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TOMATO SOUP.—Six tomatoes peeled and sliced; pour over them one quart of boiling water, half teaspoonful of soda; when it stops foaming, add one pint of sweet milk and season as for oysters, with butter, pepper, salt, and a little rolled cracker. Serve as soon as it boils.

POTATO PUFF.—Potato puff may be made with yesterday's cold mashed potatoes. Take three cups of potatoes, two tablespoonfuls of butter, six tablespoonfuls of cream. Mix the butter, add the cream, and then the potatoes. Turn the mixture into a bowl, and beat till very light. Add the yolks of two eggs, then the beaten whites. Put in a baking dish and set in an oven hot enough to brown it quickly. Or you may drop the mixture on a sheet of iron in spoonfuls, and get more brown crust.

TREATING RANCID BUTTER.—A way that has never been known to fail is to cut the butter into pieces about a pound each, wrap each piece separately in clean white cloth, then enclose all in a nice white bag or large cloth, and bury the whole a foot or more in the ground, the deeper the better. After a week or two, according to the rancidity of the butter, unearth, wash carefully, re-press, and it will be found to be sweet and wholesome. I have so treated butter which was too rancid for cooking, and when put on the table after such treatment, it could not be told from fresh butter.

CAULIFLOWER AND TOMATOES.—Pick out all the green leaves from a cauliflower and cut off the stalk close. Put it stalk upward into a saucepan full of boiling water, add salt and a piece of butter; let it boil (not too fast) till done. Take it up carefully and put it on a sieve to drain. Mix a pinch of flour and a piece of butter in a saucepan, add a bottle of French tomato sauce, salt, pepper and salt to taste. Mix well, and when the sauce is quite hot stir into it a yolk of egg beaten up with a little cold water, and strained. Pour the sauce on a dish, and place the cauliflower in the middle.

IRONING LACES, MUSLINS, AND SILKS.—Fine soft articles, such as need no polishing, as lace and muslins, should be ironed on a soft ironing-blanket with a soft, fine, ironing-sheet. All such articles, after a careful sprinkling, must be rolled up smoothly, and unrolled one at a time. Laces, of course, are to be carefully brought into shape, and all the edge or curling pulled out like rest. In ironing silks, cover them over with paper or fine cotton, and use only a moderately heated iron, taking care that the iron does not touch the silk at all, or it will make the silk look glossy, and show that it has been ironed. Any white article, if scorched slightly, can be in part restored, so far as looks go; but any scorching injures the fabric.

CLEAN OUT YOUR CELLARS.—A young farmer, in the Boston Journal, gives this bit of sensible advice to housekeepers on the farm: "Take one day down cellar to throw out and carry away all dirt, rotten wood, decaying vegetables and other accumulations that have gathered there; brush down cobwebs, and with a bucket of lime give the walls and ceiling a good coat of whitewash. No matter if you don't understand the business, no matter if you have not got a white wash brush; take an old broom that the good wife has worn out, and spread it out thickly and strong. It will sweeten up the air in the cellar, the parlour and the bed chambers (if your cellar is like the ordinary farm-house cellars), and it may save your family from the affliction of fevers, diphtheria and doctors. While the lime is about, you might as well give the inside of the house a coat of it. It will be a good thing for the fowls if you do."

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It has finally gained its point, and a less personage than the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, Mr. D. W. McDonnell, Ottawa, thus endorses the Great German Remedy: "St. Jacobs Oil is a splendid remedy. I used it on my left hand and wrist for rheumatism, and found it all that it is claimed to be. Mrs. McDonnell used it for a most severely sprained ankle; by the steady use of the article for a few days a complete cure was effected. St. Jacobs Oil does its work very satisfactorily and rapidly; such, at least, is my opinion."

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 10.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1882.

No. 35.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

REV. DR. ARTHUR, Church of Scotland chaplain to Her Majesty's forces, Dover, has left that station for active service in Egypt. He will be the senior chaplain with the expeditionary army there.

THE other day an elder was standing at the plate of Maxwell parish church, Glasgow, when he was accosted by a wee lassie who said, "Will I get in again? for I paid before, and had to come out for a pair of specs for my granny."

THE Church founded by Edward Irving in London, called the "Catholic Apostolic," is about to pass into the hands of the Romanists. This step, it is said, has been rendered necessary by the death of nearly all the apostles, which was not contemplated by the founder.

MOST of the newspapers have blamed the Curates' Alliance for its action in regard to the sale of livings, but that body is able to boast that, with the exception of a living sold in connection with an estate, not a single advowson has been sold at the Mart in Tokenhouse-yard since the first public protest was made. There have been seven attempted sales.

A MINISTER'S daughter, Miss J. H. Jamieson, has written a novel, "The Laird's Secret," delineating the life of a manse and also of a Scottish village. The laird, Mr. Scott, makes himself very unpopular by his restoration of Queen Mary's chapel for high Episcopal worship. In spite of all remonstrance, he evicts his tenants who refuse to attend the chapel, and a Mr. Morton, a Jesuit in disguise, distinguished himself by his zeal in carrying out the evictions.

THE Rev. Dr. Lansing, head of the American United Presbyterian Mission to Egypt, speaking at Liverpool a few weeks ago, said it would be impossible for any Europeans to live in Egypt until the power of Arabi Pasha had been broken, and unless the spread of Mohammedan fanaticism was crushed, they would have it in Syria, India, Turkey, and the whole Mohammedan world. He believed England 'id her best day's work when she bombarded the forts of Alexandria.

SPEAKING of the Blue Ribbon movement, Mr. Spurgeon says: "This is the best temperance movement that has as yet been inaugurated. We gladly join it, because the Gospel is set in the forefront, and temperance takes its proper place. Friends must carefully distinguish the Blue Ribbon movement and the Salvation Army, and they must not confound Richard T. Booth with General William Booth. Mr. R. T. Booth never uses the term army at all. He prefers the title 'Gospel Temperance Union,' and so do we."

"No member of the Irish Presbyterian Church has been arrested as a suspect during the entire agitation which has disturbed the land." So writes the London "Christian World." This announcement calls forth from the Belfast "Witness" the following remarks: "Presbyterian loyalty and law-abidingness have become so well known in Ireland that they are scarcely noticed. But outside our borders the fact so familiar to ourselves is evidently noticed, and noticed to our credit. It is a significant fact to which our contemporary refers. If all Ireland were Presbyterian, there would be little trouble in governing it."

REV. DR. MAXWELL, writing in the English "Presbyterian Messenger" for August, points out that since China became a mission field, no tidings have ever been received which are more full of encouragement than those just to hand. At May meeting of the Presbytery of Amoy, five calls to native pastors were presented by churches, all of which were prepared to undertake the entire support of the men they were calling. Such a thing was never witnessed in China before; and, writes Dr. Maxwell, few, perhaps,

at home, of those who have watched the mission at Amoy from its beginning, dared to hope that in their day such blessed results should be reached.

"LONDON TRUTH" says: "We still, I am sorry to see, allow ourselves to be humbugged with the notion that the Sultan is a religious factor in Mohammedan countries. This is an entire illusion. There are fanatical Mohammedans; but the Caliph, as the spiritual head of Mohammedanism, is an exploded notion. In Syria and in Arabia he is hated as a Turk. In Morocco he is not recognized. In Persia he is regarded as the head of a body of schismatics. In India, the mass of the Mohammedans know nothing of him, and care still less. During the Russo-Turkish war we were told that India would be in flames if we did not succour the Turks. Was it? Have, indeed, the Russians lost influence in Asia by vanquishing the Turks? On the contrary, they have gained influence."

THE annual Synod of the Walloon Churches has just been held at Rotterdam, and in view of the rapidity with which these churches, once so numerous in Holland, are disappearing, the Synod has appointed a committee to collect materials for a history of them since their foundation by the Walloons, who sought refuge in Holland at the time of the Reformation. These refugees gradually gathered around them many of the Dutch who understood the French language, and their numbers were considerably reinforced after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. These churches retained their distinct characteristics, and, though Walloon by origin, they were French as regards their language and doctrine; but of late years the use of French has been dying out; and of the seventeen Walloon Churches still in existence, only those at Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague seem to possess the elements of prolonged vitality.

MR. W. PIRIE DUFF (a son of the late Dr. Duff, and lately a member of a London Episcopal congregation) thus writes to his late vicar: "I have joined the Liberation Society, with the full intent of using whatever humble influence I may possess in pressing forward the agitation for the disestablishment and disendowment of the Churches of England and Scotland at home and in India. I need not enlarge here beyond saying it appears to be an abortion of the system founded by our Redeemer, and advocated by the Galilean fishermen, to have thirty-one clergymen selected out of a body of say over 20,000, to be called with a servile homage 'Most Reverend,' and 'Right Reverend Fathers in God,' enjoying an annual income among them of over £160,000, with palaces to dwell in. It is a mere matter of a sum in arithmetic to show that the present occupants of the Episcopal Bench have divided upwards of two millions of the people's money among them! And while these thirty-one are enjoying this fabulous wealth, you have nearly 4,000 of hardworking curates, themselves and their families starving, on incomes that range from £50 to £200."

A MISSIONARY writes in the "Indian Evangelical Review": "In India missionaries get but little sympathy and encouragement from European Christians. The large majority of Government officers, military and civil, take no interest in missions. They know nothing about them, seldom ask anything concerning them, and show by their actions that they care little or nothing about them. And it is an actual fact that many do care nothing for missions; and not only do they not care about them, but they are in word and deed opposed to them. They declare that they have no faith in their success, are set against the poor native Christians, and look with pity upon the unfortunate missionary who is engaged in a most hopeless task. The attitude of the average European in India towards Christian missions, together with his example, cannot help but have a most demoralizing effect upon the missionary himself and upon the work at large. The natives see it, and say that the Christians themselves do not believe in their own religion, that missionaries are professional, and that their

whole effort is insincere, and consequently must be a failure."

REV. DR. ALEXANDER BEITH, of Stirling, says the "Scottish Reformer" is older than the century, having been born in January, 1799, and, octogenarian though he be, he still takes a keen interest in the progress of true religion and in public affairs, and, what is most remarkable for a gentleman of his advanced years, is as liberal in thought as he is kindly in action. He has a wonderful power of attracting younger men. He is generous to a fault; as a friend he is as true as steel. He has done much in his day for Christian Scotland, and by himself and through others, to whom his full confidence has at times been like an inspiration and a call to duty which had looked irksome, he has wielded a mighty influence for good in the land. Dr. Beith has made much history; in stirring events he has played an important and an honourable part. To the Highlands as well as to the Lowlands he has done signal service; and the proofs of his work, by his pen, by his preaching, by his counsel in committee, by his service as a deputy to remote districts on various occasions, are being seen every day. One of many notable incidents of his life is that he was one of the seven ministers of the Church of Scotland sent in 1842 to preach at Strathbogie in the face of the prohibition of the civil courts. Of these seven historical personages, Dr. Beith is the only survivor.

CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE, in a long and eloquent letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, draws attention to the large number of public-houses, in London and elsewhere, built upon land held as property by the Church of England. The Bishop of London, when he leaves his house in St. James's square and rides to his palace at Fulham, passes on his road more than one hundred public-houses built on land belonging to the Church. When the lease of a public-house in the possession of the Church Commissioners falls in, it is valued by a professional gentleman, employed on property of this kind, to know if its rental can be increased. Archbishop Tait, in his reply to Canon Wilberforce, says the facts are new to him. He promises to give the subject attention. The Archbishops and Bishops in their corporate capacity are the largest owners of public-house property in the country. Everybody in London, except the Primate perhaps, must have seen the church near Albert Gate, which has a gin-palace on each side of it, built up side by side in a row, the place of worship and the gin-shops being all Church property. Some part of the income of Canon Wilberforce is derived from public-houses; but he has announced his resolve not to sign any lease for the future without a rigorous clause forbidding the liquor traffic in any of its forms.

THE Sabbath School Assembly, held during the first two weeks of August, at Asbury Park, under the auspices of the Sabbath School Committee of the Presbyterian Synod of New Jersey, is reported to have been very successful, the attendance having far exceeded that of last year. It was under the leadership of the Rev. James A. Worden, Secretary of the Board of Education of the American Presbyterian Church (North). The normal class, conducted chiefly by Mr. Worden, was a large one, and all its members passed the final examination in a satisfactory manner. On the last day of the Assembly, the Rev. Dr. McVicar, Principal of the Montreal Presbyterian College, delivered an address upon "Moral Culture as an Essential Element of Public Education." Anthony Comstock, of New York, followed with an address upon "The Effects, Especially upon the Young, of Impure and Flashy Literature." At the afternoon session the Rev. Dr. W. M. Blackburn spoke on "Methods of New Testament History," and Mr. G. R. Alden read an original story. The Assembly closed with addresses by Rev. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton; Rev. Dr. McVicar, of Montreal; John B. White, of Washington; Rev. James E. Peters, and Rev. James A. Worden. James A. Bradley, the founder of the Asbury Park, has offered free use of the Educational Hall for next year's Assembly.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

PRESBYTERIAN COLDNESS.

MR. EDITOR,—For some time I have had occasion to travel considerably in several parts of our "fair Dominion," and under circumstances which have afforded me opportunities of making some observations in regard to religious matters, and of comparing different denominations. Being a Presbyterian, I have paid some attention to our own Church; and while, on the whole, I have become more attached to it than ever, I have observed some points of weakness which require to be remedied, and which other denominations regard as characteristic of the Presbyterian Church. One of these is the "coldness," or lack of manifestation of friendly feeling, which seems to pervade many congregations of our Church—first, towards each other; and second, towards those who are outside of our fold. This is often painfully noticeable in the indifference manifested toward strangers. To illustrate this point, take the following: Not long ago I arrived at a respectable village in the county of P— on a Saturday afternoon. I was an entire stranger in the place, and on Sabbath morning learned that there was a Presbyterian church in the village; also two other Protestant places of worship. The morning was very wet, and at the proper time I proceeded to the Presbyterian church. Arriving at the door, I stepped inside the vestibule, expecting that some person would be so kind as to conduct me to a seat. I was early, and stood waiting for more than a quarter of an hour. People passed in—old and young, male and female. The only recognition which I received was that several of them stopped in passing and gazed at me with an expression of countenance which seemed to ask some of the following questions: Who are you? What do you want? What right have you in this church? I endured the ordeal as well as possible till the pastor had entered; then summoned sufficient courage to ask a gentleman to show me a seat, which I am happy to say he did. Now, sir, I have had this sort of experience in many places; and although it has but little effect upon my regard for or attachment to our Church, its results in the case of many are to dispose them to avoid our places of worship. This is especially true of young people who come strangers to a new city, town, or village, and it may be are not members of any Church. They are often influenced largely by the treatment which they receive during the first few weeks; and that Church which shows them most kindness and friendship is likely to secure them.

Not long ago, a young lady, the daughter of Presbyterian parents, told me that as soon as she shall be at liberty to choose for herself she intends to join the Methodists, and on my inquiring the reason she said: "Well, the Presbyterians are so cold. We came to H— three years ago, and I attended St. A—'s Church for about two years. During all that time scarcely anyone belonging to the congregation ever spoke to me. Many of them are wealthy, and as stiff and cold as icebergs."

A most amiable and excellent young man told me that he had always attended the Presbyterian Church till he left his father's house. He then went to a certain town to attend the High School, and there neither minister nor people manifested any regard for him, took no interest in him, and feeling it keenly he began to worship with the Methodists, who from the very first treated him with kindly attention. The result has been that he is now "a good Methodist." Many such cases could easily be given, all tending to demonstrate that ministers and people need to display more of that Christian kindness and regard for one another, and more especially for those who are outside the pale of the Church or come among them as strangers, which forms an important factor in making them "epistles known and read of men."

A RAMBLER.

LIMITED TERMS OF SERVICE OF ELDERS.

MR. EDITOR,—In THE PRESBYTERIAN of August 16th there appears a paragraph, suggesting the propriety of appointing elders for a limited term instead of for an indefinite period, as is the usual practice, on the ground that after a protracted period of service their influence for good begins to wane. This method is open to objection on many accounts. In the scriptural sense

of the term, the name *elder* is suggestive of mature years and judgment, as well as experience in the divine life; and it is none of the most favourable indications of spiritual prosperity when congregations become impatient of restraints which meet them from these sources.

Certain it is that no amount of *push* will compensate for the absence of such qualities; and if, in the case of any of the congregations of our Church, the zeal of the membership has shot so far ahead of the elders whom they or their fathers elected to office twenty or thirty years ago, as to entitle them to be regarded as "nuisances or something worse," it is high time inquiry were made in what direction men and matters are drifting. On investigation it will be found that, as a rule, elders are the first to put their hands to the various departments of Christian work undertaken by the Church; and that in nine-tenths of the cases where their official presence is felt to be an incubus of the nature described, the true ground of complaint turns out to be their disapprobation of some pet scheme of self-aggrandizement—such, for example, as the erection of Church buildings in a style and at an expense which is sure to paralyze their energies for years to come; or, perchance, their refusal to give countenance to frivolous Church amusements, so rife at the present day. That there are individual cases of inefficiency among elders is admitted; but is that a sufficient reason why the onus of unfaithfulness should be shouldered upon all, in the way indicated by the proposal under consideration?

It is equally difficult to see how, by appearing at stated periods at the bar of congregations for judgment by re-election or rejection, elders would be stimulated to greater faithfulness. Instead of honest labour done for and in obedience to the Master, the chances are that the worst possible features of congregationalism would be realized, in the shape of services performed in servile obedience to the popular wish, by men ambitious of no higher reward than the exercise of a little brief authority.

In the case of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, whose practice in regard to the matter under consideration is held up for our imitation, we see the evil effects of a too liberal homage rendered to popular opinion in spiritual affairs; for not only do we find elders on short terms of service, but ministers as well, in the character of "stated supply." When we find a practice in operation, gradually but surely supplanting what we believe to be the only scriptural method of Church government, by the introduction of something else, not even the *imprimatur* of such men as Miller, or Alexander, or Hodge will convince us that it is right. *Vox populi vox Dei* may suit very well the exigencies of the passing hour in matters pertaining to civil rule; but I confess to an unconquerable feeling of aversion to seeing services done in the name and by the authority of Christ, with those who render them, submitted to any such tribunal for judgment.

Divine wisdom has seen meet to authorize proper judicatories for the purpose of dealing with all such matters, and before these courts Church members ought to lodge their complaints in regard to the character and conduct of office-bearers when they descend so low as to become "nuisances."

The calm consideration and faithful treatment such cases would there receive would not likely issue in anything prejudicial to the interests of truth and purity.

W. T.

TENDENCY OF METHODISTS TO EPISCOPACY.

[The following has been in our hands for several months; but as the matter to which it refers is still under discussion among our Methodist brethren, its publication even at this late hour may not be regarded as untimely.—ED. C. P.]

MR. EDITOR,—It has been reported in the newspapers that some influential members of the Methodist Church in Canada have proposed that three bishops should be chosen for life at the next meeting of Conference. In looking over some old pamphlets, I have happened on the following statements and the accompanying letter from John Wesley. It is curious that Mr. Wesley refers in his letter to the Presbyterians as not furnishing a sufficient model for the guidance of Methodists. Perhaps the Methodists of Canada may at the present day find among the Canadian Presbyterians a more decided spirit of resistance to Episcopal control, and may therefore feel more disposed to ally themselves with Presbytery than with

Episcopacy. To introduce the life-authority of bishops at present into the Methodist Church of Canada would be a specimen of advancing backwards.

In the Minutes of the American Conference of 1784-85, there are seventy-six questions with their answers, of which the following question with its answer is the 3rd.—"As the ecclesiastical as well as civil affairs of the United States have passed through a very considerable change by the Revolution, what plan of Church government shall we hereafter pursue?"

ANS.—"We will form ourselves into an Episcopal Church, under the direction of superintendents, elders, deacons, and helpers, according to the forms of ordination annexed to our liturgy, and the form of discipline set forth in these Minutes."

As soon as Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury had announced themselves bishops in the Minutes of Conference, Mr. Wesley wrote to Mr. Asbury the following letter (see Moore's "Life of Wesley," Vol. II., p. 286).

W. HAMILTON.

"There is, indeed, a wide difference between the relation wherein you stand to the Americans and the relation wherein I stand to all the Methodists. You are the elder brother of the American Methodists; I am, under God, the father of the whole family. Therefore I naturally care for you all in a manner no other person can do. Therefore I in a measure provide for you all; for the supplies which Dr. Coke provides for you, he could not provide were it not for me—were it not that I not only permit him to collect, but support him in so doing.

"But in one point, my dear brother, I am afraid both the Doctor and you differ from me. I study to be little; you study to be great. I creep; you strut along. I formed a school; you, a college. Nay, and call it after your own name! O beware! Do not seek to be something! Let me be nothing, and Christ be all in all.

"One instance of this your greatness has given me great concern. How can you—how dare you suffer yourself to be called a bishop? I shudder—I start at the very thought. Men may call me a knave, or a fool, or a rascal, or a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never, by my consent, call me a bishop! For my sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, put a full end to this! Let the Presbyterians do what they please, but let the Methodists know their calling better. Thus, my dear Franky, I have told you all that is in my heart; and let this, when I am no more seen, bear witness how sincerely I am your affectionate friend and brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

"London, September 20th, 1788."

KNOX COLLEGE ENDOWMENT.

MR. EDITOR,—The following letter speaks for itself:

Hamilton, Aug. 4, 1882.

"DEAR SIR,—I purpose to give, as early as arrangements are requiring it, \$1,000 toward endowment of Knox College; but not knowing the best shape in which to put this advance, will you please give me your views on the subject? . . . Kindly let me know, and the sum shall be at the service of the College Board at once. Yours truly,

JAMES WALKER.

"Rev. Wm. Burns, Toronto."

The sequel to this note is contained in another to Rev. Dr. Reid, Treasurer of the Church, enclosing a cheque for the amount—one thousand dollars. Mr. Walker evidently believes in the motto, "He gives twice who gives quickly."

May this beginning of the endowment movement have a prompt and numerous following, not only in Hamilton, but elsewhere, so that our good old Knox College may be fully on a par with the other institutions of the Church.

WM. BURNS.

THE GRAND OLD PSALMS.

MR. EDITOR,—Only the Scotch version of the Psalms was sung at the last Presbyterian Council. The New York "Independent" calls that part of the exercises "a Unitarian service of song." The Toronto "Christian Guardian" calls that remark "a capital hit."

An acquaintance of mine—a very pious Methodist lady—told me the other day that she attended the last communion service in the Presbyterian Church at Miramichi. It was to her a blessed season, and this, she said, was in no small degree owing, instrumentally, to the Psalms of the old Scottish version then sung.

Brother Dawart! what think you of that?
Metis, Que.

T. F.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

DEPRESSION.

A SERMON BY REV. PRINCIPAL RAINY, D. D., EDINBURGH.

"My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken Thou me according to Thy word."—Ps. cxix. 25.

In the first part of this Psalm you find the Psalmist choosing the better part, casting in his lot with God, expressing his appreciation and choice of the Lord's Word and the Lord's ways. He finds in God's Word God's true character—the way in which he is to walk with God. Hence the great need of being a diligent student of God's Word. He is getting some understanding of it, and he perceives and feels that he has a great deal to learn. His experience is that of a man in a lively exercise of mind about the truth and ways of God, but you find him here saying: "My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken Thou me according to Thy word."

I. *It is not a strange experience for believers to be in this depressed condition, the soul cleaving to the dust.*—It is the expression of a man unable to erect himself into the posture in which with vigour and the feeling of competent power he may set himself to deal with the duties and privileges which he knows to be his; of a man who feels he is weary, exhausted, that there is a failure of power, whether through overdone exertion or from some other cause; of a man who feels the dryness of the weary way along which he is travelling—who feels as if he could not pursue it further—it is dusty and dry, and he is at the end of his strength; or of a man who cannot perceive the comforting presence of the refreshing influence that at other times he has felt, and which he would fain feel still. Believers find themselves in this condition. There is a great want of vigour, comfort, readiness to make progress, a sad cleaving of the soul to that from which as they believed they had found deliverance, and a want of the soul's cleaving to those things above in which they believed they had found a permanent interest, and between which and them they believed there had been formed an enduring tie.

Sometimes there may be physical causes connected with a man's state of health, and sometimes other providences of God are concerned in producing this state of things, but it is a stage in a man's spiritual history. There are many causes which have to do with it. Generally it is connected with indwelling sin. A man cleaving to the things that are less good so as to deny the right place to Him who is the soul's most good may find himself in captivity to the things that are below, and cut off for the time from the things that are above—his soul cleaving to the dust. More particularly it arises in connection with the failure of faith on the part of believers. The believer sets forth to walk in a course which he knows is to be a course of faith, saying, "I have found One in whom I am to trust; I am to trust His Word against all appearances;" and to him it appears at the beginning that he can trust God in any case. But difficulties come in his way; trials of various kinds which he did not expect are laid on him, and in consequence there is a discovery of the weakness of his faith—a feeling as if God were not altogether dealing with him as he had reason to expect, as he was entitled to expect—at all events as he expected and as he thought he ought to expect—and in connection with this spirit of doubt there comes a certain separation from God—a distance between God and him. He is thrown for the present on his own resources—on his own wisdom and strength, and when he comes to seek his true refuge and strength he is bewildered and lost—his soul cleaving to the dust. Sometimes it arises in connection with a failure on the part of the believer to realize duly his interest in God, and at other times in connection with a great variety of other trials and temptations, and for the present his strength is hidden from him; his interest in God is not realized; he feels the power and prevalence of the things that are below rather than of those that be above, and he feels his soul cleaving to the dust.

Looking at it from the side of God's providence, it is permitted by God just as a step in the believer's history; because it is necessary that the believer's history should include an enlarged acquaintance with himself; with his own insufficiency; with his own tendency to unbelief, and darkness, and sin. God calls us to a fellowship with Him in salvation, and therefore to a walk with Him in which there does come

out to us, step by step along the way, not merely God's great grace, His unspeakable wisdom, His all-sufficient power, His patience and faithfulness, and the suitability of His promises, but also in which there must become apparent to us our own shortsightedness and foolishness, our own weakness and tendencies to evil, our readiness to get into darkness, to rebel after receiving many mercies and oft-repeated forgiveness, to be unstable, untrustworthy, to walk unworthily with God—from that God is saving us, if He is saving us; and in order that we may be prepared for entering on that state which awaits God's children, we are so saved that we are led to deal with these things in ourselves now. It is frequently a part of the believer's experience to be made to see in connection with very painful experiences how much there is in him that, were it left to himself, would end in his complete ruin, and that, therefore, God has not promised to secure His people against all working of the power of evil within them, but that He proves and tries them in their walk with Him, and discovers to them how unable they are of themselves to make progress, and how much they need infinite mercy and divine grace.

II. *It is not characteristic of a believer to be contented in this condition.*—How should he be? If he is a believer, he has faith in the living God. The God of Scripture has become to him a known God. This God is the living God, not merely as the Creator, but as the Life-giver to souls, who can associate souls with Himself in blessed communion. How can one who believes in the reality and presence of a living God be content with a feeling of this deadness and depression, this awful contrast to the life and glory of that life-giving God? More than that: The believer has faith in the presence and power of a life-giving Christ. He believes that Christ is God and man, Redeemer, Mediator, that He is now living on high—"He that liveth and was dead, and is alive for evermore"—full of all redeeming virtue and grace, full of all the help that He needs, full of all that is necessary in order that a poor sinner may live and experience the joy and victory of life. How can any man have a believing consciousness that there is this living and life-giving Christ, this Mediator, this Redeemer, and be contented with an experience which, in so humiliating a way, contrasts with Christ and the fit state of Christ's people? The believer has faith also in the life-giving Spirit, and in the mission and work of the Holy Ghost in its peculiar power and gentleness and love. What it is perhaps he can hardly feel when his soul is cleaving to the dust, but he believes in it. He believes that God gives His Holy Spirit; that there is running from the throne of God and of the Lamb the river of the water of life that makes glad the city of God. That faith is one of the things that makes him feel his soul so depressed, because knowing that there is such salvation, he knows in some measure what his state ought to be. How can a man who believes this be content to go on with his soul cleaving to the dust? And again, the believer has the conviction and persuasion that his proper home and portion are above; that there is a heaven on high containing all elements that are pure and suitable to the life and blessedness of God, and he is on the way to it. He has chosen God's word. He has set himself to the study of it, and his trust is that, through God's mercy, he will reach the country he seeks; and with these experiences how can he be contented to lie in the dust, making no progress—at least not feeling that he is making progress? Therefore, he casts himself on God in prayer, and you find him declaring to God the condition in which he is—"My soul cleaveth to the dust"—and applying to God to meet this case of his—"Quicken Thou me according to Thy word."

III. *There is a sure refuge for the believer with reference to this case of his.*—There is life for those who feel in themselves so much that looks like death. "Quicken Thou me"—give me life, cause me to live—"according to Thy word." This cry is not merely a cry of distress. He has the Word which He can plead made known to Him. It is a sure refuge and resource. "Thy Word." What word? It is some peculiar promise he lays hold of? There are many particular promises adapting the provisions of the Gospel to the experience of believers, but we should always have regard to the root promise when we betake ourselves to God. That promise was given to Abraham: "I will be a God unto thee." How is God to be a God to us? God must be a God who is com-

municating Himself to us in life and love and blessedness. But, perhaps a believer is not sure he is a believer. Well, here is God holding Himself forth in His Word as One who has come into the world to become to those who receive Him their God—"a God unto thee"—and in the same Word God in Christ is preached to us to be "a God unto us." There is a Word for weary, needy, depressed souls to lay hold upon, to embrace, and receive this great God to be a God unto them also according unto His Word. For, be assured of this, there is something in each believer that enables him to understand that great argument of our Lord concerning the resurrection of the dead: "He is not the God of the dead, but of the living." God never gave Himself to be the God of any man, to leave that man dead. The living God becomes my God, that I living in God and God living in me to all eternity in life and love and knowledge, He may be mine and I may be His. Therefore, he whose soul cleaves to the dust is met and satisfied by that great fundamental promise; and out of an experience in itself no way good to us or glorifying to God, may come lessons good for us and glorifying to God, in so far as we learn to know ourselves and Himself, as otherwise we could not have done, so that we learn what the reality is of laying hold of God's Word and being raised out of the dust, and having restored to us the joy and strength of His salvation.

Let me say by way of application:—

1. There is great reason for hopefulness in the condition of believers even when their souls cleave unto the dust. It is not a good state. It is not a happy state. It is very often, in a large measure, an unbelieving, childish, even in some degree a rebellious state. It is a state that needs no little forgiveness. It needs much Divine forbearance, tenderness, and care. But there is great reason for hopefulness for believers even when their souls are cleaving to the dust. There is a great God to go to. There is a great Saviour in whom God has manifested Himself. There is a sure Word as it spreads itself out in a variety of promises in which God is drawing near to us, tendering Himself to us, saying, "I will be a God to thee." There is a readiness to hear and answer prayer, and to bestow blessings in answer to prayer. There is comfort for the sorrowful, refreshing for the weary, strength for the weak, life for the faint, and forgiveness of sins for sinners. These things are in Christ Jesus, and therefore there is great reason for hopefulness for those who feel that their souls are cleaving to the dust.

2. There is great reason for earnestness. It is not a fitting thing that people should be contented while their souls are cleaving to the dust. Because there is so great a God of salvation, so great a Saviour, so great a Sanctifier and Comforter, and our calling is so great, there should be earnest and instant recourse to God, with the expectation that something very different from cleaving to the dust shall presently be ours. There is no safety for us except as we cast ourselves on God, so that His strength may be made perfect in our weakness.

3. There is a sure reward for those that seek the Lord. This is a disappointing life. It is full of expectations that are not realized, and desires that are not granted. But there is one field in which that is not so. The man that seeks God, the life-giving God of the Scripture, not because he desires, but because he needs Him and cannot do without Him, who brings to Christ sins which he cannot bear himself, and spiritual wants which he cannot supply, shall not be disappointed. There is a sure reward for those that seek the Lord. He has not said, "Seek ye My face" in vain; and therefore we should seek Him with the sure expectation that He is to be found; that He hears prayer, and that this great God does those things which it befits a God to do—even the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

TIMELINESS IN DUTY.

The element of time is a vital matter in many duties. Done at the right moment there is a blessing in them; delayed, they were as well not done at all. If we sleep through the hour for duty, we may as well sleep on after the hour. Waking then will not avail to accomplish that which we were set to do.

There are many applications of this principle. Whatever we do for our friends, we must do when they need our help. If one is sick, the time to show our affection and our sympathy is while the sickness con-

tinues, and not after the friend is well again. If we allow him to pass through his illness without showing him any attention, there is no use, when he is about again, for us to wake up and begin to lavish kindness upon him. He does not need it now, and it will do him no good.

If one of our friends is passing through some sore struggle with temptation, and is in danger of being overcome, then is the time to come up close alongside of him, and put the strength of our love under his weakness to support him. If we fail him then, we may as well let him go on alone altogether after that. Of what use is sympathy when the struggle is over? Of what use is help when the battle has been fought through, and won without us? Or, suppose the friend was *not* victorious; suppose he failed in the battle; failed because no one came to him to help him, because *we* came not with the sustaining strength of our sympathy. Suppose that, left to struggle unaided with enemies or adversities, he was defeated, and sank down crushed and hopeless. Is there any use in our hurrying up to him now to proffer our assistance? Is not the time past when help could avail him? Can our sympathy now enable him to retrieve what he has lost? Can our faithfulness to-day atone for our unfaithfulness yesterday?

Most of us are the guardians of other souls. The time to fulfill our duty of guardianship is when the dangers are imminent. There is no use for the lookout on the ship to become vigilant only after the vessel is among the rocks. There is no use for the sentinel in the time of war to arouse and begin to watch when the enemy has stolen in and captured the field.

Are you your brother's keeper? Are you set to watch against danger to his soul? Are you a parent, set to guard your own children against the perils of sin that lurk in ambush all about them? Are you a teacher, with a class entrusted to your care, to shield and keep? Are you a sister, with brothers dear to you, whom you are to protect from temptation? Are you a brother, and have you sisters tender and exposed to danger, whose defender you should be? Are you a friend, and is there one beset by perils over whom God has set you as guide or protector?

Are you watching, or are you sleeping? Remember that the time to watch is before the danger has done its deadly work. When, through your negligence, it has come and destroyed the precious life, you may as well sleep on. Watching then ever so faithfully will not undo the evil which is done.

In the preparation for duty or for struggle the same principle applies. There is a time for it, and if it is not done then it cannot be done at all. It is a rule of providential leading that opportunity is always given to every one to prepare for whatever part he is to take in life, and for whatever experience he is to meet. If only one embraces and uses his opportunities as they come to him, one by one, he will never be surprised by any sudden emergency in life, whether of duty or of trial, for which he will not be ready. For example, before life's stern, fierce conflicts which put manhood's strongest fibre to the test, we have childhood and youth as seasons for preparation. He that rightly improves these seasons is fully ready for whatever life may bring.

It is just because these opportunities for preparation come to us so quietly and without announcement that so many fail to improve them. The school-boy does not see what good it will do him to know the simple things that are set as his daily tasks, and neglects to learn them. Twenty, forty years afterwards, he fails in the position to which he is called, because he slurred his lessons in the quiet school-days. The young apprentice takes no pains to perfect himself in the trade he has chosen, and is only a third or fourth-class workman all his life. The young professional man dislikes the dry drudgery that the early years bring to him, and neglects it, waiting till some great opportunity comes to lift him into prominence. The opportunity comes at length, but he fails in it, because he has not improved the long series of preparatory steps that came before.

On the other hand, a school-boy does every task faithfully. He never slights a lesson. He goes thoroughly over every day's studies. He does not see either of what use these things will be to him when he is a man, in active life, nor does he ask; his only care is to be faithful in every duty. Years later he rises to high places which he never could have filled had he slurred his boyhood's tasks. A physician is

suddenly called to take charge of a critical case, requiring the best skill in the world. He is successful, and wins fame for himself, because in the long, quiet years of obscure practice he has been diligent. If he had not been faithful in those years of routine work, he must have failed when the great opportunity came. He could not have made preparation at the moment. The case could only be met by the instant use of knowledge and skill already acquired.

It is a secret worth knowing and remembering, that the truest, and indeed the only, preparation for life's duties or trials is made by simple fidelity in whatever each day brings. A day squandered anywhere may prove the dropped stitch from which the whole web will begin to ravel. One lesson neglected may prove to have contained the very knowledge for the want of which, far along in the course, the student may fail. One opportunity let slip may be the first step in a ladder leading to eminence or power, but no higher rounds of which can be gained because the first was not taken. We never know what is important in life. The most insignificant duty that offers may be the first lesson in preparation for a great mission. Indeed, every hour of life holds the keys of the next, and possibly of many hours more.

So the times of preparation come silently and unawares, and many neglect them, not knowing what depends upon them; but neglected, and allowed to slip away, they can never be regained. The man who finds himself in the presence of a great duty or opportunity which he cannot take up or accept, because he is not prepared for it, cannot then go back to make the needful preparation. The soldier cannot learn the art of war in the face of the battle. The Christian cannot in an unexpected emergency of temptation gather all needed spiritual power in a moment. Not to be ready in advance for great duties or great needs, is to fail.

The lesson is important, and has infinite applications. You cannot go back to-day and do the work you neglected to do yesterday. You cannot make preparation for life when the burden of life is on you. Opportunities never return. They must be taken on the wing, or they cannot be taken at all. There is a time for every duty. Done then, its issues and results may be infinite and eternal. Deferred or neglected, it may never be worth while to take it up again.—*S. S. Times.*

THE CHURCH'S STRENGTH.

O, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy Church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth;
A house not made by hands.

THE WEEKS OF THE HARVEST.

"Now the air
Is rich in fragrance! fragrance exquisite!
Of new-mown hay, of wild thyme dewy washed,
And gales ambrosial, which with cooling breath
Ruffle the lake's gray surface."

So sings the poet of the harvest weeks, the weeks that so constantly and beautifully illustrate the earliest postdiluvian promise, that "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, should not cease."

Some people regard the bounty of these weeks as the mere gush of nature; but the eye of piety has always recognized them as flowing directly from the open hand of God. "Thou visitest the earth, and enrichest it; Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; Thou preparest them corn, when Thou hast so provided for it." David, like Cowper, never failed to look up "through nature to nature's God." And Jeremiah, in the same spirit, says, "He (God) reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest." Pharaoh could *dream* about a seven-years' famine, but only God could foretell and cause it.

In special commemoration of the Divine agency

in the harvest, as well as for fit and useful seasons of national reunion, the Jews were instructed to keep two great yearly feasts—one for the "firstfruits," occurring in our May, and the other of "the ingathering," at the close of the year, in September. Then, not only Jerusalem, but the whole land also, was literally alive with religious festivity. A general flow of the nation, field-labourers, harvest-men, traders of grapes, ploughmen and shepherds, set in towards the Holy City; all "glad" to shout and sing, "Let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem." Or, as Thomson versifies such justifiable hilarity:

"Loose to festive joy, the whole country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shaking to the winds their cares."

To beings situated as we are, subsisting upon the fruits of the earth, it is a matter of no small importance that the renewal of these fruits should be frequent. An admirable correspondence exists between the keeping qualities of our staple fruits, and their periodical seasons of production. It might have been otherwise. Nothing lies between us and periodical famines but the goodness of God that planned it otherwise, so that new food is constantly coming forth out of the earth, as the old is decaying and ready to vanish away. It is a law of our appetite and to tire of the old, and to eagerly crave the new. "Old wine" may be a luxury, but not old food. How gladly our returned seamen, home again from their long and weary voyages, leave their hermetically sealed packages, and turn to feast upon what is fresh from the soil, or the stem. That our grains are *annuals*, instead of *biennials* or *septennials*, as for aught we know they might have been, is one of the speaking mercies of the Lord towards us.

Also, the fixed general regular recurrence of the harvests is something by no means to be unnoticed. To this the husbandman looks with a reliance that controls and shapes all his ordinary purposes and projects for the year. And no one can fully describe the confusion of agriculture, as well as of the whole system of civic trade and commerce, were the weeks of the harvest to occur with large irregularity, ranging loosely, like winds and storms, from one year's end to the other. It is by this its fixed regularity that the harvest holds, as it does, the balances in which all other earthly possessions are weighed. For, as Solomon says, "The king himself is served by the field." But the harvest is such a universal regulator, because it is itself regulated by Him who "appointed its weeks."

But such utilitarian estimates of the harvest weeks need not shut off from us their more æsthetical or jubilant features. Few sights are more pleasing to the eye than that of an outstretched field, waving with the rooted grain or decorated with the standing sheaf, nodding and rustling in the wind. Nowhere is "the curve of beauty" more finely exemplified.

"The glowing landscape smiles and melts;
Green wave-like meadows here are spread;
There woodland shades are sweetly shed;
In deep'ning gold there glows the wheat,
And there the eye-field's vying sheet."

And then, consequently, the abounding joy and gladness! "They joy before thee," says Isaiah, "according to the joy of harvest."

"Hail! harvest-home!

To thee the muse of nature pours the song,
By instinct taught to warble! Scene sublime!
Where the rich earth presents her golden treasures,
Where balmy breathings whisper to the heart
Delights unspeakable! Where seas and skies,
And hills and valleys, colours, odours, dews,
Diversify the work of nature's God."

—*N.Y. Christian Weekly.*

A PLEA FOR MINISTERS' WIVES.

The position of the minister's wife is socially rated as a very honourable one, and is considered to be one of more than ordinary influence. It has this disadvantage, that it is not clearly defined, and its peculiar duties are not specified nor regulated by rule or custom. It is generally considered in somewhat the light of a public office. But when the public claims upon the minister's wife begin, and what are their limitations, there is nothing to determine. In this case more is usually required of her than she can possibly do. She is a human being, with the same flesh and blood as others; why should she be expected to have more power, or more grace, or be required to do more than any other Christian woman? One who

had opportunity to note these excessive demands made upon the minister's wife, and the farce of trying to meet them, was asked :

"Can you define the position of the minister's wife, and name the qualifications for her work?"

He replied; "She must be an ox for strength, a seraph in disposition. She must be ubiquitous, and also a 'keeper at home,' and a trainer of children. She must know intuitively when any one is sick in the congregation, and be at every sick bed at the same time. She must be the confidential friend of every one in the congregation. She must be ardently on both sides of every Church quarrel. She must be *de facto* president, secretary, and executive committee of all the women's social, prayer, and missionary meetings. She must get up socials and entertainments, and devise other means for securing money for congregational and benevolent purposes. She must dress like the richest of the congregation, that they may not be ashamed of her, and like the poorest, that they may feel she is not above them. She must have learning, culture, critical power, versatility, dignified bearing, and, in short, the goodness and beauty of an angel, and she may do for a minister's wife, whose ample remuneration shall be what is left of her husband's six hundred a year!"

This is a strong statement, but there are not wanting many cases where most excessive and unrighteous demands are made upon the godly women who are now in this position.

In a certain place is a tombstone erected to a minister's wife bearing this inscription: "Killed by — congregation." And there would be others, were the truth told, which only the Omniscient One now knows.

Not only are the comfort and usefulness of the ministers' wives sacrificed by the unwise and unjust demands, but the cause of religion and humanity suffers too. Let congregations remember that her position is not properly a public one; she fills no ecclesiastical place by virtue of her marriage.

She is a human being like ourselves! Let her order her life and temper as all of us do—as every noble Christian woman tries hard to do—so she may give her account to Him who must finally judge us all. "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" Apply the Golden Rule in this case as in others, and use the fitness of its application.—*Humilitas, in Western Christian Advocate.*

AFRAID OF HAPPINESS.

From miseducation, by inheritance, and partly by a subtle, warning instinct, many of us are really afraid of being very happy. When the cup is brimming, we fear that it will be dashed from our lips. When the fortunes of the family are prosperous, we dread a chill blast of adversity. When the rose of health flushes the children's cheeks, and their eyes are beaming, and their light feet are making music in the house, we have a lurking readiness lest fever or pestilence shall appear. There are few people who enjoy life, as it comes every day, without apprehension or question, and with the unembarrassed, unshadowed bliss of childhood. In our later years, as we become careworn and burdened, we get to feeling that sorrow is to be the natural accompaniment of our lives, and joy the exceptional condition. But is it right to accept the elegiac, minor tone of that hymn which says:

We should suspect some danger near
When we possess delight!

Rather let us exclaim:

Why should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?

God's children, guarded by His providence, sheltered by His love, watched over by His angels, kept by His grace, hopeful of His heaven, have a right to be happy. And it is distrust—when we sift it to the bottom—which makes us feel the chill wind and the cold shade when life is at its best and fairest.

Distrust of what? Why, of the infinite wisdom of the infinitely loving One. The mother Lending over the cradle, if her babe and herself are consecrated to the Lord, has a divine warrant for rejoicing. The joy of the Lord is her strength, if it is any one's in the universe. The pastor, the father, the toiler, the merchant, the labourer, wherever and wherever he be—who is God's child in conscious peace with Him—has upon him the obligation not to be too afraid of happiness.

Of course, temperament and health have something to do with joyousness, or the reverse. Abundant vitality and exultant physical vigour are apt to insure cheerfulness. But you shall enter sick rooms where God's children, shut in from participation with the activities of the world, and racked with fierce pangs, have their songs in the night. They are not afraid of happiness, though the happiness which comes to them were the guise of what the strong and well call affliction. Many a wan face is so lighted by faith, that its spiritual beauty is a daily rebuke to those who dwell within its atmosphere of serenity.

Accepting what our Father sends, let us dare to be glad when He gives us causes for gladness. It is a miserable creed which shuts mirth out of doors, and regards innocent laughter as sinful. Only they can be happy who walk through this world with eyes looking beyond it to the better and ever-blooming "sweet fields" that are "dressed in living green," that await them when they shall have crossed the flood. And they shall take all the happiness that comes to them, as an earnest of the glory they shall receive in the mansions above. *Christian Intelligencer.*

ONE BY ONE.

They are gathering homeward from every land,
One by one;
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
One by one,
Their brows are circled in a golden crown;
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down;
And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,
Where the Lamb loveth His children to lead,
One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,
One by one;
Through the waters of death they enter life,
One by one:
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the waves run fiercely wild;
Yet all reach the home of the undefiled,
One by one.

We, too, shall come to that river side,
One by one;
We're nearer its waters each eventide,
One by one:
We can hear the noise and dash of the stream,
Now and again through our life's deer dream;
Sometimes the floods all its banks overflow;
Sometimes inripples the small waves go,
One by one.

Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one,
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
One by one.
The waves of the river are dark and cold;
We know not the spot where our feet may hold.
Thou who didst pass through in deep midnight,
Strengthen us, send us Thy staff and Thy light,
One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread,
One by one;
On Thee let us lean each drooping head,
One by one.
Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,
We shall cast all our cares and fears to the wind;
Saviour, Redeemer, be Thou in full view,
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,
One by one.

THE PROMISE PROVED.

A poor traveller called upon a certain good man named Fennerberg to borrow three dollars. This was the whole amount of money possessed by this modern Nathaniel; but as the poor traveller asked in the name of Jesus, he lent him all he had, even to the last penny. Some time after, being in absolute want himself, he remembered the fact while at prayer, and with childlike faith and simplicity, he said:

"O Lord, I have lent Thee three dollars, and Thou hast not given them back to me, though Thou knowest how urgently I need them; I pray Thee to return them to me."

The very same day a letter arrived containing money, which Gossner delivered to the good man with these words:

"Here, sir, you receive what you advanced."

The letter contained two hundred dollars, which were sent to him by a rich man, at the solicitation of the poor traveller to whom he had lent his all. Fennerberg, quite overcome by surprise, said in his childlike way:

"O, dear Lord, one cannot say a single word to Thee without being put to shame."—*Life of Pastor Gossner.*

MISSION NOTES.

JOSEPH ANNAJEE, one of the native teachers belonging to the Trinidad Mission, in a letter to the "Maritime Presbyterian," says: "Our Trinidad Mission work is all going well by the Lord's mercy. Before fourteen years ago no one worked among the coolies in Trinidad. Some were baptized by Roman Catholic priests, but they did not know who Christ is, nor why they became Christians in name. If anyone ask them a question in religion, they answer: 'Me no sabhee; axem French parson; he will tell you better.' If anyone ask them why they don't go to church on Sabbath, they say: 'Me no sabhee what the French parson says; then what use to go to the church,'—for the French priests don't know any Hindustani. A few months ago we began to have some trouble from a priest in San Fernando. In that year I was baptized. Mr. Morton opened a school on Palmyra estate, and I taught there. He afterwards brought the school to Mount Stewart village, which is about a mile from Palmyra. Between Palmyra and Mount Stewart village many coolies rented lots of land, and built houses on them, and worked on the estates around. Only one creole house was there. They thus made a new coolie village. The children there went to the Mount Stewart school, because there were not enough in the new village for a school, and the distance was not too great. Then the priest opened a school in this new village, and put one creole teacher in it. Then Mr. Macleod hired a room, and we opened a school there for coolie children, and we gathered them all into our school. The priest then dismissed his creole teacher and hired a Madras coolie teacher. He sent a message by his teacher to the coolies, that if they sent their children to his school from ours, he would give them five shillings a month and make them clever in one year; but except one boy and sometimes one girl and the teacher's own children, all the children come to our school. The teacher wants to give up the school, but the priest will not let him."

THE Rev. Dr. Sutherland, of Darjeeling, gives the following interesting account of how a Lepcha priestess was baptized: "The reason why Sukna's wife was so very bitterly opposed at first to Christianity is, partly at all events, that she was a Lepcha priestess. When a Lepcha falls ill, the priestess is called in to tell how the demon that has sent the sickness may be propitiated and the sick person be restored to health. Along with her comes perhaps her husband or some of her disciples. Her companion sits down on the ground, while the priestess begins dancing in oriental style. After a while, the inspiration of the Spirit that dwells in her (so they say) gives her words, and she tells whether the sick person will die or live, and what sacrifice must be offered up—a fowl, a pig, or cow, etc. Before the slaughter of the animal, the priestess addresses the demon that has struck the sick person: 'Take for the soul of the sick one the soul of this animal.' The pig, or whatever it may be, is then killed; the heart and liver, with parts of the fore and hind quarters and a piece of the flesh cut out of the side, are laid on a piece of matting, and the priestess again adjures the evil spirit: 'Take for the sick one's blood this animal's blood, for his heart this heart, for his liver this liver, for his flesh this flesh, and depart.' After all the ceremony is over there is a feast; the priestess receives a consideration for her work, and departs. If the sick does not recover in a reasonable time, the priestess is again called in, and there is another sacrifice and feast. If death comes in, there is a great feast. The result of all this is that the Lepchas are ground down by constant poverty; poor living induces liability to disease; more sickness comes; more sacrifices and feasts are to be provided; the sick man's property comes to an end; he borrows from his neighbours, and sinks into what appears to be the normal condition of the Lepcha after marriage—over head and ears in debt. The priestesses, priests, and Lamas, or the system of religion of which they are the exponents, must to a certain extent at least be held responsible for the miserable condition of the Lepchas. But it is to be hoped that brighter days are in store for this tribe, most amiable, generous, and happy, even under all privations. More than one of these so-called priests and priestesses have turned from darkness to the light of God. Several have been baptized, and they are among the most earnest, devout, and consistent Christians in the church. Four others that were priestesses like Sukna's wife are catechumens in Kalimpoong, and they are marked by the spirit of great earnestness.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1882.

It is with deep regret that we record this week the death of Mrs. Dr. Burns, of this city. An extended notice will appear in our next issue.

APPROPRIATE reference was made in St. James Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Dr. King, in the morning service on Sabbath last, to the loss sustained by the congregation and by the city in the sudden removal of Mrs. Burns, and to the important service rendered by her during a long life to the cause of Christ. The evening service was fittingly conducted by the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Halifax.

AN Evangelist of some note, at present labouring in the south-western States, used the following choice language in Dayton, Ohio, in a sermon on the Parable of the Prodigal Son:—

"Right straight from the swine's trough to the best robe suits the Lord best, fleas and all, stench and rags and all, poverty and all, and withal ignorance to cap the climax." Wonder if any of the people went home saying they never heard the Gospel before.

THE time for agricultural shows has about come. The voice of the gambler who erects his stand near the gate, and offers to allow you make ten dollars out of five or ten cents, will soon be heard in the land. The groundling who gets rid of his money in this way will soon be heard giving lectures on the "awful wickedness" of the gambler. Between the sordid groundling who tries to get ten dollars without giving value for it, and the gambler who fleeces him, there is nothing to choose morally. The one is as bad as the other.

THE disturber who worries a minister inflicts an injury upon the congregation to which the minister preaches. The minister sits down to prepare his sermon. The moment he begins to think, the thing about which he worries comes into his mind. It is all very well to say he should banish such things from his mind when preparing sermons. Can he? He may honestly try to do so, but the very effort to banish them keeps his mind from his preparation. Hundreds of sermons are spoilt in this way. Very hardened "scalawags" not unfrequently worry ministers so that they may find fault with the sermons the preparation of which they themselves intentionally spoilt. The men who act thus are efficient agents of the devil and there are such men in the Presbyterian Church. The Almighty will call them to account some day.

A CINCINNATI clergyman preached a sermon on lawyers lately, and said some very uncomplimentary things about the gentlemen of the long robe. The clerical editor of a Presbyterian journal came promptly to the defence of the profession, and prefaced his article by saying that he himself had practised for years before going into the ministry, and had known many eminent Christian lawyers. All this talk about men being good or bad is nonsense. Lawyers are like other men—some are good, some are bad, and some are very indifferent. Considering the immense responsibilities that rest upon lawyers in large practice, the amount of temptation to which they are exposed, and their opportunities for wrongdoing, perhaps they are above rather than below the average business man in point of honour. However, discussing men in classes is nonsense. There are good and bad men in every walk in life. Men should be judged as individuals.

"IRENÆUS," in his last published letter in the New York "Observer," says:

"I do not like the *lingo* of the Salvation Army. To me their talk is irreverent, profane, and slangy. I would as soon curse and swear as Peter did, and to speak of Jesus Christ as some of these men do. And so in these revival meetings, even in what are called holiness meetings, there are things said and done that offend and sometimes shock my sense of propriety. But who am I that I should say the Lord will not use these very words to touch and impress others who are not of the same fibre and habit with me. This is not to say that all ways are good ways, or that one is as good as another."

As a generic term for the peculiar utterances of Salvation Army orators *lingo* "can't be beat." It is the very word that the newspaper paragraphers have been hunting for and could not find. That is what has been the matter with them. Now they can thank "Irenæus" and go ahead. Seriously, however, the good old man deserves thanks not only for his word, but for the sensible, manly and charitable verdict in which he has given it a place.

SOME of the secular journals across the lines are raising the annual cry about vacant pulpits during the usual ministerial vacation. The interest that these journals take in preaching is something positively marvellous. The most curious thing about the whole affair is that the cry comes from men who never darken a church door. The most of them don't believe one word in a thousand that a minister says in a sermon—they don't believe in churches, or the Sabbath, or preaching, and yet they raise an annual cry when a few city churches are closed! They say the devil never stops working, and furnish a good illustration of the fact. The truth of the matter is, this annual bray about ministerial holidays is simply another way of showing the well-known hatred of such rascals to the ministry, because ministers preach the Gospel. We have seen some symptoms of the disease in Canada lately. When it takes a pronounced form, we may be relied on to unmask the assailants, and we venture the prediction that there will not be a church-going man found among them.

THE MORALITY CURRENT AMONG US.

WE believe that, on the whole, the tone of morality both in Europe and America is steadily, if not rapidly, rising. The oft-repeated complaints of youthful depravity, political corruption, crimes through drunkenness, the social evil, irreverence and disregard of laws, may be regarded as the outcry of society, as it is awakened to realize the immorality that was long cherished without any feeling of alarm or disapprobation. The publishing in loathsome detail of crimes and sayings of criminals, pleasing though it may be to the prurient taste of a small class, is condemned by the better portion of the community. It is a shame to speak of those deeds of darkness. To unravel the mysteries of crime in the court-room is necessary, but to publish them where they meet the eye of our youth in the family journal is an offence against society. A paper may sell the better for containing "a scandal, a horror, or a sensation," but the journalist who spreads the contagion by exposing the disgusting nakedness of crime offends against public morality. Whether the familiarity with crime which follows reading these accounts is the cause or not, it seems undeniable that fear of the consequences of immorality is decreasing. Society is becoming more tolerant than it was of blasphemy, irreverence, Sabbath desecration—even of murder, unchastity, dishonesty and falsehood. To denounce these offences, as used to be done, would be resented as puritanic and what not. Public sentiment is now less severe than it was wont to be. Believing this to be the case, we have to look in the face the morality which now prevails.

Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us, "Now that moral injunctions are losing the authority given by their supposed sacred origin, the *secularization of morals* is becoming imperative," in other words, men are beginning to lose their faith in God and Divine revelation; and to deny their responsibility to Him for their conduct. So, as Mr. Spencer considers that "Few things can happen more disastrous than the decay and death of a regulative system no longer fit, before another and fitter regulative system has grown up to replace it," he has written a book by which he hopes "the vacuum may be filled." It is only necessary to say that that book is one very hard to read, from which "the many" can receive no instruction, and that the "regulative" principle which he proposes is an *ignis fatuus*,

even on his own showing—a something as yet unrealized and unrealizable in the present state of society.

With this theory we have nothing to do; but we are not sure but the fruits of the theory are to be seen in the state of morality to which reference has been made, and which is incurring the censure even of our ordinary newspapers.

For example, how often, when we admonish any one as to the omission of some duty, do we receive in answer, "I have not got to"—meaning, I am not obliged by any superior force to perform that duty. If the duty *must* be performed, the man will submit to the inevitable, and under compulsion do his duty. But if left to the influence of other and higher motives than compulsion and fear, the duty is neglected. If the thief *cannot* steal he will be honest, because "he has got to." Under the Scott Act the drunkard "has got to" practise sobriety. With an efficient officer the rogue "has got to" pay the duty. Surely in such cases there is no morality. The thief, the drunkard, the rogue, *are* immoral, although they *cannot* do immoral acts. The man who does his duty only because he "has got to," will never deny himself from a sense of duty. Nay, he is the craven-hearted coward that yields to force; and when he "has got to," or suffers, lies or shares the plunder, or commit perjury, or denies God and righteousness. Nobility and heroism cannot grow in this soil.

Another, when urged to duty, replies, "What's the use?" If such a man can make gain by *seeming* to be moral, he will act morally, for "It is of use." If he can make money by doing right and speaking truth, he will do so. If he can gain honour or favour by kindness and goodness, he will be kind and good—in appearance at least. But, on the other hand, if he can get money, or position, or honour without honesty, truth and goodness, "what's the use" of being honest, true and good? A sharp trick in business; a political lie; an examination fraud; an unkind violation of friendship is justifiable in the eyes of such men if it "is of use." A man who becomes moral when righteousness pays, will become immoral when he thinks that unrighteousness pays better.

A third man, when urged to duty, tells you "there is no enjoyment in doing it." Therefore he refuses. It is the fashion nowadays to set forth the pleasure accompanying religion, temperance, and good living generally as *the* reason for being moral. "You know you will be a happier man if you are religious and moral." Hence the rage for religious and moral amusements and entertaining religions. "Please men" we are told; "make religion and temperance enjoyable; do not repel men by puritanic strictness of morals." But surely there is a mistake here also. The man who professes to love God, and do his duty, on account of the pleasure it affords him, will certainly serve Satan and do wickedness if he comes to think that there is more pleasure to be had by so doing. The man that does not drink, and attends religious meetings for the sake of the pleasure that is connected with temperance and religion, will quaff the wine-cup, frequent the bar-room, be found amidst scenes of revelry, attend the dance and theatre as soon as he is persuaded that there is more pleasure to be had in these things. Coax men to be religious. Make them moral by enjoyment! Never; it is impossible. The man who makes pleasure his chief end is immoral quite as much as the man who makes money or honour his god, or as the man that yields to force, and, coward-like, obeys man rather than God. In no such way can the noble character be produced that says, "How shall I do this wickedness and sin against God? Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein." And what are these? Jur the old-fashioned notions of right and duty: Love God and fear Him; love your neighbour and do him good. Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God. When conscience speaks, obey it, when God speaks, obey Him. Do right because it is right; do your duty because you ought. Do not ask questions as to the consequences of right doing, but for God's sake do right. Dare to be true, just, and kind. If we can teach our children this morality—this fear of God, we shall have a nation of freemen, brave, generous, and noble. They will not yield to brute force, nor meekly submit to wrong-doing for the sake of gain or pleasure. They will be beyond the power alike of the ruthless tyrant that would crush down opposition, and of the mean cheat that would debauch mar-

hood by bribes or beastly indulgences. The morality current in the world is not of God, and is ruinous to man; and it becomes all Christians to rise superior to the low standard of the world, and to aim at love, truth, and righteousness for their own sake.

THE FAITH CURE.

THE extensive revival of belief in the efficacy of prayer as a means of removing bodily disease marks a new phase in modern religious life. Why such a revival should have been at all needed, apart from a revival of religious belief in general, it is difficult to say; but the fact is pretty evident that large numbers of professed Christians have quite recently, for the first time, become believers in the power of the prayer of faith employed in the direction referred to.

The present movement has been gathering force for some time. Isolated individuals in the United States and in Europe have for years professed to heal sickness solely by prayer and the laying on of hands. Dr. Borden, an American, conducts a health establishment on this principle in London, England, and there is an institution of the same kind carried on by one Otto Steckmayer, at Harpwell, in Switzerland. The person, however, who attracts the largest share of attention in this connection at the present moment is Dr. Cullis, of Boston. This gentleman, who is a physician and manager of a sanatory establishment, combines preaching with his practice, and it is said that very large audiences often wait upon his ministrations. This summer he has been holding a special camp-meeting at Old Orchard Beach, and by so doing he has, it is said, added largely to the attractions of that famous seaside resort. A correspondent of the New York "Observer," writing from Old Orchard under date of Aug. 1, gives the following account of one of Dr. Cullis's great reception days:

"The Faith Cure camp meeting, which is in progress here under the direction of Dr. Charles Cullis, manager of the Consumptives' Home in Boston, is attracting great crowds, and attended with quasi miraculous phenomena. Yesterday was 'all healing day,' and all who desired to be healed and had faith were invited into the tabernacle at 2:30 p.m. No others were admitted. More than 600 persons presented themselves at the appointed hour. They were seated on one side of the tabernacle. In the opposite corner Dr. Cullis stood by a chair. One by one, in the order of their coming, the afflicted ones were conducted thither. Dipping a finger of his right hand in oil, Dr. Cullis laid his hand upon the head of each, uttering a brief, fervent prayer. From half-past 2 until 5 o'clock the procession filed along. All ages were represented, some tottering on crutches, some in invalid chairs, the dwarfed, the crippled, the blind, and diseased. Those waiting employed the time in singing hymns and listening to addresses from clergymen and others. A large proportion evidently belonged to the class of semi-invalids. Some came from the room declaring themselves perfectly healed.

"To-day numbers of men and women from all sections of the country and from all stations in life testified to being cured of their disease. One old lady who had not walked a step in twenty years created a great sensation by discarding her crutches immediately after Dr. Cullis finished praying, and to-day she walked from her boarding place to the tabernacle. Three old gentlemen who have been lame for years were also apparently made whole in the sight of the assemblage."

We do not profess to know how far these phenomena are genuine or merely illusory, neither shall we undertake to show to what extent they can be accounted for "on natural principles." Our aim at present is simply to put our readers in possession of the facts. Having, however, a little space to spare, there will be no harm in giving Dr. Prime's own remarks on his correspondent's letter, keeping in view the fact that the Doctor is a second witness in the case, he having been present at the Beach whilst the great camp meeting was in progress. He says:

"Beyond all doubt many of these cures are real. I do not deny that all of them are genuine, and that they are the accompaniment of prayer. That any of them are miracles, in any other sense than that wonders or strange things may be called miracles, there is no reason to believe. Most of the cases are such as are by the medical faculty and others called nervous complaints. That the emotional nature is so affected by the faith of the patient that he is enabled to overcome the difficulty, and that this help comes from God in answer to prayer, it is scriptural and reasonable to believe. So God works by means when the medical treatment is made available to the recovery of the patient. Since the world began there was never so much prayer, with so much faith, made for any one sick man, as for the late beloved President of the United States. Beyond all doubt he was most earnestly and believingly prayed for in all the Faith Cure houses in every land where one exists. Tens of thousands of Christians were ready to say they knew he would not die. They believed and were sure. But God did not give saving efficacy to the means employed, and in His clouded but all-wise Providence He permitted him to go from us and his country that bore him on its heart.

'God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.'

"I have made diligent inquiry into the nature of the cases that have been brought here. I came in the cars with a man who had been deprived of one of his legs. And as he sat next to me I asked him if he was going to Old Orchard. I confess to a little disappointment when he said he was not. To have such a man blessed by the restoration to him of a lost limb would be a miracle in the accepted sense of the word; while chronic lameness may be healed with no other agency than the power of the mind acting on the nervous system. Five doctors will say that a man has disease of the heart, and five will affirm that he has not. If he is cured, he will believe that he had that disease, and it may readily be true that his relief came in answer to faith in prayer. But there was no miracle in it. I do not know that any of the good men who ask people to come unto them and be healed, speak of these results as miracles. The 'common people' do. But they are not miracles. So far as they encourage humble dependence on God and childlike faith in his promises, they are to be received with gratitude. And they are not to be spoken of with levity, as if they were tricks or frauds. They are the real experiences of praying and believing Christians who would not practise deceit or make a lie. Nor is it impossible with God to raise the dead, or to restore a limb. There is no evidence that He ever has done so in any of these faith cures; and if the gift of miracles were bestowed on them, we should see those signs and wonders which in the days of the Saviour and His disciples were needed as witnesses. They are not needed now, and have passed away. They may return. They will, if God chooses to convince the world by other agencies than the Spirit in His Word."

THE JOHN BLACK SCHOLARSHIP.

AS may be learned from the appended circular, which has been sent to us for publication, it is proposed to establish in Manitoba College a scholarship bearing the name of the late Rev. Dr. Black, of Kildonan. This project commends itself to favourable consideration. On account of Dr. Black's early connection with the religious and educational interests of the North-West, his name is certainly worthy of being permanently identified with these interests; and on account of the position occupied by Manitoba College in relation to the same interests, there is no more fitting way of honouring such a name than by connecting it with a scholarship in that institution. It will be seen that the monument in the churchyard, and the memorial slab in the church, at Kildonan, are already provided for, and it can scarcely be supposed that any serious difficulty will be encountered in speedily securing the \$2,000 required for the scholarship. The circular is as follows:

WINNIPEG, 21st August, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—The committee appointed to obtain subscriptions for some appropriate memorial of the late Rev. Dr. Black consider the following the most fitting manner in which to carry out the trust assigned to them:—

- 1st. To erect a monument to Dr. Black's memory in the Kildonan churchyard.
- 2nd. To place a memorial slab in the Kildonan church.
- 3rd. To establish a scholarship in Manitoba College—of which Dr. Black may be said to have been the founder—bearing the name of "The John Black Scholarship."

For the monument and the memorial slab it is considered that a sum sufficiently large has been already received.

For the proposed scholarship the sum of about \$2,000 will be required, in order that an annual sum may accrue from it worthy, in some measure, of the object for which the scholarship is to be established.

It is believed that there are many friends of the late Dr. Black, in Manitoba and the North-West, who will gladly avail themselves of this opportunity of helping to perpetuate the memory of one who was so long and so closely identified with the best interests of this country.

In this confidence this letter is sent to you, and it is hoped that you will send without delay whatever you may wish to contribute to this object.

Your subscription may be sent to the Rev. Professor Hart, Secretary, Scholarship Committee, Winnipeg, or deposited to the credit of the Memorial Fund in the Merchants' Bank, Winnipeg.

I remain, yours faithfully,
THOMAS HART.

GOSPEL WORK.

THE GLASGOW NOON MEETING.

The attendance at Monday's meeting, though still small, was rather better than when we last had occasion to mention it. Mr. J. S. Napier presided. The numerous requests for prayer and also thanksgivings were read by Mr. R. Stewart. Mr. J. M. Scroggie, who has been labouring in Greenock for the last five weeks, said that after Mr. Moody left that town it was very difficult to carry on the work. Many had come to hear Mr. Moody, but immediately on his departure the attendance fell off. By the end of the third week, however, a reaction had taken place, and now the meetings were about as large as at first. To the ministers of the town he was greatly indebted. Not a meeting passed but several of them were present,

and one in particular was scarcely ever absent. Mr. W. M. Oatts, secretary of the Glasgow Y.M.C.A., who has just returned from his tour in America, related some of his travel experiences. During the outward voyage it was arranged that two meetings should be held daily. The first day, however, everyone was so sick that no service could be held. Meetings were also held the homeward journey, although under difficulties, owing to a Roman Catholic woman protesting against them in the fore part and another protesting in the saloon. Amidships, however, they were allowed to proceed. When at a meeting in New York he had met with a very sad case. A Christian young man from Glasgow lately went to America, and during the voyage he distributed tracts and booklets all over the ship, gaining the respect both of the captain and officers. On landing he met with several old companions, and gave way to temptation. He had never got into regular employment, and had sunk deeper and deeper. Before leaving Glasgow he had received a letter from Mr. Moody to friends in America, but he had never used it. Now he stood at that meeting, penitent, and requesting prayer. Mr. Henry Lakin, of Burton-on-Trent, spoke of the tent meetings on Glasgow Green. He mentioned a very interesting case of a young man who had been discharged from his work through intemperance. After being discharged he wrote a letter, put it in his pocket, so that people would know when they got his body—his intention being to throw himself into the Clyde after dark. Whilst passing the tent he was attracted by the singing, and entered. There he became concerned about his soul, and did not leave the tent that night until he had closed with offered grace. He was almost a constant attendant at the meetings now. Mr. J. Campbell White gave a report of the Dumbarton meetings. Those held last week had been very large. When thanking the hall-keeper for his attention during the meetings, he broke out, "O sirs, could you not go on for another fortnight, and then all the public-houses will be shut?" A fellowship meeting has been organized for the benefit of the young converts. Rev. Mr. Gault said he was going away to Ireland for a time. Many parts of that country were as tranquil as our Scotland, so that no one should be afraid of going there. In fact, it was a time when many should go, as there were many opportunities for doing some quiet work. There were over one-and-a-half millions of Protestants in Ireland, and the door was open amongst the Roman Catholics, many of whom were breaking away from the priests. He hoped to see Ireland become what it had been in the past—an "Island of saints." Mr. J. C. Brand, who is connected with the Alexandria work, reported very large meetings in that district. On Sunday evening about thirty anxious souls were in the hall, and one of them a publican. It is now confirmed that Mr. Moody will hold an all-day meeting at Dumfries on an early day. It is hoped that many of his Glasgow friends will attend, the more especially as it will be his last meeting in Scotland for the present.

MRS. CHRISTINA MACKAY, widow of the late Robert Mackay, died at her residence, near Embro, August 12th, 1882, at the age of seventy-four. She was the mother of eleven children, nine of whom survive her, and among them the Rev. Dr. Mackay of Puslinch. She lived fifty-two years almost to a day on the old homestead, lot 15, con. 5, West Zorra. She, along with her husband, emigrated from Sutherlandshire in 1830, and in August of that year rented the farm where she died, which was then all bush. Her husband died twelve years ago.

THE membership of the English Bible and Prayer Union is rapidly advancing in numbers. In the beginning, of June the total enrolment had reached the figures 153,221.

THE Bishop of Hong Kong says he has been repeatedly stopped while preaching, and asked if he is not an Englishman, and if his is not the country that sends opium to China? And when he admits the fact, they tell him to go back and stop the opium, and then they will talk about Christianity.

MISS ANNIE MONTGOMERY, a school teacher of Charlottetown, P.E.I., has accepted the position of missionary to Persia, tendered her by the Ladies' Branch of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the United States. Miss Montgomery left the island a few days since on her way to the scene of her labours.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

TOO TRUE.

She could not become a burden to others. She had outlived her usefulness, perhaps, but she had by no means outlived her self-respect, or her desire to be a factor, however unimportant, in the world's wide field of product.

So when her boys—there had been two, and they had become men and had taken to themselves wives—emigrated to the far South-west, and the girls—they were women now—wondering how they were to crowd any more than they were crowding, in order to spare room for mother, who had just been burned out of house and home, and had come first to Julia and then to Jessie, to see if she could find a home with either—when these things came to pass, the old lady, who had never before realized how old she was, began to feel aged and weary, and very lonely, yet as never before determined to make for herself a place in the world, where by her own efforts she could live and maintain herself.

It had grieved her to see her home, with all its earthly treasures, flare up and fade into ashes before her eyes, as she stood alone and helpless on that fatal night. But she had consoled her bereaved heart, saying: "After all, the care of these things, my house, and garden, and cow, and chickens, prevented me from doing much for the girls; now there is an end. I will sell the cow and fowls and replace my lost clothing, and go to Jessie and Julia. I can live by turns with them, and help them out in many ways."

Poor heart. She had been a good mother, and had done a good part by her children. The thought that she could be anything else than a help to those whom she had always helped—ah! with what loving unselfish helpfulness—never occurred to her. Yet as she stood, homeless and destitute, in her daughter's house that bright October morning, and heard Julia's husband remark that there wasn't enough room in the house for those rightly belonging to it, "grandma had better go up to Jessie's," the poor mother felt a strange, unnatural tremor shake her frame. The road between Julia's and Jessie's seemed twice as long as ever before.

"Did you save anything, mother?" Jessie asked. "And how much insurance had you? To think, we never heard a word of it till ten minutes ago. Jule sent up to say she saw you coming over the hill, and as they had no room for you I'd have to manage somehow. I couldn't make out what it meant, till the young one said you'd been burned out. How soon do you suppose the insurance will rebuild you? We can crowd up for a few weeks by letting Andrew give you his cot. He can sleep in the dining-room. Of course you will have to be in the room with little Jim and Isabella. Did you save all your things?"

How weak she grew as she sat and listened to her daughter's half-pensive questions. She scarcely knew her own voice as she answered:

"The insurance expired, and I neglected to renew it. I saved nothing but my clothing and my tin box with my papers, and watch, and a few trinkets in it. There were five gold dollars in the box. It is all the money I have now. The lot, the cow, and the chickens are all that is left to me."

"Why, mother," interrupted the daughter, vexedly, "how could you be so neglectful? You must be in your second childhood. All your nice bedding, and furniture, and the china! Dear me! There must have been at least a thousand dollars' worth of property destroyed."

"And I am homeless and destitute indeed," said her mother quietly, in a sad voice.

"And all through your own culpable carelessness, I declare," said Jessie.

"And what in the world you are going to do, I don't know, I'm sure. We're crowded enough, mercy knows. And I was just thinking of sending little Jim up to you for a month. The air is so much purer over where you lived, the other side of the hill, and he is so cross and troublesome. Dear me! And to think of there being no insurance. You might as well have thrown your home away, and your things, and done with it."

Not a word of sympathy or encouragement from Julia. Reproaches from Jessie.

Were these the babies whom she had borne, and nursed, and fondled, and served so willingly, so gladly? Were these the daughters for whom she had toiled, and striven, and planned? Was it not all a hideous dream?

Her blood seemed turning to ice in her veins. She rose with rigid limbs and turned to the door.

"I will walk over to tell Uncle Dick," she said. "I may not return to-day. Andrew need not give up his cot to grandma, at least to-night. Goodbye, children." And she closed the door slowly and with trembling hand, as she went out from her daughter's house to return no more.

"There is no welcome for me in my children's homes," she said; "their bread would choke me. And, oh, I love them so!"

And as she walked along, gray, ashen shadows settled upon her face, and her look was as one whose death stroke has been felt.

Another mother might have acted differently—even felt differently. Mothers have suffered just punishment in their children and have borne the pain in one way or another, and veiled it from all eyes; even with loving and forgiving affection endeavouring to hide it from their own. Alas!

Perhaps they were less proud-spirited than this mother. Perhaps they had less self-respect.

When once these mothers realize that the children for whom they lived, and would gladly die, valued them more for what they have than what they are, battle against the unwelcome conviction as they may, the realization works its sorrowful change in their lives. Some may succeed in keeping the hideous spectre down, and may persuade themselves, indeed, that 'twas a phantom only. The difference between these and this mother was, that she accepted the truth, and neither tried to deceive herself or others.

As she neared the home of her brother-in-law her resolve was taken. When she entered his house she was perfectly

calm, and could talk of her loss and her intentions with even tone and quiet air.

After arranging with him to dispose of her cow and chickens, she took the cars to the next town, and began to search for employment.

Mamma was visiting friends in that town at the time, and is one who usually follows the leadings of her own instinct, and always regrets when she fails to do so. She was in Mrs. Ludlow's sitting-room when Mrs. Alpen applied to a physician, as general assistant, asking only for kind treatment and small wages.

Mrs. Ludlow had no place for her, but mamma felt assured that here was a treasure for some one, and forthwith proposed that if Mrs. Alpen would go with her to her home, two days' journey by rail, she would give her suitable employment at fair wages.

Mamma shortened her visit in order to bring Aunt Alpen home, and she has remained a most valuable helper ever since.

For years we knew nothing of her personal history beyond the fact that she had married children settled at distant places, from whom, at long and irregular intervals, she received letters.

One day it chanced that, as mamma read a paragraph from a newspaper, she smiled and called Aunt Alpen's attention to it.

"It is your name," said mamma—"Rowena Alpen. I wish it were your land also. It would make you independent indeed."

"It is my land," said Mrs. Alpen, quietly. "But I am independent without it."

And she burst into tears and sank into a chair at mamma's side. We left them alone—mamma and our poor friend in her grief.

It was then that she confided to mamma her story, that she said was too pitifully sorrowful to be told.

She had been with us seven years. In all these years never once had her daughters invited her to their homes. They had been glad she had employment and was satisfied with her position. They had even asked her if it was convenient to have a visit from one or more of the children in their summer vacations. But they had never expressed any regret at the separation, or any desire to have her become a member of their families—until now.

The lot on which her home had stood had suddenly become valuable. A coal vein ran beneath it. The mine was working. The owners of the shaft wished to purchase, and offered a price that astonished those who knew nothing of the real value. Both daughters remembered their filial obligations, and at once each offered a home with her own family.

"God pity me if I am unlike what a mother should be," she said. "I loved my children only for love's sake. I hoped that thus my children would love me. Love, love was all I asked or craved. Land cannot buy love or happiness. All that I have is theirs. They shall have no temptations to become impatient for their mother's death. I will give them all now. For myself, when I can no longer work there remains the poorhouse. I will go thither."

Is her story too strangely sad to have been told? I know of other mothers no less keenly stung by that "sharper than a serpent's tooth," filial ingratitude and neglect.

I have but lately been the confidant of a tale as strangely sad from a grey-haired mother of children in a far higher social scale than Aunt Alpen's, yet not one whit above them in filial duty. I know of another mother this hour, snubbed, grieved her attic room and her poor bite and sup, and forced to do her own laundry work in her daughter's house, where rooms, and food, and servants are plenty.

Why do I tell of such shames? Why, indeed, unless in the hope that some who have eyes to see may see, and who have ears to hear may hear and understand. For these stung hearts of sorrowing mothers are remembered by One who in the day of His power is mighty to avenge.—*The Guide*.

THE AGED PLANTER, HADRIAN, AND THE FOOL.

The Emperor Hadrian, passing near Tiberias, in Galilee, observed an old man digging a trench, in order to plant some fig trees. "Hadst thou properly employed the morning of thy life," said Hadrian, "thou needest not to have worked so hard in the evening of thy days." "I have well employed my early days; nor will I neglect the evening of my life, and let God do what He thinks best," replied the man. "How old mayest thou be, good man?" asked the emperor. "A hundred years," was the reply. "What!" exclaimed Hadrian. "A hundred years old art thou, and still plantest trees? Canst thou, then, hope ever to enjoy the fruits of thy labour?" "Great king," rejoined the hoary-headed man, "yes, I do hope. If God permit, I may even eat the fruit of these very trees; if not, my children will. Have not my forefathers planted trees for me, and shall I not do the same for my children?" Hadrian, pleased with the honest man's reply, said, "Well, old man, if ever thou livest to see the fruit of these trees, let me know it. Dost thou hear, good old man?" And with these words he left him. The old man did live long enough to see the fruits of his industry. The trees flourished and bore excellent fruit. As soon as they were sufficiently ripe, he gathered the most choice figs, put them in a basket, and marched off toward the emperor's residence. Hadrian happened to look out of one of the windows of his palace. Seeing a man, bent with age, with a basket on his shoulders, standing near the gate, he ordered him to be admitted to his presence. "What is thy pleasure, old man?" demanded Hadrian. "May I please your Majesty," replied the man, "to recollect seeing once a very old man planting some trees, when you desired him, if ever he should gather the fruit, to let you know. I am that old man, and this is the fruit of those very trees. May it please you graciously to accept them, as a humble tribute of gratitude for your Majesty's great condescension." Hadrian, gratified to see so extraordinary an instance of longevity, accompanied by

the full use of many faculties and honest exertion, desired the old man to be seated, and, ordering the basket to be emptied of the fruit and to be filled with gold, gave it to him as a present. Some courtiers, who witnessed this uncommon scene, exclaimed, "Is it possible that our great emperor should show so much honour to a miserable Jew?" "Why should I not honour him whom God has honoured?" replied Hadrian. "Look at his age and imitate his example." The emperor then very graciously dismissed the old man, who went home highly pleased and delighted.

When the old man came home and exhibited the present he had received, the people were all astonished. Among the neighbours whom curiosity had brought to the house, there was a silly, covetous woman, who, seeing so much treasure obtained for a few figs, imagined that the emperor must be very fond of that fruit. She, therefore, hastily ran home, and, addressing her husband, said to him: "Thou silly man, why tarriest thou here? Hearest thou not that Cæsar is very fond of figs? Go, take some to him, and thou mayest be as rich as thy neighbour." The foolish husband, unable to bear the reproaches of his wife, took a large sack filled with the figs on his shoulder, and, after much fatigue, arrived at the palace-gate and demanded admittance to the emperor. Being asked what he wanted, he answered that, understanding his Majesty was very fond of figs, he had brought a whole sackful, for which he expected a great reward. The officer on duty reported it to the emperor. Hadrian could not help smiling at the man's folly and impertinence. "Yes," said he to the officer, "the fool shall have his reward. Let him remain where he is, and let every one who enters the gate take one of the figs, and throw it at his face, till they are all gone. Then let him depart." The order was punctually executed. The wretched man, abused, pelted, and derided, instead of wishing for gold, wished only to see the bottom of his bag. After much patience and still more pain, he had his wish. The bag being empty, the poor fellow was dismissed. Dejected and sorrowful, he hastened toward his home. His wife, who was all the while considering how to dispose of the expected treasure—calculating how many fine caps, gowns, and cloaks she would purchase, and contemplating with inward delight how fine she would look, how her neighbours would stare to see her dressed in silk and gold—most impatiently expected her husband's return. He came at last, and, though she saw the bag empty, she imagined that his pockets at least were full. Without giving him the usual salutation, and hardly allowing him to take breath, she hastily asked him what good luck he had. "Have patience, base, and wretched woman," replied the enraged husband. "Have patience, and I will tell thee. I have had both great and good luck. My great luck was that I took to the emperor figs, and not peaches, else I should have been stoned to death. And my good luck was that the figs were ripe. Had they been unripe, I must have left my brains behind me."—*Midrash Yayakra Rabah*.

THE MOTHER'S NEEDS.

The lawyer needs to get away from his briefs, the merchant from his ledgers, the mechanic from his shop. A man would soon go crazy who could not turn the key upon these things, however much his mind may revert to them from a distance. The men who have combined great power of work with great power of endurance, have been those who could enter heartily into something else when the working day was done. But a mother with young children cannot get away from her work. It wakes up in the morning with her (generally before she does), and goes to bed beside her at night. If she leaves the children, it is only for a short time; and that with an uneasy sense of direful accidents to clothes, if not of life or limb. But she can sit, with her cares and comforts asleep upstairs, or may be at her feet, and

"Gloriously forgot herself, to plunge
Soul forward, headlong into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truths."

As much as she needs to read for the sake of her children, she sometimes also needs to read that she may forget for the time being that she has any children.

For the children's sake we must make the most of ourselves. Many an unselfish mother has said: "Oh, I cannot take all this time; there are so many things to do for the children." She does not realize that she may do more for them in the end by cultivating herself, than if she spends all her time on clothes and cooking. A generosity which makes the recipient weak or selfish is not a blessing, but a curse. Have you not seen grown-up sons who snubbed their mother's opinions in the same breath with which they called her to bring their slippers? The meek little woman has "trotted around" to wait on them so long, that they have come to think that that is all she is good for. Their sisters keep "Ma" in the background because she "hasn't a bit of style," and is "so uncultivated," forgetting that she has always worn shabby clothes that they might wear her ones; that her hands have become horny with hard work that theirs might be kept soft and white for the piano; and that she has denied herself books and leisure that they might have them both. And there are other children, too noble for such base ingratitude, who feel a keen though secret loss, as they kiss the dear withered cheek, and think how much more of a woman a mother might have been if she had not shut herself away from the culture and sweet companionship of books.

The love even of husband and children, to be permanent and valuable, must be founded on genuine respect for character. Every mother has a right to time for mental and spiritual development, as really as she has a right to sunshine and air, and to food and sleep. She cannot do physically without the one; she cannot do mentally and spiritually without the other. If she throws herself so energetically into her duties as seamstress and nursery-maid that she has no time nor strength for anything else, ought she to be disappointed if in the end she receives only seamstress' and nursery-maid's wages? Is there a more beautiful sight

than a circle of grown-up sons and daughters, with their mother as the chief centre, not merely of physical comfort, but of intellectual and spiritual companionship? She must have brains, you say, to be this. Of course she must; and most women do have more brains than they get credit for, the trouble being that they do not know how to use or cultivate what they have. Sue must love her reading and study, that she may have enthusiasm to arouse and tact to sustain the children's interest in these things. If she is musical, the practice hour under supervision will no longer be a distasteful drudgery. If she loves history, mamma's true stories of Columbus and Arthur, Hannibal and Alexander, will be better than fairy tales. If she is fond of poetry, the "Lady of the Lake" and the "May Queen," to the melody of Longfellow, and the ballads of Whittier. If she enjoys scientific studies, she will set the boys, armed with hammers and baskets, to turning over every stone wall in the country, not after chipmunks, but after minerals for their cabinets. They will shut up and feed great ugly caterpillars, and eagerly watch them turn into gorgeous moths and butterflies. The girls will come to her with flowers from every rambale, as I saw a four-year-old "tot" last spring go running to her mother with a little basketful of dandelions and pussy-willows, to ask for her "atomy" (botany) lesson.

A SICILIAN BREAKFAST.

We found at Syracuse another Sicilian hotel worthy of mention. This is the Locanda del Sole. We did not understand at first why there were no bells in any part of the dirty house, but we soon discovered that there was nothing to be had if we could have rung for it. It is a very old and not uninteresting sort of barracks, and its rambling terraces give good views of the harbour and of Aetna. The rooms, too, are adorned with quaint old prints which give it an old-time air. It can be fairly said of its management that the attendance is not as good as the food. I do not know how long it would take to starve a person to death there, or to disgust him with victuals so that death would seem preferable to dining, but we touched close upon the probable limit of endurance in five days.

It was a lengthy campaign of a morning to get a simple early breakfast. It was a work of time, in the first place, to find anybody to serve it. When the one waiter was discovered and coaxed into the dining-room, I ordered coffee and the usual accompaniments. In about fifteen minutes he brought in a pot of muddy liquid, and a cup. I suggested, then, that in reason a spoon ought to go with it. A spoon was found after some search—sugar also I got by opportunity. The procuring of milk was a longer process. Evidently the goat had to be hunted up. By the time the goat came to terms, the coffee was cold. I then brought up the subject of bread. That was sent out for and delivered. Butter also was called for—not that I wanted it or could eat it when it came, but because butter is a conventional thing to have for breakfast. This butter was a sort of poor cheese gone astray. The last article to be got was a knife. The knives were generally very good, or would have been if they had been cleaned. By patience, after this, you could have a red mullet and an egg, and some sour oranges. All the oranges in Sicily are sour. The reason given for this, however, is that all the good ones are shipped to America. The reason given in America why all the Sicily oranges are sour is that the good ones are kept at home. We left at 10 o'clock at night to take the boat for Malta. We procured a facchino outside to move our luggage, and not a soul connected with the hotel was visible. The landlord had exhausted himself in making out our bills. There was some difficulty in separating our several accounts, and when the landlord at last brought a sheet of paper on which the various items were set in order and the figures were properly arranged, he regarded his work with unjustifiable pride, and exclaimed, "It is *un conto magnifico*." We agreed with him—in some respects the account was magnificent.—Charles Dudley Warner.

PERSONALITIES AND ILL REPORTS.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer a true and honest man." But when there is no need to express an opinion, let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. And as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity. Dr. John Hall.

WHY EGYPTIANS LACK PATRIOTISM.

During my visit to Egypt—some seven or eight years ago—there was certainly no national feeling among the Egyptians. Neither they nor their ancestors for nearly two thousand years had known native rulers. During all these long centuries they had been the spoil of Roman, Arab, Turk, and Mameluke in turn; from none, since the Roman time, had they received protection of life and property, or any national benefits, and it was impossible that patriotism should exist among them, for there is no patriotism save in a country worth loving. The conduct of the Egyptian troops in the late Russian war is a proof of this. The few battalions I saw in Egypt were fine-looking troops—well armed, instructed, and equipped, with intelligent faces and excellent

physique; yet they proved utterly worthless, as it seems to me, because they were destitute of that pride which is inspired by patriotism; for them their flag had no meaning—its honour was no concern of theirs. Their conduct in Abyssinia and the Soudan was similar, and no doubt from the same cause. How can valour and patriotism be expected from men whose only knowledge of their Government is that derived from the tax-gatherer, the bastinado, and forced labour? The achievements of that great soldier, Ibrahim Pasha, are not in contradiction with this conclusion, because few of his troops were Fellahs. His conquering armies were mainly composed of Arabs, Syrians, Nubians, Arnauts—in fact, of fighting men from all the neighbouring parts of the East, who were reduced to discipline by his stern will, and guided to victory by his great military genius.—Gen. George B. McClellan, in *September Century*.

ONE OF THESE DAYS.

Curled in the window-seat,
Watching the leaves
Whirling, whilst raindrops beat
Down on the eaves.
Dark seemed this world that day,
We two alone,
Changing to gold the gray,
Lived in our own.
Dreaming as childhood dreams,
Life must be good,
Whispering of nobler themes
Scarce understood.
Dreaming all love was true
Eager with praise,
Smiling at all we'd do
"One of these days."

Here to the window-seat
Came you and I,
Whilst with his noiseless feet
Time hurried by—
Here as in childish days
Used we to dream,
Careless of wiser ways,
Love was our theme.
Sometimes I wondered, dear,
How it should last,
But the next moment, dear,
Doubts were all past.
Past as you answer me,
"Love never strays,
Happier still we'll be
One of these days."

Now by the window-seat
Stand I alone,
Whilst the wind drives the sleet
Making its moan.
Clouds might obscure the sun,
Sometimes of old,
But while Hope's sands do run,
Hearts find the gold.
Love, when the angel band
Called you away,
When in my clasp your hand
Passively lay,
Faintly your whisper then
Answered my gaze.
"Love, we shall meet again
One of these days."
—New York Tribune.

THE SCOUTS OF CIVILIZATION.

Charles Dickens once said that the typical American would hesitate about entering heaven, unless assured that he could go farther west. Going west is still a potent phrase to stir the blood of the enterprising and adventurous, and the further west you go the greater seems to be its power. The men who lead the advance of the army of civilization on the frontier skirmish-line do not come from the rear. They are always the scouts and pickets. The people of the six-weeks-old towns do not come from the east. As a rule they are from the one-year-old and two-year-old towns a little farther back. Most of the men I met in the Yellowstone country were from Eastern Dakota, or the Black Hills region, or from Western Minnesota. When asked why they left homes so recently made in a new country, their reply was invariably that they wanted to get farther west.—E. V. Smalley, in the *September Century*.

A CAMEL'S KICK.

The camel's kick is a study. As it stands demurely chewing the cud, and gazing abstractedly at some totally different far-away object, up goes a hind leg, drawn close into the body, with the foot pointing out, a short pause, and out it flies with an action like the piston and connecting-rod of a steam engine, showing a judgment of distance and direction that would lead you to suppose the leg gifted with perception of its own, independent of the animal's proper senses. I have seen a heavy man fired several yards into a dense crowd by the kick of a camel, and picked up insensible.—"My Journey to Medina," by Keane.

THE Supreme Court of California has granted a new trial in the case of a man convicted of murder in the second degree, on the ground that the jury drank so much beer, etc., during the trial as to unfit them for proper and serious deliberation of the evidence. The trial lasted eight days, and it was shown that during that time four five-gallon kegs of beer, five gallons of wine, ten bottles of claret, and considerable whiskey, were purchased by the jury, at their own expense, and consumed by them without the knowledge of the court.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

ACCORDING to current report, the Pope is suffering from want of change of air, and is subject to fits of giddiness and loss of appetite.

"ENGLAND," says Lord Shaftesbury, "is head of all religious movements on the face of the earth, the grand depository of religious truth."

DR. JAS. PETRIE, the son of a clergyman of the Scotch Episcopal Church, is shortly to leave England for Central Africa, as a medical missionary.

OF the new French version of the New Testament, published at three half-pence, 100,000 copies were sold of the first edition, and 50,000 of the second.

THE English Church is about to provide a sanatorium for its China missionaries on Double Island. Some rich friend is asked to furnish the required £500.

THE presidency of the Health Department at the forthcoming Social Science Congress at Nottingham has been accepted by Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B.

THE New Yorkers are glad that they got their obelisk when they did. Its old site at Alexandria was in the direct line of the hottest fire from the British guns.

AN eminent German surgeon has published a paper, in which he attempts to show that Gen. Garfield might have lived but for improper medical and surgical treatment.

CONSUL TANNER, of Liege, Belgium, says the protracted wet weather has ruined the crops in that country. The wheat yield will be but a half crop, and potatoes are very scarce.

A MISUNDERSTANDING has occurred between the French and American authorities in Madagascar, and much tension exists. The French await instructions from their Government.

A FRENCH priest has been convicted at Perpignan of the murder of two sisters over whom he had acquired great influence, and he has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

MR. REID, a gentleman connected with the cultivation of tea in India, has reported to the Acclimatisation Society of New Zealand that tea can be most successfully grown in Auckland.

CHINA has erected a new fortress on the Russian frontier.

IN Switzerland the Compulsory Vaccination Bill and the Bill for the Protection of Inventions have been rejected by the popular vote.

THE tide of Dutch immigrants has turned from the United States, and is setting in for South Africa. A line of steamers will be established between Amsterdam and the port nearest the Transvaal.

BEFORE the dreadful ophthalmia can make havoc with the English troops in Egypt it will have to overcome the resistance of blue spectacles, of which 25,000 pairs have been ordered by the Government at five cents a pair.

THE proprietor of the Tuam "Herald" has been served with a summons, under the Prevention of Crimes Act, for publishing an article inciting to murder. This is the first prosecution under the Press clauses of the Act.

THE United States National Board of Health have asked to be placed in charge of the work of suppressing yellow fever in the south, and the President has referred the matter to Secretary Folger. The President has \$100,000 available for the suppression of the plague.

TWO THOUSAND Indian warriors are in the Mazatlan mountains, near Ures, and are burning the crops and murdering the inhabitants. In twelve days forty-five persons have been killed within a radius of twenty-five miles of Ures. Mexican officers are among the number.

THE United States Minister at St. Petersburg has been advised that Congress has made provision for bringing home the remains of Lieutenant DeLong and his companions, and Lieutenant Harber has received orders to bring the bodies on sledges to Orenburg, where metallic cases will be in waiting.

DR. MUDD, who dressed the leg of Wilkes Booth after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, for which he was sent to the Dry Tortugas for implication in the conspiracy, has presented to the House a petition for compensation for attending soldiers and Government employees stricken by yellow fever.

IN the financial statement of the Colonial Treasurer of New Zealand to the House of Representatives, on the 16th June, he announced the intention of the Government to introduce a measure for establishing in the colony a national compulsory insurance against destitution in sickness and old age.

A NEW use for glass has recently been developed in its substitution for marble tops of tables and dressing cases. A Pittsburgh firm has turned out slabs of glass that are said to be a perfect imitation of the latter material, while they admit of decorations of various designs, both in form and colour.

SOME rioting has occurred in Trieste arising out of the action of the Italian Irredenta party. While an Austrian procession was going through the Corso, a petard was thrown into its midst and exploded, injuring several persons. Thereupon some houses frequented by Italians were attacked and damaged.

THE temperance people are organizing for a campaign in Indiana this fall, and will soon have a host of speakers in the field. Among them will be Luther Benson, who has cancelled his lecture engagements in the other States, and Chaplin Lozier, who has recently aided in securing a prohibition victory in Iowa.

FOR the first time in the history of pork packing the mammoth Chicago Stock Yards and packing provision companies are shut down through scarcity of hogs. Over 2,500 men are out of employment. The cause is attributed to the high price of corn the past few months, farmers selling grain instead of feeding it to their stock.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

It is reported that the congregation of Sutherland's River and Vale Colliery, N.S., intend giving a call to the Rev. Isaac Murray, D.D., of Charlottetown, P.E.I.

THE congregation of Knox Church, Port Dover, in the Presbytery of Hamilton, have given a unanimous call to the Rev. R. Thynne, late of Beverley, to be their pastor.

THE Rev. Charles D. McLaren, from the vicinity of Souris, P.E.I., has been appointed missionary to Siam by the United States Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and is now on the way to his distant field.

IN view of the Rev. Dr. MacLise's departure on a six months' visit to Ireland, his congregation—that of Calvin Church, St. John, N.B.—held a social meeting and presented him with an address and an elegant dressing-case.

ON the 15th inst., the congregations of the Presbyterian Churches at Baltimore and Coldsprings held a united meeting in the church at the latter place, and extended an unanimous call to Mr. C. H. Cook, of Orillia, late of Knox College, and a licentiate of the Church, to be their minister, in the place of Rev. Mr. Beattie.

THE Sabbath school children of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Peterborough, enjoyed a trip over the Grand Junction, to the Grove at Hastings, on the 22nd inst. There was a very large attendance, and the sports and games at the Grove were highly enjoyed. The little steamer "Dora" was chartered there, and the excursionists had the pleasure of a sail on the water as well as a ride on the cars. The whole excursion was of a most pleasant and enjoyable character.

THE Berlin "Telegraph" says: "We have received a postal card from Mr. Tait, dated Edinburgh, Scotland, August 8th, in which he states that he intended sailing for Canada on the 17th inst.; consequently he may be expected in Berlin in the course of a few days. His attached flock, as well as many citizens outside of his congregation, will be glad to hear of his safe return, and hope that his visit to the land of 'the mountain and the flood' has greatly improved his health."

THE corner stone of the new Presbyterian Church at Metis, Que., was laid on the 8th of August, in presence of a goodly number. After singing, and the reading of suitable passages of Scripture, the Rev. Mr. Bottrell (Canada Methodist) led in prayer. The stone was then laid by the pastor, who expressed the hope that the great subject of the preaching in the new church would be Christ, "The Chief Corner-Stone." Those present afterwards withdrew to the old church, which was abundantly adorned for the occasion. There, after the singing of the Old Hundredth, the pastor gave a history of Presbyterianism in Metis. Then followed very excellent addresses by Drs. Bain (Pres.), of Perth, Ont., and Iotts (C. M.); and Profs. Fenwick (Con.), and Murray (Pres.), of Montreal. The proceedings were very becomingly varied by a collection. The Rev. Mr. Edmunds (Pres.), of Port Colborne, Ont., closed with prayer.—COM.

THE social held in Knox Hall, Winnipeg, to welcome the Rev. D. M. Gordon, the newly-inducted pastor, was very largely attended. The hall was brilliantly lit up with the regular chandeliers, supplemented by a number of Chinese lanterns, and the decorations were of the most artistic and elaborate kind. Flags and streamers adorned the rooms in profusion, and at the north end of the hall was a canopied tent of real lace, in which a flower girl dispensed flowers to patrons of the entertainment. In front of the transept containing the fine organ of the church, a large shawl of the Gordon clan tartan was placed, with the word "Welcome" thereon in large golden letters. At both ends of the hall were tables that fairly groaned under the weight of the good things with which they were laden, and which were provided by the ladies of the congregation. The first part of the evening was spent in promenading the hall and purchasing of the good things on the tables or of the varied articles for sale. It also afforded an opportunity for a good sociable time, during which many old acquaintanceships were renewed and new alliances were formed. A number of young men, organized as a corps of waiters, passed round lemonade and cake to those occupying the seats. An organ

recital by Mr. Hecker, organist of the church, added greatly to the pleasure of the opening festivities. The chair having been taken by the Rev. Prof. Hart, the second part of the programme was inaugurated by the Rev. Prof. Bryce engaging in prayer. Addresses were given by the Revs. Dr. Rice (Methodist), James Robertson (late pastor of Knox Church), C. P. Pitblado of St. Andrew's, J. B. Silcox (Congregationalist), and the newly-inducted minister. Mr. Gordon expressed his sense of appreciation of the very hearty and generous reception accorded him, and of the kind words of his brother clergymen; but said that he had hardly got over his severe regret at leaving the congregation with which he had been associated for fifteen years. He observed that he did not come entirely as a stranger to Winnipeg, seeing that he met many familiar faces, and that he had visited the city three years ago, on his return from a visit to British Columbia, Peace River, and the base of the Rocky Mountains. He had not, however, then had an opportunity of seeing the congregation of Knox Church, although he passed through the city; but that was his own fault, as there was an urgent call upon him at the end of his journey. He hardly realized that Winnipeg was the same city that he had then seen, so great had been the changes. In looking to what had been wrought in that time, one could hardly fail to catch something of the spirit of the prevailing activity. He did not suppose that in any city on the continent, in proportion to the population, such a throbbing life was found as here. This suggested that in this country every man might catch something of the spirit of hope. He cordially endorsed what had been said respecting the co-operation of the different branches of the Church, while each maintained its distinctive peculiarities. Proceeding to speak of his relations to the congregation and of the acquaintance which they expected to continue, he asked that they would bear and forbear. He had every confidence that the co-operation of the congregation would be given. His first energies would be given to his congregation; yet there would be other claims, as from other congregations of their own Church—claims pertaining to the general work in the city of a moral, religious, educational, and philanthropic character. The country lying to the west, which was yet to furnish provinces to rival Manitoba and cities to rival Winnipeg, and which would be the home of millions, must rest its prosperity on righteousness.

DR. ORMISTON IN HAMILTON.

SPIRITUAL LIFE THROUGH CHRIST.

A week ago last Sabbath the Rev. Dr. Ormiston preached two impressive sermons in the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, whereof the "Times" gives the following brief summary:

In the morning he took as his text Rom. vi. 11—"Alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." The Doctor went on to say, that as from Christ come pardon and purity, so all classes of sin and death are cancelled in Him, and a new, elevating and glorious life begotten in us. No soul in the congregation need leave the door in sin. It is to the poor, Godless, wretched soul that this glad history of pardon and purity in Christ, and of an eternal home, comes. The lives of men may be divided into four classes—First, the sensuous, which is governed by appetite, passion and animal enjoyment, and, as Paul says, those that walk after the flesh. Secondly, the secular life—they who live only for social intercourse, political influence, or for something in the present scene of things. They are world worldly and earth earthy. Thirdly, the speculating life. Living in realms of ideas and books, and searching into philosophy; no husks so miserable as that. Lastly, that life which is above the sensuous one, above worldly interests, above speculating in theories of religion; we call it the spiritual—all others vanish in the presence of this grand, eternal verity. The preacher maintained that the most learned, the most mighty are in Christ to-day, and that we owe all our colleges and means of education to the Bible, and efforts given to humanity from its teachings and spiritual injunctions. We can enjoy all these classes of life and have communion with God, too; but that while we may be deep students and thinkers, while we may enjoy all the pleasures of this earth, while we may speculate into biblical truths, still the only life that will keep us in true happiness in this world and lead us to eternal bliss is the spiritual one. It is un-

manly to be ungodly, and unwomanly to be without Christ. The Doctor closed his eloquent discourse by showing that this higher life is secured by the death of Christ, by fellowship with Him, and by communion with God.

CONVICTION AND CONVERSION.

In the evening the church was again crowded to hear the reverend gentleman. He chose his text from Mark xii: 34. The manner of God's teaching is as striking as the matter of it. Christ always convinces by concrete examples. Of these many instances could be cited, notably among which was the young man mentioned in the text. This young man propounded the most important question a man can propound. The text can be applied to a great many people of the present day; they are near the kingdom of God, but yet not of it. Circumstances, situations, places and other things may bring a man nearer to God. The living example of a single person has brought many nearer to God. The death of a near relative may bring people nearer to God. The reverend gentleman denounced indifference and levity, in reference to sacred things, in no measured terms. He thought people should not criticize their pastors and sneer at them. Levity is like carrion, which is wretched nutriment for any one. Every one, the preacher thought, had some good qualities in them, and the person that lived by picking faults in others would at length die of hunger. A soul awakened to anxiety is nearer to salvation than one that does not believe in the Gospel. The man that feels there is a supreme good is near the kingdom of heaven. It is a dangerous thing for a man to be near the kingdom of heaven. The man who sees and approves, even although he does not attain the good, is nearer to God than one who openly sins and glories in his shame. The man that feels the necessity of more than mere morality is near to God. Christ draws near to those that draw near to Him, and they are often near Him when most despairing of it. A soul cannot be satisfied with the vain show of this world any more than a gallon can be filled with a pint. The preacher urged his hearers to forget past failures and begin anew to push upward and onward, until at length they would be in the fold of Christ. Those who are hesitating between Christ and the world are in a critical state. They are in the balance, and will probably get to the door on the wrong side and find themselves debarred from an entrance. These are also very near Christ, and over them Jesus wept. Many cases of conversion to Christ are very marked, such as those of Paul, Augustine, Luther and Bunyan, but still some of the noblest members of the Saviour's flock have been converted far from the eye of the world. The reverend gentleman urged those present to be not content with nearness to God, but to press into the kingdom. Everyone is entangled to enter, and delay is dangerous. Present precious opportunities may never return. Many mourn the past, and a haunted heart is one of the most terrible afflictions that a mortal can be troubled with. The Spirit and the bride say come, and whosoever will is invited to enter the kingdom of God. Some people obstruct others from going into the kingdom. They live to be grey-headed, and by their penuriousness, frivolity, heartlessness, meanness and utter disregard of God and His commandments, they obstruct the path of those who are younger than themselves and who look up to them for an example. It is, however, a great pity to judge of Christ by one of these pitiful examples of church-goers. The reverend gentleman, closing urged all to live with consistency in their hearts, morality in their lives, and with Christ in their hearts, and they would be in the kingdom of heaven. The discourse was a masterly one, and held the rapt attention of a very large audience to its close.

OBITUARY.

MRS. D. B. BLAIR.

The following notice of the late Mrs. Blair, wife of the Rev. D. B. Blair, of Barney's River, N.S., appeared in the Halifax "Witness":

The late Mrs. Blair, whose maiden name was Mary Sibella McLean, was the second daughter of Captain Hector Hugh McLean, of the 93rd Regiment, and Ann McLeod. She was truly a daughter of the Church, for on her mother's side she belonged to a family of whom several generations in succession were ministers of the Presbyterian Church, both in Scotland and in America.

Her great-grandfather was the Rev. Archibald McLean, minister of the parish of Kilmnichen and Ross, Mull, about the middle of the last century. He was an eminent minister of the Gospel, and was commonly known among the people by the name of Mr. Archibald.

Her mother's father was the Rev. Neil McLeod, of whom Dr. Samuel Johnson said that "he was the clearest-headed man he had met with in the Western Islands." He married Margaret McLean, daughter of Mr. Archibald, whom he succeeded as minister of the parish of Ross, Mull, and was the father of the Rev. Alexander McLeod, D.D., of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York, whose son was the Rev. John Neil McLeod, Mrs. Blair's cousin.

The Rev. Dr. McLean, president of Princeton College, New Jersey, was her mother's cousin, being a descendant of Mr. Archibald. A cousin of her grandfather, Neil McLeod, was Rev. Norman McLeod, minister of Morven towards the end of last century, whose two sons were ministers in the Church of Scotland—viz., Dr. Norman McLeod, of Campsie, and latterly of St. Columba; and Dr. John McLeod, of Morven, who succeeded his father. Each of these also had sons in the ministry, one of whom was the late Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod, of the Birony Church, Glasgow.

All these eminent servants of the Lord in the Gospel have joined the General Assembly and Church of the firstborn; it may be therefore truly said that she has been gathered to her people.

Captain McLean was the son of Lachlan McLean, of Bun-essan, commonly called Lachlan-Ban (*i.e.* Lachlan the Fair). When the captain retired from the army he lived for some time at Cairns, on the south side of Ross, Mull, his family consisting of three children—viz., Margaret Burnet, Lachlan Allan, and Mary Sibella, the youngest.

Mary Sibella was born at Cairns on the 9th of November, 1821. When she was ten years old her father removed to Campbellton, in Kintyre, in order that his children might have an opportunity of attending the Academy or High School taught by Dr. Brunton in that place, and thus receive the benefit of a good education. Here they continued for some years, attending the High School, and after leaving school Mary went to England to live with a near relative in Yorkshire. When Mrs. McLean became a widow, she returned to Mull with her two daughters, Margaret and Mary, and for a time resided with her widowed sister, Mrs. McLean, of Ardfinag, in Ross, Mull. Here they lived at the time of the Disruption in 1843, and from their well known sympathy with the evangelical party, they cast in their lot with and became zealous advocates of the principles of the Free Church of Scotland.

In the winter of 1844 Mary became acquainted with him who was destined to be her future husband, while he was in the isle of Mull as a Home Missionary between Brolas and Torosay. In 1847 or 1848 Mrs. McLean with her daughters removed to Oban, where the eldest, Margaret, met with George Grierson, teacher of the High School of that place, to whom she was married. After this Mr. Grierson removed to Perthshire, to teach the High School set up at Aberfeldy by the late Marquis of Breadalbane. Mrs. McLean, his mother-in-law, with Mary, her daughter, accompanied him, and lived with him at Aberfeldy during the space of two years.

While they were here, the Rev. D. B. Blair returned from Nova Scotia in November, 1850, and after nine months, on the 26th day of August, 1851, he and Mary Sibella were united in the bonds of marriage by the Rev. Donald Clarke, Free Church minister at Aberfeldy. In the month of September they sailed for Nova Scotia in the good ship *Mic-mac*, and landing at Halifax were warmly received by the late Dr. Forrester and his excellent wife. After a long and wearisome journey over Mount Thom to Pictou, they ultimately arrived at Barney's River, where they took up their permanent residence, and lived together in peace, love, and happiness nearly thirty-one years, until death suddenly severed the connection on the morning of Tuesday, the 6th June, 1882.

On Monday morning, the 29th May, she was in her usual health, but on Wednesday evening, the 31st, she was seized with erysipelas of the most malignant type in her left arm, and when her husband returned home from the Synod on Saturday he found her in bed, very sick. He said to her: "I never saw you so sick; I fear the time of separation is come." She replied:

"It looks like it. I never felt so weak; my strength is all gone."

Dr. Murray was sent for to see her on Monday, and she rejoiced when he came. Being at this time unable to speak, on account of swelling in her tongue, she asked for a slate, and wrote down the question, "Is there any hope of life for me, or do you think it is death?" The doctor told her that there was little or no hope. This intelligence she received with calm resignation, and wrote again, "Will the struggle be long, or will I suffer much?" The doctor said to her he thought it would not be very long. She then wrote down on the slate: "I am glad to see you, doctor, and obliged to you for telling me so plainly your opinion of my case." The doctor then asked her what were her views as to the future, and immediately she wrote down the words, "The future is bright, bright—all bright."

At three in the morning she fell into a heavy sleep, and continued so till a little after eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, when she silently breathed her last without a struggle, and her spirit went to God her Saviour, who redeemed her with His precious blood.

She was beloved by all who knew her.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXVII.

Sept. 10. 1882. CALAMITIES FORETOLD. [Mark xiii. 1-20.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself."—Prov. 22: 3

TIME.—Same day as last four lessons—Tuesday before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—Vers. 1, 2. In the Temple precincts. Vers. 3-10—on the Mount of Olives.

PARALLEL.—Matt. 24: 1-22; Luke 21: 5-24.

Notes and Comments.—Ver. 1. "As He went out of the temple:" for the last time. He never returned. "Stones—buildings:" building was going forward actively at this very period, and doubtless many of the stones would be lying about—earmoss blocks, according to Josephus.

Ver. 2. "Jesus answering:" the disciples had spoken of the present, the Master speaks of the future, and prophesies the complete destruction of this magnificent building. So unlikely did this then appear, that the disciples might well be amazed, and think that it must refer to the end of the world. Literally fulfilled when Titus gave orders—to exactly obeyed—"to raze to the ground the whole city and temple."

Ver. 3. The company pause and sit down before passing over the Mount of Olives; from thence they had full view of the temple. "Peter," etc.: two of these died before the prophecy was fulfilled. "Privately:" apart from the multitude, possibly from the rest of the disciples, yet we think the words of Christ were spoken to the greater company.

Ver. 4. "Tell us, when:" from the account of Matthew, we gather that "these things"—the return of their Master and the end of the world—were linked together as one event in the minds of the disciples.

Vers. 5, 6. "Take heed:" a warning for us as well as for the disciples. "I am," REV. "He:" *i.e.* "the Christ," not simply professing to be His disciples, but to be *Him*—false anti-Christ. One of those who then heard Jesus testified to the fulfilment of His words—1 John 2: 18; 2 John: 7.

Vers. 7, 8. The calamities foretold in these verses had a terrible fulfilment; "rumours of war" came upon them, threats by successive Roman emperors, and tidings of war in different parts of the empire, including the great struggle of the Britons under Boadicea. "Earthquakes:" no less than six severe ones between this time and the destruction of Jerusalem are chronicled. "Famines:" we have that mentioned in Acts 11: 28, and others are recorded by secular historians. "Troubles:" Matthew and Luke, "pestilences:" some of terrible severity occurred at this time. "End not yet:" *i.e.* of the world age, which they had supposed identical; the Saviour is guarding them against this error.

Ver. 9. Luke prefixes, "before all these:" telling the disciples something that should happen to themselves first. *Van Oostersee* says, "There is a remarkable climax in the persecutions here foretold. The slightest was delivering up to the synagogues for scourging; a heavier conflict would await them when "brought before rulers," etc., but the most painful trial would befall them when they should be betrayed by parents, friends and relations"—(see ver. 12)—All this was fulfilled.

Ver. 10. "The Gospel:" a joyful sign, opposed to and outweighing all the sorrowful ones, of the end of the world: a double meaning, the preaching of the Gospel went through the Roman world before the end of the Jewish State, it is to go through the whole world before the end of days. Do we believe it, and act upon it?

Ver. 11. A caution against anxious worry and planning when the things foretold should come upon them, and a promise of special inspiration for such occasions. "Take no thought." REV. "be not anxious beforehand." It omits "do not premeditate."

Vers. 12, 13. A continuation of the prophecies of suffering in ver. 9. Unbelief and hate were to break the closest ties of nature, and terribly did this come to pass. Read Fox, or any of the early Christian historians, for an account of

how they were "hated of all men," and endured the bitterest fires of persecution "unto the end,"—not the end of ver. 7—each must depend on the subject spoken of—here it is the believer's probation—Heb. 3: 14; 16: 23-39

Ver. 14. "When ye shall see:" (REV. omits "spoken of by Daniel the prophet"). Our Lord's hearers would understand this to mean an idolatrous power set up in and polluting the temple.

Vers. 15, 16. "Housetop:" by the flat roofs of Eastern houses a person might pass over a large part of the city, and thus reach the walls, when escape by the street was impossible. "Field—garment:" those who had gone forth to labour in the field, leaving (as they would do), their outer garment, were not to return even for that, needful as it would be to them.

Vers. 17, 18. This foretelling of the special misery of mothers "in those days," would, more than the rest, tell of their terrible character, for mothers were by the Jews accounted blessed and honoured of God. "Not in the winter," the difficulties then would be much greater, the mountain roads being impassable, and camping out at night perilous to all, specially to women and children. Matthew adds, "neither on the Sabbath:" when fearing to break the command they might be tempted to remain.

Ver. 19. For the horrors of "those days," see Josephus; the cruelties of the Romans and sufferings of the Jews were unprecedented.

Ver. 20. "Except—no flesh:" this phrase is restricted here by the context to the Jews—so Jer. 12: 12—"Mine heritage," "elect's sake:" those who were chosen by Him to be delivered from these judgments, for their sakes the days were shortened.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

The destruction of the temple.—The disciples, like their fellow Jews, imagined that the temple would always remain; that as Jerusalem would be the centre to which all nations should come to partake of the blessings of Messiah's reign, so the temple, which was above all things else the embodiment of the Jewish system, should be perpetually and increasingly glorified; but it did so represent the Jewish system, was it pre-eminently to share in the destruction to come upon the city and nation.

False Christs.—As the prophecy concerning these deceivers occurs again in the next lesson, we will dwell upon it there.

Wars and rumours of wars.—These are the natural outcome of the terrible wickedness so rife among the nations, and perhaps no other period of history manifested this so fully. It would be impossible here to name even the many details of the fulfilment of this prophecy. Suffice it that wars and massacres, tumults and rebellions were constant; in a very few years civil war broke out all over the Roman empire. Not long after this there were no less than five emperors of Rome, four of these having been slain, and the disturbances connected with each change were tremendous. This is the world without God, and without the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Social and physical disturbances.—The famine in the reign of Claudius; earthquakes in Campania and Asia Minor, whereby whole cities were destroyed; with pestilence of a frightful character in Judea and in Italy;—it would seem as if nature itself was horribly smitten for the sin of men.

Hatred and persecutions.—No part of the prophecy received a more complete fulfilment than this. Christians were hated of all men for the sake of the Master. Whatever might be the hatred of the heathen to each other, they had a common hatred of Christ's disciples; they were treated as the offscouring of the earth, and atrocities almost beyond belief were inflicted upon "the sect called Christians." Let us be thankful that we live in a time of liberty of conscience; let us prize and hold fast the blessed privilege.

Of the universal preaching of the Gospel.—Thank God for this one bright sign amid so many dark and dreadful. We have a duty to help the fulfilment of this; let us help that the Gospel may be "published among all nations."

The pollution of the holy place.—To a Jew the most dreadful calamity that could happen, the one against which they fought with the desperation of fanaticism, came to pass, and the prophecy in its terrible completeness was fulfilled.

What do these prophecies and their fulfilment say to us? *That sin will bring punishment.*—All these calamities were the result of sin. For generations the God of Israel had borne with the people; they were the wicked husbandmen of the parable; and now that they were about to kill the Son, the only, the beloved Son, the cup of their iniquity would be full, and the sentence of justice must be fulfilled. So now. The Lord is merciful and gracious, but there will come a time when mercy will cease to plead, and only judgment be heard. Teach that "this is the accepted time, this is the day of salvation." Teach also that so sure as these prophecies were fulfilled, the greater fulfilment will, is, taking place; there is to be an end of the world, a "coming" of the Lord Jesus. Let us teach our scholars so to live that when He cometh they may meet Him with joy and not with sorrow. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

TRUTHS AND TEACHINGS.

There may be an outward appearance of prosperity and beauty while the within is loathsome.

Christ tells us all of the future that is needful for our warning.

Great sins bring down great judgments.

Terrible is the end of the ungodly.—Rom. 2: 8, 9.

Persecuted but not forsaken, the portion of Christ's disciples.—2 Cor. 4: 8, 9.

Unbelief transforms our dearest friends into our bitterest enemies.—Matt. 10: 21.

There is a way of escape—only one—from the great judgments of God.—Heb. 2: 3.

If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?—1 Peter 4: 18.

Main Lesson.—To endeavour, by God's help, that our country shall be better because we have lived.—Matt. 5: 16; John 15: 8; 2 Thess. 1: 12; 1 Peter 2: 12.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SELLING THE BABY.

Who wants to buy a baby,
For Bobby has one to trade?
Yes, he would trade little sister
For a nice new waggon, he said.

"Would you sell my baby?"
Mamma said in surprise,
Hugging tighter the darling,
Kissing the fast closed eyes.

"Why not?" asked Bobby, boldly;
"Who wants babies here?
They're not as good as waggons;
No indeedie, not near.

"Harry hasn't a baby,
And he gets along very well;
So I told a man this morning
I'd give him little Belle."

But he paused to look at the baby
As she lay in mamma's lap,
With her blue eyes closed in slumber,
Taking her morning nap.

"She's an awful pretty baby,
Isn't she, mamma?" he said;
And as she moved in her slumber
He patted the golden head.

Around his chubby finger
Closed the dimpled hand so white,
And Bobby smiled with pleasure
As he felt it hold him tight.

"I s'pose we'll kind of miss her
After she's gone," he said;
And again, to quiet her moving,
He stroked the shining head.

"Don't you think that maybe papa
Will buy me, if I am good,
A waggon, so I could keep baby?
I'd like it lots if he would."

Just then the blue eyes opened
With a sweet, bewitching smile,
And little Belle sat upright
In the cutest baby style.

"Mamma, this baby's lovely,"
So Bobby boldly said;
"And it's worth a thousand waggons
For one curl upon her head.

"I'm going to tell the shopman
I guess I will not trade,
For Belle's worth all the waggons
And tops and balls ever made."

"THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME."

Annie was standing in front of the glass, getting ready for Sabbath school. "I heard Mrs. Jones tell mother the other day I was prettier than ever," she said half aloud. "I wonder if she will see me to-day? This hat is so becoming. I only wish my sash was a better colour. Let me see—this curl will have to be done over again—I wonder what the Catechism questions are this afternoon. I'll look over them while mother is getting Willie ready. Oh, yes, the first two commandments. I can't see what Dr. Edgerton will find to say about them. I don't worship false gods or make graven images. I suppose he'll tell us about the poor heathen children in India. Oh, dear, this curl isn't right yet. Well, I'm glad I'm not a heathen—that I know what is right," and with a final look at the glass, Annie took up her pretty parasol and started for Sabbath school.

The minister did talk about the poor little heathen when he explained the answers to

the school. Annie felt more than ever glad that she was not one of them. While she was thinking this, she caught Mrs. Jones, whose class was near the one where she sat, looking at her for a moment.

"I suppose she is saying to herself, 'How pretty Annie looks in her new hat,'" she thought. "How dreadfully plain Sarah Brown is! And how like a fright she dresses!"

Just as she was trying to get a glimpse of herself in the glass doors of the library case, she caught a sentence of Dr. Edgerton's talk about the lesson. He was saying that there were idol-worshippers even among children in Christian lands, those who thought more of their pretty faces and fine clothes than of God. He went on to speak of these things, and of other ways in which children broke these commandments; but Annie heard no more, excepting something about their being more sinful than the poor heathen, because they had been so much better taught.

These were new thoughts to Annie. She was really a sensible little girl about most matters, notwithstanding her foolish vanity. She went very quietly home from Sabbath school, thinking very busily about herself and the heathen children. I am glad to say that though she did not get cured of her fault at once, she did in time—and this day made a beginning.

I wonder if there are any other little girls or boys who worship themselves in this or in any other way?

HOW NELLIE FORGAVE SUSIE.

Little Nellie Palmer was a sweet little girl about five years of age, and every night she loved to kneel down by her mother's side and pray. One of the prayers that she was in the habit of using was "The Lord's Prayer." One night, after being undressed, she knelt down as usual, and began to say, "Our Father which art in heaven;" but when she got as far as "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive"—she stopped short, and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my child?" said her mother.

"O, mamma, I did not pray it all, and I can't pray it. I mustn't pray it," she replied.

"And why not, Nellie?"

"Because, mamma, I haven't forgiven Susie Flanders for spoiling my doll's face this morning."

"But I thought that you had forgiven her, Nellie, when you saved the orange for her to-day at dinner."

"I thought so too, mamma, but you know I have not seen her yet; and when I think of that great ink-spot soaked into the wax, and think how wicked Susie looked, my heart feels wicked too; and I'm afraid if she should look so at me again, that I couldn't give her the orange then, or forgive her either."

"Not if you remember that it is just such as she whom Christ told you to forgive?"

"Oh, dear mamma, I don't know!" said Nellie, still sobbing. "Poor dolly's face will never be clean again, and Susie need not have done it; it would have been easier to bear if it had been an accident."

"Yes, I know, Nellie, and there would be less to forgive; but if you can do it now, it will be easier for you to forgive greater wrongs when you grow older."

"Why, mamma, what could be greater? Dolly's face is spoilt."

"It would be greater, when you are grown up, Nellie, to have somebody put a great black spot on your character by slander. It is done to somebody every day, Nellie, and you may not escape; and if you cannot forgive a wrong to dolly, how will you be able to do better towards one against yourself?"

"But, mamma, how can I make forgiveness when it won't come itself into my heart?"

"You can pray to Christ to send it, can't you?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly; "but I would rather you would ask for me first, please do; won't you, mamma?"

So the mother sought the grace of forgiveness for the little girl, who then prayed for herself, and to her surprise added the Lord's Prayer. And she whispered, as she rose up, "I wasn't afraid to say that then, mamma, for I felt forgiveness coming into my heart when we were praying; and I shan't be afraid to give her the orange to-morrow."

TWO WAYS OF KEEPING THE SABBATH.

There were two farmers. One loved his Bible, revered the Sabbath, loved his Creator, and believed that He was a prayer-answering Father.

The other was an infidel, regarding all days alike. He ploughed, sowed, reaped and laboured on the seventh day the same as on the other six days.

When the harvesting was over, and the grain had all been gathered into barns, the infidel's crop was found to be by far the largest, a hail-storm having visited his friend's farm, destroying the greater part of his grain.

"How now, Neighbour Brown," said the infidel, wishing to turn the joke upon his friend, "you keep the Sabbath, and what have you gained? An empty barn. I worked on each day of the week alike, and see the result;" and he waved his hand toward his large and well-filled barn.

His neighbour quietly replied, "Friend Gray, God does not settle all His accounts in October."

DO IT NOW.

Because, if you don't do it now, it will probably be much harder to do when it must be done. If this is the next duty in order, do not shirk it. It may not be pleasant, but it will not probably get any pleasanter from being put off. It is not a good plan to gratify your personal preferences by letting one duty jostle out another. Procrastination is indeed a theft. It is a great blunder to consider it only a theft of time. It robs you not alone of time and an equivalent which may be reckoned in money, but of moral force, of strong sinewy purpose, and of all the results which come from prompt and decisive action. It makes you a slave instead of a ready, cheerful doer.



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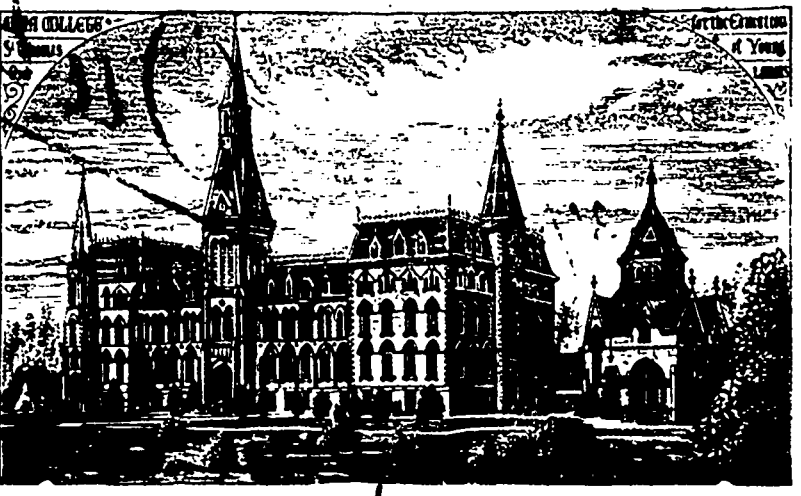
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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Monday, September 18th, 1882, at three o'clock p.m. SAUGER.—In St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest, on the 19th September, at ten o'clock a.m. PATRICKSON.—In First Church, Port Hope, on the third Tuesday of September, at ten o'clock a.m. SARITA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Sarita, on the third Tuesday in September, at two o'clock p.m. HURON.—In Clinton, on the second Tuesday of September, at ten a.m. STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, on the second Tuesday of September. LONDON.—In the First Presbyterian Church, London, on the second Tuesday of September at two p.m. GLENGARRA.—At Alexandria, on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, at eleven o'clock a.m. Session Records are to be produced for examination. CHATHAM.—At Windsor, on Tuesday, 19th September. WHITEBY.—At Oshawa, on Tuesday, 17th October, at half past ten o'clock a.m. MAITLAND.—At Melville Church, Brussels, on Tuesday, 19th September, at half past one p.m. TORONTO.—In the usual place, on the 5th of September, at eleven a.m. QUEREC.—In Scotland, on Wednesday, 6th September, at 10 a.m. OTTAWA.—An adjourned meeting will be held at Aylwin, on Thursday, 31st August, at eleven a.m. The next regular monthly meeting will be held in Knox Church, on Wednesday, Nov. 7th, at ten a.m. PARIS.—In Knox Church, Ingersoll, on Tuesday, September 19th, at noon. BRUCE.—In St. Paul's Church, Walkerton, on Tuesday, September 26th, at two o'clock p.m. GUELPH.—Next ordinary meeting in Chalmers Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of September, at ten o'clock forenoon. Meeting for the ordination and induction of Mr. A. McKay in First Church, Eramosa, on Monday, 18th September, at eleven o'clock forenoon. WINNIPEG.—In St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, on Wednesday, 20th September, at nine o'clock a.m. BARRIE.—Ordinary meeting at Barrie, last Tuesday of September, at eleven a.m.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, and DEATHS. NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, 25 CENTS.

BIRTH. At the manse, Kincardine, Ont., on the 10th of August, the wife of Rev. J. L. Murray, of a daughter. MARRIED. On Thursday, 10th August, at the residence of the bride's father, The Cedars, Fonthill, by the Rev. J. Hancock, Robert F. Blair, of Parry Sound, to Mary A. Atkins, seventh daughter of John Atkins, Esq., of Fonthill. DIED. At 39 Wellesley street, on the 22nd inst., Elizabeth B. Blair, fourth daughter of the late Thomson Bonar, Esq., of the "Grange," Edinburgh, and widow of the late R. Dr. Burns, of this city.

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