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Whole No. 579.

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J. N. SUTHERLAND, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—My wife has been suffering for the last year from rheumatism in her left arm and shoulder. A short time ago my daughter brought her a bottle of your Rheumatine. She did not feel any benefit from this one bottle, but concluded to try more. She took four bottles, and is now quite free from pain, and through all this bad weather has not had the slightest twinge of rheumatism. We can recommend it to all suffering from rheumatism. Yours respectfully, JAMES MURPHY.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every vestige of Humors from the Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 223 and 23 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3¢ stamp. Send for pamphlet.

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To make a wall splasher, cut a piece of white oil cloth the shape of the top of an envelope. Work in shell stitch, crochet with crewel all round. Add two pockets, one on each side, for tooth and nail brush.

A PRETTY, cheap lambrequin for mantle or brackets is made of common bed-ticking. Work cat stitch with red crewel between the blue stripes. Cut in deep points, bind with red braid dress binding, and add red crewel tassels to each point.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS.—For a small family use one pint of milk, three gills of wheat flour, three eggs and a pinch of salt. Beat the eggs very light, add the milk, and lastly stir in the flour. Bake in rings or small pans, and in a quick oven. They are very light.

SURPRISE ROLLS.—In the evening, make up about a quart of flour into the dough, exactly the same as for light rolls. In the morning make them into rolls, putting in the middle of each a piece of sausage meat about the size of a walnut. Bake as any other rolls and they are excellent.

TO RAISE THE PILE OF VELVET.—Put on the table two pieces of wood; place between them, bottom side up, three very hot flat-irons; over them lay a wet cloth; hold the velvet over the cloth, with the wrong side down; when thoroughly steamed, brush the pile with a light whip, and the velvet will look as good as new.

THE layer cake so popular now, made of two layers of white cake with one of fruit cake in the middle, may be varied deliciously by making the middle layer of walnut cake. For this, if the cake is a large one, take two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one-third of a cup of butter, one cup of flour, one egg, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and nearly one cup of hickory-nut meats.

THREE KINDS OF CAKE FROM ONE RECIPE.—The housekeeper who is limited as to time and materials will find the following recipe a most excellent one: One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, three-quarters pound of butter, ten eggs. Mix as for pound cake. Divide into three parts; take one-third, flavour with lemon, or to taste, and bake as a pound cake. Mix one cupful of raisins, one cupful of currants, piece of citron, cut thin, spices to taste, with second one-third, and bake as a fruit-cake. To the remainder add flour enough to roll and cut.

MINCE MEAT.—Put beef on to boil in cold water; after cooking one hour add salt; cook until very tender, then put away to cool, saving the water in which the meat was cooked. Next day, cut off all the best parts of the meat; mince very fine, and to one quart of the meat put two quarts of chopped apple. Spice with cinnamon, clove, all-spice, nutmeg, stoned raisins, currants, little citron cut small. Instead of suet, use melted butter; add sugar, molasses, moisten the whole with vinegar instead of cider, and use as much of the meat-water as you can. Cook slowly until the apple is soft; put into jars and keep in a cool place. When filling, to each pie add a few raisins, very small piece of butter, and a little nutmeg. Bake the pies slowly.

MR. EDITOR,—I send you a recipe for Scotch Loaves, which, if your Scotch divine had eaten he would have said "light as a feather" instead of "tough as leather": Four large cups of flour, half a teaspoonful salt, two tablespoonfuls brown-sugar, one small teaspoonful baking-soda, and sour milk enough to roll out as soft as you can handle it; divide your dough into three parts; roll each part round, and cut in four. Have your large baking pans hot in the oven. Place the scones a little apart, and bake until the underside is a light brown, or if you have no soft milk you can use sweet milk; and two teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, one of soda, and a few currants added make a nice change. I hope this will meet the want of your correspondent, and help her as your paper many times has helped me. I am, respectfully, H. M.

The International Throat and Lung Institute, Toronto and Montreal, is positively the only one in America where diseases of the air passages alone are treated. Cold inhalations are used through the nebulizer, an instrument or inhaler invented by Dr. M. Souville of Paris, ex-aid surgeon of the French army, with proper dietetic, hygienic and constitutional treatment applied to each case. Thousands of cases of Catarrh, Laryngitis, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness and Consumption have been cured at this institute during the past few years. Write, enclosing stamp, for pamphlet, giving full particulars and reliable references to 173 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.; 13 Phillip's Square, Montreal, P. Q.

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THE GREAT SOURCE of Consumption and many wasting forms of disease is Scrofula lurking in the system. The true specific for this condition is found in Burdock Blood Bitters, that scientific purifier of the blood and builder up of the enfeebled frame.

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

No household should be considered complete without a bottle of Dr. VAN BUREN'S KIDNEY CURE in the house. It is the only remedy that will positively, permanently and promptly cure all forms of kidney diseases. Sold by druggists.

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Mr. W. J. GUPPY, of Newbury, has used Burdock Blood Bitters in his family with good effect, and says that Rev. J. R. Smith has used it, and speaks of it in high terms of praise. It is the great blood purifying tonic that acts upon the bowels, the liver, the kidneys, the skin, and the blood.

Now that there is a reliable remedy for kidney troubles, half the terror attached to these complaints have been removed. For this let all be thankful, and to DR. VAN BUREN'S KIDNEY CURE award all praise for having thus removed a hitherto considered fatal disease from our path. It will never be known to fail. Sold by druggists.

A. D. WEEKS, Druggist, of Huxbridge, says he never sold any pills that gave such universal satisfaction as the National Pills, and adds, "I sincerely believe them to be the best in the market, and can safely recommend them to my customers."

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THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM
As it cures all the painful diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS. It cleanses the system of the acids, poisons, that cause the dreadful sufferings of the victims of rheumatism. THOUSANDS OF CASES have been quickly relieved, and in short time PERFECTLY CURED. PRICE \$1. LIQUID or SOLID, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Dry can be sent by mail. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

OUR PROGRESS. As stages are quickly abandoned with the completion of railroads, so the huge, drastic, cathartic pills composed of crude and bulky medicines are quickly abandoned with the introduction of Dr. J. C. Plessant's Purgative Pills, which are small, light, and little larger than mustard seeds, but of highly concentrated vegetable extracts.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 11.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7th, 1883.

No. 10.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Presbyterian Synod of the Maritime Provinces has issued a pastoral address on the subject of Sabbath observance; it also recommends presenting numerous signed petitions praying for such legislation as will lessen the evils caused by the running of Sunday trains on the Intercolonial and other railway lines.

A CONTEMPORARY says: "Mrs. Emma B. Drexel, wife of Francis A. Drexel, of Philadelphia, who died last week, regularly paid the rent of more than 150 families, and distributed among the poor over \$20,000 a year. She employed a woman to institute inquiry into the merits of each applicant, and once every week dispensed groceries, clothing, and money to the poor, who gathered every Tuesday at an appointed place to receive her gifts."

THEY are a progressive people up in Winnipeg. That may be accounted for by their having good ministers and good newspapers. There is a happy absence of jealousy between these two powerful elements of progress, the pulpit and the press. They understand each other in the prairie city. Mrs. Piblado recently gave a sumptuous banquet to the newsboys of Winnipeg. Those assembled had a very good time. Excellent and encouraging counsels were addressed to the boys by prominent ministers and others, among whom was Judge Taylor, who is ever ready to speak and work for the good of others, wherever his lot may be cast.

IT has been obvious to all who have watched the career of Keshub Chunder Sen that he has latterly been losing his head. From one grotesque display to another he has gradually declined until now he stands before the world in an attitude in which the egregious vanity of the man is the most conspicuous feature visible. In a pompous parody of inspired words, entitled "The New Dispensation," he proclaims the Gospel of unity to all religions and churches on the face of the earth, asserting that he has been specially authorized by the Almighty to do so. Some people in India were at first inclined to regard the document as a burlesque. This, however, is not the case. The effusion is one that can hardly be treated seriously.

THERE seems to be a well-concerted movement on the part of Canadian educational and literary bodies to petition the Government for the removal of duty on imported books required by them. Representations from Halifax, McGill, Queen's College, the Toronto City Council and the Free Library Board plead for the free importation of books. So far as these institutions are concerned, it would be difficult to conceive that there could be a reasonable objection to granting this most natural request. For that matter, are taxes on knowledge justifiable under any circumstances? In a free and enlightened nation it is difficult to understand why a tax should be levied on books when there are so many other things less necessary on which heavy imposts would be advantageous. By all means let there be no embargo on the literature required by educational institutions, and let us hope that the blessings of a free press will soon result in their logical consequence, a free literature for all Canada.

THE Newmarket "Era" enlightens its readers thus: "A temperance man has collected the following information, from reliable sources, which will be found interesting. Liquor imported into Newmarket during the year 1882: Shops, first six months—23 bbls. whiskey, 25 kegs other liquor, 118 bbls. beer, ale and porter; 2nd six months—28 bbls. whiskey, 12 kegs other liquor, 162 bbls. beer, ale, and porter. Hotels, 1st six months—11 bbls. whiskey, 15 kegs other liquor, 108 bbls. beer, ale, and porter; 2nd six months—13 bbls. whiskey, 5 kegs other liquor, and 161 bbls. beer, ale, and porter. Making a total of over 600 barrels during the past year, or an average of nearly two barrels per day." Newmarket, with a population of about 2,000, it is not to be supposed is much better

or worse than other places of similar size. Statistical experts have it in their power to furnish effective aid in the promotion of temperance. Accurate statistics present the truth in a startling light, and some people need to be started before they can be induced to think.

PRIVATE letters and newspapers from South Africa supply pleasing evidence that the labours of Dr. Somerville are meeting with encouraging success. The "Natal Mercury," published at Durban, giving an account of his first service there says: "One special feature of the service was the vast number of young men in attendance. The singing was from Sankey's simple melodies, led by Mr. Cumming, with a united choir, and joined in very heartily by the vast assembly. The rev. doctor's able and very eloquent sermon was listened to with rapt attention." Private letters state that, notwithstanding the constant work and excessive heat, Dr. Somerville's health is on the whole pretty good, and that he is able to carry on his mission with full vigour and without interruption. During the few days spent at Durban he delivered twenty-nine addresses, which were well attended, ministers of all denominations giving their assistance. One evening Dr. Somerville addressed, by means of an interpreter, 200 Kaffir men and a few Kaffir women, who seemed greatly to appreciate the service. Kaffir and English hymns, led by Mr. Cumming, were sung.

THE popular conception is that punishment is meted out to criminals for the protection of society and, if possible, the reformation of the offender. This, like many other opinions, is getting too antiquated. We live in a progressive age. What is the use of having criminals at all? If some notorious evil-doer is found guilty of a crime more than ordinarily revolting, if he is noted for a good education which he has disgraced, or if he is the blackleg of a respectable family, a petition is forthwith presented to the proper quarter for the remission of a righteous sentence. The criminal class and their respectable friends are amongst the most patriotic of the people, they believe in the sacred right of petition. They of all others are the most diligent in the exercise of that right. A man well connected in Ottawa, who was in the Civil Service, was convicted of the plebeian crime of counterfeiting. Scarcely did he find himself the right man in the right place, the inmate of a penitentiary cell at Kingston, than a petition for his pardon was got up. Another scion of a Quebec family was found guilty of an atrocious outrage. Of course, on behalf of this precious scamp, the gubernatorial clemency has been invoked. This reprehensible interference of the course of justice goes steadily on. It is not conducive to the maintenance of the law's integrity. If people have an aversion to go to prison let them keep away from it; but, if their offences lead them justly there, let them stay their term in the seclusion a too indulgent country provides for them.

ABOUT two years ago an unpretending institution was established in Toronto for affording aid to a very deserving class. Many ladies in poor circumstances, but with educated tastes and deft hands, unable to undertake severe and exacting toil, are nevertheless anxious to earn money by their industry. This institution has had a fairly prosperous existence, as the facts submitted at the annual meeting of the members of the Ladies' Work Depository, held in Shaftsbury hall last week, will show. The annual report of the secretary spoke of the satisfactory condition of the depository, which, since the appointment of Miss Unwin as manager, had been almost self-sustaining. The commission charged on all work is ten per cent., and the monthly expenses of the institution is \$85. The depository is to be removed to No. 12 King street west, where it is believed that its success will be assured. The depository was doing a good work in affording a means for needy women in disposing of their handiwork, and thus giving them a method of honest and honourable livelihood. It also, no doubt, afforded a means for young ladies of earning pocket

money, but it was not to this class that it was sought to make it of most advantage. The money received since May last amounted to \$1,864.26, of which there was paid to workers during the nine months \$1,435.53. There were over 400 workers on the manager's list, many of whom were in positive need. The depository was now free from debt. They could appeal confidently to the public, and believed that next year's balance sheet would be most satisfactory to their supporters. Several gentlemen had promised amounts ranging from \$1 per month to \$50 per annum in aid of the institution; and it was believed that it would in a short time be self-sustaining. The financial statement showed the receipts to have been \$1,208.74, expenses \$1,172.98, leaving a balance of \$35.76. When the amount of rent due, \$50, was paid there would be a deficit of \$14.24.

WEEKLY HEALTH BULLETIN.—From this weekly report of the Ontario Board of Health, of which Dr. P. H. Bryce is secretary, the following particulars are gleaned. The weather of the week began with a low barometer and moderate temperature. This was soon followed, however, by a rapid change when the pressure increased 0.800 inches and the temperature fell. Thereafter the pressure again diminished, the wind remaining in the E. and S.-E. until Friday when it became westerly with a rapidly rising barometer and falling temperature. The sky during the week was mostly overcast, there being much mist and fog, especially in Districts VI. and VIII. The rainfall has been much beyond the average, one place in District VI. having recorded 3.08 inches in 25 hours. The differences from the average temperature for the several days are: 11th, +1.86°; 12th, -3.57°; 13th, -8.60°; 14th, +1.88°; 15th, +1.17°; 16th, +3.30°; 17th, +3.00°. This week's report shows rapid changes and a temperature on the whole considerably above the average. But these changes have not been such as to reduce diseases of the respiratory organs to any extent. Thus *Bronchitis* and *Influenza* show exactly the same percentage degrees of prevalence as last week; while along with these two, *Neuralgia* and *Anæmia* curiously maintain not only the same order but the same total degree as the four most prevalent diseases of that week. While we again notice the high degree of prevalence of *Fever Intermittent* (4.3 per cent.) we are reminded by one correspondent in District VII. of a probable explanation of its continued prevalence in the fact that the subsoil soakage into the wells carries vegetable organic materials into the well-water. While the reports of this week have many points of interest, the one of greatest moment is the increased number of correspondents reporting *Zymotic* diseases, principal among which are *Measles*, *Mumps*, *Scarlatina* and *Diphtheria*. Though the percentage to the total diseases reported is not increased yet this is due to the increased numbers of cases of disease reported, especially of *Bronchitis*. To show the very serious nature of these diseases an illustration may be given of what 2.2 per cent. of *Diphtheria* means. The Health Report of the city of Boston for January gives an average of about 40 cases of this disease reported per week and about 20 deaths due to it alone. Now it is pretty accurately calculated that one-twentieth of all the diseases actually existing in this Province are weekly reported to this Board. Hence we get the following comparison, taking this number of reports as representing the average prevalence of *Diphtheria* over the whole Province:—

Boston = 1 case in 10,000 of population—50 p. c. of deaths.
Ontario = 6 cases " " 50 " "

Adopting the Boston mortality rate (if all cases of disease are reported) we would have 3 deaths in every 10,000 occurring weekly from *Diphtheria* alone. To point the moral as to the ways in which the disease may be spread and the precautions to be taken, Dr. Morrell Mackenzie, in the "British Medical Journal" has just reported an outbreak of the disease at Hendon, which has been directly traced to milk bearing the germs of the disease, the cans having been washed with water containing sewage.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

CONCERNING BAPTISM.—XIV.

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

From the Christian Standard

MR. EDITOR,—The editor has already acknowledged that there is no instance in the Old Testament where one person "dipped" another into and under water, oil, or blood, for any purpose whatever; let him now gracefully acknowledge that there is no case of baptism by "dipping" (i. e., putting in and immediately taking out again) in the whole range of Greek literature prior to the time of Christ, and not until the Church became overrun with superstition, by and by I hope to get him to see that for fifteen hundred years and more after Christ the Scriptural warrant for baptizing by sprinkling was never called in question; while, on the other hand, no instance of baptism as now practised by Baptists, Disciples, Dunkards, Mormons, etc., occurs in history prior to September 12th, 1633. (See "Immersion a Romish Invention," p. 58)

In the "Standard" of April 8th, the editor reveals even more than usual in offensive personalities. This is the *argumentum ad invidiam*, unworthy of a high-minded Christian man, and indicating only moral obliquity or a paucity of better argument. Whether I hail from Woodstock, Ontario, or from Cincinnati, Ohio; whether or not I am ignorant or learned; whether or not I am, in the dignified and graceful language of the editor, disposed to "spit in the face" of my superiors—all this and a great deal more of the same kind are matters of little or no consequence to the readers of the "Standard." These readers may, however, be expected to feel the deepest interest in the truth taught in God's word concerning one of the sacraments of the Church; and, therefore, the editor would prove himself more worthy of the prominent position he occupies, and show more respect for the intelligence and Christian character of his readers, were he to deal more with the arguments and less with the author. In his paper of April 8th, speaking in a most uncourteous and unjustifiable manner of Dr. Ditzler, he hurls his usual charges of dishonesty and ignorance against myself. He says of me, "His language is the language of ignorance; his confidence is a false confidence," etc. Now, as I made no pretensions of knowing all things, the reader will not be surprised when I confess that there are many things that I do not know. I do not know how much the editor of the "Standard" knows; and it would not be prudent for me to guess, if the quotations from Plutarch and Achilles Tatius are fair specimens of his knowledge. Take another instance of the editor's knowledge (?) from the same paper (April 8). It occurs in the quotation he makes from the "Campbell and Rice Debate," p. 206. The editor is much exercised over the affirmation in my book, p. 22 (and well he may be), in these words: "The truth, however, is, that no lexicographer whose opinion is entitled to any weight gives 'dip,' 'plunge,' or 'immerse' as the meaning of *baptizo* in the New Testament, much less the only meaning." Now what will the intelligent reader think of the knowledge of the editor of the "Christian Standard" when he learns that the said editor, in a professed quotation from the lexicon of Stokius, gives the words of A. Campbell, and prints them in capitals, as the words of Stokius, the lexicographer? The editor, in quoting the meaning of *baptizo* as given by Stokius, reads and prints from the "Campbell and Rice Debate" the second definition, thus (as translated by A. Campbell): "2. Specially and in its proper signification, it signifies to dip or immerse in water." But A. Campbell himself adds the following: "This is its New Testament sense." And this sentence of A. Campbell is printed by the editor of the "Standard" in small capitals, as the language of Stokius, to convict me of ignorance! Stokius says no such thing, but the very reverse. If the editor has a copy of the lexicon of Stokius, he should examine it; and if he cannot read the Latin definitions, he should get someone to read and honestly to translate for him. And if he never saw a copy of Stokius, he had better be a little more sparing hereafter in his charges of "ignorance" against all or any who may differ from him, for such charges, like "chickens, sometimes come home to roost."

But I am not yet done with Stokius. In the latter

part of his second definition, after saying that *baptizo* means "properly to immerse or dip in water," he adds, "(a) tropically (1) by a metalepsis, it is to wash (*lavare*) cleanse (*ablure*), because anything is accustomed to be dipped or immersed in water that it may be washed or cleansed, although also the washing or cleansing can be, and generally is, accomplished by sprinkling the water. (Mark vii. 4; Luke xi. 38) Hence it is transferred to the sacrament of baptism."

All the latter part of this quotation from the words "although also the washing," etc., is entirely suppressed by A. Campbell, and left out by the editor of the "Standard." The reader will easily discover the reason for such *prudence*. To have quoted it would have spoiled the purposes of both A. Campbell and the editor. And I leave the conscientious reader to pronounce upon the Christian standard of both the teacher and his disciple, in thus garbling a lexicon to suit their miserable sectarian purposes. So far from Stokius saying that the New Testament meaning of *baptizo* is to "dip" or "immerse," he says the very reverse, and shows that it is used in the New Testament in a very different sense, and he gives chapter and verse where it is so used. He tells us, by his quotation from the New Testament, that what he calls the "tropical" sense is the sense in which *baptizo* is used in the New Testament.

The language of Stokius is but little less distinct than that of the great Schleusner, who says that in the sense of "dip" or "immerse in water," *baptizo* "is never used in the New Testament"

May I not, then, with propriety apply to the editor the words he so graciously applies to me? "If his purpose is to act the partisan, perhaps he has done wisely; but if his intention is to furnish his readers with the material for forming an impartial and righteous judgement, it is a bad failure."

I call for the printing of Grimm's definition of *baptisma* and *baptizo* in an unaabbreviated form, and in the original Latin. Let this be done, and we will probably see another instance of shameless garbling, similar to that of A. Campbell and the editor in their quotations from Stokius, given above.

THE RELIGIOUS WANTS OF THE NORTH-WEST.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me to thank you for your editorial in last week's issue, and for your insertion of the synopsis of my address in Winnipeg, on the progress of the mission work of our Church in the North-West during the past year. Permit me to reply to objections I have heard urged against contributing to that work, and remove misapprehensions.

First, I have frequently been told that the people in Manitoba are wealthy and do not require help. This is a great mistake. The people who move to a new country are not wealthy. Why should families break up their homes in Ontario or Nova Scotia to go to Manitoba, if wealthy? Who cleared the forests of Ontario, drained its swamps, and built its roads? Were they not, for the most part, those who were driven from the homes of their youth by the pressure of poverty? The same class has gone to Manitoba. Many sold farms here ere they moved west, but a large part of the proceeds went to pay the mortgage that encumbered the property, and with only a small portion of the supposed wealth have they begun life again. Let all who hear of the wealth of the North-West only think of the class of people that left their own neighbourhood, and they will understand the character of our settlers. It should also be remembered that many of the settlers are young men beginning life. Their capital consists of their muscles, and brains, and pluck. These will yield a good return in time, but time is an essential element in the case. I have travelled through the North-West, and know whereof I speak, when I say that a large part of the new settlers are poor. I would be the last to endeavour to lay on the back of the people in Ontario, burdens that the people in Manitoba ought to bear. "But," says the objector, "the people of Winnipeg are wealthy." Many of them are, but they cannot surely be supposed to undertake the whole support of mission work in this wide territory. Who expects Toronto or Montreal to bear the burden of Home Mission work in Ontario? The work is the work of the whole Church, and if Winnipeg does her share, no one can ask more. That she is willing to do this is manifest by her subscribing nearly \$40,000 to the Church and Massé Building Fund. The people of Toronto, with a popu-

lation about four times that of Winnipeg, and a large amount of accumulated capital, subscribed about \$30,000 towards the Endowment of Knox College, which is a local institution. Winnipeg, an infant city of twelve years, gave an equal amount for work in the country lying west of her. Toronto will get much benefit, directly, from the Endowment of Knox College; Winnipeg hopes for no such result from her investment. So much for this objection.

Secondly, others urge that Foreign Mission work is more important than Home. "The people in the North-West have their Bibles, but the heathen perish through lack of knowledge." I never think of putting Home and Foreign Mission work in opposition. Both should be carried on, because both are enjoined by our Lord. The work of the Church is to raise the fallen, and to prevent those who are reclaimed from lapsing. Experience shows that the lapsed are most difficult to reclaim. In our cities and towns they resist influences that have been most successful in Christianizing the heathen. This should incite us to care for the spiritual welfare of our people, and prevent the hardening influence of neglect. They may have their Bibles, but what if they do not read them? Are we to leave them to suffer the consequences? Are their children to be allowed to grow up in ignorance and sin? Would Christianity gain by any such process? If one hundred are reclaimed from heathenism, and two hundred lapse into irreligion, it is evident that Christianity is not advancing. To be successful, the Church should see to it that she holds all her conquests. Like a man seeking wealth, the Church will become rich according to what she retains. Much, consequently, as I like the heathen, I would as soon save one hundred Canadians from sinking into worldliness and vice, as convert a hundred Hindoos to Christianity. And that our people in the North-West, if neglected, will sink in many instances into godlessness and vice, admits of no question on the part of those who are competent to judge.

Moreover, one of the best methods of making Foreign Mission work successful is by cultivating the home field. Successful Foreign Mission work grows. There is an increasing demand for men and means; but how can this demand be met by a Church that is stationary at home? The settlement of the North-West will increase the wealth of Canada immeasurably. The resources of the country are, unquestionably, vast. If the inhabitants are Christians their means are at the disposal of the Church for Foreign Mission work, but if the people are godless, the Church will be deprived of their aid in her enterprises. The true friend of Foreign Missions will hence cultivate the home field as a means to obtain the necessary funds to evangelize the heathen.

Thirdly, others urge that there is no need of the haste in prosecuting this work. They wish us to remember the early settlement of Ontario, and ask us to wait till people can support ordinances themselves. One would like to ask those who advocate this policy a few questions. Were the pioneers of Ontario and Quebec satisfied with the policy pursued towards them? Was the policy of starvation conducive to spiritual health in the case of the individual Christian? What were its effects on the Church? Is it not true that irreligion and worldliness were begotten of the policy adopted? Did not people feel keenly the apparent neglect of the Church? Did not thousands of families leave her communion for ever in consequence of this neglect? Along the Ottawa, in the eastern townships, north of Lake Erie, large numbers of Presbyterians settled. The Church failed to send missionaries to form them into congregations, minister to their spiritual necessities, or dispense the sacraments of the Church. Smarting under their wrongs, these people, attached as they were to the Church of their fathers, left her communion in thousands, and are now found in other folds. The Methodist Church of Canada in many a district is largely composed of the children of sturdy Presbyterians. New Brunswick has been almost wholly lost to the Presbyterian Church through neglect. To hear some people discuss the policy pursued in early days, you would think it had been eminently successful instead of being most disastrous to the spirituality, power and prestige of the Church. We want not to imitate, but avoid, the mistakes of the past. There were excuses that could then be urged that have no longer any force. The country then was poor. There were few men of means in the communion of the Church. Congregations had enough to do to support ordinan-

ces among themselves without giving much aid to the newer districts. That is all changed now. The members and adherents of our Church have plenty of means to prosecute Christian work in frontier districts, and all that is required is the disposition to consecrate this wealth to the advancement of the Lord's cause.

Another point. There is a considerable difference between the young Canadian and the Scotchman or Irishman. There was far more religiosity of nature with the old countryman than with our Canadians. Hence neglect for a few years now will result far more disastrously than it did forty or fifty years ago. In making this statement I am not conjecturing. If necessary, I could cite many painful instances in support of my contention. With your permission, I will direct attention to some other aspects of our work, again. Allow me here to say merely that men and means are urgently needed, and that wise liberality on the part of the Church is the highest economy. Let us look after our people now, and we shall retain them in the Church. Our congregations will be stronger and in a much shorter time they will become self-supporting. Ten dollars now will effect more than four or five times the amount a few years hence.

Woodstock, 15th Feb., 1883. JAMES ROBERTSON.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

A regular meeting was held on the 26th January, the President in the chair. Mr. Smith conducted the opening exercises.

It was agreed to supply Garden Island, but to leave Wolfe Island in the hands of the Kingston Presbytery, to accede to the request of Mr. Campbell, of Renfrew, to take charge of a newly organized station in the Lanark and Renfrew Presbytery; to grant the request of Mr. Findlay of Bracebridge, that Uffington and Oakley be taken under the supervision of the society.

Mr. J. Somerville reported that he was stationed at Arthur, a little village seventy-two miles north-west of Toronto. He held a service twice each Sabbath, and had an average attendance of 300 to 400 in the morning, and about 250 in the evening. At the weekly prayer-meeting he had an average attendance of eighty. A Bible class was held. Mr. Somerville reports 105 families with 160 members in connection with the congregation. From the tenor of his report good work seems to have been performed.

Mr. John Young, B.A., had charge of Melrose, Lonsdale, and Shannonville. At Melrose there is a frame church and a manse; there are twenty families, with forty-six members, and an average attendance of 100 people. A Sabbath school was held before service, having a Bible class of twenty-eight persons, and junior classes of forty-eight scholars. Lonsdale has a church, but a weak congregation. We had a good following here once, but the old story of unavoidable neglect tells its tale now. Mr. Young says, however, that the people are loyal and there is every prospect of good work, if the right man is sent there. Many of the young people—in fact, the majority of them—are members of no Church, but they have a great regard for a minister of Christ, and this is a very good sign. It is hopeful to see this in these democratic, careless days, and shows that there is material to work on. They come five, six, and seven miles to church—which is also another good sign. Shannonville was supplied day about with Lonsdale. This place is nine miles from Belleville, and is well known. A new church was erected here, mainly through the good offices of Mr. Young. It is a handsome brick building, 30 x 40, and can accommodate perhaps 250 people. It was opened by Principal Grant almost free of debt, there being only some \$80 of a balance on it. Good work was done here by Mr. Young. The people have been without a regular pastor for twenty years, and desire again stated services. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed by Prof. Mowat in October, when six names were added to the communion roll.

Mr. C. Herald for the second time supplied the stations of Uffington and Oakley. At Uffington there was an attendance of some ninety on Sabbath, and on Monday a Bible class was held, with an average attendance of thirty five young people. A church was erected here, not yet completed, capable of holding about 200 persons. The Oakley people have promised to erect a church also, and have doubled

their subscriptions for this object. The work here was very encouraging indeed; Mr. Herald had always overflowing congregations. When Mr. Findlay, of Bracebridge, dispensed the sacrament he was much impressed with the efforts of our student, and the excellent work accomplished by him.

Mr. P. Langill, B.A., gave a capital report of his work on the Mattawa. This gentleman's labours would give a very good chapter to the missionary history of our Church. His work was purely missionary. There are only fifteen families professing Presbyterianism in the village of Mattawa, and some three or four members. Mr. Langill, therefore, laboured chiefly among the navvies and lumbermen. Mr. Langill has been among this people for a year, having, at their urgent request, given up his college work last session to carry on the mission he had so nobly commenced in November, 1881. Service was regularly held at Mattawa, and the average attendance was over 100 persons. The population was largely a floating, Popish one, and therefore our student had to adapt himself to the circumstances. He usually spent two or three days, in the beginning of each week, among the navvies. By fraternizing with them, visiting their homes, and distributing gospel tracts in French and English (which were eagerly read) he gained their hearts, and induced them to come to service. A door was opened in another way, however. Diphtheria broke out, and Mr. Langill, being able to prescribe some simple remedies, probably saved more than one life, and endeared himself to the people. The loving, gratuitous service, which was such a contrast to the demands of priest or nun, touched them deeply. The country is dreary, rough, rocky and barren, very difficult to traverse, yet, during his stay, Mr. Langill travelled some 1,100 miles, 900 of which were gone over with a horse and cutter. During those journeys there were visited sixty lumber shanties and seven stopping places; and, on some Sabbaths in the winter of 1881 '82, he drove forty miles and preached five times. The people were liberal, and exclusive of Mr. Langill's salary, raised for charitable purposes some \$300.

A regular meeting of the Association was held in the Principal's class room on the 10th February. The President occupied the chair, and Mr. Munro conducted the opening exercises.

A request was brought before the Association that service be granted to a place called Dumfries, between the two crossings of the Souris River, Manitoba. It was agreed to bring the matter before Mr. Robertson, when he visits our college. It was also agreed to invite the ladies who are studying medicine at the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Kingston, with the object of missionary service in view, to join the society in its meetings. The executive committee were empowered to procure a list of publications bearing on Foreign Mission work, and to submit the same to the society, in the hope that a missionary spirit may be still further fostered.

Mr. Daniel McTavish, M.A., gave a most interesting account of his work at Fort Collins, Colorado, last summer. He graphically described the condition of society there, depicting the various forms of wickedness prevalent, and the Christian agencies to counteract existing evils. In Fort Collins there is a good congregation, with 120 members, an excellent Sabbath school, and a weekly prayer-meeting. Mr. John McLeod was for the third season stationed 100 miles from Quebec, in a mission which was last summer organized into a congregation by the Quebec Presbytery. He preached every Sabbath, in Gaelic and English, with much acceptance. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed on the 1st September, when seven names were added to the communion roll. An aged man, verging on 100 years, partook of the elements for the first time.

Mr. J. S. Smith reported his work at Nipissing and Maganetiawan. The character of the country roads may be imagined, when it is stated that Mr. Smith spent twelve hours in travelling thirty-five miles, the stage being a lumber waggon of the most wretched type. There are five Presbyterian families in the village, the others being chiefly Episcopalians. Service was held at Powassan, Nipissing and Sturgeon Falls. Sixty-one families were visited, cottage meetings held, and much good pioneer work accomplished. Mr. Cochran, of Thornton, dispensed the communion.

NEVER punish your child for a fault to which you are addicted yourself.

THE MISSION FIELD.

THE "Missionary Review" says that the Foreign Mission Societies of the world report a gain of 308,653 communicants in 1882

THE interest shown in the Foreign Missionary work by the different denominations of Christians in the United States may be estimated by the following statistics. Congregationalists gave last year \$1.71 for each member; Northern Presbyterians, \$1.01; Episcopalians, 53 cents; Southern Presbyterians, 50 cents; Northern Baptists, 43 cents; Northern Methodists, 18 cents; Southern Methodists, 12 cents; Southern Baptists, 6 cents.

THE New Hebrides are being slowly won from their savage heathenism by the Presbyterian missionaries. A new station has just been established on the Island of Epi, which has about 10,000 inhabitants. The people among whom the missionary and his wife, who represent the Tasmanian Presbyterian Churches, are to reside are very docile; but at a little distance are tribes who are cannibals and frequently feast on human flesh. This island, like the rest of the group, is divided by different tongues. There are no less than four different languages spoken among its inhabitants. Aneityum increased its contributions to the missionary fund of the Scottish Free Church Society last year. It forwarded 1,710 pounds of arrow-root, worth about \$350. The island has a very small population. On the whole north side only 549 people. The Church communicants number 252. They are full of missionary spirit. They not only maintain the ordinances among themselves, but go out as missionaries and teachers to the neighbouring heathen islands. There are more of them ready for this work than can be employed. No less than forty-five missionary teachers have gone out from this island, with as many more from other islands. A teacher and his wife only receive \$30 a year. The helpfulness of the Aneityumese is a bright feature of their lives. When, recently, a church needed a new roof, the chief directed that an extra quantity of sugar cane be raised. When the cane was ready the whole congregation assembled to put it on and hold a thanksgiving service. When some of the older men spoke of the misery and want of the days of heathenism, the young people were astonished. They could hardly believe Aneityum had been so recently heathen.

THE result of the last ten years' labour as shown by these speaking statistics is very satisfactory. Not only has the ratio of increase of former decades been kept up, but a great advance has been made upon it, especially in India, where the growth has risen to 100 per cent. But here are the tables:

NATIVE CHRISTIANS.				
	1851.	1861.	1871.	1881.
India,	91,002	138,731	224,258	417,372
Burmah,	No returns	59,366	62,729	75,510
Ceylon,	11,859	15,273	31,376	35,708
Total,	102,951	213,370	318,363	528,590
COMMUNICANTS.				
India,	14,661	24,976	52,816	113,325
Burmah,	No returns	18,439	20,514	24,929
Ceylon,	2,645	3,859	5,164	6,843
Total,	17,306	47,274	78,494	145,097

In the first of these decades the ratio of increase was 53 per cent.; in the second, 61 per cent.; in the last, 86 per cent. In Ceylon, the percentage of increase in the past ten years is 70, while in India, it is 100. None of the European or American Churches can exhibit such an increase. The promise for the future is very bright. There is every reason to believe that this rate of increase will be exceeded in the next ten years, and it may be possible, as the "Indian Witness" suggests, that "there are many persons now living who will see from ten to fifteen million Protestant Christians in India before they get their release from toil in this earthly vineyard." It is encouraging to be assured that there has been, in the last decade "an amazing development of indigenous workers." Of native female agents there are now 1,944, against 947 in 1871. Besides these, there are 541 European and Eurasian women engaged in missionary effort. This force of 2,500 Christian women shows how wonderfully Zenana work has grown. Ten years ago the majority of the Zenana pupils were in Bengal; now the north-west Provinces claim the largest number. Ten years ago there were 31,580 pupils; now there are 65,671. Thus the great work is growing in all its departments, and spreading all over India.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

THE LAST "PRINCE IN ISRAEL."

But although numbers do thus come to remain in Jerusalem, in addition to those who come for the pilgrimage only, yet this strange immigration adds nothing either to the population or the wealth of the city permanently. For they bring little money with them, are past the age of productive labour, and do not "increase and multiply," for they come only for burial—and it seems to me here, as elsewhere, that poverty and piety accompanied each other, for I saw very few, indeed, among these enthusiasts and martyrs who were either men of social position or wealth. Now, as when Christ came, it is the poor, the sorrow-stricken and the heavily laden who voluntarily take up the burden of the cross, and make their lives a sacrifice for the hopes of the future. But there is one exception to this rule in the person of a foreigner, who, although he has not made Jerusalem his home, has yet been as a father to her people. The last real "Prince in Israel" is not the great banker, Rothschild, but his kinsman, Sir Moses Montefiore, one of the truest and least selfish philanthropists of our age whose name is never mentioned in Jerusalem by any native of any creed without a benediction. By the Jews he is almost idolized, and well he may be, for from his hands have been showered down upon that forsaken people benefits and bounties innumerable, which never will be known, for he, unlike some of our most noted public benefactors, does not obey Pope's supplet—

"Do good by proclamation,
And smile to find it fame."

for much of his magnificent charity is so administered that no one ever knows it except the beneficiaries and the donor. He has been in these later days the special providence of Jerusalem, and without his aid a large portion of the scattered remnants would have perished from absolute want. His philanthropic efforts have been nobly seconded by the testamentary bequest of Judah Touro, of New Orleans, who left the bulk of his large fortune for distribution at Jerusalem. The large and costly hospitals which Sir Moses Montefiore has erected at Jerusalem attest his charity in a shape where it could not be concealed; and the Jews, who daily feel the practical exercise of his charities, might well re-echo the famous saying about Washington, "God has made him childless, that he might be the father of his people," for it applies as truly to the one as to the other.

As though to verify the truth of the scriptural warning, "Whom He loveth He chasteneth," this most Christian Jew, whose whole life has been one long work of charity, benevolence, and "loving his neighbour as himself"—and more than himself—is not only childless, but deprived in his old age of the wife who (as he told me), for much more than a quarter of a century, had been his constant companion, guide, counsellor, and participator in all his noble charities. All who have seen or who know the noble, simple-hearted old patriarch will understand how difficult it is in speaking of Jerusalem not to make perpetual mention of *him*, whose name is now so identified with it and its people by charities as generously and nobly planned as they have been modestly executed.

Let due honour be paid to a genuine man in this day of mock patriots, and pseudo philanthropists, whose benefactions figure largely in the newspapers and glorify the giver in public dinners and royal demonstrations of gratitude in the shape of portraits of "Her Majesty." We republicans ought certainly to appreciate true republicanism—which means manhood—even when displayed by a man of different religion and different race from ourselves under such circumstances.

I wish Sir Moses Montefiore could be regarded as "a representative man" of any nation or any creed; but I have found him an exception in my wanderings over many lands and among many people. The people are industrious, or rather would be, were there anything to exercise their industry upon; but, apart from the small traffic in relics and souvenirs of the Holy City and the holy places adjacent, there is no employment either of the muscle or the ingenuity of labourers or craftsmen, for there is no demand for aught else. In walking through Jerusalem this is made patent to the traveller or pilgrim, and he inwardly wonders, "How do all these people live?"—*From Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for March.*

MY WORK.

He crowned my life with blessings full and sweet,
In His great love He pardoned all my sin;
Then to His fold He led my wandering feet,
And bade me know the peace and joy within.
"Dear Lord," I cried, "I'll gladly work for Thee;"
His loving voice said only, "Follow me."

He led me to His pastures green and fair,
Beside still waters oft He bade me stay;
But I, with heart all full of anxious care,
Murmured because He made so smooth the way.
Saying, "I have no work to do for Thee."
"Child, this is work," He said, "to follow me."

Yet still I murmured, "Lord, the way is fair,
And it is very sweet to walk with Thee;
But shall Thy servant have no cross to bear?
No battle to be fought and won for Thee?"
And in His love the half I could not see,
My Saviour gave this answer unto me,

"Are there no little crosses for each day?
No inward battles to be fought with sin?
Nothing to do to smooth another's way?
To help a soul the crown of life to win?
Hast thou remembered My great love for thee,
And dost thou live each day, each hour for Me?"

Then seeing all my need and sin and pride,
I knelt again before my Saviour's feet,
Praying for strength to follow by His side,
Praying for help, temptation's power to meet:
And now, each day, let my petition be,
Teach me, dear Lord, to follow after Thee.

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

"At evening time it shall be light."—ZECCH. xiv. 7.

Oftentimes we look with forebodings to the time of old age, forgetful that "at eventide it shall be light." To many saints, old age is the choicest season in their lives. A balmy air fans the mariner's cheek as he nears the shores of immortality; fewer waves ruffle his sea, quiet reigns, deep, still and solemn. From the altar of age the flashes of the fire of youth are gone, but the flame of more earnest feeling remains.

The pilgrims have reached the land of Beulah, that happy country whose days are as the days of heaven upon earth. Angels visit it, celestial gales blow over it, flowers of paradise grow in it, and the air is filled with seraphic music. Some dwell here for years, and others come to it but a few hours before their departure, but it is an Eden on earth. We may well long for the time when we shall recline in its shady groves, and be satisfied with hope until the time for fruition comes.

The setting sun seems larger than when aloft in the sky, and a splendour of glory tinges all the clouds which surround his going down. Pain breaks not the sweet calm of the twilight of age, for strength made perfect in weakness bears up with patience under it all. Ripe fruits of choice experience are gathered as the ripest of life's evening, and the soul prepares itself for rest.

The Lord's people shall also enjoy light in the hour of death. Unbelief laments, the shadows fall, the night is coming, existence is ending. Ah! no, crieth Faith, the night is far spent, the day is at hand. Light is come, the light of immortality, the light of a Father's countenance. Gather up thy feet in the bed; see the waiting band of spirits. Angels wait thee away. Farewell, beloved one, thou art gone, thou wavest thy hand. Ah! now it is light. The pearly gates are open, the golden streets shine in the jasper light. We cover our eyes, but thou beholdest the unseen; adieu, brother; thou hast light at eventide, such as we have not yet.

"O long expected day begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we tread the appointed road
And sleep in death; and wake with God."
—Spurgeon.

A TRADITION OF LAODICEA.

Some time after the death of the last of the apostles, there was an elder in the Laodicean Church, of the name of Onesiphorus, a prosperous and courteous gentleman, on whom the world had smiled. His children had received a liberal education, and were adorned with every accomplishment of the age. Their father's position gave them access to the best society of the place, and their own tastes led them to seek it. Though professedly a Christian household, it required some sharpness of eye to perceive the difference between them and "the world." Their manners were not of the old-fashioned, strait-laced kind, but much more agreeable. They had travelled, they had seen famous

places; they had been in distinguished society; they could converse on all subjects connected with taste and fashion; they had read the last new book of the season; but, if at any time the name of Jesus happened to be mentioned in conversation, there would instantly fall a dead silence upon them, as when some unfortunate subject had been touched at a dinner-table by one who knew no better. Onesiphorus, the tradition tells, has made an entertainment for his wealthy neighbours, and a large and fashionable company is assembled, partly Christian, partly heathen. The gorgeously-furnished rooms are lighted with a hundred silver lamps. Everything that could recall the Nazarene, and offend heathen prejudice is courteously and delicately kept out of sight, in the spirit of the most advanced "liberality," and the Cross is never mentioned nor alluded to. Music and dancing are going on, and the hours are swiftly flying, when, in the midst of the gay and glittering assembly, a stranger is noticed of different mien and bearing from all the rest. No one seems to know him, or whence he came. Wherever he moves, his calm gaze (which yet has a certain trouble and rebuke in it) creates a strange uneasiness, and those who meet his eye shrink and quail beneath it. Only one in the company seems to be at home with him—a child whose taste was for the Gospel of John and the songs of Zion. Moving through the rooms, and going up to some Christian, the stranger would whisper a word or two in his ear, that seemed to carry some mysterious and startling power. From group to group he passed, disconcerting all to whom he spoke. Who could he be? What could he have to say? The dance ceased; gradually the mirth was hushed. As mysteriously as he had come, he again disappeared, and the feast was broken up and the guests were scattered, and the Christians went home (some of them at least) to weep bitterly.

It is a parable of what goes on still, when Christ—secretly whispering to the conscience of those who are forgetting Him in worldly conformity—repeats this word with power: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent."

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

We have just received the decennial missionary statistics showing the condition of the Indian Missions at the close of 1881. How they would have gladdened the hearts of the devoted pioneers who sowed the good seed with many tears at the dawn of the century! During the past decade the native Christian community in India, Burmah, and Ceylon has increased from 318,363 to 528,590; in India alone from 224,258 to 417,372. The increase in India between 1851 and 1861 was 53 per cent.; in the following decade it rose to 61; and in the last it reached 86 per cent. The Protestant native Christians of India have trebled in twenty years, increasing from 138,731 to 417,372. At this rate, even allowing for no increase of ratio they will in a century number a hundred millions—a total far in excess of the number of Christians in the whole world at the close of the first three centuries. But the past experience justifies us in looking for a steady increase in ratio, so that it is not impossible, as Mr. Rouse of Scrampore remarks, that men now living may before they die see that number of Christians in India. As to the number of foreign missionaries, they have been increased in the last decade from 488 to 586, while the native ordained agents have been more than doubled, rising from 225 to 461. The number of native preachers has advanced from 1,985 to 2,488. The female agents, European and Eurasian, have increased from 423 to 541, of native Christian Zenana agents, from 947 to 1,944; of Zenanas visited, from 1,300 to 9,566; of Zenana pupils, from 1,997 to 9,228; of female pupils, from 31,580 to 65,761. These figures must inspire the liveliest feelings of gratitude and joy in every Christian heart. How they rebuke the sneers of the witlings who in the "Edinburgh Review" used to pour contempt and scorn on the "consecrated cobblers" who had left the shores of Britain with the vain hope, as the scoffers deemed it, of converting the million-peopled empire of the East! How they rebuke, too, the faithlessness of the timid and the half-hearted Christians who have never extended the slightest help to the missionary cause! Well may the friends of foreign missions "thank God and take courage." Their most sanguine hopes have been already more than realized.—*The Christian Leader.*

"In all labour there is profit: but the talk of the lips leadeth only to penury."—Prov. xiv. 23.

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'83. SPRING. '83.

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MR. JOHN MACAULEY is our authorized Agent for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. He will collect outstanding accounts, and take names of subscribers. Friends are invited to give any assistance in their power to Mr. Macauley in all the congregations he may visit.



TORONTO, WEDNESDAY MARCH 7, 1883.

THE Hon. Oliver Mowat, Premier and Attorney-General of Ontario, is sixty-three years of age. Mr. Mowat was returned the other day for North Oxford by acclamation. There are several excellent Presbyterian congregations in North Oxford. Presumably Mr. Mowat is the choice of these good people as their representative in Parliament. They consider him well qualified to discharge the duties of Premier and Attorney-General. He is their choice as first minister of Ontario. Had Mr. Mowat been a minister of the Gospel instead of a minister of state, no congregation in his constituency would give him a call at sixty-three. It is doubtful if he could have even got a "hearing." He is young enough to govern the Province, but he is altogether too old to get a pastorate if he were a preacher. Sir John Macdonald is sixty-eight. Sir John was returned for two constituencies in June. There are several Presbyterian congregations in Lennox and Carleton. Not one of them would think of calling a pastor ten years younger than the first minister of the Dominion. A man at sixty-eight may do to rule the Dominion, but nobody would trust him with a supplemented congregation. People have queer notions about clerical efficiency.

SOME of the American Presbyterians are princely givers. At its late meeting the Synod of New York recommended the endowment of Hamilton College. The North Church of New York city made a subscription of \$68,000 a few days ago, and other congregations will no doubt follow with equally liberal sums. The late Hon. W. E. Dodge gave \$100,000 annually for charitable and religious purposes, and bequeathed \$350,000 for similar purposes at his death. This is princely giving. In his opening sermon in this city in 1876 the venerable Dr. Cook told the General Assembly that the day might yet come when hoarding money would be considered sinful by Christian men. Whether that day is dawning in New York we cannot say, but certainly the benefactions of some of her citizens within the last year or two look in that direction. Not long ago it was considered the correct thing in Canada to sneer at the American churches, or at least hint that they were not sound. It ill becomes a man who puts a cent on the plate on ordinary occasions, and on special occasions doubles his contribution to say anything about a Church that pours its millions into the Lord's treasury, and whose missionaries are found on all parts of the globe. In time we will no doubt have men as able and willing to give as Mr. Dodge was. Meantime let us be thankful that the Lord raises them up anyplace.

FIVE of the judges of the highest court in England are over seventy years of age. One is a little over that age, another is seventy-three, two are seventy-four, and one of the most distinguished is eighty. The late Lord Chancellors, St. Leonards and Campbell, presided in the Court of Chancery when one was seventy-nine and the other eighty. The Irish Lord Chancellor Plunket was well able for duty at seventy-four, and Lord Chief Justice Lefroy at ninety-one. Had the youngest of these eminent jurists been a minister in Canada or the United States, he could not have got a call at sixty. A small village congregation could not give him \$500 a year. An elderly man may do very well for such duties as presiding over the highest courts of the first empire in the world, but for presiding at tea meetings and managing "socials" young men are

required. The Government of England can trust a man of eighty to interpret the laws of the empire and decide on matters of life and death, but no committee or Presbytery would dare to trust a man of sixty with a small mission station. These views of the ministry are popular, and some ministers help to make them popular, forgetful of the fact that they must be sixty some day themselves, if they live, but such views are very degrading to the ministerial office. We look down patronizingly on "mere politicians," but politicians take good care they do not throw away a good man at sixty.

A CORRESPONDENT asks the "Christian Guardian" this important practical question:—

"What should a minister do with a choir, some of whom talk and whisper and laugh during the prayer and sermon, much to the annoyance of both minister and congregation?"

The "Guardian" answers that the minister should speak to the choir privately, and in a kindly and serious manner call their attention to the evil, or merely speaking to the leader, the "Guardian" thinks might bring about the desired reformation. But supposing that speaking to both leader and choir failed, and supposing the "mamas" of the young ladies who simper and giggle and whisper and pass notes become offended. And supposing they induce their husbands to take up arms in favour of the choir angels, who feel hurt because not allowed to do just as they please during service. What then? The question is one of considerable practical importance. Talmage says when the Devil can't get into a congregation in any other way he always comes in through the choir. We know some excellent Methodist ministers who don't hesitate for a moment to say that they are in favour of going back to the old plan of having a psalter. We knew a choir leader—we don't say in what church—who used to walk around the choir soft during prayer to annoy the minister. Some choirs and choir leaders are good Christian people who worship like other Christians. Others are a standing insult to the congregation, and the God the congregation meets to worship.

IT is quite in order just now to say that a general election is a nuisance. At the close of every contest a considerable number of people heave a sigh of relief and declare they are glad the worry is ended and the excitement over. Not a few declare they will "never have anything more to do with politics." They won't until the next time. It certainly devolves upon these good people who denounce elections to tell us what they would suggest as a substitute. Self-government is a blessing, and those who enjoy the blessing must put up with the drawbacks. Nations are governed by ballots or bullets. If any considerable number of our people prefer government by bullets they must go to Russia or some other country where bullets govern. The majority of Canadians prefer ballots. Ballots are not so dangerous as bullets. To go behind the screen and mark one's ballot is not so trying a duty as to stand up before a shower of bullets. It is quite true that a general election deranges business, produces a good deal of excitement, and stirs up a considerable amount of bad blood. Nine-tenths of the inconvenience is caused by the people themselves, not by the system. There is no reason why an appeal to the electorate should turn the country upside down. If electors looked upon the franchise as a trust they would go to the polls and vote with as little commotion as they discharge the duties arising out of any other trust. The day may yet come when electors will vote as conscientiously and quietly as business men discharge the duties arising out of any trust committed to their keeping.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

AN address to the Christian people of Toronto has been issued by the Ministerial Association on the question of Sabbath observance. The address is well-timed. The dangers against which it warns are only too real. The Association complains with good reason of the growing indifference with which the sacredness of the day of rest has come to be regarded by many. This indifference is hurtful to others besides those whom it characterizes. The force of example tells on others, and thus the evil grows. The thoughtless disregard of the Sabbath by many in our midst ought to stir up the friends of that divine institution to more zeal in the diffusion of sound opinions among the people respecting the origin, obligations,

and purposes of the day. Much of the indifference arises from ignorance and thoughtlessness. There might be formed, with advantage, in Toronto, and in most of our Canadian cities, organizations whose object would be to keep the claims of the Sabbath prominently before the people, the young especially, and no doubt a considerable amount of the thoughtlessness and unconcern on this subject would disappear.

The Ministerial address also discusses the subject of Sunday excursions. Attempts are becoming more persistent year by year to establish regular excursions by rail and water. Toronto Bay on a fine day in summer is covered with boats of every description. No one, who has a regard for the teaching of Scripture, can look on this state of things without serious reflection and misgiving. Will our young people, for whom these facilities for a Sunday outing are chiefly provided, seeing all this going on with impunity, be able to resist the temptation of doing as their neighbours do? The address makes a good point regarding the wrong of making one class of the community labour for the pleasure and gain of others. They see clearly that this injustice, if not checked, will increase in magnitude. The love of gain will prove too strong for those whose principles are not sufficiently strong to restrain them from trampling on the rights of their less fortunate fellows, and insisting on enforced labour on the Sabbath day. They also see clearly that the Sabbath comes in as a protection to the tolling masses from the tyrannous encroachment of capital when in the control of unscrupulous hands. The working people are for the most part sufficiently intelligent to understand that a well-spent Sabbath is not only a present and enjoyable blessing, but it is one of the chief safeguards of their most prized rights—the right to worship God according to conscience, and to cultivate the endearing sanctities of family life, on which the exacting nature of their daily labours so largely encroaches.

The appeal of the Toronto Ministerial Association to the Christian people ought to receive a cordial response from all who do not shut their eyes to the palpable infringement on the sacredness of the day of rest, from all who are moved by unselfish desires for the welfare of the people, and from all who respect the will of Him who is the Lord of the Sabbath.

THE FREE LIBRARY.

THE great and progressive proposal for the establishment of Free Libraries in several Canadian cities, was voted for by a large number of citizens in the beginning of January last. In Guelph and Toronto steps have been taken with all due despatch to carry into effect the purpose of the people. The heartiness with which the undertaking has been gone about is a most hopeful sign. The Toronto Board is now organized. Last week a meeting was held, at which Mr. Hallam, the chairman, submitted a scheme both comprehensive and discriminating. He justly indicates that the selection of books for reference and circulation ought to cover a wide range, embracing all that is best and most interesting in literature and science, while avoiding the expense of cumbering the shelves with rare and curious works, over which book fanciers of the Jonathan Oldbuck type only would care to pore. Mr. Hallam may rest assured that he will be sustained in the opinion he expresses that it is desirable to avoid the vulgar, the sensuously sensational, which he pitifully describes as the garbage of the modern press.

The worthy chairman seems to have been guided by patriotic as well as intelligent motives in framing the scheme submitted. It ought to be the desire of seekers after knowledge to be well informed on the history of their country. It could fit them for taking a deeper interest in the welfare of the Dominion, enable them to take an intelligent part in public affairs, and help them to discharge worthily and well the duties of citizenship. A library formed on the lines suggested will not only foster literary tastes in general, but will materially help to develop a distinctly Canadian literature, the want of which will become more felt than it is now. The classification suggested is the following:—

1. Manuscript statements and narratives of pioneer settlers; old letters and journals relative to the early history and settlement of Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward Island, and the wars of 1776 and 1812; biographical notes of our pioneers and of eminent citizens deceased, and facts illustrative of our Indian tribes, their history, characteristics, sketches of their prominent chiefs, orators, and warriors.
2. Diaries, narratives, and documents relative to the U.

E. Loyalists, their expulsion from the old colonies, and their settlement in the Maritime Provinces.

3. Files of newspapers, books, pamphlets, college catalogues, minutes of ecclesiastical conventions, associations, conferences, and synods, and all other publications relating to this and other Provinces.

4. Indian geographical names of streams and localities, with their signification, and all information generally respecting the condition, language, and history of different tribes of the Indians.

5. Books of all kinds, especially such as relate to Canadian history, travels, and biography in general, and Lower Canada or Quebec in particular, family genealogies, old magazines, pamphlets, files of newspapers, maps, historical manuscripts, and autographs of distinguished persons.

Among the advantages to be derived from the institution of a Free Library enumerated by Mr. Hallam, the following is worthy of special notice:—

Looked at from the commonest standpoint—viewed in the dollars and cent light—I maintain that free libraries are profitable investments for rate paying bodies. They develop a taste for reading; they keep people out of bad company; they direct the rising generation into paths of study; they divert workmen from the street corner and the low, corrupting dram shop; and by developing these virtues amongst the multitude, they must necessarily diminish the ranks of those two great armies which are constantly marching to goals and penitentiaries, and in the same ratio they must decrease the sums of money which ratepayers have to provide for the maintenance of those places. And even if these libraries effected no saving of money, nay, even involve an ultimate increase in public expenditure (which they will not), then, I say, it would be still wise to have them; for I contend that it is infinitely preferable to pay for intelligence than to tolerate ignorance.

The importance attaching to the appointment of a librarian is not overrated. The occupant of such an office requires special qualifications. The success or failure of the library depends on the choice the Board may make. This is one of their most responsible duties. He must have, as an indispensable qualification, a wide knowledge of general literature, be possessed of methodical and orderly habits, of obliging manners and of sufficient firmness of character to maintain the rules necessary for the proper working of the institution. It is also obvious that he must be independent of all cliques and coteries. A Free Public Library is for the citizens as such. To put a nominee of any mere section in charge would throw discredit on the discernment of the Board, and impair the confidence of the people in their management. It is a matter for congratulation that in Toronto the choice of men every way qualified for the office of librarian is not restricted.

From the activity already displayed the completion of this praiseworthy undertaking may be expected within a reasonable time. It will be a boon to many, a rich source of enjoyment and an effective means of moral and intellectual elevation. The readiness and cordiality with which the people recorded their votes in its favour argue well for their intention to avail themselves of the privileges which a Free Library will bring within the reach of all.

It may also be confidently expected that the success attending the pioneer libraries will exert a powerful example on other communities, and that the day is not far distant when in Canadian cities, towns and villages the Free Library will be as conspicuous a feature as the town hall or the post-office.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE intense political excitement of the last few weeks has subsided. With a sense of relief the people have returned to their normal ways and are only too glad to occupy their minds with other subjects for a time than those which formed the battle-cries of the contending political parties. There is no wish to belittle the questions that were discussed during the late election contest. Those interested in the welfare of the country ought to take a deep interest in the measures which the respective political parties submit for the decision of their fellow-citizens. It matters a great deal whether a country is well or ill governed, and it may be taken for granted that, if the people generally are indifferent to the methods of legislation and the personnel of those who compose the administration, the country will be badly governed. That remark about eternal vigilance is commonplace in the extreme, but it is perfectly true, nevertheless. Wherever constitutional government exists it is not only in theory but in fact that party organization is essential to its success. We hear a great deal, and not without reason, about the evils of party, but party is not responsible for all the evils that are committed in its name. It ought to be the aim of all upright citizens to seek the purification of political life

by determined opposition to all the base and unworthy devices to which political tricksters without shame are in the habit of resorting. It is all very well to see and decry the nefarious expedients adopted by the opposite party, but, if the best men on both sides would steadfastly resist the wiles of the devil in their own ranks, political life in Canada would not to-day be so open to censure as is unfortunately the case.

A first principle in politics ought surely to be the selection of the best and fittest men for parliamentary honours. This is not always attended to at present. A bustling, ambitious man of limited education, with but slender knowledge of his country's history, less still of the practical questions that occupy the public mind, and crass ignorance of the essential principles of political science, wants to add M.P. or M.P.P. to his hitherto undistinguished name. He has sufficient shrewdness and cunning to capture the convention, and, it may be, the representation of an electoral district. Another man has plenty of money. In some cases it is the most powerful instrument to secure his advancement. Men of this stamp never make legislators, but they make subservient partisans and smooth-working voting machines. Worse still, men find their way into our parliaments who are recklessly and openly immoral. Why constituencies composed of moral and religious citizens care to be represented by such, is one of the marvels of this marvellous age. There is a greater mystery still why they can deliberately go to the polling places and vote for men of this stamp; it is simply incomprehensible. Do they not say in effect to their sons and their daughters—“Canada, this fair heritage that God has given us and our children, is the land we love: you who are our joy and hope to whom we bequeath our dear bought liberties, see the kind of men in whom we repose our trust: these are the men of all others best fitted to promote the happiness and virtue of this Canada of ours—that is why, in the exercise of our patriotic trust, we elect them as our parliamentary representatives?”

Let the best men of both parties also oppose with all their might the corrupt practices that seem to adhere so inveterately to the politics of this and other lands. If the taker of a bribe is viewed with pity and contempt, with what indignant scorn ought those to be regarded who ply the needy and unprincipled voter with illegal offers. The men who buy voters can themselves be bought, and are, therefore, unfitted to sit in the legislative halls of the nation.

It is to be regretted that, during the heated term of an election contest, the press of the country should lose that judicial calmness in the discussion of the questions on which the electorate is called upon to decide. There is a gradual increase of fervour and other less admirable qualities that reach an explosive point before the day of election arrives. The more generous feelings to those opposed to each other in political contentions cease to find utterance. Honourable tactics are too often displaced by methods that would at other times be reprobated. Unjust misrepresentation of an opponent's words and intentions are only too frequent during the political dog-days. True, the ice of winter was on the ground, but the blood of the contestants raged at extreme fever heat. After all, is it absolutely necessary for our leading dailies to outrage the proprieties and descend to the worst features of electioneering as exemplified in the less reputable papers of the neighbouring republic? Surely intelligent Canadians of either party are able to form tolerably correct views on public questions, if the facts are given and discussed with ordinary fairness in the columns of the daily papers. Excited and frantic *ad captandam* appeals to the prejudices and passions of sections of the people cannot be looked upon with approbation by those who regard the press as a powerful educative instrumentality of the age. There is much room for improvement in this respect, and it is difficult to understand why journals, who display ability and enterprise in all other departments, should fail so conspicuously in the tone of their political discussions on the eve of an election. There is no reason for concluding that this vice in Canadian journalism is incurable. Its many other benefits will ere long make a recriminatory style of political discussion distasteful to readers, and then the evil will stop.

SINCE last acknowledgment \$2 have been received from M. A. C., for the students at Pomare Grammar School.

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

ESTIMATE OF REV. R. W. DALE, BIRMINGHAM.

From the growing importance of this form of work, we are sure our readers will be glad of an opportunity of examining the views of one of the ablest men of the day—the successor of John Angel James. *Apropos* of the recent visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to Birmingham, Mr. Dale delivered a sermon on Acts v. 14: “Believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women.” After a brief exposition of the text in its primary application to the circumstances of the founding and rapid increase of the early Church, Mr. Dale proceeded:

Of course no such effects can follow any religious services held in our own time. We have but to continue the work which has already been going on for eighteen centuries. Under the Apostles this Divine fire was kindled; we only transmit to the next generation the flame which we have received from the generation that has passed away. But if the meetings which are being held in Bingley Hall achieve their purpose, it will be said of them when they are over, “Believers were added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women.” For more than a fortnight, on every evening of the week, except Friday and Saturday, there have been from 9,000 to 11,000 people in Bingley Hall. On Saturday evening no services are held; on Friday evenings the congregation has fallen perhaps to 6,000 persons. On one evening only when the weather was very stormy, did the crowd fail to come. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday afternoons there have been 3,000, 4,000, or 5,000 people there. On Sunday afternoons and evenings the hall has been thronged, and the doors have had to be shut, hundreds, if not thousands, being turned away.

GREATER THAN POLITICS.

Having referred to the fact of Birmingham being a centre of great political activity, and stated that on some very special occasions Bingley Hall has seen far larger audiences gathered to hear such famous statesmen as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright, the preacher said—“Except in some great political crises, such as do not occur more than twice in a century, I doubt whether any political party could, on six days in the week within a fortnight, gather such audiences as those that have been brought together by the American evangelists. What makes these immense assemblies all the more remarkable is the fact that they are not held in one town only; audiences are not therefore attracted from the remote parts of the country, as is the case with some great political demonstrations. What we are witnessing here has been witnessed during the last eighteen months in Newcastle and Plymouth, and in half a score of towns between. It has been witnessed in Dublin and in Edinburgh. Large buildings—generally the largest which these great towns and cities contain—have been thronged night after night as Bingley Hall is being thronged now.

WHY DO THE PEOPLE GO?

How are we to account for all this? It would take a long time to answer that inquiry. We should have to ask why people care to listen to Mr. Moody who do not care to listen to ordinary preachers; why they care for the musical services organized by Mr. Sankey when they do not care for our ordinary forms of worship. There are several other questions we should have to ask, some of them much more difficult to answer than those I have suggested. But this, at least, is evident—people have not ceased to care about religion. Except in some great national crisis, that seemed to threaten a revolution, I think you would find it impossible to crowd Bingley Hall for a fortnight, six days in the week, to sing political songs and hear a political speaker. To sing hymns and to listen to preaching, they come in such numbers that very often the doors have to be closed and many shut out. Christian men who sometimes despair of the victory of faith should take heart from a fact like this. Religion is still a matter of deep interest to immense masses of the English people. In our work as Christian Churches we should remember that to be despondent is to ensure defeat. If the Gospel of Christ is good news to ourselves, if it give us strength and courage and joy, filling our hearts with the splendour of an infinite hope, we should assume that others will be interested in what we have to tell them. These great meetings at Bingley Hall are a demonstration that we have a right to assume so much as that.

(To be continued.)

CHOISE LITERATURE.

THROUGH THE WINTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Helen was nearly choking with suppressed sobs: not even her father's hint about Philip could give her at that moment any comfort. It seemed to her that they had all been caught in a great whirlwind and were being ruthlessly torn apart and separated: just as she had seen the leaves stripped from a tree, and blow hither and thither in the eddying gusts of a summer tempest.

"Where are Sibyl and I to go?" she asked.

Mr. Humphrey looked at her a moment before he answered.

"Well, you see, Helen, that has been the hardest question of all for me to decide. Of course, I cannot take you with me. Neither, of course, can you and Sibyl be separated. I might send you to a boarding-school, but Sibyl's too young: she would be a great care for you, and a great expense beside. So, after thinking about it a good deal, last week I wrote to your Aunt Sarah; I received her answer yesterday: here it is."

And taking a letter from his pocket Mr. Humphrey opened and looked hastily over it, found a certain passage and read it: "You can send the girls when you like. Helen will be no trouble, and she can take care of the little one. It was only those harum-scarum boys I couldn't abide."

"So you see, Helen," her father said, as he folded the letter and replaced it in its envelope, "that matter is at last happily settled: Aunt Sarah will take good care of you. There is an academy in the place and you can go to school, and I believe you will find it every way pleasant and just the best arrangement possible for you and Sibyl," and with the air of one who had disposed of a very troublesome business to his own supreme satisfaction, Mr. Humphrey turned again to his paper.

For a few moments Helen sat silent; then, with an uncontrolled burst of bitter tears, she exclaimed:

"Papa, dear papa, please change your mind! Papa, I don't often ask a favour, but won't you grant me this one now? Papa, please say that you won't separate us. Think how it would grieve mamma to have us all parted never to be together in a home of our own again; and the boys—it will be so hard for them—so dreadful to send them out in the world to meet all its dangers and temptations now, when they are so young. Papa, I will try very hard and faithfully to keep house, and do all you desire, if you will only let us stay together. It will break my heart if you do not. O—papa! papa!" The last words came in a low, despairing cry from Helen's lips, and burying her face in her hands she trembled with excitement.

Mr. Humphrey regarded her with stern disapproval for a minute.

"Helen," he said, slowly, "I thought you had more sense. I have told you once to-night that I hate scenes, and now I tell you plainly, I will not allow any. Nothing you can say will induce me to change my mind. I am confident that what I have decided on is best for us all; and for yourself, I believe it will prove decidedly the wisest and most desirable arrangement possible. Let me hear no more about your heart breaking. I hoped a daughter of mine would have too much character to talk in that childish, sentimental way. Go to your room now, and to-morrow show me that you deserve my respect and confidence, by appearing at breakfast with a cheerful face, ready and willing to accede to my wishes and help me in the work I have to do."

Laying aside her work, quietly and without a word, with a slow step, Helen obeyed her father and went to her room; but once there, the pent-in agony burst forth. With one look at Sibyl's unconscious face, flushed and dewy with the warmth and glow of health, she threw herself on the floor, and sobbed in bitter, passionate grief.

She was in a mood then to analyze her father's words; in the full tide of her passion and sorrow, it was impossible for her to understand how much truth there was in what he had said.

For Sibyl and herself, the prospect of going to Aunt Sarah's cold, unsympathetic care was chilling and depressing enough, but they would be together, and Helen could not then think much about the change as it would effect her own individual life. She could only remember that they were all to be parted—to leave their dear old home, and live henceforth under strange roofs, lonely and apart.

Mechanically, as if hoping with the lip utterance to satisfy the voice of conscience, Helen began to repeat the Lord's Prayer.

As the familiar words, learned long ago at her mother's knee, passed her lips, they seemed to have no meaning for her heart. She forced herself to repeat them.

Slowly, with a fierce effort to think what she was saying, she said them over: "Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come: thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

"Thy will be done." Her lips closed over the words: she could not speak them; she could not say amen, to the doing of that will when, as the plough-share relentlessly crushes the tender spring flowers under it in its course, it appeared to be crushing all the sweetness, all gladness out of her life forever.

"In earth as it is in heaven," she murmured, hurriedly. She paused, arrested with the sudden thought, How is it done in heaven?

Back from the forgotten teachings of her childhood came the words she had once learned from the lips of an earnest preacher:

"Cheerfully, without a murmur,
Courageously, without a fear;
Constantly, without tiring or resting,
Completely, without failure or flaw."

"Cheerfully, without a murmur." With what sad, reproachful eyes the angels must be watching her then that night!

Helen found during the next day that the news which had fallen so suddenly on her the previous night was already well known to the boys. The subject had been repeatedly discussed by them during her absence, and, boy-like, they were in a state of great and pleasurable excitement over the approaching change in their lives. They were wild with delight at the prospect of going West. Indians and buffaloes figured in their dreams, and formed their chief subjects of thought during the day.

After a long talk with the boys that morning, during which she listened to all their hopes and anticipations, and bravely tried to sympathize with them, Helen went by herself over the house. There were articles of furniture to be selected: pieces that her mother had prized, or that her use had rendered sacred: there were china and linen to be examined, and Helen alone could do it. It was trying, painful work; more than once the young head drooped, and the sad tears gathered, but she bore up well.

Much had been done when evening came—so much that Mr. Humphrey encouragingly said he thought they would be able to leave Quinnececo several days earlier than he had at first anticipated.

The half-sigh with which Helen answered him was drowned in the noisy hurrahs of the boys, and her own lack of words was unnoticed in the torrent they poured upon her.

"I tell you, Nellie," Fred said, emphatically, "it is a splendid thing to have a girl in the house. You know just where to take hold, and just how to make things go together. Here have papa, and Phil, and I been wondering how we were ever going to get off, there was such a mountain in the way, and you come home, and presto, change, the mountain is removed and cast into the sea. I pity the boy who hasn't got a sister to help him, especially when he wants to go West."

And Fred thrust his hands into his pockets and strutted up and down the room, whistling "Hail Columbia," and looking just like what he was—a very fine specimen of young America.

Tears and smiles were struggling for the mastery over Helen when Matsie's shining face appeared in the door.

"Miss Helen," she said, in a very subdued voice, "if you ain't no very particular business on hand just now, I'd like to see you for a minute, please."

"Well, Matsie, what is the matter? what can I do for you?"

"I don't know, Miss Helen. La, sakes, I doesn't 'spect you can do anything. 'Pears to me we have all come to the end of the world, and there isn't nothin' to hold on to any longer."

And with this lucid statement of her feelings Matsie threw her apron over her face and rocked back and forth, sobbing piteously.

Helen needed no further explanation of Matsie's trouble; but it was much easier for her to find sobs than words just then; and to turn comforter, when her own distress was so great, seemed as impossible as for the sun to reverse its ordinary course and rise in the west and set in the east.

Matsie was the first to speak.

"Miss Helen," she said, dropping the shielding apron and looking at Helen with tear-stained cheeks and pleading eyes. "Miss Helen, is it all true, what the boys say, that Mr. Humphrey is going to sell this place and go West?"

"Yes, Matsie."

"And you, Miss Helen, you ain't going West, too, are you?"

"No, Matsie; Sibyl and I are going to live with Aunt Sarah."

"Miss Sarah!" Astonishment overcame grief. Matsie's black eyes opened to their widest extent. "Je—ru—sa—lem," she exclaimed, with slow emphasis on each syllable.

"Miss Helen, won't you have a good time?"

Helen's quiet "I don't know" recalled Matsie to the consideration of her own case.

"Miss Helen," she asked, with hesitation, "do you suppose Mr. Humphrey has thought what's going to become of me?"

Poor Matsie! As so often happens when homes are to be deserted, and families broken up, the humble, faithful, kitchen dependent had received little thought or consideration.

Helen knew well enough that Matsie's welfare had never crossed her father's mind, but she could not tell the poor girl so; instead she said, gently,

"We think you will be sure to get a good place somewhere, Matsie; there are plenty of ladies who will be glad to have you. You have lived with us so long that all the neighbours know how good and faithful you are."

Matsie paid no attention to the concluding part of the last sentence.

"That's just it, Miss Helen," she said, impulsively. "I've lived with you so long that I most don't want to live nowhere else. 'Pears like it will break my heart to have to give you up and go among strangers. O Miss Helen! I ain't always been a good girl to you, but I do love you, and I sha'n't ever get to heaven if you don't keep me close to you; and won't you just write now and ask Miss Sarah to let me come and live with you and her? I won't ask no wages; I'll take her old clothes, and her old shoes, and be thankful for them. 'Pears like I'll be willing to eat humble pie every day of my life, if I can only live with you."

Helen's tears fell fast while she listened to Matsie's affectionate outburst.

"My poor Matsie," she said, "you don't know how gladly I would take you with me if I could; but it wouldn't do—I am sure it wouldn't do—for you to go to Aunt Sarah. I'll try to find you a good place here before I go, and then, Matsie, we must keep close to Jesus, and wherever we are we will be close to each other. We will never lose our way or miss heaven if we follow close after Him."

Matsie shook her head.

"You say so, Miss Helen," she said, in a sad voice, "and I s'pose it's true; but 'pears to me I shall never find Him when you don't no longer show me the way."

"You will find Him, Matsie," Helen said, tenderly. "He will show you the way Himself. I may have to leave you; He never will; and, Matsie, I will never forget to pray for you."

Matsie raised her head and looked at Helen.

"Let's begin now, Miss Helen," she said, solemnly.

And once again, and for the last time in that kitchen, Helen prayed that both Matsie and herself might be guided right, and led by safe paths, home to one of the many mansions in the Father's house.

When the prayer was ended Matsie spoke.

"Miss Helen," she said, earnestly, "I'll never forget what you have done for me. I'd go to the world's end to serve you if I could, and, since you say so, I'll stay here and work where you tell me to go, though," she said, with a sigh, "that will be a great deal harder."

When Helen returned to the sitting-room it was to find that the day's work and excitement were not yet over. A little, white-headed, blue-eyed boy, the son of one of their near neighbours, stood by Philip waiting impatiently for her appearance.

"Miss Helen," he said, standing first on one foot and then on the other, and twisting his cap nervously in his fingers while he spoke, "my ma she says she's clear tuckered out. She's been baking, and ironing, and scrubbing to-day. And now sister Linda she's come home to have her new weddin' dress fixed, and my ma says won't you come and help her?"

There was no refusing an appeal like that. Helen went with the little man, and the rest of the evening was devoted to a grave consideration of the rival merits of rufflings and side pleatings, basques and polonaises. She had to listen to many remarks and expressions of surprise over the approaching change in her own life; even the excitement of Miss Linda's coming marriage was eclipsed by that caused by the break-up and departure of the Humphrey family.

"Dear, dear," said Linda's mother, while she made a knot in her long needle-full of white basting cotton. "Helen, it is too bad to have you and Linda both go away at once. But I suppose," and here the tired, motherly face brightened with a sunshiny smile, "I suppose God is leading you both."

Helen's face grew sweet and lovely as she mused over the happy thought; and when, as she was going home, Mrs. Dawse said to her, while with motherly hands she wrapped her shawl more closely around her:

"You don't look like the same girl you did when you came here, Helen. It's really wonderful the way girls always brighten up over wedding fixings. I guess it has done you 'most as much good to come here to-night as it has us to have you."

Helen's laugh rang out cheerily, for the first time that day.

"Indeed it has done me good," she said, gratefully.

"You don't know how much good, dear Mrs. Dawse."

And while she walked briskly home in the late evening, holding the hand of her little escort and listening to his childish fancies about the stars, that he said he s'posed were the fires the angels kindled to keep warm by, Helen was mentally singing her mother's favourite lines of love and trust:

"Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well."

CHAPTER XIX.—APRIL SHOWERS BRING MAY FLOWERS.

"Sayst thou I know not how or where,

No help I see, where'er I turn;

When of all else we most despair,

The riches of God's love we learn.

When thou and I His hand no longer trace,

He leads us forth into a pleasant place,

Be thou content."

A morning of chill winds and gray clouds, breaking away at noon into the softest of spring zephyrs, the fairest and loveliest of blue skies, such was the next day.

It was early in the afternoon, and Helen, still in her neat calico morning dress, was down on her knees before the large china-closet in the dining room; busily engaged in examining and sorting one of those heterogeneous collections of white and coloured, old-fashioned and new-fashioned, delicate and dainty, and coarse and common earthenware, which, passing from mother to daughter, in the course of many long years of careful housekeeping, have so surely accumulated, and may so often be found in the old, well-to-do families and homes of the country. She was just lifting, with reverent hands, a tall, large, china pitcher—a cherished possession of her great-grand mother—which with its gaudy-painted birds and flowers, reminding one of Joseph's coat of many colours, had been the admiration of her own childhood, the Chinese idol before which she had often bowed in rapture and delight, when a voice behind her said:

"Miss Helen, are you preparing for a grand ceramic exhibition, that will break the hearts of all the old china lovers and collectors in New York?"

And turning quickly she saw Dr. Waldemar standing in the open door. How, in her surprise and pleasure, that pitcher escaped breaking was always a mystery to Helen.

"You haven't told me what this unusual china display, at this season, is prophesying, Miss Helen," he said. "It is too early for house-cleaning yet, even with the most energetic of housekeepers; may I venture to inquire for what you are preparing?"

Helen's face changed: the bright colour and glow of pleasure his coming had called forth faded, and in their place came a weary, sad expression.

"Haven't you heard?" she asked, quietly. "I thought perhaps the boys would tell you. We are preparing to leave Quinnececo."

"I have heard nothing," he answered: "the boys have not been to see me since Philip brought you home. Isn't this a very sudden change and decision, Miss Helen?"

"Yes, to me," she said, in the same quiet tone. "I think papa has been contemplating it for some time. Dr. Waldemar," with a sudden increase of animation, "did you know, did you think of this when you spoke to me in the library the morning I came home?"

"Not of any change so radical as this, Miss Helen. I had heard, through Dr. Sullivan, that your father had disposed of his law business; and from two or three little things Fred

said that rainy afternoon I inferred that some changes were in prospect; what they were I was not seer enough to guess. Will you mind telling me now, Miss Helen, what you are really going to do?"

Helen was sitting in a low chair with her hands folded in her lap; without looking at him, with her eyes fixed on the fire, she said, much as if she was repeating a lesson:

"Papa told me the evening I came home. He is going to sell this house. Mr. Briggs is to have possession in a few days, by the tenth of April at the latest; then papa and the boys are going West until autumn, and Sibyl and I are going to live with papa's sister, Aunt Sarah."

(To be continued.)

IN CLOUD LAND.

Mount Hood stands about sixty miles from the great Pacific, as the crow flies, and about two hundred miles up the Columbia River, as it is navigated. Mount Hood stands utterly alone. And yet he is only a brother, a bigger and taller brother, of a well-raised family of seven snow-peaks.

At any season of the year you can stand on almost any little eminence within two hundred miles of Mount Hood and count seven snow-cones, clad in eternal winter, piercing the clouds. There is no scene so sublime as this in all the world.

The mountains of Europe are only hills in comparison. Although some of them are quite as high as those of Oregon and Washington Territory, yet they lie far inland, and are so set on the top of other hills that they lose much of their majesty. Those of Oregon start up sudden and solitary, and almost out of the sea, as it were. So that while they are really not much higher than the mountain peaks of the Alps, they seem to be about twice as high. And being all in the form of pyramids or cones, they are much more imposing and beautiful than those of either Asia or Europe.

But that which adds most of all to the beauty and sublimity of the mountain scenery of Mount Hood and his environs is the marvellous cloud effects that encompass him.

In the first place, you must understand that all this region here is one dense black mass of matchless and magnificent forests. From the water's edge up to the snow-line clamber and cling the dark green fir, pine, cedar, tamarack, yew, and juniper. Some of the pines are heavy with great cones as long as your arms; some of the yew trees are scarlet with berries; and now and then you see a burly juniper bending under a load of blue and bitter fruit. And nearly all of these trees are mantled in garments of moss. This moss trails and swings lazily in the wind, and sometimes droops to the length of a hundred feet.

In these great dark forests is a dense undergrowth of vine-maple, hazel, mountain ash, marsh ash, willow, and briar bushes. Tangled in with all this is the rank and ever-present and imperishable fern.

Up and through and over all this darkness of forests, drift and drag and lazily creep the most weird and wonderful clouds in all this world. They move in great caravans. They seem literally to be alive. They rise with the morning sun, like the countless millions of snow-white geese, swans, and other water-fowl that frequent the rivers of Oregon, and slowly ascend the mountain sides, dragging themselves through and over the tops of the trees, heading straight for the sea, or hovering about the mountain peaks, like mighty white-winged birds, weary of flight and wanting to rest.

Of course, in the rainy season, which is nearly half the year here, these cloud effects are absent. At such times the whole land is one vast rain-cloud, dark and dreary, and full of thunder.—St. Nicholas for February.

MR. KINGLAKE ON THE EGYPTIAN CAMPAIGN.

Mr. A. W. Kinglake, in his new preface to the seventh volume of the Cabinet Edition of his "History of the Invasion of the Crimea," which has just been published, remarks that the lessons taught us by the Crimean War have not been taught in vain. These lessons were five: First, that we should have a War Office, ready to co-operate with the Admiralty, and to enter on giant work from the moment of taking up arms; second, to dispense with independent allies, "so that he who leads your army may be free from stress of joint counsels;" third, to govern writers collecting news in the camp; fourth, to be sparing of lives, yet to remember that it may be more truly wise and human to face the known evil of losing men fast during several minutes from fire and cold steel than to await the calamity of losing them more slowly from disease; and, fifthly, to remember that victory is not a mere unfruitful treasure, to be hoarded, careased, and enjoyed, but a potent spell to be daringly used. Mr. Kinglake then proceeds:

After happily finding in Wolseley the very commander she sought, and requiring a few busy weeks for all the needful preparatives, England landed a competent force—a force complete in all arms—on the distant quays of Alexandria (already subdued by our fleet) then transferred it—as though by some magic—into even the sacred dominions of Monsieur de Lesseps, brought thither to meet it another splendid body of troops from the Indian side of her empire, and then—with some little, but not excessive delay—collected means of enabling the thus gathered army to move. The effort that followed was brief. A silent night march of six miles, conducted in order of battle by guidance from the stars; the intrenchments of Tel-el-Kebir confronted while still it was dark (though a first streak of dawn could be seen), confronted, stormed, broken, cut through and through in their centre by Hamley with the second division; then (but farther away towards their left) confronted and even assaulted in more than one place by artillery teams, with their guns tearing—strange to see—over the parapet; then along the whole stretch of each wing, confronted, stormed, carried by Willis, with Graham's brigade, by Macpherson, with the Indian contingent; and at last—from the swift, dazzling use Wolseley made of his horse, guns and foot—the victory so driven home that with almost dramatic abruptness—it turned defeat into rain, brought what was called "war" to an end, and

invested—nay, loaded—our Government with the virtual dominion of Egypt. These results, too, we now see, were reached in despite of some very good fighting maintained by the hapless Egyptians, and maintained during many more minutes than any practised observer who saw them attacked by the Highlanders could well have believed to be possible.

Mr. Kinglake proceeds to say that along with our purpose of guarding the Suez Canal, and forcibly wresting all Egypt from a strongly-established dictator, there remained yet another—another and 'more sacred—task than an unforeseen course of events had imperatively fastened on England—the task of saving Cairo from the fate of Alexandria—from massacre, spoliation and flames. This also by rare, though perhaps well-considered audacity, General Wolseley proved able to compass:

"What wonder, then, that a country thus swiftly, thus brilliantly served should abound in warm gratitude to its army and navy? What wonder that manifestations of so natural, so wholesome a feeling should even run to excess, and that—laying aside for a moment its wonted air of impassiveness—a nation which confessed itself glad should almost seem to exult? . . . The notion of any such triumph over Colonel or General Arabi was of course beyond measure absurd; but, to compass the anterior purpose of appearing before him in arms on the banks of the Nile, there took place an exertion of power on which a free, island people refusing to be crushed by conscriptions may look with some honest complacency; for, with only a small peace establishment, to send out horse, foot and artillery, in numbers reckoned sufficient for the conquest of a regular army some sixty or seventy thousand strong, and—with swiftness—to plant the invaders on ground some 3,000 miles distant from their ports of embarkation, was to show, though only in sample, that blended command of resource, both naval and military, which, supposing it to be ever exerted on the greater scale shown to be feasible, and applied at the right time and place, might well prove ample enough to sway and govern the issue of even a mighty war.

KEN YE THE LAN'!

Ken ye the lan' o' the laigh gray skies,
Whaur the green pine nods, an' the wild bird cries;
Whaur the heather blooms an' the gowan grows,
Au' sweet is the scent o' the briar-rose?
Ken ye the lan'?

I am fain, I am fain,
Tae see the blue hills o' my ain lan' again.

Ken ye the path ow'r the weary sea,
Wi' the loupin' waves an' the blowing bree?—
Alane wi' God, wi' nae lan' in sicht;
But the east fornenst wi' the dawn is bricht.
Ken ye the path?

I am fain, I am fain,
Tae feel the saut win' i' my face again.

Ken ye the fowk i' the mirk, alane,
Whase ears are gleg for the stap o' their ain?
Their words may be cauld, but their herts are aflame;
"Ye've been lang awa; ye are welcome hame."
Ken ye the fowk?

I am fain, I am fain,
Tae see the dear licht o' their faces again.

—By John T. Napier, in S. S. Times.

POPULATION OF EUROPEAN CITIES.

The following statistics of the number of inhabitants of some of the principal cities in Europe have been recently issued. There are ninety-two cities in the whole of Europe, each containing a population of more than 100,000, but only four of which have more than a million, viz.: London, 3,832,440; Paris, 2,225,910; Berlin, 1,222,500; Vienna, 1,103,110. Of the other capitals, St. Petersburg, possesses 876,570; Constantinople, 600,000; Madrid, 367,280; Buda Pesth, 360,580; Warsaw, 339,340; Amsterdam, 317,010; Rome, 300,470; Lisbon, 246,340; Palermo, 244,990; Copenhagen, 234,850; Munich, 230,020; Bucharest, 221,800; Dresden, 220,820; Stockholm, 168,770; Brussels, 161,820; Venice, 132,800; Stutgardt, 117,300. In addition to these Moscow contains 611,970; Naples, 493,110; Hamburg, 410,120; Lyons, 372,890; Marseilles, 357,530; Milan, 321,840; Breslau, 272,810; Turin, 252,840; Bordeaux, 220,960; Barcelona, 215,960; Odessa, 193,510; Elberfeld, 189,480; Genoa, 179,510; Lillie, 177,940; Florence, 169,000; Riga, 160,840; Prague, 162,540; Antwerp, 150,650; Adrianople, 150,000; Leipsic, 149,080; Rotterdam, 148,000; Cologne, 144,770; Magdeburg, 137,130; Frankfurt, 136,820; Toulouse, 199,630; Ghent, 127,650; Messina, 126,500; Hanover, 122,840; Nantea, 121,960; Liege, 116,850; The Hague, 113,460; Oporto, 105,840; and Rouen, 104,010.

EFFECTS OF DIET ON LIABILITY TO INFECTATION.

Professor Feser, of Munich, has been making experiments on animals with a view to establishing the connection which exists between diet and liability to infection. In the trials he has made on rats inoculated with the poison of cattle distemper, he demonstrated the fact, says the "Lancet," that the animals which have been fed on vegetable diet were quickly attacked by the disease, while those which had been fed exclusively on meat resisted the effects of the inoculation. In recording this fact a leading journal, in connection with the continental leather trade, attributes to the greater amount of vegetable diet, in the shape of bread, beer, etc., taken by wool-sorters between Saturday and Monday, the greater frequency of cases of outbreak and the aggravation of disease during that period.

THE Ashburnham collection, comprising many valuable MSS. and rare editions, is to be offered for sale.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

TWO bills have been introduced in the California Legislature to provide free books in the Public Schools.

THE Paris Academy of Medicine offers a prize of \$5,000 to anyone who may discover a remedy against diphtheria.

M. CHARLES DE LESSEPS has left France for the Isthmus of Panama with a number of scientific men and engineers.

THE Scottish Episcopal Church has 70,847 members. The increase last year was 2,284. Most of the members tend toward High Churchism.

NEARLY 4,000 ten-cent subscriptions to the Longfellow memorial fund were made in one day by the Public School children of the district of Columbia.

PROF. BLACKIE, Edinburgh, in a recent lecture said that the Scottish Highlanders are at once the best behaved and worst treated people in the Queen's dominions.

THE Old Catholics in Germany have organized a Provincial Commission to promote the extension of the faith in Silesia. The Commission has its headquarters at Breslau.

THE Albany "Law Journal" says that New York state, with about 5,000,000 inhabitants, has in it some 8,000 or 9,000 lawyers, while in the whole of England there are only some 11,000 or 12,000 lawyers.

MADAME RATAZZI is about to establish a weekly newspaper in the city of Madrid. It will deal largely with literature and the fine arts, and Emilio Castelar's name is included among the list of contributors.

IN the parish church of Wicken, in the Fen country, beneath the communion-table is the burial-place of Henry, the second son of Oliver Cromwell. His skull, it is said, was sold by an old sexton for the sum of five shillings.

THE Geneva papers announce the death of Professor Peter Merian, one of Switzerland's most illustrious savans and citizens. Though he had reached the great age of eighty-seven he retained his faculties unimpaired almost to the last.

IDAHO is relatively stronger in Mormonism than is Utah, there being ten Mormon representatives in its Legislature, one of whom is a Bishop in the Church, and fully one-third of the 65,000 inhabitants are adherents of the Mormon faith.

MR. GEORGE S. FULLERTON, a graduate of Princeton College and a member of the present senior class of the Yale Divinity School, has been appointed vice-president of University of Pennsylvania, in the place of the late Dr. Krauth.

THE Glasgow Established Church Presbytery, on the motion of Dr. Marshall Lang, have agreed to the scheme for united effort with the Free and U.P. Churches to endeavour to overtake the non-church-going portion of the Glasgow population.

PRINCIPAL DOUGLAS, in moving that the Glasgow Free Church Presbytery send a petition to the Government against the opium traffic, said the use of that drug is spreading in this country, and there are now opium dens in many of our large cities.

THE Spanish magistrates who are conducting the inquiry in regard to the socialistic societies in Andalusia have received letters threatening them with death. In Spain the socialists are very strong, and in their ranks are to be found many noted politicians.

EX-GOVERNOR SEYMOUR, of New York, suggests that, inasmuch as Decoration Day comes at a suitable time for tree-planting in a large part of the north, one good way of observing the day would be by planting trees and giving them a memorial character.

THE "Hochi Shinbun," a native newspaper of Japan, criticised the authorities and was promptly suppressed. The editor invited his subscribers to the funeral. Several thousand persons were on hand, and the editorial staff bore a copy of the paper to an open grave upon a bier.

A MOVEMENT is afoot for the erection of a colossal bronze statue of Martin Luther in front of the Memorial Lutheran Church in Washington. It is proposed to have the work unveiled, if possible, on 10th November next, the four hundredth anniversary of the great reformer's birth.

ADDITIONAL arrests have been made in Brussels in connection with the explosion of dynamite which occurred in the village of Gansharten, while two members of an anarchist committee were experimenting. It is stated that the socialistic movement in Belgium has assumed enormous proportions.

THE struggle between Church and State in Chili, due to the refusal of the Pope to sanction the appointment of the Archbishop of Santiago, has culminated in the Government sending the papal delegate his passport. It is also probable that the national Congress will retaliate by cutting off a large portion of the State supplies to the Church.

AMONG the bequests in the will of the late William E. Dodge, of New York, are the following devoted to educational purposes: Education of young men for the ministry, \$50,000; Lincoln University, \$10,000; Howard University, \$5,000; Atlanta University, \$5,000; Hampton Institute, \$5,000; and Syrian Protestant College, \$20,000.

PRINCE CHARLES, of Prussia, has left £600,000 to his son, Prince Frederick Charles, whose daughter, the Duchess of Connaught, may ultimately receive a considerable supplement to the modest dot (£6,000) settled on her by Prussia at her marriage. The Prince also inherits the estate and schloss of Sonnenberg, and the charming residence of Glienicke, near Potsdam.

MR. PHILIP PUSEY'S "St. Cyril of Alexandria" is pre-faced by an interesting sketch of the author's life. Deaf and crippled from early childhood, he, at the request of his father, undertook to make the text of St. Cyril's works as exact as possible; and for that purpose he visited libraries all over the world. He became thus so widely known that the monks on Mount Athos asked an Oxford tutor, "And how is Philippos of London?"

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH, now in its thirtieth year, contains a variety of short and pithy articles on the important subject to which it is devoted.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is everywhere welcomed with eagerness by groups who long to feast their eyes on its splendid pictures, and their minds on the excellent reading it supplies.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY for March, issued by the Russel Publishing Co., Boston, will as usual delight its wide circle of young readers with its good stories and beautiful pictures.

CASSELL'S MAGAZINE. (Toronto: J. P. Clougher.)—This English Monthly maintains its reputation for the excellence, variety and instructiveness of its literary contents, whilst its artistic adornment continues to be of a high order.

THE MEMORY CHART, published by E. F. Hobart and Co., St. Louis, is designed to impress the principal event in the Sunday school lesson, and the Golden Text on the memory of younger scholars. It seems well fitted for its purpose.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of the "Living Age" for the weeks ending February 17th and 24th contain "Sir Archibald Alison's Autobiography" (Quarterly); "Charity in the Early Church" (London Quarterly); "Panislamism and the Caliphate, and England, France and Madagascar" (Contemporary); "Thomas Carlyle" (Macmillan); "Sketches in the Malay Peninsula" (Leisure Hour); "Anthony Trollope" (Good Words); "Dawn of the Spring" (St. James's); "The Sponge Trade of the Bahamas" (Oil Paint and Drug Reporter); "Escapes and Imprisonments of Latude" and with instalments of "A Singular Case," and "For Himself Alone," and selections of poetry.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. Edited by T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. (New York: Mrs. Frank Leslie.)—This serial deservedly commands a wide circulation. It is remarkably cheap. Its contents are of the most varied and interesting description. All variety of tastes will find something suitable. Every reader will turn with pleasure to several articles that cannot fail to prove profitable and instructive. Dr. E. S. Porter writes the account of the Reformed (Dutch) Church in America. The narrative is deeply interesting. George MacDonald's story "Weighed and Wanting" is concluded. Edwin De Leon continues "The American Pilgrim in Palestine." To enumerate all the attractive articles in the March number of "Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine" would be a task of some magnitude. The illustrations are numerous and good. For family reading this magazine is admirably adapted.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co.)—This standard old favourite high class literary monthly, in the solid excellence of its contents, retains the place long since accorded it in public estimation. The third part of Longfellow's last great work, "Michael Angelo," opens the March number of the "Atlantic." A fine subdued grandeur pervaded this final drama by America's best beloved poet. It forms a fit close for the rich contributions which the author of "Evangeline" and the "Golden Legend" made to the poetry of this century. John Burroughs made a pilgrimage to the grave of Thomas Carlyle, and he tells the story of his visit to Annandale in such a manner that it will be read with pleasure, though he does not tell us much that is new concerning the "Sage of Chelsea" he gives evidence that he has a sympathetic appreciation of the rugged grandeur of Carlyle's life and work. Excellent papers are contributed by Agnes Paton on "Antagonism"; "By Horse-cars into Mexico," by H. H.; "The Hawthorn Manuscripts," by George Parsons Lathrop; "The Legend of Walbach Tower," by George Houghton; "Tommaso Salvini," by Henry James, jr.; "Port Royal," by J. H. Allen; "The City of Earthquakes," by Horace D. Warner; and anonymously, "The English and Scotch Popular Ballads." Oliver Wendell Holmes contributes, "A Loving Cup Song." All that is most noteworthy in recently published literature receives comprehensive and critical notice in the present number of the "Atlantic Monthly."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—"Harper" for the current month is rich in instructive reading and in pictorial excellence. The

"Burgomaster's Daughter," by George H. Boughton, R.A., forms an attractive frontispiece. William Henry Bishop opens with an admirable descriptive sketch entitled "Across Arizona," copiously illustrated with characteristic engravings. This is followed by another no less interesting paper on "The French Voyageurs," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. The illustrations are good, several of them, copied from originals, are reproductions of the antique style. Geo. Boughton continues his charming "Artist Strolls in Holland," and the interest of the illustrative sketches is kept up because he treats Dutch life and scenery with realistic accuracy. The recent death of Richard Wagner invests the article on "Parsifal" with a deep interest. The portraits and other illustrations give additional vividness to the well written description of the great composer's crowning work. A short paper by E. Mason is devoted to "Philip Wouvermans." The engraving of that great artist's "Hay Merchant," over which one loves to linger, is a gem of artistic beauty. "Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight" is a fine contribution to the early history of New England, by Charles Francis Adams, jun. There are short stories by Harriet, Prescott, Spofford, and M. Howland, and the "Morning Star—An Indian Superstition," by Ben. Alvord. Several poetic contributions add to the other attractive features of the number. The usual instalments of Constance Fennimore Woolson's "For the Major," and William Black's "Shandon Bells," supply fascinating reading. The "Easy Chair," etc., contain much excellent criticism on various topics of interest to the intelligent reader, while the "Drawer" has a notable piece bearing the title of "King Alfred, a Comic Operetta" by Mrs. E. T. Corbett. The March number of "Harper" is delightful and instructive.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE. (New York: The Century Publishing Co.)—The March number of the "Century" is varied, entertaining and instructive as ever. The rich profusion of engravings is not the least of its attractive charms. The frontispiece is a speaking and suggestive likeness of the distinctive genius of the French Republic, Leon Gambetta, whose death created so profound an impression a few weeks ago. The sketch of his life is written by a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with the great Frenchman who controlled the destinies of the Republic. The reader will find this paper an interesting and appreciative estimate of Gambetta. Leonard Woolsey Bacon gives a brief biography of his father, the late Dr. Leonard Bacon, a good portrait of whom accompanies the sketch. Though somewhat polemic in tone, it is nevertheless a faithful and affectionate tribute to the memory of a great and good man. Mrs. L. G. Runkle writes on the higher education of women under the apt title of "A New Knock on an Old Door." John Burroughs, who has a keen and appreciative sympathy with nature in her many aspects, discourses pleasantly on a favourite subject; it is illustrated with a number of fine engravings pleasantly harmonising with the theme. "The Architectural League of New York" is racy and interesting, all the more because of the profuse illustrations with which it is adorned. Dr. Edward Eggleston's historical paper is on "The Migrations of American Colonists." The "End of Foreign Dominion in Louisiana" is continued by Mr. Cable. "The Village of Oberammergau" is described in letter-press and engraving by one who was a visitor during the last performance of the "Passion Play." Poetry and fiction are well represented in the current number of the "Century." Among the contributors to the former are Mrs. Julia C. R. Door, Ina D. Coolbrith, John Vance Cheney and others. An unfinished poem of William Cullen Bryant, of rich pathos and beauty, appears in this number. "Through One Administration" nears completion; and "The Led-Horse Claim" is finished, while "A Woman's Reason" advances with sustained interest. The various departments, "Topics of the Time," etc., are as usual lively and interesting. "The Century" maintains its reputation.

WE notice with pleasure the prospectus of a new scientific weekly. It is announced under the comprehensive and suggestive but brief name, "Science." Should the designs of its projectors be realized it will at once take leading rank among the scientific publications of Europe and America. The most eminent scientists on this continent are engaged as contributors, among whom are Principal Dawson, A. R. C. Selwyn, of the Geological Survey of Canada, and others. It will be published in Boston under the editorial superintendence of Mr. S. H. Scudder.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev. J. W. Mitchell has received a call to Port Dover.

THE Chesley Presbyterians contemplate erecting a new church this summer.

THE Rev. John Straith has indicated his acceptance of the call addressed to him by the congregations of Shelburne and Primrose.

THE Rev. W. Amos and Mr. D. Fotheringham, Aurora, took an active part in the Special Sabbath School Convention lately held at Schomberg.

THE Hanover Presbyterian congregation had a soiree last week, at which the Rev. Mr. Patterson occupied the chair, and Messrs. Potter and Aull delivered addresses.

THE following are the Queen's University preachers for the present month: March 4th, Rev. Prof. McLaren, Knox College, Toronto; March 11th, Rev. R. Campbell, M.A., Renfrew; March 18th, Rev. J. R. Laidlaw, B.A., Hamilton; March 25th, Rev. J. Edgar Hill, B.D., Montreal.

ON Friday, 9th ult., the Presbyterian congregation of Indian Lands presented their pastor, the Rev. J. Fraser, with the gift of \$115. A very gratifying meeting was held in the church, at which speeches expressive of appreciation of the means of grace, and goodwill towards the pastor and his family were given by Messrs. Kennedy, R. Macgregor, C. MacDonald, M. Fisher, and D. MacDougall. We may also state that last year the salary was raised to \$1,000; and that there is a general rise in the salaries of ministers over the Presbytery of Glengarry.

THE reports submitted at the annual meeting, held a short time since, of John Street Presbyterian Church, Belleville, of which the Rev. David Mitchell is pastor, give a very satisfactory exhibit of the congregational work and its prosperity. The various departments of Christian activity are efficiently maintained. The financial condition is summed up as follows: Pew rents, \$1,525.39; Collections, \$848.65; Ladies' Association; Benevolent Fund, \$52; Zenana Missions, \$95.40; Mission Band, \$100; Sabbath school, \$92.64; Schemes of the Church, \$455; Legal expenses—Temporalities Fund, \$15; Debt reduced during the year 1882—from \$3,300 to \$2,000—\$1,300; total, \$4,484.08.

ANNIVERSARY services were conducted in St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, on Sabbath, the 25th ult., by Rev. Prof. Gregg, of Knox College, who preached morning and evening to large congregations. On Monday the annual soiree was held, which was the most successful church gathering in Whitby for at least ten years. Between 400 and 500 persons sat down to the sumptuous repast, so carefully prepared by the ladies of the congregation. After tea an excellent programme of music and addresses was carried out, much to the delight of the large assemblage; the proceeds of the entertainment amounted to \$123. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. John Abraham, pastor.

THE annual anniversary of the First Presbyterian Church Sabbath school, Brockville, was held in the basement on the 19th ult. The programme was good, consisting of readings, recitations, and music. Brief and suitable addresses were given by Mr. J. Reid, assistant superintendent, by the pastor, Geo. Burnfield, B.D., and by Messrs. J. M. Gill, and Robert Graham, elders of the church. Mrs. Gordon Stair's class and Mr. Haywood's sang with fine spirit and good taste. The attendance was large, and the magnificent school room was beautified with evergreens, flags, and mottoes. Parents and children enjoyed themselves thoroughly. This will be long remembered by the children of the school as one of the best anniversaries ever held in the church.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Winchester Springs, says: "Our congregation here is steadily increasing in numbers and in interest. Our Sabbath school, though small, is very encouraging. The Ladies' Aid Society have purchased a valuable organ; and we have succeeded in establishing what promises to be in the near future a choir, which already adds much to the interest of our services. The congregation of North Williamsburg have recently presented the pastor, Mr. Sutherland, with an elegant cutter robe, and some friends at the Springs have supplemented them with an excellent buffalo robe. On the 16th inst., the Ladies' Aid Society of Winchester Springs held a

musical and literary entertainment, at which they realized the sum of \$64, which has been presented to Mr. Sutherland, as a slight token of the esteem and regard which is felt for himself and his family, by those for whose spiritual interest he has been labouring. As our new church is approaching completion, we will likely have another communication to make, and will not now trespass further on your time and patience."

REV. R. WALLACE has received the following sums as the generous response of his appeal for aid to a disabled minister: Miss McDonald, \$5; S. W. Creelman, \$5; John Docharty, \$4; H. (Ottawa), \$5; A. Friend, \$20; A Friend (St. James Square Church), \$5 One who gives for Jesus' sake, \$1; A Widow's thank-offering, \$5 25; Miss McIntosh, \$1; A Friend (Fergus), \$10; Thamesville, \$2; Kirkton, \$5; A Friend, \$5; S. C. and S. F. (Smith's Falls), \$10; George Dodds and others (Primrose), \$15; Rev. John Scott, \$5; J. C. Ribson and Angus Sutherland, \$2; A Friend (London), \$20; A Friend (County of Bruce), \$10; James M. Boyd and W. Kilgour, \$2; W. M. McIntosh, \$4; A, \$2; W. B. McKenzie, \$2; Two clerical sympathizers, \$10; Mrs. Mary Kilbrie, \$4; A Friend (Alloa), \$2; In all \$194. The prompt and generous response to Mr. Wallace's appeal on behalf of a distressed brother minister speaks well for the kindly feeling ready to take a practical form when a proper occasion is presented. Mr. Wallace intimates that the immediate necessity being now met, further contributions are not required.

A LARGE and enthusiastic meeting was held in Knox Church, Ripley, on the evening of the 12th inst., for the purpose of calling public attention to the flagrant and increasing profanation of the Lord's day in our land, and to take steps to oppose the same. Mr. James McLeod was called to the chair, and after a short address the following resolutions were ably supported and unanimously passed: Moved by Rev. A. F. McQueen, seconded by Mr. Henderson, "That the Sabbath or Lord's day, being an essential part of the moral law, is of universal and perpetual obligation." II. Moved by Rev. A. Sutherland, seconded by Mr. Johnston, "That the interests of man physical, material, and moral are not only promoted by, but necessarily require, the conscientious sanctification of the Lord's day." III. Moved by Rev. R. Paul, seconded by Mr. Arch. McDonald, "That wilful, open, and flagrant profanation of the Lord's day by corporations, public officials and others, in violation of both the command of God and the law of the land, prevails to an alarming extent, depriving many of their Sabbaths, setting an example, and offering a temptation to a sin pregnant with many other sins, grieving the hearts of God's people, and exposing our land to the just judgments of God." IV. Moved by Mr. Angus McKay, seconded by Mr. Ross, "That petitions to the Dominion Parliament anent this crying and growing evil be put into immediate circulation for signature." V. Moved by Mr. Francis McDonald, seconded by Mr. Peter McDonald, "That copies of these resolutions be sent to the newspapers for publication, and also to the managers of the Grand Trunk, Intercolonial, and other railways, and to the heads of Departments of Railways and of Public Works of the Dominion Government." The meeting was closed with the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Paul, P.M.

PRESBYTERY OF QUEBEC.—A regular meeting was held in Sherbrooke on the 13th of February. Mr. Amaron was appointed Moderator for the ensuing year. Measures were taken to prosecute evangelistic work amongst the French Canadians within the bounds of the Presbytery. The Student's Missionary Society of Montreal was entrusted with the Chaudière field for the summer. Mr. Amaron was appointed to prepare a report on "The State of Religion within the Bounds of the Presbytery." The mission fields of Coaticooke, Massawippi and Richby, which have been so faithfully and successfully wrought by the Students' Society of the Montreal College, were handed over by them to the Presbytery. These fields have been congregated, and it is hoped a pastor may soon be settled over them. Mr. Richard Hyde was examined with the view of being taken on trial for license. A call from the congregation of Inverness in favour of the Rev. J. Morrison, of Sault St. Marie, was presented. It was quite unanimous, and was accompanied by a guarantee for stipend to the extent of six hundred dollars with a manse. The call was sustained and transmitted.

Delegates to the Assembly were appointed as follows: Ministers, T. Fenwick, F. P. Sym, J. R. MacLeod, Dr. Mathews, and John McDonald. Elders, R. McKenzie, Dr. Weir, Wm. Stewart, J. Whyte and Alex. Baptist. The Presbytery agreed to adopt the same subjects for the examination of students as have been adopted by the Presbytery of Montreal. The question of a Presbyterial Sustentation Fund was further discussed, and a committee was appointed to mature a scheme to be submitted to the next meeting. Mr. J. R. MacLeod was appointed Convener of the Home Mission Committee for the ensuing year. The subject of the lack of supply for the ranks of the Christian ministry having been brought before the Court by Dr. Mathews, it was resolved as follows: "That this Presbytery, deeply impressed with the need of a large increase in the number of students for the ministry, earnestly urges upon its pastors to bring this need of our Church before the young men of their respective congregations, that such may be led to study for the ministry, and also before parents, that they may be induced to dedicate their children from earliest years to the ministry of the Gospel, and to encourage them to seek that office, that the present deficiency may be supplied; and the Presbytery also urges its members to call attention to the advantages provided by Morrin College for young men, who may be desirous of so studying. The Presbytery also presses upon all its members the duty of seeking out such young men as may be desirous of obtaining a higher education, and of urging them to avail themselves of the advantages afforded for obtaining such in the Arts Department of Morrin College." The remits from the Assembly were taken up. The recommendations anent Theological Education and the Examination of Students were adopted. That on the method of appointing standing committees was also approved of with the exception of the second recommendation. In the evening a very interesting public meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church, at which addresses of a practical character were delivered—F. M. DEWEY, *Pres. Clerk.*

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XI.

March 18, 1883. } THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MARTYRS. { Acts 7: 54-60. 8: 1-4

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2: 10.

CONNECTION.—Stephen answers his accusers in a speech of great compass and power. It mainly consisted of historical facts; but its structure was such, that they could not dispute his conclusions, without denying his facts. He showed that Moses himself distinctly prophesied of a greater prophet, to succeed him as a law-giver. And as to the temple, their fathers worshipped without one, and the prophets declared that God dwelt not in temples, but in renewed hearts, Isa. 66: 2; Mal. 1: 11. Then, perhaps, perceiving that they had no mind to know what the truth was, he delivered a pointed warning and rebuke to them; and was ready to take the consequences. Little doubt, that like Samson, he did more in his death than in his life.

I. THE RAGE OF THE JEWS. Ver. 54.—Cut to the heart: not with penitence, but with the rage of defeated bigotry. Gnashed . . . teeth: our Lord several times uses the same language. It signifies demoniacal rage; mere animal ferocity. I have seen men foaming at the mouth, but I never saw one gnashing his teeth. But in the east it may often be seen.

Ver. 55.—Full of the Holy Ghost: not a sudden inspiration, for the Holy Spirit had been with him all through; but rather a description of his state of mind; calm, holy, fearless, devoted, heavenly. Oh, for more of this mind in ourselves! Glory of God: a vision of Heaven; as afterward, with one who was then looking on.—2 Cor. 12: 2. Standing on the right hand of God: Christ's place is often spoken of as being at God's right hand. Generally, however, as seated. Here He is seen standing—as though rising from His throne to help His persecuted servant; or as welcoming him to His presence. Just as I once saw the "speaker," in Parliament, rise from the "chair," descend a step or two (on the right side), and extend his hand in welcome to some new members just presented.

Ver. 56.—Behold I see: it is often the duty of a Christian to testify, though no immediate results can be looked for from it. This only exasperated them the more; but Stephen was not bound to *hide* the glory he saw.

Ver. 57.—Ran upon him: if there was a "decision" at all, it was by a sudden and confused acclamation of the whole assembly—councillors and spectators. Mob-law prevailed.

II. DEATH OF STEPHEN.—Ver. 58.—Cast him out of the city: our Lord suffered "without the gate." Criminals were put to death "without the camp" in the time of Moses.—Lev. 24: 14. Stoned him: a cruel death; and in this case (see next verse) a lingering one. Young man's feet: the Greeks counted men to be "young men" up to forty six; then they were "old men." Saul was

probably (the argument is too long to introduce here) a member of the Sanhedrim [Acts 26: 10, "gave my voice against them." *Revision*, "gave my vote against them"], and if so, must have been thirty-five; and must have been then, or formerly married.

Ver. 59.—Calling upon God: mark the contrast. Insensate, ferocious rage; and exalted holy communion with God. And hundreds of people would mark all this; and after the excitement was over, would deeply think of it. "The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church," declared Tertullian, who preached in Carthage and Rome A.D. 160-230. "They died in torments," says Gibbon; "and their torments were embittered by insult and derision. Some were nailed on crosses; others sewn up in the skins of wild beasts and exposed to the fury of the dogs; others again, smeared over with combustible material, were used as torches to illuminate the darkness of the night." And yet the doctrine of Jesus spread; the Christian Church continued to grow in spite of this awful persecution. Receive My Spirit: Stephen was a firm believer in the life to come. The body might sleep, but not the spirit. *That*, his better part, he committed to Christ—his body to his friends.

Ver. 60.—Lay not this sin to their charge: we often read of warriors expiring in the very rage of slaying some one else, but the Christian would rather die at peace with all men—even his murderers. Fell asleep: "asleep," because he shall wake again, and because of its calmness, and rest from toil and woe.

III. PERSECUTION BY SAUL.—Chap. 8: 1.—Saul was consenting: he afterward blames himself with being active in this murder, and the persecution that followed. Too dignified to lift a stone himself, he kept the outer garments of the actual murderers; and acted as a volunteer director of the proceedings. At that time (*Revision*, "on that day." And so Tregelles): a shout would go up, to "punish more of them!" and the mob would rush away to further violence. It is always so with mobs. A hundred instances could be brought from history. A great persecution: this is now very generally supposed to have been A.D. 37, when there was no Roman Governor in Judea. Pilate had been deposed, news had just arrived of Tiberius' death; and things were in confusion. The Sanhedrim would take advantage of this, and use as much authority as they dared. Except the apostles: Stephen and the other foreign Jews had taught that the temple and the ceremonies would pass away. "The apostles had not, as yet, proclaimed that truth; had perhaps not as yet been led to it."—*Plumtree*. This persecution would be aimed particularly at the foreign-born Jews.

Ver. 2.—Devout men: here and elsewhere, this term seems to mean good men among the Jews—not necessarily acknowledged Christians. And as referring to men *who were not of Stephen's sect or party*, it gives evidence to his holy life, and the great estimation in which he was held.

Ver. 3.—Made havoc: took every measure to ruin this "cause," and exterminate its adherents, even to confiscation of goods, imprisonment, banishment and death. Men and women . . . to prison: haling (modern "hauling") refers to the inquisitorial and rude way in which they were sought for and arrested. Tregelles has "dragging." Too many to be put on trial at once, they were thrust in prison. These violent and cruel proceedings were known even in distant cities.—Acts 9: 13.

Ver. 4.—Went everywhere preaching: God overrules even man's wickedness. If all had remained quiet at Jerusalem, it might have been many years before the Gospel had reached Gentile peoples. "Preaching" does not necessarily mean proclamation to public assemblies. Missionaries now, in heathen lands, "preach" at first to *ones*, and *twos*, and *threes*, just as they get opportunity. I once saw the then Chairman of the Congregational Union preaching a sermon to a single pagan Indian.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

1. Stephen was the first Christian martyr. No one can take that distinction from him. But the LAST Christian martyr stands before God in as distinguished a place as the first did! And every poor servant now, who gives his life for Christ, or wears himself out in His service, is, in his turn, the LAST MARTYR!

2. Persecution always fails. The more you mow your lawn, the more the grass grows. *Because you do not touch its roots.* The roots of Christianity are in renewed human hearts. The love of Christ, in the heart, is beyond the reach of the persecutor.

3. The greatest good may come out of the greatest misfortunes. The Church was scattered; but the world was enlightened!

4. Jesus, from on high, watches His followers (ver. 55). "Stephen," a "crown." He soon obtained his crown. (See golden text.)

5. The Christian "falls asleep" to wake in Heaven.

6. The Christian has the privilege of preaching, everywhere.

FROM JESUS to STEPHEN. FIRST GREAT HIGH PRIEST to FIRST MARTYR.

THERE'S no music in a "rest" that I know of, but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life melody, always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude, but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest, too.—*Ruskin*.

The Board of Managers of the U. S. National Temperance Society met in New York last week, and adopted a resolution protesting against the passage of the Excise Bill now before the Assembly on the ground that it "provides for a great and dangerous increase of the liquor traffic in all the large cities in the State." A resolution calling on the Legislature to submit a constitutional amendment for prohibition was also adopted.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

"O, where are you going, my dear little bird?
And why do you hurry away?
Not a leaf on the pretty red maple has stirred,
In the sweet golden sunshine to-day."

"I know, little maiden, the sunshine is bright,
And the leaves are asleep on the tree,
But three times the dream of a cold winter's night
Has come to my children and me."

"So good-by to you, my darling, for off we must go,
To the land where the oranges bloom,
For we birdies would freeze in the storms and the snow,
And forget how to sing in the gloom."

"Will you ever come back to your own little nest?"
"Ah, yes, when the blossoms are here,
We'll return to the orchard we all love the best,
And then we will sing to you, dear."

MINNIE LEE AND HER KITTEN.

Travelling from Attica to Rochester in New York, some years since, I changed cars at Avon. A moment after entering the car a lady and a little girl came in and took the seat directly in front of me. The child's face was radiant with joy, as she frequently raised the cover of a little basket on her arm, and looked curiously into it. Her sweet little face had no wrinkles of care or unrest. As I contemplated it, memories of childhood joys and days made me feel like a child again. My own curiosity was excited by her own constant looking, and I leaned forward to ascertain the cause of so much happiness. The little girl, with the quick intuition of childhood, raised the cover of her basket and exposed to view a kitten. I said, "That is a beautiful kitten; what is its name?" "Daisy," was her quick reply. "I wish you would give me Daisy," I said gently. "Oh! no, sir; I can't give you Daisy—I love Daisy so much." "But Minnie, I want Daisy, and I will give you a dollar for her." "Oh! no, sir; I can't sell Daisy." "Do you love candy, Minnie?" "Yes, sir, I guess I do." "Well, then, you can get your basket almost full of candy for a dollar." "Oh, sir, I love Daisy more than I do money or candy."

She was so simple and happy I was confident she had been taught, in the Sabbath school and at home, to love the Saviour. I then asked her if she went to Sabbath school. "Yes sir, I go to Sabbath school always." "Well, Minnie, do you love the dear Saviour?" "Why, yes sir, I guess I do. Do you love Jesus?" was her quick retort. "Yes, my darling, I do, and I'm so glad to know you love the dear Saviour. He is our best friend; He will go with us if we will let Him, all through life, and love us, and keep us, and save us. Bye-and-bye we'll go where Jesus is, and then sin will not hurt us any more."

Her little face grew bright with joy, and the light kindled in her eyes. Looking at me steadfastly for a little while, she lifted her basket, and with the sweetest voice said, "Sir, you may have Daisy; you may have Daisy." For a moment I hardly knew what reply to make, but said, "No, my darling, I can't take Daisy from you."

The tear came to her eye, as she said, "Why won't you take Daisy?"

"Because you love Daisy more, and will take better care of her than I can."

I trust this beautiful lesson will not be forgotten—at least by the writer. Neither money nor candy could induce the child to give up her kitten; but, because I loved her dear Saviour, she loved me more than her kitten, and was willing to give up her idol to please a friend of her Saviour.

BE IN TIME.

Be in time for every call;
If you can, be first of all;
Be in time.
If your teachers only find
You are never once behind,
But are like the dial, true,
They will always trust to you;
Be in time.

Never linger ere you start,
Set out with a willing heart;
Be in time.

In the morning up and on,
First to work, and soonest done:
This is how the goal's attained;
This is how the prize is gained;
Be in time.

Those who aim at something great
Never yet were found too late;
Be in time.

Life with all is but a school;
We must work by plan and rule,
Ever steady, earnest, true,
Whatever you may do,
Be in time.

Listen, then, to wisdom's call—
Knowledge now is free to all;
Be in time.

Youth must daily toil and strive,
Treasure for the future hoard;
For the work they have to do,
Keep this motto still in view—
Be in time.

TO THE BOYS.

Boys should never go through life satisfied to be always borrowing other people's brains. There are some things they should find out for themselves. There is always something waiting to be found out. An apple dropped at the feet of Newton, and he took it as an invitation to study the forces of nature, and thereby discovered the law of gravitation. Every boy should think some thought, or do some good deed that shall live after him. A farmer's boy should discover for himself what timber will bear the most weight, what is the most elastic, what will last longest in the water, what out of the water, what is the best time to cut down trees for firewood? How many kinds of oaks grow in your region, and what is each specially good for? How does a bird fly without moving a wing or a feather? How does a snake climb a tree or a brick wall? Is there any difference between a deer's track and a hog's track? What is it? How often does a deer shed his horns, and what becomes of them? In building a chimney, which should be the largest, the throat or the funnel? Should it be wider at the top, or drawn in? The boys see many horses. Did they ever see a white colt? Do they know how old the twig must be to bear peaches, and how old the vine is when grapes first hang upon it? There is a bird in the forest which never builds a nest, but lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. Can the boys tell what bird it is? Do they know that a

hop-vine always winds with the course of the sun, but a bean-vine always winds the other way? Do they know that when a horse crops grass he eats back towards him; but a cow eats outward from her, because she has no teeth upon her upper jaw, and has to gum it?

TRUE POLITENESS.

A poor Arab going through the desert met with a sparkling spring. Accustomed to brackish water, a draught from this sweet well in the wilderness seemed, in his simple mind, a present to the caliph. So he filled the leather bottle, and, after a weary tramp, laid his humble gift at his sovereign's feet.

The monarch, with a magnanimity that may put many a Christian to blush, called for a cup, and drank freely; and then with a smile thanked the Arab, and presented him with a reward.

The courtiers pressed eagerly around for a draught of the wonderful water, which was regarded as worthy of such a princely acknowledgment. To their surprise, the caliph forbade them to touch a drop. Then after the simple-hearted giver left the royal presence, with a new spring of joy welling up in his heart, the monarch explained his motive of prohibition.

"During the long journey, the water in his leather bottle had become impure and distasteful; but it was an offering of love, and as such I accepted it with pleasure. I feared, however, that if I allowed another to taste it, he would not conceal his disgust. Therefore it was that I forbade you to partake lest the heart of the poor man would be wounded."

JACK.

Jack is the name of a tame crow owned by a lady living in Seekonk, Mass. All the cats and the dogs in the neighbourhood fear Jack, as if he were a wild beast of prey, for his bill is sharp, and his pecks incisive. Jack begins his work early in the morning, by clearing the barn windows of all spiders. This Fall six men were digging potatoes in the field, and Jack followed them all day long, in order to eat the white grubs they turned up.

Jack is a first-rate mimic. He will imitate the bark of a dog so perfectly, as to deceive the sharpest ears. One morning, not long ago, Jack's owner heard some one whistling in the yard. Surprised that the whistler should remain so long outside, she opened the door, to find Jack sitting on a broomstick, and whistling with all his strength.

A strange man came into the barn a few weeks since. As he wore neither shoes nor stockings, Jack's attention was attracted by his bare feet. He investigated them with such vigorous pecks, that the man roughly pushed him away several times. In a few minutes the man yelled, and jumped three feet in the air. The indignant Jack had stolen behind him and pecked his bare heels. But Jack's impertinence was punished then and there, for the man came down on one of the crow's claws, and injured it quite severely. Now, when that man appears, Jack hobbles out of sight.

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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

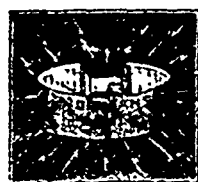
- BRUCE.-At Paisley, on March 13th, at two p.m. KINGSTON.-In St. Andrew's Hall, on Monday, March 19th, at three p.m. CHATHAM.-In First Presbyterian Church, Chatham, third Tuesday in March, at eleven a.m. STRATFORD.-In Knox Church, Stratford, March 13th, at ten a.m. SARNOY.-In St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, second Tuesday in March, at three p.m. GUELPH.-Ordinary meeting in Chaplains' Church, Guelph, third Tuesday of March, at ten a.m. PARIS.-In Zion Church, Brantford, on the second Monday of March, at half-past seven p.m. SAUGESSON.-In Guthrie's Church, Harrison, on the second Tuesday of March, at two o'clock p.m. PETERBOROUGH.-At Cobourg, second Tuesday of March, at eleven a.m. BARRIE.-At Barrie, last Tuesday of March, at eleven a.m. LONDON.-In the First Presbyterian Church, London, on Tuesday the 13th of March next, at 11 a.m. Remits of General Assembly considered, and commissioners to General Assembly appointed. GLENGARRY.-At Alexandria, on the 20th day of March, at eleven a.m. MONTREAL.-In David Morrison 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. MAITLAND.-In St. Andrew's Church, Lucknow, on Tuesday, the 20th of March, at half-past one p.m. OTTAWA.-In Bank Street Church, Ottawa, on March 20th, at ten a.m.

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SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.

The Synod of Hamilton and London will meet in St. Thomas, and within Knox Church there, on Monday evening 9th April, at 7 30 p.m.

Rolls of Presbyteries, and all documents for presentation to Synod should be in the hands of the Clerk on week before the date of meeting. The business committee will meet at 4 p.m. WM. COCHRANE, CLERK OF SYNOD.

Brantford, March 7th, 1883.

HOME MISSION COMMITTEE.

The Home Mission Committee (Western Section) will meet in the Lecture room of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 27th March, at 2 p.m. Claims for the half year ending March 25th should be sent to Mr. Warden, or the Convener, a week before the date of meeting. WM. COCHRANE, CONVENER.

Brantford, March 7th, 1883.

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A CALM MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN HIS COFFIN.

BY HERBERT NEWBURY, IN THE BOSTON CONGREGATIONALIST.

The trains collided. I am a calm man. I confess I was startled; but resigned myself manfully, and was calm. I got a thump on my spine and the back of my head. I lay beside the railroad track amid the dying and the dead. I felt pretty well, quite sensible and rational, was not in pain, but I could not move. Even my tongue refused to stir. My body seemed dead, my mind and spirit were in full life. "Remarkable state," calmly reflected I, "wonder what will come of it!"

What came? A doctor came. He chucked me under the chin, turned me the other side up and back again, put his ear to my chest, got no response, muttered, "Dead! Fatal blow on the head and spine," and considerably gave his best attention to the living. I am not only a calm man, but a just. I did not blame him, but inwardly remarked, "My situation is disagreeable—very."

I lay with the unclaimed dead a long while; yet not perhaps very long, for I remember that I calmly reasoned even then: "Time naturally moves slowly in such unpleasant circumstances; my friends will inquire for me when the railroad disaster is known." They did, and I heard snatches of conversation respecting myself as follows: "John Harkee was on the train!" "What was he West for?" "Dead!" "Telegraph back to family." "Charming young wife. Fine baby boy. Hope he leaves them comfortable. Shocking intelligence for her." "She is young and will soon get over it."

My calmness was tried, but I soothed me by reminding myself that I, who loved my Amy most, should least regret that she would so "soon get over it." Yet I tried hard to rise, to cry out, to do anything, to save her the "shock" of the telegram. Alas, my body was practically dead. I wondered if ever another were in a state so afflictive. I recalled recorded facts of persons brought to just such a state by the Syrian fever, who yet revived and lived. I did not quite despair, yet my future to my calmest view looked dark.

Time passed. Voices again said over me, "Telegram from the East. Harkee's remains to be expressed without delay." "No lack of means." "Beautiful corpse. Mercy he was not disfigured. Always was fine looking." "Appears as if asleep; almost as if he were alive and wanted to speak." "Painless death. Wonderful!"

For a moment I was tempted to curse calmness, but an instant's reflection convinced me that the awfulness of my situation demanded absolute self-possession.

Properly enshrouded and encased, I was "expressed without delay," and found myself in my own drawing room, the centre of attraction to a crowd of weeping, admiring, complimentary friends. Such appreciation was quite flattering to my pride. Only for a moment, however, for I calmly reflected that my warmest admirers in death had least appreciated my virtues in life. Among them were hard debtors, hard creditors, despisers of my adversity, envious of my prosperity; hardest of all, slanderers of my good name in life glorified it in death. The few who had been tender ever, and true, wept so silently that they passed my closed eyes almost unrecognized, save that, being very calm, I knew each by the smothered sob, the whispered name, the tender touch, the mysterious magnetism which reveals to the soul the presence of the loved and true. "This won't be edifying were my situation less precarious," reflected I, "but it is more than precarious, positively disastrous; calmness, however, is the part of wisdom."

Where is Amy? Somehow I looked for her love to rescue me—for power there is in such a woman's love. Could I lie there and let her break her heart in twain for me? Surely I must respond to the power of her voice, her touch.

When all were gone she came. Alone with her dead! Voiceless, tearless, in her great anguish. Clinging to me, prostrate beside me, broken-hearted, inconsolable, and I a living man, yet dead to her! It was too horrible. I fainted. Yes, I fainted, but did it calmly, knowing when and why I swooned; and when I revived remembered it all. With that memory my last hope of rescue fled, and striving to forget the trifling incidents of a living en-coffinment and burial, I solemnly reflected upon my prospects for eternity. The present seemed to me a momentous hour, pregnant with eternal con-

sequences. Wholly conscious was I that my soul was not prepared for its immortality. My past life, virtuous, just, reasonably charitable and quite equable, was to me, in that hour, loathsome. Why had I wasted on trifles the powers of an immortal nature! Why neglected the Word of eternal life! Why failed to test the power of Christ's salvation! Might I even now, acquaint myself with Him and—

Such salutary and appropriate reflections were rudely interrupted by a fashionable undertaker, and his body-guard of assistants. The coffin, in which I had begun to feel somewhat at home, was regarded as not good enough for the decay of mortal flesh, and I heard whispered gratulation that this new one cost five hundred dollars, and that as much more money would not pay for the flowers which were to adorn it. "Lovely corpse," briskly observed the undertaker, "money plenty; rare opportunity to make our best display. Funeral at the church, too. Crowds drawn by the railroad disaster and Harkee's popularity. Big funeral sermon expected; minister specially happy in his material there, too; such a faultless life! calm, serene as a summer's eve; I could almost preach upon it myself; so unlike my last case, when the minister was positively at his wit's end to get hold of anything to the credit of the departed. He did his best, though, and made him out almost a saint. But Harkee, here was 'lovely in his life, and in death he is not divided'—that's not exactly the wording of the text, perhaps; the preaching you know, is not my vocation, but my business is, as Harkee was lovely out of his coffin, to make him lovely within it; so here's to duty." And amid subdued laughter I was lifted out of my snug retreat, and re-arrayed for the tomb in more elaborate and costly apparel. All this, as before intimated, sadly sundered the thread of my solemn reflections, and by the time I was satisfactorily bestowed, and adjusted in the five hundred dollar casket, I was so fatigued and disgusted that, while endeavoring to recover my habitual equanimity, I fell asleep only to be awaked by fresh devices of the undertaker, preparatory to the private funeral, which I understood was to precede the public. It was the mention of my wife's name that awakened me.

"Mrs. Harkee is hard to manage about the funeral," said the undertaker. "She's not fond of display, would like to be much with her dead—preposterous idea that; deprives our profession of its only opportunity. Great ado there is to find one withered rose-bud, which I lost out of the first coffin. It seems he put it on her breast the morning he left home, so she wants that and makes nothing of five hundred dollars' worth of hot-house flowers. They couldn't get her off her knees to have her mourning fitted till we appealed to her respect for the dead. She don't care even for his funeral sermon, but told the minister—looking herself more like a corpse than Harkee here—says she to her pastor, 'Dear sir, this is an hour for honest words, and alas, neither you nor yet I have interested ourselves to know if his soul, in life, was at peace with God. Summoned in an instant, what dare we say of its future? I would give my soul to know that his is safe; for I love him better than I do myself.'"

"God save her intellect," solemnly put in the florist. "She must be going wild to answer the reverend gentleman in that way. So many tender, sweet things she might have told him to ornament the funeral sermon. The effect of that lily on the pillow is fine; the cheek, by contrast, has almost a life-like glow. Uncommon corpse!"

I tried to be calm in my coffin and prepare to die, but such a fuss was there, above, about, around, over and under, beside and beneath me, with mottoes, wreaths, crosses, harps, crowns, anchors, and no end of floral decorations, that I felt my poor soul's chances were so slender as to be scarcely worth considering.

"Sweet mottoes," breathed an amiable lady, Amy's friend, overlooking the work. "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Sweet rest in Heaven," "The gates ajar," "Angels welcome thee," "A crown upon his forehead a harp within his hand." Beautiful floral idea, that actual crown and harp of flowers, with the rest of the motto spelled in flowers between! That must go over to the church."

Awful to relate, the last "beautiful floral idea" so struck my inherent sense of the ridiculous that I laughed—in spirit—and then, either for horror that I had laughed, or from an empty stomach, I once more fainted, and revived only as they jostled me on entering the church. The first sounds I took in were the

words spoken by the minister as I was borne up the aisle: "He that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." My soul grasped them. In sweet rest? No, no. That was my mother's rest, my Amy's rest. I knew there is such a rest, and that I possessed it not. Yet the organ and the choir were chanting, "Requiescat in Pace." I stopped my ears, to use a metaphor, and said boldly to my soul: "Be calm, and deal truly with thyself, O immortal soul; though organs, choirs, hymns, mottoes, sermons and their authors lie, lie thou not to thyself, for soon thou wilt be with thy God, where truth alone shall stand." Thus charged, my soul made honest answer: "Thou art no believer, and 'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.'" The singing of sweet hymns of love and peace in Heaven kept creeping to mock me, and over my head the pastor read of the pearly gates and golden streets, and I caught, "The Lamb is the light thereof," and "Whose names are in the book of life."

They meant kindly for me, I knew; but they all might have known that if my spirit heard I should know better than to think it appropriate. Then my solemn dealing with my soul was sadly put about by the sermon. It seems very ungrateful to come down on a man, especially on a good man, my own dear pastor, he my personal friend and college classmate, too, for anything so well meant, so solemn, tender, appropriate, and altogether up to the times as a model funeral sermon over a calm, peaceable, moral man in his coffin. But truth compels me to say it almost cost me my soul to lie there and listen to it. It put me into Heaven so neatly, in theory, that had not the circumstances made it indispensable for me to get there in reality, and without any but insurmountable delays, its sophistry might have cheated me. It was very distracting to hear what a good son, amiable brother, devoted husband, dear friend, worthy citizen, and benevolent helper, I had been, just as I was agonizing in spirit to learn, ere it was forever too late, the meaning of that belief in the Lord Jesus Christ which is unto eternal life.

Pathetically the sermon closed. The audience were melted to tears, and the organ sobbed in sympathy with the crowds who passed my coffin, soothing their anguish with its glories. Disengaging myself as much as possible from the pageant, I asked myself, candidly, "Am I, at heart, a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ?" and answered my soul, truly, in the negative, "Thou knowest not, O my soul, even faith's meaning." By this time the crowd had passed, and I felt hands busy with the flowers and fol de rols of my funeral toilet, and knew the cover of the casket was to be closed and locked. An awful spiritual anguish, unknown before, seized me, and I wrestled in body, soul and spirit, in the mortal anguish of a calm endeavour to save my body from the grave, that my soul might find the way of eternal life. But the casket closed! The key clicked in the lock, and I was borne away, fainting as I went. Yet I fainted calmly, saying to myself "I am fainting, and the grave will not hurt me. But what of that second death?"

The casket lid lifted. A breath of pure winter air seemed to penetrate my being, as the undertaker said, "His wife will have a last look before we lower him. Some one has found and handed her his last gift, that last rose-bud, and she will lay it on his heart. We must humor her." Then my wife's breath was on my lips, warm kisses which I felt, while at the same time I was thrilled with a sharp physical pain, unknown before. As she bowed over me, all overshadowed with her flowing veil, she put her little hand, with the rose-bud, upon my pulseless heart. I gasped. She shrieked, "He lives!" There is a warm spot at his heart!" "Crazy! Stark mad with grief," they muttered, and drew her away. My wife to a mad house! Myself to the grave, and to eternal death! The thought electrified my waking life. I sat up, stood up, in my coffin! I clasped my wife to my heart with my left arm, laid my right hand on my pastor's—for he stood beside me—and said, calmly, solemnly, "Dear pastor, classmate mine, what must I do to be saved?"

He answered as solemnly, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "There is none other name under Heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."

"So I was reflecting while you preached my funeral sermon; but I understood you to put me in Heaven by another method."

"Oh, that was your funeral sermon, John," he replied, a twinkle of genial humor shining through his tears; "it couldn't hurt you, dead; but alive, don't trust it! don't, I beg! Trust the Lord Jesus Christ. Take Him at His word, as your boy does you."

"Trust Him! I see it!" cried I, joyfully, "why, 'tis plain as day!"

I stepped out of my coffin into my carriage—putting Amy in first—and rode home, a happy believer in the Lord Jesus Christ.

