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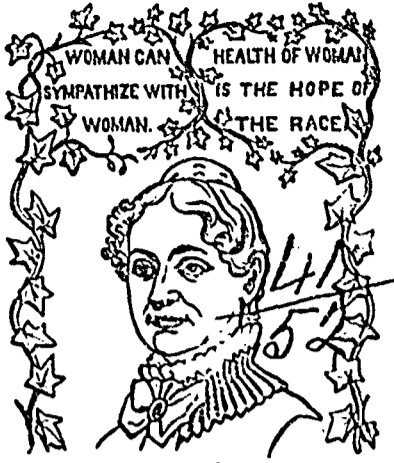
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FOR A GOOD POT-PIE.—One quart sour milk or buttermilk; one tea-spoonful salt; one of soda; flour enough for a stiff batter; steam until done; cut into slices and lay in a deep dish and cover with a chicken or meat stew. Your dumplings will be light and nice.

HOW TO PRESERVE DAMSONS.—Weigh a quantity of damson plums after each one has been pricked with a large needle, and well-washed, and take three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Stew together for half an hour, skimming them thoroughly.

EGGS ON TOAST.—Poached eggs are very good served on rounds of toast, which should be cut from slices of stale bread, toasted carefully, buttered and laid in a heated dish with a spoonful of boiling water poured on each slice. When the eggs are poached lay each one on its own round of toast, pepper and salt it and serve immediately.

CARAMEL CAKE.—Make and bake a cake as for jelly cake. For the caramel, take one cupful of sweet vanilla chocolate, one cupful of granulated sugar, one cupful of sweet milk, one beaten egg, and one teaspoonful of butter; boil all together until it crackles or flies from the spoon in hairs. Do not let it boil too long. Spread between your layers of cake.

THERE is no one thing that adds so much to the furnishing of a room as curtains. With a gold carpet, nice walls, and tawny curtains, though you may have little furniture in your room, it will look quite elegant. There is no greater mistake made by people furnishing than putting all their money into a parlor set, and leaving only enough to buy dark shades for their windows.

GREEN CORN SOUP.—Cut the kernels from a dozen large ears of green corn, and just cover them in a stewpan with boiling water. Boil half an hour, add a quart of milk, pepper and salt to taste, and a spoonful of fresh butter. Beat three eggs very light with a tablespoonful of corn starch. When the soup just comes to the boiling point again stir in the eggs and serve quickly.

COLD FISH CUTLETS.—Melt an ounce of butter, add an ounce of flour and a gill of milk; let it boil and thicken. Then stir in the flavoured lemon juice or vinegar, salt, cayenne, or a little anchovy sauce or paste. Let it all add about a breakfast-cupful of cold cooked fish cut small. When this mixture is cold, shape it into cutlets or balls, egg and bread crumb them, and fry in hot fat or oil.

A BEEFSTEAK PIE.—Get some beefsteak cut from the upper part of the round, and have the butcher mince it very fine, adding about a quarter of a pound of fat salt pork to a pound of steak. Make a paste only a little richer than biscuit paste for the pie. Season the meat with pepper, salt and a little flour dredged over it. Pour a small quantity of water over it, and add a few lumps of butter. Bake rather slowly.

GLAZED TURNIPS.—Cut some new turnips into the shape of orange quarters or of small pears. Parboil them for five or ten minutes in salted water. Drain them thoroughly, then place them in a well-battered saucepan, sprinkle them with plenty of powdered loaf sugar, put the saucepan on the fire, and as soon as they begin to colour moisten with a small quantity of clear stock, add a pinch of powdered cinnamon, and pepper and salt; let them stew gently until done.

The Great Dr. Virchow has resigned from the medical association of Berlin. He won't be forced to keep "his light under a bushel." He approves of advertising any remedy or combination that will cure, regardless of medical ethics. The surgeon of the International Throat and Lung Institute, head office London, England, and branch offices Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Detroit, Mich., Dr. M. Souville's wonderful invention, the Spirometer, are curing thousands of cases of bronchitis, consumption, catarrh, asthma, and catarrhal deafness, and are making it known to physicians and sufferers all over the world. Physicians and sufferers are invited to call and try the Spirometer free. If impossible to call personally, write, enclosing stamp, for list of questions and copy of "International News," published monthly. Address Dr. M. Souville & Co., 173 Church street, Toronto, or 13 Phillips square, Montreal.

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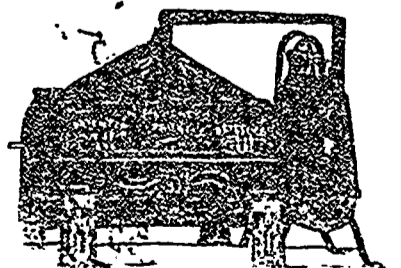
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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Hon. and Rev. Canon Anson, rector of Woolwich, writes to the London *Guardian* urging the formation of a band of unmarried clergymen and laymen who would volunteer to go to the North-West of Canada for a number of years for the purpose of performing missionary duties among the newly arrived settlers. He submits an elaborate scheme for the favourable consideration of his fellow-churchmen and announces his readiness to devote his services to the work of promoting it.

THE recently instituted Royal College of Music has already made a good beginning: Fifty scholarships have just been competed for, with this wonderful result, that many of the successful candidates are children of artisans. The son of a farm labourer has won a scholarship for violin playing; a factory girl who works over thirteen hours a day, has found time to make herself proficient in singing. Out of the fifty scholars, only twelve are from London and eight are the children of musicians.

THE action of Admiral Pierre in the arrest of the Rev. Mr. Shaw, an English missionary in Madagascar, has occasioned considerable excitement. Mr. Shaw is charged with maintaining correspondence with the Hovas and being engaged in acts of hostility to the French. Mr. Gladstone in answer to enquiries in the House of Commons stated that Mr. Shaw was confined on board a man-of-war, and would be tried by court-martial. The British Government declare that he will have full facilities for defence and right of appeal.

THE question of Church disestablishment in England is not allowed to subside. A notice of motion has been given in the House of Commons to be disposed of next session which reads thus. That the establishment of the Church of England by law imposes upon Parliament duties which it cannot effectually discharge; deprives the Church of the power of managing her own affairs; inflicts injustice on a large section of the community; and is injurious to the political and religious interests of the nation, and that therefore it ought to be no longer maintained.

THE High School at Weston has earned for itself an excellent educational record. In the Intermediate and Professional examinations its pupils have been exceptionally successful. Indeed it is stated that every one of its candidates either for junior or senior matriculation since 1875, has met with the fulfilment of his hopes and the reward of his application. This educational institution, under Mr. G. Wallace, B.A., Principal, has many attractive features. It is situated in a healthy and pleasant locality, and the students enjoy personal supervision and careful moral training. Weston High School will continue to maintain its well-deserved reputation.

AN exchange says: The liquor dealers of Ottawa seem to have very little faith that the Dominion License Act will ever come into force. On Saturday evening Mr. Casey, Chief Inspector and Auditor of licenses for Ontario, heard the views of a number of the licensed victuallers of that city regarding the Saturday night closing law. The saloon-keepers unanimously advocated an extension of time on Saturday night from seven till eleven o'clock. They argue that if such an extension went into effect the amount of illicit liquor selling on Saturday night would be greatly reduced. Mr. Casey promised to lay the views of the saloon-keepers before the Ontario Government on his return to Toronto.

"HARPERS' WEEKLY" of the 18th inst. contains an engraving of a picture by T. Shepherd which is worth a hundred treatises on temperance. In the centre stands a wheat-sheaf with a sickle in its band. Out of the sheaf rises a graceful female form handling a loaf to the workman and his family seated at their

humble board. From out the sheaf also rises a grim skeleton form with grinning skull holding in its bony hand a bottle from which it pours fiery fumes over the prostrate form of the once happy husband and father. The mother and children sit by in misery and dejection. The picture is Hogarthian in its fidelity to nature and fact. It tells its own moral with an emphasis that cannot be mistaken.

WHEN Balie Nichol Jarvie made his famous expedition to the clachan of Aberfoyle, he was reminded that he could not, like the snail, carry his domicile with him, and that he must get along without his customary home comforts while in the Rob Roy country. Irishmen would be unhappy if, on leaving the land of their birth, they left their beligerent proclivities behind them. Many Irishmen find employment in the Scottish black country, where the largest mining enterprises are carried on. Last week disgraceful riots disturbed the ordinary quiet that prevails at Coatbridge. The feud was the usual one between the orange and the green. It ended for the present in the infliction of dangerous wounds on some of the combatants, and their dispersal by the reading of the riot act, the energetic action of the mounted police and the arrest of a goodly number of beligerents. Picks and hammers are not enumerated as syllogistic forms in our usual treatises on logic.

THE ancients had an idea that age and experience were important qualities in those who bore rule. We are gradually changing all that. A significant move has just been made at Amherst College. It has resolved on a new departure in college discipline in the recent organization of a "college senate." The scheme was proposed two years ago by President Seelye, but did not meet the approval of the students till the end of the present academic year. The "senate" will be composed of ten members—four senators, three juniors, two sophomores, one freshman. President Seelye is chairman of the board, and will refer to it all questions concerning the discipline and welfare of the college hitherto brought before the Faculty, only reserving the right to veto. "The object of this innovation," says the New York "Independent" "is to make the students more than ever self-governing, and put upon them something of the responsibility for the good order and welfare of the college at large, which has previously rested wholly on their instructors. Like the 'new system' it is an experiment, and will be watched with interest by many."

THE Guelph "Mercury" calls attention to the fact that the lottery scheme started to provide funds for the erection of an opera house in the Royal City is still being forwarded in a furtive and not too reputable fashion. The "Mercury" says: "We only call attention to the fact that tickets are being sold on the strength of the names of the trustees and sponsors which appear in the prospectus, and that very considerable sums of money are being daily received by the secretary as the result of such sales. Those who were improperly brought into the scheme had better look to it at once, as we understand that their reputation is being traded upon in order to float the undertaking. We have given warning, and whether heeded or not we have done our duty." So far well. If lotteries are illegal—and of that there is now no longer any doubt—what are the proper authorities about when lottery tickets are allowed to be sold without interference. Remissness on the part of those whose duty it is to interfere for the suppression of these demoralizing schemes only encourages defiance of the law, as well as of the moral sense of the community.

THE English Bible Christian Conference has pronounced against the Union of the Methodist bodies in Canada. A special Conference of the Canadian branch of this Church will be held this week at Exeter. The officers of this branch of the Methodist Church in Canada have taken legal advice upon the question whether they can unite with the sister Methodist bodies without the consent of the English Conference and still hold their property. The opinion given is

that if the Canadian Conference is united in taking such action the English Conference will have no power over the property, but that if the Conference is divided on the matter the English Conference may possibly be able to secure it. Since the year 1854 the Canadian Conference has maintained a separate financial existence, and the property, amounting to nearly half a million of dollars, has been mostly collected since that time. There is a strong feeling in favour of going into the union without the consent of the English Conference; but the Canadian Conference will hesitate before taking that step, because it is not known how far the former opponents of the union are prepared to go, and opposition by them might endanger the property. Another point which will require consideration is whether the English Conference would stop the money paid to eight Canadian superannuated ministers. The Canadian Conference might decide to take the risk and provide for these men in the event of the money being stopped.

THE United Presbyterian Church of North America at its late Assembly passed a resolution declaring the use of instrumental music permissive. A strong feeling against the organ exists among the ministers and members of that branch of the Presbyterian Church. They are most decidedly opposed to the introduction of instruments into the service of praise. This opposition is not unexpected. The United Presbyterians in the States hold their convictions with a praiseworthy firmness. Changes which others recognize as required by the spirit of the age will not be made without the greatest reluctance by conscientious men. The opposition to instrumental music has assumed an organized form. A large Convention was held last week in Alleghany, Pennsylvania. The proceedings were characterized by intense earnestness and firmness of purpose. The great majority of those present were decidedly in favour of excluding instruments from the public worship of the Church. Several excellent papers were read, and the tone of discussion was almost entirely in the line of opposition. The resolutions, finally adopted concluded with the following:

That the officers of this Convention be instructed to memorialize the next Assembly to adopt the proper steps for ascertaining in a constitutional way the sense of the Church on the question of the lawfulness of using instrumental worship. The conclusion is both wise and sensible. What is the use of tending a grand historic Church with a subordinate question? Would the apostolic Church have wrangled over it?

WEEKLY HEALTH BULLETIN.—The week has been marked by very considerable alternation of high and low barometric pressures; otherwise the weather has been of a normal character. Regarding its effects upon disease, very little can be added distinctive for the week as compared with the previous. The night temperatures have been higher, and thence, apparently, arises the fact that Bronchitis has somewhat decreased its prevalence. Other diseases of the respiratory organs have remained in a large degree stationary. Neuralgia and Rheumatism do not show any marked changes from their position during the past few weeks. Amongst Fevers, Intermittent retains the percentage of prevalence shown last week, and has likewise the same area of prevalence. Enteric (Typhoid) has taken a marked step in advance, amounting to two per cent. of all diseases reported. Typho-malarial shows likewise an upward tendency. Regarding the class of contagious Zymotics, Whooping Cough is the only one appearing amongst the ten most prevalent diseases, and its tendency is downward. Measles, etc., have disappeared from the twenty most prevalent diseases. Amongst the diseases of which diarrhoea is the prominent sign, we have to again record a marked change in Diarrhoea itself. Its temporary decline noted last week, has been succeeded by a rapid increase, its total percentage amounting to 14.9 per cent. Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus and Dysentery do not show any marked change. The hot weather, which began with the latter part of the week, may be expected to show some marked effects upon disease.



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

### THE LAW OF CHRIST AS APPLIED TO THE ORDINARY BUSINESS OF LIFE.

The following address, the first half of which appeared in the present issue of THE PRESBYTERIAN, was delivered at Leicester, by the Rev. John M. Gibson, of St. John's Wood, London. The clear and forcible presentation of timely truths, characteristic of its author, will be read with much interest:

The law of Christ is more than mere morality. A law of righteousness it is; and so far it is coincident with the universally accepted code of morals. But over and above the law of righteousness there rises another law, which is distinctively the law of Christ. This is the law of love in two great branches: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." No one doubts that common morality should rule the Christian and everybody else in the ordinary business of life; and therefore we need not spend any time in insisting on the claims of the law of Christ so far as it coincides with the other; it is of the higher law of love that we must speak. It will be at once seen, then, that our subject is not what is generally understood as "commercial morality." I firmly believe that we shall never have the right kind of commercial morality till men take the higher standard suggested by the subject before us, and insist not only on that righteousness which no one disputes, but also on that love which very few acknowledge as binding in the ordinary business of life. It is true, indeed, that while men in general are sound enough in theory as to commercial morality, they are very far from being as universally sound in practice; and therefore there is abundant scope for the most strenuous enforcement of common honesty and integrity; occasion enough, and quite too much, for urging and urging again the duty of fair and square dealing as between man and man; and such appeals can be properly enough made, and ought to be made, in the name of Christ and of Christianity; but the question comes, whether, while not neglecting this, there may not be something better for us to do. You will have observed how little, comparatively, Christ has to say about common honesty. It may be said, indeed, that trade and commerce did not bulk at all so largely in Palestine life as they do in ours; and yet they did constitute so large a part of it that it would have been unpardonable to omit them or pass them lightly by. Besides, Christ was legislating, not for Palestine alone, but for the world; and not for that century alone, but for all the coming centuries; and therefore we must seek some other explanation of what to some might appear a strange omission or neglect.

We cannot do better, probably, than examine with this view the Sermon on the Mount. That sermon may be fairly considered a summary of the law of Christ. It has been aptly called by Dr. Dykes, "the Manifesto of the King;" and while it is by no means a legislative code in the proper sense of the term, it is a summary of principles of wide enough range to cover all the common relations of life. Now, if we were to ask what place commercial morality has in that code, what would be the answer? Those who take low ground on the subject would probably say, "No place at all." The main substance of it is an exposition of the righteousness of the kingdom; and yet the one commandment which directly covers the ground of commercial morality is deliberately passed by. The eighth commandment is not even mentioned. The Great Lawgiver of the new covenant deals with all the rest of the second table of the law, but omits all reference to the one commandment which some people now-a-days seem to consider "the be all and end-all" of morality. What is the reason? A careful reading of what follows will suggest that it is because He has something better to say. He has something more efficient in reserve. He sees that the tenth commandment gives a far stronger leverage than the eighth, and so He urges and presses it, not only in its own light, but in the light of "the first and great commandment," warning us against "laying up treasures on the earth;" warning us against attempting to "serve God and mammon;" warning us against too much anxiety as to the supply of our bodily wants, and closing a long and sustained appeal by the positive rule, "Seek ye first the king-

dom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." It is in this large and wise way that he deals with the ordinary life, lifting it out of the region of mere morality and setting it in the full light of "the first and great commandment" of the law of love; and then, further on, He urges a similarly high standard in the light of "the second, which is like unto it," when he lays down the golden rule, "Therefore, whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." Thus we see that he does not omit or neglect the ordinary business of life, but gets at it in a way of his own. This method is constantly kept up throughout all his teaching. Instead of treating of business relations on the lower ground of square dealing, he always tries to lift men up to the higher ground. When a certain man comes to him with the appeal, "Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me," he not only will not interfere, but He uses the opportunity not, as might have been expected, for the enforcement of square dealing, but for an earnest warning against covetousness. "He said unto them, Take heed, and beware of covetousness; for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." So it is all the way through. He by no means undervalues honesty, but he lays far greater stress on having a heart set on higher things than money or any earthly possession. He lays the axe at the root of the upas tree. He plants his danger-signal not at the spot where the ice ends and the water begins, but at the place where the ice begins to get thin. He treats not the mere symptoms, but the deep-seated disease within. And his example is faithfully followed by His apostles. Their warnings against covetousness are far more frequent than against dishonesty. And even when honesty is urged, it is larger and loftier honesty than is involved in mere fair dealing. It has in it the idea of nobility and honour, as well as of mere justice. They did not make it a matter of exchange of money, or of that which money represents, as our modern moralists are so apt to do, but of "the love of money." It was the root they were aiming at. And even when they do look at the matter from the lower point of view, how naturally they rise to the higher; as when the apostle, writing to the Roman Christians, says, "Owe no man anything, but love one another; for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. . . . Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law."

We find, then, that the method of Christ and His apostles was one which, while assuming and requiring the broad basis of righteousness in all things, specially urged the law of love in both its branches as the true leverage by which even the commonest morality in the business of life could be most effectively secured. Is the method a sound one? Is it still applicable and likely to be effective in all the complexity of the business life of the nineteenth century? This is our main question; and a very important one it is. There are those who emphatically say "No;" and we must listen to what they have to urge. There is, first, what may be called the objection of the average business man. It may be thus expressed: "Business is business, and must be conducted on strictly business principles, according to the law of demand and supply, and the common-sense rule of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. This talk about the law of love is all very well for 'pulpit eloquence,' or pulpit twaddle, as the case may be; on 'Change it must be 'Every man for himself, and—' well, instead of finishing the adage in the rather rough way which shows what is the fate of "the hindmost," we shall give the modern equivalent, and call it "the survival of the fittest." And the use of this scientific phrase reminds us that, besides the objection of the average business man, there is that of the sociologist, which, however, is just the old popular objection put into scientific form. It is fully and ably set forth by Mr. Herbert Spencer, especially in his "Data of Ethics," where according to himself, he shows to a demonstration that the Christian law is not only inapplicable to the ordinary business of life, but would be positively ruinous to society if it were actually carried out. It may be well to quote some of his own words, premising that by "egoism" he means the doctrine "Every man for himself," and by "altruism" the doctrine, "Every man for his neighbour," which, according to him is the Christian doctrine. He says: "It does not seem to be suspected that pure altruism is actually wrong. Brought up as each is in

the nominal acceptance of a creed which wholly subordinates egoism to altruism and gives sundry precepts that are absolutely altruistic, each citizen, while ignoring these in his business and tacitly denying them in various opinions he utters, daily gives them to lip-homage, and supposes that acceptance of them is required of him though he finds it impossible. Feeling that he cannot call them in question without calling in question his religion as a whole, he pretends to others and to himself that he believes them—believes things which in his innermost consciousness he knows he does not believe. He professes to think that entire self-sacrifice must be right, though dimly conscious that it would be fatal." ("Study of Sociology," International Series, p. 184.)

The enormous mistake on which this criticism is based is due to a confusion of ideas between what is required of a Christian as toward God and what is required as toward his fellow man. It is true that we are asked to surrender ourselves implicitly and entirely to God. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." If this is "pure altruism," it is an altruism which can never do any harm in the most complex state of society, but will always and in all circumstances secure the highest possible welfare both of the individual and of society. Let a man implicitly and fully surrender himself to God—to obey His commandments, to do His will, to live for his glory—and it will be the best for the man himself, the best for his family, the best for his friends, the best for his enemies, the best for the society in which he lives, the best for the world at large. Would that all mankind were only altruistic after this fashion, and the great problem of sociology and of Christianity would be finally and fully solved. There would be a heaven upon earth! But the scientific critic of the law of Christ seems to know nothing of this kind of altruism. The altruism he is thinking of is the surrender of everybody to his neighbour: and no intelligent Christian needs to be told that there is no such surrender asked of us by the law of Christ. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour." How? With the whole heart? No. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This, as we are told, is the sum of the second table of the law, which has to do with our duty to our neighbour. And what a grievous misrepresentation of it are the words above quoted. And still more so, when our critic goes on to say that it calls us to the "continual giving up of pleasures and continual submission to pains," "so that its final outcome is debility, disease, and abridgment of life." There are, indeed, some exhortations here and there in the New Testament which seem open to this kind of criticism, if literally pressed; but the difficulty entirely disappears if we look at the evident spirit of them; and this is what both Christ and his apostles remind us we must do. For instance: "Look not every man on his own things; but every man also on the things of others." Here the first part seems to forbid attention to our own interests, while the second summons us to attend to the interests of others. But does not the word "also" show clearly that a proper attention to our own interests is taken for granted as a thing of course (as may be very safely done)? "Look not every man on his own things; but every man also on the things of others."

It is abundantly clear that the spirit of it is to caution us against seeking after our own interests to the disregard of the interests of our neighbours. And surely this is good enough social doctrine. It is not at all at variance with the strictest social science. And then, lest any should be disposed to run into the altruistic extreme, of which the critic is afraid, have we not such reminders as this. "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Thus we find that the scientific objection to the Christian law of love does not deal fairly with the second commandment of the law, and, what is still worse, leaves out of sight the first commandment, which takes precedence of the second, and therefore, of course, modifies its application. Such objections are valid against certain systems of modern humanitarianism, but they have no force whatever against the Christian law of love. So much for the scientific objection. But a little more may be said on the practical difficulties of the average business man. There are, undoubtedly, quite conscientious and excellent business men who do not see how the law of love can be carried into ordinary business. Let us, then, investigate a little

as to whether it is practicable to carry on business without interfering with either of the two great branches of the law of love—either with the supreme devotion of the heart to God, or with that love to our neighbour which the law of Christ requires. As to the former, the noble inscription on the Royal Exchange in the city of London is quite sufficient to settle the matter. We have only to remember that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein," to see that if a man is engaged in any sort of occupation which tends in however humble a manner to replenish the earth and bring out its fullness, to benefit the world or any of its inhabitants, he is engaged in the Lord's service, and may do, and ought to do, what he is doing "as unto the Lord." No matter what kind of service he is rendering, whether he is ministering to bodily, or intellectual, or spiritual wants, whether he is making shoes or sermons—and it is far better work for God to make a good shoe than a poor sermon—pictures or pins, provided only he is doing some good in God's world he may and ought to look upon his work as service rendered to the great Ruler of the world and King of Men, and therefore may do it not only without interfering with but in fulfilment of the claim which God makes on the supreme devotion of the heart and life. And as to the lower motives which do and must come in, there is not one of them belonging to human nature, apart from sin, that is incompatible with supreme devotion to God. All that is necessary is that they be kept in due subordination. For example, is it not God's intention that we should make living and support our families, by our business?

Clearly, then, it may also be ours without interfering with the supremacy of our devotion to him. Or, take the desire to achieve success. Is not that a part of the nature which God has given us? And does not common sense tell us that a man without ambition to succeed and to excel is anything but a lefty specimen of humanity? It is only necessary to take care that the ambition to excel be not the highest ambition of our life. Or take the widespread and well-nigh universal desire to make money. This is more difficult to deal with, inasmuch as there is such a fearful tendency to excess in this direction. But even here it is very evident that the same position may be taken—namely, that in its proper place of subordination it is right enough. According to the laws which God has appointed to regulate society it is necessary not only that each man should earn his living by his industry, but that some men should earn more than their living. This is necessary, not only that there may be a surplus for those who cannot earn their living, but also for the creation of capital. All who have given any thought to the subject are aware that there could be no progress in civilization without capital. Just as separate capital is needed for a separate business, so for the general business of society the accumulation of capital is absolutely necessary. It is, therefore, manifest that it is God's will that some men at least should make more than they need for their personal and family expenses, and accordingly He has implanted in us the desire corresponding to that necessity—a desire, therefore, which may be gratified in moderation without interfering with the supreme devotion of the heart to God. As to the second table of the law, we have already seen, in dealing with the scientific objection, that self is not excluded—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"; and further, that this, being the second commandment, must not be dealt with as if it stood alone, but must be looked on as modified by the first. But a few words may be necessary to illustrate the practical effect of this. Take the familiar case of giving alms to a lusty beggar. If he had only the second part of the law of love to guide us, we might feel constrained to reason after the manner of Mr. Spencer (See "Data of Ethics," p. 199) "If I love this beggar as myself, how can I refuse him at least half of the money in my pocket?" But immediately the higher duty comes in, and with it the thought, if I were to do this, I should be disregarding my duty to God; I should be going contrary to what I know to be His will, who says that "if any man will not work, neither shall he eat"; and not only so, but I should be violating the spirit of the second commandment itself; for I should be doing, not a benefit, but a wrong to my lazy neighbour. God is Light as well as love; there is "lucidity" as well as "sweetness" in his law; and we must respect those ordinances of his which are written on society and enforced in his providence.

(To be Continued.)

THAT LEAKAGE.—II.

ENLARGING.

MR. EDITOR,—In my last (15th inst., page 525) I specified some of the leakages in our Church, caused through its many and protracted vacancies, to wit, among others, "loss of members and adherents, loss of contributions, and loss of spiritual tone and vigour."

The remedy proposed was to limit to three months the time allowed weak congregations to call, and should they fail to do so within that time that Presbytery should appoint a man thereto for a specified term—say two or three years—and that such incumbent should have the status of an ordained missionary and a seat in Presbytery.

It was, for reasons given, proposed further to limit the scheme at the outset to "supplemented charges." Then, were these men still available, it might be extended to all congregations not giving a higher stipend than the Assembly's minimum—\$750.

By this simple means the downward growth of many weak congregations might be arrested, and the Home Mission Fund relieved of a heavy drain from supplemented charges, and a marked advance made in religious health.

But the leakage is larger a good deal than that specified in last communication, and therefore in this one attention is drawn to additional losses sustained through the position in which many licentiate and ministers are placed under the present method.

I make free to say that with few exceptions, the unsettled preachers of our Church are "workmen who need not be ashamed"—men who, if in the Methodist Church, or the Anglican, would have unbroken appointments all through life; and, therefore, their present nomadic career is due, not to any marked defects in them, but chiefly to the unfortunate custom into which our Church has drifted.

The following particulars will help to give emphasis to the main point now in hand.

1. A probationer told the writer that in carrying out faithfully his appointments his task in six consecutive vacancies was to read edicts to moderate in a call or for settlement, when, in every case, the door was closed so far as he was concerned.

Some twelve weeks were thus spent at much expense to himself, and sometimes not a little discomfort, with the further unpleasantness of being judged by friends and others as an "unacceptable preacher," because he went so long without a call, when, in the very nature of the case, a call was beyond his reach.

2. But even when no edicts are on the tapis, a good man may travel long and far without receiving a call.

Among the variegated hindrances that may be in the way, suffice to name such as these: Ten or twelve men are to follow ere any choice is made, and by the time the last man has been heard, half of those who went before are not even remembered by name, and their present whereabouts not known to the congregation; or some discord has sprung up in the congregation, and there is too much bad blood to unite on anyone; or inertia has so captured the people that they are impotent to move, etc., etc. Meantime probationers are sitting to and fro over the Province, impoverished, disheartened, impaired in health, suffering most of all from the feeling that they are accomplishing little or nothing for the Master whom they love so well to serve.

3. Not a few men in the prime of life are being forced out of the ministry into secular callings, and others more advanced in life, yet hale and hearty, into premature retirement; and this with our present dearth of labourers is a very great calamity.

Good looks and graceful manners, charming voice and winsome eloquence, a head guiltless of grey hairs, and temples innocent of crow's feet, are qualifications not to be despised; but with these in only homeopathic measure a man may yet be called of God to the ministry, and should be employed by the Church.

Moses was not eloquent, and common report has it that Paul was not handsome, yet both were God's appointees.

But, in consequence of our present system of rigid candidating, excellent men have been lost to the ministry of our Church, and more are to follow.

They must be settled in a charge before their real worth comes to light—their wisdom and weight of character, their broad manliness and ardent piety, their wearing worth, in short; but if they are ever to be settled at all it must be by some other way than by running the gauntlet of our vacancies.

Then look at the fate of some of our older men! If out of a charge at fifty or sixty how slim their chance of another call! Perforce, then, they retire five or ten years before the time, and apply for aid from the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. Unable to meet all the demands, this Fund doles out a small pittance up to its ability, and these worthy men are forced into dependency long before need be.

But were our weaker charges settled as here proposed, a score of aged ministers would be regularly employed and fairly supported. Some Moseses and Pauls of younger years would forthwith be installed, and much needless suffering on the part of ministers be done away.

Many a congregation would willingly accept the service of an aged man for two or three years who would not call the same person for an indefinite period.

4. The last particular I name is of startling moment. When a minister is at length called to a long vacant charge and accepts, he too often begins work amid disadvantages which make success well nigh impossible.

The critical faculty has been cultivated by the people so long upon candidates that they scarce know how to listen to the Gospel as becomes disciples-learners.

Upon the new pastor they still continue to exercise their critical apparatus, and the upshot is in too many cases, dissatisfaction, fault-finding, alienation, resignation.

Then another long vacancy, another short pastorate, another resignation.

Leakage on the increase. Ministers suffering needless wrongs. The Master Himself displeased. The Spirit grieved.

The leakage extends still further, and, with your permission, Mr. Editor, an additional glimpse will be given in my next.

JAMES HASTIE.

Lindsay, August, 1883.

A SHORT TRIP ON AN IMMIGRANT TRAIN.

MR. EDITOR,—A short time ago I paid a visit to my little station at Amqui on the Intercolonial Railway. Next morning I intended returning by the express. It was, however, more than two hours behind time. An immigrant train came before it. Seeing one of the cars filled with little boys, I thought that very likely they were a party of what I may call Miss Macpherson's children. I accordingly decided not to wait for the express. When I went into the car referred to, the gentleman in charge of the boys very courteously said to me that it was reserved for their sole use. I asked if my theory regarding them as already stated was correct. He said that it was. As soon as I made known who I was, I found myself among friends. Mr. Kelly the superintendent, was accompanied by his wife and Miss Quarrier. The boys—of whom there were ninety-seven—were from Glasgow on their way to Marchmount Home, Belleville. Their ages ranged from six to fourteen years. They were very respectably dressed, healthy looking, and did not "believe in" keeping still while they were awake. When they came to Sayabec station, they sang a grace before their dinner of biscuits and cheese. The French Canadians on the platform thought that it was a *chanson*, and called for another. The boys, however, knew as little what they said as the latter did what the former sang. As I happened to have a few tracts with me, I went through the other cars and soon distributed a goodly number. Had I had more time, I could have done more work among them. In one car I met two families which managed to say that they were from Paris in France. I then spoke to them in French. They were delighted to hear their mother tongue in a strange land, and in the same spirit accepted a few Scripture cards with floral borders. Several on board were from the Vaterland. Among the English-speaking passengers were a goodly number from Caithness.

T. F.

Mets, Quebec.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Rev. Dr. Reid has received the following sums for schemes of the Church,—viz.: W. W. Loudon, for Home Mission, \$10; Foreign Mission, \$5; French Evangelization, \$5; Bible Christian Fund for Foreign Mission, Formosa, \$1; A Friend of Missions, Amos, \$1.

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### THE STARVING OUT PROCESS.

A correspondent writing in the St. Louis "Evangelist" thus expresses his opinion on one of the worst form of congregational business tricks extant.—"The Starving out Process:"

A worthy pastor of a neighbouring State writes us that his church is getting so far behind financially that he will be compelled to leave it in the fall. This is another case, we have no doubt, in which a church takes a very effective, but a very mean way of letting their pastor know that it is time for him to look for another charge.

That the way is "mean" and contemptible no one will deny; but, I wonder how far the "worthy pastor" has himself to blame for the situation. Has he preached upon the duty of God's children laying by in store, upon the first day of the week, as God has prospered them? Has he preached to them frequently, not once in two or more years, on this subject, and pointed his members to the growing evil of worldliness and undue haste to grow rich? Has he preached on common, every-day honesty of keeping contracts, truth-telling, and not omitted to mention that their installation agreement was a legal, honest obligation—one that no honest man could amend or disregard, and that honesty, honour and law, to say nothing of sacred obligations, unite in demanding they should liquidate to the last cent?

Has he steadily presented the rights and importance of the benevolent work of the Church, as carried on through its Boards—not omitting any Board—and required that the plates be passed though the people gave nothing—his being the duty to urge, and on them resting the responsibility for the amount given?

Has he taught them what the N. T. enforces as to the ownership of property, and the responsibilities which its possession entails?

If he has done all this faithfully, and they are so mean as to try to starve him out, let him shake off the dust off his feet against them, and thank God that he is no longer required to minister unto such heathen. Ought I not to beg the pardon of the "heathen" for the comparison in the foregoing sentence? I stand corrected, for "heathen," substitute "yahoos."

I have written the foregoing to emphasize this remark, that in ninety-nine cases out of 100, the pastor who fearlessly urges the importance, explains the workings and asks contributions for the Boards of the Church, will not be starved out of his pulpit. If he is, after faithfully, intelligently and prayerfully doing his duty as suggested above, and will write me an account of the matter, I will send him my check for a sum sufficient to move him and his to some more promising field of labour. O. F.

### THE SPIRIT OF CHRIST.

Religion does but little for us if it does not bring us into sympathy with the Master. We must have his spirit if we are to be his disciples. He tells us to follow Him, but first we must take up the cross. Any one following without the cross is not following properly—is not following at all. The cross is the beginning, and it must be borne all the way and in all situations. But what is the cross? Many persons think of it simply as some hard thing that burdens, troubles, "crosses" them. They have the cross when they feel weighted with a sorrow or stricken with a pain. If they do not have these, then they do not have a cross. They are not cross-bearers, and the inference is sure, they are not followers.

But there is a better way to look at it. The cross does represent the passion of Christ. It must always stand for His pains. He was the "man of sorrows" and the cross is His sign. But in the Christian, or rather the Gospel, way of using the word, it has a different meaning. Take up the cross—that is, receive the spirit of the Saviour and possessed of His spirit do His work. It is not a spirit of mere pain. Certainly it is not one of complaining peevishness, much less of rancor and bitterness. It is a spirit of love, gentleness, peacefulness, charity, devotion to the truth and God. It is that all radiant spirit that shows itself good and gracious in light and darkness, in joy and pain, in common life and in emergencies, and that by a transforming power that is always its own, changes the sackcloth of our sorrow into the gladness of conscious redemption.

We get but a poor conception of religion if we think it is but a set of rules and their observance. Many a man keeps the established rules of his Church without being a Christian. He is a saint by resolution and force of will, but not by affection under the influence of the Gospel in his heart. Theology is good, and the summaries we have of it in creeds and other formularies are good according to their measure, but they are only the externals of religion after all. Men may accept them, stand by them, be counted orthodox under them, and be known as stalwart defenders of them, and after all be far from being Christians because they are lacking the spirit of Christ. And when fighting for creeds or any rule or law of the Church leads any man away from that spirit of love that is the essence of the Gospel, it becomes to him an injury instead of a blessing, all informed as he is of the truth of God. And it is a dreadful thing to be turned away from Christ by an improper battling for Christ's revelation.—*United Presbyterian.*

### A MEMORY.

"Indulgent Memory wakes, and, lo! they live!"—*Rodgers.*

Deathless, while the years are flying,  
And all lesser hopes are dying,  
To my widowed heart near lying  
By a life-time's love embalmed,  
Is a memory, dear and tender,  
And in dreams its bygone splendour  
Sweetest, holiest, balm can render  
To my grief, by Time uncalmed.

In life's morning, young and early  
Glistening fair through dew-drops pearly,  
Burst a bud that promised fairly  
Through the length of future days,  
Ah! it charmed my passion'd beaming,  
Bathed in beauty's brightness, gleaming  
Fadeless still, and deathless seeming  
In fond Hope's delusive haze.

And, as when in wild December,  
June's calm twilight we remember,  
So this dream in shadowy splendour  
Ever haunts my lonely way;  
And I see in fond delusion,  
Glowing as in light Elysian,  
The entrancing, old-time vision  
Doom'd so early to decay.

Days when Hope, how false! still flaunted  
Through my dreamings, love enchanted,  
Framed by busy Fancy, haunted  
By glad visions of delight,—  
Morns of light, and sunsets golden,  
Dreams of legends, grand and olden,  
Hopes for future years, withholden  
From our youthful, yearning sight.

Past and gone! Ah! vain my sighing,—  
Hope's dead leaves are round me lying,  
But their fragrances, undying,  
Like a hallowed incense rise;  
And I feel, with joy unspoken,  
That the spirit-love unbroken  
Leaves this Memory for a token  
Of its truth, that never dies.

In that land whose beauty vernal  
Through the ages blooms eternal  
Thou, in bliss undreamed, supernal  
Basket in the glory-light  
Where celestial joys inspire  
All heaven's vast, unnumbered choir  
With sweet songs that never tire,  
Through the fadeless summer bright.

Here, how sad this dreary roaming,  
Through the shadows of earth's gloaming,  
Waiting for the longed-for coming  
Of the lingering morning star;  
But swift time is onward fleeting—  
Backward is the past retreating,  
Nearer, nearer draws our meeting  
In the future, dim and far.

*Moosomin, N.-W.T.*

*M. A. NICHOLL.*

### AMARANTH A TYPE OF THE CHURCH.

Amaranth grows in August, and is more a stalk than a flower, is easily broken off, yet it grows fair and flourishing after being broken. And when all the flowers are over, if this stalk is sprinkled with water and made moist, it becomes fair and green, so that in winter wreathes and garlands it can be twined of it. For this reason it is called the amaranth, because it neither fades nor withers.

I know not that anything can be more like the Church than this amaranth, which we call a thousand-fold fair (*Tausendstern*). For although the Church washes her robes in the blood of the Lamb (as it is written in Genesis and in the Apocalypse), and is stained crimson, yet she is fairer than any state or community on earth. And she alone it is whom the

Son of God loves as His bride, and in whom He has joy and rest.

Moreover, the Church suffers herself easily to be broken and crushed; that is, she is willing and contented to be obedient to God under the cross, is patient therein, and springs up again fair and flourishing, and grows and spreads, yea, gains her best fruits and uses thence, for thereby she learns truly to apprehend God, freely to confess His doctrine, and brings forth far more beautiful and heavenly virtues.

Finally, the body and stock of this true Amaranth remain entire and cannot be uprooted, however great may be the rage and assaults against particular branches, so as to rend them away. For as the amaranth, thousandfold fair, cannot fade or decay, so nevermore can the Church fade or decay, be destroyed or rooted up. But what is more wonderful than the amaranth? If it is sprinkled with water and laid therein, it becomes green and fresh, as if awakened from the dead.

So we can have no doubt that the Church will be awakened by God from the grave, and will come forth living, eternally to praise, glorify and bless the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and His Son, our Redeemer and Lord, with the Holy Ghost.

For although other empires, kingdoms, principalities and dominions have their changes, and soon fade and fall away like flowers, this kingdom, on the contrary, has roots so firm and deep that by no force nor might can it be torn up nor laid waste, but abides forever.—*Luther.*

### LET IN THE SUNSHINE.

The "United Presbyterian" discourses well on this topic. It says: We do well to throw open the windows of our souls and let in the light. Just as the grass and flowers need the sunshine, so do our hearts need it if they are to be kept fresh and sweet and give out good influences. When the inexperienced amateur in floriculture put her rare plant in a shaded room, which also she closed up carefully against the bright light, she thought she was doing it the greatest kindness, but her only reward was its decline as it wilted and then died away. Christian people often act with the same kind of wisdom, or rather unwisdom, in their moral treatment, and they have the same result. There is death when they expected life. They draw down all the curtains of their souls and fasten the shutters outside, hoping in the dimness thus produced to live free from sin and hence grow in grace. Sometimes they call it "shutting out the world," again they name it "living in retreat," or probably it is more ambitiously called "retiring in company with the Master;" but whatever the name, the end is the same. The mold gathers where there should be healthy fragrance, and over the life that proper treatment would have clothed with spiritual beauty, the heavy folds of a tattered sackcloth fall and hang like the drapery of death. The Master is not found in such conditions. He is where the song is, the conversation, the throbbing of human interest and earnestness, and gives His blessings as He receives His praises, in the gladness of the sunshine and the joy of the gentle winds.

### THE POPULAR PREACHER.

The popular preacher is not always the best preacher. Neither is the popular pastor always the best pastor. People seldom like best what they need most. Hence it is not safe to let fickle majorities rule in such matters. The wiser, the more pious portion of the congregation should often sustain a minister, just because there is opposition to him.

For such persons to yield as soon as a few frivolous and fastidious hearers begin to find fault, is not only unjust to the minister, but to the Church. It encourages the notion that preaching is merely a matter of taste, that preachers are to be chosen, like singers and players, for the amusement they furnish. I have seen scores of excellent ministers sacrificed, because people, who did not want the Gospel pure and simple, objected to them, and timid Christians said: "Well, we must try to satisfy these people, or they will quit coming to church, and then we can't hope to do them any good." But what good can we hope to do people who go to church only to be amused, or have their carnal tastes gratified?

The sooner we get back to the old ideal of the ministry and of the pastoral office, the better.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*



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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1883.

THE article "Killing Murder" which recently appeared in these columns has been reproduced in our St. John N.B., contemporary, the "Religious Intelligencer" with approval; but our gratification is slightly lessened in noticing that it is erroneously credited to the "Christian World."

The "Christian at Work," compares camp meetings ancient and modern in this way:—

The old-time camp meeting was a serious business affair. It was intended to meet the religious necessities of sparsely settled districts, and carry the means of grace to those who lived remote from church, and had no regular religious ministrations. The exhortations and appeals were fitted for uneducated people, whose tastes, like their clothes, were rough but kindly and good to wear. And these early camp meetings, in extemporized tents or under forest trees, which were attended by hundreds of all ages and classes quite as much for the excitement as for any good they might get, were the means of converting a vast number of people to Christ, and doing a great deal of good. To-day, in most parts of the country, such meetings could hardly be held. The material for them no longer exists. The necessity for them has ceased. The conditions out of which they grew have passed away.

It is not our affair particularly; but it does seem as if there was a great deal of truth in the foregoing. We would not be at all surprised to learn that a large number of the most intelligent Methodists hold precisely the same opinion.

CO-EDUCATION has its difficulties. The system is being tried at Harvard, and this is what the "Literary World" of a late date has to say about its effects:

The work of the Harvard Annex is beginning to tell. Two of the late pupils are under engagement of marriage to former instructors, and two others have broken down in health, one having become totally blind. So that some of the first friends of the enterprise are now asking with shadowed faces: "Whereunto will this thing grow?"

Getting engaged to marry one of the "instructors" is scarcely a calamity that would frighten a promising female student. Even an engagement to marry a good student might not be a bad wind up to a young lady's college course. The young man might be worth a great deal more to her in after life than a Harvard degree. The breaking down in health, however, is a serious matter. But it must be remembered that male students quite often break down in health too. Until the system is tried long enough to produce reliable statistics, the health question will be one of the strong positions taken by those opposed to the system. The foregoing extract shows there is another danger which we have not before seen noticed. Bachelor "instructors" are in danger. Harvard is not the only institution in which female students might lead some of the instructors into matrimonial toils. Even University professors are human.

AGAIN we are reminded that Canada is but a colony. This time the reminder is of an ecclesiastical nature, and may possibly postpone the proposed Methodist Union. The English Conference of the Bible Christian Methodist Church asks the branch of that body here not to enter the union "until an opportunity is afforded of forming a mature judgment on the subject." A special meeting of the Conference will be held to-morrow to consider the matter. The difficulty may prove a somewhat serious one, as it is said the Conference cannot carry their church property into the united body without the consent of the parent church, unless there is perfect unanimity in the Cana-

dian Conference. Perfect unanimity on such a question is almost an impossibility. It would be almost a miracle if some brother did not take advantage of the occasion to block the union for a time. When the Presbyterian bodies were united the parent churches gave the Canadians their blessing and told them to go on and prosper. The anti-union party did all in their power to induce the Kirk of Scotland to interfere against union; but the old mother of us all could not be moved in that way. It may be that those Englishmen are right; but it is not very likely that such is the case. The Canadian Conference may be presumed to know their duty. If the union is consummated now it would place the Bible Christian Conference at a great disadvantage to have to remain out for a year. In that case they would have no hand in consummating the union or in arranging the machinery that is to put the great body in working order. Perhaps some way may be found by the Conference of going into the union with their property and pleasing the Englishmen at the same time.

IN their report to the last General Assembly, the Committee on Sabbath Observance alluded to an order issued by Mr. Young, President of the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railway Company, discontinuing all unnecessary Sabbath labour on his road. Since that time Mr. Young has been violently assailed, but he stands his ground like a man and a Christian. In a letter to the "Railway Age," he declares that, "so long as he remains in the management of the road no change will be made." "Every railway manager," he says, "operating a road on that day violates human and divine command, and by forcing his employees to do the same, sets before them a continual example of the disregard of highest obligations." He uses a number of arguments to fortify his position, some of which are very potent and well put. Here is one of them: "If railways teach their men to violate the Sabbath they chill the obligations which they would feel, both to God and the State, their respect for the laws of the railway itself, and their sense of duty to their employers." He shows that the riots of 1877 have proved that the railway property of the Union is at the mercy of the railway employes, and asks: "Is it wise, therefore, to teach and train them to break with impunity the laws of the land?" He also shows by a most conclusive and crushing argument, that by compelling a man to work on Sabbath and by taking him away from family ties and influences on that day you deprive him of many of the very qualities that make him a faithful servant. The letter is a masterly discussion of the whole subject, and proves very clearly that the writer knows several things besides how to run a railway. Would that we had more railway managers like Mr. Bennet H. Young. We need one in Canada just now much more than we need new railways.

## TEMPERANCE A PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT.

ALL great moral and social reforms have had to encounter formidable opposition. Every cause that had for its aim the redress of existing evils and the advancement of human happiness in the past did not at first meet with a cordial popular welcome. A few large-hearted men would come to the conclusion that a particular abuse ought to be abolished. They tried to interest friends and secure their co-operation. They sought to catch the popular ear, but their efforts were too often met with discouraging indifference. They were laughed at as crazy fanatics, or derided as amiable but troublesome cranks. By patient persistency they would at length rouse the opposition of those whose interest was jeopardized by their advocacy. Then the "men of one idea" would be assailed by bitter invective, and caricatured by wilful misrepresentation. The cause they championed would still make headway despite the opposition encountered. As the interest extended the battle would rage with increasing fierceness till in the end the good cause triumphed, and the men of strong conviction, the men with a mission, were regarded as public benefactors, and fit subjects for testimonials, if still alive; and if passed from the ranks of the living, monuments would be erected to perpetuate the memory of their virtues.

The great cause of temperance reform has triumphed over many of the hindrances by which all great beneficent movements are impeded. All organs that reflect

and guide popular opinion speak of the temperance cause with respect. In some cases this may not proceed from any very deep sympathy with the movement itself; but those whose business it is to watch the drift of opinion know that direct hostility to temperance would be pecuniarily unprofitable; so that whatever caveats may be urged against specific measures for the promotion of temperance they generally speak of the cause itself with becoming respect. Even those organs of popular opinion that speak lightly of religion no longer indulge in sneers at the efforts of temperance reformers. This is an indication that the public mind is largely convinced that drunkenness is an unmitigated evil. However great the differences of opinion may be on many questions of public importance, it is evident that there is a growing unanimity of belief that the promotion of temperance is a duty binding on the individual and on the community. It is the most vital moral and social question of the day.

It is not so very long since that men of high Christian and social standing entertained the opinion that total abstinence was right and proper for those in the lower strata of the social scale, but—bless you!—where was the need of decent and reputable people submitting to such irksome restraint and self-denial. The social board and the public banquet had to be graced with the choicest vintages. These notions are not altogether exploded, but they are disappearing fast. In Great Britain, so conservative of old-time habits and usages, the change for the better is both gratifying and remarkable. In the early part of the present session of the Imperial Parliament where the Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered his budget speech, it contained the statement that the duties on liquors were now \$25,000,000 less than they were seven years ago. On all hands the cause of this decrease in the revenue was attributed to the diminished use of intoxicating liquors by the people. In the highest social circles the practical application of temperance principles is apparent. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland and many other social notabilities have joined the Blue Ribbon army. The highest dignitaries of the established Church are among the active promoters of the temperance cause. The Church Temperance Society comprises a membership of nearly half a million. The nonconformist Churches are and have been for many years intimately identified with its advocacy. Sir William Lawson has on more than one occasion succeeded in getting a majority of the House of Commons to pronounce in favour of his local option measure. Mr. MacLagan, a Scottish M.P., obtained the passage of a Bill by which this mode of restriction was conferred on the people of Scotland.

The successes already achieved by temperance reformers are very encouraging. They are sufficient to stimulate all earnest workers to greater diligence and effort than ever. The timid and wavering see more clearly which is the winning side, and they will gravitate towards the cause that is destined to secure the victory. Public opinion will grow in force till it becomes sufficiently strong to achieve the suppression of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. That grand result, however, will not be realized in the immediate future. Much earnest and well-directed work is needed before that happy time arrives. It is while men sleep that the enemy sows tares. So long as drink is within reach the victims of intemperance will increase in numbers, and its inseparable evils will extend. Differences of opinion as to the best methods of battling with this destructive vice may be inevitable, but for all practical purposes there is sufficient unanimity to effect much present good and to advance in the direct line towards prohibition, for that is the logical result as it can only be the ultimate goal of the temperance movement. Those who are engaged in the work now have good reason to thank God and take courage.

## THE REVEREND JAMES CAMERON, OF CHATSWORTH.

TWO weeks ago we had a brief notice of the death of the Rev. James Cameron, of Chatsworth. His position in the Church calls for more extended reference. He was born on the 10th November, 1828, in the parish of Petty, Inverness, Scotland. After passing through the parish school, and that of Inverness Academy, he began to teach at the early age of sixteen. In 1848 he went to Edinburgh, where he was appointed Principal of the Roxborough Free Church School. While thus engaged he attended classes

In the University, and, notwithstanding his work as a teacher, he attained a high place in scholarship, gaining several prizes, and at the close of his course carrying off the silver medal in Moral Philosophy. His reputation among his fellow students was manifested by the fact that he was elected to be vice president, then president of the Metaphysical and Ethical Society of the college. Among his fellow students were Professors A. B. Bruce, John Veitch, D. McGregor, and others of less note yet prominent men. After completing his Arts course he entered Theology in New College, Edinburgh, in 1853, and continued till the summer of 1855. The need of men in Canada was at that time pressed upon the notice of the students, and he decided to come. He completed his theological course in Knox College, Toronto. In 1856 he was sent as a student missionary by the Presbytery of Hamilton to the township of Sullivan, county Grey, where his whole ministerial life was spent. He laboured there with much acceptance. After being licensed by the Presbytery of Toronto in 1857 he went on a visit to Scotland. He was married toward the close of the year, and went on an extended tour through France, Egypt, Palestine and Syria, returning across the south of Europe. While at Alexandria in Egypt the call from the congregation to which he had ministered in Sullivan township reached him. The call was accepted, and on his return he was ordained and inducted February 16th, 1859, to the charge of Chatsworth and Latona, with preaching stations getting occasional service in all directions. The nearest Presbyterian minister to the south was in Mount Forest, over thirty miles distant. His next neighbours on the east were in Collingwood and Barrie, and no one west to Lake Huron. Through all the region he went carrying the Gospel, so that his name in all the district is a household word. Gradually the preaching stations developed into separate mission fields and finally into congregations. The following congregations received their first supply thus: Keady, Desboro' and Peabody; Knox Church, Sydenham, Berkeley and Williamsford and Crawford. In 1872 Latona and Chatsworth became separate congregations, and Mr. Cameron remained in Chatsworth. Others also look back with gratitude to the services given in those early days. During this laborious missionary work he kept up close habits of study, and contributed frequently to the press. He used to say that ministers used the press too little.

For several years he bore alone the burden of the editorial work of the "Christian Monthly," as was also the case with the "Presbyterian Year Book." He was also a frequent contributor in past years to the columns of THE PRESBYTERIAN. Whatever work of this kind he undertook was done faithfully and with marked ability. His constitution was never robust, and as he never spared himself in congregational or other work, these early labours bore bitter fruit in his latter years. During the winter and early spring he had frequent attacks of throat trouble, which more than once laid him aside from pulpit work. Still he toiled on hopefully. Members of Synod will remember the purple flush upon his face which told plainly of bodily weakness. The Synod of Toronto and Kingston appointed him its moderator, and all will remember how meekly and efficiently he filled the chair. Few knew that during the whole meeting of Synod he was suffering severely—so weak was he that he was obliged to remain over Sabbath by the way on his return. One attack of illness followed another so that the members of his family were alarmed, but still he tried faithfully to continue his work. At last he began to feel that a prolonged rest would be necessary to regain his strength, and he spoke of visiting once more the land of his birth. His longing to see his native Highland hills again and to breathe once more the fresh invigorating air of his birth-place became strong. While still deliberating his fatal illness seized him and in two weeks and three days the toiler was at rest.

His death took place on the 13th August. His mind was clear, and his faith grew stronger and stronger to the last. Almost the last conscious act he did was to ask that Paul's words in the Second Epistle to Timothy be read, beginning, "I have fought a good fight." The wasted body showed how severe the last sickness had been. He was buried on the 15th, the church was far too small to hold the people assembled, so that the funeral services were held in the open air. The ministers who took part stood on the veranda in front of the manse, while the hundreds of sorrowing people

stood in the little grove surrounding it. It was a sorrowful day for the whole surrounding country, for all felt they had lost a friend deeply beloved. He leaves two children, son and daughter, by his first wife who died in 1865, and one daughter by his second wife. The widow and children have the heartfelt sympathy of all.

A brief notice like this is not the place to form a critical estimate of the man and his work. Still a few of the more notable features may be mentioned. His modesty and retiring disposition were especially striking. Those who knew him best were well aware that his abilities, both as scholar and preacher, were such as qualified him to occupy any of the most prominent pulpits in the church. Yet he shrank from such positions, even when called to go up higher. The principle on which he acted was that 'God opened no door before his face until the one behind him was closed,' and knowing that he had both the confidence and the love of his people he deemed it a sacred duty to remain at his post in Chatsworth. The principle, as he held it was the outcome of his deep humanity.

This natural modesty made his piety of a most lovable type. As one of God's children he had the benediction which falls upon the peace maker. His faith in God's word of promise, and God's dealing in providence, was of the most absolute kind. It was trust into which no doubt seemed ever to come. His child-like simplicity made him appear stern when denouncing error, but his gentleness made him powerful both to rebuke and console.

To his strong faith abstract things became very real, so that as a preacher he clothed everything with life. He dealt very little with abstract statements in his sermons. His vivid imagination made every sermon almost a divine drama, whose scenes were enacted before the very eyes of the people so plainly that the youngest child might understand. His preaching was doctrinal, but his treatment was of the pictorial kind, which made all it touched instinct with life. His gifts in this direction were really extraordinary. His sermons stand out in the memory of the writer of this sketch as the most vivid and memorable he ever heard.

As a pastor his love for his people was especially strong, and the attachment was mutual. How could it be otherwise? During his sickness his yearning love for them became more intense, and he was frequently heard praying aloud in their behalf.

On the last Sabbath day—twenty-four hours before he died—he heard the carriages passing the manse bearing the worshippers to church as usual. He asked the blind to be raised, and that he himself be lifted up to see his beloved people once more assembling. During his whole ministry he felt the greatness of his responsibility toward his congregation, which made his public ministrations and private dealing alike faithful. In all public moral questions he took a lively interest, and voice and pen were wielded powerfully in behalf of truth. When great questions had to be faced he was never found "hidden among the stuff." He will be sadly missed in the Presbytery, for no man knew the whole field so well. Besides, his wise and faithful counsel will be sorely missed by the younger members—he was verily a father, tender and faithful to them all.

Altogether a great man has been called to his reward—one who has done and was doing noble service in his Master's cause. His loss will be intensely felt by the whole community, for the ties which bound multitudes to him were very strong.

May He who walks in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks and holds the seven stars in His right hand make up in His own wise way the loss which the visible Church has sustained, and the God of all comfort strengthen the hearts of the widow and the fatherless ones, to cast their every care on Him who careth for them.

THE seminary buildings belonging to the Basel Mission in Mongalure, India, have been totally destroyed by fire.

MR WEIR, of Lovedale, South Africa, who is now eighty-two years of age, was one of Dr. Chalmers' Sabbath school teachers in Glasgow.

A POLITICIAN thinks of the next election, a statesman of the next generation. A politician looks for the success of his party, a statesman for that of his country. The statesman wishes to steer, while the politician is satisfied to drift. —James Freeman Clarke.

THE MISSION FIELD.

THE American Baptists have accomplished a grand work among the Karens of Burmah, among whom they have over 450 churches and 23,000 members, more than 1,500 of whom were received the past year.

IN Japan the Buddhists are making a desperate effort to retain the people. Young priests are not licensed now unless they can pass an examination on the Old and New Testaments, and many of the young priests are coming to native pastors and the missionaries to study the Bible. The result must be, in some cases, that these young men will be won by the power of the truth.

THE first Karen who became a Christian was Ko-Thah-Byn. He was born in 1770, and lived with his parents till fifteen years old. He was a wicked boy, and became a robber and murderer. When about fifty years old, he got in debt, and because he could not pay it he was made a slave. A Burman, who was a Christian, paid the debt, and took him into his family to live. Here he learned about Jesus, and became a Christian and was baptized by Rev. Mr. Boardman at Tavoy, May 16, 1828. His life was entirely changed, and he travelled among the people preaching the Gospel. He was earnest and successful, and lived twelve years after becoming a Christian, leading many to Jesus.

A MINISTER writing from Chili says: The lazy, licentious clergy, by their costly establishments, extortionate fees for marriages, burials, baptisms, masses, indulgences, etc., consume the substance of the people, and, what is worse, impose such a system of ignorance and superstition, that their civil and social advancement is almost an impossibility. It is hardly possible to describe the ignorance into which this large lower class has fallen. They consult oracles and divinations, wear charms to ward off the power of the devil, seek the priest's blessing when starting on a journey or when engaging in any important matter; bow down to, kiss and worship images and pictures, and are heathen in all but name. According to the phase of Catholicism in this country, sins against God are the easiest to be forgiven. Many in the higher class have cast aside Catholicism, and though believers in no religion, they favour education, pass tolerant laws, sustain a free press, and are thus preparing the way for the pure Gospel of Christ.

A MISSIONARY in Kolhpore writes: A few days ago one of the missionaries in Kolhpore baptized a Gosavi, or "holy man," who had come to accept Christ as his Saviour. As the circumstances were somewhat peculiar, the missionary thought it best to ask the man some informal questions in the presence of the congregation. Among others, he inquired, "Are you prepared to bear the reproaches and revilings of your friends?" The Gosavi, looking steadfastly at the pastor, answered: "Friends are of the soul. Those who reproach and revile me for this, are they friends? What matter for their words!"

THE Scottish Free Church Missionaries have Lake Nyassa, Africa, well mapped out and are gradually increasing their stations on its shores. A succinct statement of them from the "Free Church Monthly" is as follows: "At Cape Maclear, on the left-hand, is the first station, and still an out-station under the second of our baptized converts, with Chimlolo as headman, a native teacher and a native storekeeper. Some one hundred and sixty miles further up, on the west lake-shore, is Bandawa, at present the central station, where a brick school-church has now been built, a manse and other houses. Some miles north-west in the hills is Mombera, where the Kafir missionary from Lovedale, Mr. W. Koyi, is doing noble service. At the north-west end of the lake is Caronga, where the new missionary highway begins, and whence it is to run two hundred and twenty miles to Pambeté at the south end of lake Tanganyika. On that road, about forty miles up, at a healthy altitude, is Malilwandu, two miles from which Mr. Stewart, C.E., has marked out the mission site, whence the Choongoos are to be evangelized. Mr. Stewart writes: 'We have been living here for more than a month now (20th December, 1882), on very good terms with the chief and the surrounding petty chiefs.' At Mombera the outlook is promising. The chief having given permission to hold preaching services, congregations of 1,500 were gathered, and schools are to be opened. The neighbouring chief Chipatula is more friendly than Mombera who is governed by the whims of his people, and has proposed not to permit the schools."

## CHOICE LITERATURE.

## HER FAITH CURE.

The day had been cold and fretful; but Mrs. Ferris, sitting quietly by her fireside, gave only a passing thought to the cheerless weather. She had placed a large lantern in the porch, which sent its flood of encouraging light no more than a couple of rods into the fog, as she was wont to do every night of the year. This light had guided many a wayfarer along the black, treacherous roads, just as the beacon on Captain's Island had kindly warned many a storm-bound vessel off the rocky coast.

Mrs. Ferris was always throwing light upon some one's pathway. She was so brave and tender-hearted, so unselfish and wisely observant, that I suppose she could not help doing good every day of her life. Even when she established herself in her little willow rocking-chair before the glowing grate, after Betty, the coloured domestic, had removed the tea-things, the kind heart was not given to private speculation or idle reveries. To-night, however, her thoughts were evidently personal. For once she was thinking of herself. Not of self alone, for Mrs. Ferris had a son Ben, a tall, stalwart, noble fellow (so neighbours described him), and he was having a large share of her thought to-night. The mother, whose wealth of affection for her son was simply measureless, was living over the past—a pardonable indulgence in one so lonely and loving.

It seemed but a few months since she was left a penniless widow, with three small boys clinging to her skirts. Two of them went away in the early June after their father died, and they never came back to her except in dreams. Many a time had she and Ben put the simple flowers of the field and forest upon their tiny graves. She was thinking of those frost-nipped lives as the silent tears fell upon her heedless hands. But she was a woman that could not brook dependence; so when the first autumn after her sorrow came, she was toiling in the schoolroom and sewing in the retirement of her attic chamber. Weary struggles soften under the subdued light of the long ago. It is not strange, therefore, that Mrs. Ferris lived those anxious, busy days over again, with somewhat of quiet satisfaction, for she achieved a merited success through all the conflict, although at the expense of time, health and repose.

By dint of ceaseless toil and prudent management, she had supported herself and her child, and even laid aside a respectable sum for the education of Ben. When she thought of the determined efforts which she put forth to send her boy to college; how she skimped, and starved, and saved; how she worked early and late; how she wore one bonnet four seasons, and went without a pair of black kid gloves for five years—when she thought of all this her eyes flashed, and she gloried in her brave self-denial and wearisome labour.

Ben went to college when he was seventeen. He was obliged to be rigidly economical. He did not dress very well. Life presented a severe aspect to him some of the time, but he did not mind it so much when he thought of his great-hearted, noble-spirited mother. He could bear things for her sake that he would not bear for his own. Ben was a proud fellow. It was in the blood. And when, at the end of the Freshman year he came home to his mother bringing his first prize, I doubt if there could be found two happier people upon the face of the earth than this widow and her manly son.

Ben's college work was triumphantly concluded. And then he took matters into his own hands. "Now, mother," said he, "you've served me twenty-one years. Your time's out. We'll change places. I'll serve you twenty-one years." And the great, strong, healthy, handsome son, in his precious young manhood, was true to his word and purpose.

Those were bright days, when Ben came home from the city every night, and told his mother of his progress in the study of law, and how he had as many private pupils to instruct as he had hours to give them.

But these three years pass swiftly. Mrs. Ferris remembers the parting as though it were yesterday. Ben started for the west. The prospects were better for him in one of those earnest, busy, growing cities. How anxiously the mother watched for tidings! Her face assumes a pleading, expectant look even as she sits by her fireside to-night, long long since the uncertain days were lived. "Thank God," says the good woman. She speaks quite unconsciously, and her voice startles her from her reverie. She "thanked God" that Ben was established and prospering, and the words were the echo of words spoken more than ten years ago. And Ben did succeed in quite a phenomenal way. His physique was greatly in his favour. Men of large frame, good flesh, and strong nerve hold their less fortunate brethren at a disadvantage. Then Ben's manners were frank, generous, prepossessing. His scholarship went for less than his native sagacity and politeness. But his irresistible characteristics were vim, push, vigour, energy, force. It was useless to oppose the strong, aggressive personality of the man. Of course he succeeded. And he never in all his striving, for one moment forgot his mother. She was the idol of his heart. He did not want her in the west with him. No, for the life was unsuited to her. She could not thrive in such an atmosphere. Wickedness was to bold and shameless, vice too flagrant and offensive, for one of her pure devout nature. So Ben made a home for her in the old town by the Sound.

How well she remembered the day when, after four years' absence in the west, her boy came back to her! Mrs. Ferris rises from her chair and paces the floor in the stress of her nervous excitement. She is going all through that happy day's experience. Ben came in all the flush and beauty of splendid manhood. He found her in the garden. Softly he stepped upon the neat turf border of the walk until, unheard, he stood behind her, when his arms just clasped her, and with the word "mother" still alive upon his lips, he bent over the frail, startled woman, and gently imprinted a kiss upon her pale brow. The neighbours said that he

took her in his arms and carried her, helpless as an infant, into the house. She never denied that such was the fact, for the truth of it is, she could not remember. What she did remember—and it sends the blood coursing through her veins to-night with some of the old vigour—was the voice of Ben saying with a glad boyish enthusiasm, "Mother, I hear that the old Mead place is for sale. They ask eight thousand dollars for it. I have got six thousand dollars in my pocket. I shall buy that place—give a mortgage for two thousand dollars and pay the rest in cash—and then you shall have your birthday present." (The day following was Mrs. Ferris's birthday. She had well nigh forgotten it.) And the boy was as good as his word.

How proud the mother was of this robust, affectionate specimen of humanity. To-night she counts the number of times that he has journeyed to and fro between the east and the west. The mortgage is paid, the six acres handsomely improved, the house comfortable furnished, and as homelike a home as you could find in all the country round. And now the mother is thinking when Ben will come again. His law business called him to New York once or twice a year. It is about time for him to put in his welcome appearance.

"I wonder what sort of a night it is?" says Mrs. Ferris to Betty, as she spreads the table for the next morning meal. "I don't hear those frightful fog-whistles so often as early in the evening. Is that the wind? Why the fog must have cleared away! And, sure enough, it rains! Well, Betty, go to bed. I shall wait until the theatre-train goes by. The weather makes me restless I think."

So the mother takes her book in hand and sits by the table reading. The wind continues to rise. It pulls harshly at the blinds. The lantern in the portico creaks as if pained by the struggle to retain its proper position. The rain strikes the east side of the house spitefully, the old trees groan and lament, the storm waxes angry and still angry. Suddenly Mrs. Ferris hears the wild whistle of the theatre-train. It whistles for down breaks. The train stops at the station. "Dear me! who can be coming on the train at this time of night?" says Mrs. Ferris. Again the whistle shrieks, the train goes on, and the traveller, whoever he may be, is left to grope in the dark and the mud and the storm.

Hark! the gate creaks. Has the wind lifted the latch or does it yield to some human touch? The mistress peers through the window into the gloom. Her heart takes a great leap. A man is coming up the walk. He sways to and fro in the wind as though impotent to fight the storm. It is Ben! And the mother hastens to the front porch, steps fearlessly into the face of the tempest, and cries, "Ben!" Yes, it is he. He climbs the steps in a dazed, uncertain, hasty manner. His mother clasps him to her heart. He fails to respond. There is a wildness about him that is very strange. He groans as if in great distress. "O my boy! in God's name tell me what has happened?" His utterances is thick yet vehement, his tone is that of anguish and despair. They stand in the doorway—the storm beating in upon them savagely, relentlessly—they look into each other's faces. The son is storm-stained, shivering, hopeless; the mother startled, appealing, terror-stricken.

"Mother, I am lost, ruined! Curse me!" The mother-instinct rose superior to all else. Quick as thought the mother drew her boy into the cosey room and placed him within the light and warmth of the glowing fire. Then she brought him dry changes of garments, set the teakettle a-singing upon the ketch'n stove, made the snow-white table to groan beneath its weight of rich, substantial fare, and—all to no purpose. Her boy followed her with eyes that told alternate tales of weariness and frenzy. The fire was bright, but he shivered by its side; the garments were clean and warm, but they brought no comfort; the food was all the best, but it could not tempt him. No, he was burdened with the weight of a woful sin, and material things could afford no solace or relief. And now we leave mother and son alone. Their confidences are sacred, and we give them due respect.

When Bennett Ferris began work in the west he was as clean in life as any man you could name. But it sometimes occurs that radical changes in one's surroundings and associations will work radical changes in one's character, although the individual's habits of life may have been previously well fixed. Especially true is this of sensitive, impressible natures. Meanwhile the better instincts will live and perpetually assert themselves in curious, unexpected ways. Now Ben was a man whose very virtues made him peculiarly susceptible to certain vices. And when he did not breathe the pure atmosphere of a Christian home his danger was extreme. So his history was the history of a weary throng of men. He mingled with men, and he became as other men of like parts and passions. His hours were late, but he was never accused of drinking to excess. He played well, but he never played high, and he was always prompt to pay his gambling debts. According to the code of morals that obtained in the city where Ben practised law he was a man of unimpeachable integrity and superior character. He was trusted with large sums of money in his journeyings to New York. He was foremost in all laudable enterprises for the improvement of his city. He gave generously to all philanthropic and religious appeals. His fine library, which cost him some eight thousand dollars, was open to all comers. In fact he was a man who was deemed worthy by common consent, to hold the judgeship of that section, and the franchises of the people called him to that honourable position.

When Judge Ferris came to New York in March he carried with him five or six thousand dollars of his own earnings, which he proposed to invest for his mother (always thinking of his mother), and some ten thousand dollars for a friend, which he was to dispose of in a certain interest. He arrived in the city on the morning of the 20th. He spent the day with several old cronies from the west whom he had not seen in many a day. He drank with them. He played with them. In the exuberance of good feeling he did, for the first time perhaps, end in excess. He became sadly muddled. Human vultures, ever watchful for their prey, seized upon him. They led him on to high stakes. He lost. Drowning all prudence in whiskey straight, he risked

every dollar that belonged to him. And then he did not stop. He risked every dollar that his friend had entrusted to him, and all was lost.

Judge Ferris was a ruined man. And what were his thoughts? Vain the attempt to paint them. In flashes of reason he heard his mother's voice. And it was that delusion that drew him away from the river's brink and lured him to the theatre-train. He entered his mother's home as pitiable a human wreck as you can find in many a day upon the shores of time. For the wounded, bleeding soul of an erring, guilty man what balm equals a mother's deathless affection? Well for Bennett Ferris that God in His mercy spared him his mother!

To this sweet and stainless nature the stricken man revealed himself. He harshly told the story of his career, and then he relapsed into an ominous silence. At last the mother became fearful of immediate appalling consequences. She asserted her authority. She compelled him to lie down upon her own bed. She tried to soothe him by touch and voice. But it seemed useless. His brain was on fire. He talked wildly, incoherently. It was frightful, for ere long he did not know his mother, and she feared that death was staring him in the face. Before the hour was gone the doctor was summoned; Betty was actively ministering to her mistress's calls, while the ravings of the sick man and the wild chorus of the winds made the March night hideous and bodiful.

It was a case of brain fever, the doctor said. The strong constitution of the sufferer was greatly in his favour, but evidently he would have a siege of it. So the mother nursed him through the night, and through the following day. The storm did not abate. Nevertheless when evening came Mrs. Ferris left the bedside for the first time, and under the escort of her farm-boy she plunged into the blackness of the tempestuous evening. What could call her from home and the side of her sick boy at such a time? She must have become infected with her son's delirium! No, she is even now doing that which looks to the healing of the dear one of her heart. All day long she has planned how she may save him from the woful consequences of his sin. Nothing less than the hope that she might succor him could have driven her from his presence to-night.

And now she hasten to the great stone mansion on the hill. An old New York banker has set up his household gods in the place. He is known to Mrs. Ferris as a large-hearted Christian philanthropist. She calls for him. In the library she meets him. They are known to one another. She needs no introduction. With no word of explanation, fired with a brave purpose, she states her earnest need.

"My friend," said she, "I am in great trouble. I must raise ten thousand dollars. My home and its contents cost eleven. Can you give me the money, and take a mortgage?"

Her tearless eyes were irresistibly beseeching. "Mrs. Ferris," replied the banker, after a moment's consideration, "I—I will, on behalf of the bank, give you seven thousand dollars on a mortgage—"

"Oh, my God, to whom shall I go for the rest?" interrupted the sorrow-stricken woman in despairing tones.

"And I will lend you the additional three thousand," continued he, brushing away a tear that stole down his cheek.

How could a man help it, when such an agonizing appeal was made to him?

"You may give me your note, and perhaps your son had better sign with you."

Prudence still asserts itself even in moments of genuine sympathy and grief. The clock strikes the hour. She is home again, sitting patiently by the bedside.

The next morning a telegram is brought to the judge's "friend" in the western city. It reads:

"My son is very ill. Brain fever. Where shall I deposit your ten thousand dollars?"

"MRS. ROYAL FERRIS." Before the day is sped the reply is put in the mother's hands:

"Sorry the judge is sick. Deposit the cash to my credit in First Broadway National Bank. Telegraph at my expense any change in your son's condition."

And now came the long weary days and the long restless nights, and then returns the sway of reason in the life of Bennett Ferris. When the first gleams appear the mother tells her story, that her son may know his relief. His words are very few and his tears are very many. Hope has not been kindled in his heart. The world may never hear of his shameful breach of faith and his overwhelming disgrace, but the solemn, treacherous fact remains. And the mother feels that thus her son is reasoning, as day after day his health returns, but not his cheerfulness and buoyancy.

Perhaps it is three weeks since the memorable March night. Mother and son are sitting where the morning sunshine bathes them in its welcome light. It is the decisive hour of a life-time.

"Mother, there's no one in the world cares anything about me but you."

The mother clasps his hand, and draws him close by her side.

"If it were known that I misappropriated that money, I doubt if a single man would defend me. I tell you, mother, this is a rough and heartless world when a man goes wrong in certain directions. He may swear, and drink, and gamble, and play fast and loose with women, and yet be called very nice and respectable, but the instant he is 'swamped' by reason of these things, then men cuff him and kick him and stamp on him, and he is an outcast."

"Well, my boy, thank God that it is not so with you."

"But, mother, if I am not disgraced in the sight of my old associates and clients, the fact is a matter of record that I deserve disgrace, and that I am not trustworthy."

"Ben, do not say it. The world might easily lose faith in you, but I never."

"Yes, mother, you're good and I'm your boy."

"Now, Ben," and the mother rose from her chair and faced her boy, "the day has come. You are disheartened and hopeless. I see that you do not care to return to your



western life. You feel that, however men may trust you, you can never trust yourself, and a man that cannot trust himself is a sorry dependence. My boy you cannot change the past, but you can redeem the past. You cannot wipe out a fact, but God in his infinite love has so ordered life that we can evoke good from evil and transform a bitter memory into a piteous and merciful warning. That which you have done is done. God pardon you for your sin and crime. But it stands to day not as a relentless, vindictive tyrant, but as a heavy chastisement—a fiery discipline persuading the heart to manlier effort. O Ben, my dear son, I have a charge for you. I know not whether the prayer of faith to-day will heal the sick of body. But this I know, there is a faith-cure that is real—the faith-cure of the soul. There is work for you to do, and you will do it well. There is a noble life for you to live, and, my son, you will live it. I dare not say to the deceased body, in the name of Christ, 'Be healed,' but I dare say to your suffering spirit, in Christ's name, 'Be healed.' My faith in the Saviour is quenchless. My faith in you is undying.

It is the blossomful month of June, and just twenty-one years since Bennett Ferris took his plunge into the cold world. The judge—now member for Congress—is at home with his mother. The neighbours are entirely poverty-stricken when they look for words to express their esteem and admiration for the man. They come in large numbers to pay their respects to him. But now at twilight he sits alone. He is thinking of the words he spoke so many years ago. "Mother, you've served me twenty-one years. Your time's out. We'll change places. I'll serve you twenty-one years." And now the record of the happy servitude is finished. All debts are paid, the mortgage lifted, a snug sum has been invested in bank stock for the mother, a reasonable amount of substantial properties in Bennett Ferris' own name bear witness to his prosperity. But what are these things worth over against a sterling manhood? A better work than the builded fortune, he has built a noble character. And whatever may be the virtue of faith touching the cure of the body, no one can deny its virtue touching the cure of the soul, for here was a faith-cure veritable, enduring.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

FAMOUS ESCAPES FROM INDIANS.

Dr. Edward Eggleston's profusely illustrated paper in the September "Century" on "Indian War in the Colonies" recounts the following exploits: "Stories of marvellous and ingenious escapes were the romance of the colonies, and such adventures date back to the earliest Indian war in Virginia, where a man and his wife, who had been spared in the wholesale slaughter, found their opportunity while the Indians were dancing for joy over the acquisition of a white man's boat that had drifted ashore. These captives got into a canoe, and soon afterward surprised their friends in the settlements, who had believed them to be dead. Very like this was the escape of Anthony Bracket and his wife in Maine. They were left to follow on after their captors, who were eager to reach a plundering party in time to share in the spoil. Bracket's wife found a broken bark canoe, which she mended with a needle and thread; the whole family then put to sea in this rickety craft, and at length reached Black Point, where they got on board a vessel. A little lad of eleven years named Eames, taken in Philip's war, made his way thirty miles or more to the settlements. Two sons of the famous Hannah Bradley effected an ingenious escape, lying all day in a hollow log and using their provisions to make friends with the dogs that had tracked them. They journeyed in extreme peril and suffering for nine days, and one of them fell down with exhaustion just as they were entering a white settlement. A young girl in Massachusetts, after three weeks of captivity, made a bridle of bark, and catching a horse, rode all night through the woods to Concord. Mrs. Dean, taken at Oyster river in 1694, was left with her daughter in charge of an old Indian while the rest finished their work of destruction. The old fellow asked his prisoner what would cure a pain in his head. She recommended him to drink some rum taken from her house. This put him to sleep, and the woman and child got away. Another down-east captive, with the fitting name of Toogood, while his captor during an attack on a settlement was disentangling a piece of string with which to tie him, jerked the Indian's gun from under his arm and, levelling it at his head, got safely away.

"Escaping captives endured extreme hardships. One Bard, taken in Pennsylvania, lived nine days on a few buds and four snakes. Mrs. Inglis, captured in the valley of Virginia, escaped in company with a German woman from a place far down the Ohio river. After narrowly avoiding discovery and recapture, they succeeded in ascending the south bank of the Ohio for some hundreds of miles. When within a few days' travel of the settlements, they were so reduced by famine that the German woman, enraged that she had been persuaded to desert the Indian flesh-pots, and crazed with hunger, made an unsuccessful attack on her companion with cannibal intentions.

"The most famous of all the escapes of New England captives was that of Hannah Duston, Mary Neff, and a boy, Samuel Leonardson. These three were carried off, with many others, in 1697, in the attack on Haverhill. Mrs. Duston's infant child having been killed by the Indians. When the captors had separated, the party to whom the two women and the boy were assigned encamped on an island in the Merrimac river. At midnight the captives secured hatchets and killed ten Indians—two men two women, and six children—one favourite boy, whom they meant to spare, and one badly wounded woman, escaping. After they had left the camp, the fugitives remembered that nobody in the settlements would believe, without evidence, that they had performed so redoubtable an action; they therefore returned and scalped the Indians, after which they scuttled all the canoes on the island but one, and in this escaped down the Merrimac, and finally reached Haverhill. This was such an exploit as made the actors immediately famous in that bloody time. The Massachusetts General Court gave Mrs. Duston twenty-five pounds and granted half that amount to

each of her companions. The story of their daring deed was carried far to the southward, and Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, sent a valuable present to the escaped prisoners."

WORDS AND DEEDS.

They do the least  
Who talk the most;  
Whose good designs  
Are all their boast;  
For words are dew.

They do the most  
Whose lives possess  
The sterling stamp  
Of righteousness;  
For deeds are true.

And if the heart  
Be pure and good,  
The life will be  
Just what it should—  
Not dew, but true.

—Independent.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in a desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert; "a presidential capital," with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun; the street which is called Strait, in which it was said "he prayed," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there is still the sheik, the ass, and the waterwheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still "occupy" these "with the multitude of their wares."

The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighbouring height, and was afraid to enter, "because it was given to man to have but one paradise, and, for his part, he was resolved not to have it in this world," is to-day what Julian called the "eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plums, and the delicious apricot of Portugal, called damasco; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised up on a smooth bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII.; the Damascus blade, so famous the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with gold and silver, a kind of mosaic, engraving and sculpture united—called damaskeening—with which boxes, bureaux and swords are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the streams of Lebanon and the "silk of gold" still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gardens.—*Exchange.*

BANK OF ENGLAND.

The Bank of England covers nearly five acres, and includes most of a parish, with the churchyard now known in bank parlance as "the Garden," and a very neat little garden it is. Long after it ceased to be a burial ground an ancient servant of the bank, of amazing stature, was buried there for safe-keeping by request of his friends, who feared that some enterprising museum would go for his skeleton. The bank occupies the site also of the house and garden of Mr. Houblon, its first Governor, a Huguenot of exemplary character, whose very wealthy descendants hold the estates he bought near London. The first Deputy Governor, Mr. Godfrey, nephew of the unfortunate Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey—not Sir Edmondsbury, as is usually written—a famous magistrate, murdered in the Titus Oates days, was killed at the siege of Namur, whither he had gone on bank business, having insisted on accompanying William III. to the trenches. The bank is guarded by a detachment of the Foot Guards, who take possession about five o'clock every evening. The officer on guard is allowed a handsome dinner for himself and two friends, with plenty of wine, but the friends have to depart at eleven o'clock. The men do not know who will be on the bank guard; so collusion is impossible. The building has no external windows, and contains acres of vaults. In the day-time it is guarded by its own porters and by policemen, many of them in plain clothes, who are always on the watch.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

It is hard for a young mother who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators, who copy her morals and manners. As the mother is, so are the sons and daughters. If a family of children are blessed with an intelligent mother, who is dainty and refined in her manners, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the drawing-room and an entirely different person in her every-day life, but who is a true mother, always a tender, charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of speech and perfect manners repeated in her children. Great, rough men and noisy, busy boys will always tone their voices and step quietly, and try to be more mannerly when she stops to give them a kind word or pleasant smile—for a true mother will never fail to say or do all the kind, pleasant things she can that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil. The mother of to-day rules the world of to-morrow.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

DR. MACKAY of Hull is supplying the Presbyterian pulpit at Oban during August.

REV. JAMES STALKER, of Kirkcaldy has declined the principalship of Melbourne University.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made to have a Luther celebration in England in November next.

THE venerable Dr. Buckley of Orissa is preparing a marginal reference Bible in Oriya for the native Christians.

THERE is no change for the better in the health of Rev. Dr. Knox of Linenhall Street Church, Belfast. He remains very seriously ill.

PARIS has twenty-three libraries, which it is proposed to increase in number to forty. More than one-half of all the books read are novels.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER, of the City Temple, London, and a noted Congregational preacher, is expected to spend a long vacation in the United States.

MR. SPURGEON says that "newspapers are not always edited by Solomons, or if they are, the father is frequently out of the way, and his son Rehoboam manages the business."

A CHOCTAW Indian has taken the degree of B.A. at Roanoke College, Virginia. He is the first Indian who has graduated. He is preparing for the Presbyterian ministry.

THE sub-committee on lapsing, of which Prof. Bruce is convener, recommend the formation of "Strangers' Committees," like the one in operation in Glasgow, in all large towns.

A NEW association, with the Pope at its head, protects its members from cholera and other epidemics by supplying each with two pictures of saints and an inscription which acts as a charm.

THE third edition of Prof. Blackie's "Altavona," containing too plain a statement of facts about the Highlands to find a publisher in Edinburgh, has been issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall of London.

THE New Jersey State Senate, with only two dissentients, have passed a bill which forbids the sale of cigarettes and of tobacco—even for the purposes of chewing—to all minors under the age of sixteen years.

IN India the census of 1881, the particulars of which are only now appearing, shows that the Presbyterians outnumber the other Protestant denominations. Episcopacy claims 2'3 per cent., or some 3,300; Presbyterianism 2'8, or about 3,600.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury, in view of his discovery in London of whole families employed in making match boxes for four and a half cents a gross, and paid only eight cents for making an ulster, concludes that the only remedy is emigration.

THE national memorial in Scotland to Archbishop Tait is to take the form of a monument, including a bust, in Park Place, Edinburgh, beside the new University buildings, and within a few feet of the site of the house in which the archbishop was born.

THE Established Church of Scotland has 1,275 parish churches, and 110 chapels, or unendowed churches, and 530,292 communicants. The Free Church of Scotland has 1,009 charges, and 314,604 members—being a net increase of 577 over last year.

THE Rev. Dr. Alfred Barry, principal of King's College, London, has accepted the bishopric of Sydney, which carries with it the position of metropolitan of New South Wales and primate of Australia. He is a son of the architect of the Houses of Parliament.

THE Rev. William Cousin, of Melrose died on 1st inst. in his seventy-first year. In 1847 he married Miss Anne Ross Cundell, well known as a hymn-writer, and especially as the author of "The Sands of Time are Sinking," founded on the dying words of Samuel Rutherford.

"MORE than a ton" of strawberries were provided for a "strawberry tea" which Mr. W. Ross of Old Kent Road gave the other day to the children, teachers, and staff at Mr. Spurgeon's orphanage! So Mr. Spurgeon says in his magazine this month; but it is probably a joke.

PROF. BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, speaking at the opening of the new college at Merchiston, Edinburgh, said the social peculiarities of Scotland consisted in three things, the Church, the law, and its educational institutions, and whoever tampered with those three things was a traitor to his country.

MR. GEORGE LOVEJOY, the Reading bookseller, the friend of Miss Mitford and of many other English authors of note, has died in his seventy-sixth year. He was much more than a tradesman, having a genuine feeling for literature. He was a Nonconformist, and a staunch advocate of religious equality.

SCOTLAND is about to get a national portrait gallery. The Government will vote the £10,000 needed to secure the equal sum offered in February last by an unnamed patriot. The antiquarian museum in Edinburgh, set free by the removal of its collection to the museum of science and art, will receive the portraits.

BISHOP RYLE of Liverpool preached at the opening of the British Medical Association on "Luke, the Physician." He said one great phenomenon of the Christian religion was the dignity and importance attached to the human body, and it was a remarkable fact that one of the men chosen to write the Gospels was a physician.

FOR some years the sister of Charles Dickens resided at Oban with her husband, Mr. Henry Burnett; and while there they were members of the Independent Church, and took an active part in the work of the Sabbath school. It was one of their children, a little deformed boy, quaintly meditative, who was the original of his distinguished uncle's Paul Dombey.

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

**LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.** (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—The American Sunday School Union are publishing an excellent and remarkably cheap series of Sunday school volumes under the title of "Robert Raikes Libraries," of which this and the undermentioned nine are recent issues. After a well-written introductory chapter, number one contains an admirable life of George Washington. Without being childish, it is written in a style that will prove most attractive to children and young people.

**WHAT IS HER NAME?** By Rev. Dr. Edersheim. (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—The author of this interesting and instructive story is a man of varied accomplishments. Born a Jew, in maturer years he embraced the faith of Jesus of Nazareth, became a minister in the Free Church of Scotland, and has made many valuable contributions to sacred literature. He has proved himself as good a writer for the young as in other departments he has done for the learned.

**THE LOST KEY.** By the author of "Little Water-cress Sellers." (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—"The Lost Key" is a good tale simply told, and conveying some excellent lessons for young readers.

**AMOS ARMFIELD.** (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—This is a simple tale of humble village life. The story is didactic, and interestingly told.

**RUTH LEE.** By the Author of "Wild Flowers." (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—Another tale of humble life, in which the true secret of cheerfulness is illustrated and taught by examples. The author is in deep sympathy with nature, and from observant study derives instructive points for young readers.

**KENNETH FORBES; OR, FOURTEEN WAYS OF STUDYING THE BIBLE.** (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—In this story of the method Kenneth Forbes' mother adopted for the purpose of teaching sacred truth to her children much scripture truth is imparted in an interesting manner.

**THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.**—By Allen Richmond. (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—This volume contains an autobiography written with elegance which always pertains to simplicity. The tone is healthy and the lessons derived from experience are taught in a direct and attractive manner.

**PIERRE AND HIS FAMILY; OR, A STORY OF THE WALDENSES.** (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—The history of the noble inhabitants of the Vaudois Valleys has stirred thousands of readers. A people whose moral heroism and devotion to a pure Christianity were so remarkable could not fail to afford many particular instances of genuine piety in old and young. The story of Pierre is founded on a history of the Waldenses, by William Jones. The main incidents recorded are historical facts, not imaginary creations.

**JESICA'S FIRST PRAYER, AND RUBEN KENT AT SCHOOL.** (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—This volume contains two short tales designed more especially for young children.

**NELLIE GREY.** (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—Like the preceding volume, this is also designed for young readers, though it extends over a wider range. The sub-title indicates its object to some extent, "Ups and Downs of Everyday Life and their Lessons." It traces the minute incidents in the lives of two sisters from their childhood up to the time of their admission into church fellowship. The series as a whole is excellent, and is fitted for usefulness in the Sabbath school.

**MEMORIAL TRIBUTES.** Edited by J. Sanderson, D.D. (New York: E. B. Treat.)—This handsome but inexpensive book is an issue of "The Pastor's Library," compiled by the editor and issued by the publisher of "The Pulpit Treasury." It is designed as a suggestive help to pastors in the preparation of funeral addresses. A brief, appropriate and characteristic introduction is written by Dr. John Hall. The volume contains over one hundred outlines of addresses by some of the most eminent living divines, while selections are also made from the writings of

those who have passed away. The addresses for the most part are by men distinguished for their attachment to evangelical truth. They are classified under the headings "Childhood," "Youth," "Middle Age," "Old Age," and "Miscellaneous." Under the last several addresses of mournful historic interest are to be found, for instance, one "On Sudden Death," by D. L. Moody, suggested by the death of Mrs. P. P. Bliss, and another on "The President of the United States, J. A. Garfield," by William M. Taylor, D.D. Eighteen specimens of memorial resolutions are given. An index of texts and authors add to facility of reference. The book is beautifully got up, being well printed on fine paper with red edges. It has as a frontispiece an engraving of the crude gothic structure forming the main entrance to Greenwood cemetery.

**GODS ANSWERS.** By Clara M. S. Lowe. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)—The authoress of this excellent little volume has a high appreciation of philanthropic work, and of one who has been highly honoured because intensely earnest and devoted in Christ like service. The book is a record of Miss Annie Macpherson's work at the Home of Industry, Spitalfields, London, and in Canada. It contains most interesting biographical details relating to the life and work of Miss Macpherson. She has proved herself, without being conscious of it, a heroine both in faith and Christian work. Impelled by devotion to the Master's service and love for the perishing, she has consecrated her best energies to the reclamation of poor children who crowd the wretched tenements in streets and alleys in the eastern part of London and the waifs of other cities in Britain. She has crossed the Atlantic many times in charge of her youthful protégés. The success attending her efforts must be to her a precious reward. Interesting extracts are given detailing the well doing of many who have through Miss Macpherson's instrumentality been saved from wretchedness and crime. To all interested in the Christ-like task of rescuing the perishing this unpretentious little volume will prove intensely interesting.

**THE ELZEVIR LIBRARY.** (New York: John B. Alden.)—In addition to the cheap issue in paper covers, the enterprising publisher of the "Elzevir Library" has issued a more elegant edition in cloth binding, gilt-lettered, of the choice works of our best writers. The first volume of the scientific series contains "The Philosophy of Style," by Herbert Spencer. "The Civilization of Asia," by George Rowlinson; "Demonstrative Evidences of Evolution," by Professor Huxley; "World Smashing, Meteoric Astronomy, and Lunar Volcanoes" by W. Mitiou Williams; and "The Sea-Serpents of Science," by Andrew Wilson. Another volume "The Great Bridge" contains the orations delivered at the opening of the bridge between New York and Brooklyn by the Hon. Abraham S. Hewitt and Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs. Other two contain excellent though brief biographies of Peter Cooper and Alexander H. Stephens, respectively. Then there are three volumes of the Classic Series—"Demosthenes," by the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M.A., late fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; "Aristotle," by Sir Alexander Grant, L.L.D., principal of Edinburgh University; and "Plato," by Clifton W. Collins, M.A., H. M. Inspector of Schools. The last two volumes contain Edwin Arnold's "Song of Songs" and "Pearls of the Faith." The publication of "The Elzevir Library" is a remarkable instance of modern enterprise. What is most noteworthy and valuable in recent literature is brought within the reach of every class of readers. Its spirited projector is a benefactor to his fellow-men.

**RECEIVED.**—From James Bain & Son, Toronto, three excellent tracts, "Believe! only Believe," by Rev. Dr. Humphrey; "The Preaching for the Times," by Rev. Dr. Charles A. Dickey read before the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Philadelphia, and published by request; and "Person and Power of the Holy Spirit" by Rev. Dr. S. W. Dana. These are issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

THE discussion of the ministerial "famine" among our neighbours across the frontier brings many minor things to the surface which may occasion surprise to some. Here is one of the petty annoyances pointed out by the "Baptist Weekly." If a church wants to secure a new pastor it can scarcely take a surer course to drive off desirable men than by maligning the pastor who has left them.

## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

REV. G. D. BAYLIE, B.A., of Wakefield, who has been supplying Bank Street Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, has received a call from the congregation of Morrisburgh.

ST ANDREW'S Church, Chatham, N.B., was reopened a short time since, after being closed for painting and repairs. The interior of the building now looks fresh, clean, and attractive.

THE Bible class of Knox Church, Toronto, to the number of 350, had an excursion to Niagara Falls last week per steamer Chicora and Canada Southern Railway. The party returned in the evening well pleased with the trip.

AUGUST has been an Ontario month in the pulpit of Knox Church, Winnipeg. On the 5th inst. it was occupied by the Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's College, on the 12th by the Rev. Dr. King, of Toronto, on the 19th by the Rev. G. M. Milligan, of Toronto, and on the 26th by the Rev. Dr. Cochrane of Brandon.

THE Regina "Leader" states that the Historical Society of Winnipeg have sent a delegation consisting of Professor Bryce, Rev. D. M. Gordon, Messrs. J. H. Panton, Gooderich, Hughan, and Bell, out west. The object is holiday and business. Each has his own department, on which he will report separately to the society.

THE Rev. Mr. Lyle spoke a few words of farewell to the Central Church congregation on Sabbath evening week, prior to his departure on a six weeks' vacation. He also thanked his people for their kindness and liberality to Mrs. Lyle and himself. The reverend gentleman's pulpit will be occupied by Revs. Professor Scribner and Dr. Ormiston during his absence.

ON Monday evening week Rev. Alexander Gilray, of College Street Presbyterian Church, moderated in a call from Chalmers Church, corner of Dorecourt road and Dundas street, to Rev. Alexander Mutch, B.A. Mr. Mutch is a graduate of Knox College, and has been labouring as a missionary in this congregation during the past few months. The call was signed by every member of the congregation. This church, since its removal to a more suitable locality, has been growing rapidly in strength of late, and has bright prospects before it.

ON the 14th inst. the Rev. Mr. Gallagher was inducted into the pastoral charge of Riversdale, Eoniskillen and North Kinloss, in the Presbytery of Bruce. The Rev. Dr. Moffat, of Free St. John's, Walkerton, preached and presided. The Rev. John Mordy, M.A., of St. Paul's, Walkerton, addressed the newly inducted minister. In the absence of the Rev. Mr. Anderson, Mr. Mordy and Dr. Moffat gave short addresses to the people. Mr. Gallagher succeeds Mr. Forbes, now of Dakota, and Mr. Inglis, now of Ayr. The field as now arranged presents ample scope for all the energies of any minister.

REV. A. HENDERSON, of Hyde Park and Komoka, desires through the medium of this paper to acknowledge the following contributions in response to his appeal in behalf of the Rev. A. B.—, and to express his sincere thanks as well as the profound gratitude of the receiver and his family to the respective contributors. Per Jas. Weir, Byron, \$2; per Jno. Rennie, Ailsa Craig, \$6; per F. Ballantyne, Westminster, \$50; per Thos. McAdam, Strathroy, \$5; per N. McKinnon, Mosa, \$10; per W. R. Sutherland, Ectrid, \$5; per Komoka Congregation, \$24; per J. A. MacConnell, Delaware, \$20; per H. Cameron, Glencoe, \$3; per A. & J. Argo, Fergus, \$10; per D. O. McLeod, Paris, \$26; per M. Fraser, St. Thomas, \$8; per J. S. McKay, Thamesford (L. Cameron's), \$19.50; per Jno. Johnston, Lobo, \$1; per A. Cameron, Napier (J. R. Johnston's), \$13; per W. R. Sutherland, Aldborough, \$5.52. Total, \$208.02.

THE Presbyterian Church in Lower Napan, N.B., was dedicated for divine service on Sabbath, 12th inst. The attendance was very large, the day being remarkably fine. The people came from Chatham, Upper Napan, Point aux Car, Escuminac and many other places. The Rev. E. Wallace Waits, pastor of St. Andrew's, Chatham, commenced the services with Psalm c., reading 2 Chronicles vi., and prayer. After this he preached an appropriate sermon on the "Universal Kingship and Everlasting Reign of the

Lord Jesus Christ," taking for his text Psalm lxxii. 17. After the sermon the Rev. John Robertson, of Black River, gave an address, in the course of which he congratulated the people upon the success of the good work they had put their hands to, and exhorted them to go on in peace and harmony until the buildings should be completely furnished; and expressed the desire that it might be the birthplace of many souls. The services were concluded with singing and the benediction. Many citizens of Catham were present. The collection, which was deposited upon a table as the congregation entered the church, amounted to \$60.

THE demise of an old and highly respected citizen of Alvinston, Mr. John McKenzie, is chronicled by an exchange. Mr. McKenzie was born at Inverness, Scotland, on the twenty-third of September, 1817, and emigrated to Nova Scotia with his parents while an infant. In 1834 he moved into London township, where he resided for about ten years. During the rebellion of 1837 and 1838 he took an active part, but before the campaign was ended he met with an accident, while jumping out of a waggon, which made amputation of his right leg above the knee necessary. In 1844 he moved into the city of London, where he commenced a grocery establishment, which he managed very successfully for several years. He then went to Brucefield, near Goderich, and commenced a general store, but tiring of that locality he moved to Lobo for a short time; and in 1872 he commenced store keeping in Alvinston. Mr. McKenzie was a straightforward, honest, upright gentleman, and by his actions made many friends. Mr. McKenzie's mother survives him, and is a hale, hearty old lady of ninety-three years of age. She lives at Hyde Park, in the township of London. The deceased was always a strict member of the Presbyterian Church. Early in life he endeavoured to serve his Creator, and at the time of his death he expressed a strong hope of inheriting that house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens. The funeral sermon, which was instructive and impressive, was preached in the Presbyterian church, Alvinston, by the Rev. J. R. Johnston, B.A.

MR. ARCHIBALD McALPINE died on the thirteenth inst. at his residence in Mossa, after a short illness. He was a young man of noted piety. He made a public profession of his faith in Christ and became a member of the congregation of Mossa Presbyterian church at the early age of eighteen years. The congregation was then under the pastoral care of the Rev. Archibald Stewart, now of North Easthope, and the session about a year thereafter took steps to elect and ordain a board of deacons. Mr. McAlpine was one of those whom the congregation elected, and who were ordained on January 11th, 1875; and ever since, till he was laid aside by his last illness, he discharged the duties of his office with alacrity and efficiency. His last illness was inflammation of the bowels which attacked him so severely that from the first he himself had no hope of his recovery, although his physicians for several days gave favourable reports of his symptoms. His mind was bright to the last; and he talked to his friends as much as his strength would permit about his good hope through Christ, giving them kind counsels concerning their souls' salvation. His death may be said to have been a great sermon, which it is hoped those who witnessed will not forget. He leaves a wife and a child, his father, who is an elder in the same congregation, his mother and a large circle of attached friends to lament his loss. The funeral was attended by a very large concourse of sympathizing acquaintances. An appropriate sermon was preached on the occasion by his pastor from the text, "Help, Lord; for the Godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Is. xii. 1. He was buried in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

THE Rev. W. D. Armstrong delivered an interesting address on the evening of Sabbath, 19th inst., in the Daly Street Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, giving his impressions of the state of religious life in Scotland. He referred to the deep interest taken by people here in all that affects the welfare of that land. To many it is endeared by all the associations of youth and early hopes and joys. By many it is revered as the land of our fathers. Its grand religious history is enshrined in all our hearts and memories. A little country indeed, but a fountain of blessing to many lands, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. Our own Presbyterian Church in its early days was nursed by her as a child upon the mother's lap.

But has there not come a great change over Scotland? Has the fine gold not become dim? Has not religious life deteriorated in the land of our fathers? These questions are asked more especially with regard to three points. (1) Family discipline and worship; (2) The keeping of the Sabbath; (3) Faithfulness to the doctrines of the Church. It is true that family religion is not what it once was. It is true that the keeping of the Sabbath has not now that pre-eminence which made the Scottish Sabbath proverbial. It is true that there has been much questioning as to forms of belief, and there have been heresy cases before the Church courts. The spirit of enquiry and the intellectual commerce of nations have much to do with these changes. But all change is not necessarily for the worse. The Sabbath School, the young men's meeting and other forms of social religious training are taking the place, or at all events seeking to fill up the defects, of the older method, whilst a more rational and well defined faith must be the result of all earnest inquiry after truth. Among the encouraging and hopeful features Mr. Armstrong alluded to were (1) The great number of earnest, faithful, consecrated pastors, who, in preaching, teaching, organizing, are giving themselves wholly to the work of saving souls. Scotland never had a nobler ministry than at the present time, although lacking in those who by their power render themselves conspicuously pre-eminent; (2) A marked movement among laymen of position, many of whom have not only consecrated their business but have given themselves to the Lord in personal endeavour; (3) A widespread and thoughtful sympathy with the Lord's work everywhere; (4) The great advance being made in the cause of temperance. In concluding he referred to some of the ecclesiastical questions that bulk so largely before the public eye, especially the agitation for disestablishment in which there is no little bitterness, and expressed his thankfulness that not in these discussions nor even in her great Church courts, but in her great cities, and in personal acquaintance with her pastors and their work he had felt the throb of the religious life of Scotland.

### SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

#### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

##### LESSON XXXVI.

Sept. 9, 1883.

RUTH AND NAOMI.

{ Ruth i. 14-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—Ruth 1: 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Dwell with the people of God.

INTRODUCTION.—The Book of Ruth, after the wars of the Book of Judges, is like a cool and grassy place in the fields after a hot and dusty road. It is an appendix to the Book of Judges. The time has been computed, with great probability, to be about 1222 B.C.; though some place it a hundred years further back. But at this latter date there seems to be too great an interval between Boaz and David. A man of Bethlehem, Elimelech, with Naomi, his wife, and two sons, went in a time of famine across the Jordan, and lived in Moab. The sons grew up: Mahlon married Ruth, and Chilion married Orpah, women of Moab. The father and the two sons died. Mahlon means "sickly," and Chilion means "pining;" and very likely the father and his sons were of weakly constitutions. The three women were left. Ten years from her arrival in Moab, Naomi would return to Bethlehem. Her daughters-in-law started to go with her. She advised them to stay.

I. THE CHOICE OF ORPAH.—Ver. 14.—And wept again. it was a tender parting. They had been kind to her and to the dead; (ver 5); and the poor widow was going home alone and poor. Orpah kissed her mother-in-law: she loved Naomi, but she left her. She had probably professed Jehovah's worship; but was now going back again to the gods of her people.

Ver. 15.—Thy sister is gone back: her religious principles were not so settled as those of Ruth. She could indeed serve Jehovah in Moab; but could better do so in Israel. Naomi rightly understood that when Orpah went back, she would return "unto her gods." Return thou: Ruth and Orpah had their free choice. Naomi did not wish them to come with her, and then regret it.

II. THE CHOICE OF RUTH.—Ver. 16.—Entreat me not to leave thee: no finer burst of godly eloquence was ever uttered, than by Ruth to Naomi. She would go where she went, she would stay where she staid; she would share her experience, and choose her people, and serve her God. Her mind was calmly and perfectly made up. Just the state of mind to be prayed for: and possessed by a convert.

Ver. 17.—Where thou diest, will I die: neither in life nor death did she wish to be parted from her. Naomi's life must have been very attractive and saintly to inspire such love on the part of Ruth. This is an open, but unfrequented path to success in the Lord's work. The Lord do so to me: a solemn form of words often found in the Bible. An oath.

Ver. 18.—Saw that she was steadfastly minded: Naomi ceased urging her to return, when she saw she was fully resolved to go. The young disciple will find that a steadfast avowal of obedience to Christ, generally disarms opposition. *The heaving tempt themselves.*

III. THE RETURN HOME.—Ver. 19.—They too went. it was a sorrowful returning. The two women, each perhaps carrying a little bundle with some articles of clothing and keepsakes of the dead, lodging at night with people as poor as themselves, ascending the 4,000 feet from the Jordan to the high crest of Bethlehem; weary and alone. Yet God was with them. All the City was moved. Every walled place was called a "City." Bethlehem was very small. People were just as fond of news then as now, and everyone would be talking about Naomi's coming back. And coming back so poor and lonely! Is this Naomi? Just the expression some of us would use, if we met somebody under very altered and unexpected circumstances. This story was very distressing to Naomi. No one wishes to be talked about. Our neighbours take more interest in our "circumstances" than they do in our souls!

Ver. 20.—Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: Naomi is "pleasant;" Mara (same as Mary) is "bitter." Don't worry bitterly. God's hand had been laid very heavily upon her. It is possible, however, that there was something of complaining in her heart. "The bitter first, Christians, and then the sweet; the Cross first, and then the Crown!"—*Bunyan.*

Ver. 21.—I went out full. not in goods, but with loving husband and two sweet boys. Home again empty: all dead whom I loved: nothing left but memory of happier days. The Lord hath testified against me, perhaps she felt they had done wrong in leaving Judah and going to Moab, and that the Lord had punished them for it. A stronger faith might perhaps have kept them in the inheritance of their fathers, trusting God's promises.

Ver. 22.—Ruth the Moabitess: the Moabites were descended from Lot. They spoke the same language as the Israelites (as the "Moabite Stone" found a few years ago shows), but were idolaters. Ruth's heart seemed to be sincerely turned to God. Barley harvest. it comes early even with us. Barley, if sown early, is ripe before the wheat. Naomi had heard (i. 6) that there was a good crop; and arrived when bread-corn was abundant. Ruth was not to proud to glean in the fields of Boaz for Naomi. Boaz afterwards married Ruth, and King David was their great-grandson, from whom by earthly descent comes Jesus the Saviour.

#### PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

1. Much depends upon a good choice. Ruth chose to go to Bethlehem! What is your choice?
2. It was a great help to Ruth to have Naomi to lead her. We shall always find good examples near if we look for them.
3. "So they two went until they came to Bethlehem." Two of the same family line, and equally poor, afterwards came to Bethlehem. (Luke 2: 4-5.)
4. "Ruth comes forth out of Moab, an idolatrous people, full of wantonness and sin, and is herself so tender and pure."—*Lange.* An illustration, if we choose to take it, of the coming of the heathen to God. Naomi led her; the Church leads there.

### SYMPATHY SWEETENS OUR SORROWS.

#### MOTHER.

A touching incident occurred not long ago at the distribution of prizes in the English School of Sciences and Art at Keighley.

The Bishop of Manchester gave the prizes. To the pupils and most of the large audience the Bishop occupies the place of father to his children: not only reverence as a man of God, but as a liberal, practical thinker—one of the leaders of opinion in England in all matters which influence the elevation of humanity.

Surrounded by the boys and their parents, the good Bishop suddenly was led to speak of his own mother, and told the story of how she, "not a clever managing woman," had been left a widow with seven children—how her great love and trust in God had helped her to live, sacrificing not only luxury, but comfort, to make a home, bare of all but the most meagre necessities, bright and happy as that home Beautiful, whose chambers were called Peace, and from which could be seen the hills of heaven. Most of her children, through her efforts, have risen to positions where they could help to make the world wiser and better.

"She is now," said the Bishop, with broken voice, "in my home, paralyzed—speechless and helpless: and when I looked at her sweet face this morning I thanked God, who had given her to me. I owe to her all that I am."—*Golden Days.*

Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast thou found gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on thy way? All the hard would be easy, all the tangles unbound, wouldst thou only desire, as well as obey.—*Faber.*



## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### TRUTH.

"Lost your situation? How did it happen, my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my own carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the shelves in the store, and, trying to hurry up matters, sent a lot of fruit jars smashing to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer, so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother, I can get another situation soon, I know. But what shall I say if they ask me why I left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, James, of course; you wouldn't think of anything else?"

"No, I only thought I'd keep it to myself. I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right, James, even though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he had expected to get a new situation. He walked and inquired till he felt almost discouraged, till one day something seemed to be really waiting for him. A young-looking man in a clean, bright store, newly started, was in want of an assistant. Things looked very attractive, so neat and dainty that James, fearing that a boy who had a record for carelessness might not be wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the truth. It was a long distance from the place from which he had been dismissed and the chances were slight of a new employer hearing the truth. But he thought better of it, and frankly told exactly the circumstances which had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a great preference for having neat-handed, careful people about me," said the man good-humouredly, "but I have heard that those who know their faults and are honest enough to own them, are likely to mend them. Perhaps the very luck you have had may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard," said James earnestly.

"Well, I always think a boy who tells the truth, even though it may seem to go against him—Good morning, uncle. Come in, sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was entering the door, and James turning, found himself face to face with his late employer.

"Oh, ho!" he said, looking at the boy, "are you hiring this young chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him. If you can only," he added, laughing, "keep him from spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the dry ones, you'll find him reliable in everything else. If you find you don't like him I'd be willing to give him another trial myself."

"If you think that well of him," said the younger man, "I think I shall keep him myself."

"Oh, mother," said James, going home after having made an agreement with his new employer, after such a recommendation from his old one, "you were right, as you always are.

It was telling the truth that got it for me. What if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I had been telling something that wasn't exactly so!"

Truth is always best," said his mother, the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

### HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun  
The men had marched all day,  
And now beside a rippling stream  
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,  
As swept the hours along,  
They called to one who mused apart,  
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;  
"The only songs I know  
Are those my mother used to sing  
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,  
"There's none but true men here,  
To every mother's son of us  
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice  
Amid unwonted calm,  
"Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause"—  
The very stream was stilled,  
And hearts that never throbbed with fear  
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,  
As to his feet he rose,  
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good night,  
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;  
The soldier bent his head,  
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,  
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,  
Sweet as the bugle call,  
All had the power of Jesus' name,  
Led angels prostrate fall!"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell  
As on the singer sang;  
Man after man fell into line,  
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,  
Naught but the stream is heard;  
But ah! the depths of every soul  
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,  
In whispers soft and low,  
Rises the prayer the mother taught  
The boy long years ago.

### "GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME."

"Lydia, why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Manners of her cousin, after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted, faded, old summer silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and frayed.

"Oh, anything is good enough for home," said Lydia, hastily pinning on a soiled collar; and twisting up her hair in a ragged knot, she went down to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"Oh, never mind; it's good enough for home," said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in the prettiest of morning-dresses, and with neat hair and dainty collar and cuffs, but now that she was back home again, she seemed to think that anything would answer, and went about untidy and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her

manners were as careless as her dress. She seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything would do for home.

There are too many people who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything will do for home, whereas, effort to keep one's self neat, and to treat father, mother, sister, brother, and servant kindly and courteously is as much a duty as to keep from falsehood and stealing.

### KEEP THE LIFE PURE.

Once upon a time an Arabian princess was presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, exquisitely wrought, with the injunction not to open it until a year had rolled around. Many were the speculations as to what it contained, and the time impatiently waited for when the jewelled key should disclose the mysterious contents. It came at last, and the maiden went away alone, and with trembling haste unlocked the treasure; and lo! reposing on delicate satin linings, lay nothing but a shroud of rust; the form of something beautiful could be discerned, but the beauty had gone forever. Tearful with disappointment she did not at first see a slip of parchment containing these words:

"DEAR PUPIL,—May you learn from this a lesson for your life. This trinket, when enclosed, had upon it only a single spot of rust; by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot on its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character, will by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time will leave only the dark record of what might have been. If you now place within a jewel of gold, and after many years seek the result, you will find it still as sparkling as ever. So with yourself; treasure up as only the pure, the good, and you will ever be an ornament to society and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends."

### MOTHER'S TURN.

It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh colour, and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty, and charming things, and say nothing about it, and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jennie gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study, and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such indulgence.

Girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which, for years, they have patiently borne.



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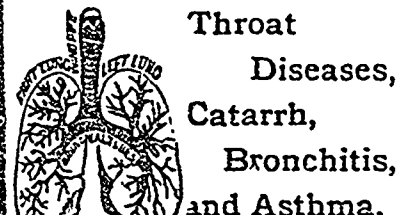
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The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide. - Longfellow. This highest form of Christian life is self-denial for the good of others. - Dr. E. A. Park. Bear up, bear on; the end shall tell...

The anger of an enemy represents our faults or admonishes us of our duty with more bitterness than the kindness of a friend. - Jeremy Taylor. Man are guided less by conscience than by glory...

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart...

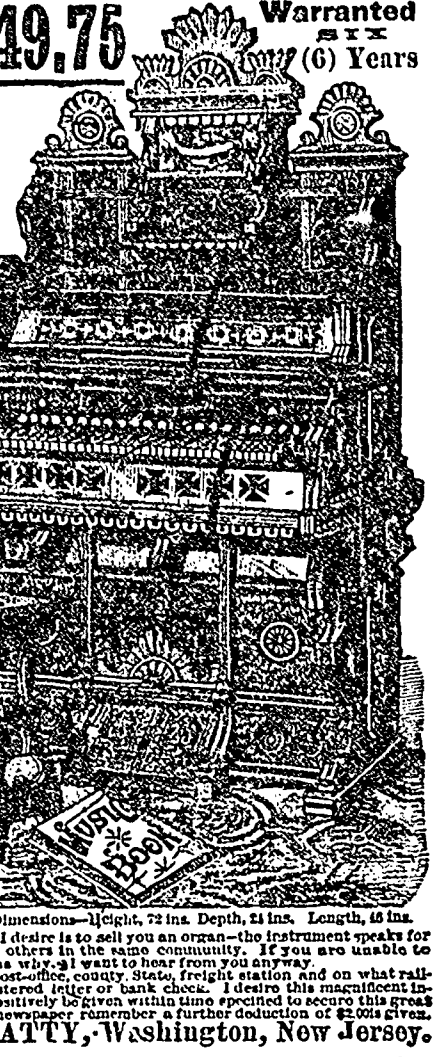
Men seldom die of hard work; activity is God's medicine. The highest genius is willingness and ability to do hard work. Any other conception of a genius makes it a doubtful, if not a dangerous, possession. - R. S. MacArthur.

The time may be delayed, the manner may be unexpected, but sooner or later, in some form or other, the answer is sure to come. Not a tear of sacred sorrow, not a breath of holy desire, poured out in prayer to God...

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M. SHERMAN, of Oscoda, Mich., writes: "I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in various diseases, and found it to be just as you recommend it."

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BIRTH.

At the manse, Kirkwall, Ont., on the 11th inst. the wife of the Rev. S. Carruthers, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, the 22nd inst., at the residence of the bride's father, St. Andrew's Manse, by the Rev. R. Dobie of Milton, Ont., Mr. John McKinnon, druggist, Beaverton, Ont., to Lizzie, eldest daughter of the Rev. David Watson, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Beaverton.

At the residence of Mayor Duncan Nelson, Man on the 22nd August, by the Rev. D. Cameron, James Grummett to Susan, second daughter of William Duncan, Esq., late of Fortfarshire, Scotland.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

OWEN SOUND - In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on the 28th Sept., at half-past one p.m.

SARNIA - At Stratford, on the third Tuesday of September, at two o'clock p.m.

KINGSTON - In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Monday, September 17th, at three o'clock p.m.

MAITLAND - At Bluevale, on Tuesday, 18th September, at eleven o'clock a.m.

PETERBOROUGH - In St. Paul's Church, Peterborough, on the fourth Tuesday of September.

SAUGEN - In St. Columba Church, Prevevia, on the third Tuesday of September, at eleven a.m.

STRAITFORD - At Widder St., St. Mary's, on the second Tuesday of September, at ten a.m.

LONDON - Second Tuesday in September at eleven a.m.

GUELPH - In Knox Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of September, at two a.m.

PARIS - In Zion Church, Brantford, September 25th, at eleven a.m. Ordination and designation of Mr. Builder to the Foreign Mission field evening of same day in Zion Church.

LINDSAY - At Woodville, on the last Tuesday of August, at eleven o'clock a.m.

TORONTO - The next meeting of this Presbytery to be held in the usual place on the first Wednesday of September at eleven a.m.

MONTREAL - In Morrice Hall, Presbyterian College, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 2nd Oct., at ten a.m.

QUEBEC - In Sherbrooke, on the 15th of September, at ten o'clock a.m.

QUEBEC - Next ordinary meeting on the 1st Tuesday of September.

MANITOBA - At Brandon on the third Tuesday of September, at seven p.m.

BAUCE - In Westminster Church, Teeswater, on Tuesday, Sept. 18th, at three o'clock p.m.

BARRIE - In Orillia, on the last Tuesday of Sept. at one o'clock p.m.

HELEN - In St. Andrew's Church, Blyth, on second Tuesday of September, at seven a.m.

OTTAWA - Next quarterly meeting in Bank Street Church, Ottawa, on the first Tuesday of Nov., at ten o'clock a.m.

HAMILTON - Next stated meeting in Central Church, Hamilton, Tuesday, the 18th September, at ten o'clock a.m.

CHATHAM - At Fletcher on the last Tuesday of September at seven o'clock p.m.

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