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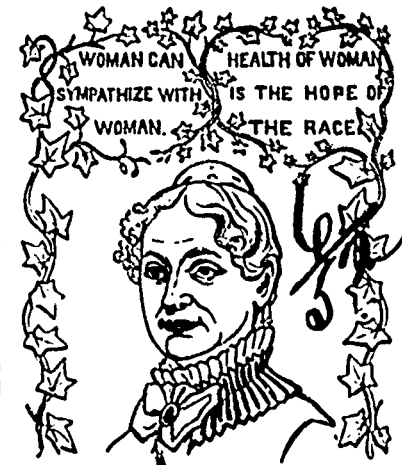


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REMEDIES FOR BURNS.—Peppermint and sweet oil are standard remedies for burns. In doing up a burn the main point is to keep the air from it. Flour sprinkled over a dry cloth and bound on will keep out the air until other remedies can be procured if not at hand.

HOW TO MAKE MEAT TENDER.—Cut the steaks the day before into two slices about two inches thick; rub them over with a small quantity of carbonate of soda; wash off next morning clean; cut into suitable thickness and cook as you choose. The same process will answer fowl, legs of mutton, etc.

MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—Take a piece of butter the size of an egg, melt it and add to it a pint of nice molasses; stir in a quart of flour and add a teaspoonful of ginger. Dissolve an even tablespoonful of soda in a cupful of milk, strain, and add this to your mixture, then flour enough to roll out. Roll half an inch thick and bake in sheets. It is improved by standing an hour before baking.

A SWEET OMELET.—Beat up six eggs very light; add a spoonful of flour, a little fine sugar and nutmeg. Put this into an omelet pan; stir until it sets; then loosen the edge with a knife; have ready any kind of preserve; spread it over the omelet with a spoon as quickly as possible, roll it over, slip the omelet from the pan on to a long dish, and sift a little white sugar over it while hot.

TO MAKE COCOANUT AND RICE PUDDING.—Boil one teacupful of rice in milk until soft and dry. Whilst it is still hot stir into it a quarter of a pound of butter. Then add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs, a pound of sugar, a grated cocoonut, and rosewater or lemon peel to taste. Stir in the stiffly-beaten whites of four eggs, and bake. When cool spread over the top the whites of two eggs, beaten to a stiff froth with some sugar and the juice of a lemon. Colour it a little in the oven, or with a salamander.

HOW TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.—Grease spots can be removed from silk by sprinkling French chalk on the spot and laying the garment away on a shelf in a dark closet. If the stain is obstinate this may have to be repeated. In ordinary cases this will be sufficient, but where the grease is not fresh and has spread it may be taken out by placing blotting paper over it and applying a hot iron to it. Do not let the iron stand on it long, and it must not be very hot, as there is danger of the colour of the silk being changed.

INDIAN CORN GEMS.—Two cups of corn-meal; one pint of sweet milk; two eggs; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; one tablespoonful of sugar; one tablespoonful of butter. Beat up the eggs thoroughly, then add the milk, sugar, and butter, stirring all together. Now mix the baking powder with the meal, and sift these into the mixture last. Bake in hot gem pans (the cast-iron forms are best) in a well heated oven for thirty minutes. Try them with a broom whisk to see when they are done.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 10.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1882.

No. 52.

THE PRESBYTERIAN FOR 1883.

IN answer to numerous inquiries, we have to say that the clubbing arrangement for some time in force is not to be continued. We are sorry to have to state that it answered no good purpose. The circulation was not extended, although the price of the paper was reduced ONE FOURTH to clubs of twenty; while the net result was a heavy falling off in the receipts from subscriptions.

The clubbing plan was adopted in deference to a widely expressed wish that THE PRESBYTERIAN should be placed within the reach of our people at \$1.50, in the expectation that the circulation would thus be largely increased. A fair trial of three years has demonstrated that our constituency is satisfied—in common with the Methodist, Anglican, and other denominations—to pay \$2.00 for a Church paper.

The price of THE PRESBYTERIAN for 1883 will therefore be \$2, with balance of year free to new subscribers. May we ask all our friends to renew promptly? And, when renewing, will not everyone try and send along the name of at least ONE NEW subscriber? A word to a friend would in nine cases out of ten result in another name for our subscription list; and in view of the benefits which a largely increased circulation would confer on our Church and people, surely the word will be spoken!

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE working people throughout continental Europe are beginning to plead for deliverance from the secular Sunday, and that too when such persistent efforts are made in this country to persuade the same class of people that the American Sabbath is an infringement upon their liberties. A recent dispatch from Vienna says: "A meeting of 3,000 workmen was held at which a resolution was passed protesting against Sunday work. A resolution was also passed in favour of legal prohibition of newspaper and other work on Sunday."

MANITOBA has not succeeded so far in governing well the disputed territory. Mr. Collins, a Presbyterian clergyman who resides in Rat Portage, told a Winnipeg reporter that there are twenty places in Rat Portage where liquor is sold without license, and that the vile stuff is sold for \$3 to \$4 a bottle. "There is scarcely a vice that could be named that does not prevail. Indeed affairs are in a shockingly bad state—in a condition that no Government having the well-being of its people at heart should allow for a single day." He added that workmen had been sent from Ontario to erect a gaol and prison at Rat Portage, and the people were inclined to shout for the Government that would pay best.

THE progress of total abstinence in quarters where not long ago it would have been likely to find no standing ground, is one of the signs of the times. Half a century ago, who could have conceived of a Cabinet Minister being a teetotaler? Now, as we observe from the public prints, quite a number of members of the English Cabinet are total abstainers, some having joined the ranks very recently. Among the rest, Earl Granville, Mr. Childers, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and Sir Charles Dilke take nothing stronger than water. With Sir Garnet Wolseley, and such statesmen as we have mentioned on their side, certainly the abstainers are fully entitled to say that the hardest work and the severest mental strain can be borne without the resort to stimulants. How absurd it would all have seemed to our grandfathers! Yet some people would have us believe that "the former days were better than these."

It takes all kinds of people to make a world. Recent developments make the saying no less applicable to the church. A large class in all the churches have still a high regard for decency and order, but this is

the age of "smart" men, some of whom at least have this characteristic of earlier days that they use great plainness of speech, as the following saying of the "Mountain Evangelist" will show: "Now that's the fun of the thing. God has got ten times more work out of me than he would have done. I've saved 28,000 souls when I thought fifty would have been too good to be true. But I want to get as many as Moody. He had a better start than I did, for he was uneducated and didn't have any Hebrew and Greek to get rid of. But I won't be satisfied with less than Moody Vanderbilt wants to die worth \$500,000,000, and so I want to die a millionaire. I want a million stars in my crown of glory."

THE Springfield "Union," of Massachusetts, does not believe in Sunday papers; but thinks that the people who demand them are mainly responsible. "It may be pleasant," it says, "for a certain part of the community to spend its Sunday over its Sunday paper, but it must be borne in mind that every additional secularization of Sunday tends to defeat the physical and moral purposes for which the weekly rest day was instituted. The laws of nature and of God may sometimes be evaded for a time, but sooner or later they have to be met, and those who transgress them, whether communities or individuals, must pay the penalty." The "Union" is right. There is not the slightest necessity for Sunday newspapers. Their publication compels vast numbers to work on what the Creator designed should be a day of rest. People can surely do without their newspaper for one day of the week. We hope that no Canadian paper will ever publish a Sunday edition. Sunday papers on the other side form one of the greatest barriers to Sabbath observance.

GRACE Episcopal congregation in Toronto was formed with the express intention that it should be pre-eminently evangelical. It has done great and good work during the few years of its organization. Of late, however, unseemly strife has greatly disturbed the pleasant state of things formerly existing. The rector, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, has been accused of indulging in ritualistic practices, and the minister retorts on one of the most self-denying and energetic Christian workers in the congregation, Mr. W. H. Howland, that he is infected with Plymouthism. A meeting was held last week under the presidency of the Bishop of Toronto, with a view to restore harmony. It does not appear that as yet a *modus vivendi* has been reached. One would have thought that under the mild and wise sway of a bishop whose apostolic descent is undoubted—*i.e.*, undoubtedly asserted—conflicting opinions could have been adjusted and harmony restored. Even in the Episcopal fold apostolic simplicity and brotherly love are not assured. Grace Church has made good its claim to a place in the ranks of the church militant. It is sincerely regretted to note these unseemly contentions. They do incalculable damage to the progress of Christian work in the congregations in which they occur, and the impression abroad is far from favourable, for after all the maxim of the early church is not a myth, "Behold how these Christians love one another."

THE committee appointed by the Presbytery of New York to adopt measures in regard to the Sunday clauses of the new Penal Code, resolved on a declaration "disclaiming all wish to impose upon others such observance by law as is repugnant to the spirit alike of Christianity and of our free institutions and claiming for ourselves and all Christian citizens protection on that day from the disturbances incident to the other days of the week, and that measure of public peace and order which a decent respect for the day demands." It is further declared "that the weekly rest day has existed as a cherished institution of our people from the beginning of their history, and has been rightfully recognized and protected by laws designed to secure to all, as far as possible equal rights in the observance of the day, and in the judgment of the Presbytery, it becomes all good citizens quietly and cheerfully to submit to such legal restrictions as

are requisite to secure these rights to the greatest number; that, while workmen, in some countries of Europe, are demanding the intervention of the state against enforced labour on seven days, and while in our own land the demands of capital and the greed of gain are pressing more and more hardly upon the labouring classes, it especially behoves the American workman to uphold with jealous care the laws and customs which secure to him his Sunday rest; and finally that we claim, at the hands of our civil authorities, a candid and just interpretation, and a wise and equitable enforcement of the Sunday laws; and we pledge them, in the faithful discharge of these reasonable duties, our hearty encouragement and steady support."

ANTICIPATED changes in the "Globe" management have just been effected. Mr. J. Gordon Brown, whose journalistic career has extended over forty years, has retired from the managing directorate and editorship of the leading Reform newspaper. With the lamented death of the Hon. George Brown the distinctive individuality of the "Globe" passed away. Since then it has given evidence of energy and enterprise in furnishing a daily budget of news, but its previous high tone in other respects has not been so clearly discernible. It has not been to many readers the guide, philosopher and friend it used to be, but it has to be remembered that the condition of affairs in Canada is changing. A sturdy and enterprising provincial press is assuming greater proportions, and wields a greater influence. A metropolitan journal whatever its resources cannot now maintain an exclusive ascendancy. It is understood that under other management the "Globe" will continue to be the exponent of the principles of the great Liberal party of the Dominion. Hitherto for the most part it has been ranked on the side of moral and religious truth. It is a matter of deep interest to know whether in the future it will continue to maintain the attitude of its best days. To detail or comment on current rumours relating to its future editorial management would be premature, but if it is to regain lost ground and retain the position for the guidance and expression of public opinion to which it is entitled, the chair of the editor-in-chief must be filled by some one of earnest political and moral convictions, literary culture and breadth of mind, and with force of character sufficient to secure the confidence and respect of its wide constituency.

SPEAKING at Dumfries lately, Dr. Begg said he wished he could whisper into the ears of the wives of those men who had broken their vows (in introducing organs and such like innovations) the consequences that would be brought upon them: for, as in the action against the Rev. Mr. Green in England, he believed an action against innovating clergymen in Scotland would lead to their expulsion from office. The organist was now taking the place of ministers too lazy to prepare sufficient sermons, and he looked forward to the time when "the nest of duplicity" would be cleaned out. While Dr. Begg is talking against changes in Presbyterian forms of worship, Dr. Story, of Roseneath, who stands at the opposite pole of the theological compass, is expressing very different "Thoughts about Church Reform" to the rising clergy of the Establishment. In an address to the Edinburgh University Theological Society on the above subject, he sketched the improvements in worship which, in his opinion, were most desirable. These were "to hear better music rendered more fully and heartily by the whole congregation; to have the 'Amen' repeated audibly at the end of the prayers, and the Lord's Prayer and Creed repeated aloud after the minister; to see a proper service authorized for baptism, the Lord's supper, marriage and burial, and the churches, in town at least, open for daily services." Touching also on the question of Creed Reform, Dr. Story expressed his regret that the Church had departed from her original confession of twenty-five articles to adopt the complex dogmas of a dogmatic Assembly. They ought to labour for the simplification of those terms in which acceptance of the Westminster Confession was expressed.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

EVANGELISTIC WORK IN ITALY.

THE WALDENSIANS AS HOME MISSIONARIES.

Separating the department of the "Hautes Alpes" in France, from Piedmont in Italy, stands a lofty chain of mountains, the Cottian Alps. On the Italian side of this range of hills, which rise to a height of eleven or twelve thousand feet, is a small district of country which forms a truncated or irregular triangle, having for its base this high Alpine ridge, from Monte Viso on the south to Mont Genevre on the north, while its sides converge eastward towards the town of Pinerolo. This small territory, which measures only about twenty-two miles from north to south, and eighteen miles from west to east, is inhabited by a population whose ancestors have had a singularly interesting history. Upon this history, however, I cannot, in a letter like this, enter at any length; nor is it, I trust, necessary, as most of the readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN must be more or less familiar with the past history of the Vaudois, or Waldensians. My chief object on the present occasion is to call attention to the work which is being done by the inhabitants of these valleys for the evangelization of their fellow-countrymen. A few words, however, by way of introduction, regarding the

HOME OF THE VAUDOIS

may not be inopportune. Supposing a visitor coming from Turin to have reached Pinerolo, which may be designated the apex of the supposed triangle, he will see before him four lines of hills diverging from his standpoint, ridges which gradually rise in height until they join the lofty chain from which they were originally thrown off. Between these lines of hills lie valleys through which flow rapid streams, the products of previous winters' snow, all hurrying on to join the River Po as it enters upon the plain after emerging from the rocky defiles at the base of Monte Viso. The three principal valleys thus formed are those of St. Martin on the north, Angrogna in the centre, and Luserne on the south, while from these radiate several subsidiary vales. In these retired valleys, and on the sides of mountain crags dwell the remnant of a people whose story is one of all but superhuman prowess, and one calculated to fire the coldest breast and awaken the liveliest sympathy. The

EARLY HISTORY

of the Vaudois is shrouded in mystery. By their own old historians, such as Léger, Muston, etc., they are traced back to the days of the Apostles, and are said to be descended from those Italian refugees, who, after St. Paul had preached the Gospel in Rome, abandoned their country and found refuge in the recesses of these hills. Modern German criticism, so relentless in its character, while admitting that the Vaudois, long prior to the Reformation, held certain principles in consonance with those afterwards avowed by the reformers, claim that they were not Protestants before the Reformation. Dieckhoff and Herzog, for example, think they took their name from Peter Valdo of Lyons, a merchant of the twelfth century (1150-84) who was the leader of a severe struggle against the corruptions of the clergy of that time. I see that Professor Comba, their own countryman and a distinguished theologian of Florence, has recently adopted similar views. It is but fair to state, however, that there are many who still regard the question as to the origin of the Vaudois as not entirely solved, and who hold, with Dr. Gilly, that "from very remote periods there has been a Christianity in this region different from that of Rome in the dark and mediæval and modern ages, and that this has been handed down to the present era by a succession of martyrs and confessors and other faithful men." However this may be, it is historically certain that from the thirteenth century the Waldensians who had settled in these Piedmontese valleys came to be feared and persecuted as heretics. From that time down to 1848 their history has been little less than one of exile, imprisonment, slaughter and persecution of every description. In that year Charles Albert, their king, granted them a

FREE CONSTITUTION,

emancipating them from all disabilities, and securing to them the unrestricted exercise of their worship throughout Italy. The reaction of 1849, which swept away so many constitutions, happily left intact that of the Waldensians. The ten years which followed gave

them time to realize their position, to acquire the courage and practical skill which their circumstances needed. They occupied this time in preparing evangelists, and in erecting churches in Turin, Genoa, Pinerolo, etc., in opening stations in other towns, and in many ways perfecting the machinery needed by the more extensive work on which they were soon to enter. The expulsion of Austria from Lombardy, the addition of Naples and Sicily to the dominion of Victor Emmanuel by the brilliant campaign of Garibaldi, and finally the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome in 1870, put them in the possession of the whole of the kingdom, from the Alps to the Etna, as a field of labour. From that day, as has been said, began to be fulfilled the prophecy contained in Milton's sublime ode, written to aid them on a previous occasion:

"Avenge, Oh Lord, thy slaughtered saints—
Their martyred blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields,
That from these may grow
A hundredfold——"

At its meeting in 1860, the Waldensian Synod resolved to establish a theological college in Florence, and, by the liberality of some Christian friends, they were able to open the winter course of study in the Salviati Palace, the former residence of an archbishop, and henceforward this has become the headquarters of all their missionary operations. Up to 1854, the Waldensian pastors had been educated either in Switzerland or in some foreign university. After the constitution of 1848 was granted, they resolved to establish a theological school of their own. To enable them to do so, Dr. Revel visited the United States of America, and there raised funds to endow two chairs. On his return, he and Prof. Geymonat were selected by the Church as the first professors. The school was opened in the Valley of Luserne at La Tour, called Torre Pellice in the Valleys, and was attended by two students, who had increased to nine on the removal, in 1860, to Florence, and from that time to the present the number has ranged from fifteen to twenty-nine, the number of professors being three. At the meeting of the

SYNOD OF 1882,

in the first week of September, at La Tour, a statistical table was presented, the following particulars from which will give an idea of the extent of the mission work of the Church in the Italian Peninsula. The number of regularly constituted churches, 41; stations or churches in course of formation, 36; places where occasional services are held, 152; ordained ministers, 38; evangelists, 18; teachers, 51; colporteurs, 13; communicants, 3,421; candidates for admission, 503; admitted during the past year, 492; pupils in day schools, 1,860; pupils in night schools, 392; pupils in Sunday schools, 1,973. These figures, when compared with those of previous reports, show that in her Roman Catholic mission field, the Waldensian Church, with her staff of 120 labourers, is making slow but steady progress. An addition of 196 to the roll of communicants as the result of a year's work, may appear at first sight to be disappointing, but it must be remembered that mere figures give but a very inadequate idea of mission labour. An important evidence of the growing stability in the Waldensian mission work is the progress made in the amount

CONTRIBUTED BY CONVERTS

last year, namely, 56,516 lire, equivalent to £2,216 sterling, being the largest sum ever reported. The total amount collected and expended during the year, exclusive of the contributions of the Italian Churches themselves, was 225,569 lire, or £8,845 sterling. The most remarkable event of the Synod of 1882 was the voluntary offer of himself, made by the Rev. G. Weitzker, the Waldensian pastor of Nice, as a

MISSIONARY TO AFRICA

for the period of ten years. He will be supported by the Paris Committee, but he stipulates to retain his standing as a pastor of the Waldensian Church, and to be received back into her service, should he be spared to return to Italy. He takes the place of the venerable M. Collard, who has long laboured at Leribè (Basutoland), but now goes to plant a new mission station on the Zambezi. One of the candidates for ordination, Signor Jalla, also offered himself as a missionary to Africa, and has gone to the Mission House in Paris to prepare himself for the Zambezi Mission. During the last year, the ancient Church of

the Valleys has sent out a second pastor, M. Bounons, to aid M. Hugon, in the Waldensian colony of Rosario Oriental in South America, another sign of the awakening of the missionary spirit amongst the Valleysmen, as well as an evidence of deeper spiritual life.

The missionary work in Italy, I may add in conclusion, is conducted by a committee, composed of five members named by the Synod, and called the "Commission of Evangelization," the president of which is the Rev. Matteo Prochet, of Genoa, who visited Canada a few years ago, and made a most favourable impression on those who heard him preach in very good English.

I must leave for subsequent letters an account of the work being done in Italy by the "Free Italian Church" with which Gavazzi is identified, and that by the Waldensians in their own valleys? I may then take the opportunity of making the readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN better acquainted with some of the more interesting features of that work, and of the Valleys themselves. T. H.

Dresden, Saxony, November 28th, 1882.

THE NEW YEAR.—A SERMON TO THE YOUNG.

BY REV. P. M'F. MACLEOD.

Though it was the happy Christmas time, the boy I am going to tell you about was not happy. Willie had a pleasant home and kind friends, and he got the very present he had long been wishing for on Christmas morning. Still he was not contented, and on the last day of the year he quarrelled with his brothers and sisters, and made himself so disagreeable that he had to be sent to his room. Of course that did not make him better. He threw himself down on his bed, and wished he had not such a mean father, and thought how he would give it yet to his brothers and sisters for telling on him. He thought of running away, and went to his drawer and looked out a shirt and some stockings and collars, and tied them up in a towel, thinking while he was making these preparations how sorry his friends would be when they found he was gone, never to come back any more. When he had got everything ready, however, he began to consider that it would not be much fun running away in such cold weather, so he gave up that idea. By this time he was getting hungry, and savoury smells were coming from down stairs, so that he felt a great deal humbler than before, and began to think that perhaps his father was not so cruel after all, and he had no one to blame but himself for his unhappiness. He remembered, now, how quarrelsome and discontented he had been, and he said to himself, "Well, it seems as if I was born bad, for I am always in some scrape or other. I wish I could be good. I've tried hard enough, but it looks as if I got worse, instead of better. I am sure it is no use wishing me a happy New Year unless I can be a different boy than I have been in the past. Our minister is going to preach to children on Sunday. I wonder if he can help me. I will go and hear, at any rate.

On the same day, a girl thirteen years of age was lying in her bed in a comfortable room, a bright fire was burning in the grate, and everything about her showed a mother's tender care. Christmas had been a bright day for her, for she had received many handsome presents, but yet on this last day of the year she was very unhappy. Instead of being out at the skating rink she was compelled to be in bed. She had lots of invitations to parties, and many companions, but there she was confined to her bedroom, and troubled night and day with a terrible cough, getting little sleep, and having no appetite for the good things with which her mother tried to tempt her appetite. "O, mother," she cried (after a hard fit of coughing), "what is the use of having holidays, when one is kept in bed all the time. If this crazy old cough would only go away—but this is always the way with me. Just when I am enjoying myself most, the cough comes back, and I can't have any fun at all." Just when she had said this one of her friends came in and said, "O, Maggie, do you know, our minister is going to preach a sermon to children on Sunday." "Of course," said Maggie, "I know that as well as you, but it is too bad that I cannot get out to hear it." "Never mind," said her friend, "I will tell you about it, and I will listen with all my might. I hope it won't be hard to remember."

At the kitchen fire in a poor cottage a pretty little boy was sitting with his hands on his chin, warming

himself and thinking. This boy's father was a drunkard, who left all the burden of caring for the family to the mother, and who kept them all in poverty through his drunkenness. They had all to suffer, and to suffer in silence, for the father was a tyrant in his home, cruelly treating his wife and family. The little boy was used to poor food, and poor clothing, and poor fires, but just now as he was sitting thinking big tears began to drop, one after another, on the hearth, till at last his mother, hearing a stifled sob, looked round and said, "What ails you, Johnny?" "O, mother," he said, "what's the use of holidays, and what's the fun of Christmas time? I want to skate, but I have no money to buy skates. I want to go to the panorama that is to be in our Sunday school, but they say it will cost five cents, and, besides, I have not decent clothes to go with, and I don't like to have the boys laughing at me. I want some toys to play with, and the stores are crowded with them, but there is no one to give me presents. They talk about Santa Claus, but I am sure he is a cheat, for he never comes our way. The boys who get their stockings filled on Christmas are those that have good fathers who love them. I heard the boys singing 'Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer,' but, mother, you know it only brings sorrow to us, for father is worse at Christmas and New Year than at any other time." When Johnny had got so far with his complaints he looked up at his mother, and he saw she was crying, so he stopped at once, for he could not bear to see his mother cry, and jumping up, he threw his arms round her neck and kissed her. Just at that moment the father came staggering in, gave Johnnie a blow with his clenched fist that knocked the little fellow down, and threatened his wife with the same treatment if she did not give him at once all the money she had. When he had got her last cent he went away for more drink, and the poor wife picked up her boy and sat down with him in utter despair. She could not help murmuring the words of David, "Has God forgotten to be gracious, is His mercy clean gone forever more?" "Mother," whispered Johnnie, "there is to be a sermon to children on Sunday, you might take me to hear it. I am sure we will find God has not forgotten us."

Now the Sunday, the first Sunday of the New Year, has come, and the people are hurrying to the church where this sermon to children is to be preached. One lady who was on her way noticed a poor little girl crouching on a doorstep, half starved with the cold, and looking as if it was long since she had enjoyed a good meal. The lady asked her how she came to be there on such a cold morning. The little girl answered, "My mother's gone away and left me, and I have nowhere to go." "What," said the lady, "have you no home, and no friends?" The little girl said, "No." "Well," said the lady, "come with me, and I will take care of you." So the lady took the little girl with her to the church, put her in her own seat, and told her to listen and she would hear about the friend of little children.

Well, the people were all in their places, and among the children there was Willie, who thought he could never be good, there was Maggie's friend, who was to tell her all the sermon, there was little Johnnie, with his serious face, and the poor little girl who had no home and no friends.

Now, after the children had sung some hymns, and the minister had read and prayed, the sermon began, and we know some, at least, who were very eager to hear. The minister did not give out a text, but just began speaking sweetly to the children, and this was what he said:

"Dear children, I know you are all thinking about the New Year, and wondering if it will be different from the old one. I want to tell you that there is One here to-day Who says to us, 'Behold, I make all things new.' If you are the same as you were last year, if you have the same bad habits, the same bad temper, if you use the same bad words, and tell lies just as before, then this will be no New Year to you." (What a start Willie gave when he heard that, and he said to himself, "Father's been telling the minister about me," and he blushed right up to the eyes, but listened all the more eagerly as the minister went on). "If you are to have a New Year, you must have a new heart. As long as you have that bad heart you will be feeling wrong, and going wrong. So listen to-day to Jesus, who says, 'A new heart also will I give you, and a right spirit will I put within you, and will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and give an

heart of flesh.'" (Willie put down his head for a moment, and said, "O Jesus, do that for me, do that for me.") But the minister went on, "Perhaps while we are here to-day there are some children so sick they cannot leave their beds, and they know that if they are to have their old cough, their old weakness, their old pain, there will be no new year for them (here Maggie's friend pricked up her ears and wondered if the minister knew about Maggie). Now, children, the doctor cannot promise you a year without sickness, and the doctor cannot take away every weakness. With God's blessing he may help you to get well, but if any disease has got hold of you he is very powerless. Jesus alone has power to make all things new. He can give you health and strength now if that is his will, but by and by He will change this body of weakness and fashion it like His own glorious body, according to the power whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself. The day is coming when you will be done with sickness—when there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things have passed away. If you will trust yourself to Jesus he can raise you up from any sickness, and make all things new. ("O Jesus," whispered Maggie's friend, "make all things new to Maggie and me") Then the minister went on again. But there are perhaps some children here who have a very unhappy home, whose fathers are drunkards and who feel unless there is a great change comes over their fathers there can be no New Year for them. No; there will be the same struggle to get bread, the same dreads of the father's footsteps, the same rioting and cruelty. Oh, you should have seen little Johnny's face when the minister said this; he had been listening all along, but now he could hardly keep his seat. He gave his mother a push with his elbow, and turned to the minister a face that was old with anxiety, and it bore yet the marks of his father's cruel blow. "These fathers," the minister went on, "want new hearts—not temperance pledges. They have all signed pledges, but never kept them. These fathers want new bodies, for they have ruined their health by their drunkenness; but oh! the sorrowing mothers and the abused children, want new homes. Listen. Jesus says, 'Behold I make all things new.' If a man gets a new heart and a new body we know he will soon have a new home for his wife and children, but if there should never be a new home here, Christ's word will not be broken, and to many a heart-broken mother and neglected child he is saying to-day, 'Let not your heart be troubled—in my Father's house are many many mansions.' (Little Johnny could not wait a moment, but putting his head down on the book board, he whispered, "O, Jesus, do it for father; do it now; give him a new heart and a new body, and mother and me a new home.") But once more the minister went on: "There may be some little child here who is alone in the world, who has neither father, nor mother, nor earthly friend; and if so, while that little child needs a new heart and a new body and a new home, she needs also a new friend—a true friend (the little girl the lady brought in with her quite trembled when she heard this, and wondered if the lady was the friend she needed); but the minister said "Jesus is the friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and when He says, 'Behold I make all things new,' He means that we should put our hands in His and trust Him to make good His word. O think of having a friend who can make all things new. Here the little girl boy; he had found out the secret of a happy prayer in a whisper, "O, Jesus, I have no friends—will you be my friend now and evermore?" And now the sermon is over, and the best of it all is that the prayers the children offered were heard and answered. Jesus never refused to hear a child that cried to him yet. Willie went home a new life, and his father had never any more trouble with him. Maggie heard all about the sermon from her friend and she cast herself upon Jesus for a new heart and a new body, and she is better now, but needs to take great care. However she is not anxious about her health as she used to be because she knows that by and by she will have a body that cannot know pain or sickness and a happy eternity in God's presence, where there is fulness of joy.

Ah, you want to know about little Johnny. Well, he and his mother went home greatly comforted, but what was their surprise to find the father lying groaning on his bed in great pain. He had met with a terrible accident that had quite sobered him and would

keep him in bed for many a day. Johnny nursed his father all the time of his illness and told him all the sermon when he was able to hear it, and the poor man wept like a child, and would not be comforted, so sorry was he for his sin; but Johnny read to him about the Saviour who is able to save to the very uttermost, and Johnny's father got a new heart and a new body, and very soon they moved into a new house, and a happier home is not to be found in all the city. The other little girl grew up under the care of that kind lady and determined to give her life to finding out the friendless and telling them of Jesus and His love.

Now, children, will you come to Jesus, who can make all things new and give you a bright New Year.

CONCERNING BAPTISM.—XI.

BY REV. W. A. M'KAY, B.A., WOODSTOCK, AUTHOR OF "IMMERSION A ROMISH INVENTION."

From the Christian Standard.

MR. EDITOR,—The editor of the "Standard" blunders seriously, in company with many other advocates of immersion, when he insists (issue April 8) that sprinkling or pouring is too feeble to represent a thorough change of the soul, and that only the immersion of the whole body can do so. For let us look again at circumcision. The change from "uncircumcision of the heart and ears" (Acts vii. 51) to the "circumcision of the heart" (Rom. ii. 28, 29), "the circumcision made without hands" (Col. ii. 11) was just as thorough—just as complete and pervading—just as overpowering, as that effected in the soul when we are baptized into one body by one Spirit. I suppose if the editor of the "Standard" had been in Abraham's place, and had received the command to circumcise Isaac (Gen. xxi. 4)—knowing the spiritual import of the rite as taught by prophets and apostles in the passages already quoted, he would have proceeded in consequence to *slay the child alive*. He would have gravely and severely replied to any objector, who should have hinted that cutting off a "little flesh" was all that was required, that the word "circumcise" means to "cut around," and the rite symbolized the complete pervading change of the whole spiritual nature, and therefore the cutting off of a little flesh was "too feeble" to represent this complete change, the "whole body" must be cut all around, and all the skin taken off!! This would be just as legitimate reasoning as when he tells us that sprinkling and pouring are "too feeble" to symbolize a thorough change of heart.

But God appointed the "cutting off" of a little flesh as a symbol or sign of the internal "cutting off" of the whole natural man—"the putting off of the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ" (Col. ii. 11). A little was sufficient because approved by the Lord. So after all bloody rites ceased with the sacrifice of Christ, the Lord appoints the "sprinkling of clean water" as a sign or symbol of the thorough change effected in man when he is baptized by the Holy Ghost (1 Cor. xii. 13).

The editor of the "Standard" imagines that because the change symbolized in baptism is so great, therefore "much" and not a "little" water should be used. But if he will examine his Bible he will find that God has constructed all symbols of His Church on a different principle. The divine rule of symbols may be thus stated: *Whenever a great spiritual truth is symbolized by a material thing, only a small quantity of the material is used, in order that the spiritual truth may be held vividly before the mind and heart.* We have already seen the application of this principle in the symbolic rite of circumcision. Look at the same principle observed in the Lord's Supper. In that ordinance there is a great spiritual truth presented to us, viz.: Christ in all the fullness and freeness of His atonement. And yet this truth, inconceivably great, is exhibited by a little bread and sip of wine. On the editor's principle of a little being "too feeble" to express what is very great, we should take much of the bread and wine. This was the error of the Corinthians (1 Cor. xi. 22-34). They ate much bread and drank much wine at the Supper. But Paul corrected them, just as we have to correct our brethren of the "much water" persuasion to-day. If we ate and drank much in the supper our minds would be turned to the outward material signs rather than to the great spiritual truth signified.

It is just so in the other sacrament—that of baptism. The precious truth symbolized is the changed condi-

tion of the soul through the Holy Ghost. The divinely appointed symbol of this truth is water. To use much water in any mode, is to turn the thoughts from the truth signified. If a man stands while bucketful after bucketful of water is poured upon him, he is likely to have his thoughts fixed only on the drenching to which he submits. If he is taken out, as I have seen, on a wintry day, when the thermometer is below zero, and plunged into the cold water of some pond or stream, it is not in flesh and blood to think of anything at such a time, save the icy shock of the water and the dripping discomfort in the freezing air. Here is a description of baptism with "much water," which thousands can verify from their own observation: "When all the shivering group stood upon the frost-bound shore, muffled in their *double envelope*, her slender form, exposed to the keen Arctic winds, was let down through the ice into the cold liquid element below. She afterwards stood upon the shore, clad in her icy garments until several more were immersed, and then, with a body benumbed with cold, was conveyed to her chamber, whence, after a few weeks of rapid decline, she was removed to the lonely domicile of the dead. Her friends regarded her death as the *consequence of her exposure at baptism*." Now, Mr. Editor, with all your fondness for "much water," I appeal to you, what would the mind of a person in such circumstances be most occupied with? Would it not be with the water—*i.e.*, the mere sign? To rise above the material sign at such a time to the spiritual truth, would demand nerves of iron and a superhuman will. And therefore the God who made us, and who knows us, has taught us to use but a little water in baptism; sufficient to suggest to the mind the truth of the Spirit's purification of the soul, and leaving the mind free to dwell on the blessed truth itself.

Once more as to the relative fitness of sprinkling or immersion to symbolize a thorough change of soul, turn up your Bible at Ezekiel, Chap. xxxvi. and read verses 25 to 27: "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness and all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart, also, will I give unto you, and a new Spirit will I put within you," etc. It is not to the purpose to say Christian baptism is not here mentioned. We do not say that it is; but we do say that there is a great change of soul here described, as great a change as God ever wrought on the heart of anyone. God here promises to His people the purifying, sanctifying grace of His Spirit, cleansing them from all filthiness of sin, and consecrating them wholly to his blessed service. And this all purifying, all-sanctifying all-pervading work of the Spirit, how does God say that it is properly symbolized? Look again at the beginning of the passage above quoted, and you will find that God tells us emphatically it is by the sprinkling of clean water—"then will I sprinkle clean water upon you," etc.

You have already acknowledged, Mr. Editor, that there is no case in the Old Testament where one person, by divine command, immersed another. It is undisputed that there are innumerable cases in which one man, by the divine command, sprinkled water on another. I trust that you will yet be enabled to see that both these statements are as true of the New Testament as of the Old.

[To be continued if the Lord will].

WHY ARE PRAYER MEETINGS SO THINLY ATTENDED?

MR. EDITOR,—I would ask the question, Why are prayer meetings so thinly attended in a great many of our congregations? True, God hears the twos and threes that meet together in His name. But in comparing our Sabbath congregations with our weekly prayer meetings a stranger would be apt to think he had come to the wrong house. When he sees the minister, and two elders, and perhaps ten or a dozen women scattered about in great lonesomeness over a space similar in size to Johnathan and his armour-bearer's battle ground. We often hear it said that the prayer meeting is the pulse of the church, which we believe to be a true saying. As the familiar lines express

"Prayer is . . . Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer."

Some one may say that means private prayer, and we can pray at home in secret, and in our families.

But I would remind those who thus argue, that one soldier, apart from a miracle, would not have succeeded in capturing Arabi and his forces. God's people have to band themselves together sometimes when great things are to be asked. The disciples were with one accord in one place before the cloven tongues sat upon them. How often do we find that God's ancient people in their straits, for their sins, cried unto the Lord and he delivered them from their enemies. And what a beautiful illustration we have in the early Christian Church, when nothing less than an angel from heaven had to unloose the shackles of Peter, and open the gates for his deliverance. Have we not as much need to band ourselves together as those early Christians? Are there not many prisoners more tightly bound by Satan than Peter by the four quarter-nions of soldiers? One of our Saviour's last commands was "Watch and Pray," and one of the highest pinnacles on the watchtower is the pinnacle of prayer. I would not like to say that all who come to the prayer meeting are true Gideon men, but I would venture to suppose that they are more likely to be lappers of the waters of the Spirit than those who stay away. Ask and ye shall receive, is the rule of the Kingdom, and if God's own dear Son is not going to get the heathen without asking, we need not expect them, nor any great blessing to ourselves either. Now, Mr. Editor, as prayer is the freewill offering up of our desires, are we to compel men like Simon of Cyrene to bear the cross? Are we to press them to prayer? If it would cause them to bring their Alexanders and Rufuses to fill the empty seats we would almost be tempted to press them. As the week of prayer is at hand would it not be well for ministers of the Gospel to entreat the professing Christian Church to call on the Lord our God to bless us on the year in which we are about to enter?

W.

THE ENDOWMENT OF KNOX COLLEGE.

The appeal that has been made to the Church on behalf of the above mentioned object has not yet been very largely responded to, apart from the splendid donation of Mr. McLaren. Of the \$25,000 or there about contributed in Toronto, it is interesting to notice that about one eighth of the sum has been subscribed by the Professors and ministers of the city. No doubt the fact of the city Churches having done so much in building in recent years to some extent hampers the movement in the city.

Still, taking everything into account, there does not appear to be the same appreciation among wealthy men in the western part of the Church of such an educational institution as there is in some other places. We can only hope that this state of things may not long continue, and that the Lord may open the hearts of all His people to deal liberally towards the sustaining of His cause. Since now the movement has been entered on, without a voice being raised against it, surely it is the duty of this section of the Church to endeavour to make it a success. To let it fall to the ground or withhold support because of some opinion about the mere details of the work is not a satisfactory method of reaching any good end. If it is recognized as necessary, is it not the duty of minister and people to throw themselves heartily into it, as well as of the Professors. Could not the Knox College Alumni association make its presence visible in such a movement. Some of the members acted generously towards the endowment of Queen's, both contributing themselves and getting contributions from their people. Should not this work commend itself as much to them? A unanimous and hearty effort on the part of the Alumni would largely tend to secure the success of the movement. Merely to stand aloof and criticize does not surely satisfy the claims of the college on the hearty support of the Church.

There are many in the Church who find much to criticize in our theological institutions. And justly enough, perhaps; for what institution or individual is not open to some criticism. But granting all that can be said against any of them, yet more can be said against any of that church, its membership, and men of wealth, who, dwelling amid their superfluous luxuries, can look with indifference on the Church's men of learning subjected to the drudgery of tax-collectors, in the effort to maintain in efficiency for these members a college for the education of the ministers of the Gospel. As an outsider, as far as the college is concerned, yet, as a minister of the Church, I feel that this work lies upon ministers and people as well as on

the professors. The college does not belong to the professors. They alone are not responsible for its honour and usefulness. Nothing better, both for the Church and colleges, could take place than the opening of the college doors more widely to the people, the more public discussion of their operations, and so making more familiar both their work and their claims. To endow and equip Knox College as Montreal has been would not be adverse to the interests of any other college, but would tend to benefit the whole Church. If, however, the professors are to be compelled to canvass Toronto, other places will claim an equal right to their services. And if the professors kindly do as much as they can of this work, instead of the lay members of the Board doing it, surely they should receive the support of ministers and elders throughout the Church, but especially should they receive generous support in the city where the college has its seat. The action of Toronto will undoubtedly affect the manner in which the movement is received in other places, and many think the contributions received there do not come up to what might justly be expected.

D. D. McLEOD.

A PRESBYTERIAN INDEED.

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, has a witty and wide-awake Presbyterian elder of pronounced Scotch antecedents, who, although a persistent advocate of the "Westminster Confession," will occasionally for convenience' sake, and from an innate love of social religious intercourse, attend the meetings of his Methodist brethren.

At a recent prayer-meeting of the latter body of Christians that was held preparatory to a centennial service in commemoration of the progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia, the presiding minister dwelt eloquently upon the wonderful growth and prosperity of the Methodist Church, and of its great founder, John Wesley. He also expressed thankfulness that to-day there were one hundred and nine Methodist ministers in Nova Scotia.

The meeting thus very naturally assumed a denominational character, and the minister asked our good Presbyterian brother to lead in prayer at the close. The elder complied, and after thanking the Lord for the many good things he had just heard "about this branch of Zion," he added, with much depth of feeling, "O Lord, we thank Thee for John Wesley, but we especially thank Thee for John Knox; we thank Thee for the hundred and nine Methodist ministers in our country, but we especially thank Thee for the hundred and thirteen Presbyterian ministers who are preaching the Word of Life throughout our land. Amen."

Presbyterians will not lose any lustre by an earnest elder, even in a Methodist prayer meeting.—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine for January.*

A "FRIENDS" ADVICE.

A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered the Quaker; "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honour to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it.

TIME-SERVERS.

The trimming, hesitating policy of many reminds us of Luther's words to Erasmus: "You desire to walk upon eggs without crushing them, and among glasses without breaking them." This is a difficult game to play at, and one which is more suitable for a clown at a theatre than a servant of Christ. When you are attempting a compromise, you have to look around you, and move cautiously as a tight-rope dancer, for fear of offending on one side or the other. A little too much this way or that, and over you go. A cat on hot cinders is not in an enviable position. No true-hearted man will ever bear such wretched constraint for any length of time, nor, indeed, at all. Think of being able to go no further than the timorous, time-serving Erasmus, who said, "I will not be unfaithful to the cause of Christ; at least, so far as the age will permit me." Out upon such cowardice; life is too dear when bought at such a price.—*Spurgeon.*

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

AN ENEMY TURNED INTO A FRIEND.

During one of Luther's journeys, a noble knight, learning that he was to tarry at a certain place, and yearning for the honours and emoluments that would accrue could he be safely caught up and transported to Rome, resolved to hazard an attempt. He ordered his armed retinue to prepare hastily; for there was no time to be lost, the aspiring noble being urged and commanded to the task by his confessor, who assured him that he would be doing a good work, and would save many souls. He set out at early dawn, making his way along the picturesque *Berg-Strasse*, or mountain road, that skirts the forest of the Odenwald, between Darmstadt and Heidelberg. Arriving at the gate of Mühlentberg in the evening, he found the city illuminated and the town itself full of people, who had come thither to hear and see Luther.

More indignant than ever was the noble knight; indignation grew to rage when, arriving at his hotel, the host greeted him with—"Well, well, Sir Count, has Luther brought you here too? Pity you are too late. You should have heard him." In no mood for eulogy, the knight sought the privacy of his room. Awakened in the morning by the matin bell of the chapel, sleep had roused his ire, and his thoughts were at home, where he had left his infant daughter at the point of death. As he drew aside his curtain, he saw the flicker of a candle in the window opposite, and waiting a moment heard a deep, manly voice utter the words, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." He heard the voice further continuing in a strong fervent petition for the whole Christian Church, and the victory of the holy Gospel over sin and the world.

Being a devout man, his interest was aroused, and donning his armour, he inquired of the landlord who that earnest man was that he heard across the street. "That earnest man," responded the landlord, "is the arch-heretic, Luther himself. Has your grace a message for him?" "Ay," said the knight, "but I will deliver it with my own lips," and with a dubious shake of the head he crossed the street, entered the house, and in a moment stood before the object of his search. Luther instinctively arose from his chair, surprised, and not a little disconcerted by the sudden appearance of a stalwart armed knight, perhaps having an unpleasant suspicion of his errand. "What is the object of this visit?" inquired Luther. Twice and thrice he repeated his question before receiving a reply. At length the knight, having recovered somewhat from the spell upon him, said, "Sir, you are far better than I. God forgive me for intending to harm you. I came here to make you a prisoner; you have made a prisoner of me instead. It is impossible for a man who can pray as you pray to be an enemy of the holy church, a heretic." "God be praised," said Luther, now relieved from his suspicions; "it is His word and Spirit that has subdued you, not mine, though I may be chosen to bring His word to honour in Christendom. Go now your way, therefore, in peace, my lord. He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it to Christ's coming. If it be God's will, you shall yet behold miracles; how the Lord will break many swords like yours, and cut the spear in sunder, as He has to-day."

Convinced and confirmed, the knight lost no time in making his way homeward, attended by his retinue, now still more curious to know the object of this hasty expedition. Arriving at the bedside of his daughter, he found her now convalescent and out of danger, and falling on his knees he thanked God for all that had happened. A few years later, when Luther confessed his faith before Charles V., among the assembled nobles who stood on Luther's side was this knight, who had once thought to overthrow and destroy him.—*Sword and Trowel.*

YOUR MINISTER.

Not in all things to your liking is he? And it would be so agreeable to you if he would leave off that habit of—what is it? Well, nothing of great importance, but he might be better than he is in some things. And when he went into the pulpit last Sunday, you wished he wouldn't look quite so solemn. And that way he has of gesturing with his right hand is a little awkward, don't you think? And then, for the life of you, you can't seem to take as much interest as you

ought in the sermon—it is a little commonplace and prosy. If he would only be a little more varied and lively now, just to stir you up and—

Don't go on any longer, dear hearer in the pew. You've said enough, and we know all about you. And now, if you will read just a little plain talk, we think it will do you good, and make your minister better too—in your opinion. Do you know what it costs to make a good sermon? One perhaps, but say eight in a month, as your pastor is expected to do? And then to make them for a year, two every week, and then for five or ten years! And he must have them all fresh. No old illustrations, no commonplace facts rehearsed, no plagiarizing. And when he goes up before you on Sunday he knows you are there, and he knows you are going to think him commonplace and dull. And he winces all over to think of you, because he knows that you care more about his gesturing and rhetoric than you do about the plain old Gospel that he tries to preach.

And when he reads in your face indifference or criticism, that helps to deaden his enthusiasm and takes the heart out of his work. He doesn't know it! O yes, he does. You show it in a thousand ways. You don't mean to be a faultfinder, but you are one. You don't mean to be cruel, but it is cruelty. Do you know that he sat up and worked on that sermon while you were asleep? Do you know that he went down on his knees in humiliation because he felt himself so inadequate to preach that great Gospel theme, remembering, perhaps, that you were to be there next day, and that he must look you in the face? He's a faithful man, and does his best. Brilliant? That isn't his commission. God sent him to preach the Gospel, and he has seen men converted under his preaching. But you, a Christian, a member of his church, whisper about gently that his sermons are not particularly brilliant. To be sure it's a small church. You can't pay much. You expect the minister to do a great deal outside of the pulpit. But he must be a brilliant preacher or he won't draw.

And you joined that church with a solemn vow to help him? Are you doing it? When did you ever let him know that you heard the good things in his sermon? And when he came down burning with his theme and hoping to get a word somewhere to show that his people had heard him, was it you who began whispering about secular matters to your neighbour in his hearing? Was it you who walked out of the church as cold as ice, as if the Gospel were a cold bath to you? While you are thinking over his shortcomings, why not think of your own a little too? Probably he has a great deal more reason to find fault with you than you with him, if the truth were told. Is it his duty to draw and fill up the church? Well, then, it is yours too. Do you think he can warm men up as a fast as you freeze them out? How many strangers have you ever taken into your pew? How many have you invited to stay and be welcome among you? And do you think they are very likely to come if you keep giving out the impression that your minister isn't worth hearing?

No, dear Christian, your little unworthy criticisms indicate something wrong in yourself. You need to look within and see what the trouble is. Our word for it, your minister is a worthy and good, quite as good as you deserve, and he will be worth a great deal more to your church if you and the others begin to love him more and more. It is your church, and if it doesn't prosper, ten to one you are to blame. Get on the enthusiasm of love and the sermons will interest you, and then your minister will be just the right man. Try it.

MANNERS IN THE PEW.

Reverence for the sanctuary, as the place where we go to meet and worship God, should induce quiet and decorous behaviour while there. Most people would be intolerant of levity in God's house if they thought of the place and the purpose, and regarded them in the proper light. Even choirs, which—as everybody knows—often invite criticism by their frivolity, would be ashamed to look over their music in prayer-time, write notes to each other, or exchange glances and whisper audibly, if they remembered, each young gentleman and lady individually, that they were in the court of the King. It is forgetfulness of the day, of the place, and of the object, which induces presumptuous and irreverent demeanor in church on the Sabbath.

There is a matter of minor morals, which incites the present word of reminder—a sort of venial transgression, which good people commit without a notion of its being improper. The whole affair of manners in the pew is really on the same basis as that of manners in the household, in the drawing-room, or anywhere in society. Leaving the higher considerations wholly out of sight, we may observe good manners or the reverse in the pew, and praise or condemn them, precisely as we would in the parlour.

The noisy way in which many people put their hymn-books in the rack, at the conclusion of the hymn, is an offence against good taste. The sweet echoes of the song or Psalm have hardly died away, when presto! there is, as it were, a rattle of musketry all over the building. The innocent books go, slam-bang, into their places, as if they were projectiles which their owners were bound to throw as far as possible.

Taking out watches, and scanning them during the sermon, is another gross piece of rudeness. No one would dream of consulting a watch during the pastor's personal call at his home. It is equally unpardonable to manifest impatience of the pulpit, and indifference to the message spoken therefrom—regarding the impatience and indifference simply as a breach of courtesy.

Donning cloaks, furs, and overcoats during the Doxology and benediction, as some people do, is another infringement of propriety. The whole service demands the attention of the congregation; and, during its continuance, the edifice should not be turned into a dressing-room.

Making a frantic rush for the door, the instant the minister has pronounced the final Amen, is a bit of indiscretion but too frequently witnessed. One would suppose the building to be on fire, noticing the haste with which the occupants leave it. How much better a decent pause, a moment of silence, and then a restrained and unhurried movement through the hallowed aisles and out of the pleasant portals into the world outside.

Love for our special place of worship is as natural and as proper as love for our own homes. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." The more dearly we cherish the house of prayer, the more chary let us be of doing aught that shall diminish our sense of its worthiness, and our feeling of the dignity of the service there performed.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

SELFISHNESS UNCHRISTIAN.

Christ's ideal, Paul's ideal, the universal Christian ideal, absolutely contradicts this definition. What Jesus gives as the chief commandment, has passed into the conscience of Christendom. It is supreme love and service to God, and love and service of fellow-men as hearty as we give to ourselves. That is not Spencerism. Paul says: "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself;" but Spencer says the contrary. For our part, give us the old Christian philosophy, which recognizes selfishness, no matter how refined, as the condition of our sinful nature, which needs to be renewed by conversion. And that conversion is the rejection by the will of this principle that we are our own chief end, that labour is for relaxation, that working is for living, and the hearty acceptance of the great and holy principle of consecration, that we are not our own, and therefore we will glorify God in work or patience, with our bodies and our spirits, which are His. Living is for work; not selfish work, but helpful work, in imitation of Him who "pleased not Himself," but "went about doing good," and who has taught the world the unwilling lesson, which philosophers may also well learn of the Peasant who walked among the lilies of Galilee, that the sweetest bliss comes not to him who seeks it for himself, but to him who forgets himself in seeking the good of others. He that would save his life shall lose it; he that is willing to lose it shall save it.

WHOEVER makes light of matters which are intrinsically serious does violence to his own judgment, lowers his own dignity, and panders to a depraved and already far too popular taste.

THE capacity for following is quite as rare as the capacity for leadership, and many a pastor is to-day wearing out heart and life in the vain attempt to rouse an indifferent and parsimonious church to their duty.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1882.

ANOTHER of the series of interesting European letters appears in this week's issue. It is from the pen of an esteemed Canadian correspondent now abroad, whose continued contributions will be an attractive feature of the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN for 1883.

FROM letters received, it would appear that there is an impression abroad that Rev. Mr. McKay's book, "Immersion a Romish Invention" is out of print. This is not correct, 200 or 300 copies of the third edition are still unsold, and may be procured from J. Bain & Son, or J. Campbell & Son, booksellers, Toronto.

THE "Globe" of yesterday announced the appointment of Mr. John Cameron, lately one of the proprietors and editor-in-chief of the London "Advertiser," as managing director of the "Globe" Printing Co., thus filling the vacancy caused by the recent retirement of Mr. Gordon Brown. It is gratifying that a Canadian journalist has been selected for the position; and the directors are to be congratulated on their choice. The new managing director brings to the discharge of his onerous duties a thorough knowledge of public men, and a successful newspaper experience of over twenty years, in which his judicious and energetic management was conspicuous. The former attitude taken by the "Globe" in matters affecting the moral and religious interests of the community will, no doubt, be maintained under the direction of Mr. Cameron, whose high personal character is a guarantee that religion, temperance, and moral reform will receive proper attention at his hands. Presbyterianism, we are certain, will not suffer by the change.

In the "Life and Speeches of Hon. George Brown," just published, the following sentence is found in a private letter written by Mr. Brown after spending a Sabbath in Beaverton during one of his election campaigns: "I stayed at Beaverton over Sunday and heard two capital sermons—no, one capital and the other very fair for a young beginner." We have no idea who that "young beginner" was, but no doubt he felt a little uneasy as he saw the manly form of the statesman and journalist towering up among the Beaverton Presbyterians. There was no cause for uneasiness. The fairest and gentlest critic in any congregation is the ablest man in it, if that man is a devout worshipper as George Brown was. Mr. Brown knew well how hard it is to make a capital sermon or deliver a capital speech. He knew well what a trivial circumstance may mar the effect of either in delivery, however well prepared, knowing how difficult it is to speak or preach well, he felt happy to say that "young beginner" made a "capital" effort. A soulless carping man who has failed in everything himself—who has botched everything he has touched, and who never was popular enough to get elected for pound-keeper is always a hard man to edify. No sermons are good enough for him.

THE VOICE of the Lecturer is not heard in the land to any great extent. The lecture never was a very

thriving institution in Canada. Our neighbours across the lines made a business of lecturing, and for a time it was a very prosperous business, but signs of decay are easily seen. Here the business is dying, if not dead. Even Shaftesbury Hall has no course this winter. The causes which have killed lecturing are not far to seek. A goodly number of men went into the work who were about as well qualified to entertain and instruct an intelligent audience for an hour as an elephant is to climb a tree. People, especially in cities and towns, have become disgusted with the habit of running to something every evening. Sensible, solid citizens who work hard all day wish to sit at home during the evening, read the papers, talk to their wives, play with their children and have a good home time generally. When duty calls these solid men they are ready to go, but they don't consider themselves under any obligation to go because Tom and Dick may have induced some unfortunate man to come to the town and lecture. These solid men are right. No family should be on the trot every evening. When duties have been discharged, and we have entertained our friends or have been entertained by them, when our church meetings have been attended to, there is very little time left for going to lectures. So decided has been the reaction, that even John B. Gough cancelled his Canada engagements a short time ago, because his meetings were small. Convention will soon go with the lecture. As our people become educated, they prefer the society of free literature to that of mediocre talkers.

THERE is no practice more unfair—more cruelly unfair—than that of blaming the minister, or the elders, or the managers, or the superintendent of the Sabbath school when any kind of a creature leaves a church. In a great many cases these officials have had no more to do with it than they had with the transit of Venus. Mr. A. went to the Presbyterian church because he thought he could induce the Presbyterian people to buy goods at his store. The people bought their goods just where they pleased, as they had a perfect right to do, and Mr. A. left the church. Small loss. Mr. B. was a candidate, and wanted Presbyterian votes. Presbyterians have a queer habit of marking their ballots to suit themselves. Mr. B. growled when he saw himself at the foot of the poll that he was not supported by "our people." He joined the Methodists. Let him join. Mr. C. went to the Presbyterian church hoping to get a great deal of petting, and personal attention. He did not get it, and suddenly discovered that immo is the only form of baptism. Let him dip. That slender youth on whose imbecile chin a few bright coloured hairs are struggling for recognition likes to hear himself "speak in meetin'." The rough Presbyterians won't listen to him. He joins the Plymouth Brethren. Let him join. Mr. Diotrephe always did like the pre-eminence. The people resolutely refused to elect him to any office. He left. Let him go. All these representative people leave for causes that have no more connection with the office-bearers than Julius Cæsar had with the N.P., and yet there are people in all congregations who are apt to think differently. Gentlemen, fair play—British fair play if you can't get up to Christian justice.

BENEVOLENT GAMBLING.

THE raising of money for religious and charitable purposes is not popular. Churches and benevolent organizations find themselves in straitened pecuniary circumstances. It may be that a debt has to be paid, or some enterprise is threatened with hopeless collapse. Naturally and properly a direct appeal is made to members and supporters, but, alas, the response is found to be wholly inadequate. What next can be done? If the society, sacred or secular, yet retains its self-respect, a soiree of some kind, or a popular lecture, or a high-class concert or other kindred entertainment may be tried not without result. These means, however, after a time reach the stage of partial failures. Then, on the principle that desperate diseases requires desperate remedies, more sensational methods must be resorted to, for *facile est decensus*. Couldn't a rich fruit or other cake—oh how rich—be auctioned off, or a charming young lady be elected to the honour of cutting up and selling morsels of it at ten cents a piece by popular vote by all without restriction who pay for the privilege. They can vote early and often without other qualification, than that the money

is forthcoming, and without fear of the penalties of any known election laws. This blessed device for raising funds for sacred purposes may be varied, especially when election times draw near, by anticipating the verdict of a constituency, at a church social, by voting for the electoral candidates at a fixed price. And the good people of all the denominations at the same time properly maintain that political bribery and corruption are evils whose abolition is ardently desired. The fertility of invention has created novel expedients in this direction. It is only a few weeks since at a church festivity at Lucan election excitement fairly outran common sense not to speak of religious decorum. The week before last the members of a Jewish congregation in Montreal held a fair, and some of the leading daily journals of that city regularly chronicled the doings thereat. Here are a few of the candidates for whom large numbers rendered their votes after duly paying for their franchise. "The most popular lacrosse player," "the most popular man in the room," "the most popular military commander," "the most popular doctor," "the most popular lady in the room," "the most popular cigar manufacturer," "the most beautiful young lady," and "the prettiest girl." And, with sorrow be it said, we have not yet reached the lowest depth. It is true that no Protestant church has descended further than this Benevolent Societies however have. The Masonic body of London have erected a handsome and costly building in the Forest City. They have always been regarded as an honourable body of men, and the ostensible purpose of their wide spread organization is claimed to be charitable and beneficent, and many instances are known in which they have rendered practical though unostentatious aid to the distressed. These London brethren of the mystic tie have put up a magnificent building, but it is burdened with an indebtedness of \$100,000. They have floated a lottery scheme to raise \$200,000, giving the half of this sum in prizes, and applying the other half to the liquidation of the building debt. The only plea urged in defense of the plan pursued is that the end justifies the means and the retort that churches resort to similar expedients. This, however, is a defence that needs to be defended. Christian morality expressly condemns the maxim that the end justifies the means. Though evangelical churches cannot all say "these hands are clean," none of them hitherto is chargeable with the offence—for it is forbidden by the law of the land—of having recourse to lotteries for raising funds for church or charitable purposes. These things may serve as an indication to the Church of the drift of certain popular currents, which it is her imperative duty to avoid. Let there be no forgetfulness of the significant saying of the Master, when he drove the traffickers from His Father's House. Let the church enlighten the people on the duty of giving, and educate the conscience to a higher sensitiveness in this respect, and this reproach of benevolent gambling will be wiped out, then may we look over a purified stream of beneficence flowing more copiously, spreading health and beauty all along its course.

HEBREW-CHRISTIAN WORK IN NEW-YORK.

THE Jewish people form an important element in the city of New-York. They number about 80,000. An encouraging Christian mission has been recently begun among them. It is undenominational, though it has the hearty endorsement of leading ministers and Christian workers in that city. Among those composing the Committee are such men as Drs. Howard Crosby, Charles T. Deems, J. M. Buckley, William Ormiston, William M. Taylor, William T. Saline, and others well-known in the ranks of Christian philanthropy. The principle labourer in this peculiarly interesting field is the Rev. Jacob Freshman, a gentleman favourably known in many parts of Canada. During the year now closing he has laboured with fervency and zeal, and his efforts have been blessed to many of Abraham's descendants. Regular services are held and a church formed during the present year has already twenty members. The services are well attended, and the auditors listen with respectful interest to the preaching of Christ and Him crucified. A Sunday school, whose attendance is steadily increasing, is held over a Jewish synagogue, while on Saturday afternoons the missionary's wife holds a meeting with Hebrew children for their instruction in Christian truth. This lady also teaches young girls to sew. Mr. Freshman is ably aided in

his work by Mr. Magath, a recent convert from Judaism. This good work is carried on without the glare and noise of imposing organization, yet it is quietly, unostentatiously, doing an important work. Obscure as it may appear, it has aroused the hostility of the Jewish press and pulpit. Nothing daunted, the zealous workers keep perseveringly in the line of duty, and are fully entitled to the prayers, the support and the sympathy of all who believe that the Lord will bring again the captivity of Israel. Those interested in this work can correspond either with the Rev. Jacob Freshman, 25 Seventh street, N.Y., or with the well-known publisher, A. D. F. Randolph, 900 Broadway, N.Y.

BORROWED FEATHERS.

THE decadence of the modern pulpit is a theme on which certain people love to descant with unctuous fervour. The sermons of to-day, they tell us, are not comparable to those of bygone generations. These candid critics do not generally condescend to point out specific defects in the average presentation of Gospel truth, far less do they profess to suggest a remedy for the blemishes that are so painfully obvious to them. The question, however, is a relative one. The present generation is but imperfectly acquainted with the style of pulpit discourse common half a century ago. The published sermons of the distinctive preachers of that time do not convey an adequate idea of the average preaching then prevalent. The eminent preachers of the last generation form a noble galaxy, but the men at present most conspicuous on Zion's watchtowers are exercising as potent an influence on their own generation as the great and the good of bygone days wielded on theirs. The pulpit of this age is exposed to a fuller and a fiercer light than that which beamed upon it in former times. The press is everywhere on the alert. If a discourse is more than ordinarily stupid, the fact is chronicled and the dullness disclosed; if a sermon is noteworthy in any particular, it finds a place in the columns of the next morning's paper; if the preacher panders to a rampant sensationalism, his notoriety is assured, and he becomes a competitor with the popular athlete and the reigning histrionic celebrity of the hour, as a fitting subject for the people's gossip.

It must, however, be admitted, that the conditions of effective preaching have changed. Popular education has produced important results among the people. The demands on the ministry are more exacting. The preacher has more efficient helps to study than were ever possessed before. The great advances in Biblical science place valuable stores for the elucidation of Scripture at his disposal, but he has too little time to avail himself of such a wealth of material. The many and pressing demands on his time preclude the useful process of gradual assimilation, far less the quiet elaboration needful to original, independent research. The claims of the pastorate encroach on those of the pulpit, not to speak of the multifarious calls on a minister's time and energy which public and philanthropic objects necessarily entail. It is hard for the active minister of these days to fulfil adequately the Pauline precept, "Give attendance to reading."

Is not, therefore, the hard-worked minister of our time exposed to special temptation? Those that serve in sacred things are but human, and consequently fallible. Might not an overtaxed brother lighten his labour by an occasional reaping where he has not sown? A distinguished Scottish professor, on being asked how a certain brother fared, responded, "That man keeps the Sabbath better than any one I know." "How?" "Well, he neither thinks his own thoughts nor speaks his own words on that day." This method of Sabbath observance is getting a little too common, it would seem. Dr. Talmage last week took occasion to complain that several ministers, noticeably in the West, were in the habit of preaching his sermons to their people. Such offenders are to be blamed. Some, no doubt, would be disposed to question their taste, since there are men who, however willing to concede the merits of the Brooklyn orator, are disinclined to regard him as a model preacher. However these western divines who speak with the mouth of Talmage may palliate their practice to their own consciences, most people who prize honour and honesty cannot help heartily despising the degradation of their sacred functions. Though on the occasion of Beecher's residence being burglarized, his sermons were untouched, it is nevertheless conceded that such compositions are covered by the eighth commandment.

The messenger of truth should be manly enough to preach his own sermons, and nobody else's. The sacredness of his office ought to stimulate him to serve the Lord with his best, not with that which costs him nought.

THE GLADSTONE JUBILEE.

ON the completion of his fiftieth year of public life, the Hon. William E. Gladstone, though declining ostentatious and formal celebrations, has received the cordial congratulations of those who esteem and admire him. These spontaneous demonstrations have not been confined to the political party having the honour to claim him as its leader. Prominent representatives of Conservatism have been fervent in their expressions of goodwill. Congratulations have been tendered him from almost every capital in Europe. On this continent the organs of public opinion have vied with each other in their expressions of admiration for one of the greatest statesmen of our time.

Mr. Gladstone has been subjected to severe and hostile criticism by those who entertain political convictions opposed to his, but the uprightness and rare conscientiousness of the man, the marvellous grasp and versatility of the statesman are fully recognized throughout England, and wherever transcendent ability and exalted personal worth are recognized as the chief characteristics of an administration. Not alone in the history of our times will the name of Mr. Gladstone occupy a conspicuous place, but generations yet to come will study with grateful admiration the many services rendered to his country and the world throughout his long and honourable public career. May the declining days of the grand old man be peaceful and happy!

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE SCRIPTURAL FORM OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT. By the Rev. C. C. Stewart. (Toronto: James Bain & Son; Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co.) Amid the number of new books constantly issuing from the press, we are in danger of forgetting older ones of real merit. Such a book is that named at the head of this notice. This admirable compend of Presbyterian polity is of permanent value, and a pleasing memorial of its lamented author.

THE CANADA SCHOOL JOURNAL for December. (Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.)—As usual the "School Journal" is up to time in the value of its contents. It admirably fills the special sphere in which it moves. The large amount of reading provided in its pages bears directly upon matters of special value to those interested in the important work of education. Well written editorials discuss the question of "The Bible in Schools," and the merits of the late Father Stafford as an educationist, the former eminently judicious, though not very pronounced.

THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL. (Toronto: William Warwick & Son.)—This handsome volume is the yearly issue of a delightful periodical that comes as a welcome guest into so many of our homes. The varied and instructive nature of its contents remove it from the transitory character of much of our periodical literature. After the volume of the "Girl's Own" has found an honoured place on the library shelf it will often be resorted to as a companion in spare hours. This standard publication fully merits the popularity to which it has attained. The illustrations in number and excellence have kept pace with the marked advance of the engraver's art within the last few years.

THE BOY'S OWN ANNUAL. (Toronto: Wm. Warwick & Son.)—It is difficult to say whether the publishers, the contributors, or the wide circle of readers of the "Boy's Own" experience most pleasure on looking at the completed volume for 1882. It maintains the high place it has reached among the competitors for public favour, if, indeed, it does not take the lead. Evidently its contributors thoroughly understand boy nature at its best. It is a most pleasing task to cordially commend this admirable work. It has a mission, and it thoroughly fulfils it. "The Boy's Own" has nothing "goody goody" about it, no maudlin and weekly sentiment, it is pure, healthy, and robust in tone. The readers of "The Boy's Own" will have themselves to blame if they do not grow up honest, God-fearing, manly members of society.

OUR New York contemporary, THE INDEPENDENT, is rich, racy, and varied as ever. It ranges over a wide field and comments freely and forcibly on most questions of public interest in theology, politics and morals. Careful readers of the "Independent" cannot fail to be well informed on current events, as its conductors select a large array of facts, and present them in concise form, thus saving the time of those who cannot always command leisure for extensive reading. The publishers announce that they have specially arranged with the Rev. Joseph Cook for the publication of his forthcoming series of Boston Monday Lectures and Preludes, which no doubt will be highly interesting, since he intends utilizing the results of his recent extensive travels. This will doubtless be an attractive feature of the "Independent" during the coming year.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (New York: Century Co.)—It is not so very long since the saying was current that America had no distinctive literature. That assertion can no longer be repeated. "The Century" has ungrudgingly gained for itself a place in the first rank of serial literature. The varied character of its articles, thoughtful and reliable, written in a careful and finished style, delight and interest the most cultivated class of readers. In addition to the literary contents of this magazine, its pages are enriched with a profusion of engravings that appeal impressively to every lover of the beautiful. They leave nothing to be desired. The December number of "The Century" contains, among other articles of much interest "The Supreme Court of the United States," by E. V. Smalley, "My Adventures in Zuni," by Frank H. Cushing, and a delightful paper on "Rab's Friend," by Andrew Lang, in which a great many genial things are said of that most genial and unique writer, the late John Brown, M.D. Henry James, Jun., contributes clever sketches under the title "The Point of View." The stories by May Hallock Foote and Mrs. Burnett are continued. Both "The Let-horse Claim" and "Through One Administration" are growing in interest. The poetry is up to the usual high standard of "The Century." The number throughout maintains its characteristic excellence.

OUR HERITAGE. A sermon by the Rev. C. B. Pitblado. (Winnipeg: W. D. Russell.)—Though notice of this publication has been somewhat late, the delay is owing to extra pressure on our space incident to the season, not to any misgiving as to the merits of the sermon now before us. It was preached in St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg on Thanksgiving day. Mr. Pitblado has thoroughly identified his interests, affections and patriotism with the Province of his adoption. He speaks in glowing terms of the resources and capabilities of the great North-West. He expresses dispassionately and eloquently his convictions, and embraces the opportunity presented by the occasion to express in a manly way his convictions on some of the burning questions now agitating the people of the West. If he claims the right—and why should he not?—to speak his mind freely on topics bordering on politics, he certainly does not exhibit a narrow partisanship, but speaks out plainly as an honest man should. That the preacher was requested to publish his sermon excites no astonishment. We regret that we can only find room for a brief extract of its closing sentences:

"No land richer in soil and minerals, in pasturage and fishing grounds, in climate and productions, in agricultural resources and manufacturing facilities—no wider domain of mountain and plain, of lake and forest, of river and seaboard, ever became the heritage of any people than this Canada of ours. We are unworthy of our heritage if we do not aim to make our country a land where peace reigns, where righteousness dwells, where oppression is unknown, where Christianity has triumphed, and the true God glorified."

"Then shall we be worthy of the legacy bequeathed to us by our forefathers. For we must not forget that our Canadian heritage as it comes to us is a British inheritance. By birth and connection we are children of that mother that sits mistress upon the sea and girdles the globe with her colonial possessions. We are the heirs of an historic inheritance which has been the growth of centuries and the price of blood. We are the owners of a literature that is leavening the world with its thoughts. We are the possessors of a language in which the commerce of the whole earth transacts its business. We are the subjects of an empire whose national life-currents in every quarter of the globe throb with the power of Christian truth. We to-day take our place among at least 200 millions of the human family of different nations and kindreds and tongues, who, with loyal hearts can unite in singing 'God save the Queen.'"

REV. DR. KEM, Principal of the Ottawa Ladies' College, is reported to be suffering from illness.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

THROUGH THE WINTER.

CHAPTER X.—A TROUBLED BIRTHDAY.

As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless.
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;
So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to overflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining.—*Longfellow.*

It was Monday morning, December twenty-third, and it was Helen's eighteenth birthday. She had fallen asleep the previous night while forming many brave resolutions, and making many hopeful promises for the new year she was to begin on the morrow. The "future should not copy fair the past," she resolved. Growing older, she would grow wiser and better.

So dreamed Helen; pure, lovely dream, one which angels could not but smile in approval. She only forgot one thing—the one thing we are all so prone to forget when making the good resolutions we so quickly forget.

Helen felt very strong in herself just then. She did not hear a low voice whispering, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

She forgot, but He, by whom our lives are so closely watched, did not forget, and in tender faithfulness there were appointed, even for her birthday, lessons that were to teach her, so plainly that she could never forget it, the solemn truth—"Without Me ye can do nothing."

Very early in the morning, before the stars grew dim, she was awakened by Fred's voice at her door.

"Helen," he called, "get up, get up quick; papa is very sick."

Helen did not need a second call; springing out of bed, and dressing with telegraphic haste, she was speedily in her father's room. Mr. Humphrey had been taken suddenly and violently ill, and was suffering acute pain. To send Philip in haste for their family physician, to rouse Matsie, heat water, and prepare warm applications for her father was Helen's first work.

Again and again her eyes were blinded with the tears she dared not permit to fall, and even before the sun rose, Helen knew that her birthday would be much like other days, in that there would be much to bear from others, much for her to forgive, and much to be forgiven.

Philip was soon back with Dr. Sullivan, and under his skilful treatment Mr. Humphrey was in a short time comparatively comfortable. His fears had, however, been greatly excited, and he was disposed to take a very gloomy, desponding view of his own state.

"Tut, tu," Humphrey, said Dr. Sullivan, after listening to him for a few minutes; "this is all nonsense. My word for it, man, you will be well enough to-morrow, all you want now is rest. Take these powders as I have directed, and keep quiet, and to-morrow, if you please, you may go to church. You won't die yet. You'll find that to 'shuffle of this mortal coil' will be a far less easy task than you seem to imagine. Make yourself comfortable, and look on the bright side of life. There's no philosophy in digging your grave before you need it."

"Is that the way you talk to all your patients?" Mr. Humphrey asked, indignantly. "There is about as much sympathy in you as one might expect to find in the sphinx. If there is any one thing a doctor should be, when called to the bedside of the sick and dying, it is sympathetic."

"Humph! Well that's according to the interpretation of the word sympathy. If I am to receive yours, I would suggest that it might in certain cases, like yours, for instance, be even more desirable for a doctor to be skilful than sympathetic. And as to my talk, why, like physic, I give different kinds to different natures. Naturally when I meet a bear I take to growling in self-defence. Now keep still, Humphrey, and I will call in again about noon," and taking his hat, Dr. Sullivan went out. In the hall he met Helen, and his really kind face grew very gentle as he took her hand.

"How is papa?" she asked, with trembling lips; "is he in great danger, Dr. Sullivan?"

"Danger? not a whit! no more than we always are, my child. Violent attacks like his are soon over, and in this case there is nothing to create alarm either for the present or future. Make yourself easy, my dear, and don't mind if your father does fret and fume. It is the way with us men; patience is a dress we cannot wear as gracefully as you women."

"Helen's smile was very faint, but cheered and comforted by the doctor's encouraging words, after a hasty look at her father, she went back to the kitchen.

There a new trouble awaited her. Matsie, in her zeal for doing, had managed to upset a pot of boiling coffee on her hand and arm. Her cries of pain were piteous and uncontrolled, and once again Philip's swift feet were sent in quest of Dr. Sullivan.

"Well," he grumbled pleasantly, as he came into the kitchen; "Miss Helen, I believe you are conspiring among you to make this house a hospital, to-day. It is a fortunate thing it is not one for incurables, though. Softly, my girl," he continued, as he applied healing lotions to the blistered hand. "Softly, or in spite of all I can do, the neighbours will think it is the hospital for the insane. Why, my girl, stop, stop. Crying never healed any smart yet—praying has, a great way. Miss Helen, while you are waiting upon the invalids in this house, who is going to wait upon you?"

"There is no school to-day," Helen answered, trying to speak brightly, "the boys will be home, and they can do a good deal."

"Tut; yes, I know something about what boys' hands are in a kitchen. Very willing but, like some savings banks, dreadfully uncertain. It isn't safe to trust them very far, Miss Helen. Well, my dear, you must take things easy as you can. I'll look in again before night."

"Take things easy as she could." Poor Helen! the easiest way promised that day to be a very hard one. Upstairs lay her father groaning, more from the recollection of suffering than from any present consciousness of it, and demanding constant attention, with which he was, after all, never satisfied. Nothing pleased him, and through the long day Helen wearied herself sick, in vain efforts to anticipate his wishes. Downstairs in the kitchen, Matsie, with her bandaged arm in a sling, sat over the stove, crying and grumbling by turns.

Fred and Philip, after waiting about the house for an hour or two, had tired of the confinement and gone off to their ordinary Saturday avocations; while Ronald and Sibyl were, as children commonly are when anything unusual occurs in a family, restless and excited, and requiring constant watching, and innumerable precepts in the form of "Don't do this," and "Do, do that."

Helen's way seemed hedged in by thorns on every side, and saddest of all was the fact that, like Christian in his contest with Apollyon, she had gone into the day's struggles regardless of her armour.

"And take to gird thee for the strife
The panoply of prayer."

Helen had forgotten to do so.

The hours wore away until dinner-time.

"Will dinner be ready soon, Helen?" Fred asked pleasantly, coming in just then.

"Oh, dear, no," she answered fretfully; "one pair of hands can't do everything, Fred. I do believe you boys think of nothing but eating; you have just about as much feeling for me as if I was a machine. I feel very much as if I was one, and should soon be ground to pieces with this incessant work, work, work."

Fred looked astonished.

"Why, Nellie," he said kindly, "I only asked, but I don't care much whether I have dinner or not. How is papa? Can't I do something to help you?"

"Papa's no worse," Helen replied, coldly. "No, you can't do anything; it all falls upon me. I wish I was all hands: then perhaps I could do all that is expected of me."

Helen's peevish, impatient words were producing their natural results. "If one life shines, the life next to it will shine also," and it is no less true that if one life hides, though but for a while, its light under a bushel, the life that walks beside it will feel the darkness and be chilled by it.

"Well," Fred said, angrily; "I don't know how many more hands you want, Helen, but I do know you'd be better off if you had less tongue. When I profess to be a Christian, I hope I'll be able to give a decent answer when a fellow speaks kindly to me."

And with this parting salute Fred marched off, slamming the door behind him.

Poor Helen! Fred's bitter words cut her to the heart; but her eyes were opened at last: she saw her mistake, her sin, and with a full cry of sorrow and want she turned for help and forgiveness where alone they were to be found.

Helen's head dropped, and standing where she was, she covered her face with her hands. When she looked up it was with a sad, humble and yet sweet expression. Matsie wondered at the change in her words and manner, yet the cause was easily explained.

When, an hour after, the boys came in they found dinner ready, and Helen, with a gentle, pleasant face, waiting for them.

Fred's first look at her was a doubtful one, but as he met her smile the colour flushed his cheeks and his eyes fell. He waited with restless impatience for an opportunity to speak to Helen alone.

"Helen," he said, when at last chance favoured him, "I am sorry I spoke to you as I did; will you forgive me?"

It was a wonderful acknowledgement: for proud, wilful Fred to make; and Helen received it with the meekness of one who knows she had erred and may err again.

"Dear Fred," she said, "I have nothing to forgive; it was my fault that you spoke so; you must forgive me, dear. There is one thing I want to say, though," she said, speaking low and slow. "When Christians do as I did this morning, and get cross and impatient, it is not because Christ is not able and willing to keep them from such sins; but it is because they do not lean upon him, and ask him so to keep them."

Fred went off, touched and thoughtful.

"Nellie had reason enough to be cross this morning," he said to himself. "And there is something in religion when it makes a girl look and speak as she did just now. Well, I will try harder than ever to please her and do as she wants me."

But the day's worries were not over yet.

As Dr. Sullivan went his rounds that morning, he had called on a kindly disposed, inquisitive neighbour, and to her he had mentioned his early summons to Mr. Humphrey.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Brown, compassionately, "is Mr. Humphrey sick? Poor man, how much he does have to bear!"

"Humph!" replied Dr. Sullivan, in the indifferent manner in which it was his wont to meet sympathy or sentiment that he thought false or misapplied. "Humph! every man has his load: just how heavy Mr. Humphrey's is I am not prepared to say. But whether he bears much or little, I make no mistake in saying he is decidedly bearish."

"Why, doctor, how you talk! He always seems such a pleasant, polite man."

"Humph!" growled Dr. Sullivan again, laying his hand on the door, handsomely grained in imitation of black walnut; "there is a great deal of painting, Mrs. Brown, that is not easy at first sight to tell from real wood. Sickness is a great detective of what is true and false in a man: nothing like it for taking off polish that is only a thin veneering. There's Humphrey's daughter, though," the doctor went on, his voice growing suddenly genial and kind, "there is no

venering about her. She's true, like gold, and I am afraid like gold, she's subjected sometimes to pretty hot fires. Now, Mrs. Brown, if you want to do a real, kind, neighbourly act, just go and see that poor girl to-day, and give her a helping hand and word."

"Why, so I will doctor: I am right glad you mentioned it; I've been meaning to go there for some time, and now I will this very afternoon."

"Never will be a better time," said the doctor, as he ended his call and went his way.

In the kindness of his heart, Dr. Sullivan had made his suggestion, and in the kindness of hers, Mrs. Brown proceeded, after an early dinner, to array herself for her visit.

Attired in her Sunday dress, with her knitting in her pocket, she wended her way to Mr. Humphrey's; and just as Helen was putting away her last dish, a ring at the door-bell summoned her to receive her visitor.

Mrs. Brown was soon relieved of her shawl and bonnet; and then, as she seated herself by the fire, and produced her knitting, she said:

"Dr. Sullivan told me your pa was sick, and you are feeling kinder lonely like, Helen: so I thought I'd just come round and sit with you a spell this afternoon." And the good lady's needles clicked with complacency, as she thought of the kind deed she was doing. If Dr. Sullivan could only have seen and heard her!

Has any one in Helen's situation ever received just such a call?

Outside, in the kitchen, there was the Saturday sweeping and cleaning to be done; there was cake to be baked. There was her father to be waited on; the children to be washed and made neat for the afternoon; and here, the picture of supreme content, sat good Mrs. Brown in her rocking-chair, to be entertained and talked with.

Helen's heart sank. She had good cause just then to remember a little thought she had somewhere read: "Interruptions are as much God's work for us, as the tasks we set ourselves."

It was hard to smile cheerfully, and listen with kind attention, while Mrs. Brown talked of the weather, and the minister, the last wedding in Quinneococ, and the one that next was to occur. Poor Helen's morning's experience was not to prove barren of good fruit. "She means to be very kind," she thought, "and I must be grateful."

And so she gave her visitor the quiet attention always so pleasing to a great talker; and although she had frequently to excuse herself, yet she managed so that Mrs. Brown could neither feel neglected, nor imagine what a weight on the free movement of the household machinery she was. If only she could have been content with this, and not, with a curiosity worthy of a better object, sought to pry into matters with which she had no concern.

"La, now, Helen," she said, as after one of her brief absences Helen came back to her, "do tell me what's all this about you and those rich Waldermars? They do say you are getting so intimate with them that you go the visiting and they come here. And," dropping her voice to a peculiar, confidential tone, "they do say, Helen, that that young doctor is very smiling and attentive round here. Now, Helen, I don't ask out of curiosity, but you ain't got no ma, and I feel interested; do tell me now, is this true?"

Helen's cheeks burned, and her eyes blazed with indignation. During her mother's life she had always been shielded from impertinence, and she knew very little of that spirit of gossip—that demon so hard to be exercised—which reigns, with almost undisputed sway, in country places like Quinneococ.

And then to be questioned in that prying, meddling manner as to her friendship for the Waldermars, and their kindness to her! Helen felt as if it was an insult offered to their dignity as well as to her own. Quick, haughty words rose to her lips, but she suppressed them.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Brown," she answered quietly, "that I cannot gratify your curiosity; but I have nothing to tell you."

"Come now, Helen, you needn't try to make as if there's nothing in it. I've heard all about it. I know about the doctor's coming here in the evening, and taking you riding, and walking home with you from church. You needn't be ashamed to own it; there isn't a girl in Quinneococ but would jump to be in your shoes; and I'll tell you, Helen, just what I said to my own girls about their beaux, when you get a good chance, you better hold fast."

"Mrs. Brown!" Helen voice fairly frightened herself, "oh, how can you talk so to me!" she cried; "it is cruel; you don't know how cruel," and in her distress and excitement Helen broke down and sobbed bitterly.

Poor Mrs. Brown was completely bewildered. "Come now, Helen," she said, "I didn't mean any harm. Why I always thought girls liked to be joked about their beaux."

"But he isn't any beau. I am ashamed to hear you talk so. He is the best man I ever knew."

"Well," replied Mrs. Brown, as she rolled up her knitting, "I don't know who should have the best man if it isn't you. I am sure you are worthy of him."

Helen wiped his eyes, and, making a great effort to speak calmly, said: "Mrs. Brown, you are under a great mistake. I hope you will never speak of this again. If anybody speaks of it to you, please say it is a mistake. Mrs. Waldemar has been very kind to me; they have all been kind and to have Dr. Waldemar gossiped about in this way pains me—you don't know how it pains me; it is so unjust, so unworthy of him."

"Humph!" Mrs. Brown answered, coolly, "I guess his shoulders are broad enough to bear it; it is my private opinion he wouldn't feel as dreadfully about it as you seem to; but I won't say any more about it, Helen, if you don't want me to; and now if you'll give me my things I guess I'll go home."

And the really kind hearted but inconsiderate, inquisitive woman went home, little dreaming of the extra evening's toil she had given Helen, nor of the arrow she had left ranking in her mind. It seemed to Helen, for a while after Mrs. Brown had gone, as if she hated Quinneococ and all the Quinneococ people. To be gossiped about in that manner—her sensitive nature shrank as if it had felt a blow.

"How can they, oh, how can people be so cruel!" she repeated to herself. "I am ashamed of them; I am ashamed of them," and alone by herself Helen indulged in another passionate burst of tears. "I am sorry it has happened, but I cannot help it, and I'll try not to think of it any more;" so she wisely resolved, and prayer aided her in keeping her resolution.

That there was any truth in the insinuations respecting Dr. Waldemar, Helen never for a moment thought. She had too humble an opinion of herself, too high and exalted one of him for such a fancy to find lodgment in her mind. She cried herself to sleep that night, but the tears were like a cleansing, softening rain; and the eyes with which she looked forth on the world and her neighbours next morning were purer and lovelier than ever.

(To be continued.)

THOSE WHO NEVER DO WRONG.

'Tis hard to labour from morn till night,
To plough the furrow and pluck the weeds,
For those who poorly the task requite,
And care but little for all our needs;
But the hardest work is to get along
With those who never do anything wrong.

You're sure to meet in the course of life
With men and women who freely state
Their own opinion, with yours at strife,
And you may endeavour to set them straight;
But you'll find it wiser to jog along
Than argue with those who never do wrong.

They go their way, with a smile, no doubt,
At us who suffer such pains and aches
And mental torture, at finding out
That we've committed some grave mistakes;
With pride unbroken, erect and strong,
Are those who never do anything wrong.

You may note their faults and attempt to prove
Wherein they err, but as well essay
With a cambric needle that rock to move
That fills the passage and blocks your way;
You may talk by the hour with tears in your eyes,
But they'll never confess nor apologize.

They never come with a tearful face,
And tender kisses, to make amends
For wounds inflicted; or say with grace,
"I'm sorry I forgive me, and let's be friends!"
But stern and unyielding they move along,
Convinced they have never done anything wrong.

This is a work-a-day world we're in,
And toils and troubles their round repeat;
But out of the tangles some gold we spin;
And out of the bitter extract some sweet;
But the hardest work is to get along
With those who never do anything wrong!

TENNYSON—MACDONALD—LOWELL.

BY REV. A. McLEOD, D.D., OF DIRKENHEAD.

A sense of the spiritual realities and chances for doing good, as present and near to us, is a favourite mood with Lowell. It pervades his early and beautiful poem, "Sir Launfal." And as this poem gives me an opportunity of bringing American and English poetry into companionship—at least, at one fair testing-point—I shall dwell for a little over it. The subject is the search for the Holy Grail. This Grail is the cup out of which Jesus drank at the Last Supper. According to the legend, it was brought into England by Joseph of Arimathea, and was kept by his descendants for many generations, until, in the lapse of years, through the infidelity of its keepers, it disappeared. Then it became a favourite enterprise of heroic people—knights of Arthur's Court and the like—to go forth in quest of it. We have three descriptions of this quest—one by Tennyson, one by George MacDonald, and one by Lowell. It is these I mean to compare.

Tennyson's first poem on the theme is "Sir Galahad." And this is what the blameless knight describes:

"Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers—
I float till all is dark.

"A gentle sound, an awful light—
Three angels bear the Holy Grail
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail."

He next handles the subject in the "Idyls of the King." And there it is the nun, Percival's sister, who finds it. Coming to her brother one day, her eyes all aglow—

"And, O my brother Percival," she said,
'Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail.'

Then she tells of a heavenly music she had heard at the dead of night:

"And then
Streamed through my cell a cold and silver beam,
And down the long beam stoic the Holy Grail—
Rose red with beatings in it, as if alive—
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
With rosy colours leaping on the wall."

Now what Tennyson exhibits is the very "up—changed, glorified, and living, it is true—but still a thing itself. Listen now to George MacDonald:

"Through the wood, the sunny day
Glimmered sweetly sad;
Through the wood his weary way
Rode Sir Galahad."

He rode past churches, through forests, through villages
with human crowds in them, then—

"Galahad was in the night
When man's hope is dumb.
Galahad was in the night
When God's wonders come.
Wings he heard not floating by,
Heard not voices fall,
Yet he started with a cry—
Saw the San Greal!"

The vision passed. Galahad gave up, and then resumed the quest:

"But at last Sir Galahad
Found it on a day,
Took the Grail into his hand
Had the cup of joy,
Carried it about the land
Gladsome as a boy."

But what had he found? What did he hide from all human seeing in his bosom? What did his friends search for when he died?

"When he died, with reverent care,
Opened they his vest,
Seeking for the cup he bare,
Hidden in his breast.
Nothing found they to their will,
Nothing found at all;
In his bosom deeper still
Lay the San Greal."

There can be no question that this is a clear advance on Tennyson's treatment of the subject. Tennyson's is literal, MacDonald's spiritual. The San Greal with the latter is that Word of God, which the young man in the Psalm, finding, hides in his bosom, that he may, in the power of it, cleanse his way. Let us now turn to the ethical treatment of the theme. Sir Launfal has long vowed to find the Grail. On a bright day in June he dreams that he is still young, and setting forth from his castle to fulfil his vow:

"It was morning on hill, and stream, and tree,
And morning in the young knight's heart."

But as he stepped out of the gloom of his gateway into the light—

"He was 'ware of a leper crouched by the same,
Who begged with his hand, and moaned as he sat;
And a loathing over Sir Launfal came,
The sunshine went out of his soul with a thrill.
The flesh 'neath his armour did shrink and crawl,
And midway its leap, his heart stood still
Like a frozen waterfall.

For this man so foul, so bent of stature,
Rasped harshly against his dainty nature,
And seemed the one blot on the summer morn,
So he tossed him a piece of gold in scorn."

In Sir Launfal's vision long years of toil and suffering go past. At length, one Christmas, he returns from what has been a bootless search. Winter is on all the land. It is winter also with himself. He is old. A usurper has seized his castle in his absence, and he is turned away from his own gate. But standing there, musing sadly on the past, in the presence of the gate that will not open for him more, he hears a long-forgotten voice. It is the voice of the same miserable leper who sickened him years before when he was setting out, and who now again begs, for Christ's sweet sake, an alms. But Sir Launfal is of another spirit now, and divides his one remaining crust with the sufferer, and breaks the ice at the streamlet near by, that he may bring him a drink, saying as he did so:

"I behold in thee
An image of him who died on the tree:
Thy also hast had thy crown of thorns,
Thou also hast had the world's buffets and scorns:
And to thy life were not denied
The wounds in the hands and side.
Mild Mary's Son, acknowledge me—
Behold, thro' Him, I give to thee."

Then the soul of the leper stood up in his eyes, and the past came back to Sir Launfal, and he remembered with shame how he had loathed this poor object before. But as he mused, a light shone round about the place:

"The leper no longer crouched at his side,
But stood before him glorified,
Shining, and tall, and fair, and straight,
As the pillar that stood at the Beautiful Gate;
Himself the Gate, whereby men can
Enter the temple of God in man."

And listening to him, lo! the voice becomes the voice of Christ, and this is what he says:

"Lo, it is I, be not afraid!
In many climes without avail,
Thou hast spent thy life for the Holy Grail;
Behold, it is here, this cup which thou
Didst fill at the streamlet for Me but now;
This Crust is My Body broken for thee,
This water His blood that died on the tree;
The Holy Supper is kept indeed,
In whatso we share with a brother's need.
Not that which we give, but that which we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who bestows himself, with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me!"

Then Sir Launfal awoke from his dream. He had found the Grail at his very door, in his very hand. He acted out the teaching of his dream. His castle became the refuge of the children of sorrow. He shared all he had with the poor.

"And there's no poor man in the north countrie,
But is Lord of the Earldom as much as he."

Do I require to say that we have here a handling of the old legend, higher than either of the other two?

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

A FUND for an American Catholic University has been started in Chicago, which now amounts to \$300,000.

AT Paris, horse-flesh is more and more used for food; in 1881 the butchers disposed of 9,300 horses, to say nothing of asses and mules.

HERR MOST, formerly editor of "Freiheit," a socialistic journal printed in London, has taken up his temporary residence in the United States.

THE Rev. Francis Close, Dean of Carlisle, died last week. He was widely known and respected for his devotion to evangelical Christianity.

PROF. SWING, of Chicago, characterizes the "Salvation Army in England as bric-a-brac in religion—a harmonious blending of the clergyman and Oscar Wilde."

THE Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Spain, recently held in Madrid, comprises upwards of twenty churches which have adopted a Presbyterian organization.

ON the site of the old post-office in New York city, formerly the Dutch Reformed Church, the Mutual Life Insurance Company is erecting a building eleven stories in height or 154 feet.

THE Protestant congregations in Mexico have nearly doubled within the past five years, now numbering 239 churches, with 10,704 members, 19,000 adherents, and 209 native helpers.

A GIFTED German, Rev. F. Von Schluombach, under the direction of Prof. Christlieb and Baron Oertzen, has engaged in a campaign of evangelistic labours in Germany among the masses.

PROF. GRISLEY has completed a calculation of the orbit of the great comet. The period occupied by the comet's revolution is about 793 years. The comet is probably identical with the very large one seen in 371 B.C., and in 363 A.D.

DR. KENDRICK, in a recent letter to the "Examiner," says that the four supreme incidents of a European tour are, in his judgement, a day on the Rhine, the transit of an Alpine pass, a view of the Roman Forum, and a walk in Pompeii.

EDINBURGH Presbytery on the motion of Dr Begg unanimously agreed to request the Lord Advocate to insert a clause in his new General Police Bill for Scotland, prohibiting the sale of everything on Sabbath "except milk and medicine."

THE following is an approximately correct estimate of the strength of Presbyterianism throughout the world. The population is correct and the membership under rather than over the truth: Churches, 33,000; ministers, 31,500; members, 14,408,000; population, 37,246,000.

THE Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn has voted to extend a call to the Rev. A. J. F. Behrends, of the Union Congregational Church, of Providence, R.I., and decided to pay him \$10,000 a year salary, give him two months a year vacation, and \$1,000 for moving expenses.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Alfred Ollivant, D.D., Bishop of Llandaff. He was the author of a number of volumes upon theological subjects, among them an analysis of the text of the history of Joseph and some letters on the critical examination of the Pentateuch by Bishop Colenso.

ACCORDING to a recent volume of travels, not a single one of the aborigines of Van Dieman's Land is now living. There were once 12,000 natives of New Hebrides; now 2,000. Thirty years ago there were 50,000 Tongese; now not 12,000. The Maoris are reduced from 100,000 to 40,000. The Marquesas Islanders have lost nine-tenths.

THE mutations of opinion in the Queensbury family are singular. The late Marchioness, when she resided in Scotland, was a patroness of revivalism and of Richard Weaver, "The Converted Collier." Lord Archibald is an estimable Roman Catholic priest on the Harrow road, London. Lady Gertrude lately wedded the nice young baker, and the Marquis is "President of the British Secularist Union."

IN New Zealand the Presbyterians have a dash of worldly wisdom, the exercise of which has made their societies strong financially by the exercise of a wise business policy. In all new settlements they send their agents in advance to buy a plot of ground before prices have advanced with settlement. By the time they are ready to build their church they are able to sell a part of the purchase for enough to pay for building.

NEARLY 5,400 cuneiform inscriptions have been recently transported from the neighbourhood of Babylon to England. These tablets formed originally the royal library mentioned by Berossus, the Chaldean historian, and which contains accounts of matters anterior to the Deluge, many of which were copied in the time of Sargon, one thousand eight hundred years before Christ. They will soon be placed in the British Museum.

THE annual summary of British contributions to seventy-seven societies for foreign mission work during the financial year 1881 has just been completed by Canon Scot Robertson, of Sittingbourne. The total is £15,381 less than that of the previous year. The chief items are as follow:—Church of England Missions, £460,395; joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists, £15,320; English Nonconformist societies, £313,177; Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies, £155,767; Roman Catholic societies, £10,910. Total British contributions in 1881, £1,093,069.

CHUMAH, so well known to the readers of "Livingstone's Life and Travels," is dead. He was one of the slave boys whom Dr. Livingstone rescued towards the end of his Zambesi and Nayassa expedition, and who were with him till his death. Their fidelity to him during all these years was remarkable, and the two headed the expedition that carried his remains from Ilala to the coast. Latterly Chumah has been employed chiefly as head man in various African expeditions. He has a great gift of eloquence, and was often employed successfully where difficult negotiations had to be carried on with unreasonable chiefs.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE students of Morin College, Quebec, are about publishing a monthly periodical.

THE Rev. G. M. Milligan lectured at Port Perry last week on "An Enchanted City."

ZION Church, Brantford, is being enlarged, improved and beautified at a cost of \$12,000.

THE congregation of Rev. Mr. Hume's church, St. George, have succeeded in raising sufficient funds to relieve the debt on the church.

THE Presbyterian church at Sharbot Lake, being too small, has been sold to Mr. W. McKarrow. A new edifice will be erected in the spring.

THE annual tea-meeting in connection with the Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. D. Willock is pastor, Earnesttown, was held on the evening of the 22nd inst.

AT a special meeting of the Protestant section of the Winnipeg Board of Education, Rev. James Robertson in the chair, the advisability of normal school training for teachers was discussed.

ANNIVERSARY sermons were preached in the Presbyterian church at Clayton by the Rev. John Crombie, M.A., of Smith's Falls. A soiree was also held on Monday evening, at which Mr. Crombie and neighbouring ministers gave addresses.

THE anniversary services in connection with the Presbyterian church, Camden East, were held on Sabbath, 17th inst. Prof. Mowat, of Queen's College, Kingston, brother of Hon. O. Mowat, Premier of Ontario, occupied the pulpit morning and afternoon.

A LARGE and handsome new building for the First Congregational church, Winnipeg, under the pastorate of the Rev. J. B. Silcox, late of Toronto, was opened last week. The dedicatory sermons were preached by Rev. Dr. Dana, St. Paul, and D. M. Gordon, Winnipeg.

A NEW congregation is to be formed in King's County, N.S., to include the stations of Wolfville, Avonport and Horton Landing. Hantsport may also be taken in. Two individuals, in the event of a minister being soon settled, have subscribed one hundred dollar each.

A DESPATCH to the Halifax "Chronicle" states that the Great Village Presbyterian church was burned at five o'clock a.m., on the 11th inst. The fire is supposed to have been caused from some defect of the chimney, which was being repaired. No insurance. Loss \$4,500.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, Chatham, N.B., has undergone a series of varied and costly internal improvements. A fine organ by Messrs. S. R. Warren & Son, Toronto, has been placed in the building. The congregation is prospering under the care of the Rev. E. W. Waits.

WE are happy to announce that the Rev. Edward John Hamilton, D.D., son of the Rev. Dr. Wm. Hamilton, Toronto, and author of a lately published treatise entitled "The Human Mind," has been invited to take the place of Dr. Atwater, as Professor of Metaphysics, at Princeton, in the College of New Jersey.

A VERY enjoyable tea-meeting in connection with the Hespeler Presbyterian church was held on Wednesday, the 20th of December. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Johnston, Toronto; Mr. Thomas Cowan, Galt; Revs. Messrs. Nugent and Haigh. D. McDougall, Esq., Registrar, Berlin, occupied the chair.

INTERESTING and impressive communion services in connection with Rev. Mr. Frizzell's pastoral charge were held at York town-line on the 10th, and at Leslieville on the 17th December. It is gratifying to learn that at these the first communion services since Mr. Frizzell's induction there were eleven new members received into the fellowship of the church at York town-line, and twenty-two at Leslieville.

LAST week Rev. Mr. Carruthers, who a short time ago was inducted into the pastorate of the Presbyterian church at Kirkwall, was presented by his congregation with a purse of about \$180, to aid him in purchasing a horse, harness, cutter, robes, etc., for use in his work. The present was a handsome one, and the event shows what great good feeling must exist between congregation and pastor.

A SHORT time since the Young People's Association of the First Presbyterian Church, Brantford, held a

successful public meeting in the basement of the church, which was well filled. After a short address by the Rev. F. R. Beattie, M.A., a pleasant evening's enjoyment was experienced in listening to song, recitation, and debate. The Association is in a flourishing condition.

LADY MACDONALD, accompanied by M. H. Gault, Esq., M.P., and Mrs. Gault, paid a visit one morning lately to the Presbyterian college, Montreal. They were shown through the building by Mr. David Morrice, Chairman of the Board, Principal MacVicar, and Mr. Dey, Dean of Residence. Lady Macdonald expressed her admiration of the David Morrice Hall and Library and the entire equipments of the institution.

THE Dunbarton Women's Missionary Association held their annual parloursocial and concert on the evening of the 21st inst., in Lorne Villa, the residence of Wm. Dunbar, Esq. Although the weather was far from favourable, yet a very large number met on the occasion, where, by tea and its varied and attractive attendants, together with readings, recitations, vocal and instrumental music, etc., the whole company had a full share of social enjoyment, while they added very materially to the funds of the Association.

IN connection with the annual missionary services in Central Church, Hamilton, the Rev. Professor McLaren preached suitable and appropriate sermons on Sabbath last. On Wednesday evening an enthusiastic missionary meeting was held. The chair was occupied by Rev. Mr. Lyle. The speakers of the evening were the Rev. G. M. Milligan, and Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., whose addresses were characterised by their wonted eloquence and fervour. Appropriate music was rendered in the course of the evening.

THE basement of Knox Church, Ottawa, was well filled on the occasion of a social given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Association. The programme was varied, and those present seemed highly delighted with the bill of fare. Mr. George Hayably discharged the duties of the chair. Excellent music was rendered by accomplished performers, and refreshments were both good and ample. There have been many excellent treats in the way of socials given by the Ladies' Aid Association of Knox Church, but this was one of the best yet held.

THE late Mr. David J. Greenshields has bequeathed \$120,000 to various public objects in the Dominion. McGill University and the Montreal General Hospital received \$40,000 each; Home Mission, Presbyterian Church, comes next with \$10,000; and Queen's University, Kingston, and Morin College, Quebec, \$5,000 each. The remainder goes to local Protestant benevolent organizations. Mr. Greenshields was a generous benefactor to all worthy objects during his lifetime, and was universally esteemed by all who knew him. He was a staunch member of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, and he remembered its poor in his will by a legacy.

ON the evening of Wednesday, December 12th, two representatives of the ladies belonging to the Presbyterian church, Metis, Que., waited on their pastor, Rev. T. Fenwick, and handed to him a gift in the form of several engravings of the class commonly called "bank notes." The value of the whole was \$23. It need not be said that the receiver returned most hearty thanks to the givers. "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" in whom the obtaining of such works of art does not cause pleasure? Mr. Fenwick, however, though a great admirer of pictures, does not intend either to frame or to keep in a pocket portfolio the present referred to, but to exchange it for certain useful articles, in accordance with the expressed wishes of the givers.

MR. J. J. BELL, M.A., being about to take his departure from Picton, Ont., for Toronto, was, on Sunday, 10th inst., presented with a handsome toilet set by the teachers and scholars of the Presbyterian Sunday school, of which he has been superintendent for the past four years, and Mrs. Bell, who has been a teacher, with a handsome Christmas card containing the good wishes of the donors. The presentation was made by Rev. Mr. Coulthard, who spoke in the highest terms of Mr. and Mrs. Bell's qualifications and earnestness in Sunday school work. Mr. Bell, who was taken altogether by surprise, replied on behalf of Mrs. Bell and himself, thanking the pastor, teachers and scholars for their kind words and handsome gifts. They leave Picton with the best wishes of all for their future happiness and prosperity.

ON Thursday evening, Dec. 14th, a very successful tea-meeting was held in the First Presbyterian Church, Westminster, in connection with the opening of the new Sabbath school-room, which has been built during the past few months. After refreshments had been served, the chair was taken by Rev. Mr. Ballantyne. The programme consisted of addresses by Rev. Messrs. McEwen, of Ingersoll, Henderson, of Hyde Park, and music by the choir, under the leadership of Mr. T. Baty, also several well selected recitations and hymns by Sabbath school scholars, with all of which the audience, which numbered about four hundred, was well pleased. The proceeds, after paying all expenses, amounted to seventy dollars, which will be taken to furnish the new school-room. A new church having been erected two years ago, this congregation is now thoroughly equipped for the prosecution of Christian work.

ON Sunday the 17th inst, the services in connection with the re-opening of the recently renovated Presbyterian church, Cobourg, were held. The congregations were large, the sermons eloquent and appropriate, the offerings generous, and the whole proceedings of a character exceedingly satisfactory in every sense of the term. The morning sermon was preached by Rev. A. B. McKay, of Montreal. In the afternoon the services were continued by Rev. P. McF. McLeod, of Toronto, a son of a former well-beloved pastor of the Cobourg congregation. Mr. McLeod preached a very appropriate sermon, bearing mainly on Temperance. On Monday evening a soiree was held in the church, which was largely attended. The pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. McCrae, presided, the Rev. Messrs. McKay and McLeod, the ministers of all the other churches in the town, Rev. Drs. Nelles and Burwash, of Victoria College, and Rev. Messrs. Smith, of Grafton, and Beattie of Port Hope addressed the meeting.

THE Rev. E. F. Torrance, St. Paul's, Peterborough, on the 17th inst., preached a sermon on the occasion of Lieut.-Col. Haultain's death. After discoursing on Death and Immortality, the preacher described the distinguishing features of the departed elder's worth. From this part of the discourse the following is quoted: "I may mention next the faithfulness with which he discharged his duties, as an elder. He believed that as an elder he was responsible for the spiritual oversight of the congregation, and that he must minister to those committed to his care. Accordingly, it was his habit to visit frequently the different families in his district, and to speak to the members personally upon eternal things. While he attended to all, he was mindful specially of the poor and the afflicted. Though by no means in perfect health himself, he was glad to sit up whole nights with the sick and the dying. Never do I remember to have been in his company for any length of time, without his saying something of the interests of the congregation and of the kingdom of Jesus Christ; nor did he confine his labours to his own district or to the congregation merely, but he regularly visited the prisoners in the gaol and the inmates of the Home. He delighted in such visitation both as a means of benefiting others and a means of blessing to his own soul."

A LARGE assemblage lately gathered in the First Presbyterian church, St. Catharines, the occasion being a farewell social to Rev. Mr. Bruce, the retiring pastor. The proceedings were very interesting, and were enlivened by vocal and instrumental music. The chair was occupied by Mr. D. W. Beadle in his usual happy manner. Addresses suitable to the occasion were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Booth, Wetherald, Porter, Colling, Rump, and Simpson. After a full expression of good feeling and wishes for Mr. Bruce's long and continued usefulness in his new sphere of labour, Mr. Beadle stepped forward, and on behalf of the congregation presented him with a well-filled purse and address expressive of their sentiments of love and esteem and hearty appreciation of his valuable ministerial services. To this expressive manifestation Mr. Bruce made a feeling and appropriate response. On the afternoon of the same day a few friends presented Mr. Bruce with a very valuable gold-headed ebony cane as a mark of appreciation of the benefit derived from his teaching and of personal friendship and esteem. At the close of the farewell meeting in the First Presbyterian church, the Presbyterian congregation of Merriton, through their minister, Mr. Simpson, presented the Rev. G. Bruce with a morocco dressing case, and an address expressing the

warm feelings of the congregation towards him, and especially acknowledging the value of the services he had rendered to the congregation as its moderator.

PRESBYTERY OF SAUGEEN—This Presbytery met in Knox church, Mount Forest, on the 19th December. The Moderator's term of office having expired, Mr. Niven was appointed Moderator for the next six months. Messrs. Young and Frazer were appointed a deputation to visit Cotswold to ascertain the state of matters there and report to Presbytery. The members present reported anent the different schemes of the church, to which their congregations had so far contrived. The following motions of condolence were passed: *First*. "That the Presbytery have heard with great sorrow of the death of the Rev. William Lohead, a member of this court, who, although retired from the active duties of the ministry, after long years of faithful service, still took a deep interest in whatever pertained to the advancement of the cause of Christ, and has been a very useful elder in connection with Knox church, Harriston. We commend the aged widow and the family to the God of all grace, and extend to them our sympathy in this bereavement, and instruct the clerk to send a copy of this minute to Mrs. Lohead." *Second*. "That the sympathy of the Presbytery be expressed and extended to Mr. Isaac Starratt, a ruling elder and member of this court, in his present bereavement by the death of his beloved wife, and that the clerk be instructed to communicate the same to Mr. Starratt." Messrs. McMillan and Fraser, ministers, and Mr. McArchin, elder, were appointed a committee to prepare a deliverance "On methods of appointing standing committees," and Messrs. Young and Stewart, ministers, and Mr. Neill, elder, were appointed to prepare a deliverance "On Board of Examination." Answers to questions on state of religion to be sent to Mr. McMillan, Mount Forest, and on Sabbath schools, to Mr. Aull, Palmerston. The Presbytery adjourned, to meet in Guthrie church, Harriston, on the second Tuesday of March, 1883, at two o'clock, p. m.—S. YOUNG, Pres. Clerk.

TOPICS FOR THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

The Evangelical Alliance recommend the following list of subjects for the Week of Prayer from January 7 to the 14th inclusive:

SUNDAY, JAN. 7.—Sermons: "For there is one God and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus; who gave Himself a ransom for all."—I Tim. ii, 5, 6.

MONDAY, JAN. 8.—Praise and Thanksgiving: For the long-suffering love and faithfulness of God, and for His continued mercy and goodness; for the progress of the Gospel, the continued presence of the Holy Spirit; for the large measure of peace among the nations; and for all temporal blessings. Psalm ciii.; Isa. xxv.; Psalm cvii.; I Thess. i. chap.; Psalm xxxvi., from 5th verse.

TUESDAY, JAN. 9.—Humiliations and Confessions: In view of unfaithfulness to Christ, divisions among the Lord's people, and want of brotherly love; of pride, self-will and worldliness; of National sins, especially intemperance and licentiousness, the desecration of the Lord's Day, the spread of scepticism and infidelity, and the prevalence of disorder and violent crime. Psalm li, and cxxx.; Jerem. xiv. 7 to 10 and 20 to 23; Luke xv.; Lam. iii. 22 to 41; Hosea xiv.; James iv.; II Cor. vi.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10.—Prayer for families: For parents, children and the household,—that all connected with the training and education of the young may be deeply impressed with the vital importance of Scripture instruction, and that the absolute need of the power of the Holy Spirit in all departments of this great work may be realized; for the cultivation of every moral virtue, for integrity, purity and piety in the home life; and for a special blessing upon Sunday schools. Deut. vi. 1 to 16; Psalm cxvii.; Ephes. vi. 1 to 18; Deut. xxxiii. 12 to 16 and 24 to 29; Prov. viii.; I John xiv. 12 to 17.

THURSDAY, JAN. 11.—Prayer for the Church Universal: For the outpouring of the Holy Spirit,—that all ministers of Christ and those preparing for the ministry may deeply realize their responsibilities and the need of the Spirit's teaching and power; that their testimony before the world may be open and faithful; that sound doctrine and holiness of heart and life may prevail in the churches, and false teaching and superstition be counteracted; that all the children of God may be filled with earnestness and zeal in seeking to

gather in the lost, for a rich blessing upon efforts to promote union and brotherly love, and for afflicted Christians everywhere. Joel ii. 23 to 31; Acts ii. 32 to 41; Isa. lv.; Ephes. iii. 14 to 21; I Cor. xii. 1 to 13; John xv. 12 to 27; Phil. ii. 1 to 16; Psalm xcvi.

FRIDAY JANUARY 12.—Prayer for the Nations: For sovereigns, rulers and magistrates; that all laws favourable to cruelty and vice, the opium traffic and intemperance, may be abolished; for the better observance of the Lord's Day, for peace and good will among men, that all may yield obedience to the powers that be, and that the spirit of lawlessness may be subdued; for the cessation of war; that the pursuit of literature, science and art may be influenced by the fear of God; that all people may be turned from their sins, saved from unbelief and brought to know Christ as their Saviour; that God's ancient people the Jews may be delivered from their oppressions, and all persecuted Christians be relieved. Matt. v. 1 to 16; Prov. xvi. 1 to 13; Rom. xiii.; Psalm cxliv.; I Peter ii. 13 to 25; II Tim. ii. 1 to 21; Acts x. 34 to 48; Rom. xiv. 1 to 19; Jerem. xxx.; Mark x. 28 to 45.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13.—Prayer for Missions. That all missionaries and others engaged in mission work and in the circulation of the Scriptures at home and abroad may be filled with the Holy Spirit, and that great success may crown their efforts; that all converts may be kept steadfast in the faith, and made earnest and efficient in seeking to bring souls to the Saviour; that many more faithful labourers may be called into the Lord's vineyard that the Mahomedans and the heathen may be won to Christ, and that the Jews may be constrained to receive Him as their long expected Messiah. That the blessing of God and the power of the Spirit may abundantly rest upon the Conference of Christians of various nations proposed to be held in Stockholm. Luke xxiv. 36 to 53; Luke x. 1 to 16; John xvi. 1 to 15; Acts xi. 1 to 21; Psalm cx. and Psalm c.; Rom. xi.; Ezek. xxxvii. 11 to 28; Isa. lii. 7 to 15.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 14.—Sermons: "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the Great God our Saviour Jesus Christ." Titus 11. 19.

NOTE.—It is suggested that at meetings pauses for silent prayer should be allowed, that each person may supply what cannot be expressed publicly. This is especially needed in confession and in prayer for families, and for the afflicted.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

December 31st.

No lesson was chosen by the Lesson Committee for this Sabbath, having the idea, perhaps, that schools would, mostly, take this last day of the year for special services in some shape. Several of the lesson-note publishers agreed upon a lesson from Isaiah 11: 1-9. "The kingdom of Peace:" as we think, however, for the reason stated, that it is not likely to be used by many schools, we do not give any notes upon it.

LESSON 1.

Jan. 7th, 1883. **THE ASCENDING LORD.** (Acts 1: 1-14.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And when He had spoken these things, while they beheld, He was taken up."—Acts 1: 9.

NOTES.—Acts, written by Luke, a physician, a companion of Paul, and writer of the third Gospel. The book of Acts was written about A.D. 63, probably at Rome. (See Introduction, page 4). Theophilus—lover of God, not a title for any believer, but a real person, though not a Jew, nor a resident of Palestine; He was, no doubt, a Roman of rank, for he is called "most excellent" (Luke i. 3), a title of honour applied to Felix and to Festus; tradition says He lived in Italy. Jerusalem—place or possession of peace, the capital and chief city of the Jews; founded by the Canaanites; taken by David and made his capital; enlarged by Solomon and others; repeatedly taken by Israel's enemies; in the time of Christ it was subject to the Roman empire; was destroyed by Titus; again rebuilt; fell into the hands of the Turks; present population is about 25,000. Judæa, Samaria, Galilee, the southern, central, and northern divisions of Palestine. (See Schaff's Dictionary of the Bible). Olivet, a noted mountain ridge, two miles east of Jerusalem, and having several peaks; and central peak, or mount of ascension, is 2652 feet above the sea. The Ascension. At the foot of Olivet the Saviour saw Gethsemane and His awful sorrow; near its top He ascended to glory. Says Dr. South, "Depressed before advanced, cradled before enthroned, passing through the valley of tears to the region of halcyons." The redeemed behold Gethsemane, Calvary, the cross, the resurrection, and do not stop gazing at these successive divine wonders until they see the glorious ascension.

I. THE FORTY DAYS.—Ver. 1.—Began: Jesus began

the teaching of Christianity personally. This Book show how He continued it through the Holy Spirit, by the Apostles and first Christians.

Ver. 2.—Taken up: the Father is often said to have "raised" Jesus, and "taken" Him, thus showing us how pleased and satisfied He was with Jesus' work for us. A strong consolation for poor sinners!

Ver. 3.—Passion: sufferings. Speaking: probably a much larger amount of teaching, in those forty days, than we are apt to think. And now their eyes began to be opened. Nearness to the unseen world is a great quickener of our perceptions.

Ver. 4.—Assembled: they met Him (probably the five hundred in Galilee—1 Cor. 15: 6). They were to wait for further illumination. Sometimes our highest duty is just with patience to wait. "He also serves, who only stands and waits."—Milton.

Ver. 5.—Baptized: there should be a great Revival, as in John's time, three or four years before. John testified of this—Matt. 3: 11. Not many days. He encouraged them that they would not need to wait long. Perhaps they were impatient to go and tell what they did know, but their knowledge was imperfect.

Ver. 6.—Restored: still they hoped for an earthly kingdom. The Christian's best citizenship is that of heaven.

Ver. 7.—To know: such knowledge would only divert us from present duty. It is better in God's power.

Ver. 8.—Power: A different kind of power from what they and the Jews had been looking for. A power we should seek and use every day of our lives.

II. THE ASCENSION.—Ver. 9.—Taken up: from some part of the Mount of Olives. Jesus is now in His glorified human body in heaven. So are Enoch and Elijah. A threefold evidence of our coming glory, body as well as spirit. Cloud: we may not be wrong in believing that this was the bright cloud of God's presence:—through the Red Sea; in the Desert; in the Temple; and in which He will come at the last day.

Ver. 10.—Two men: angels. They are often nearer to us than we think. They were no doubt there; and round about Elisha (2 Kings 6: 17); and in the tomb (John 20). Before: they were seen. Our souls need to be in a certain state of faith and love, to receive certain blessings.

Ver. 11.—Gazing: they seemed unwilling to conclude that their Master had left them. But they saw only the beginning of His return home. We may see indications of the end of the journey in Psalm 24: 7-10.

III. WAITING FOR THE BLESSING.—Ver. 12.—Returned: from whatever manifestations of God's presence and glory we have while on earth, to "return" to prayer and duty. A Sabbath day's journey: was 2,000 paces, or about a mile. The Rabbins allowed a man to go that far and return.

Ver. 13.—Upper room: some large second or third storey room they used for a place of meeting; perhaps the same where they made ready the Passover for Jesus; some of them might sleep here; John and others might have hired-houses, or rooms, in the city (John 19: 27).

Ver. 14.—Prayer and supplication: their only present duty was to pray, which, perhaps, they did, night and day, scarcely taking time to sleep. Mary: Jesus' mother was with them; no doubt now a widow. She, too, a sinner saved by grace, prayed with the rest. Extraordinary prayer is sure to be followed by extraordinary blessings. A great revival took place at a sacramental occasion in Scotland, a century or two ago; hundreds were converted; afterwards it came to be known that the young man whose sermon was so blessed, had, with some others, spent the whole of the preceding night in an agony of prayer for a blessing on the morrow.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

1. Christ rising from the dead became our life and resurrection.
2. He prepared for heaven by talking of the kingdom of God; so may His people now.
3. They were to wait for the promise of the Father: so His people may expect the Holy Ghost now.
4. The disciples were specially interested in a temporal kingdom: in Christ's presence how often Christians are thinking of worldly success!
5. Longing disciples have angel visitors: looking to Christ brings unexpected blessings.
6. Present loss may lead us to know of greater glories in the future.
7. Unity in prayer brings the Holy Spirit in power upon God's people.

**LOOK FOR THE ASCENDED LORD.
PRAY UNITEDLY for the HOLY GHOST.**

[NOTE.—The quotations from the text, in heavy-faced type, are the shortest possible: to save space. But the explanation, it will be seen, is not limited to the single word quoted. The word directs attention to the part of the verse under notice.]

THERE can be little doubt, says the "Outlook," that evil days are preparing for our Christian brethren in Madagascar. The members of the Embassy from the Queen now in Europe are being given to understand very clearly that France does not recognize the sovereignty of their mistress, except over a small portion of the island, and there is not the least hope, we are told, that their representations will be heeded. The French theory is that Queen Ranavola is sovereign only of the Hovas, and that France is free to do as she pleases with other tribes who inhabit the island.

OUR YOUNG COLKS.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Blessed Saviour, hear me now;
Lowly at Thy feet I bow;
Let Thy watchful care this night
Keep me safe till morning light.

Bless, O Lord, my parents dear;
Keep them in Thy holy care;
Bless my brothers, sisters too,
And our evil hearts renew.

Bless the sick on beds of pain;
Saviour, give them health again;
Or prepare them, should they die,
For Thy mansions in the sky.

Bless the poor with needful good,
Clothe and give them daily food;
Thou who makest o'on birds Thy care,
Bless Thy creatures everywhere.

Lord, bestow a grateful heart
For the gifts Thou dost impart
To a little child like me,

All my sins, O Lord, forgive:
Fit me with Thyself to live
In that glorious home above,
Purchased by Thy dying love.

"TEARS AND KISSES."

A writer in the *Sunday-School Times* tells a pathetic story of that language of signs which is common all over the world: "Two little Italians accompanied a man with a harp out of the city along the country roads skirted by fields and woods, and here and there was a farm-house by the way.

"He played and they sang at every door. Their voices were sweet, and the words in an unknown tongue.

"Not knowing how to make themselves understood, the little children, when they had finished singing, shyly held out their little brown hands or their aprons to get anything that might be given to them, and take it to the dark man out at the gate, who stood ready to receive it.

"One day the dark harpist went to sleep, and the little boy and girl, becoming tired of waiting for him, went off to a cottage under the hill, and began to sing under the window.

"They sang as sweetly as the voices of birds, Presently the blinds were opened wide, and they saw by the window a fair lady on a sick-bed regarding them.

"Her eyes shone with a feverish light, and the colour of her cheeks was like a beautiful peach.

She smiled and asked them if their feet were not tired. They said a few words in their own tongue.

"She said, 'Are the green fields not better than your city?'

"They shook their heads.

"She asked them, 'Have you a mother?'

They looked perplexed.

"She said, 'What do you think while you walk along the country roads?'

"They thought she asked for another song, so eager was the face, and they sang at once a song full of sweetness and pity, so sweet that the tears came into her eyes.

"That was a language they had learned: so they sang one sweeter still.

"At this she kissed her hand and waved it

to them. Their beautiful faces kindled, and like a flash the timid hands waved back a kiss.

"She pointed upwards to the sky and sent a kiss thither.

"At this they sank upon their knees and also pointed thither, as much as asking, 'Do you also know the good God?'

"A lady leaning by the window said, 'So tears and kisses belt the earth, and make the whole world kin.' And the sick one added 'And God is over all.'"

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

I wish you a happy New Year,
Dear bright-eyed girls and boys;
May all its days and hours be
Filled full of wholesome joys.
I wish you a happy New Year,
With health and true success,
And the best of all good fortune—
The power to aid and bless.

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I wish that pony was mine," said a little boy who was sitting at a window, and looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes."

"Why would I? You'd have no right to him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him a part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other, "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are. They were going along a road, talking in a pleasant way, when one of them said:

"I wish I had all the pasture-land in the world."

"And I wish I had all the cattle in the world" said the other. "What would you do then?" asked his friend. "Why, I would turn them into your pasture-land." "No, you wouldn't," was the reply. "Yes, I would." "But I wouldn't let you. You shouldn't do it." "I should." "You shan't." "I will." And with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys as they were.

The children laughed, but their mother said: "You see in what trifles quarrels often begin."

SWEET POISON.

A little boy, when his mother was out, got a chair and climbed up to the shelf in the press, to see if there was anything nice. He saw a small white paper parcel. It was filled with some white powder. The boy tasted it, and found it sweet; he took some more, and then put it up again. His mother came back. The boy soon fell ill, and complained to his mother. She asked what he had eaten. He told her he had "tasted some of that sweet sugar in the press." "Oh, my boy, it is poison! it will kill you!" she exclaimed. The doctor was

sent for and the boy's life was saved. But he never forgot that what is sweet may be poison. So with sin. Something we like much may be wrong; but if it is wrong, it is sin—it is death!

A CHILD HEROINE.

She was only a little girl, dressed in a homely garb, but with a face that bespoke innocence, confidence, and love. A miniature maiden, young in years, but the other day she performed an act of valour that places her on a level with Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and other heroines whose deeds have been emblazoned on the scroll of fame.

As the Jefferson City passenger train on the Missouri Pacific was rushing at full speed through the cut on the road between Glendale and Webster Stations, the engineer noticed a little girl standing on the track waving her apron wildly, and making other gestures signifying that the train should stop. The engineer was undecided for a moment, believing that the child was at play. He looked again, and saw the little maid still holding her position, and still waving aloft the signal of distress. The engine was reversed and the steam brakes applied, the train coming to a halt almost in the middle of the curve. Looking down the road a little distance, the train men were horrified to see the Washington express coming down upon it, and the little one still on the track waving her apron. The engineer of the incoming train saw the child's signal, and the engine was stopped 100 feet of the Jefferson City train. Both trains were on the same track, and according to the best mathematicians, could not possibly pass each other, and had it not been for the girl's action a terrible accident would have occurred, entailing a great loss of life. The girl disappeared as soon as the danger was over, and her name and residence could not be learned. The railroad company will see that she is suitably rewarded.

A LIE STICKS.

A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in Sabbath school the following week.

"Would you tell a lie for a penny?" asked a teacher of one of her boys.

"No, ma'am," answered Dick, very decidedly.

"For sixpence?"

"No ma'am."

"For a shilling?"

"No, ma'am."

"For a thousand?"

Dick was staggered. A thousand shillings looked big. Oh! wouldn't it buy lots of things! While he was thinking, another boy called out: "No, ma'am," behind him.

"Why not?" asked the teacher.

"Because, when the thousand shillings are all gone, and all the things they've got with them are gone, too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy. It is so. A lie sticks. Everything else may be gone, but this is left; and you will have to carry it with you, whether you will or not. A hard, heavy load it is!

REMEMBER THIS. IF YOU ARE SICK.

If you are sick, HOP BITTERS will surely aid Nature in making you well again when all else fails.

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will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

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WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

I asked the glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine-wreathed bowers.

I crossed her sunny path, and cried
"When is the time to die?"
"Not yet, not yet"—the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden, back she threw
The tresses of her hair,
Grief's traces o'er her cheeks, I knew,
Like pearls they glistened there.

A flush passed o'er her lily brow,
I heard her spirit sigh—
"Not now," she cried, "Oh, no, not now!
Youth is no time to die!"

I asked a mother, as she pressed,
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe's alarm.

In quivering tones her accents came,
Her eyes were dim with tears—
"My boy his mother's life must claim
For many, many years."

I questioned one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air;
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Nor dimmed by woe or care:

In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye—
"Talk not to me of death," he cried,
"For only age should die."

I questioned age—for whom the tomb
Had long been all prepared—
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared!

Once more his nature's dying throes
Flashed high, and thus he cried—
"Life—only life—is my desire,
And gasped, and groaned, and died."

I asked a Christian: "Answer thou—
When is the hour of death?"
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath,

And sweetly o'er his features stole,
A smile, a light divine,
He spake the language of his soul—
"My Master's time is mine!"

THE HOUSEHOLD WIECK.

BY MINNIE MYRTLE.

And so the pretty farm is sold, and the house which has been tenanted by those of the same family name for nearly a century, has passed into other hands. Strangers are seen going to and out, and the garden and terraced walks echo the footsteps of those to whom it is not dear as the birth-place of their fathers and fathers' fathers for many generations. The pretty farm is sold! And what caused the ruin of a household—deprived thousands of an inheritance, and the daughter of a home? Ah, it is a sad story of many thousand in our land! It has all been mortgaged by inches to buy rum!

He who owned it, inherited it unincumbered. There was a rich meadow of many broad acres, whose banks were washed by the river which wound lazy round, beneath the shadows of tall elms and spreading oaks; and the soil yielding abundantly with only the ordinary labour of the husbandman.

Over on the hill side were the densely wooded timber lots, from which the winter fires might have been supplied for centuries, and still left the forest all its grandeur. At its feet stretched the sunny pastures where cowslips and clover grew in rich profusion, and the deep and lazy herds grazed all the summer months, and slaked their thirst in the pebbly brook which meandered along its borders.

The house was an antique, and stood upon the brow of the gently sloping hill. It was built in the olden time, when convenience was little studied by designers and builders, but the site on which its foundation rested overlooked all the surrounding country. From the windows the owner could look far away over the fields he cultivated, see the river winding among the meadows, and the brook gleaming through the tasselled shrubbery that hung over its silvery surface—the road, with its many curves and windings, along which the harvest monogged merrily with their loaded carts of mown hay or golden sheaves—the blue hills in the distance and the green hills near by, making a landscape such as a southern valley in present, and a southern farmer may behold with an honest pride.

The garden lay smilingly out in the sunshine, and a professed horticulturist could not have found it more tastefully, or manifested more pleasure in cultivating the delicate

tendrils of that grape-vine that climbed over the latticed bower, or pruning the stems of the gay and parti-coloured flowers that decked the borders of the beds, and made a pleasant contrast with the bright green tufted mounds. How many times have I passed it, long after the shades of evening had gathered around the valley, and seen its useful owner smoothing the terrace, adding some beauty to the hill-side, though all the day he had toiled in the field, and would have only a little time to rest ere he must again go forth to labour.

He married young, a farmer's daughter of a neighbouring county, and never had a young farmer a better prospect in the beginning of life than he. He was industrious and frugal, but his wife did not prove either efficient or economical. "O how much depends on the wife!" is repeated till it is trite, but it is not half realized. She was not so refined in her taste, not so high-minded or intelligent as her husband. All her influence went to drag him down. He would have preferred companionship with the cultivated, and might have been led by a gentle voice had a loving heart gave up all that was degrading. One who understood her mission and was willing to study in all things to be a helpmeet to her husband, who was also capable of improvement herself, might have won him to self-denial and a higher life. But she cared for no society but the low and gossiping. She surrounded him with those who were fond of wine and strong drink. She enjoyed the coarse jests, and vulgar ribaldry of his companions; and never on any occasion spoke a word to dissuade him from his downward course.

The Sabbath was a day of feasting, and their house the resort of idlers, who had no respect for things sacred. In a few years they were almost as much isolated from all refined and cultivated society as if they had lived in the desert. Children grew up with soured embittered feeling toward all around them. They were taught to look upon those who cultivated their minds, and adopted a style of living in accordance with good taste and refinement, as proud and aristocratic, and encouraged to avoid instead of imitating them. The store and tavern, where the vulgar herds convened, were their places of diversion.

In the meantime the poison was at work, and he who dealt it out, and allured the unwary to destruction, was growing rich upon the spoils. Day by day he poured out the liquid fire, which he knew was burning into the very heart's core, destroying mind, and soul, and body, withering every energy, taking the bread from the mouths of children, and desolating a hearthstone around which children and children's children had so long gathered, and exulted in his inhuman traffic. Houses and lands were added to his possessions—he grew rich and was crowned with honours, such as the vulgar are so ready to lavish on those who hoard money—no matter if it is coined from the very life-blood of the widow and the orphan, and stamped with the tears of those who are perishing with hunger and nakedness. Oh, why do not the stones cry against such injustice, or the earth open and swallow up those who thus pollute its surface.

But though the destroyer was silent, and surely at work, there were no evidences of his ruthless hand upon the premises. The land was faithfully tilled, and the crops faithfully harvested, and though he who toiled diligently from morning to night often reeled to his work, the little garden exhibited no signs of neglect: the flower-beds were as neatly bordered, and the honey suckles and morning glories were trained and pruned as tenderly as if the mind had not been shattered, and the body wasted of its strength. The tall shade trees interlaced their gigantic stems, and formed a lofty bower about the dwelling, but never were they left to look scraggy and old. All without was neat, and trim, and tasteful, but alas, all within was without beauty, or taste, or method. The fireside was never bright and cheerful. There were no evidences of the skillful hand of woman on the walls, or the mantle shelf or the work table.

Everything had a sombre and repulsive look, and the atmosphere a chilly and unwholesome dampness. You could not enter the house without feeling that the ennobling influence of a pure-minded woman had never shed its radiance there.

Now and then, conscience, or rather the fear of an untimely death, awoke the slumbering energies of the secret destroyer, and he would resolve to "touch not, taste not, handle not," and for a little while would keep his resolution, and then would come the tempter with his soft speech and flattering tongue, and resolution, and thought and energy would be drowned in the bewildering draught, and another step would be taken down into the deep pit of destruction.

The grave-yard was often passed as he went to his daily labour, and one evening, as he was staggering by, his companions pointed him to a fresh mound, beneath which had recently been lain one who had been their companion through all the days of boyhood, and youth, and ripening manhood, and they had dearly loved. In the vigour and prime of life he had gone down to a drunkard's grave! "Yes," said his companion, "and ere another winter's

snows shall have melted from the green sward, you will have followed him, unless you retrace your downward steps. He might have lived a hale old man, of three score years and ten, gathered like a shock of corn fully ripe, had he lived a temperate man. But he was cut down in the midst of his days, and his death was not the less anticipated because it was produced in years instead of an hour.

He who listened had already experienced the horrors of delirium tremens, and this terrible disease had terminated the life of the friend upon whose grave they were now gazing, and there he made a new resolution that he would cast off the fetters that bound him, the chains which were dragging him to perdition, and lead a new life. For a year the maddening cup did not touch his lips. But there was no kind voice to cheer him on, or command his noble efforts. His fireside was no brighter, and the face of his wife no less gloomy. His former companions deserted him, and there were no new ones of a better class in their place. He was prostrated without his usual excitement, and could not perform his ordinary amount of labour. So he returned to his idols, and never again attempted to cast them away.

He loved his children, and was proud, as fathers often are, of his daughters, who were pretty, and more than ordinarily interesting. But he had not the means of educating them, though they were fully impressed by their ignorant mother with the vulgar idea that their birth and lineage made them ladies. They endeavoured in many little ways to brighten their home and make it more cheerful; but the voices of their parents, which were like a weight upon their spirits, drove them very early in life, to efforts for self support, and they went forth among strangers to toil as common servants to earn the bread which their father sold for rum. His sons were without ambition, and grew up coarse and grovelling in their tastes; and having no healthy incitement to labour at home, or pleasure in the family circle, they too, early went forth into a world of temptation to be corrupted and destroyed.

So, day by day, and inch by inch, the meadow and pastures, and hill-side were bargained away, and still almost unconsciously; for no mention was made of accounts, and the long column of debt and credit was now exhibited, and no warning words were spoken, till the vultures were ready to swoop upon their prey.

The farm, the homestead, and all his possessions had been bartered, and he had in return a shattered constitution, and an utterly debased and ruined mind. The cup of ruin had been drained to the dregs; and he who, only a little while ago was the owner of a proud domain, might have lived to a good old age, comfortable and independent, and left a pretty inheritance to his children, went forth a beggar, and is fast degenerating into a helpless vagabond. He is only yet in middle life, and without home, or friends, or comfort, the victim of a depraved appetite, and soon for him also will open a drunkard's grave.

The pretty farm is sold, strangers are strolling leisurely in the shadows of those tall old trees, with no reverence for the hand that planted them and only contempt for him who, for worse than a mess of pottage, sold his birthright. They may be happy within those grey old walls, on which he who built them fondly hoped that no name but his would ever be inscribed, and within which none of those in whose veins should not flow his blood should ever dwell; but no more justly did they come by their ill-gotten gains than the midnight thief and the unprincipled marauder.

They have no more reverence either for the God who avenges, and no fear of retribution; yet it may come, for there is woe pronounced against those who lay snares for their neighbours' feet, and who put the cup to their neighbours' lips, and who lay wait to destroy. But may mercy be dealt out to them instead of judgment, for a terrible doom would be theirs, who had done, not only one, but all these things.

But their little household is wrecked, and their inheritance passed away forever. Oh, it is sad to see a home blighted, and the fire upon an ancient hearthstone go out in darkness and woe. But how many have been thus desolated in our fair land by this insidious foe. How stealthy are his footsteps as he creeps over threshold, where he comes to spread the blight and the mildew, to give poverty for riches, and for bright hopes and light hearts, crushed and broken spirits, wretchedness and woe.

It is the monster evil, and comes in a thousand forms to charm its victims to the very verge of the pit. But though I have often seen it enter the cot of the humble, make the poor poorer, and the desolate utterly forsaken, it never before seemed so terrible as when I saw the proud family of this old homestead go forth bowed and stricken, with not a lingering look upon the meadows, the woodlands, the garden, or the hill side, to make shelter in the hut of poverty, and live henceforth upon the pittance which the day labourer, paralyzed and broken, might be able to command.

I turned away in bitter anguish from the sight, and may it be a lesson which shall encourage the humble and prove a timely warning to the proud; for whose enteth the bread of industry shall in due time reap an abundant reward, and whose wasteth his subsistence in riotous living shall be brought low.

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IS THERE GROUND FOR THE GMA OF A PROBATION AFTER IT?

The practice of building articles of faith upon isolated texts is deservedly falling into disrepute. The expression "proceedeth from the Father" John xv. 26, is not now relied upon for proof that the Holy Spirit is divine. We are feeling with growing strength that, properly understood, what the old div called the analogy of faith is the safer guide to the intent of Scripture teaching. In considering the subject before us, individual texts may be specially leading if following one class of passages we definitely bind all others thereunto. This we can see by taking some typical texts, such as the following:—

Eph. i. 10 with Col. i. 20, bear upon surface of them the doctrine of ultimate and universal atonement. 1. Thes. i. 9 as plainly may be made to be an annihilation, whilst Rev. xxii. 10, 11 may be quoted as indicating the fixedness of the state as last decreed. The truth is that the classes of passages thus summarised, taken separately, may be so uttered no uncertain sound each in its own day. Which may be justly taken as the limiting one. By which of the three shall the others be harmonised? Or, is there a concurrent voice of Scripture, which the rather be taken as the interpreter and harmoniser of what otherwise may appear as discordant texts? for if the entire tenor of the Gospel teaching can be seen in its bearing upon the doctrine of eternal suffering as the penalty of sin, and upon the specious regarding after-death probation, we may surmise a surer ground of confidence than any built about individual texts can afford. It will be an endeavour of these paragraphs to enquire if such a thing can be found; to discover a general tone of teaching which forbids any departure therefrom by which the interpretation of individual texts may be limited.

In making this enquiry the key not taken from that parable which more than all others the Gospel in essence. The parable of the two sons, Luke xv. justly characterized as "a divine epitome of the wandering of man and the love of God, such literature has ever equalled, such as no ear can ever heard elsewhere." "The Pearl of Blessings." The presumptuous claim of the rebel boy, reborn given, the riot and its brief enjoyment, the aty famine, the lonely degradation, the thought home, the father's far off sight and warm embrace reveal a world of love and tender sympathy, such as never before has been concentrated in human speech. As lost, he is found! and among the angels, joy over sinner repenting. But that very parable suggests a solemn consideration, *there was no rumour meet the prodigal until he had turned his wandering footsteps home*; there were no marks of compunction until repentance had been manifested. Human turns earth is iron and the heavens are brass. There can be no loving embrace until the lips have said "Father I have sinned."

The difficulties which pit the Calvinist against the Arminian theology and *vice versa* are arrayed against this consideration, but apparent contradictions confessedly exist as contemporary facts the contradiction must therefore lie in our mode of teaching them. As yet we have not reached that perfect of speech, which enables us so to state as not to tear contradictory our conceptions in their relation each other of such facts as the sovereignty of God the will of man; measured and infinite space; finite and the infinite. As these difficulties confound against all possible philosophies and theologies, we need not detain us here nor close our eyes to the fact that though the shepherd seeks the sheep, the wolf the silver, the sheep is not carried by force means, nor the prodigal compelled unwilling to perform the journey home.

"Though God be good and free given,
No force divine can love compel
And though the song of sin forbids
May sound through lowest hell.
The sweet persuasion of His voice
Respects thy sanctity of will
He giveth day; thou hast thy choice
To walk in darkness still."

This is the constant tenor of Scripture teaching: "Return unto me and I will return unto you" Jehovah's hand is not shortened that it cannot reach; neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear; but youriquities have separated between you and your God. "Say unto them, as I live saith the Lord Jehovah I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live, ye, turn ye

from your evil way for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." "Come, and I will give you rest," and that pathetic wail than which the God forsaken cry from the cross speaks no deeper agony, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered and ye would not."

In that felt power of will which baffles all our definitions whilst our consciousness attests its presence, may we not discern an endowment potent for evil, infinite in its possibilities for good and which once possessed, save by the destruction of the possessor cannot even by omnipotence be taken away? When the father divided between his sons the living, the absolute propriety thereof was in the children's hands, nor could he have required the younger son to continue the usufruct of his goods under the paternal eye without again assuming control. True, the authority of a father might be urged, motives of filial relationship be pressed, but if the son willed the prodigal life, what power remained in the father's hand? And if man wills the evil when the good would yield strength to grow like unto itself, what remaineth but a fearful looking for of judgment?—and what is judgment but the legitimate results of persistent folly, wilful rebellion? That the younger son did not contemplate the wasting of his substance, the desertion of the friends of his riotous hours, the famine and the degradation, we may well concede, had he realized the same even in measure he would have paused ere he crossed the father's threshold, yet who will say that those evils which befel him were aught but the just and legitimate results of his selfish folly, and if he did not know that wilfulness would lead to ruin, we instinctively feel he ought to have known, at least, that wilfulness was wrong, therefore his condemnation or judgment was just, he earned the misery that eventually overtook him.

It may be now urged that judgment, condemnation, the felt famine is disciplinary, and that under the paternal government of God all punishment leads ultimately to reformation. Let us examine this presentation. The pain felt as the hand is pressed against the sharp edge of a razor is a monition of the destructive process going on, and the instinctive shrinking back nature's instant protest against the destroyer—but you persevere in the pressure, and allow the bright red blood to gush unstanched forth. What then? The pain did warn, the punishment discipline, but warning and sympathy alike were unheeded, death must come; and the entire analogy of nature forbids the hope of miraculous interference to the end that in any other than her own appointed way her penalties and their consequences are to be avoided. And is the next world to introduce new principles of action? On God's part is He to change? If sin does exist and He punishes now, is He to be more merciful and pure so that His changed nature shall make both impossible then? If consequences are by Him affixed to developments of character here, is it by any means to be made plain that like consequences are inconsistent with His attributes as they are to be there? But man is to change—How? Can clearer light or stronger motives be presented than that now? Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. What stronger tie can bind us then which does not exist here and now? If with the wreck and ruin wrought by sin before us, and the strong voice from Calvary urging by all the considerations love and mercy can move, men still refuse and persist, on what ground can a hope be built that those voices will be listened to then? Does not all experience declare that habits indulged in tend to permanence, that

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
For glory or despair."

Nor must it be forgotten that the entire New Testament teaching bears out the solemn truth of the aspect of the parable of the two sons already insisted upon, namely, the prodigal goes out from "that perfect presence of the Father's face which we for want of words call heaven," and is left there in his ill found liberty till himself turns in thought and desire at least his footsteps home.

Are our hearts cheered by the bright prospect of the ransomed and perfected church, and its blest abode by words such as these: "And there shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him: and they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they

need no candles, neither light of sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign for ever and ever? We are forbidden to assume that thereby the curse and light are non-existent, for "without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whore-mongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

And these words have suggestive meanings. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still."

Still!

"For ever round the mercy seat,
The guiding lights of love shall burn;
But what, if habit bound, thy foot
Shall lack the will to turn?
What if thine eye refuse to see,
Thine ear of Heaven's free welcome fail,
And thou a willing captive be,
Thyself thine own dark jail."

The immutability of a state of evil by habit gained has been generally viewed as an institution of God rather than a consequence of man's transgression, hence such frantic cries as "I cannot believe in a God who will consign any of His creatures to endless woe, and I will not." I should be loth to accept as the God and Father of our Lord Jesus a Being who would cause to any of his creatures a needless pain. As a matter of faith I receive the teaching

"Not a worm is cleft in vain
Not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a useless fire,
Or but subserves the common gain."

But who sent the prodigal forth as a wanderer? Who ran the riot and the revel? Who made that famine in the far country? Who earned the degradation? If the prodigal change not assuredly eternal righteousness must not deny itself, and there appears nothing in human experience, nothing in God's revelation as thus far read which justifies the thought that man's heart, by habit hardened, is to be softer by-and-by, or that God's justice is to relax its hold upon the soul that sinneth. Scripture, experience, the stern facts of life viewed in all their bearings speak in their prevailing voices of sin's dread earnings being sure, and of a line—the irrevocable limit "between God's mercy and His wrath."

But what of those who have no chance here? What is meant by that expression "no chance here?" That there are many, very many, whose opportunities are not as ours must be felt, but then their judgment will not be by the measure of our opportunities but of theirs, and the Judge of all the earth will do right. How justice and mercy are to be consistently meted out to them belongeth to Him to whom all judgment is committed, and we contentedly may leave all there. Our duty is to seek that they may have the light, and the burden of that responsibility is sufficiently weighty without snatching from God's hand the balance and the rod, a mission from which we may gladly feel ourselves free. In the courts of criminal justice the office of the judge condemning his fellow, to a sympathising man must be extremely painful, it ought to be with a sigh of relief that we can lay the burden of the final judgment in its absolute entirety in the hands of One who doeth all things well.

But for us who know the truth what dread results hang upon the now! the now wherein salvation is offered, the now made precious and endearing by a Saviour's love, the now wherein love's great sacrifice pleads. Under the blessings the Gospel brings every cloud has its silver lining, or bears upon its darkened form the rainbow's arch of promise; even through the dark tomb as he sends a cheering ray, only in hell its mercy shines not for hell is self-sought and self-dug. "He giveth day, Thou hast thy choice to walk in darkness still," but why walk in darkness while light shines, or dream of perchance a greater while now it comes from around the throne? Why encourage a hope upon a shifting sand, does not wisdom cry and understanding plead? And is not heaven very near to him whose eye is homeward turned? There is, thank God, bread enough and to spare in the father's house and a vacant seat for the prodigal. Why should any leave it in the hope of a peradventure by and-by? Nor let us forget the universal verdict of God in history and in human experience

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light."

Or as an inspired pen hath put it, "Now is the accepted time, now Salvation's day."—*Rev. John Burton, B.D., in Canadian Independent.*

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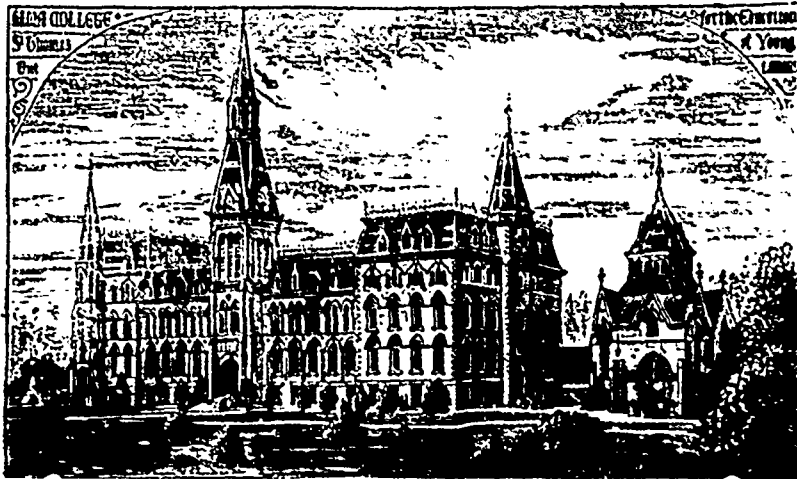
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