing of it. The pain which filled his heart at this man's hatred and wickedness, reviving as it did the warning of his aged friend among the hills, shadowed Nanni's face when he entered his home and received the warm greetings of his wife and sister. He then went into the next house to see Ser. Jacopo's family and his old parents. His father was evidently failing fast; but the old man's eye was bright and his hope firm; that anchor which had been the stay of his last days on earth held now that he was entering the swellings of Jordan.

Returning to his own house, Nanni told Assunta that he had a small parcel sent her by Miss Maxwell. Assunta opened it eagerly, and found some pretty garments and an envelope. In this letter, to her unbounded astonishment, she found not only a friendly letter, but one hundred francs. Honor Maxwell had guessed the poverty which surrounded the little struggling church at Barletta, and she knew Assunta would find ample use for her gift. She, however, strictly charged her to keep enough of the money for her own need, and Nanni insisted that this should be so.

"It is such a sum!" cried Assunta. "Well, Nanni, thirty francs will be all I can use; and I will give Monna-

Lisa twenty; she has many cares now, with our feeble parents. Then, you know, the rent of our church must be paid, or the poor Banchetti will be in a desperate state, they are so badly off now. And what a comfort it will be to pay the rent at once, without feeling that our poor neighbours are really going, without bread to raise the money."

"Yes," said Nanni, "we will pay the rent immediately." "Then there are two or three sick ones—we must give them a little help; and a franc or two each to the other mothers who are in great need. We will divide it as well as we can, Nanni. I am sure it comes from God, just when we need it most."

Indeed, this small sum of a hundred francs shed light and comfort over all the church at Barletta.

As the year closed Nanni found more fruit of his labours—an old man, his wife, and an unmarried daughter, joined the Evangelical Church, in the face of much opposition and in the prospect of entering into the deepest poverty on account of their religion.

As the last day of 1865 faded to its close, two angels came to the home of the Contis—the Angels of Life and Death. These visitants parted on the thresholds of the Vaudois homes. The Angel of Life entered Nanni's door, and the Evangelist welcomed his first-born—a daughter. The Angel of Death paused in the upper room of Ser. Jacopo's dwelling, and, standing by the bedside of the aged Ser. Conti, spoke in his ear:

"I am come to tell thee that thy Master hath need of thee."

The old man turned to his children, saying:

"How wonderful it is that I go now joyfully into the presence of God, when for nearly all my life long I had no hope for good things after death, when I knew not that Christ could take the sting of death away. In my very old age the Jesus to whose glory I had all my life been blind, opened my eyes to see His mercy, and now I go to be in His presence forever." He then gave each of his children and grandchildren his blessing, sent also a blessing to Assunta and the little one next door, said to his wife, "We part but for a very short time," and so "fell on sleep."

During these years from 1860 a burial-ground had been opened by the city of Barletta a little distance from the town, and all the citizens were taxed for its purchase and support. There had been no deaths among the Vaudois until this of Ser. Conti, and now came the question whether the Evangelicals, whose undoubted right to pay cemetery taxes was recognized, would be granted a right to bury their dead in a spot which they helped maintain. The priests in charge of the cemetery warned Ser. Jacopo that his father could not be buried in the graveyard.

"What must I do with my dead?" asked the *calcolaja*.

"Pitch him into the sea, if you choose," said the priest.

Ser. Jacopo and Nanni now went to the Prefect and asked if they had not a right to use the Communal Cemetery. The Prefect admitted this right. He was a stranger, almost, in the town; a man of liberal views, who had secretly admired the decency and diligence of the little Protestant community. Armed with his authority Ser. Jacopo and his neighbours put old Ser. Conti's body in a coffin, laid it on a bier, covered it with a large black shawl—for they were too poor to buy other drapery, and the Romish undertaker would have nothing to do with them—and so set out, Nanni walking before his father's corpse and the little grandchildren trooping after, to give their dead Christian burial.

About half way to the cemetery they were overtaken by a messenger from the municipality. The right, said the messenger, of the Evangelicals to bury in communal ground was unquestioned by the Prefect, but the priestly party had collected their adherents, and were now prepared to defend the burial-place from what they called sacrilege. The Prefect did not feel strong enough to combat this party. The Evangelicals, as the weaker side, must yield; therefore he forbade them to go into the cemetery, but commanded them to make Ser. Conti's grave in a waste piece of land under the north wall of the communal ground, which land the Prefect gave his word to have immediately enclosed and prepared as a burial-spot for Evangelicals.

Greatly grieved, the band of mourners obeyed this order. They stood about the bier while some of their number dug a grave. During this time Nanni preached comforting words to his few hearers. While the simple burial service was going on, the party who guarded the cemetery yelled, hooted, and threw stones. When Sandro pressed a bit of board into the head and foot of the mound thrown up over his grandfather's body, and the Evangelicals turned to go home, the voice of the Capuchin friar Benedetto rose high from the opposing mob:

"We'll save you burying any more!"

That night the acre in which Ser. Conti was buried was ploughed and re-ploughed with two yoke of oxen.

Notwithstanding these persecutions, the next Sabbath, two brothers named Monti joined the Evangelical Church, bringing their number up to forty.

On Monday morning—the first Monday in 1866—Friar Benedetto set off for Rome, and was not again seen in Barletta for some time.

After the disturbance about her husband's burial old Monna Conti took to her bed, which she never again left, but lay there slowly dying of sorrow, privation, and old age. Her children nursed her with the tenderest love, and each day as the old woman drew nearer her end her faith brightened, and her appreciation of spiritual truths became more and more clear.

Quietly pursuing their own work; kind, as they had opportunity, to all around them; training diligently their children, and bearing bravely their extreme poverty, the Church at Barletta pursued its way during the remainder of the winter. Nanni's child was baptized according to the Vaudois rite, in February. The Fari family, who had been among the first bearers of the Evangel in Barletta, still kept aloof from the public meetings, or from any open expression of sympathy with the Protestant Church. Secretly they were very friendly to many of the Evangelists; Monna Fari was particularly fond of Assunta, and in private this family shewed the Vaudois many favours. Their visits,

however, were by night; and when Nanni would urge Ser. Fari to examine the Scriptures, and then honestly follow the teachings of the Holy Book, the wily Italian would reply: "I don't mind telling you that I'm sure you're right, for you will not betray me; but it is not safe to belong to you; poverty, loss, and maybe worse would befall us."

Carnival passed as usual in Barletta, and Lent came. On the first day of Lent, Friar Benedetto, the Capuchin, reappeared, and in his company two priests from Rome. The three began a visitation from house to house among the Romanists, and within two days the effects of their presence began to be seen. Several of the more bigoted Romanist women became loud in their denunciation of the "Protestanti," shook their fists as they met them on the streets, and prophesied that soon Holy Church would be avenged of her adversaries.

The two foremost priests of Barletta also on Sabbath preached against the "heretic," strictly prohibiting their people from having any dealings with them, from speaking to them, shewing or receiving kindness, or in any way countenancing an abominable schism against the Holy See.

The Evangelicals hearing the mutterings of this storm, resolved to weather it, as they had many storms before, by patience and humility. They remained as much as possible within doors, kept their children off the streets, did not appear at their windows, and in every way tried to banish themselves from the angry eyes of their enemies. It was announced that the two priests from Rome were Padre Pogliione and Padre Trentadue, who has come from the Holy Father to preach a *Novena* during the first part of Lent, for the express purpose of "putting down Protestantism." While visitation preparatory to this *Novena* was in progress, Nanni received a letter from a village a little distance to the north, a few miles inland from the Adriatic coast. The people of this village stated that they had no priest: that they were deeply anxious to hear the Evangel as it was preached at Barletta, and begging him to come to them for at least a fortnight, that they might "hear something comforting about Ser. Jesus." This letter was so sincere and pathetic, it gave such a picture of a people hungering for the bread of life, that Nanni was fain to go. He laid the matter before several members of his congregation, and they advised him to go, accompanied by one of the two Mond brothers, the last additions to the Barletta church.

(To be continued.)

GOETHE ON THE BIBLE.

As far back as my twentieth year I can trace the existence of a certain fundamental conception or fixed way of viewing things in my mind—whether of native growth or by inoculation from some external source I cannot say—a conception which I applied to all matters of oral or written tradition. In all such matters I said to myself, the important thing is the fundamental fact, the internal force, the significance, the tendency. In this alone, what is original, divine, operative, unassailable, and indestructible in the tradition resides. This central and substantial kernel of the matter remains unaffected by any change of condition that time can produce, just as a well-conducted soul is not disturbed by any accident that may befall the body in which it lies encased. Language, dialect, style, and written tradition are thus to be regarded as the mere body or bearer of a spiritual work, and this body, however closely connected with the internal spirit, is, nevertheless, subject to deterioration or corruption in many ways; and, indeed, in point of fact, it is impossible, in the nature of things, that any tradition should be handed down through long ages quite pure, or, even if it were handed down in perfect purity, that it should be understood through all ages in the same way that it was originally accepted—the former on account of the imperfection of the instruments through which it is handed down; the latter on account of the difference of times and places, and, above all, the diversity of human capacities and ways of thinking—a difference which lies at the root of that notable divergence of views which never fails to manifest itself in the schools of antagonistic expositors.

Any person, therefore, who has occasion to occupy himself with the contents of any written tradition must endeavour to get hold of the marrow of the matter, and that not merely in the way of an intellectual cognition, but in its living relation to his own inner life and the fruitful action which it produces there; while whatever in the record is of the nature of an external shell and remains without any moral action upon our souls, or may perhaps even be liable to the suspicion of adulteration, must be thrown aside as of no value for us personally, and left to the disposal of scientific criticism, which, however it may pull in pieces and tear asunder this part or the other of the whole, can never succeed in robbing us of what we had appropriated in a living way as the root and marrow of the business, or even for a moment making us sceptical as to the fundamental facts which we had sifted out of the kernel of the tradition.

A conviction of this kind, growing out of faith and experimental appropriation, which, in all matters of the highest importance, is the only effective and operative conviction, lies at the foundation of the moral and literary architecture of my life, and is to be looked upon as a well-invested capital, on which a man may richly draw, though, no doubt, in individual cases it may be wanting. Such a conviction it was that made the Bible in my early years effectively accessible to me. I had read it through several times in the way that was natural to the well-brought-up sons of Protestant parents, and, besides, had plunged into it here and there in a less systematic way, as inclination or edification prompted. The plain-spoken naturalness of the Old Testament and the tender *naïveté* of the New had in individual sections taken a strong hold of me. As a whole, no doubt, I was not able to consult it to my satisfaction; but the varieties or apparent contradictions of the different books did not affect my belief in the fundamental conceptions which lay at the root of them all. The significance of each, if not the harmony of the whole, I could fruitfully realize; and, altogether, I had

* We give the real names of these two.

put too much of my best soul into this Book to be able ever afterward to dispense with it as part of my spiritual nourishment. This enlistment of my best feelings on the side of the Book made me proof through life against whatever sneers or rillery I might find directed against it; for the spiritual good of which I had been partaker from the Book had convinced me experimentally of the dishonesty of all such irreverent assaults. On the other hand, any kind of thorough critical research, honestly meant, was grateful to me. An extension of our knowledge with regard to Oriental localities and costumes I appropriated eagerly, and I employed their without fear in the large and liberal interpretation of the traditions which my spiritual experience had made so dear to me.

With the New Testament I proceeded in the same fearless fashion; but however far, in the exercise of critical ingenuity, I might pull the record to pieces, I always carried with me that most salutary word: "The Evangelists may contradict themselves as much as they please, so long as the Evangel does not contradict itself." —From Goethe's *Autobiography*.

SKIPPING HARD PLACES.

Boys, I want to ask you how you think a conqueror made out who went through a country he was trying to subdue, and whenever he found a fort hard to take, let it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild there, like bees in a hive, and when he was well into the heart of the country don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you, if you skip over the hard places in your lessons and leave them unlearned; you have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you and mortify you times without number.

"There was just a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me, "and it was just there the Professor had to call upon me at examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of them I was asked to do on the blackboard."

The student who is not thorough is never well at his ease; he cannot forget the skipped problems, and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding student, the time will surely come when the laugh will be turned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve, when you take up a study, that you will go through with it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point.

If the inaccurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained to himself a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heel all the rest of his life. Whatever he does will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is hard, and the habit will grow with years. —Anon.

SWEET HOME.

When two young people love each other and marry, they restore the picture of the apostolic church. They are of one heart and one soul. Neither do they say that anything they possess is their own, but they have all things in common. Their mutual trust in each other, their entire confidence in each other, draws out all that is best in both. Love is the angel who rolls away the stone from the grave in which we bury our better nature, and it comes forth. Love makes all things new; makes a new heaven and a new earth; makes all cares light, all pains easy. It is the one enchantment of human life which realizes Fortunio's purse and Aladdin's palace, and turns the "Arabian Nights" into mere prose by comparison. Before real society can come, true homes must come. As in a sheltered nook in the midst of the great sea of ice which rolls down the summit of Mont Blanc is found a little green spot full of tender flowers, so in the shelter of home, in the warm atmosphere of household love, spring up the pure affections of parent and child; father, mother, son, daughter; of brothers and sisters. Whatever makes this insecure, and divorce frequent, makes of marriage not a union for life, but an experiment which may be tried as often as we choose, and abandoned when we like. And this cuts up by the roots all the dear affections of home; leaves children orphaned, destroys fatherly and motherly love, and is a virtual dissolution of society. —James Freeman Clark.

TO A MODERATE DRINKER.

No, not even the mildest of the California wines will prove useful. Wine is no more healthful than alcohol diluted in water. Suppose a wine contains seven per cent. of alcohol—and that surely would be light enough—it is no more healthful than water with seven per cent. of alcohol in it. The wine is practically just that, with a little colouring matter added. Often, very often, there is an addition of poisonous adulterating stuff. There is no doubt, as you suggest, that the wine is better than lager-beer. This is a wretched stuff, puffing a man out and making his brain stupid. There is a kind of drink known as water which I advise you to try. It may taste strange at first, but you will find it the best drink when you are sick or well, when you are hot or cold, indeed under all possible circumstances. —Dr. Dio Lewis.

The "Italia" has published a statement to the effect that the Pope is disposed to quit Rome and take up his abode in Vienna. The "Fremdenblatt," the Austrian official journal, remarking upon this announcement, says: "We hope that Leo XIII., after mature reflection, will decide to remain in Rome. If, however, he should persist in his desire to leave the Vatican, we advise him not to count too confidently upon gaining Austrian sympathies for his cause. We should not refuse hospitality to the Holy Father, but the political interests of the Empire would not permit of our defending the pretensions of the Holy See with the energy demanded by Leo XIII. and his councillors."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE sale of Bibles has recently been very large in Bulgaria, and there are signs of deep religious interest.

THREE archpriests of a sect of Greek dissenters have been released by order of the Czar from a cloister where they had been imprisoned since 1856 for their heretical opinions.

DR. ROBERT YOUNG, author of the famous "Young's Analytical Concordance," is so badly out of health that his physicians have ordered him to abstain from all literary work for a year.

MADAGASCAR is advancing steadily and rapidly. A college has been built at the capital, costing \$20,000, and the Queen and her Prime Minister continue to foster the London Society's Missions.

A RECENT religious census taken in Prussia shows that the country contains 17,645,466 Protestants, 9,205,136 Catholics, 363,799 Jews, 42,518 Deists, and 22,006 persons professing no religion.

THE house in which Dante was born, and which has heretofore been under the care of the city of Florence, has been transferred to a bank of that city in payment of a loan, and is to be sold at public auction.

THE population of the Hawaiian kingdom consists of only about 60,000 souls, all told, and yet the salary of King Kalakaua is \$50,000 a year, which is equal to the salary paid the President of the United States.

MR. JAMES MARSHALL, formerly of the island of Trinidad, who died recently near Glasgow, Scotland, bequeathed a portion of his estate, which will probably amount to \$150,000, to the Foreign Mission Fund of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland.

THERE are eighty young men from Liberia at the Lincoln University, Chester County, Pa. Four are from the Bassa nation, two are Congoes, one is a Vey, and another an Americo-Liberian. One of them, Thomas H. Roberts, of the Vey nation, received the first prize for oratory at the recent anniversary of Lincoln University.

THERE is an extraordinary awakening at Hamadan, a station of the Presbyterian Board in Persia. About forty Jewish families have become Christians. Near the supposed tomb of Mordecai and Esther a company of the children of Israel are meeting regularly twice a week, to examine the law and the prophets, and to inquire concerning the Christian faith.

THE late Bishop Wilberforce affirmed that "the bishops of the Church of England were, by unbroken succession, the descendants and representatives of the original twelve." Archbishop Whately maintained "that there was not a minister in all Christendom who was able to trace up, with any approach to certainty, his spiritual pedigree." Which is the "catholic" view?

COUNT CAMPOBELLO is about to publish a chapter of autobiography, in which he is to give some account of the progress of his conversion. He and others, it is said, were fired with a zeal for a reform of the Papacy, and were especially anxious to secure the right of clergy and people to vote at the election of a Pope. Leo XIII., however, it is added, soon destroyed all hope of reform in this direction, and so Count Campobello left the Church altogether.

THERE has been a great gale in the British islands. Houses were unroofed and unfinished buildings collapsed. It is reported that fifty-nine fishermen were lost at Bournemouth and Eyemouth, and 140 belonging to both places missing. By the falling of a roof at Stockton-on-Tees five persons were killed. During the height of the gale the British steamer "Cyprian," from Liverpool for Genoa, was wrecked on the Welsh coast. Only eight out of her crew of thirty were saved.

A MODERN and lay Luther, on a small scale, has appeared in Villagarca, Spain. He has a country house and land twenty miles out of the village, and circulates the Gospels and tracts among his men, whereupon the priest has excommunicated any one who shall work for him. Nothing daunted, one Sunday in July, he nailed a paper on the church door before mass, begging that the priest would convince him publicly of his errors; and has followed it up by publicly confronting the priest before the people, in an ineffectual effort to draw him out.

THE Rev. Professor Plumtree, in a paper just published, draws attention to the fact that the history both of the Old and New Testaments stands now on a firmer footing than it did a hundred years ago. Assyrian, Babylonian and Egyptian inscriptions have brought into a daylight clearness all that the Hebrew Scriptures tell us of such rulers as the Pharaohs, Sennacherib, Salmaneser, Nebuchadnezzar, etc. Chaldean and Assyrian records give the Bible names of Omri, Ahab, Jehu, Pekah, Azariah, Ahaz, and Hezekiah. The cemeteries of Rome, the *Bolubarium* of Livy, the arch at Thessalonica, the stones of Cyprus, are adduced as verifying the New Testament account of the origin of the Christian Church.

IT is not an easy matter to start a new journal in Japan, particularly if it should happen to be of Liberal politics. A Mr. Saiondji, who had resided in Paris for six years, lately returned to Japan, and commenced the publication of a newspaper called "Toyo Djiyou Chimboun," which was considered by the authorities to be too pronounced in its character. Mr. Saiondji thereupon received a notice from Government that it was derogatory to his rank as *Kwasakow* to edit a newspaper, and that he had better find another occupation. His successors were indiscreet enough to criticise the action of the Government in the matter, for which they were heavily fined and imprisoned for several months. The next editor, a Mr. Ishioka, was condemned to a year's imprisonment for an article advocating the creation of a national Parliament; and all the Liberal editors having been thus used up, the "Djiyou" has just disappeared from circulation.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE ladies of Chalmers Church, Elora, realized \$130 from a bazaar held by them on the second day of the agricultural show there.

REV. J. W. CAMERON, B.A., probationer, has accepted the call from the congregation of West King and Laskay, and will be settled (D.V.) at an early date.

WE learn from eastern exchanges that the Rev. C. B. Pitblado, of Chalmers Church, Halifax, N. S., has definitely accepted the call to St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, and will shortly leave for that place with his family.

THE teachers and scholars of the Midland Presbyterian Sabbath school presented their late Superintendent, Mr. W. G. Thomson, with an address, accompanied by a gold chain and locket, on the occasion of his removal to Peterborough.

THE Presbyterians of Harmony, N.S., have got their new church so far advanced that, with temporary seating accommodation, they were able to hold their communion services in it on the 16th ult. Revs. Dr. McCulloch and John McMillan officiated.

THE Young People's Association of St. Paul's (Presbyterian) Church, Hamilton, gave a musical and literary entertainment on the evening of the 21st ult. The various readings, recitations and pieces of music, instrumental and vocal, were well received by the large audience, and a handsome sum was added to the funds of the association.

SOME weeks ago the Alberton congregation received a handsome present from Mrs. William Kelly in the form of a very fine organ, which has already been found of great assistance in leading the praise of the congregation. This is but one of the many ways in which Mrs. Kelly's interest in Zion has been shown during a long life of great devotion to the congregation, with which she and her husband, who passed away in June last, deeply regretted, have been connected since its organization.

THE Presbyterian church at Wyoming was reopened on the 23rd ult., after having been enlarged and renovated. The Rev. D. D. McLeod, of Paris, preached morning and evening to large audiences. On the evening of the 24th an entertainment was held, when addresses were given by the Rev. Messrs. D. D. McLeod, John Thompson of Sarnia, John McRobie of Petrolia, and the resident ministers. The Sabbath collections, together with the proceeds of the entertainment on Monday evening, amounted in all to \$82.20.

A TEA-MEETING was held in the Parkdale Presbyterian church on the evening of the 25th ult., for the purpose of welcoming the pastor, Rev. W. A. Hunter, M.A., and his wife, on their return from their marriage trip. The ladies of the congregation presented Mr. and Mrs. Hunter with a handsome breakfast and tea service, accompanied by an address, to which Mr. Hunter made a suitable reply. Congratulatory speeches were made by the Hon. John McMurrich, Rev. Messrs. Parsons, Milligan, Campbell (Methodist), Botterill (Baptist), Major Gray, Reeve of Parkdale, and Mr. J. Winchester, Reeve of Brockton.

REV. ALEX. FALCONER, of Port of Spain, Trinidad, has left Halifax to return to his field of work, after a holiday of three months or thereabout. Mr. Falconer, though not very strong, preached almost (if not quite) every Sabbath since he arrived in Canada, sometimes twice a day, and always with the greatest acceptance. Fever of the worst type prevailed in portions of Trinidad during the summer; but the latest news was to the effect that it had passed away. We hope that Mr. Falconer will return to his arduous post with health greatly improved, and that he will be long spared to labour in the Redeemer's kingdom.

ON the 18th ult. a very successful tea-meeting was held in King Street Presbyterian Church, London East. The occasion was the anniversary of the ordination of the pastor, Rev. J. Knox Wright. An address was presented to Mr. Wright from the ladies of the congregation, expressing appreciation of his labours and regard for him and Mrs. Wright. Accompanying the address there was a receipted account for a suite of parlour furniture, which in the course of the evening had been deposited at the manse. It was reported that during the year fifty-three new members had been added to the roll.

WE are very sorry to record the death of Mrs. Frizzell, the much-respected wife of the Rev. Wm. Frizzell, of Newmarket. The circumstances of Mrs. Frizzell's death were peculiarly touching, and have awakened a feeling of deep sorrow and sympathy in Newmarket and throughout the neighbourhood, where she deceased was widely known and greatly respected. The Rev. Principal Caven conducted the funeral services, and preached appropriate discourses on the succeeding Sabbath. We are sure that Mr. Frizzell has the heartfelt sympathy of his many friends throughout the Church in this peculiarly severe and unexpected bereavement.

THE "Forester" of Huntsville has the following notice of a presentation lately made to Mr. Knox, Presbyterian missionary: "Messrs. Ballantine, Hood and other friends at Grassmere and neighbourhood, wishing to mark their appreciation of the labours of Mr. Knox amongst them during the past summer, quietly made up a nice sum of money, which timely and thoughtful gift was presented by Mr. Ballantine to Mr. Knox on Tuesday last, on the occasion of his leaving for a new field of labour, with earnest prayers that the Great Head of the Church may own and bless his service in the new field to which he is appointed. This pleasing incident will be gratifying to the Presbytery of Guelph, by whom Mr. Knox was sent into Muskoka. We understand that Mr. Knox goes north to Emsdale and Barriedale for the next six months.

THE many friends and admirers of the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, of Montreal, will be sorry to learn that from continued poor health the doctor has been obliged to give up the active duties of his office and seek repose and health in a more congenial climate. As will be seen from the report of the Montreal Presbytery, he continues as pastor *emeritus* of St. Paul's congregation, and has had secured to him a retiring allowance of \$2,000 per annum. We notice also that the doctor's attached people presented him with a parting gift of \$1,000, and at the same time with a valuable tea service for Mrs. Jenkins. All, we are sure, will most cordially join in the prayer that Dr. Jenkins may speedily be so far restored as to enable him even yet to do good work in the cause of the Master in whose service he has spent and been spent for these many years.

THE printed yearly report of the congregation of Nelsonville and associated stations in Manitoba has just come to hand. We are glad to see that everything intimates healthy and continued progress under the present pastor, the Rev. A. H. Cameron, who was settled in his present charge in May, 1880. A church 24 feet by 40 feet, with walls 16 feet in height, and of Gothic style, is in course of erection, and is expected to be finished before the winter sets in. The constitution of the congregations is printed and the names of all the managers given. Up to September 19th ult. the receipts for the building had been \$588.11, and the disbursements \$489.20. A considerable number of subscriptions had been paid in lumber which, of course do not appear in the above. We are sorry we cannot give so full an account of the state of matters as we should like, from the fact that five pages of the report are left out in the copy sent us, and five given twice.

ON the evening of the 25th ult. a meeting was held under the auspices of the Temperance Association of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, for the purpose of listening to a lecture by the Rev. Dr. James. The "Spectator" reports the proceedings as follows: "The reverend gentleman began by stating that he had been a practical total abstainer since he was eight years of age, and by reading an interesting leaf from his early experience. He then proceeded to shew that the manufacture and sale of strong drink is an enterprise which gives remunerative employment to a smaller number of people, in proportion to the money invested, than any other. He next spoke of the amount of money expended on this enterprise. The expenditure in Hamilton for religious and charitable purposes, all told, supposing it to have a population of 30,000, is \$4 per individual. Yet, at as accurate an estimate as the statistical tables enable us to make, over \$16 per individual is expended for strong drink. Quoting from Dr. Richardson and other eminent authorities, the speaker next shewed the deleterious effect of drink upon the various organs of the physical system—the muscles, stomach, heart and brain—adducing many striking illustrations in support of the various positions taken. This was followed by an exposure of the terrible effects upon the mental and moral nature.

The lecture was one which shewed much painstaking research, and contained a great amount of substantial and interesting information. The chair was occupied by the pastor, Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, who at the close tendered Dr. James a cordial vote of thanks on behalf of the association. After the singing of a beautiful solo by Mr. John Wilson, the meeting closed with the doxology. A number of new names were added to the roll of the association."

ON Sabbath evening, the 23rd ult., the Rev. J. Hastie, of St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay, addressed his congregation on the subject of the ravages of strong drink in that town. The following brief report from the "Post" will show the drift of his remarks, and it will be seen that they are capable of a general as well as a local application: "After shewing how the labours of the pulpit, of the Sunday school, and of the home circle were being neutralized by the liquor business, he made four specific statements, and dealt with them one by one. The first was that there are too many public-houses licensed in town; that they should be reduced by at least three or four; that there are that many beyond what are needed to accommodate the public, and consequently they have only one object to exist for, viz., to sell intoxicants. The town exacts from them a heavy fee for license, and they have, besides heavy expenses to bear, and so they are compelled to drive their nefarious business as vigorously as possible, which just means to make all the drunkards they can. The second was, that in some cases men utterly unfit for such positions had received licenses—men who care nothing for a man's soul, or his physical good, or for his family's interests, but whose one purpose is to get money. At the same time he wished to say publicly that according to his information there were some hotel-keepers in Lindsay who all along had acted in a humane and kindly way toward the poor drunkard, and would refuse liquor to any one seen under its influence. The third was that gross immorality was practised in connection with some of those houses, he had been credibly informed. The fourth was that Sunday selling of liquor was alarmingly prevalent in that town; that some who had good opportunities of knowing assured him that in certain houses more liquor was disposed of on Sunday than on any other day. This called for the immediate attention of the proper officials, and on no account should be passed over, if this state of things really exists. He urged sympathy and help to the poor inebriates, among whom were often found persons of the very finest moral and social qualities. He urged his audience to be as zealous and persevering in trying to rescue the fallen as those vendors of strong drink were to get them into their clutches and to keep them there; and he earnestly warned all against acquiring the appetite for stimulants and frequenting places where temptations abound."

A GOODLY number have already taken advantage of our twenty-five cent offer. It is still open. On receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS we will send THE PRESBYTERIAN to any address up till 1st January next. This trial trip will enable friends to decide for or against a voyage of six or twelve months. Subscribers have in this offer a convenient opportunity of sending a weekly messenger to relatives away from home.

PRESBYTERY OF WHITBY.—This Presbytery met in St. Andrew's Church, Bowmanville, on the 18th ult. The statistics for the last year were examined, and found to indicate a gratifying progress in almost all the congregations. Mr. W. Peattie laid on the table the resignation of his pastoral charge of Claremont and Erskine Church, Pickering. The Presbytery appointed Mr. Drummond to notify the congregation, and cite them to appear for their interests at the meeting of Presbytery to be held in St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, on Tuesday, the 22nd inst., at eleven o'clock a.m. Messrs. Carmichael and Roger were appointed to address the Presbyterian Woman's Foreign Mission Society at its annual meeting to be held in Bowmanville on the third Tuesday of January next. The Presbytery was pleased to learn that the congregations of Columbus and Brooklyn had resolved to increase the stipend of their pastor, Mr. Carmichael, to \$1,000 per annum, and they congratulated the congregations on their growing prosperity. The Presbytery committee on the state of religion was instructed to make arrangements for holding special evangelistic services when desired by the session of the congregation. In accordance with a request from the

Presbytery of Barrie, members of the Presbytery were instructed to report to the proper quarter any one whom they could recommend as well qualified to act as a catechist in the mission field. A commission of Presbytery, consisting of Messrs. Drummond, Carmichael, and Yellowlees, was appointed at the pastor's request to visit the congregation of Utica and advise them as to the management of their temporal affairs. It was agreed that each congregation hold a missionary meeting this winter, the session to make the necessary arrangements, and report to the Presbytery at its meeting in January next. The following members were appointed to take charge of the schemes of the Church, viz.: Mr. Crozier, Home Missions; Mr. Eastman, Foreign Missions; Mr. Carmichael, French Evangelization; Mr. Little, the Colleges; Mr. Leslie, the Aged and Infirm Ministers, and the Widows and Orphans; and Mr. Abraham, the Assembly. Mr. Eastman brought the subject of the contemplated addition to the library of Knox College, Toronto, before the Presbytery; it was unanimously agreed that the Presbytery endorse the scheme, and recommend each minister to bring it before his own congregation in the way he thinks best. Mr. Leslie gave notice that he would move at the next quarterly meeting that we make a change in the mode of electing the members to the General Assembly.—A. A. DRUMMOND, *Pres. Clerk.*

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.—An adjourned meeting of this Presbytery was held in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on the 25th ult. The Rev. Dr. Jenkins tendered his resignation of his charge of St. Paul's Church, on the ground of ill-health. Messrs. Croil and McPherson appeared as commissioners from the congregation to say that, knowing the circumstances, although deeply sensible of their pastor's services in the past, and greatly regretting the even partial dissolution of the pastoral tie, they felt constrained not to offer any opposition; but in the event of the application being granted, they petitioned the Presbytery to apply to next General Assembly for leave to retain Dr. Jenkins' name on the roll as pastor *emeritus* of this congregation. They also informed the Presbytery that provision had been made to secure a retiring allowance of \$2,000 a year. The Presbytery, after most of the members present had addressed the court expressive of their sentiments of high esteem, sympathy and regret, agreed to grant the application. Donald Ross, B.D., is appointed to preach in the pulpit of St. Paul's Church, vacant on Sabbath, the 6th November, and Rev. R. Campbell, of St. Gabriel, is appointed Moderator of session *pro tempore*. The committee appointed to confer with Rev. B. L. Quin, ex-priest, and examine his testimonials, having reported, Mr. Quin addressed the court. The Presbytery after hearing him resolved to adopt the recommendation of their committee and apply to next meeting of the General Assembly for leave to receive him as a minister of the Church. Rev. R. Campbell (convener), Messrs. Warden, King, James Croil, and James Court, were appointed a committee to co-operate with the congregation of St. Mark's, Montreal, in taking immediate steps to pay off a mortgage of \$4,000 on their church property. The Moderator and Clerk are instructed to sign an authorization commending this matter to the congregations in the city. A committee was appointed to hold a friendly conference with the sessions of St. Mark's Church, Crescent Street Church, and the American Presbyterian Church, as to the best mode of carrying on the work of the Church in the Griffintown district, to report at next meeting of Presbytery. Rev. G. Colborne Haney intimated his acceptance of the call from Chalmers Church, Montreal. The Clerk is instructed to prescribe subjects for trial discourses. A call from Carp and Kinburn, in the Presbytery of Ottawa, in favour of Rev. Thomas Bennett, of Beauharnois and Chateaugay, was read. The Presbytery resolved to adjourn at the close of this meeting to the 9th of November, at eleven a.m., to hear Mr. Haney's trials for ordination, and take further steps in regard to the call from Carp and Kinburn.—JAMES PATTERSON, *Pres. Clerk.*

LOW rates to Clubs. In every congregation a large Club can be got up with little exertion providing the work is undertaken in a spirited manner. Our Premium List contains a large number of useful and elegant articles, which are sent to Club Agents. Send us postal card asking for particulars.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Missionary Society of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, was held on the 21st ult. Reports of an encouraging character were read by some of the missionaries employed by the Society during the summer vacation. That of Mr. D. McKay, the first missionary sent by the Society to Manitoba, was received with much interest and enthusiasm.

The following officers were elected for the current year: R. McNab, B.A., President; R. Gamble, B.A., first Vice-President; D. McKay, second Vice-President; D. G. Cameron, Recording Secretary; D. Currie, B.A., Corresponding Secretary; A. Lee, Treasurer. Executive Committee: M. L. Leitch, G. Whillans, J. P. Grant, R. Stewart, and A. Mc Kercher. News Committee: N. Waddell, George Blair, J. C. Campbell, D. Cameron, D. L. Dewar and J. C. Martin. J. C. Campbell and R. Stewart were appointed to look for mission work in the city, and M. L. Leitch, J. C. Martin, and A. Mc Kercher, to attend to the Gaelic services in Stanley Street Church.

It was resolved to supply Massawippi gratuitously during the winter, as in former years.

The financial position of the Society is satisfactory. D. CURRIE, *Cor. Secretary.*

LIBERAL PREMIUMS to canvassers for THE PRESBYTERIAN. Write for particulars.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

MR. EDITOR.—I desire to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums sent in answer to my statement regarding the Church work at Emsdale, in these districts. These are in addition to those already acknowledged in your issue of the 28th inst. In that list the name Isabella McCurdy, Kingston, should be Isabella McCurdy, Kikton. G. G. N., Beverley Gore, \$5; Alex. Spencer, Nichol, \$1; A Few Presbyterians, Ormstown, \$5; A Member of the Presbyterian Church, Bondhead, \$5; per Rev. J. Becket, Thamesville, \$6 21; Botany, \$4 57; Turin, \$2.26; per Rev. J. K. Hislop, Avonton and Carlingford, \$5. Again thanking those who have taken an interest so hearty and practical in this matter, A. FINDLAY.

Bracebridge, October 31st, 1881.

ADDITIONAL for Formosa Training College: Ayr (ad.), per J. Stark, \$3; Burns Church, East Zorra (ad.), \$7. W. A. MCKAY.

CLUB Agents for THE PRESBYTERIAN may secure a number of valuable standard books as the result of a few hours' work. Write for Premium List.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XLVI.

Nov. 13. } THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES. { Lev. xxiii. 1881. } 33-44.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."—Ps. ciii. 2.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Lev. xix. 1-18. Sunday Laws Repeated.
- T. Lev. xxiii. 1-22. Feasts of the Lord.
- W. Lev. xxiii. 23-32. Feast of Trumpets.
- Th. Lev. xxiii. 33-44. Feasts of Tabernacles.
- F. Num. xxix. 12-40. Offerings at the Feast.
- S. Neh. viii. 1-18. Keeping the Feast.
- Sab. John vii. 1-53. Jesus at the Feast.

HELPS TO STUDY.

The yearly festivals appointed to be observed by the Jews were three in number. They are all referred to in the chapter which contains the text of our present lesson: (1) the passover (vers. 5-8); (2) the feast of weeks, or pentecost (vers. 15-22); (3) the feast of tabernacles (vers. 33-43). It is only with the last of these that we have to do at present. The day of atonement, which formed the subject of our last lesson, occurred on the tenth day of the seventh month. It was observed by the people as a day of mourning and humiliation. Five days afterwards—on the fifteenth day of the seventh month—the feast of tabernacles began. It continued for seven days, and was a season of rejoicing, thanksgiving and praise, intended to carry down to future generations the remembrance of God's goodness to the Israelites and His care of them during the forty-years that they spent in the wilderness, dwelling in tabernacles, or tents, or booths. On account of the time of the year at which it was celebrated this feast also served as a "harvest home," hence it is called in Exodus xxiii. 16 the "feast of ingathering."

The lesson topics may be brought out under the following sub-headings: (1) Rest after Toil, (2) Giving after Receiving, (3) Joy after Sorrow, (4) Thankfulness after Deliverance.

I. REST AFTER TOIL.—Vers. 33-35. It is significant that the day of atonement came before the feast of tabernacles. Until safety and peace are secured there is no time either for rest or for rejoicing. "What folly it would be," says the "S. S. Times," "to sit down for a rest in a burning building, or to play even sacred airs on the saloon piano in a sinking ship, while the life-boat waited for those who would be rescued! Yet there are multitudes who would share in the feast of tabernacles before having a part in the services of the day of atonement. There are those who sing songs of praise in a church-choir, or who stand up to sing with God's people in the great congregation, without having received God's forgiveness, or asked for it. What right has an unforgiven sinner to sing God's praise, or to rest from his effort to find an atonement in God's appointed way?"

Ye shall do no servile work therein. "Servile work," continues the "S. S. Times," "is a slave's work. All of us have to do more or less of this kind of work. Men slave at business. Women slave at housework—or at fashion's call. Duty is a severe master; and even though one does Duty's work lovingly, there are portions of it which have to be done slavishly if at all. There is no such thing as getting on in this world without doing some things that we don't want to do, just because we *must* do them. Yet again there is work which is *not* servile work—work which is done because we want to do it, and because we like to do it. That kind of work rests one; it is work that can be done on a rest-day a great deal better than it can be let alone. Servile work—slavish work, the work of one's daily drudgery—is not to be done on the Lord's high-days. Yet this does not shut out all work from those days. It is not servile work to sing praises; to talk over God's mercies, and be grateful for them; to speak loving and helpful words to others; to carry messages of sympathy or gifts of affection to the sick and the needy; to look over the promises of God with His people; or to share with those people in God's reverent and hearty worship. Such work as this can be done on the Lord's day. It would be well if a good deal more of it were attempted then. Servile labour and vain recreations are out of place on holy days; but that does not shut you out from doing a good work or having a good time during your feast of tabernacles—if only your day of atonement has been duly observed in its season."

II. GIVING AFTER RECEIVING.—Vers. 36-39. It is fitting that man should acknowledge the Divine beneficence which supplies all his wants by giving of his time and of his substance to the cause of God. The time which the Israelites were to devote to the observance of this ordinance was to be beside the Sabbaths of the Lord, and the offerings which they were to bring were to be beside your gifts, and beside all your vows, and beside all your freewill offerings which ye give unto the Lord. Each gift was to count but once, and was not to be included under any other call for giving. The tithe, or one-tenth, was first taken out of the income, and it was out of the remaining nine-tenths that all gifts and alms were to be taken. If this rule were followed in the present day, neither pew rents nor aid given to poor relations could appear among the figures by which a person tries to shew that he gives one-tenth of his income to the cause of God.

III. JOY AFTER SORROW.—Vers. 40, 41. Where there is sin there is sorrow, but when sin is removed there ought to be joy. One day of fasting and mourning was appointed for the Israelites, and then seven days of feasting and gladness. "The religion of the Bible," says the "Westminster Teacher," "is joyful. It is not intended to make people sad, long-faced and gloomy. It does not hush their happy songs and teach them to sing in minor strains. It does not prescribe mournful services and days of fasting. It is set to the music of gladness. In the whole ritual of the Jewish sacred year there was but one day of fasting prescribed, while there were weeks of feasting. Many people talk of the Jewish religion as dolorous, gloomy and wearisome, but they talk ignorantly. Joy was the key-note of their religious life. The year was dotted all over with glad feast-days. God meant them to be very happy, and their worship was arranged to train them in this direction. Joy is also the characteristic of Christianity. It is common to speak of a Christian life as dreary and cheerless. They know nothing about it who speak in this strain. It is 'a feast of fat things.' 'Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness.' Yet we sometimes forget this. We do not make enough of our joy. Let us never forget that the Lord wants us to be joyful, and to express our heart's deep joy in songs of praise and feasts of gladness."

IV. THANKFULNESS AFTER DELIVERANCE.—Vers. 42-44. In one of its aspects the feast of tabernacles was a commemorative ordinance. Although instituted at Sinai, it looked forward to the time when the Israelites should be settled in Canaan, and was intended to keep their wilderness life, with its wonderful history of Divine protection and deliverance, fresh in the memory of their descendants—how God had been good to Israel in the hour of need; how He had fed him and led him in a way which he knew not; how He found him in a desert land and in the waste, howling wilderness, He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye." As the passover brought the escape from Egypt to remembrance, so this feast recalled the wilderness journeyings, which would be vividly presented to the people's imaginations in all ages by their temporary deprivation of ordinary houses and their dwelling in booths. We who live in the present day are benefited not only by the deliverances which we ourselves may have experienced, but also by those which have been vouchsafed to our forefathers, and we ought to be thankful for both. Let us also always realize that the God of the past is the God of the present; that He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever; that as He heard and saved those who called upon Him in the ages gone by, so He will hear and save those who call upon Him now.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SUE'S NEW MOTIVE.

SUE GRAHAM stood in the south kitchen door, pinning on her great calico apron, with a very disconsolate look on her usually sunny face. Grace Dennis, so pretty and dainty in her fresh cambric, drove by in her basket phaeton, with little crippled Bessie McAllister. The frown deepened on Sue's face, and she gave her apron strings an impatient twitch. Then she turned hastily from the doorway to the hot kitchen. It seemed hotter than ever, as she remembered how cool and fresh it looked out of doors. And there was the breakfast dishes to be washed, rooms to be swept and put to rights, cake and pudding to be made, and dinner to be prepared. Sue turned her back to the door again, her brown eyes overflowing.

"What is it, Susie dear?" asked her mother, stopping on her way to the pantry at the sight of Sue's woe-begone face; "what is it, dear?"

"Nothing much," responded Sue, trying to smile back, but succeeding in calling up only a very tearful one; "I'm so tired of all this, and discouraged," she said.

"Do you ever think of it as something your Heavenly Father has given you to do for Him, Sue?"

"Why, mother?" and Sue turned abruptly round. "You don't mean He cares or knows anything about all this work, do you?"

"Why not, dear? Doesn't he know when even a sparrow falls to the ground? 'Are ye not much better than they?' You are just where He put you, and if you do the duties He has given you to do cheerfully and faithfully, even though they are small, I believe He sees and knows, and cares too, for the faithfulness of the service."

A minute after, Sue heard her mother in the pantry preparing for baking. There was a grave, thoughtful look on Sue's face now, in place of the frown.

"Perhaps," she thought to herself, "perhaps I can serve Jesus just as truly as Grace Dennis. It isn't as pretty work, though," she thought, with a sigh; "it would be so nice to dress daintily and prettily as Grace always does, and have leisure to do graceful deeds of kindness as she does; but if this is what He gives me, I'll try and do it the best I know how. And cheerfully, too," she added, bravely.

And then, without further delay, she went about the homely duties of the day. But how different they seemed to her, viewed in the new light! If she was doing them for Him, they must be done with extra care. Every little nook and corner was thoroughly swept and dusted; there was a strong temptation to slight the out-of-the-way places sometimes. Every dish was washed and wiped with utmost care, and never was cake lighter or nicer than Sue's that day.

"O, mother, you don't know how much you helped me this morning!" said Sue that night.

"I think I do," answered her mother, "for I know what a difference it made in my life when I first believed that He knew and cared not only about the great things of life, but

about the little, homely, every-day duties too. It is hard sometimes to accept His choice of work for us; but He knows best. If He wishes us to glorify Him in home-life and everyday service, let us do it as faithfully and as cheerfully as though He asked some greater thing of us. 'Content to fill a little space, if Thou be glorified.' Can you say that, Sue?"

"I'll try to," she said, softly, as she stooped for a good-night kiss.

LITTLE PILLOWS.

"Peace through the blood of His cross."—Col. i. 20.

IF you had been disobedient and naughty to your mother, you would feel that there was something between you and her like a little wall built up between you. Even though you knew she loved you and went on doing kind things for you as usual, you would not be happy with her; you would keep away from her, and it would be a sorrowful day both for her and for you, for there would be no sweet, bright peace between her and you, and no pleasant and untroubled peace in your own heart.

The Lord Jesus knew that it was just like this with us—that there was something between us and God instead of peace, and this was sin. And there never could be or can be any peace with God while there is sin; so of course there never could be any real peace in our hearts. We could never take away this wall of sin; on the contrary, left to ourselves, we only keep building it higher and higher by fresh sins every day. And God has said that "without shedding of blood there is no remission"—that is, no forgiveness, no taking away of sins. Now, what has Jesus Christ done for us? He has made peace through the blood of His cross. He is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world; and the sin was what hindered peace.

Look at His precious blood shed to take away your sins! Do you see it? do you believe it? Then there is nothing between you and God, for that bleeding hand has broken down the wall; the blood has made peace, and you may come to your Heavenly Father and receive His loving forgiveness, and know that you have peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Precious blood that hath redeemed us,
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made."

"Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood, our song of glory,
Praise and laud!"

"Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
Oh, believe it! oh, receive it!
'Tis for thee."

THE LITTLE HERO.

CAN a boy be a hero? Of course he can, if he has courage, and a good opportunity to show it. The boy who will stand up for the right, stick to the truth, resist temptation, and suffer rather than do wrong, is a moral hero.

Here is an example of true heroism. A little drummer-boy, who had become a great favourite with the officers, was asked by the Captain to drink a glass of rum. But he

declined, saying, "I am a cadet of temperance, and do not taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said the Captain. "You have been on duty all day, beating the drum and marching, and now you must not refuse. I insist upon it." But still the boy stood firm, and held fast to his integrity.

The Captain then turned to the Major and said: "Our little drummer-boy is afraid to drink. He will never make a soldier."

"How is this?" said the Major in a playful manner. "Do you refuse to obey the orders of your Captain?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never refused to obey the Captain's orders, and have tried to do my duty as a soldier faithfully; but I must refuse to drink rum, because I know it will do me an injury."

"Then," said the Major in a stern tone of voice, in order to test his sincerity, "I command you to take a drink, and you know it is death to disobey orders!"

The little hero, fixing his clear blue eye on the face of the officer, said: "Sir, my father died a drunkard; and when I entered the army, I promised my dear mother that I would not taste a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my promise. I am sorry to disobey orders, sir; but I would rather suffer anything than disgrace my mother and break my temperance pledge." Was not that boy a hero?

The officers approved the conduct of the noble boy, and told him that so long as he kept that pledge, and performed his duty faithfully as a soldier, he might expect from them regard and attention.

A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

THE longest life is made up of simple days, few or many; but the days grow into years, and give the measure of our lives at the last. The life is at the last what the days have been. Let the children, therefore, look after the days—one day at a time—and put into each one something that will last, something worth doing, something worth remembering, something worth imitating by those who follow us.

1. Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small a thing is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

2. Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practise the grace he prays for?

3. Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day! What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume in the mind at the end of twenty-five years!

THERE is many a wounded heart without a contrite spirit. The ice may be broken into a thousand pieces—it is ice still; but expose it to the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and then it will melt.—*Middleton.*

