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# RESBYTERRIAN

TORONTO PUBLISHING CO.

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As some ministers have not returned the schedules supplied, and up, the editors respectfully ask that the forms be forwarded at once to Mr. Halkett, 42, Levee Street, Ottawa, so that the book may be as complete as possible. Should there be any disinclination to answer any of the queries, the editors would be obliged by receiving such information as each minister is disposed to give.

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I hope, however, to find even greater results from the use of the remedy.

Truly yours, N. H. PAWLING.

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But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in general quality, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It will Not Color the Buttermilk. It will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

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MINCE PIE.—If you wish to be exact about the distribution of raisins in a mince pie, this is the way to be so: When the mincemeat is ready to be put in the crust, prepare the raisins, and put them in a basin on the stove with enough water to cover them. Let them cook until tender; then after you fill the crust you can put the raisins in so that about the same number will come in each piece. Then if you wet the edges of the crust so that no juice can escape, you will never know by the taste that the raisins were not cooked with the mince.

STEAMED CHICKEN.—Rub the chicken on the inside with pepper and half a teaspoonful of salt, place in a steamer in a kettle that will keep it as near the water as possible, cover, and steam an hour and a half; when done, keep hot while dressing is prepared, then cut up, arrange on the platter, and serve with the dressing over them. The dressing is made as follows: Boil one pint of gravy from the kettle without the fat, add cayenne pepper, and half a teaspoonful of salt; stir six tablespoonfuls of flour into a quarter of a pint of cream until smooth, and add to the gravy. Corn starch may be used instead of the flour, and some cooks add nutmeg, or celery salt.

FAIRY GINGERBREAD.—One cupful of butter, two of sugar, one of milk, four of flour, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger. Beat the butter to a cream. Add the sugar gradually, and when very light, the ginger, the milk, in which the soda has been dissolved, and finally the flour. Turn baking pans upside down and wipe the bottoms very clean. Butter them and spread the cake mixture very thin on them. Bake in a moderate oven until brown. While still hot, cut into squares with a case-knife and slip from the pan. Keep in a tin box. This is delicious. With the quantities given a large dish of gingerbread can be made. It must be spread on the bottom of a pan as thin as a wafer, and cut the moment it comes from the oven.

A CUP OF TEA.—At a recent cooking class, writes a lady, I was introduced to a new method of making tea on the principle of "putting the cat before the horse," or, in other words, first filling the teapot with boiling water and then throwing in the tea to float on the top. This plan, so totally at variance with any commonly received notions respecting "the cup that cheers," surprised the students at the class not a little. But our lecturer explained that it was scientifically correct. The tea leaves being thrown on to the boiling water, instead of the boiling water being thrown on them, retarded the extraction of the tannin, which is so injurious, and the result was a most refreshing beverage, neither too strong nor too weak, and with a delicate aroma seldom to be obtained in the ordinary way. The following conditions, however, were to be strictly observed: The water must be at boiling point and freshly boiled, not water which has simmered all the afternoon. There must be one good spoonful of tea for each person and "one for the teapot," according to tradition, and the tea must be thrown in the instant after the water boils, and not allowed to stand longer than five minutes. A little wire strainer is placed over the spout of the tea-pot to prevent any of the leaves escaping, and when all the cups have been poured out the tea-pot may be half-filled again with boiling water for the "second brew."

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J. S. Waterell, writing from Winnipeg, says: "I can say more about PHOSPHATINE now than when I saw you last in Toronto. My health is much improved, and I am free from headaches, or any other aches, having only used two and a half bottles of your Phosphatine. For sale by all druggists."

If you are a woman and want both health and beauty, remember that all superficial efforts to increase your personal charms are vain. Freshness and purity accompany health, and to secure this Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies for all female weaknesses offer the surest means of renovation. The highest intelligence loses its lustre when its most fine expression through a bilious complexion. Good for either sex.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.—"What is good for a cold?" is a question often asked, but seldom satisfactorily answered. We can answer to the satisfaction of all, if they will follow our advice and try Hays' Pectoral Balsam, a safe, pleasant and certain throat and lung healer. Sold by all druggists.

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AMONG THE MOST obstinate of chronic diseases is salt rheumatism. Mr. Isaac Brown of Bothwell was troubled with salt rheumatism for years, and by using one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters has done him more good than \$500 paid for other medical treatment.

Lord Byron, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend:—"Lady has been a great sufferer from ill, but now she is as generally well as any American belle, when attended by any of the all-gods, as he is heir to, may be kept healthy, and avoid the usual ailment by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Preparation,' which restores female weakness, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists."

# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 11.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1883.

No. 7.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

CONSIDERABLE attention of late has been drawn to the doings of Montreal medical students. Some of their number have become expert body-snatchers, and it is said that they as good as defy the law. Engaging in such pursuits may be adventurous and romantic, but it is degrading to those who take part in them, and is an outrage on the feelings of the community, more particularly of relatives who are mourning their dead. It is stated that one hundred and fifty bodies were stolen from graveyards in the vicinity of Montreal during the winter, brought to that city, and one-half sent to the States for the medical schools there. Sufficient subjects can surely be obtained without resorting to deeds of barbarism.

THERE is a growing desire to dispense with fences in front of city residences. Their absence enhances the beauty of well kept streets. Ecclesiastical fences are not quite so high as they once were, still they reach a considerable altitude, as the following occurrence in Montreal will show. The Rev. Mr. Smithson, Anglican, who officiated in St. Jude's Church in place of Rev. Mr. Dickson, preached in St. Bartholomew's Reformed Episcopal Church recently, and was the recipient of a reprimand from the Bishop of the diocese. It is doubtful whether the rev. gentleman is to be consoled with or congratulated on being "the recipient of a reprimand," since it sounds rather like a compliment than otherwise. It does seem strange, however, that a man should be made the "recipient of a reprimand" for preaching the Gospel.

IN November next 400 years will have passed since the death of Martin Luther, and a new edition of the reformer's works is announced as one of the proposed modes of doing him honour which Germany will adopt. Hitherto the best edition of his Latin and German works have been that published at Erlangen, 1826 1857, and in a second edition, 1861. That edition will be superseded by the new one. The German Emperor has presented the necessary funds for the undertaking, and the Prussian Ministry of Worship has appointed a committee to superintend it. The editor will be Pastor Knaake, who has an unrivalled knowledge of Luther, and has for some years been exploring German and English libraries in search of books and manuscripts bearing on the subject. The edition will be published at Weimar, and the first two volumes of it will appear on the anniversary of Luther's death, November 10th.

THE human system is susceptible to atmospheric influence. It has been observed that this susceptibility is always keenest on Sabbath. The reason why the human organism is most tenderly delicate on the first day of the week has not yet been adequately explained. A slight disturbance in the weather keeps many people from church on that day. A newspaper correspondent writing from Ottawa says, concerning a recent Sabbath, that "the weather all day was the most boisterous of the season; the wind blew a strong gale, lifting the snow in clouds and driving it hither and thither. It was almost dangerous to go out, yet the churches are said to have been well attended, which does not speak badly for the ministers. The ministers, we hope, will appreciate the compliment such as it is. An attractive ministry is very desirable, but divine worship should be regarded as a duty no less attractive by those who frequent the churches.

AT the last meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association the Rev. P. McF. McLeod read a report on the house to house visitation made some few months ago by several hundred Christian workers in this city. Rev. Dr. King and others spoke appreciatively of the report, and urged the importance of greater diligence on the part of the churches in looking after those who are not identified with any congregation, yet claiming to belong to some one or other of the Christian denominations. Rev. Mr. Burton, B.D., also presented

a report on Sabbath observance, which was recommended by the Association to be given to the press for publication. Rev. G. M. Milligan spoke earnestly deploring the tendency of certain corporations and others toward Sabbath desecration. A hope was expressed at the close of the meeting that Rev. Mr. Parsons would favour the Association at its next session with his views of how public worship should be conducted on the Sabbath day.

It would not be amiss for congregations about to embark in a new church enterprise to consider well the following from "The Examiner": "Oh these debt-burdened churches! What shall we do with them? I for one am determined never again to preach a dedication sermon, when the people intend to dedicate a mortgage to the Lord. What can be more absurd than to consecrate to God what we do not own? One of the best things that Dr. J. G. Holland ever wrote was a ritual for such a service as this. 'We dedicate this edifice to Thee, our Lord and Master; we give it to Thee and Thy cause and kingdom, subject to a mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$150,000). We bequeath it to our children and our children's children, as the greatest boon we can confer on them (subject to the mortgage aforesaid), and we trust that they will have the grace and the money to pay the interest and lift the mortgage. Preserve it from fire and foreclosure, we pray Thee, and make it abundantly useful to Thyself—subject, of course, to the aforesaid mortgage.'

LONDON, Ont., has a number of churches and a large number of church-goers, the great majority of whom are most exemplary in their demeanour; but, somehow, if we hear of those unfortunates who are in these days described as "religious cranks," we are instinctively inclined to turn to the Forest City as the scene of their exploits. The quaint original old "Peggy," a thoroughly harmless and well-intentioned, though occasionally troublesome disturber, has passed away. But the demonstrative blacksmith every now and then mysteriously emerges obtrusively in some of the churches, and now the South Methodist Church of the same city is brought into undesirable prominence by the frantic behaviour of one Boulbee by name. It is said of some that they have a method in their madness; but that demonstrative individual seems to have a madness in his Methodism that he would be decidedly better without. In such cases the friends of these unhappy individuals should use more energetic efforts than they do to prevent unseemly interruptions of the sacred worship of the sanctuary.

WHILE the question of withdrawing grocers' licenses is being agitated in Toronto and elsewhere, it may not be without interest to reproduce what the London "Lancet" recently said on the subject: "Some three years ago, when we made an energetic, but, as it unhappily proved, a vain endeavour to influence public opinion in favour of the total abolition of grocers' licenses to sell spirits and wines in bottles, we pointed out how women obtained intoxicating beverages under cover of 'groceries,' and how grocers not uncommonly gave Christmas presents to their customers and their servants, in the shape of bottles of brandy, whiskey and wine. At a recent inquest on the body of an old woman who was found dead in her bed after a drinking bout, it was stated that a bottle of whiskey, which had been presented by the grocer, was found under her bed-clothes nearly empty, but still clutched by the victim of this false kindness although the hand with which she seemed to grasp it was dead. This is only an incident, but it serves to show how this most mischievous license tells against public and social prosperity."

THE kind and variety of training that a theological student should receive have been indicated in a lecture by President Eliot, of Harvard University, on "An Educated Ministry." "He should," says President Eliot, "obtain as a preliminary work to be done in the college course, an accurate knowledge of Greek and Hebrew for exegesis; of Latin and German for the

sake of the valuable works in those languages; and of political economy, to aid him in charitable and reformatory work, and counteract the natural tendency toward sentimental charity. He should scan an important period of history, English literature and some of the sciences studied in the field, to give him certain habits of thought that come only through their study, and also a delight in nature, sober love for which is akin to love to God and love to man. Having done all that the three years' training permits, and being admitted to the profession, his people must not require too much of him in the way of sermons, or pastoral calls, or extempore speaking, lest they exhaust his resources, and he become like those pumps seen at fairs, which draw all their water from a small box and discharge it into the same, only to be used over again."

LORD CAIRNS is taking more than a spectator's interest in the new Church Army, which, imitating some of the methods of the Salvation Army, but with more reverence, is striving to do under the bishops what the Salvationists are doing under General Booth. The clergymen were attacked by a riotous mob in the streets of Westminster. One of them, the Rev. Neville Sherbrooke, is Lord Cairn's son-in-law, the same whom, as Chancellor of the University of Dublin, the ex Lord Chancellor presented last year for a doctor's degree, which the University refused to confer. The Rev. Neville Sherbrooke is young, an enthusiastic Low Churchman, and a strong and consistent supporter of what is called Revivalism; and his father-in-law, who holds the same views, and follows his son-in-law's lead in religious matters, is on the side of the Church Armyists. So far the Church Army has caused rather a disturbance than anything more decidedly religious. The Salvation Army grew; it was a development; the General has been carried away by the enthusiasm of his own converts. He had always a nucleus to work with. The Church Army, on the other hand, is comparatively an artificial thing, and is conducted mainly by clergy. The difference is immense, and may prove to be fatal to the new organization. But the Bishop of London is in its favour, and that may be regarded as a good sign.

THE odious charges brought against the Rev. F. R. Beattie have been universally regarded as incredible. The person who was so ill-advised as to make the accusation, finding that a searching investigation of her antecedents was being made, revealing a most lamentable career, has fled from the scene. It did not need the flight of this wretched woman to show that her vile story was a fabrication, but it confirms the unanimous opinion of all who knew Mr. Beattie's unimpeachable character that such an attack on him was as groundless as it was malignant. The session and congregation of which Mr. Beattie is minister have had special meetings for the expression of their unabated respect and esteem, as well as their warmest sympathy, for him in the painful ordeal through which he has had to pass. These expressions have taken the commendable form of an addition to his salary. In this action the congregation is to be congratulated on doing a becoming thing most opportunely. The Rev. Dr. Cochrane has acted a chivalrous and brotherly part with his characteristic energy. The time, however, is not yet come for saying the last or the strongest words on this subject. It is much to be regretted that the unhappy girl, Leishman, has been permitted to escape. The wretch who causelessly seeks to blast the personal reputation of a public man, more particularly a minister of the Gospel, either from motives of greed or revenge is justly an object of loathing and scorn. The punishment of such social pests ought to be exemplary. If, as is pretty generally surmised, the young woman, who has become unenviably notorious in this case, is only the clumsy instrument of mere designing tricksters who sought to shield themselves behind her infamy, the sooner all disguise is removed the better. A social crime like this demands a most exhaustive investigation. Mr. Beattie has only done what every honourable man should do in like circumstances.



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

### SABBATH DESECRATION.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me to follow up the remarks which I made upon this subject last week, with a few words more upon the consequences that are likely to follow upon this systematic and bold desecration of the Sabbath, especially by our present railway corporations. Let no one suppose that the disregard of the Lord's day will stop at its present point, if no attempt is made to put an end to it altogether. The experience and history of all the continental countries of Europe and of the United States clearly show that the tendency of this evil is to spread until only the semblance of a day of rest is left. Why should not large manufacturing establishments do work also on Sundays, if railways may do it, at first under the pressure of a push of work, then as a matter of course? And why should not our daily papers be issued on Sunday as well as other days? Why should not the farmer, in spring and harvest at least, work seven days in the week? Workingmen of all kinds should especially watch and take a stand against this growing danger, if they wish to preserve for themselves a day of quiet rest and for worship. If the amount of work done on the Sabbath is increased, pleasure-seeking will also most certainly be increased, and the facilities for obtaining it will be supplied, and thus a host of temptations and difficulties be thrown around and in the way of the young growing up, which must help to perpetuate and extend the evil. This is no mere fancy-sketch, conjured up by prejudice or morbid fear, but what can be abundantly established by the history of Sabbath desecration in other countries. It is needless to point out how vitally and detrimentally this must soon affect the religious life of the whole nation.

If this take place, as it must, then the most injurious consequences will follow to ordinary morality in business, to our recreations, and the orderly and law-abiding character of the body of the people. Let me quote from an article in the "Catholic Presbyterian," already referred to: "But the Sunday question is not only a question of religion, it is also and most particularly one of public morality; and those are wrong who declare the prosperity of morals to be independent of the fourth commandment. Let people be occupied with worldly care and labours every day alike, without having any fixed time of rest; let them become alienated from regular public worship, at which their minds are again and again led into that eternal truth which combines religion and morality, and can alone lay the foundation of both in man's soul; let them also give up private intercourse with Him who is the centre of the Gospel, and you will soon experience what you perhaps did not expect, that their minds will be emptied of both godliness and conscientiousness, and thus the souls of men will become like a devastated field, which has been neither cultivated nor received rain and sunshine in due season. There you will see rank weeds of every kind growing up from the neglected soil in appalling luxuriance—the thorns of dark and cruel desires, and the thistles of envy, hatred and malice, with every kind of evil passion destroying souls and devastating human society. Indeed, the experience we have had in Germany proves most evidently that religion, and in connection with it morality, really depends upon the due observance of the Sabbath."

If the foundations be destroyed, fear may well be felt for the lengths to which immorality will go. Not only will noble aims and high aspirations of every kind become forgotten or despised things, but license, a craving for and rising in vicious indulgence, and general lawlessness will prevail. The evidence of all this may be seen in the history of the past, and what is taking place before our eyes, if not yet unmistakably at home, at least not very far abroad. "All these moral corruptions which have penetrated the body of our people," says the writer already quoted, "have their origin in the irreligious principles which have been allowed to take possession of the minds of the people; and we cannot doubt that the neglect of the fourth commandment has in a great measure been the cause of this." Experience and history attest what we would expect to find in the nature of things, that the maintenance of religion and of its salutary power in the community, and of the bonds of ordinary morality are inseparately bound up with the faithful observance of the fourth commandment. The conse-

quences are sufficiently serious to alarm not merely the professing Christian, but they may well awaken the anxiety and concern of every good citizen and well-wisher of the country. How can we expect to escape the evil results so numerous and so great which have fallen upon other nations who have followed to its end the course of Sabbath desecration we are as a people comparatively yet but entering upon? If we will but honestly and calmly look at these results, we will see that they are fraught with so many and such great perils to the nation in every way, as may well awaken all who are concerned for its true well-being out of their apathy, and induce them to put forth every possible effort in every legitimate way to at once counteract to some extent, and at length eradicate entirely, what threatens to mar and overcloud the fair prospects of our rising Dominion. W. D. BALLANTYNE.

Pembroke, February 1st, 1883.

### HOME MISSIONS IN MUSKOKA AND PARRY SOUND.

MR. EDITOR,—During the last year I have frequently purposed giving your readers an account of the duties, hardships, and joys of Home Mission work in these regions. Here you may ask, "Who hindered you? THE PRESBYTERIAN is always glad to publish accounts of Home Mission work." Knowing that this is true, I make no excuse for the delay, but whatever the hindrance hitherto, I will, with your permission, now lay before your readers some facts, gathered in an experience of over two years. I pray that God may bless this narrative for good, and that it may come under the eye of some "whose heart the Lord has touched," be the means of stirring up the gift that is in them, so that when the cry for more labourers is again heard they may exclaim, like the prophet of old, "Here am I; send me."

Although Muskoka and Parry Sound are much nearer home than Manitoba and the Great North-West, I do not think the members of our Church know half as much about them as they do about that great lone land. Brandon is better known than Bracebridge; the Porage than Huntsville; Regina, though only a few months settled, than Nipissing, a place settled over twelve years and only three days distant from Toronto in summer and four in winter.

To obtain an intelligent view of the extent of these districts, draw a parallelogram, the sides 120 miles and the base seventy-five. Scattered over the area contained within these lines are some forty-five preaching stations, and a population of 30,000 souls, 27,000 settlers, and at least 3,000 lumbermen and railway labourers, working in the woods and on the C. P. Railway on the northern shore of Lake Nipissing. Our Church has only two settled charges in this large field—viz.: Gravenhurst and Bracebridge. When the student missionaries were withdrawn in September last I believe I was the only Presbyterian missionary left north of Bracebridge during the months of October and November. Since that time Rev. J. Jamieson, ordained missionary, has been stationed at Maganetawan, and a catechist missionary in the Emsdale field. The Presbytery of Barrie have used every effort to obtain supply, but the men are not forthcoming.

The Rev. A. Findlay retired from the office of Superintendent when he was settled last year over the Bracebridge congregation. His loss to this mission field was great. Always punctual to his appointments, he was perfectly conscientious in the discharge of his duties.

Exception may be taken to my use of the word conscientious with regard to mission work; but there are two kinds of conscientious discharge of duty known in Muskoka. Let me illustrate this. A minister or missionary has two appointments on the Sabbath. They are situated perhaps ten or twelve miles distant from each other, or they may be separated by a lake. A storm comes on, or it may have raged all morning, and after the service there is no sign of abatement. One man is perfectly conscious that he cannot reach the other station, and that the people will not expect him in such a storm; and also that no one would think of coming out to the service in a day like that. The other man is conscious of the discomfort and perhaps danger of the road, but he is conscious also that no one shall be disappointed if it be possible for him to get through, so he tries to get through, and mostly always succeeds. Now, both men may be conscientious, but the last is the man for Muskoka,

and the other is not. To cross a lake during a storm of wind in a birch bark canoe requires nerve, and, let me add, a good deal of practice. We could all depend on Mr. Findlay's appearance if an appointment had been made. Every man who has laboured in this mission has not the same record. May the Master provide another man for this work, whose sense of duty will enable him to face difficulties and surmount obstacles and hardships of storm and travel without flinching. I trust I will be excused for hinting that the man appointed to the office of Superintendent ought to be a man in the enjoyment of perfect physical health, in the prime of life, and all the better if he is a bachelor, and likely to remain one. A married minister with a family to educate would, for very obvious reasons, not be so likely to remain in the work, however well he might be fitted for it. Changes are generally a hindrance; it requires time to grasp the requirements of the work, and the best way to carry them out.

The reports from Home Missions that I have seen published during the past year have generally, I think, described them as prospering or a success. Now this seems curious to me, and it does not correspond with my own experience. I know of missions that are not so prosperous to day as they were two years ago. The chief reason for this is, no doubt, the lack of men; but that is not always the reason. Rose-coloured reports are a weakness to any cause. It may be a harmless weakness, but is a weakness, nevertheless. As I wish all your readers to peruse this paper, and those that may follow, in which I will guide them over a new field of labour and describe my first visit to the four different stations composing that field. It is possible some of them may wish to know something of the age and appearance of their guide. Fifty years have passed over my head, still I am hale and hearty, of substantial appearance; I turn the scales at 196 pounds; but, for all that, I am able, when necessity or duty requires, to walk my twenty miles and not be completely knocked up at the end of the journey. I do not say I like such long walks, or that I take many of them, but when necessary, as it often is, I can make them without a grumble, thanking God that He has given me health and strength to go forward with the work it has pleased Him to permit me to do in this part of His great harvest field.

At the last half-yearly term I received instructions from the Presbytery of Barrie to leave my old field at Emsdale and proceed north to the Commanda and Nipissing fields for the winter, and on the second day of November last I started to carry out these instructions.

After doing justice to a breakfast of venison and potatoes, two products for which Muskoka takes first rank, I tucked my trousers into my boot tops, hooked my umbrella through the handles of my carpet sack, slung that over my shoulder, bade good-bye to my old and valued friends at Katrine, fifty miles north of Bracebridge, who wished me God-speed in my new field of labour, and then marched over a very muddy road to Burk's Falls, five miles distant, where I got on board the little steamer "Pioneer," which brought me safely down the Maganetawan River, twenty five miles, to Maganetawan village. One word describes the journey down the river; "dreary" is the word—few clearings, a winding river, mostly low, sedgy banks, that widen into a small lake as you near the village. My old friend, Mr. Leonard, Methodist missionary stationed at Maganetawan, met me at the boat. With him I sojourned for the night at the house of Mr. Best, Crown Lands Agent, and one of the most active members of the Presbyterian Church in Maganetawan. The impression made upon me by the appearance of the village was that it was more pitchforked than planned. Some think it picturesque. If that means buildings scattered in the most irregular manner, crooked streets with deep mud holes in places, then it deserves the title. It has three churches—Presbyterian, Methodist, and Church of England. The Presbyterian church is a nice building; the Methodist is not yet finished. There are two good stores in the village, and there are also two benevolent institutions, run under the sheltering wing of the Trades' Benevolent Association. Were I ever to attend a meeting of the Trades' Benevolent Association I would look for Satan either in the chair or immediately behind it. Next morning at half after seven I got on board the stage, and five hours afterwards arrived at Mecunoma, twelve miles north. The road was the worst I had yet seen, even in Muskoka. Mecunoma may be an

Indian name; I could not find out what it meant, but I soon found out the every-day name of the place—"Bummers' Roost." This roost consists of a store, post office, and another benevolent institution, all under one roof. As the stage drew up at the door two or three victims of benevolence staggered and strutted out. Finding that I was now within three miles of my first preaching station, I left the stage and proceeded on foot, praying God that He would hasten the day when every whiskey bar in "bummers' roosts" and place hotels shall be abolished throughout our fair Dominion. H. K.

*Alpissing, January 13th, 1883.*

#### MISSION WORK AMONG SHANTYMEN.

MR. EDITOR,—I submit a short account, which may interest your readers, of a trip I have just made through the shanties on the Upper Gatineau.

I left Aylwin, fifty miles north of Ottawa, on the Gatineau River, on Monday morning, the 8th of January. Travelling north, I reached St. Portages (or "The Six") about noon. Here Edwards & Co., lumber merchants, have a one thousand acre farm and depot. The gentleman in charge is a "true blue," and his hospitality to clergymen is well known in this region. After dinner I started for Desert. Desert village is situated at the junction of the Desert and Gatineau Rivers, and is forty miles from Aylwin. The population is about equally divided among Irish, French, and Indian; and the village proper is entirely Roman Catholic. In the centre of the village, built of stone and on very high ground, is an immense Roman Catholic church. Above the village, on the banks of the Desert River, are three lumbering depots and farms, belonging respectively to Hamilton Bros., Gilmour & Co., and Hall. If it were not for the employes of these "concerns" we would have no Protestant cause at Desert. Your correspondent preaches in a school-house here every third Sabbath. We have a church, but unfortunately its situation is such as to render it useless six months in the year. A movement is now on foot to have it removed to a more suitable place.

Leaving Desert early on Tuesday morning, I took the Gatineau route, and passing a place called "The Priest's Mills," reached the Castor about noon. The Castor is twenty-three miles from Desert, and here I found the first Protestant families north of the Desert. One of these families is in charge of a depot belonging to Gilmour & Co. I remained among them all that afternoon and the rest of the night; had worship with each family, baptized two children, and left each family a bundle of illustrated papers and a few catechisms.

At break of day on Wednesday morning I was on the road again. Fifteen miles brought me to the Baskatong, a large river flowing into the Gatineau from the east. Here there are two depots and one private family. The depots belong respectively to Hamilton Bros., and Gilmour & Co., and are in charge of young unmarried men. Being anxious to reach Lepine that night, I had dinner at one of the depots, and promised to make a longer stay on my way back. Crossing the Gatineau, I took a north-westerly direction, and about four in the afternoon reached the Lepine depot on the Gens de Terre River. The foreman, clerk, and some of the other employes here are Protestants. In the evening we held a service, at which there were twelve present, some of whom were French Roman Catholics. Finding it was only fifteen miles to the nearest shanty, I decided to remain where I was till after dinner next day. I was not sorry to get a little rest, for, from the Desert up, the road was so full of cow-holes that I expected every moment to see my horse and cutter part company, and, as for myself, I leave the reader to imagine how it would be. Besides, I was in first rate company, and the French cook and Scotch clerk seemed to contend with each other in my entertainment.

On Thursday afternoon I started for Field's shanty. The road lay through woods and across lakes, one of which, Trout Lake, was four miles long. It was just after sundown, when crossing what must be a most picturesque lake in summer, with a rocky cliff to my right and a pine covered hill to my left, I first caught sight of the low and half hidden groups of buildings of my first shanty. This lake is called Bark Lake, and is drained into the Gens de Terre by Serpent Creek. The Gens de Terre flows into the Gatineau nearly opposite Baskatong.

As this is the first shanty we come to, and as all shanties are built on the same principle, I shall here describe it. It is built of round logs, and is forty feet long by thirty-five feet broad. It is about six feet high inside along the side walls, and nine feet high along the centre. It is roofed with scooped out logs called "scoops," one end of each rests on the side walls, and the other on two very large logs called "scoop bearers," eight feet apart, running the full length of the shanty and resting on the end walls. In the middle of the shanty, between the scoop-bearers, is the chimney, which is nothing more than a hole in the roof about eight feet square. The only thing that gives a right to its name is a pyramidal structure of hewn plank immediately over this hole and resting on the roof. Directly under the chimney is the "caboose," or fireplace. It is a frame of logs, twelve feet long by nine feet wide, resting on the floor and filled with sand and ashes. On this is built the log fire which never goes out from the first of October till the first of April. At one end of the caboose is the oven. Shanty cooks bake their bread in flat iron pots with closely fitting covers. The "oven" is a space partitioned off from the end of the caboose wide enough to admit a row of pots. When his bread is ready for baking the cook cleans out his oven and shovels in a layer of hot ashes. On this he places his pots, generally five or six at a time, and covers them over with more hot ashes. In two hours he turns out as good bread as man could wish to eat. Each loaf weighs about fourteen pounds; and, in such a shanty as Mr. Field's, three barrels of flour are consumed every week. Bread, pork, and beans are the shantyman's chief articles of diet. Most shanties, however, provide as much fresh meat as the men wish for, besides potatoes and other vegetables, after sleighing sets in.

At each corner of the opposite end of the caboose are the "cramières," or cranes. They are upright poles fixed in the scoop-bearers above and in the corners of the caboose below, and with arms reaching four feet out, and the whole thing so arranged that a pot hung on the end of the arm may be swung over the fire. Built around two sides and one end of the shanty are two runs of bunks, one over the other, and fifteen in each row. Each bunk will accommodate two men.

The outbuildings are all built of rough unhewn logs and consist of a large grainery, which will hold about three thousand bushels of oats, besides forty barrels of flour; a cellar for pork; three stables, the largest of which will accommodate fourteen teams of horses, and the work shop.

I find I cannot put all I have to say in one letter, so I will end here for the present. WM. SHEARER.

*Aylwin, Que., January, 1883.*

#### A RELIGIOUS PAPER AND THE THEATRE.

A certain daily paper in Canada professes to be a religious one. Well, from time to time it contains advertisements of amateur theatrical performances. Now and then, after they are over, it gives accounts of them in glowing terms, such as no penny-a-liner could excel. It does not insert advertisements of professional theatrical performances, but why should it refuse to do so, when it inserts those of amateur ones? The advertisements and puffs to which I refer are well-fitted to do harm, specially to young persons who read them. It is very natural for them to reason thus: "It cannot be wrong to witness such performances, else that paper would never countenance them. If it be right to attend theatrical performances by amateurs, it cannot be wrong to attend those by professionals, which are likely to be much better."

The great Liebig says that all the nourishment in a certain large quantity of beer—which many say is so nourishing—would only cover a twenty-five cent piece. A like remark will apply to the help which religion and morality receive from the theatre, and that, perhaps, is making too much account of it.

AN OLD FOGEY.

#### A LETTER FROM FORMOSA.

Through the kindness of Mr. R. M. Warzer, Hamilton, to whom it is addressed, the following letter from Oxford College, Tamsui, Formosa, has been forwarded for publication:

DEAR FRIEND,—We twenty preachers and former students of our beloved pastor, G. L. Mackay, now

assembled here for the opening of Oxford College, desire to return our heartfelt thanks for the splendid present of a sewing machine each. Mr. Mackay presented them to us in your name, and told us of your great interest in Formosa, and the kindness yourself and the people of Hamilton showed him when in his native land.

Mrs. Mackay taught us all how to use the machines, and now we will go away into town and city, and we know how hundreds will flock to see the wonderful machines. No present could be more suitable for us; no gold could take its place. To-day your photograph came, and all were delighted. . . . We shall ever remember yourself and family, and we pray our dear Lord to be with you all for evermore.

Mrs. Mackay tells us how you and the people in your city (Hamilton) honoured our dear pastor Mackay. If you all knew him as we do, and if you knew half his labours for ten years here, you would honour him still more; but we don't think you will ever see him in Canada again. May God be near to you all forever. We are, yours sincerely,

TWENTY PREACHERS IN NORTHERN FORMOSA.  
*Tamsui, Formosa August 3rd, 1882.*

#### MEMORIAL OF DR. CHALMERS IN THE WEST PORT, EDINBURGH.

VISIT OF THE REV. JAMES JOLLY.

The Rev. James Jolly, minister of Dr. Chalmers' Territorial Church, Edinburgh, is at present in the United States, and intends within the next few weeks to visit Canada in connection with the above. At the time of Dr. Chalmers' centenary, it was resolved to remodel the West Port buildings, as a memorial of that great and good man. All who have read his biography, know how near his heart in his later years the West Port monument lay, and how much of his energies all through his life he spent to lead the way in overtaking the religious destitution of Scotland with Gospel ordinances. The West Port Mission was the embodiment of all his thought in that direction, and the eminent success of that movement which he was spared to witness cheered him greatly in his last days. Many other churches were formed on the same model and greatly blessed. It is now desired to make the West Port a model of its kind, for which object over £5000 have been contributed. About £8,000 will be required, and it is believed that many admirers of Chalmers, and friends of home missions in Canada, will take a pleasure in contributing something towards the most characteristic movement of Chalmers that exists, so that it may be worthy of his memory. Mr. Jolly will address meetings in the larger cities on Chalmers and Territorialism. The movement is entirely of a non-sectarian character, and is heartily commended by such men as Principals Cairns and Rainy, Drs. Bonar, Gould, Blaikie, White, and others, and it is one in which all Christians can unite and help.

I have been asked by Mr. Jolly to add a word to the above appeal. In the present condition of our own Church, which taxes us to the utmost to carry on our college and mission schemes, I feel somewhat reluctant to do so. Still I feel that in our cities, there are very many who will gladly welcome Mr. Jolly, and aid him to the extent of their power in accomplishing the praiseworthy object he has in view.

WM. COCHRANE.

*Brantford, February 3rd, 1883.*

At the recent meeting of the Ontario Alliance for the suppression of intemperance, the subject of extending the right of voting to women was discussed, and almost all the members were favourable to such an extension. It is generally supposed that women are on the side of moral reform. The Ottawa "Free Press" says: "We hold it to be a great truth that the liquor question and the social evil will never be properly and effectually dealt with till the franchise is extended to women."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—The Rev. Dr. Cochrane has received \$600 from "Burnham, Ottawa," through E. H. Bronson, Esq., of that city, to aid in supporting a minister, in one of the most important and growing sections of the North-West. The appointment will be made at the meeting in March. By the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Ferris, of Brandon, a good man will also be wanted for this most important point. Applications for appointment as missionaries to the North-West should be in the hands of the Convener not later than the 20th of March.

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### BE THOROUGH.

The only evidence of repentance is thorough reformation. This takes hold both upon character and conduct; character as what we *are* and conduct as what we *do*. This amendment must be thorough and go to the roots, or it will be as evanescent as the morning dew. The shallow "conversions" that are so often trumpeted as the result of shallow, sensational preaching, end in very shallow and short-lived religion. That dark and dismal fount-head of the *heart* is not purified by the Spirit, and pretty soon the foul streams begin to trickle out again into the daily conduct. Bad habits are not pulled up. The sharp practices are soon resumed in business transactions or the young man soon drifts back into his convivial haunts; the unconquered bad temper begins to take fire and explode again; the covetous spirit gets hold again with a fresh grip; in short, the new emotion passes away; but it does not leave a *new man*. Christ has no hand in such conversions. They are a delusion; often an unmeasured curse. When Jesus is presented and pressed upon a sinner's acceptance, He must be presented as not only infinitely beautiful, tender, compassionate, and lovable, but as so infinitely holy that His eyes flash flame through everything *wrong*. The very bitterness of His sacrificial sufferings for us on the cross arose from the bitterness of the sin He died to atone.

One thought more. Genuine conversion demands *rough* amendment of conduct, and no exception must be made for what we call little sins. It is not every one who is sunk, like the "City of Brussels," by one tremendous holocaust through in an instant; small leaks, left unstopped, are equally fatal. Maclaren well says that "the worst and most fatal are often those small continuous vices which root underneath and honeycomb the soul. Many a man, who thinks himself a Christian, is in more danger from the daily commission, for example, of small pieces of sharp practice in his business than ever King David was at his worst. White ants pick a carcass clean sooner than a lion will."

There is a transcendent promise that accompanies such thorough amendment of character and life. "I will let you *dwell* in this place." This bespeaks peace and permanence under the benignant smile of God. This means room to root and to grow. A soul that is rooted into Christ will thrive like a tree planted by the rivers of water; the leaves shall never wither, and death will be only a transplanting into glory.—*Theodore L. Cuyler*.

### THE BIBLE'S INFLUENCE.

There are men who study philosophy, astronomy, geology, geography, and mathematics; but did you ever hear a man say, "I was an outcast, a wretched inebriate, a disgrace to my race, and a nuisance to the world, until I began to study mathematics, and learned the multiplication table, and then turned my attention to geology, got me a little hammer, and knocked off the corners of the rocks and studied the formation of the earth; but since that time I have been happy as the day is long; I feel like singing all the time, my soul is full of triumph and peace; and health and blessing have come to my desolate home once more?" Did you ever hear a man ascribe his redemption and salvation from intemperance and sin and vice to the multiplication table, or the science of mathematics or geology? But I can bring you, not one man, or two, or ten, but men by the thousands who will tell you, "I was wretched; I was lost; I broke my poor old mother's heart; I beggared my family; my wife was broken-hearted and dejected; my children fled from the sound of their father's footsteps; I was ruined, reckless, helpless, homeless, hopeless, until I heard the words of the Bible!" And he will tell you the very word which fastened on his soul. It may be it was, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" perhaps it was, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;" it may have been, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He can tell what that word entered his heart, he will tell you that hope has dawned upon his vision; that joy has inspired

his heart, and that his mouth is filled with grateful song. He will tell you that the blush of health has come back to his poor wife's faded cheek; that the old hats have vanished from the windows of his desolate home; that his rags have been exchanged for good clothes; that his children run to meet him when he comes; and there is bread on his table, fire on his hearth, and comfort in his dwelling. He will tell you all that, and he will tell you that this book has done the work. Now, this book is working just such miracles, and is doing it every day. If you have any other book that will do such work as this, bring it along. The work needs to be done; if you have the book that will do it, for heaven's sake bring it out. But for the present, while we are waiting for you, as we know this book *will* do the work, we propose to use it until we can get something better.—*H. L. Hastings*.

### THE SUNDAY TRAIN.

Breaking the stillness of sacred hours,  
Under the shadow of cross-tipped towers,  
Deadening the sound of the Sabbath bell,  
That the kind old story of rest doth tell,  
Over trestle and bridge and plain  
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Passing the graves of worn-out men,  
And the open door of the drinker's den;  
By the curling smoke of the brakeman's home,  
And the proud and lofty state-house dome;  
Over trestle and bridge and plain  
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Casting a cloud o'er sunlit panes,  
Jarring the worship at holy fanes,  
Whelming with noise the preacher's tones,  
And the singing sweet of the little ones;  
Over trestle and bridge and plain  
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Stealing the jewel of all the week,  
Star to the home that lone doth seek,  
Fying, a thief, with its precious spoil,  
Taken from humble sons of toil,  
Over trestle and bridge and plain  
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Carrying gold to the rich and great,  
None for the poor at Dives' gate,  
Laden with many a broken vow,  
Crushing out conscience lying low,  
Over trestle and bridge and plain  
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Calling together an idle crowd,  
Dangering the way to the house of God;  
Dropping the leaves of a upas-tree  
O'er a land that Christian used to be,  
Over trestle and bridge and plain  
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Whistling at bolts from Sinai's brow,  
Puffing at every age but now;  
Snorting at country school and store,  
Empty and still with closed door,  
Over trestle and bridge and plain  
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Scorning what science says is best,  
Screaming at nature's cry for rest,  
Over the Sabbath our land once saw,  
And the broken stones of Jehovah law,  
Over trestle and bridge and plain  
Rusheth and dasheth the Sunday train.

Seeing not how the red light waves,  
Madly, blindly, it danger braves;  
Yet greed for gain must give the track,  
For the dear old Sabbath is coming back  
Over trestle and bridge and plain,  
Stopping forever the Sunday train.

—*Mary E. Dustin*.

### CHRISTIAN GIVING WORSHIP.

It is the act of giving that expresses the sentiment of worship involved in the relation between us and God, as to the matter of worldly substance. But if the act of giving is induced by some other consideration, as a lecture, or a festival, or a frolic, then what should have been an act of worship is become an offence to God, just as the prayer, or the song of praise, or the observance of a sacrament, or the hearing of God's Word, which should have been an act of worship is become an offence to God, if the person engaging in these acts is induced thereto by a foreign consideration. The existence of doubt among the people as to whether giving is worship, taken in connection with the fact that the Church has long been teaching this doctrine, indicates inconsistency somewhere. I think one of these is the practice of collecting money for the Church by means of lectures, fairs and such like *side shows*. Another, I think, is the practice of holding up to the people as the *reason* for giving, the needs of

the Church or the preacher, instead of the people's own need of doing their duty in the matter of worshipping God with their substance. The needs of the Church determine the use that is to be made of the money given to God in worship. The *reason* for giving is not the Church's need, but the command of God to worship Him with our substance. The inspired rule is to give, not as the Church or the preacher has need, but as God has prospered you. The Church's need is the place which God's providence provides for the human agency to co-operate with the Divine in the work of building up His kingdom. It is the business of God to take care of the needs of the Church and of His people. It is our business to do what God has told us to do, and leave the rest with Him. We are to give to God according to what He has given us. "If there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."—*North Carolina Presbyterian*.

### LIVING IN HOPE.

What hope? The hope of perfect resemblance to Christ in heaven. But let us remember that this is awarded only to such as delight in spiritual things here. "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." This is the day of His appearing. He invites us to look unto Him. Obeying Him, we become like Him in as real a sense as are the glorified in His immediate presence. We are now "the sons of God," though the future completeness of moral conformity baffles our power of conception. Still, the resemblance begins here; and "from glory to glory," even as by the Spirit of the Lord, we advance in likeness to Him.

### A HOLY LIFE.

A holy life is made up of a number of small things: little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles or battles; nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little, constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloam "that go softly" in the meek mission of refreshment, not "waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of the flesh; the avoidance of such little things as those goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.—*Bonar*.

### BE OF GOOD CHEER.

A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is one on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, his faculties grow dull, his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks into the slough of despair; and if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is invaluable, and should be assiduously cultivated.

MOST men call fretting a minor fault—a foible, and not a vice. There is no vice, except drunkenness, which can so utterly destroy the peace and the happiness of a home.

THE remark we recently heard that "the Gospel should be run on business principles." How would it do to reverse it and say that business should be transacted on Gospel principles?

THE daughter at home, studying because her mind was given her to use, exercising her talents for their own sake, may be her weary father's brightest companion, her busy mother's intimate and restful friend, the confidential and adored comrade of her hobbled-hoy brothers, the loving counsellor of her little sisters, and the power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. She need not go outside the four walls of her home for her career, nor let those four walls limit her sympathies or confine her usefulness.—*Harper's Bazar*.



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Friends favouring us with contributions for THE PRESBYTERIAN are requested to send them early. Recent improvements, such as cutting, folding, etc., necessitate going to press on Monday. In order, therefore, to insure the timely insertion of communications of interest to our readers, MSS. should be promptly forwarded.



TORONTO, WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 14, 1883.

TWO or three years ago a minister died in poverty and obscurity in one of the large cities on the other side of the lines. In his young days he had been pastor of an influential city church. A fiend in human shape charged him with a serious offence, but offered to compromise for a small sum of money. Of a very sensitive nature, and having a morbid dread of scandal, in a moment of weakness he paid the money, thinking that would end the matter. Of course he was mistaken. The blackmailer continued making further demands, and he was obliged to make further payments. Having recovered partially from the shock, he asserted his innocence, but was of course met with the question: Why did you pay the money? He was driven from his pulpit in disgrace. Later on the most undoubted proof of his innocence was produced, but produced too late. His health was ruined, his spirits broken, his prospects blasted, his opportunities gone, his life a wreck. He made one mistake—yielding to a blackmailer—and that mistake was fatal. The right course is to take the blackmailer squarely by the throat. It may seem impossible at first sight to establish one's innocence, but Providence and a good lawyer can generally bring out the truth. The natural tendency of truth is to come to the surface when the matter is sifted. A chain of lies is sure to have some weak links. A good cross-examiner can generally expose the falsehood. Moral: Resist the blackmailer as you would resist his or her father—the Devil.

WE occasionally hear good people say that everything unfit for Sabbath reading should be left out of their religious paper. It does not occur to these good people that religious papers were never intended for Sabbath reading. It is quite true that a large portion of any religious journal may be read with profit on the Lord's day, but it is equally true that there must be in every religious paper a good deal of matter not specially devotional. The late Principal Willis used to make a distinction between that which is *religious* and that which is *spiritual*. The religious is good, but the *spiritual* is the thing for the Sabbath. The report of a Presbytery meeting is more or less religious, but we don't think anybody would grow in grace by reading Presbytery reports. It is well for Presbyterians to know what the Presbyteries and Committees and Colleges are doing, but that can be digested on week evenings. A sensible devout man can easily look over his paper and select good Sabbath reading from it, but for most people it is better to have a good book on hand, a portion of which is read every Lord's day. Such books are within the reach of all. If they cannot be bought they can be borrowed. Above all, *The Book* should not be neglected. What the age needs most is *solid* reading, solid as to matter and solid as to manner. The abundance of current literature has taught too many people to "skim." Skimming leads to mental shallowness, and shallowness leads to Plymouthism and other forms of pestiferous heresy.

IT appears from the report of the convention lately held in this city, that the treasury of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance is not in a healthy condition. An appeal was made to the Churches some time ago, but the funds were not forthcoming. Another appeal is to be made to the financial managers of congregations, with what result remains to be seen. It is very easy to mention at least one reason why many congregations decline to contribute. Some years ago the country was scourged with a class of itinerant temperance lecturers, some of whom made it their special business to attack ministers and Churches in a manner that would not be tolerated at a meeting of licensed victuallers. Some of these demagogues were men of very indifferent character, and others had characters they would have been much better without. We will not be so cruel as to ask where are they now? Suffice it to say that one portion of the harangue was always directed against ministers and Churches. A better day has dawned. Temperance men would scarcely now employ a semi-infidel newly dragged out of the ditch to harangue in the old style. The old sores, however, are not healed. Ministers and Church officials who were roundly abused by these itinerants, scarcely feel like contributing, and the Alliance treasury is not filled. Probably none of the abusive lecturers alluded to were in the employ of the Alliance, but they were so-called "temperance lecturers," and they did the cause a vast amount of harm. The best possible evidence that the cause is a good one is the fact that it prospered in spite of the evil done by some of its professed and *paid* advocates.

## THE ARROGANCE OF UNBELIEF.

TRUE Christianity is meek, gentle, and forbearing. There have been arrogant and overbearing ecclesiastics, but the average believer in the Christian faith is tolerant in thought and feeling. There have been sturdy churchmen who would not permit any departure from received modes of belief, and who did not scruple in invoking the exercise of the civil sword to cut off the heads of heretics. No candid person would, however, attribute the conduct of these men to the religion they professed. A comparison of the precepts and spirit of Christianity with the character and conduct of many of its professed friends is sufficient to show that they had grievously misunderstood the religion they had espoused. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is the Gospel of purity and love. Unaffected humility is one of its distinguishing characteristics. What a contrast to this is the general spirit of the now prevalent unbelief! What a pitiful feeling of scorn, as an undertone, pervades so many of its utterances. Those who cling to their belief in the supernatural revelation of God's will to man are summarily divided into two classes, knaves and fools, idiots and hypocrites, deceivers or deceived.

Those who profess to meet all the deeper facts of spiritual existence, all the divine mystery of being, the unstilled longings of the immortal spirit, the great hereafter, the Divine personality, with the feeble response, "I do not know," affect to know almost everything else, to speak as oracles of the progress of science, and from their fancied altitude look down with ill-disguised contempt on those who believe that God has spoken to man, and that He will yet satisfy to the full the loftiest aspirations of the human soul.

What attitude do the leaders of the present current of philosophic and scientific thought assume towards the Christian verities? Let those who are familiar with the writings of Tyndall, and Huxley, Hæckel, and Spencer reply. Their chief endeavour seems to have been so to glorify the materialistic that it might overshadow the spiritual, and, if possible, leave no room for its existence. They seek to eliminate the deepest part of man's nature, and seem to be content that the positive philosophy of Auguste Comte is about the last and best word that can be spoken to man. For whatever contributions these gifted men have been enabled to make to the cause of scientific truth, they are to be commended; but when they assume that, by leaving out of view the most vital of all truths, and that their systems embrace all available knowledge, they are deceiving none more completely than themselves. And beneath these leaders there are many smatterers, who talk in the most contemptuous and derisive tones about the decay of Christianity, and the sublime superiority of science. Though it is unfortunately true that many of the foremost scientific men of the day are unbelievers, we are not

to forget those who, while pursuing truth with ardent devotion on the field of science, were sincerely devoted in their worship of Him in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Buckland and Miller in geology, and Michael Faraday in the more modern phases of scientific investigation, brought powers of mind of a rare order to the pursuits that fascinated them, yet they were not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Why should they? Principal Dawson stands in the front rank as a scientist, yet he cordially accepts the truths of revealed religion.

This superciliousness, unhappily, not only indicates a defective sympathy with humanity, it betrays an *animus* that is anything but commendable. Suppose that one is passing through an eclipse of faith, that he fails to see the Divine beauty and worth of Christianity, from the fact that in the past it has wielded a mighty power, is it therefore not worthy of respect? His state of mind is a most unhappy one. Men look upon the stately ruins of the past with a fond regret; they moralize over the nations and institutions that have passed away. Is it not accordant with ordinary mental habits to think with respect of a mighty influence that for nigh twenty centuries has been felt most powerfully wherever civilization had reached its highest attainments?

The faith of the Nazarene is not dead, is not dying; it is immortal. A few *savants*, in their intellectual pride, may be so occupied with themes of congenial study that they do not perceive the need of the wisdom from on high; their temporal surroundings may be of such a nature that they do not feel the pressure of the burdens that lie on so many human hearts. It may be that a cold wave of infidelity will continue for a time to chill the moral atmosphere, but from its nature it is only temporary. Towards the end of the last century deism spread its blighting influence over many minds in England. The encyclopædists in France overturned for a time the popular religious belief. The reaction came, and vital Christianity emerged stronger and more energetic for new and glorious triumphs. So will it be again in days not now distant. The popular unbelief will melt away before the power of a more genial spring-time, and the scoffs and the sneers of agnosticism will disappear before the sacred power of Divine love. The devout Christian has no reason to doubt the future of his faith or the promises of its Founder, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

## THE MASONIC LOTTERY.

THE drawing of prizes in the great Masonic lottery occasioned extraordinary excitement. Many displayed an eagerness of anxiety that the result of an election or the fate of an empire would have failed to arouse. It would, however, be a mistake to conclude that the many thousands, who last week were so feverish to learn the result of the drawing, were deeply interested in the principles of that reputable body of our fellow-men who are bound together by the mystic tie, or were animated with a desire for their prosperity in connection with the magnificent building recently erected in the western city. Were those excited thousands moved with pity for the orphan, the fatherless, and the distressed, whom it is the professed object of the Masonic fraternity to succour? Was it a new and mighty accession of philanthropic feeling stirred by generous impulse? Not a bit of it. The love of gain explains the unwonted excitement. The uncertainty attending all games of chance, to some extent no doubt, threw its glamour over the minds of many who parted with their money in the hope of making a big haul. Many of the disappointed, with uneasy feelings that they had staked and lost, may salve their consciences with the notion that, at all events, the half of their missing dollars has gone to wipe off the debt of the Masonic temple, but this does not remove the uncomfortable notion that they have done a rather foolish thing.

From all accounts it would appear that the affair has been conducted from first to last in a straightforward and honest way. The officials, high in the ranks of masonry, well-known and honourable men, would never have countenanced anything savouring of fraud. Those who have staked and lost are not likely to be all reasonable and philosophic, but they cannot justly blame anybody but themselves. The projectors have played their game skilfully, but they have not played with loaded dice. So far as appears, and from what might have been expected of the men who undertook

and conducted the enterprise, they have scrupulously fulfilled the promises they made.

When, however, all this is conceded the most objectionable part of the transaction remains. In these remarks there is no disposition to reflect on the worldwide institution of Masonry, its legitimate objects or aims. It is because it has hitherto been accorded a general respect for the good it has done and continues to do, that it should be specially careful to avoid those questionable modes of action that sooner than anything else will tarnish its lustre. The fraternity in London is at present on such admirably delightful terms with itself over its questionable success, that it is in danger of becoming blind to the fact that its triumph is a very doubtful one. It has incurred a very grave responsibility. Not only will this great lottery scheme affect the order with which it originated, but its influence will extend far beyond it. These London Masonic leaders have astutely reasoned in this fashion: There is a burdensome debt of \$100,000 on this magnificent building we have erected. Perhaps it was not the wisest thing in the world to build such an imposing structure with the limited means at our command; but that is neither here nor there. The thing wise or foolish is done, and we are responsible. There is no use in making a direct and straightforward appeal to the brotherhood elsewhere. They have enough to do to bear their own burdens. Still less would it avail to appeal to the general public. They are not sufficiently interested in us, or our objects to respond. Not a third of the requisite sum could be thus raised. But most people have their weak side. That of grasping unearned money is most general, and can most easily be reached. A lottery will fetch them. And it has fetched the multitude and, presto, the London Masonic temple is free of debt. Call it by any fine sounding name you please, the operation is gambling pure and simple; one of the most debasing forms of vice, that ruins its thousands. Is gambling more reputable when conducted under the auspices of Free Masonry, than it used to be at the now suppressed gaming tables of Hesse-Homburg or Baden-Baden? Are games of chance shorn of their evil by being played in the forest city rather than at Monaco?

It is no great stretch of imagination to suppose that some will live to regret the day that they won a prize in the London lottery. In many instances the gambling passion once aroused, like a terrible familiar, will not down. We say again the promoters of this enterprise, honourable men though they are, have incurred a grave responsibility. The so-called brilliant success attending it will prompt to its imitation by all kinds of corporations, and the country will be infested with a gambling mania that will work untold mischief. It is time to protest against the repetition of projects of this sort. We are told that it had the approbation of judges and clergymen. Very likely. Though we have unspeakable respect for the dispensers of justice and the teachers of religion, we have known respectable members of each profession make egregious asses of themselves by some of the opinions that they have given vent to in their foolish moments. Italian and Sicilian Banditti frequently kept ecclesiastics to hear their confessions, and to shrive them when mortally wounded in a conflict with the authorities. A forty-parson power could never make highway robbery respectable, nor will the questionable approbation of Canadian ministers make gambling moral. One thing is noticeable that the press, usually eloquent on meaner themes, is mute on this subject. Why do not press and pulpit speak out in plain language warning the people against a very serious evil? It may be that those who matured the London lottery scheme did not look beyond the filling of their empty treasury. They seemed to have overlooked the consequences of their act. All the more reason why the people should be put upon their guard. The London Free Masons are exulting in the fact that their achievement is unique in Canada. Let that content them. Let us be spared the humiliation of a succession of such gift enterprises.

THE Rev. J. Boyd, Crosshill, lectured at Berlin, on Friday evening, the 2nd inst., before the Teachers' Association, on "Religion in Public Schools," and received a hearty vote of thanks for his admirable address. At former meetings Mr Boyd has lectured on "The Functions of Normal and Model Schools;" on "The Principles of Teaching," and on "Self-Culture." On those occasions his addresses were highly appreciated.

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

"THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER" for February. Conducted by Professor Wm. W. Payne, director of Carleton College Observatory, Northfield, Minnesota, for February contains much interesting information pertaining to the transit of Venus.

TABLES AND CORNERS IN KEZZIE DRISCOLL'S LIFE. By Kate W. Hamilton. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.)—A very well written story, recounting the principal turning points in the life of the heroine, and showing how she came under the power of religious influences.

BRIGHTER DAYS; or the Story of Catherine Jans. A sequel to "Those Dark Days." By Helen C. Chapman. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.)—Catherine Jans' story is a most interesting one. The main incidents are historical, having been derived from a careful study of "Motley's United Netherlands." Helen Chapman has made excellent use of the rich mine whence she has brought the materials for her well told story. It opens after the assassination of the Prince of Orange, and extends to the landing of the Dutch pioneers on Manhattan Island. Intended chiefly for young readers, this handsome little volume will be read with absorbing interest.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF CHARLES H. SPURGEON.—By G. C. Needham. (Boston: D. L. Guernsey; Toronto: S. R. Briggs and B. C. Needham.)—Among the leading preachers of this age Mr. Spurgeon occupies a foremost place. When he entered on his ministerial career it was pretty generally supposed that his youthful fervency would soon burn out and his so-called eccentricities become monotonous. The rare promise of his youth has amply been fulfilled. To-day the words of Mr. Spurgeon are as eagerly listened to by the multitudes that still crowd the Tabernacle, while his published writings command a wide circle of readers, because there is freshness, vigour, and common sense in what he says. Spurgeon is no preacher of paradoxes. In his ministrations there is no straining after startling effects. His well balanced mind, his fondness for Puritan theology, and his reverence for Scriptural truth have kept him from speculative novelties, for which he has no inclination. The earnestness of his Christian teaching and the great results it has produced go far to show that the Gospel in its simplicity is the power and the wisdom of God. The story of his life, and the great work he has been the means of accomplishing is well told by Mr. Needham. The manner in which he has performed his work enables the reader to get a comprehensive idea of the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle, and the influence he wields. This book, which is well got up, will receive, as it deserves, a wide circulation.

THE MIDWINTER CENTURY.—(New York: The Century Co.)—This representative treasury of American literature and art is attractive as ever. Its conductors have endeavoured to make the February number specially excellent, and they have been successful. The frontispiece is a good likeness of George William Curtis, a writer of eminence and a man of high principle and sterling worth, of whom there is an appreciative sketch by S. S. Conant, of "Harper's Weekly." Miss Emma Lazarus writes instructively on the "Jewish Problem." E. V. Smalley continues his description of "The Features of the New North-West." Edward T. Peters discusses the "Evils of Our Public Land Policy;" and the Rev. C. Van Santvoord gives his recollections of "A Reception by President Lincoln." Numerous engravings illustrate Mrs. Van Rensselaer's paper on "American Etchers," and Miss Charlotte Adam's "Artists' Models in New York." W. D. Howells begins his new serial story, "A Woman's Reason," the scene of which is laid in Boston. Mary Hallock Foote continues "The Led-Horse Claim," and Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration" advances in interest as it nears the end. Frank R. Stockton contributes "A Spectral Mortgage." The present number is rich also in poetry by several gifted contributors, among whom Richard Henry Stoddard, Joaquin Miller, and Philip Brooke Marston may be mentioned. The discussion of public questions, a prominent feature of the "Century," is free, fearless, and well expressed. The paper entitled "Thieves and Robbers" is excellent in purpose and in tone. The "Century" deserves the grand success it has achieved.

OLIVER CROMWELL.—By Paxton Hood. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.)—Cromwell's fate in the estimation of the English-speaking peoples is a good illustration of the Shakespearean proverb, "The great soul of the world is just." The roystering *litterateurs* of the Restoration heaped all the obloquy possible on the name and memory of the great Protector. To the mass of reading people he was only a canting hypocrite and a merciless tyrant. Time, that softens all asperities, has dulled the fierceness of hate with which his memory was regarded. The fading image of the hero had become indistinct, but the popular impression was not more just. Thomas Carlyle, with his strong affinity for whoever was in earnest, his marvellous insight, his scrupulous accuracy, and laborious research, set for himself the task of understanding the English commonwealth and the troublous times that preceded it, above all forming a true conception of the greatest man of that age. The result is embodied in "The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," edited by Thomas Carlyle. That great work was a revolution so far as the general estimate of the Protector was concerned. All subsequent Cromwellian writing has acknowledged its chief indebtedness to the work of the Chelsea sage. Mr. E. P. Hood's work, now republished on this continent in a remarkably cheap and accessible form by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, is less pretentious. He states his purpose with a rare modesty. It is to afford a clear and intelligent view of the times and work of Cromwell, while bringing more particularly into view the contemporaries who helped and hindered him in his achievements. Mr. Hood has been most successful in the fulfilment of his promises. The result is a book that will be read by many with fascinating interest. Those who have read Carlyle's work can read this with the heartiest appreciation, while those whose time is limited will find it a most interesting and readable delineation of one of England's worthies, and of the stirring times in which his life-work was assigned him.

THE EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIANITY.—By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: W. Briggs.)

CYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS LITERATURE—Vol. 3, containing The Early Days of Christianity. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. (New York: John B. Alden.)—The enterprising American publishers, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, have placed the reading people of this continent, and more particularly those interested in scriptural study, under a deep sense of obligation. Whatever is new and valuable in religious literature is at once reproduced in cheap and excellent form. In accomplishing this, these publishers are not chargeable with literary piracy, for they make arrangements direct with the authors whose works they select for publication. The many readers of Canon Farrar's previous books will extend a cordial welcome to this, the concluding one of the series on the study of the New Testament. By the same painstaking scholarship, the conscientious study and fresh original thought displayed in "The Life of Christ" and "The Life of St. Paul," the author has reproduced with eminent success the living reality of the past, in which the mighty movements he describes had their origin. Instead of dry disquisition and chronological cataloguing, there is still the form and pressure of the actual life and times of which the author speaks. He is not the curator of a museum showing the reader the admirably classified antiquarian objects piled away upon the shelves, but the guide that conducts the traveller to the fountains whence flow the mighty currents that refresh, strengthen and purify the actual life of to-day. Canon Farrar, having for many years made the New Testament in its varied aspects an almost exclusive subject of study, is peculiarly competent for the task he has undertaken. In fullest sympathy with the religious thought of his own age, he is able to bring the teaching of the apostolic days into direct relation to the present. It is written with all the charm of his free-flowing yet finely cultured style. There are some questionable speculations from which readers may dissent. The author embraces the opportunity to present his ideas on what is usually styled the problem of probation after death, but taken as a whole the volume is hailed as a valuable contribution to the Christian literature of the day, and will be found rich in interest, instruction, and practical helpfulness. The same work is also republished in cheap form by Mr. John B. Alden of New York.

## CHOICE LITERATURE.

## THROUGH THE WINTER.

## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

The next afternoon the calm clear air, the bright winter sunshine, and the deep frozen snow, seemed combined to make a day in which sleigh-riding should be the very acme of enjoyment. And it was in a mood of peaceful, sweet content, that fitted her well to enjoy whatever pleasure offered, that Helen prepared for her ride. When quite ready she sat down to read to Ronald and Sibyl, and it was thus that Margaret and her brother found her.

"You look a good deal more like a snow drop than you do like a rose," Margaret said, as she kissed her. "Helen, are you sure you are strong enough to go out to-day? Mamma is so afraid you will get more cold."

"Oh, yes," Helen answered. "I feel very well; you mustn't judge from appearances, Margie. I don't think there is the least danger of my getting more cold, is there?" And she looked at Dr. Waldemar.

"Not if we are careful," he said; "but you must consent to be well wrapped up, Miss Helen."

And well wrapped up she was; so well that she declared she could neither breathe nor see, but Dr. Waldemar only answered her with a smile, and relaxed none of his precautions.

"We are going first to the beach," he said, as, after tucking the robes closely around Margaret and Helen, he took his seat. "There is no rouge for pale cheeks so good as the sea-breezes."

And, turning his horses in the direction of the shore, a swift trot soon brought them to the water's edge.

How beautiful it was down there to-day! A fair, blue sky smiled down on the calm waters, that with a gentle, swelling motion lazily broke and rolled shoreward.

Helen's look took it all in—the exquisite peace and beauty and restful freshness of the scene; and then her thoughts went slowly back to the last time she had been on the beach—that night of shipwreck, terror, and loss.

"You look more as if the roses would be willing to acknowledge your acquaintance; and now, if you are ready, we will go to them," after a brief delay, said Dr. Waldemar.

"We will have a long ride, if we are to find roses this wintry day," Margaret said, with a gay laugh, as they glided smoothly over the snow-covered road. But long before she was tired or anxious for change they had reached Riverton, and, turning into one of its secluded by-ways, Dr. Waldemar stopped before a low, unpretentious frame house.

"What are you stopping here for, Guy?" Margaret questioned, curiously.

But with the oracular answer, "You will see," Dr. Waldemar helped them to alight, and led them round to the south side of the house.

Here they found a large, sunny garden: in summer a glowing, gorgeous mass of flowers, and leaves, and fruits. All was bare and desolate now, and in the cold, dead aspect of the place only faith could see a promise of the spring-time resurrection that was to come.

But in the warmest, sunniest side of the garden the long, glass conservatories revealed a wealth of tropical bloom and beauty, and told how safely, beyond the reach of frost and ice, the gardener had sheltered his treasures.

A pleasant-looking man, carrying a basket half-full of cut flowers, received them at the low doorway. Dr. Waldemar was evidently no stranger, and when he said, "I have brought some friends to look at your flowers, Mr. Gray," the quiet answer, "They are very welcome, doctor," was spoken in a tone of great sincerity as well as pleasure.

From one beautiful flower to another the gardener led them, showing, with evident love as well as pride, the perfection of colouring, form, or foliage to which, through skilful cultivation, they had attained. Roses were there of every variety and of every tint, and the warm, moist air was heavy with their perfume. How exquisite they all were in their delicate freshness, their rich shades, and velvety texture! and yet how unlike they were one from another!

"Will you take this to help you in your memories?" Dr. Waldemar asked, as he placed a basket of violets in Helen's hand at the gate.

"For me?" she said, with a beautiful glow of colour; "I thought it was for Mrs. Waldemar."

"She would rather you should have it," he answered gravely. "I will bring her to see both the violets and you to-morrow: so take good care of both, Miss Helen."

And with a pleasant good-night the sleigh drove away, and Helen earned her treasures into the sitting-room.

They were all here waiting tea for her, and their delight over the basket was as great as her own.

"How sweet they are!" Ronald said, while his large, grave eyes examined the violets with a close, curious scrutiny. "Sibyl, see how they are all wrapped up in the green leaves. I guess they are little flower-children; I wonder which God loves best—their or us?"

Helen heard the childish question. Now it only awakened a loving smile as she whispered, softly: "I think He loves you best, Ronald, for it was little children Jesus said should come to Him."

But days afterward the simple words were to come back to her in all their sweet force and significance; and ever after violets were to be associated with some of her saddest as well as sweetest recollections.

## CHAPTER XV.—A CLOUD THAT THREATENS SORROW.

"Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,  
Peaceful be;  
When a chastening hand restrains thee,  
It is He!  
Know His love in full completeness  
Feels the measure of thy weakness;  
If He wound thy spirit sore,  
Trust Him more."

Another week passed by in peace and happiness. Helen was now entirely restored to health, and able to resume all the duties and pleasures of her life. Again her days were filled with quiet, household work, and constant, loving care for those whose comfort depended so largely upon her; while the pleasant readings with Dr. Waldemar and Margaret made a sunny break in her life, and the consciousness of Mrs. Waldemar's motherly sympathy and interest gave her strength and courage for many an arduous duty and irksome task.

One evening when Dr. Waldemar called, he found only Mr. Humphrey, and Philip, and Fred in the sitting-room; but in a few minutes Helen came in, looking pale and very anxious; even the sight of Dr. Waldemar only brought a faint smile to her lips, and after the first greetings were exchanged she turned to her father:

"Papa," she said, "I feel very uneasy about Ronald to-night; he has seemed dull all day, and now I am afraid he is really sick."

"Nonsense," Mr. Humphrey said, not unkindly but as if he was dismissing a foolish suggestion. "You are only fanciful, Helen: Ronald was well enough at tea-time."

"But I don't think he is now, papa," Helen insisted; "he is very restless in his sleep, and he complained of pain before he went to bed. I wish you would go up and look at him."

"You are only nervous, Helen," her father answered; "there is nothing more the matter with Ronald than there is with you; if he is sleeping he will do well enough."

Helen said no more, and with a sigh took up her work; but Dr. Waldemar, who had been watching her face, and saw how concerned she was, said pleasantly:

"Pardon me, Mr. Humphrey, but what is the good of having a doctor in the house if you don't make use of him? If it will be any relief to Miss Helen, why not let me go up and see Ronald?"

Helen's quick exclamation, "Oh, if you only will!" told plainly what a relief it would be to her. And Mr. Humphrey, saying, "I don't imagine there is any necessity for troubling you: it's only one of Helen's fancies—girls are always having fancies, I believe, still, if it will be any satisfaction to her I shall be obliged to you if you will look at the boy," took the lamp and preceded his guest up-stairs.

Helen ran on ahead and, opening the door of the little room where Ronald was sleeping, she led the way to the bed and waited anxiously the result of the doctor's examination.

Ronald lay in an uneasy position, and occasionally he moaned and moved his head restlessly on the pillow; his face was flushed, his hands dry and hot.

As Dr. Waldemar bent over the sleeping child, the cheering smile he had given Helen as he entered the room passed, and his face grew very grave. Helen asked no questions, but she watched Dr. Waldemar with earnest eyes, and vainly tried to read his thoughts.

As the light in Mr. Humphrey's hand flashed on his face, Ronald opened his eyes; with a troubled, bewildered expression he looked from his father to the doctor; then, a spasm of pain contracting his brow, he moaned and began to cry.

"It's nothing, I dare say it's nothing," Mr. Humphrey said, though his face belied his words. "You must not be frightened, Helen. Ronald has been dreaming and is disturbed by our presence, that is all."

Helen made no reply; and Dr. Waldemar, after a brief examination and a few tender, soothing words to Ronald, lightly shook up his pillow and laid him gently on it, then, with a word or two to Mr. Humphrey, so low that Helen could not hear them, he left the room, followed by her father.

The slow minutes went by, and Helen watched alone by the sick and moaning boy. She heard the front door open and shut, and light steps running through the hall past Ronald's door; but no one came to her, and every moment her distress grew greater.

Presently her father came; with a slow step he drew to the bedside and stood without speaking, looking at Ronald.

"Papa," Helen asked, "what does the doctor say? what are we to do for Ronald?"

Mr. Humphrey roused up. "Dr. Waldemar will be back soon," he said, slowly; "he has gone for medicine; and, Helen, the boys are making a fire in the spare room: will you see that the bed is made? We better move Ronald as soon as possible. I will stay here while you are gone."

With a sad heart Helen went to do her father's bidding. Move Ronald into the spare room! then he must certainly be very sick. She found her brothers busy over the fire, but they could give her no information. Silently and swiftly she moved around, making the bed and arranging the room for the sick child. When all was done she returned to her post by Ronald's bed. He lay as she had left him: no better, even her inexperienced eyes could see that, and her whole heart went up in prayer that the doctor might return soon.

He came in a few minutes, and with him Dr. Sullivan; together they examined the boy and held a low consultation; then Dr. Sullivan began to prepare medicine, and asked for water.

Glad to escape, Helen went for it, and sent it up by Philip. It seemed impossible for her to go into the sick-room again until she knew the worst. Her heart ached with a great, undesired dread. She went into the sitting-room; it was deserted, and with a feeling of utter helplessness she sat down on the sofa behind the door and laid her head wearily on the pillow.

What was the matter? what was coming to them? She could not tell, but a terrible shadow seemed creeping towards them, and she felt as if her strength, either to hope or pray, had utterly left her.

How long she sat there she did not know, when the door opened and some one stepped over the threshold; she thought it was Philip looking for her.

"I am here," she said, without raising her head; "what is wanted, Philip?"

"Only you," Dr. Waldemar's kind voice answered; "I want to speak to you, Miss Helen."

He closed the door and came to her: she rose to meet him.

"I am here," she repeated in the tone of one expecting condemnation from a judge: "please tell me the worst at once."

Dr. Waldemar took her hands and seated her again on the sofa. There are periods in life that resemble the dark, wrathful hours in nature when, though the air is strangely still, everything seems charged with a subtle, electric influence; and only the falling of the rain, or the shock of the tempest, can restore the atmosphere to its natural calm and sweetness. Such a time had come to Helen now, and Dr. Waldemar saw it. It would be wrong to try to cheer her with doubtful hopes or vain assurances; better tell her the truth at once.

With quiet firmness he said:

"You must be strong and brave now, Miss Helen, for Ronald is very sick."

"Tell me what I am to do," she said; and though her voice was sad, it was calm and natural.

"Nothing to-night but rest," Dr. Waldemar replied; "We have given Ronald medicine that we hope will relieve his pain. Your father is with him now, and I will take care of him to-night. You will trust him with me, will you not? I have sent the boys to tell my mother I shall remain here, and I have come now to tell you, and to ask you to take the rest you need."

"But I must go to him; I must do something," she said, quickly.

"You must do just what I tell you," Dr. Waldemar said, in a firm though kind tone that in itself had power to enforce obedience to his commands; "to-night, Ronald will not want you; but to-morrow, and perhaps for many to-morrows, he will want you, he will require all your time and care, you must save your strength now for his sake, Miss Helen."

She did not attempt to change his resolution.

"Will there be danger for the others—for Sibyl?" she asked, sadly.

"No, I do not apprehend any. There may be less, even for Ronald, than you fear; do not try to look ahead now, Miss Helen; do not send gloomy forebodings and sad anticipations on before you, to make your way harder; you must walk now, as Peter walked upon the water—looking to Jesus."

Mrs. Waldemar came at once and took Sibyl home with her. Dr. Sullivan came and went with kind, encouraging words, speaking of hope even when hope seemed dead; and Dr. Waldemar, who, while refusing to take the case into his hands, was yet Dr. Sullivan's most valued friend and invaluable assistant, and was there at all hours, tending Ronald with the tenderness of a woman and the skill of a physician combined, keeping watch over Helen, doing all he could to spare her strength and sustain her faith, and proving to her father and brothers a strong, faithful friend, in whose sincerity they could place unwavering confidence.

Kind neighbours came with offers of service and words of sympathy, and thoughtless, gossip-loving Mrs. Jones gave daily evidence of unselfish good-will, and womanly interest and compassion.

Often during Ronald's illness, when Helen felt the kind clasp of Mrs. Jones' hand, her eyes would fill and the reproachful thought would come:

"How could I have been so angry with her!"

She had sorrowful need now of kindness and sympathy, for in her home all were gloomy and despondent.

Ronald lingered for weeks in the border-land between life and death: his sufferings were great, and, to add to the misery of his friends, the terrible spinal disease, as it advanced, while it left his mind clear, locked one after another of his senses, until he seemed as far removed from them as if already in another world. Blind, deaf, and partially paralyzed, he lay in his bed crying and groaning with pain; sometimes calling piteously on them to come and help him. And while their hearts were breaking with their sorrow, he could not receive what they were so anxious to give—some token of their love—the whispered, tender word to soothe his feverish dreams, and relieve his nervous fears.

It was a severe strain for one so young as Helen to bear, and it was no wonder that, as the days passed, she grew pale and thin, until she seemed but the shadow of the bright girl of a month before.

She uttered no complaint, she made no lament; even with her kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. Waldemar, she was quiet, restraining all expressions of grief or sorrow.

"I do not like to have her so," Mrs. Waldemar said, anxiously, one day to her son. "It is not natural, and when the end comes, and the need for exertion is over, I am afraid she will fail entirely. I would rather see her, like other girls, giving vent to her feelings."

"Helen is not like other girls," Dr. Waldemar said, with a sigh. "I wish she had a mother; our love and care seem very useless, now."

And with a grave face the doctor took his hat and started for Mr. Humphrey's. It was the twilight of a cold, gray day.

When he reached the house Fred met him in the hall.

"Oh, doctor," he exclaimed, in a tone of relief, "I am glad you have come, for Helen is sick."

"Helen sick!" Dr. Waldemar repeated, anxiously.

"Yes, she's in the sitting-room on the sofa; she fainted a little while ago, and she's dreadfully white and weak, now."

Without further questions Dr. Waldemar opened the sitting-room door and went in. Helen lay on the sofa, looking, as Fred had said, very pale and feeble. She smiled faintly as the doctor took her hand, and her colour fitfully came and went.

"Don't look at me so soberly," she said, trying to speak cheerfully. "I am only making-believe sick, doctor."

"So I judge from your looks," Dr. Waldemar answered, as he sat down by her. "What have you been doing?"

"Nothing; nothing more than usual."

"What made you faint?"

She looked troubled at the question.



"How did you know? Did Fred tell you? I hope he won't tell papa."  
 "Never mind about that," Dr. Waldemar said, quickly; "tell me what made you do so."  
 "I don't know," he said. "I believe I was a little tired; and there was something I had to do, that tried my strength a little; that's all."  
 "Yes," he said, in a tone that implied that it was quite enough. "I am going up to see Ronald, Miss Helen. Promise me not to leave this sofa until I come back."  
 "I cannot," she said, earnestly. "You don't know all I have to do, Dr. Waldemar. I feel better now and I must get up. Papa will be home soon, and I must see about tea and a great many other things."  
 "The other things must wait," he said, with a smile, pleasant but resolute. "I have confidence enough in Matsie to feel sure that she is equal to making a cup of tea for Mr. Humphrey. And I will engage to see him when he comes home—he always comes up-stairs first, I believe—and explain why you are here."  
 "I don't want you to explain," she said, impulsively; "I don't want to stay here, Dr. Waldemar."  
 His only answer was to rearrange the pillows and, as a brother would, to place her against them; then he looked at her with a smile.  
 "I want your promise, Miss Helen."  
 "I ought not to stay here," she said, with a look that implored him to leave her free.  
 "I will undertake to be the keeper of your conscience in this matter," he said, with most unyielding firmness. "Whatever guilt you incur may rest upon me. Give me your promise, for I ought not to stay here now, and I will not go without it."

Very unwillingly, with a tone that expressed great disapproval of her words, Helen gave the required promise, and in silence the doctor received it and walked to the door. It was a long while before Dr. Waldemar returned. The twilight grew grayer and darker, and the shadows thickened and deepened while Helen lay alone in the quiet room, listening to outside sounds, and thinking her own sad thoughts. Matsie came presently to stir the fire and light the lamp, and make preparations for tea; and Philip and Fred soon followed her. Their faces were very sober as they looked at Helen, and for their sakes she tried to exert herself and speak cheerfully. Mr. Humphrey came in as usual, tired and silent. He had seen Dr. Waldemar up-stairs, and heard from him of Helen's exhaustion, and the danger there was that, overtasked and weary, she would sink under her burdens. He had heard it all in a dreary, selfish silence. That Helen should fail seemed only in keeping with the course of events in his family; only a piece of the trouble that had fallen upon his life. Lonely and forlorn, a man without God, and without hope in the world, he looked and felt that night, and Helen, as she watched him, grew sick with her great longing to comfort him.  
 Watched over and affectionately tended by Matsie's selfless care, Helen sank into the deep, dreamless sleep she so much needed; and forgot, for a little while, the dark shadow that was brooding over her home.

(To be continued.)

THE PROMISED LAND.

I was once crossing a series of undulating ranges abutting on Mount Hermon with an English tourist who was making merry at the utterly barren appearance of the "promised land." It turned out, however, that his attempted wit served to sharpen our observation, and we found that all the hill-sides had once been terraced by human hands. A few miles further on we came to Rasheya, where the vineyards still flourish on such terraces, and we had no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the bare terraces, from which lapse of time had worn away the soil, were once trellised with the vine, the highest emblem of prosperity and joy. Similar terraces were noticed by Drake and Palmer in the Desert of Judea, far from any modern civilization. It is rash to infer that because a place is desolate now, it must always have been so, or must always remain so. The Arab historian tells us that Salah-ed-Din, before the battle of Hattin, set fire to the forests, and thus encircled the Crusaders with a sea of flame. Now there is scarcely a shrub in the neighbourhood. In wandering through that sacred land, over which the Crescent now waves, one is amazed at the number of ruins that stud the landscape, and show what must once have been the natural fertility of the country. Whence has come the change? Is the blight natural and permanent, or has it been caused by accidental and artificial circumstances, which may be only temporary? Doubtless, each ruin has its tale of horror, but all trace their destruction to Islamism, and especially to the blighting and desolating presence of the Turk. That short, thick, beetle-browed, bandy-legged, obese man that so many tourists find so charming, is a Turkish official. He and his ancestors have ruled the land since 1517. A Wilberforce in sentiment he is the representation of "that shadow of shadows for good—Ottoman rule." The Turks, whether in their Pagan or Mohammedan phase, have only appeared on the world's scene to destroy. No social or civilizing art owes anything to Turks but progressive debasement of decay. That heap of stones in which you trace the foundations of temples and palaces, where now the owl hoots and the jackal lurks, was once a prosperous Christian village. Granted that the Christianity was pure neither in creed nor ritual; yet it had, even in its debased form, a thew and sinew that brought prosperity to its possessors. The history of that ruin is the history of a thousand such throughout the empire. Its prosperity led to its destruction. The insolent Turk, restrained by no public opinion, and curbed by no law, would wring from the villagers the fruits of their labour. Oppression makes even wise men mad, and the Christians, goaded to madness, turned on their oppressors. Then followed submission on promise of forgiveness. The Christians surrendered their arms, and the flashing cimeter of Islam fell upon the defenceless, and the place became a ruin amid horrors too foul to narrate.—*The Contemporary Review.*

DANTE ALIGHIERI, FROM LONGFELLOW'S MICHAEL ANGELO.

I turn for consolation to the leaves  
 Of the great master of our Tuscan tongue,  
 Whose words, like coloured garnet-shirts in lava,  
 Betray the heat in which they were engendered.  
 A mendicant, he ate the bitter bread  
 Of others, but repaid their meagre gifts  
 With immortality. In courts of princes  
 He was a by word, and in streets of towns  
 Was mocked by children, like the Hebrew prophet,  
 Himself a prophet. I too know the cry,  
 Go up, thou bald head! from a generation  
 That, wanting reverence, wanteth the best food  
 The soul can feed on. There's not room enough  
 For age and youth upon this little planet.  
 Age must give way. There was not room enough  
 Even for this great poet. In his song  
 I hear reverberate the gates of Florence,  
 Closing upon him, never more to open;  
 But mingled with the sounds ate melodies  
 Celestial from the gates of paradise.  
 He came, and he is gone. The people knew not  
 What manner of man was passing by their doors,  
 Until he passed no more; but in his vision  
 He saw the torments and beatitudes  
 Of souls condemned or pardoned, and hath left  
 Behind him this sublime Apocalypse.

—February Atlantic.

THE ELEPHANT WHO DID NOT SEE THE JOKE.

The Rev. Mr. Watson gives a very curious story in illustration of this animal's wonderfully long memory of a wrong suffered. One of those pests of society, "a practical joker," visited a caravan in a West of England fair and tried his stupid tricks upon an elephant there. He first doled out to it, one by one, some gingerbread nuts, and when the grateful animal was thrown off its guard he suddenly proffered it a large parcel wrapped in paper. The unconscious creature accepted and swallowed the lump, but immediately began to exhibit signs of intense suffering, and snatching up a bucket handed it to the keeper for water. This being given to it, it eagerly swallowed quantities of the fluid. "Ha!" cried the delighted joker, "I guess those nuts were a little hot, old fellow." "You had better be off," exclaimed the keeper, "unless you wish the bucket at your head." The fool took the hint only just in time, for the enraged animal having finished the sixth bucketful, hurled the bucket after its tormentor with such force that had he lingered a moment longer his life might have been forfeited. The affair had not, however, yet concluded. The following year the show revisited the same town, and the foolish joker, like men of his genus, unable to profit by experience, thought to repeat his stupid trick on the elephant. He took two lots of nuts into the show with him—sweet nuts in one pocket and hot in the other. The elephant had not forgotten the jest played upon him, and therefore accepted the cakes very cautiously. At last the joker proffered a hot one; but no sooner had the injured creature discovered its pungency than it seized hold of its persecutor by the coat-tails, hoisted him up by them, and held him until they gave way, when he fell to the ground. The elephant now inspected the severed coat-tails, which, after he had discovered and eaten all the sweet nuts, he tore to rags and flung after their discomfited owner.—*Chambers Journal.*

A SEDATIVE AND A POISON.

Sir William Gull thus speaks of alcohol:—  
 "I would also say that I do not know how alcohol does act upon the body altogether, but in disease we use it very much as a sedative. I do not think its mode of action is known, but I know it is a most deleterious poison. I would like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying day by day poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it. In the case of a person suffering from alcohol distinctly, I confess I should not be afraid to stop it altogether in most cases; on the contrary, I should think it highly desirable to stop it altogether; of course it must depend upon the age of the patient, or whether there is any likelihood of doing him any good at all. If there were no likelihood of doing any good at all it does not matter very much what one prescribes, but if the patient were a young man whose organs were good, that would be a case in which I should stop it. That is to say, if a patient came before me as a drunkard and not as a sick man, and I found his organs not permanently damaged, I would say, get rid of the alcohol at once. I should certainly not anticipate any evil consequences if he were well fed. I think it is a prejudice, and an injurious prejudice, to suppose you must continue the poison if the patient is well fed. If the evil has not gone on to a great extent I think people for the most part would be willing to take advice about the matter. That is to say, where they have erred from want of knowledge. I think there is a great feeling in society that strong wine and strong stimulants make strength. I should regard that as a misinterpretation of the word strong, arising from the feeling which immediately follows the application of the stimulants. They have a strong effect, and people feel that they give strength. I believe that a very large number of people have fallen into that error, and fallen into the error every day, of believing that strong wine gives strength."

MISS M. C. THOMAS, a Baltimore lady, has won the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, the highest honour ever accorded a woman in the University of Zurich.

The celebration of the Chinese New Year began last Tuesday night, and was continued until sunset Saturday. Prayers were offered in the joss-houses, and candles were burned in honour of the god. On Wednesday, according to their traditions, all debts were cancelled and all injuries forgiven.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE coronation of the Czar is announced to take place at Moscow on the 27th May.

THE faculty of Bowdoin College has expelled five sophomores recently suspended for hazing.

A NUMBER of armed explorers, under Austrian officers, have left Belgium to join Stanley in the Congo expedition.

THE teaching of music in the public schools of Japan has been conducted for the past two years by Luther W. Mason, of Boston.

CRIME has of late been alarmingly on the increase in Germany. Desperate murders and robberies are of almost daily occurrence.

THE Senate of New Jersey has passed by eleven to ten a bill prohibiting the manufacture or sale of any alcoholic or intoxicating liquors.

THE anti-slavery societies of Madrid, Saragossa and Valencia demand the suppression of the ten years' service by emancipated Cuban slaves.

THIRTEEN mills in Pittsburg, Pa., have been constructed out of the materials from the celebrated Main Building of the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

H. HAGEMANN, of Vienna, has taken out a patent at the German Patent Office for a machine of his invention, which is intended to dispense with type-setting.

THE first Jewish marriage which has taken place at Madrid since the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, two centuries ago, was celebrated a few days since.

MR. PAUL TULANE, a generous citizen of Princeton, N. J., who a year ago gave \$400,000 to the city of New Orleans, has given an additional \$125,000 to complete the college buildings, which are now under way.

THE Rev. Edward Ingersoll, D.D., rector emeritus of Trinity Episcopal Church, Buffalo, died very suddenly last week. He was visiting the Church Home when, seated on a chair, he suddenly fell to the floor and expired.

MICHAEL DUNN, Jerry McAuley's protégé, has now for four years carried on his House of Refuge for discharged convicts in New York, caring in that time for 1,001 men, and getting employment for 541 of them. Last year the inmates earned nearly \$13,000, chiefly by making brooms.

IT was four years since the cremation furnace was erected at Gotha, where one hundred cremations have taken place. People in Germany, England, France, Russia, Austria, and some in America, have all sent their dead to be cremated at Gotha. The first year there were sixteen cremations; the second seventeen; thirty-four the third, and thirty-two the fourth. There were sixty-six Protestants, twenty-eight Catholics, and six Jews burnt.

AN Italian Professor recently forwarded to Mr. Gladstone a copy of a work he had published on Dante, and has received in reply a letter written in Italian. Mr. Gladstone says the reading of "Dante" is not merely a pleasure, it is "a vigorous discipline for the heart, the intellect, the whole man." In the school of Dante he "learned a great part of that mental provision (however insignificant it may be) which has served him to make the journey of human life up to the turn of nearly seventy-three years."

THE death of John Ross, LL.D., Edinburgh, is announced. Dr. Ross studied theology with a view to the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. His views, however, becoming divergent from the standards, he did not enter on the ministry. He was tutor for a time in the family of Sir William Hamilton, and afterwards became Master of English Literature in the Edinburgh Academy, a position he occupied till recently. He was associated with the late Dr. Findlater in the editorship of Chambers' Encyclopædia, and at the time of his death was principal editor of the Globe Encyclopædia, now being published.

DR. EDWARD G. LOVE, the present Analytical Chemist for the U.S. Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use, and as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

Name of the Baking Powder.	Strength per each ounce of Powder.
"Royal" (cream tartar powder)	127.4
"Patapsco" (alum powder)	125.2
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh	122.5
"Rumford's" (phosphate) old	32.7
"Handford's None Such," fresh	121.6
"Handford's None Such," old	84.35
"Redhead's"	117.0
"Charm" (alum powder)	116.9
"Amazon" (alum powder)	111.9
"Cleveland's" (short weight $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.)	110.8
"Sea Foam"	107.9
"Czar"	106.8
"Dr. Price's"	102.6
"Snow Flake" (Griff's, St. Paul)	101.88
"Lewis's" Condensed	98.2
"Cotgress" yeast	97.5
"C. E. Andrews & Co's" (contains alum)	78.17
"Hecker's"	92.5
"Gillet's"	84.2
"Bulk"	80.5

In his report the Government Chemist says: "I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

Dr. H. A. Mott, the former Government Chemist, after a careful and elaborate examination of the various Baking Powders of commerce, reported to the Government in favour of the Royal brand.



## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev. A. J. Colter has declined the call to Nelson, Manitoba.

REV. MR. FERRIS, of the Brandon Presbyterian Church, has resigned, through ill health.

DIVISION ST. congregation, Owen Sound, have added \$100 to the Rev. J. Somerville's salary.

REV. MR. BEAMER, Wardsville, has accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church, Cass City, Mich.

THE Rev. John Dunbar, Danbarton, Ont., is a frequent contributor to the "Scottish American Journal."

THE Rev. R. A. Bilkey, of Christ Church, Reformed Episcopal, preached at Queen's College, Kingston, last Sabbath.

AT Sherbrooke, Quebec, there is a movement for the amalgamation of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches.

REV. MR. MCKELLAR, Presbyterian minister of High Bluff, has started on a missionary tour through the Cypress country.

REV. THOS. G. SMITH, D.D., of St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, has been nominated to the pastorate of St. Andrew's church, St. John, N.B.

MR. D. ORMISTON, Whitby, delivered an able address on "Hindrances to Sabbath School Work," at annual convention of the South Ontario Sabbath School Association.

THE Montreal Presbyterian College Philosophical and Literary Society, held their first public meeting of the season in the David Morrison Hall. A pleasant and profitable time was spent.

THE Rev. Dr. McNish, Cornwall, forwarded a paper on "Atopographical argument in favour of the early settlement of the British Isles by Celts, whose language was Gaelic," which was read at the Canadian Institute last week.

THE first of a series of college sermons was given in the David Morrison Hall, by Rev. Principal McVicar, to a good congregation, composed largely of friends as well as students. Appearances promise a large measure of success to the course of sermons.

CHALMERS CHURCH congregation, Woodstock, reports \$1,738 on hand this year after meeting all its liabilities. About \$1,300 of this has arisen from the sale of some land. The congregation has added \$200 a year to the salary of their pastor, Rev. W. A. McKay, B.A.

ON Friday evening last Mr. James Knowles, jr., one of the teachers of Knox Church Sabbath school, Toronto, was presented with a very handsome silver cruet stand, and a pair of silver napkin rings by his scholars previous to their advancement to the pastor's Bible class.

THE congregations of Mount Pleasant and Burlord have very generously presented their pastor, Rev. Thos. Alexander, with a horse in room of the one that died of old age some weeks ago, together with a new set of harness, and a balance over for oats. For all which he feels truly grateful. Much sympathy is felt for his partner who has now been under paralysis of the left side for over eight years.

AT the recent Sunday school anniversary meeting held in Knox Church, Hamilton, Mr. Builder, a young man who preached very acceptably in this church during part of last summer, was presented with an address and a purse containing \$100 as a token of the esteem in which he is held by the congregation. The anniversary was most successful. The school is prosperous, and its finances are in a satisfactory condition.

THE missionary meeting in connection with Park Avenue Presbyterian Church was held on Friday evening. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Proudfoot, was in the chair, and addresses were delivered by Rev. J. K. Wright, of London East, and Rev. A. Henderson, of Hyde Park. Among the statements made was the fact that there are now upwards of 1,000 Presbyterian ministers in Canada, with over 750 congregations.

THE annual meeting of Knox Church congregation, Listowel, was held in the basement of the church on Wednesday evening, the attendance being large. From the treasurer's report it appears that the ordinary receipts of the congregation were \$2,835 12. There is a mortgage on the manse of \$2,000, with a sinking fund of \$1,500 to meet it. This is the only debt of the congregation, whose finances are in every respect in a most flourishing condition.

THE annual missionary meeting, in connection with

the First Presbyterian Church, St. Mary's, was recently held. The attendance was larger than is customary on such occasions. The pulpit was occupied by Rev. Mr. McAlpine, who gave a vivid account of the Foreign Mission work and colleges. The Rev. Mr. Penman, Nisseoui, spoke in reference to the French population. The Rev. Mr. Panton, Stratford, gave a very interesting and precise account of the Home Mission work.

THE Sabbath set by the Presbyterians of Gorrie to hold their anniversary services was one of the stormiest of the season, yet the church was well filled both morning and evening to listen to the Rev. John Burton, of Toronto, who delivered two eloquent and earnest sermons. On the following (Monday) evening Mr. Burton gave a lecture on "God's Wonder Working on the Heavens." A severe snow storm made a large attendance impossible, but those assembled were delighted with the lecture.

FROM the annual report of Division street congregation, Owen Sound, it is learned that the net increase to the communion roll during the year is seventeen. The number on the roll is 262. The Sabbath school numbers 226, with twenty-four teachers and officers. During the year a Ladies' Aid Association was organized. It raised \$537 50 for furnishing the new church the congregation purpose erecting soon. The total amount raised for all purposes during the year was \$2,909. The managers begin 1883 with a balance on hand of \$246 53.

THE anniversary of the dedication of Knox Church, Hamilton, was observed on the 21st ult. The Rev. George Burnfield, B.D., of Brockville, preached very appropriate sermons in the morning and evening. On Monday evening a social tea was given by the ladies, after which Mr. Burnfield gave a most interesting lecture on Egypt, its temples, pyramids, and people, and showed many curiosities which he brought from the land of the Pharaohs. The lecture was a rare treat. Although the weather was stormy the large church was filled with an attentive audience. The proceeds of the anniversary amounted to \$282.

A SHORT time ago a very pleasant time was spent in the basement of Zion church, Dundee Centre, at the annual entertainment of the Sabbath school. The school, from the last report furnished, seems to be in a flourishing condition. Number on roll, 140. Average attendance, 120. Average collection each Sabbath, \$1 55. Number of teachers, 14. Workers in all, 10, having begun the new year with an increase in its staff. Amid this annual merry-making the manse in many of its wants was kindly remembered, receiving forty three gifts, one of which was a kindly letter addressed to the pastor and his lady, which was pressed in between a roll of bills, "to be appropriated as they deemed best."

ST. JAMES' Presbyterian Church, London, of which Rev. D. McGillivray is pastor, after extensive improvements, was reopened on the 4th inst. The opening services were conducted in the morning by the Rev. D. Camelon, of Vaughan, and in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. J. Kirkpatrick, Toronto. Overflowing audiences attended these services. The discourses were able and appropriate. Liberal contributions were made to the improvement fund. On the following evening a successful social meeting was held, at which addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Camelon, Kirkpatrick, J. A. Murray, Leonard, Gaetz, and others. St. James', London, starts out on a new era of prosperity.

THE annual meeting of St. Andrew's Church, Williamstown, was held recently. After devotional exercises by the pastor, Rev. Alex. MacGillivray, A. T. Grant, Esq., warden, was moved into the chair. The different reports indicated both growth and liberality. The revenue from all sources was upwards of \$8,000, made up chiefly as follows. For alterations and additions to the church, \$6,100. The work on the church was commenced last summer, and all the funds requisite for carrying it on were collected during the year. The building is entirely free of debt. For stipend \$800 have been paid; for outbuildings at manse, \$322; for beautifying grave yard, \$45; schemes of the Church, \$450. The Sabbath school report shows an average attendance at the two schools connected with the congregation of 130. The amount collected by the school foots up to the handsome sum of \$328, out of which the chandeliers for the church were purchased. The report of the session shows a membership of 225, nearly double what it was five years ago, at the settlement of the present pastor.

The report of the Ladies' Aid Society showed that they had collected during the year \$385, which went toward furnishing the church, etc. In addition to this, they presented their pastor on Christmas day with a purse of \$104 50, to purchase a pulpit gown. After the business, the ladies entertained the large congregation present to tea. Among the pleasing features of the meeting was the presentation to Mr. D. Campbell of a gold-headed cane, in acknowledgment of many valuable services rendered to the congregation during the past fifty years.

THE annual report of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, states "that notwithstanding the lengthened 'vacancy,' the Church services have been efficiently maintained during the year." Though St. Paul's has not suffered so severely as some congregations have done while without a settled minister in charge, it is not in a position to report so encouraging a state of affairs as it would otherwise do. The various departments of Christian work have been maintained with gratifying results. The changes in the communion roll are as follows: Reported last year, 525; now on the roll, 499; decrease, 27. The removals were as follows: Beyond Montreal, 20; within Montreal, 15; deaths, 19; total removals, 54; added to the roll, 27; net decrease, 27. Number of baptisms during the year, 9; marriages, 2; burials, 26. There has been an unusual increase in the number of deaths during the year. The following summary of revenue and contributions indicates the financial position of the congregation: Received by the Board of Trustees, per account, \$8,003 58; special collections for the poor, \$343 42; received by committee for schemes of the Church, \$5,229; paid Queen's College Endowment Fund, \$825; paid Presbyterian College, Montreal (special subscriptions), \$1 875; paid Temporalities' Board Expense Fund, \$2 340; paid House of Industry and Refuge, \$4 540; paid General Hospital (by subscription), \$1 330; the Sabbath School Missionary Collection, \$290; the Women's Aid and Mercas Societies, \$663 75; sundry benevolent purposes—charitable institutions, aid to weak congregations, church building, etc., etc., \$2,250; total \$27,689 75. The report makes grateful recognition of the return of Dr. Jenkins to Montreal with restored health and strength. He is once more able to render efficient service in the cause of Gospel.

THE annual congregational meeting of Zion Presbyterian Church, Brantford, was held in the basement last Wednesday night. There was a large attendance, and considerable interest manifested in the proceedings. Dr. Cochrane presided, and after devotional exercises, made a few remarks, introducing the business of the meeting. The report of the kirk session for the year was first submitted. It mentioned among other matters that Dr. Cochrane was now completing his twenty-first year's ministry in Brantford—that in June last he had been honoured with the highest gift in the Presbyterian Church, the Moderatorship of the General Assembly, and had also been appointed Deputy to the Churches in British Columbia. During the year ninety five members have been added to the membership of the Church, but the number of dismissions to members leaving the city, and deaths in the congregation were almost equal to the number added, leaving the present membership at 578. The Sabbath school reports showed this department to be in a satisfactory condition. The new class-rooms added by the enlargement of the church were specially referred to as giving enlarged accommodation, which was so much needed in past years. The treasurer's report, submitted by Mr. Wm. Grant, showed the contributions for the year to be \$6,600. Mr. J. K. Osborne, who next submitted the Building and Improvement Committee Report, stated that it was expected the church would be reopened towards the end of March, and that when completed the audience room for commodiousness, comfort and elegance, will be second to none in Western Ontario. In presenting the report, Mr. Osborne asked the church to accept the two large, handsome stained-glass windows in the transept as a gift from himself. The gift was cordially accepted, and a hearty vote of thanks given Mr. Osborne for his liberality. A vote of thanks was also tendered to the ladies and the Young People's Association of the church for their contributions towards the funds. On the board of management Mayor Watt was re-elected by acclamation, along with Mr. Jas. McLaren and Mr. Wm. Oliver, of Bow Park, to fill the places of retiring members. Mr. Wm. Watt, jr.,

and Mr. G. P. Buchanan were appointed auditors for the coming year. On motion of Mr. A. Spence, seconded by Mr. Geo. Watt, the board of management were recommended to replace the large window above the main entrance of the church by a stained glass window, in keeping with the rest. The meeting was very harmonious.

The new Presbyterian church at Campbellford was opened for Divine service on the 28th ult. The services were conducted in the morning and evening by the Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's College, and in the afternoon by the Rev. Mr. Torrance, of Peterboro'. The building was filled to overflowing at all the services, and the sermons were listened to with marked attention and much appreciated. The church is considered a very handsome edifice, is built of red brick on a commanding elevation, and seated for 430 worshippers. There is no pulpit, but platform and desk, and the seats are neat and substantial. It is well lighted, well ventilated, and heated by hot air from furnaces in the basement. The cost, when the spire is completed, will be about \$8,000. On the Monday evening tea was served in the basement by the ladies of the congregation, and at half-past seven, when the chair was taken, every available seat in the church was found to be occupied. Interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Neill, of Seymour, Rev. Messrs. Carmichael, of Norwood, and Chapman of the C. M. Church, after which the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of Belleville, spoke for an hour, securing the rapt attention of a delighted audience. During the course of the evening the Rev. Dr. Neill was deputed by the ladies of the congregation to make a presentation to Mrs. Sutherland (the pastor's wife) of an elegant silver cake basket and pickle cruet, and also to the Rev. Mr. Sutherland a fine set of silver mounted harness, as expressive of the regard in which both are held by the congregation. Mr. Sutherland briefly replied, expressing thanks for such an unexpected manifestation of kindly feeling and esteem, mentioning that this was but one of the many acts of kindness which he and his family had received from the congregation, and also gratefully acknowledging their readiness to co-operate with him in carrying on the Lord's work. Mr. Robert Cock, Secretary-Treasurer of the Building Committee, made a brief statement of the present financial position and prospects of the congregation, which were very encouraging. He then in the name of the Committee acknowledged certain special gifts, which had been made by three ladies of the congregation, viz.: a handsome pulpit Bible and psalm book from Miss Jane Dinwoodie, two elegant chairs for the platform from Mrs. A. Wilson, and a beautiful church clock from Mrs. T. S. Porte. The thanks of the congregation were enthusiastically given to the donors for their splendid gifts. The collections at the Sabbath services and the proceeds of the soiree amounted to upwards of \$400 clear.

**PRESBYTERY OF BARRIE.**—This Presbytery met at Barrie, Tuesday 30th January. Present nineteen ministers and seven elders. There was not much business of public interest. Session Records were called for examination. Those produced were examined and attested; and the clerk was directed to notify Sessions which failed to send in their records that these will be called for at next meeting. Leave was given to the Moderator of East Nottawasaga, etc., to moderate in a call when desired; the same to the Moderator of Knox Church, Oro. A deputation was appointed to deal with a matter of difficulty arisen in 2nd West Gwillimbury. Leave was given to the trustees of 1st Tecumseth to sell the manse property, and to allow the Methodist congregation in Tottenham to use the church there until their own church be ready for occupation. Next meeting of Presbytery: last Tuesday of March at Barrie at 11 a.m.—R. MOODIE, *Pres. Clerk*.

**PRESBYTERY OF PETERBOROUGH.**—This Presbytery met on the 16th of January in St. Andrew's Church, Peterborough, the Rev. J. Ross as Moderator. Besides the Moderator there were present Messrs. Cleland, Ewing, Windel, Andrews, Bennett, Duncan, Clark, Cameron, Bell, Torrance, Jamieson, McCrae, Cooke, Sutherland, Carmichael, Fleming, Beattie, ministers; and Messrs. John Liggett, Edward Mayhood, D. Aitcherson, A. Montgomery, W. Plunkett, R. Tully, T. J. Nelson, I. Russell, Hershaw Little, and J. M. Fife, elders. The minutes of several previous meetings held since the former ordinary meeting were

read and confirmed. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Beattie, McCrae, Windel, and Russel, was appointed to draft a minute expressive of the feelings of the Presbytery toward the late Col. Haultain. Request was made for moderation in a call at Cartwright and Ballyduff. Upon motion of Mr. Bennett, the petition was ordered to lie on the table until a report shall have been received from the committee appointed to take steps to remove the arrears of stipend due from those congregations to their former pastor. There was read a very courteous letter from the Presbyterian Woman's Foreign Missionary Association, then in session in St. Paul's Church, inviting the Presbytery to join them at tea at six o'clock the same evening. The ladies were thanked for their kind invitation, and regret expressed that owing to a previous engagement the Presbytery could not accept of it. Mr. Cleland reported on the subject of Home Missions. Report was received and adopted. The Presbytery resolved to instruct sessions to forward their records for examination at next meeting. Messrs. Beattie, McCrae, Cameron and Russel were appointed a committee on Temperance; Messrs. Torrance, Jamieson, Sutherland, and Roxboro a committee on the State of Religion; and Messrs. Carmichael, Bell, Clark, and Henderson a committee on Sabbath Schools, the first named on each committee to be Convener thereof. The Presbytery next considered certain remits sent down from the Assembly. The remit on the mode of appointing standing committees was first taken up; this occupied the remainder of the afternoon sedent. The further discussion of the Remit on Theological Education was deferred until next meeting of Presbytery. At eight o'clock the Presbytery adjourned for an hour to give members an opportunity of visiting the meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in session in St. Paul's Church. Mr. White, formerly of Warsaw and Dummer, requested the Presbytery to take the usual steps to obtain leave from the Assembly for him to retire from the active duties of the ministry. Messrs. Cleland and Bell were appointed a committee to prepare the papers necessary in the case for presentation to the Assembly. It was agreed that the next meeting of the Presbytery be held at Cobourg on the second Tuesday of March, at eleven o'clock a.m., and that the first evening of the meeting be devoted to a conference on the State of Religion, and on the subjects of Temperance and Sabbath Schools. The evening meeting was appointed to be held at half-past seven o'clock, to which the public generally are to be invited. Mr. Bennett moved the resolution, notice of which he had given three months before, in reference to an increase in ministers' stipends within the bounds. It was moved by Mr. Carmichael, seconded by Mr. Sutherland, and unanimously adopted,—That the Presbytery cordially acquiesce in the view Mr. Bennett has presented in his admirable report respecting the stipend paid to ministers and the means proposed to increase the same, thank him for the report, and recommend that it be printed and copies thereof distributed among our congregations. The Presbytery agreed to adopt the following finding in reference to the death of Lieut. Col. Haultain: "While bowing in humble submission to the wise and sovereign will of God in the sudden removal of our dear brother and co-Presbyter, Lieut. Col. Haultain, we cannot refrain from placing on record our sense of the great loss which we have sustained. We would bear testimony to his eminent services in the Church of Christ, as shown in his readiness to sacrifice time, money, and strength for the production of the best interests of his fellow-men and the glory of his Saviour. While as a Presbytery we feel our loss, we desire to express our deepest sympathy with his bereaved wife and aged mother, and all the members of his bereaved family. We would assure them of our prayers that the Comforter may dwell in their hearts in all fulness, and that they all may, through their trials, be made meet for the inheritance of the Saints in light. We would also tender our sympathy to the session and congregation of St. Paul's Church in the loss of one who had long been a labourer and counsellor with them. We pray that the voice of the Master which has called him away may be heard as the call to duty by many who will cheerfully answer, 'Here am I, Lord.'"—WM. BENNET, *Pres. Clerk*.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**—Rev. Dr. Reid has received the following sums for Schemes of the Church, etc., viz.: A Friend, Burns P.O., for Foreign Mission, \$15; A. R. J. (Moore), for Foreign Mission, \$5.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Feb. 25, 1883. } ANANIAS AND SAPPHIRA. { Acts v. 1-11.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord."—Prov. 12:22.

**CONNECTION.**—The great revival continued. There was great unity of love and labour. Many of those who had property sold it, and gave the money to the church. Everyone seemed to have a care for everyone else. Barnabas is specially mentioned for his benevolence.

**NOTES.**—Ananias, Greek for "Hananiah" "mercy of God." Nothing is known of him, except from this account. Sapphira, "beautiful," from the precious stone sapphire. The disciples were not compelled to sell their lands or possessions; this was a voluntary act of love. Ananias wished to get the credit of holy love and zeal, and of giving the whole, while selfishly keeping one portion for himself. It was deceiving the apostles and a lie to God. Satan, that is, "enemy," the great tempter and enemy of man, the devil (Job 1:6; Matt. 4:1). Community of goods, the poverty of some caused the benevolence of others to abound, and a community of goods among the early disciples. There was no forcible taking of property, nor was there any abolition of the right of personal property, as Peter's question clearly shows. "Their community of goods was no joint stock company like that advocated by communists, in which each one claims a share, but it was a free contribution, as far as was necessary to relieve the wants of the distressed." (*Hague*).

**I. THE JUDGMENT ON ANANIAS.**—Ver. 1.—Ananias: good names; borne by people of bad principles. There never was a revival yet, but Satan tried to work some mischief in it! If he could only get hypocrisy into the hearts and lives of the disciples, he would be quite satisfied! So he enticed this man and woman to pretend to great and unusual benevolence, but keep back part of the money for themselves.

Ver. 2.—Brought a certain part: if they had come and given a half, or two-thirds, or any portion of the price, and told the truth about it, it would have been thankfully received. But perhaps they were jealous of the praise Barnabas got. The property sold might be small, and the amount reserved insignificant; but it was the deceit and falsehood that was condemned.

Ver. 3.—Peter said: Perhaps Peter could not tell how he knew; but he did know. He was led by the Spirit direct to the truth—that this man was acting deceitfully. And he charged Ananias with having allowed Satan to fill his heart. Let us watch against Satan's entrance! Wrong thoughts—then wrong words—then wrong actions. It is like the letting out of water.

Ver. 4.—Was it not in thine own power? He might have kept his property. He might have sold it, and kept the money. He might have given a part of the money. He had no more necessity laid upon him than all men have—to enjoy God's gifts, and make others happy as far as they can!

Ver. 5.—Gave up the ghost: God punished this great deceit by a great judgment. And we may be safe in saying, that the stroke of God's hand on Ananias and Sapphira has done a world of good in keeping people from deceit and lies. It was no "fatal coincidence," or sudden apoplexy. It was God's hand in judgment.

Ver. 6.—The young men arose: the "younger" men; perhaps as opposed to "the elders." The younger brethren; accustomed to act where bodily activity was required. So it would be now—the younger and more active men would volunteer their services in any such emergency. Buried him: in the East burials are always on the same day as death. In other, or cooler, countries, it is different. In Quebec Province, the law forbids burial till the day after death.

**II. THE JUDGMENT ON SAPPHIRA.**—Ver. 7.—Three hours after: in their simple manner of life, probably some of the brethren lived and slept in that "upper room"—for it was, very likely, the same room as at pentecost—and all day long "the meeting" would be going on.

Ver. 8.—Tell me . . . Yea, for so much: Sapphira, who had plotted this wickedness with her husband, had another and a last opportunity of speaking the truth, and repenting of her sin. She chose to utter a solemn lie. A terrible warning to us! Liars will be shut out from Heaven. Rev. 21:8; 22:15.

Ver. 9.—Agreed to tempt the Spirit: to try to deceive God: as if to put him to the test, whether he could find out or punish this sin. Behold the feet: the younger brethren were just now probably coming in from burying Ananias. Peter was moved by the spirit to prophecy her immediate death.

Ver. 10.—Fell down straightway: she died on the spot. The young men gave her burial. And her name and character remains for a beacon, to warn us away from her sin!

**III. THE EFFECT.**—Ver. 11.—Great fear came: all felt the solemnity of being beneath the eye and knowledge of God. And those tempted to other sins as well as lying, would fear and repent. Hypocrites would fear to join the church.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

1. God provides a place for us, though we may refuse to fill it. Ananias might have stood beside Barnabas, as a benefactor and father of the church.
2. Satan is always tempting us to keep back something from God.
3. Evil is sure of detection. God cannot be deceived.
4. God, in punishing Ananias and Sapphira, shows that he hated the sin. Does he not hate covetousness, lying, and insincerity now?
5. "When Christians are afraid to sin, and sinners are afraid because they have sinned, then the Gospel will prosper."—Peloubet.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

One evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which is a bakery, grocery and saloon in one, and asked for five cents' worth of tea. "How's your mother," asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered his saloon, and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding, and in seven she was sound asleep, and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said: "Say you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey, when this poor child and her mother want bread. Here's a two-dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left." "And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I'll give another."

They made up a purse of an even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades: "Just look-a-here—the gal's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear had rolled out of her closed eyelid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tip-toed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out: "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!" When she discovered that her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said: "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery."

### ROBERT HALL'S ADVICE.

Robert Hall was a great man; very few men have had an intellect of greater breadth and power. He wrote these words to the young:—

"In view of the final issue of the contest, we should find little cause to lament the astonishing prevalence of infidelity, but for a solicitude for the rising generation, to whom its principles are recommended by two motives—with young minds the most persuasive—the love of independence, and the love of pleasure. With respect to the first we would earnestly entreat the young to remember that, by the unanimous consent of all ages, modesty, docility, and reverence to superior years, and to parents above all, have been considered as their appropriate virtues, a guard assigned by the immutable laws of God and nature on the inexperience of youth; and with respect to the second, that Christianity prohibits no pleasures that are innocent, lays no restraints that are capricious; but that the sobriety and purity which it enjoins, by strengthening the intellectual powers, and preserving the faculties of mind and body in undiminished vigour,

lay the surest foundation of present peace and future eminence."

### "I'LL PUT IT OFF."

Some little folks are apt to say,  
When asked their task to touch,  
"I'll put it off—at least to-day;  
It cannot matter much."

Time is always on the wing—  
You cannot stop its flight;  
Then do at once your little tasks:  
You'll happier be at night.

But little duties still put off  
Will end in "Never done;"  
And "By and by is time enough"  
Has ruined many a one.

### "FOR ME."

Little Carrie was a heathen child about ten years old. She had black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and a slight, neat form. A little while after she began to go to school, the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," said the teacher, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"O, teacher, I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"Carrie, did Jesus ever invite little children to come unto Him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," which she had learned at school.

"Well, what is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No; it is for me! for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her; and she loved Him back again with all her heart.

### A WISE DOG.

A Newfoundland down in Georgia is the brave and knowing dog this time. One day Mr. D. L. Adams left his two little children in a buggy, supposing his horse to be perfectly gentle, without hitching. But the horse took it into his head to run away, and he started furiously down the road. It happened that a large Newfoundland dog belonging to Mr. Adams was with the buggy. As soon as the dog got to understand what the horse was doing, he ran after the runaway and caught the reins in his mouth. By the exercise of great strength the dog succeeded in bringing the horse to a stand, and the children were thus saved from harm.

### A PLEA FOR FUN.

A little simple fun, if it has no sharp stings of discomfort about it, makes home delightful to the small people, and although older ones are not so willing to show their enjoyment of it, there is good evidence that it does them good. Living is serious business; death, with all its solemnity, is at our neighbour's door, and, perhaps, at ours, and there is no time for unseemly trifling; but because every power of our nature, every energy of body, and mind, and

spirit, are demanded for the task given us, we are bound to take all the helps which are mercifully provided to enable us to make the best use of our powers and our energies. To cut off humour from our lives is to cripple us in the race; to allow us no "fun" is to deprive us of a needed food.

### "I DID NOT SPELL IT SO."

In a country school—the school of which I am the teacher—a large class was standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very "hard word," as the boys say. I put the word to the scholar at the head, and he failed. I passed it to the next, and the next, and so on through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar, the smallest boy in the class, and he spelled it right—at least, I believed he did; and he went to the head of the class, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself.

I then turned round and wrote the word on the blackboard, so that they might all see how it was spelled, and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out, "Oh, I did not spell it so, Miss White! I said *e* instead of *i*." And he went back to the foot of his own accord, quicker than he had gone to the top.

He was an honest boy. I should always have thought he spelled it right if he had not told me; but he was too honest to take credit for what he had not done.

### UNTIDY GIRLS.

Many girls who are in the evening genuine ornaments to the parlour, tastefully dressed, and "neat as a new pin," are little better than slatterns when performing domestic duties.

I have no patience with this untidiness. It has always seemed to me as if Cinderella herself might have kept out of the ashes even if she was obliged to stay in the kitchen and work.

To look well while about house work is worth while. A neat calico dress, short enough to clear the floor, smoothly brushed hair, a clean collar, and a plentiful supply of aprons, are all within the reach of any woman, and I maintain that she will do her work better, and feel more like doing it if so prepared for it. The moral influence of dress is undoubted.

THINK of something kind to do;  
Never mind if it is small:  
Little things are lost to view,  
But God sees and blesses all.

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath.

"THE Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him."—*Nahum* i. 7.

PEARL was saying his prayers one night, and after having changed his position many times, and showing unmistakable signs of weariness, he finished, when his grandma, who was in the room with him, said: "Pearlie why do you pray so long, dear? Why don't you just say your prayers, and then get up; you make yourself so tired." He replied in an earnest and touching way, "Because, grandma, it is so hard to get a picture of God, and I can't pray till I get a picture of God."







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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- LINDSAY.—At Cannington, on last Tuesday of February.
BRUCE.—At Paisley, on March 13th, at two p.m.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, on Monday, March 19th, at three p.m.
CHATHAM.—In First Presbyterian Church, Chatham, third Tuesday in March, at eleven a.m.
STRAITFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, March 13th, at ten a.m.
SARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, second Tuesday in March, at three p.m.
GUELPH.—Ordinary meeting in Chalmers' Church, Guelph, third Tuesday of March, at ten a.m.
KINGSTON.—Adjourned meeting is to be held in St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Thursday, 15th inst., at one p.m., to dispose of the resignation of Rev. Angus Siders, ordained missionary at Glenvale, etc.
PARIS.—In Zion Church, Brantford, on the second Monday of March, at half-past seven p.m.
SARASOTA.—In Guthrie's Church, Harrison, on the second Tuesday of March, at two o'clock p.m.
MONTREAL.—In David Morrice Hall, first Tuesday of April, at eleven o'clock a.m.
HURON.—At Clinton, on second Tuesday of March, at ten a.m.
OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, March 20th, at half-past seven p.m.
KAITUMA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Lucknow, on Tuesday, the 20th of March, at half-past one p.m.
PARKBOURGH.—At Cobourg, second Tuesday of March, at eleven a.m.
BARRIE.—At Barrie, last Tuesday of March, at eleven a.m.

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