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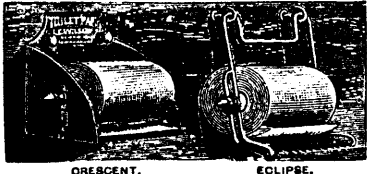
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HOLLISTON COOKIES.—Two eggs, two-thirds cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of cream-tartar. Dissolve the soda in the milk and sift the cream-tartar in flour sufficient to mix hard. Roll very thin and bake carefully. They will be crisp and brittle.

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RHUBARB PUDDING.—To one quart of buttermilk add one egg, one large teaspoonful of soda and flour enough to make a thick batter. Have ready a half-dozen stalks of rhubarb cut fine; stir it into the batter; tie it up tightly in a bag; drop the bag into a kettle of boiling water and let it boil an hour. Serve with sugar and cream.

CREAM PUFFS.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of cold water, one cup of flour and three eggs. Boil the butter and water together and add the flour when it begins to boil. Stir constantly until the mixture has cooked smooth. Cool and then add the eggs well beaten. Butter a dripping pan and drop the mixture on it in twelve spoonfuls. Have a very hot oven, and as soon as the cakes have been placed in it let the fire slacken and bake them about twenty minutes.

DELMONICO PUDDING.—One quart sweet milk, four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, mixed with a little cold milk; add this to the milk just before boiling; take four eggs, beat the yolks with six tablespoonfuls sugar, and flavour with lemon or vanilla; add this to the starch and milk, and boil until cooked. Then pour into a pudding dish. Beat the whites to stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, pour it on the top and bake a light brown. Eat cold with cream and sauce.

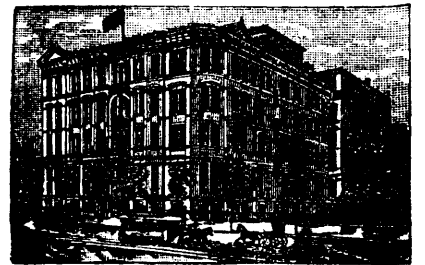
FIVE YEARS OF TORTURE.—Mrs. U. Aston, of Bracebridge, writes to say that Burdock Blood Bitters cured her of headaches, from which she had suffered for five years, all other means having failed.

LEMON SHELLS.—One cup of sugar, one lemon, one egg, one coffee cup of cold water, one tablespoonful of corn starch. Line two small pie plates with a nice crust and while it is baking prepare the filling as follows: to the grated rind and juice of the lemon add the yolk of the egg and the sugar; stir the corn starch into the cold water, and add to the other ingredients. Cook the mixture until it becomes a straw-coloured jelly. Fill the crusts and for one make a frosting of the white of the egg and set in the oven a few minutes. Decorate the other with some narrow strips of the crust laid across which should have been baked on another plate with the crusts.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL 15.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 14th, 1886.

No. 29.

Notes of the Week.

THE Forestry Report, prepared by Mr. R. W. Phipps, and issued at the instance of the Ontario Government, contains much information concerning the uses, value and methods of tree-culture. It is not always the case that official reports are distinguished by literary grace, but Mr. Phipps, even when writing on what some might consider a prosaic subject, cannot help clothing his thoughts in fine classic English.

AT a recent meeting of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick, the *St. John Telegraph* informs us, a resolution was passed, allowing women the privilege of entering the university, and taking the course laid down for male students. It will be remembered that nine young ladies in the Victoria School passed the matriculation examination a few days ago. Some of them may present themselves in September, along with the sterner sex. Eight male students will enter from the Collegiate School, Fredericton, and two or three young ladies, beside one who passed the matriculation examination last year.

THE insatiable greed of gain is producing a large number of criminals. Exposure and punishment do not seem to deter others from risking everything in their dishonest ways. The corrupt aldermen of New York may find opportunities for reflection in a State prison, but the career of crime goes on. Canada is a fine country to come to, but the numerous dishonest refugees who have lately sought an asylum in the Dominion make us anxious for an extradition treaty without loopholes in it. The latest arrival is supposed to be the trusted manager of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal Company. A fitting address of welcome has not yet been presented to him.

CHINA has been considered the most hopeless of fields by the critics of missions. But the work is now beyond the reach of criticism, notwithstanding the grievous disadvantage from the brutal treatment of the Chinese in Christian lands. Miss Gordon Cumming, the intelligent and entertaining traveller, says that Christianity is fast making its way in China, and of this the *Spectator* says: Well it may, for there is no state of society of which we have ever read so like that of the later Roman Empire as that which prevails in China to-day. What will be the result of the introduction of an explosive and democratic force like Christianity into an ancient but decadent civilization such as China is to-day, no one can tell. It can hardly fail to be startling.

WITH the heated season come again reports of the increasing ravages of the cholera scourge. The Italian peninsula this time is the principal seat of this dread pestilence. For weeks it has been carrying off numerous victims, and has, according to rumour, made its appearance in France and in Spain. The number of cases and the mortality have been rising, and people, in Italy especially, are becoming alarmed. For the last three years danger has been apprehended of the spread of cholera to this continent, but as yet it has not made its appearance. It is hoped that it may still be averted, yet there is no room for indifference and neglect. The laws of health must be carefully observed, and a rigid quarantine should be strictly enforced.

WHILE Great Britain is in the throes of a keen electoral contest, Russia is busy intriguing in the East. The conditions of the Berlin Treaty are becoming too irksome for the Czar. He has closed the free port of Batoum, as a tentative measure, it is conjectured. Russia has also been uninterruptedly interfering in the internal affairs of Bulgaria, and Russian papers are calling for the deposition of Prince Alexander, if the people do not accomplish that object themselves. It is generally understood that Russian agents, ever since the close of hostilities between

Bulgaria and Servia, have been active in promoting disaffection among Alexander's subjects. It is also asserted that the Czar's emissaries are busy at present in Macedonia. Russia seems bent on creating disturbance.

ONE of the relics of barbarism preserved in England by class legislation, says the *Christian Leader*, has received its death warrant from a moribund Parliament, which contrived to do some good work even while in the throes of death. The Desertion of Women Bill has been read a third time in the Commons, after a clause had been added most properly extending its operation to children. Henceforth wives who have been deserted will be able to claim maintenance without resorting to the extremely disagreeable course of entering the workhouse a brutal condition which has hitherto prevented many a respectable woman from receiving her rights. Perhaps the Peers, however, may deal with this matter as they saw fit to do with the Durham Sunday Closing Bill. The House of Lords is responsible for the survival of many social abominations.

IT is a pleasing sign of the times that the various Churches are beginning to entertain ideas of union. That is the first step, however many and difficult subsequent steps may be. At the Congress of Churches, recently held in Cleveland, the Rev. Dr. John Henry Hopkins said: We Protestant Episcopalians are willing to give up everything that is peculiar to us for the sake of unity. First, we are willing to give up our name. It is unscriptural, as are all the denominational names. But "how about Apostolic succession?" Oh, that is not peculiar to us. It belongs to the Catholic Church from the beginning. The same of Confirmation. We are only trustees for these things: we cannot give away what is not ours. It will take time before the denominations thoroughly make up their minds as to what they are prepared to give up and what they are to retain.

A SHORT time since the W.C.T.U. of the United States called the attention of the authorities at Washington to the base traffic in Canadian girls for immoral purposes. Some of the statements made by that association have been questioned; but it is noticeable that in every case the denials have come from parties who do not wish to be considered remiss in the discharge of their duties, from policemen, railway officials and the like. It is always difficult to bring home the charge of procuring young women for a short life of degradation and certain ruin. Young persons are hired as domestics, or to fill situations, and glowing prospects are held out to them. Being inexperienced they suspect no danger; they soon find out that they have been miserably deceived. This traffic has been going on for years, not only in large cities, but also in country districts. It is high time that systematic efforts were made to suppress this systematic villany.

THE attempt to put a stop to pulpit sensationalism, says the *Perth Courier*, deserves the support of the press at large. Sensationalism in novels is bad enough, but in the pulpit it is simply intolerable. Much of the light literature of the day has been degraded by it, and if allowed in pulpit ministrations it will degrade them too. It has made its way into the press, with bad results there also. Every newspaper reader knows, or ought to know, that sensational newspapers are unreliable, and are never trusted by men of sense. If the pulpit becomes sensational, if the preachers aim at becoming rivals of circus clowns and cheap Jacks, they and their sermons will very soon cease to command public respect and attention. We are happy to say that the pulpits of our country towns and rural districts are as yet generally free from sensationalism; but if the thing becomes the fashion in city pulpits it will not be long before it spreads to country ones. Therefore the evil should be opposed from the very outset. These are in our opinion the friends of true religion who make a farce of its public ministrations.

THE following, from the *Leeds Mercury*, a journal in full accord with the Church of England, is an indication of the estimate formed in some quarters of the Scottish Episcopal Church. Nobody need be surprised that Canon Liddon has refused the Bishopric of Edinburgh. Even had his election been unanimous, the Canon might well have hesitated to take office in the Scottish Episcopal Church. The ecclesiastical body which maintains the English Communion north of the Tweed is a narrow and intolerant sect. Like the Stuarts, who vainly strove to impose their rule upon the Scotch people, it has learned nothing and forgotten nothing in its adversity. It is still the Church of the few, and has never sought to ally itself to any but the wealthy classes. Its pretensions to monopoly are ridiculous, and were never anything else. In such a sphere the eloquent Dr. Liddon would have become a nonentity, comparatively speaking, and he has acted wisely in deciding to remain a minor dignitary of the Church of England rather than become a member of a hierarchy which receives no consideration from the bulk of the Scottish nation, and is not even greatly esteemed by the prelates and people of the English Establishment.

REFERRING to Archbishop Taschereau's appointment to the cardinalate, "Eubulus," a regular correspondent of the *New York Observer*, says: The adulatory representations and addresses of the subservient Legislature and City Councils could not occasion surprise. There was a dazzling splendour—a gay showiness about this elevation which charmed the sensuousness of devotees. But was it necessary for the Protestant Bishop Bond, of Montreal—a man who was remarkable for his evangelical tone and godly example as a fervent preacher of the true Gospel of the grace of God—was it proper for him to hasten to Quebec, and personally visit the palace in order to present to a Cardinal Prince of Rome the congratulations of his Church? This was done, and was applauded as proper and becoming by the Synod of Canada, over which Bishop Bond presided. Is there no distinction between Romanism and Protestantism? There are social amenities which ought to be maintained among all classes of society; but there is a difference in regard to the constituent elements of the two systems, as I understand them, and I do not want to think that there is no difference between Romanism and Episcopalianism. Yet, it is a fact that the latter scarcely recognizes the large bodies of Christian workers operating beside it in Canada as part and parcel of the Church of Christ.

THE firm attitude of the Irish Presbyterians in opposition to Home Rule has called forth many expressions of respect and sympathy, but not so many of cordial approval and endorsement. Last number of the *Belfast Witness* has an editorial finding serious fault with Principals Rainy and Cairns for attending Mr. Gladstone's Edinburgh meetings. It intimates that the Irish Church may be led to oppose the Church Disestablishment movement. The *Pittsburg United Presbyterian* voices a sentiment generally entertained on this continent, when it says: The Presbyterians in Ireland are doing their part in promoting public excitement, in increasing, also, the religious animosities that it ought to be their effort to diminish. Although admitting that the generous course of the Government in past years did good, they refuse to accept greater generosity, and are ready to fight any proposition that looks toward it. Their fear seems to be that once Home Rule is established the Catholics will wield the power, and that then, the old spirit remaining, and the protecting care of the Government withdrawn, they will be at the mercy of infuriate enemies. It all illustrates how hereditary feuds are perpetuated, and how, under exaggerations that appear in times of excitement, they blind good and sensible men to truth and reason. The friends in this country of the noble Ulster Presbyterians can do them no greater kindness than by persuading them to a better mind.

Our Contributors.

FORWARD THE WHOLE ARMY.

BY KNOXIAN.

A few days ago the first through train on the Canadian Pacific Railway steamed out of Montreal for the Pacific coast. No doubt it arrived there in due time. That train was ours: it ran on Canadian rails over Canadian soil. Years ago our political orators used to work up fine climaxes about uniting the Atlantic and the Pacific by an iron band. The thing is done. And the point we wish to make is that it was done by a large body of men working together for a common purpose. No doubt machinery was used, but it was used by men. Dynamite and steam were used, but they were used by men. The three thousand miles of railway were built by men. We do not know how many men were employed, but for the purposes of this paper let us say there were a hundred thousand. No one man built the road, no ten men built it, no hundred nor thousand men built it. The hundred thousand built it, and in building it each individual man did his share.

There is a broad sense in which it might be said that Parliament and the syndicate built the railway. How absurd it would be to suppose that they did all the work. Fancy Sir John starting out with a pick over his shoulder, and Mr. Blake with a shovel, and Sir George Stephen with a wheelbarrow to build three thousand miles of railway. The two hundred members of Parliament, and all the members of the syndicate, and all those who have stock in the company would not have a mile of railway built, if they did the work with their own hands, by the time that genial brother Parsons thinks important changes will take place. Everybody would laugh at the idea of building the railway in that way. And yet the idea is not one whit more absurd than to suppose that the whole work of a Church should be done by the minister and a few office-bearers. Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Blake starting out with a pick and a shovel and a wheelbarrow to build a railway from Ottawa to the Pacific Ocean is not a more grotesque conception than the conception those people have of doing Church work who believe that all the work should be done by a few office-bearers. The railway was built by every man doing his share, and the world will be evangelized when every man in the Church does his share of the work and no sooner.

Mr. Gladstone says that the contest at present raging in England is like Inkerman, because it is a soldiers' battle. The Lord's battle is a soldiers' battle, and it will be won when the soldiers find out that the officers are not to do all the fighting. We hear and read a great deal about ecclesiastical machinery. What is needed in the Presbyterian Church now is not more machinery, but more men to work the machinery already in existence. The difference between the most powerful congregations and those that have no influence is not merely or mainly a difference in numbers. The difference is mainly in the number of men and women who work. It is said that Spurgeon never admits a member to his Church without asking him what work he is prepared to do. Dr. Kittredge, of Chicago, had the most influential congregation in that city, and one secret of their power and extraordinary growth was that every member was supposed to do some work. The doctor's views on this point may be learned from the following extract from his farewell sermon preached the other day. Another essential of a strong, successful Church is activity. The only inactive thing in this world is death, and a Church made up of lazy members is a dead Church, and if we could only have a funeral of such Churches and decently bury them, it would be better for the interests of the Kingdom. A healthy plant is one that is brimful of activity, from the deepest root tendril to the topmost and tiniest leaf. A healthy body is one in which every drop of blood, from the brain to the feet, is busy doing its mission with every heart beat, and if one of these myriad drops becomes stagnant, the whole system is deranged, and health and vigour disappear. So a Church can be healthy and strong only as it is full of vigorous life, as each member is busy doing his or her part toward the efficiency of the whole body, thus leaving no time for spiritual enervation or fault finding. All have not the same work to do, for the gifts in a Church are as varied as the foliage in a

forest, but to every one God has entrusted a mission, for He has no place for ornamental shrubbery in His vineyard; and when a Church has become a beehive of activity, each man, woman and child with something to do for Jesus, something to pray for, something to plan for, something to push forward, then the love deepens as the work broadens, love for the Master for whose sake every seed is sown, every sheaf is gathered, love for the brethren and sisters labouring by our side, so near us in the toiling and weeping that we can feel their hearts beating, and hear their every whisper of joy or sigh of grief. Dr. Adam Clarke said: "The old proverb about having too many irons in the fire is an abominable old lie. Have all in it—shovel, tongs and poker." Well, this is certainly true of a Church, all the irons must be in the fire of grace, every member must have hold of some shovel or tongs or poker, then you have enthusiasm, you have unity, you have power, and the larger the body the better, unless the Church membership relinquish the shovel, tongs and poker to the pastor and officers, contenting themselves with watching the fire, and criticising the few who are doing the work of the whole.

Yes, the trouble is just there. The pastor and a few office-bearers have to handle the shovel and tongs and poker and all the rest, while the body of the people in too many instances sit lazily by the fire and look on. Some do worse—they make snarling remarks about the way the fire is stirred, but they take precious good care they never handle shovel or tongs or poker themselves. A few do worse than even this, they try to put out the fire.

There are 127,611 members in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. How many would there be if every member when applying explained to the session the course he meant to pursue? Supposing one should say, "I desire to become a member in full communion. When admitted I will attend service once a day, but I will not attend the prayer meeting. I will not undertake to do any work. There is no use in assigning me any work, because I cannot—will not—do it. I will pay as little as possible. I do not promise to take any interest in Church matters—will not attend any Church meetings. In fact, I will do as little as possible—will pay as little as possible—will take as little interest as possible." Would any man making this statement be received? And yet this is precisely what hundreds—thousands—do after they have been received. It may be urged that all ministers and office-bearers are not doing what they should. True, and the argument will be a most powerful and convincing one when two blacks make one white.

WINTER STATIONS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.—V.

BORDIGHERA

is ten miles east of Mentone, and five miles beyond Ventimiglia, where all trains to and from Italy stop an hour for examination of baggage and change of carriages. At the Ventimiglia station are two clocks, one showing Roman time (forty-seven minutes in advance of Paris) by which the Italian trains run; the other, Paris time, which directs the French trains. The distinguishing feature of Bordighera is its

PLANTATIONS OF PALM TREES,

whose tufted tops wave above the citron and orange trees laden with yellow fruit, while in the background stand the straggling, crooked olives. Bordighera supplies Rome at Easter with palm leaves, and the Jews in Germany and Holland for the Feast of Tabernacles. Those who spend some months here in winter make occasional visits to La Colla, an old town on a lofty hill, half way to San Remo, for the purpose of seeing the native place of Brescia, the sea captain who, contrary to the orders of Pope Sextus V., broke the silence, by calling aloud to "wet the ropes," when the obelisk was being raised in front of St. Peter's Church in Rome. The ropes had been too far stretched to raise the enormous weight to the perpendicular, and would soon have given way had the order not been obeyed. Instead of being punished for disobeying the orders of the Pope, Brescia obtained in perpetuity the above privilege for his native district.

In this little town of La Colla, too, is a valuable collection of pictures, mostly by Italian masters. They were selected by the Abbé Ramaldi, at Florence, and bequeathed to this, his native place, at his death in 1864.

Many visitors linger for a time at Bordighera, where

Dr. George MacDonald and his family spend their winters, and receive boarders. There are many pleasant walks and drives up the valleys behind, with the usual sights of old towns, crumbling feudal castles, middle-age churches, and fruitful olive trees. In the valley of the Nervio is Perinaldo, the birthplace in 1625 of Giovanni Domenico Cassini, the most famous of a family of distinguished astronomers, who succeeded one another for four generations as directors of the Observatory in Paris.

THE CLIMATE

of Bordighera is about the same as that of San Remo, but as a place of residence it has fewer resources. Readers will remember that this part of the coast forms the scene of the beautiful story of "Dr. Antonio," by Giovanni Ruffini, who was born in a mountain village—Taggia—to which an omnibus runs daily from San Remo, and from which interesting excursions are made on foot or on donkeys.

SAN REMO,

sixteen miles from Mentone, has grown greatly since I first saw it, before the railroad was opened. Its winter population is said to be now 18,000. To accommodate visitors, large hotels and beautiful villas are yearly being erected. The streets of the modern town are clean, and the shops are supplied with everything needed by tourists. But more interesting to me is

OLD SAN REMO,

which is built on two very steep hills, its streets being not only narrow, but dark and tortuous. At different heights these lanes are spanned by heavy stone arches, constructed, it is said, for support in earthquake times. From many of these depend tufts of ferns and creeping plants. At the doors, as you mount, sit old women spinning, distaff in hand, and old men with red Garibaldi caps, smoking—their faces and garments having assumed the colour and ruggedness of the dens in which they pass their nights, if not their days. Such of the houses as bear the name of shops, are simply long, narrow vaults, light entering only by the door; and these contain a most heterogeneous collection of goods, including pickled olives, cotton handkerchiefs, macaroni, tin lamps, snails and singing birds. Unfortunately on the Riviera there is no law against shooting singing birds, so that you find robins, thrushes, and even smaller birds, served to you at table. Thus, what Horace tells us of the feasts in Italy in his day applies also to the present time, so far as the poor little birds are concerned. On some doors you see printed or written the words "Sale e Tabacchi"—salt and tobaccos—a curious combination, which is explained by the fact that salt is a monopoly of the Government, and only tobacco shops are licensed to sell it.

Occasionally you meet a procession of women coming from the hills, carrying on their heads immense bundles of leaves and twigs, as fodder and bedding for their cattle; and sometimes donkeys descend upon you, with wine-barrels slung at their sides, and then you have to take refuge in a door-way or cellar, to avoid being crushed against a dirty wall, or trampled by the zig-zagging quadrupeds. You notice that many of the houses have flat roofs, as in the East, and these are apportioned to the respective dwellers beneath to dry clothes on, or to cultivate vines. At the very summit of the old town is built the

LEPERS' HOSPITAL,

one of the only two now remaining in Italy. On the ground floor are the offices, and a little chapel with two galleries—one for the males, the other for the females. On the first story are the men's wards—large, clean and airy—and which open out upon a terraced garden. Another stair conducts to the female wards with their terrace. I learned that there are generally five or six patients of each sex here, and was told that the females are more disfigured by the disease than the men. I believe it is neither infectious nor contagious. Behind the hospital stands, in an avenue of cypress trees,

THE SANTUARIUM,

with an inscription over the doorway, "Plenary indulgence every day." The view from this point on a clear spring day is truly magnificent. Behind rise the higher ranges of the Maritime Alps, the lower slopes covered with terraces of olives, and belts of pine and oak, and their higher peaks white with snow, which had freshly fallen when I saw them. The valleys and hills behind San Remo have many pleasant walks

amongst lemon or olive trees, which generally stand on terraces built up with two stone walls, without plaster. One of the most frequent excursions on donkeys or on foot is to San Remo (1,700 feet), four miles to the north. Higher still is Piano del Ré (3,500 feet), and

MONTE BIGNONE,

(4,235 feet), which occupies about five hours from San Remo. The whole route is practicable for donkeys, and at every turn glorious views present themselves the path being sometimes through pine forests, at other times along the edges of steep ravines and precipices. The highest point is marked with a stone obelisk, and when this is gained, the prospect in some directions extends 150 miles. On the east are distinctly seen, in clear weather, the mountains on the eastern Riviera (between Genoa and Spezzia), with the Apennines in the background. To the west the coast, with all its windings, is visible as far as the Esterels beyond Cannes. Northward stand out the snow-clad peaks of the Alps as far as Turin; and in the south the snowy summits of Monte Rotondo in the island of Corsica.

THE CLIMATE.

The mean temperature of San Remo is 49 degs. Fahr., nearly as high as Dr. Bennet's estimate of that of Mentone. "The climate is warm and dry"—says Williams in his "Winter Stations,"—"but from the protecting ranges not rising precipitously as at Mentone, the shelter from the northerly wind is less complete. At the same time the vast olive groves screen the locality from cold blasts, and temper them into healthful breezes, imparting a pleasing freshness to the atmosphere, and removing sensations of lassitude often experienced in too well-protected spots. The size of the sheltered area gives patients a considerable choice of residences, which can be found either close to or at varying distances from the sea, according to the requirements of the case; while the numerous wooded valleys, abounding in exquisite wild flowers, provide plenty of donkey and foot excursions."

CONCLUSION.

I have now finished what I proposed to say regarding the physical aspects of the chief winter stations on the Mediterranean. I might have found something to say *against* every town and village on both the French and Italian coasts, but the enchanting roads which wander from one town to another cause all that is disagreeable to be forgotten. The soft refreshing air, the brilliant sunshine, vegetation almost tropical in character and luxuriance, the sea, "blue, sweet and calm"—all these have power to animate the spirits and excite the mind. They make physical exercise a joy—mere existence a pleasure.

If, then, we cannot always be like the swallows in Lord Tennyson's ballad, "flying, flying south," or seeking the shelter of "golden caves" at the first touch of winter's hand, the next best thing, perhaps, is to be able to hold in memory the impressions of a winter so spent amongst citron and orange groves, and flowers which blossom nearly the whole year round. "The island valley of Avilion, or that remote spot on the sea where, steeped in forgetfulness of home, and friends, and companions of other days, Ariosto's fabled hero lingered in the toils of the Fay Morgana, could hardly boast more substantial charms than these."

I may at some future day add a little to describe the religious privileges enjoyed by visitors to these stations, and the Christian work which is being done.
Bex, Vaud, Suisse, May, 1886. T. H.

THE FIRE IN VANCOUVER CITY.

The following touching letter from the Rev. T. G. Thomson, Presbyterian minister in Vancouver City, has just been received by Dr. Cochrane. It will be read by many with feelings of deep sympathy.

MY DEAR DR. COCHRANE,—I should have written you sooner regarding the sad calamity which befell us last Sabbath, but I have had so much to do I could not find time. The forenoon of Sabbath was delightful. The new church was nearly full, it was our fourth Sabbath in it, the collection for the morning service alone was over \$18. We were to have had communion on the 27th inst. Over half the sittings in the church had been allocated, and applications were being received every prayer meeting night for others. Of those taking sittings we were forming a voluntary weekly subscription list for the support of ordinances, intending on July 1 to have a congrega-

tional meeting, and decide from that list the amount to be paid for salary by the congregation. These were already nearly at the rate of \$900 a year in a very short time from the congregation alone. The salary would have been \$1,200, so that from July 1 we intended to declare ourselves self-sustaining. It was also talked of, to, as soon as possible, refund to the Home Mission Fund as much as possible of what aid had been received since my coming here. Our rapid success financially is largely due to the increased and better accommodation we had in the church. Our people here have done nobly in contributing toward ordinances and toward the building. The building, land and furnishings cost over \$4,000; we borrowed \$1,200 to pay the contractor. This is due on August 4. We owe the contractor \$120. We have the last payment on the land coming due on July 11, of \$250. We would have been able to have met these payments as they came due; but the terrible loss sustained by our people renders them entirely unable to pay a single dollar of what remains on the subscription list now. The church was insured for \$2,000. This will enable us to pay all we are owing, and have a little over. On Sabbath we went to Sabbath school at three o'clock p.m., and though there was a good deal of smoke and fire all round the city, we had no thought of danger; but there was so much smoke in the church I found it necessary to dismiss the scholars. Some of them did not get to their homes, being met by friends fleeing from the fire. By the time I got to my house there was fire all round it, and on looking back toward the church, it was then a mass of flame, and we had only time to get a few things out of our house when it caught fire. I saved some furniture and clothing to begin house-keeping. There is not a single family of this congregation that is not seriously affected by the fire; the majority have lost everything. Most of the ladies who were at church in the forenoon, on going home laid aside their best dresses, and lost them, barely escaping with their lives and what they had on. In the main part of the city there was no time to save anything. The whole city was on fire inside of half an hour from the time the first building caught fire. Now we are worse off than when we started here over a year ago. We have no church; there is no hall of any kind to meet in; the people are not able to do anything. Those who have anything left have to build homes, refurnish them, and clothe their families—the majority can do neither of these. Many tears have been shed since the fire by the people as they stood on the hill and gazed on the ruins of our beautiful Zion. They come to me, saying: "Mr. Thomson, what are we to do now? Will the people in the East not help us?" Build we must again, and that immediately, and in the meantime we make an earnest appeal to the whole Church to send us aid to rebuild. This is our only hope and only solution of our present difficulty. I send with this the local paper giving an account of the fire. Our people are very grateful for the expression of sympathy of the General Assembly, and are now hopeful that ere long help will be sent to enable us to build. Very little can be raised toward salary for the next three months at least, and I would ask you to continue the grant.

We are very needy just now. Our loss is heavy. We saved all our bedclothes from the fire, but the Indians stole them from where we thought them safe. Mrs. Thomson lost nearly all her clothing. I lost all my underclothing and overcoats. We got nothing out of the kitchen. These are things we have to buy now. You will thus see the need we have for money; besides Mrs. T. is confined to bed, suffering from fatigue and effects of the smoke.

I hope ere long these dark clouds will pass away, and that our success will be greater than ever during this year. Do make a strong appeal for us, and let me hear from you soon. With best wishes,

I am, yours very faithfully,

THOMAS G. THOMSON.

P.S.—By the way, my sermon barrel and all its contents was burned, so I can no longer work on old stock.

Contributions in aid of the rebuilding of the church in Vancouver City, or for Mr. Thomson himself, will be received by Dr. Reid and Dr. Cochrane, and duly forwarded, or, if preferred, they may be sent direct to Rev. T. G. Thomson, Vancouver City, British Columbia. Friends who can assist should do so at once.

DR. CHALMERS AND HIS TIMES.

BY K. ROBERTSON, STRABANE.

(Concluded.)

In 1832 Chalmers was elected Moderator of the General Assembly, which of itself shows the estimation in which he was held. It was here the vexed question of the right of the people (to whom he was to preach) to call a minister was discussed; four Synods and seven Presbyteries protesting against the system then in vogue, soon to be followed by others, showed that of patronage to be in opposition to the feelings of the people. The next year the question was again discussed, and Chalmers, with that broad view and higher standpoint which could overstep the local and personal interest of his own time, saw "the greatest good to the greatest number" lay in the necessary change, and with characteristic manliness assumed the practical leadership of the Evangelicals. No further evidence of this being the right method is required than that all the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland now practise it—the very institution for which the Church was divided, adopted by those who fought against it.

For seven years after this the subject of Church extension claimed the energies of Scottish divines, and Chalmers found this well-beloved and congenial work, and in which he took a leading part, being appointed Convener of the new "Committee." The land was made to ring with the subject in hand, and two hundred and twenty new churches added to the Establishment was the handsome result, and this without help from Government, but by voluntary contributions.

Honours were coming in fast now, one following another in rapid succession. He was Vice-President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; then came a message from Paris choosing him as corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France, soon followed by another conferring the degree of LL.D. by Oxford University. Shortly after this he was invited to London to deliver a course of lectures on "Church Establishments," where we are told from time to time his enthusiastic eloquence held the audience, who ere the close of his finest passages, rose from their seats and broke into tumultuous applause. His lectures were scattered broadcast over the land, and but a short time after he who so strongly advocated establishment was to take the lead in the setting up of a disestablished Church. Although at the time many, and he among the rest, thought that any difference between the Moderates and Evangelicals would be agreeably settled, yet these lectures were searched in vain to condemn him, and with devout reverence the spirit through all was *Christ as the Head of the Church*. The Court of Session termed this to be an absurdity, and that from which it derives all its powers to be the Parliament. Can we wonder the Church was fast becoming lifeless with such a head? A living body and a lifeless head surely are incompatible! However, these principles were but generally laid down, and excepting occasional differences between pastor and people, all went on as before. One of these cases may be cited for example, which shows the difficulties under which the people were labouring:

A minister decidedly objectionable to the people, over whom he was about to be placed, had but one name—and he the keeper of a public-house—signed to his call; nevertheless, the Presbytery, being Moderates, would install this minister. The public can never be forced, and a Scottish public have never been noted for their yielding propensities when thus pressed against their wish and better judgment.

Such a state of things could not long exist. Something had to be done. If the law but granted this one point—option of the people to choose their own pastor—all might yet be well. But with what seems to us—a free-thinking, free-acting people—extreme folly, they refused to concede anything, and forced the Evangelicals to a disruption.

Quickly and quietly, like all great movements, it was done. When the Assembly met in the spring of 1843 a protest was read to the effect that the liberties of the Church had been infringed, that without a violation of the terms of union between the Church and the State, business could not be further proceeded with; and those who for years had struggled for freedom, followed by the flower of the divinity students, soon left the Church in possession of the Moderates. It would be difficult to find a more trusting and happier collection of people than they who thus left.

Loving their Church as they did, it was hard to believe they could thus come out from her, yet when no other way remained and it was done they felt free indeed, with that full sense of freedom which a clear conscience brings, and realized that their acknowledged Head was with them that day, and their first meeting began with an assembly of three thousand, whose enthusiasm found vent in an exultant song of praise, hearts and lips according in the Psalm With the far-seeing forethought which in some men amounts almost to prophetic vision, Chalmers (now Moderator of the new Assembly) had for months been working up the subject of finances, so that on coming out from the Established Church, those who did so might not suffer or be a burden on the people. He shows himself a shrewd business man and, too, that his work in the Tron and in St. John's was but preparing him for that which God had raised him up to do, and by methods peculiarly his own, he is prepared to state that already six hundred and eighty-seven associations for collecting supplies were organized, and that even then an annual income of £74,000 was secured.

The Disruption was completed. To us, as Canadians, a far different scene presents itself. It was out at Montreal some years ago, where, with brotherly and Christian-like communion, a wonderful handshaking took place, and the one stream, parted for a time, met again, and the commingling waters found they were not strangers to each other, but from the same life-giving spring. The waters, so joined, flow on with an impetus union alone can give, and who shall say that the participators there alone reap the benefits? Are we not surrounded by a "cloud of witnesses"? The "E pluribus unum" of our American cousins is a fitting motto for another union of a sister Church of such recent date as to be fresh in the minds of all.

It is unnecessary to dwell longer on the results of the Disruption. The history of our Church for the last forty years is too familiar to many connected with her to tell them much they do not know, and we therefore leave that to be viewed, as the other has been, from the standpoint of years, feeling sure that that Church which we still have the honour of perpetuating, has not outlived her usefulness, but that with an honour roll of many of earth's noblest and best, who have made their impression on their own time and contributed much to the advancement of ours, she is yet but in the budding springtime of usefulness.

For four years after the Disruption the busy life of the celebrated Doctor was extended. Much was yet to be done for the young Church; but the earnestness of the ministers soon drew many followers around their standards, churches were built and congregations formed, which made the work less difficult for him who supervised all. He established a college for young men wishing to study for the ministry of the Free Church, and he was one of the professors. Many other things also found a place in his heart, narrowness or bigotry he never tolerated. While he worked for the young Church, all Churches had a charm for him. To these last years of special mention are the Sustentation Scheme and the formation of our Evangelical Alliance.

Busy to the last, this man advanced in years, but fresh and vigorous in mind, and with his varied life experience, seeing and living more than others who, having allowed opportunities to pass by them down the stream of time, forego their vigour, his servant of the Lord, bearing a crown of laurels—gathered opportunities—the aroma of which was the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, passed away, leaving many lessons to the student of Dr. Chalmers and His Times.

ABSENCE OF PROMINENT MINISTERS FROM THE ASSEMBLY.

MR. EDITOR, "Observer's" letter is very witty, but it is also significant of a very unworthy spirit, which is manifest in some quarters, viz., a desire to hold up to derision those respected ministers who have been honoured with the degree of D.D. as a token of the public sentiment of approval of a life consecrated to the work of the Church. We hold that this degree coming from the source it does is just as honourable and significant as a medal worn upon the breast of a veteran who has done good service for his country. The D.D.'s worn by the gentlemen mentioned by "Observer" have the ring

of true gold, none of your tinsel degrees from south of the line.

"Observer" delights to think that the absence of the honoured brethren from the Assembly, so slipshodly mentioned by him, accounts for the "pleasant, profitable and effective Assembly." Let us see. One of the most important items on the docket of business was the report of the Home Mission Committee for the Western Section, an incomparable report, measuring the progress of the Church in that most important department of work. Who prepared it? An honoured name, an indefatigable worker—one whom the Church honours and loves—Rev. W. Cochran, M.A., D.D., who is not only pressed with the charge of an important congregation, but upon him comes the care of all the Churches daily, and many a weary hour and doubtless far into the night did he labour, burning the midnight oil, in preparation of that report. Perhaps our gentle critic will see that although Dr. Cochran was not a visible member of Assembly, yet he was a great power behind the throne, and he had a great deal to do with the "pleasant, profitable and effective Assembly." Who presented that well-prepared report of the triumphs of God's grace in connection with Foreign Missions, a report of thrilling interest that will awaken deep interest wherever read? Another name mentioned by "Observer," Dr. Wardrope. True he was not a visible member of Assembly, but that report cost much thought and labour in addition to the burden of congregational work, and it helped the "pleasant, profitable and effective Assembly." Let "Observer" subtract these reports from the Assembly's work and see the difference it makes. True Dr. Proudfoot was absent, but his work as lecturer tells in Knox College report. The same is true also of Dr. Gregg. "Observer" says Dr. King was not there, but a splendid report of Manitoba College helped to make pleasant, profitable and effective the Assembly of 1886. Dr. Laing was not a commissioner, we are told, but Dr. Laing's work fills a niche in the Assembly of 1886. Mr. Macdonnell was not there, but his devotion to the Augmentation Fund is a work of pure disinterested love for his poorer brethren, and such noble men do exert an influence, and their work in the past year contributed to the pleasant, profitable and effective Assembly. The names mentioned by "Observer" are household words in the Presbyterian Church of Canada. They have earned a good report, and we say that much of the prosperity and peace enjoyed by this Church, under God, is due to their consecrated work. "Observer" calls on the logician for his conclusions, the philosopher for his deductions, the wiseacre for his opinions. Whatever these intimate friends of "Observer" may think, a grateful Church places on record this fact, that the Assembly of 1886 owes much to the men mentioned by "Observer," and prays that their lives may be long spared to carry onward the great work committed to their trust. We desire that a double portion of their spirit may rest upon "Observer," for if this is realized, when he shall go to the Assembly it will indeed be a pleasant, profitable and effective court of the Church, and he will be entirely saved from a croaking spirit.

JUNIOR.

IS IT FAIR?

MR. EDITOR, The General Assembly has just closed, and the usual batch of ministers from other Churches has been received.

It must be encouraging to the Assembly to know that the principles it advocates are spreading so much among Arminians, and that every year a greater or less number seek admission from Methodist Churches. Calvinism is apparently more attractive now than formerly, so that proselytes from Arminian Churches can in the shortest imaginable time pass from Wesley's Notes to the Confession of Faith with all its stern rigidity. This is very gratifying, and our faith in Calvinism leads us to believe that if it were properly understood by Methodists we should find them coming to us in still greater numbers.

But there is another aspect to this question which appears to some unsophisticated minds. They ask in their native simplicity, "Why should not the same educational standard be set up for gentlemen entering our ministry from other Churches as for those entering it from our own?"

It is thought by some of our people that the standard for ministerial education in the Methodist

Church is lower than in our own, and that a man can more easily enter its ministry. And yet the easiest possible terms are made when these gentlemen are received, while the loyal sons of our Church are compelled to take a long course in all the drudgery of early literary or university years. It is not denied that ministers received from the Methodist or other Churches do effective work, and just as effective work as those whose educational standard is higher. But it is contended that it is unjust to compel men in our own Church to go through a long course of study, and admit others who have not given one-tenth of the time to study, simply because they come from another denomination. In justice to our own students and members, the Assembly should either lower the standard in our colleges, and make it possible for men to enter the ministry who are unable from various causes to go through the drudgery of classical study, or else require ministers from other Churches to take the same examinations (where they have not taken similar work in their own colleges) that are required from Presbyterians.

Students are not blind, and they see that if they want easier terms they must enter the ministry *via* John Wesley. But surely there is something demoralizing in this.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

Toronto, June 26, 1886.

THE RATE OF MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

MR. EDITOR,—A statement was made from one of our pulpits that a gentleman in our city had made a calculation showing that, according to the wealth of the periods, \$13 was given fifty years ago to missions for \$1 given to-day. I must confess being startled by such a statement, and I should very much like to see the mode by which such a result was reached. Statistics show that the amount contributed by Protestants was at the beginning of the present century hardly £50,000 sterling, whereas the amount raised by British contributions to foreign missions in 1882 amounted to £1,090,000 sterling.

While having no means within my reach to gainsay his statements, it must be borne in mind that the home mission fields have had large demands also. In speaking to a friend on this subject, I said: "Ministers and others are sometimes forgetful of the fact that our ordinary religious privileges cost us to-day ten times more than they did our forefathers." He replied: "Yes, forty times," and I believe it. Should this meet the eye of the gentleman who made the calculation referred to, I trust he will favour us with the method by which he arrives at his conclusions. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you can enlighten me on this subject.

At the close of the last century there were only seven missionary societies in existence; at the present time there are seventy-one in Great Britain and the United States alone, not to speak of those in other countries and the Colonies. It is not necessary to speak here of the many theological colleges throughout the world, and the great cost pertaining to their maintenance.

W. T.

Toronto, July, 1886.

THE doctrine of good men only, in private personal morality, for public offices, says the New York *Independent*, is a maxim which every voter ought to honour in casting his ballot for candidates for such offices. The fact that there are no special objections to these candidates, founded on their public or official action, is no answer to objections based on their private character. A man who is known to be licentious, or to be dishonest, or to be untruthful and utterly unreliable in his word, is at heart a bad man in the sense that he is governed nowhere by sound principle. If he will cheat in a private matter, he will equally cheat in a public matter whenever he deems it to be his interest to do so. Such a man cannot be trusted with safety. What one really is in his ordinary private conduct is the best test of his real character; and if he is thus shown to be a bad man, that ought to be the end of all his hopes for public offices. The people cannot afford to honour such a man with the powers of office; and if they have right consciences they will not do so. By following this rule they will purify the politics of the country elevate the tone of general morality, and teach all office-seekers and all public men that personal morality is a cardinal qualification for the public service.

Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THE LAST ASSIZE. REV. XX. 115.

PARAPHRASED BY WILLIAM MURRAY.

I saw a great white throne, and I beheld,
Upon it seated, One, so clothed with light
And glory indescribable, that from
This face majestic earth and heaven, eclipsed
And shrivelled in a moment, fled away,
And there was found a place for them no more.
And I beheld the dead, both great and small,
Standing in myriads before the throne;
And books were opened—among them one illumed,
And marked by every eye o'er all the rest.
The Book of Life—and all the dead were judged
Out of the things recorded by God's pen
In the eternal and unalterable books,
According to their individual works.
The sea gave up the dead which were in it,
And Death and Hades rendered those in them,
And they were judged, each individual man,
According always to their several works.
And Death and Hades were forever cast
Into the ever quenchless lake of fire.
This is the second death: the lake of fire.
And any not found written in the book—
The changeless Book of Life—were cast at once
For evermore into the lake of fire.

Athol Bank, Hamilton, June, 1886.

IS THE YOUNG MAN SAFE?

BY REV. R. N. GRANT, ORILLIA.

Absalom was a rebellious son. Like too many of his class he died as he had lived. A life of sin and shame ended in a death of dishonour and disgrace. His sun went down while it was yet noon, and alas it went down under a cloud of lust and carnage, and treason and blood. He died suspended between two worlds, as if unfit for either, and the last sounds heard by his departing spirit were the wails of the wounded and the groans of the dying, whose sufferings had been caused by his own treason. You all know the steps which led to this end at once so tragic and so terrible. Impatient of parental restraint, and burning with ambition to hold the reins of government, Absalom plotted treason, raised an army, and made a vigorous attempt to dethrone his father. Justice to the realm required that the rebellion should be put down—the treason stamped out. For this purpose a royal army was sent to fight the rebels under Absalom. The armies met in the wood of Ephraim. Victory favoured the royal and rightful cause. Absalom's army was defeated, and Absalom was slain. A swift-footed messenger hurried to tell the king. David's first question, on hearing of the victory, was, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

Addressing young men this evening, I wish to apply this question to them. I propose to discuss several courses of conduct, which, unfortunately, too many young men pursue, and ask them if they think they are safe in so doing. As Absalom's ruin arose very largely from disobedience to his father, the natural way to begin, it seems to me, is to ask, Is the young man safe who disobeys his parents? No, most certainly not. He is on the highway to ruin. He has begun to go down an inclined plane, the lower end of which usually reaches eternal woe. Assuming of course, that one's parents are something near what they ought to be, disobedience to them must always be fraught with danger. The young man who commits this sin not only dishonours the father who provided for him and the mother who tenderly cared for him, which certainly is a black enough sin itself,—he walks directly across one of the commandments of the decalogue, and I am old-fashioned enough to believe that "breaking" the decalogue is always dangerous. Nay, more, I believe that disobedience to parents is one of the sins which God punishes in this life. I don't know that I could prove this, but you may investigate the matter for yourself in this way: make a list of the young men you know, or young women either for that matter, who began life by bringing down the gray hairs of their parents with sorrow to the grave, and tell me how many of them have done well in after life. Is it not a fact that a young man who begins life by breaking his mother's heart, and besmirching his father's honoured name, usually ends a life of disgrace in a grave of dishonour? Probably nine-tenths of our criminal class began their downward career by disobeying their parents. A few years ago, during the meeting of our General Assembly, I visited the Kingston penitentiary, along with some friends. We saw the seven hundred convicts marched to dinner. The first exclamation on every lip was: "Oh, what a large number of boys!" Yes, there they were, scores of boys, mere lads—many apparently under twenty. Do you for a moment suppose that these lads would have been there in their convict's garb if they had obeyed their parents? Do I address any young man this evening who thinks it manly to disobey his parents? You are not going to be "bossed" by the governor—if I may use language which I understand the fast young man

of the period applies to his father—nor kept in at night by your mother. Oh! dear no; that would be entirely too much restraint for young Canada. Young Canada in leading strings, forsooth! My young friends, I have a thing to say on this point. I have known several young men who talked just like you, to get shut up in a room a good deal smaller than the one their mother wanted them to stay in, before they went far in life—a room that was ventilated by a small hole in its iron door, a room they had no latchkey for. Staying out against the will of one's parents often leads to staying in altogether. Young man, if you have been guilty of this sin of disobedience to parents, I tell you to-night you are not safe, and I earnestly entreat you to reform at once. If you have brought grief to your mother's heart, or shame to her cheek, or tears to her eyes, go down on your knees this very night, confess your sins to your Father in heaven, and from this time forward honour your father and your mother.

Is the young man safe who keeps bad company? No, a thousand times no. He is in the greatest possible danger. Society is full of young men who have been ruined by bad companions. Do you ask who are bad companions? I'll give you a short list, which you can extend at your leisure. Sabbath-breakers are bad companions. Swearers are bad companions. Tipplers are bad companions very bad. Idlers are bad companions. All that class comprehended under the general term "loafers," genteel or otherwise, are bad companions. Impure young men are the worst possible companions. I specially warn you against this last-mentioned class. There is no further evidence of impurity needed than that a young man doubts or denies the existence of virtue. The man who does so is a libeller and a libertine; and remember, young man, when he slanders the sex, your mother and sister are included. The company you keep fixes your place in society. You may sink beneath it after a time if it is bad, but you can never rise above your bad companions while you remain with them. "What young man is that who has come to town? What kind of a young man is he?" "I don't know; but I see him around in the evenings with so and so." "That's enough. That's all we want to know." Young man, that is the way people fix your place in society, or rather that is the way you fix it yourself. Don't imagine for a moment that preachers and your parents are the only persons who believe that your companionships must determine your place. If you ask the Guarantee Co. to take a risk on your character when you are trying to get a situation, one of the principal things they will ask some business man in town is what kind of company you keep. You may never have seen one of these circulars, my young friend, that this company send asking information about young men, but some of the business men here no doubt have seen them. There is a sermon to young men in every one of them. Oh, from what a number of directions does this warning against bad companions come! It comes trumpet tongued and terrible from the haunts of vice where the victim of sin dies, and with his last breath denounces the evil companions who led him astray. It comes from the hospital where the ruined youth has been carried to die among strangers. It comes from the old homestead to which he has been brought back that he may be nursed in his dying moments by her who nursed him long years ago. It comes from the cell where the young prisoner tells the visitor that bad company brought him to ruin. It comes from the scaffold where he stands with his hands pinioned, and with his last breath warns young men to beware of bad companions. It comes from the death bed, where the young infidel dies in despair, and curses the companions that taught him his first lesson in infidelity. It comes shrill and terrible from the pit of everlasting woe where companions who helped to ruin each other make hell more terrible by their re-animations. Don't suppose, young man, that this warning is a mere preacher's story. It comes loud and solemn from a score of places beside the pulpit.

(To be concluded next week.)

WRITE MUCH.

There are ministers so constituted that they can prepare their sermons without writing them. They take a few germinal, central thoughts, and then elaborate them, partly, or entirely, while delivering them. Endowed with a ready utterance and reliable memory, as well as strong self-reliance, they avoid what they call "the drudgery of writing." But it may be questioned whether such men really gain as much as they think they do by pursuing such a course, unless at the same time they make a practice of writing much upon topics which are in line with their calling. However well a pastor can extemporize in a general sort of way, he cannot do full justice to his mental powers unless he accustoms himself to the use of his pen. He needs, in the quiet of his study, to take up some Gospel theme and meditate upon it, and while pondering over it, write out the results of his thinking. Let him write a short sermon once a week; or, if not a full sermon, then write the main parts with somewhat copious amplifications of the main points. This ought to be done during the early part of the week, so as to allow plenty of time for

such study and thought as will enable him to expand the written matter and complete the sermon. Some pastors write their sermons in full, and then make a good-sized brief from the written sermon, using the brief in the pulpit. But whether the sermon be written or not, either partly or wholly, every preacher ought to write much, so as to get that kind of discipline which can be had in no other way. Especially should young ministers adopt this practice. Young men who are very voluble are apt to think that there is no need of their writing much, just because certain superficial hearers tell them that their sermons are good and smart.

Young preachers are badly advised when told that they do not need to write their sermons. Some of them may be able to get along without a manuscript in the pulpit; but it does not follow that they can make the best use of their powers and education without a good deal of careful writing. Although Mr. Spurgeon never writes his sermons, yet he does a great deal of writing upon religious and scriptural subjects. And it is fair to suppose that the value and influence of such a habit have a decided relation to his preaching. He who writes a good deal speaks to better advantage than one who does not write much everything else being equal. Take two men of equal talents and education to start with as public speakers, and let one of them write a good deal on strong, deep subjects, while the other writes comparatively little, and at the end of five years it would be seen that the former outstripped the latter in relation to mental power, precision of thought, and beauty and transparency of expression.

We say, then, make a practice of writing much, as a means of self-development, and the accumulation of mental power and influence.—C. H. Wetherbe, in *Homiletic Review*.

LET GO!

It requires grit to take hold, it requires grace to let go. Take hold is a common virtue in America; let go is a rare grace in America. We are all exhorting one another to "go ahead"; we sometimes need the exhortation to stop. It requires as much wisdom to know when to let go as to know when to take hold, it requires as much courage to let go as to take hold, and even more self-denial. It is a mistake to suppose that Americans are a nation of mere money-makers. They work for work's sake; money constitutes only a kind of counter which shows who has won in the game of life. We do not play for the counters, but for the game. He is wise who knows how and when to stop the play.

The business man finds himself entangled in business; he exhorts himself to hold on and go ahead; if he can but tide over this week, this month, this year, he will come into clear water. He invests all that he has laid up, he borrows from his wife, from his friends, he exhausts first his capital and then his credit, and when at last he goes down, he involves wife, family and friends in his ruin. If he had only been wise enough to let go earlier, he and his would have suffered less. The wife and mother carries on her heart the burden of her home, her husband, her children. She wakes every morning weary, and exhorts herself to take hold; she spurs a laggard brain to reluctant work far into the night, and compels herself to hold on. In vain her husband urges her to "slack a little." His kindly urging only adds to her burden. She says to herself, if not to him: "Men cannot understand women's work, he can stop, but I cannot. My home must be cared for, my children nurtured and watched over." At last she breaks down entirely. The overwrought nerves give way, and she becomes a chronic invalid, or she goes to an early grave; and the husband and children are left to live on without the care which she mistakenly thought indispensable. If she had only had the grace to let go, as well as the grit to hold on, it would have been far better for those she loved, and whom, by the un wisdom of her love, she burdened. The Scripture is wiser in this respect than American instinct and conscience, for it contains many exhortations to us to "wait." For an active man or woman to let go of life, stop activity, leave others to bear the burdens and do the toil, and stand one side, a mere onlooker—this is, perhaps, the hardest experience that ever comes to the lot of God's children; but it is often a very valuable one. Moses let go when he was a herdsman in the wilderness, and David when he was an outlaw in the limestone caves of Southern Judea, and Paul when he was in retirement in Arabia, and Luther when he was in Wartburg. We commend to all overburdened souls the grace of "let go"—*Christian Union*.

ABIDING IN CHRIST.

To abide in Christ is the secret of perseverance in well doing. Work, once taken up earnestly and entered upon with hopes which experience shows to have been too sanguine, falls by degrees upon the taste, becomes irksome, and at last is discontinued. So it will be, so it must be, where it is either taken up from lower motives, or where we do not habitually realize that it is God's work we are doing.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN,
— PUBLISHED BY THE —
Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Company
(C. BLACKETT ROBINSON),
AT 5 JORDAN STREET, - TORONTO.

TERMS: \$2 per annum, in advance

ADVERTISING TERMS—Under 3 months, 10 cents per line per insertion; 3 months, \$1 per line; 6 months, 1.50 per line; 1 year \$2.50. No advertisements charged at less than five lines. None other than unobjectionable advertisements taken.

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MR. WALTER KERR—for many years an esteemed elder of our Church—is the duly authorized agent for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. He will collect outstanding accounts, and take names of new subscribers. Friends are invited to give any assistance in their power to Mr. Kerr in all the congregations he may visit.



TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 14, 1886.

THE action of the General Assembly of the Irish Presbyterian Church in stopping the controversy about instrumental music has its lesson. The organ and anti-organ men stopped because both parties thought they were face to face with a common foe. That foe was Home Rule. Our Irish brethren wished to present a united front to the enemy. There is a lesson here. We are face to face with a worse foe than Home Rule every day. The world, the flesh and the devil are more dangerous than Home Rule. Infidelity, worldliness, Sabbath breaking, dishonesty, drunkenness, lying, are more deadly enemies to the Church than Mr. Gladstone's measure. If it was right for the Irish Church to bury the organ controversy until Home Rule was settled, is it not the bounden duty of all Churches to bury minor questions, and present an unbroken front to the common foe? There is no sadder sight than to see two sections of a Church spending the strength in contending against each other that they should spend in fighting against the devil. If anything can make an angel weep it must be to see a congregation turned into a bear-garden, members and office-bearers fighting against each other when all should be united and fighting against sin. If there is no Home Rule that all should unite against, there is something much worse—devil rule. Close up the ranks and fight the common foe.

A PUNGENT writer in the current number of one of the monthlies describes the effect of the saloon upon the labour question in this way:

It stifles progress, fosters pauperism, brutalizes husbands and fathers, breaks women's hearts, puts rags on the workingman's back, disease in his body, and shame and despair in his heart. Yet when labour is most disturbed, when the demand for advanced wages is loudest, when strikes are most frequent, when hunger and misery are most rife in the homes of the poor, the saloon flourishes still. There may be no bread at home, but there is always beer and whiskey at the bar, and the men who consider themselves the victims of circumstances or the "thralls" of capital squander their earnings, spend their savings, in these dens.

Yes, the saloon industry always flourishes. Wages may be low; but the slave of whiskey will always find money to buy his drink. Who ever heard of a toper taking one glass less because times were hard and business dull? If the bottle were banished from every part of this Continent the labour question would be easily solved. Doubtless there are temperate workingmen connected with strikes; but there is too much reason to fear that drinking habits have much more to do with producing the poverty and pauperism found in the cities than the selfishness and tyranny of capital. No matter how the labouring man fares in regard to wages, the bar patronized by the labouring men of drinking habits always does the usual amount of business. Banish the bottle—nail down the bar and the position of labour will improve fifty per cent.

If any man needs a holiday a hard-working minister does, and for this reason—he works seven days in the week. To be even with those who rest on Sabbath he should have a holiday for fifty-two days—over seven weeks. In no other way can he keep the command to rest one-seventh part of the time. The

life of a hard-working minister who has no holidays is a perpetual violation of the laws of nature. Nature's law is six days of work and one day of rest. Resting on Monday is out of the question in most cases. Monday is often a minister's busiest day. Pastoral and other work accumulates during the closing days of the week, and the arrears have to be worked off on Monday. Few city and town congregations need to be asked to give their minister a holiday. They understand that he can do more and better work in eleven months than in twelve, and they usually give him a month or more for rest. There are ministers, we are sorry to say, however, who for many years have scarcely known the luxury of one good rest. We hope the number is becoming fewer every year, but it is painfully large still. To all congregations who know that their own pastor is in this position we respectfully suggest that the good man have a holiday next month. Let him slip his neck out of the collar for once, and have a refreshing time. He will be all the better pastor and preacher for having a few weeks to himself, and all the better still if you give him \$100 to start him.

THE hot weather of last week brought up the usual questions about holidays. Already the more fortunate tribes have taken flight, and are on their way to rest and recreation. Some go to the seaside, some down the St. Lawrence, some to Lake Superior and of course the ever-welcome Muskoka gets its full share. A very large number of Canadians have crossed the ocean this year, and there are more to follow. This annual holiday is one of the best things we have. In a country like Canada, where nearly every man toils with hand or brain, an annual rest is indispensable to health and working power. We have few large landed proprietors or millionaires who can rest all the year round if they wish. Most of our people work for a living, and the great majority of them have to work hard. In many cases an annual holiday is necessary to keep the physical or mental machine from breaking down. It was a kind provision of the Almighty to place such good facilities for recreation so near a hard-working people. We are fairly surrounded by good resting places. Almost any man in Ontario can leave his home in the morning, and be on one of our splendid northern lakes in the afternoon. Quebec people can go to the Lower St. Lawrence in a few hours. The people of the Maritime Provinces have sea air all the time—not to speak about their splendid fog. The typical young Ontario man stands by his northern lakes, and he has something he need never be ashamed to stand by. There is enough of good air in those regions to give nerve power to all the people on the continent. We cordially wish they all had a chance to breathe it for the month of August.

SUPPOSING we assume that there are not 19,000 families in our Church that do not support Gospel ordinances as reported in the statistical returns. Let us strike out nearly one half and say there are only 10,000. Why should there be 10,000? One reason is because in so many localities there is an unchristian, perhaps we should say insane, rivalry between denominations. Elders and managers are afraid to ask certain kinds of people for money lest they leave and go to some other Church. The same difficulty is experienced where two congregations of our own are trying to exist in a locality in which there is but room enough for one. People who do not wish to pay know there is an open door and a welcome for them somewhere else if they leave. The remedy for this evil is more honourable dealing between neighbouring congregations. There is another reason. People in some localities are poisoned with Plymouthism often conveyed in so-called revival meetings. They have heard self-appointed teachers rail against the "hireling clergy." They have been taught, often in an indirect but too effectual way, that the object of the Church is to get their money. They learn lessons of this kind very easily, and of course do not give any money. These are two of the causes that account for so many families not supporting the means of grace. Then there is the general cause of stinginess, or "meanness," as Sam Jones would say. Out of a hundred families there will always be a certain percentage who pay as little as they can, and nothing at all if possible. It is easier to point out the cause than to suggest a remedy. In some cases office-

bearers might be more prompt than they are; but it is hard to collect money from a man who is not willing to give it. What such people need most is more grace.

LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

IN a paper in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review* on Contemporary Life and Thought in France, by G. Monod, there is a very comprehensive survey of the actual condition of the French people. It embraces a wide range, but it rarely pierces below the surface. There is no analysis of the forces at present producing the well-defined results that are obvious enough to the ordinary observer. The political situation is first sketched. Though Mr. Monod is by no means a pessimist his outlook is not very cheering. It is clear, though he makes no formal statement of the fact, that universal suffrage has not as yet resulted in any distinct improvement in the political domain, nor is there any immediate prospect of such improvement by means of the ballot box. According to his estimate there is a dearth of capable and far-seeing statesmanship among prominent politicians. M. Ferry has frittered away his opportunities in vain attempts to gratify the national craving for glory in seeking to promote a colonial policy. Annam and Tonquin have been dismal failures in the effort to extend French influence in the East, while Malagasy patriotism has prevented the capture of Madagascar. M. De Freycinet is an abler man than Ferry, but he lacks conviction and is simply a prince among opportunists.

The contentions of opposing parties among the representatives render a strong and effective government impossible. The Executive has a habit of sailing before every wind that blows. In localities where clerical influence is strong Government supports the clericals; in a district where anti-clericalism prevails, there the might of ruling influence is thrown against the Church. There are centres where protection is the predominating economical doctrine, Government officials avow themselves protectionists; there are other seats of industry where the people favour free trade, and there the representatives of the Government are avowed disciples of Bastiat and Cobden. The same two-faced policy is shown in dealing with the capital and labour question. At Decazeville, where murderous attacks have been made on officers at the mines, one set of Government officials sided with the employers, and others with secret sanction were encouraging the strikers in their lawless courses.

M. Monod believes that the great mass of the French people desire only a stable form of government, that they may have the means and opportunity for the pursuit of peaceful industry. Outside the large cities they are not much moved by political influences. They are industrious and law-abiding, while in Paris, Lyons, Marseilles and other centres of population, demagogues of the extreme type find only too willing auditors.

In his survey of the literary domain M. Monod finds the outlook not much more encouraging. Recent historical memoirs no doubt present graphic and truthful pictures of former times, but the literary men of the period beyond striving for artistic effect seem to be animated by no earnest purpose. In fiction and poetry there are too main tendencies discoverable, an ideal sentimentalism and a brutalized and brutalizing realism. Art, though less degraded, has not escaped the blight of frivolity and purposelessness, while science continues to make steady advances, and M. Pasteur comes in for unstinted eulogy.

What appears most remarkable, especially in a paper written by one bearing the honoured name of Monod, is that there should be no mention of religion when surveying contemporary life and thought in France. Everything else is mentioned down to the theatre, but the Church is passed over in silence. Why is this? In rural France does not the Roman Catholic Church still mould the religious beliefs and life of the people? Have the Protestant Churches ceased to instruct multitudes in the grand truths that ennoble the present and point the way to a still grander and more enduring existence? Is not the marvellous McAll Mission, with its steadily extending operations, a mighty force accomplishing a work whose results shall be manifest in the life, if not the destinies, of a not distant future? There is a lack of stability, even an ominous uncertainty, as to the condition of affairs in France; but if that or any country is to be guided

by earnest and gifted statesmen, capable politicians; if a lofty and pure literature is to rest at a vigorous intellectual and moral life if art is to represent imperishable beauty, it must be by earnest Christian men and women. Frivolous workers can only do frivolous work. A nation's leaders who know not in what direction they ought to lead can only land in disaster those who trust them. True as when first uttered are the words, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

The important work carried on by the Church under the management and supervision of the Board of French Evangelization appointed by the General Assembly is of such a character that it commends itself to the sympathy, prayers and liberality of the people generally. Last year was marked by unmistakable success and encouragement. The subjoined circular, issued by authority of the Board, is respectfully commended to the careful consideration of our readers:

Sabbath, the 18th July, is the day appointed by the General Assembly for the annual collection on behalf of the French Evangelization Scheme of the Church.

We append you herewith a copy of the annual report of the Board. Will you kindly oblige by bringing the substance of it before your congregation, as also before your Bible Class and Sabbath School, with a view to obtaining a liberal contribution on behalf of the work? The staff of labourers is at present larger than at any former period, and the Board are most anxious not only to retain the services of the whole of these but to increase the number. Their ability to do so will largely depend on the result of the annual collection and the contributions received during the next two or three months. The expenditure at present is upwards of \$3,000 per month—the total estimated requirements for the current year being \$40,000.

We invite your attention to the following points.

1. That the collection be made on the Sabbath named (18th of July), or if this be not practicable, on as early a Sabbath as possible.

2. That it is to be taken up in all congregations—settled and vacant;—in all mission stations; and in each preaching station connected with the several congregations and mission stations of the Church.

3. That in view of the increased expenditure of the current year, consequent on the growth of the work, the need of increased liberality on the part of the friends of the mission be prominently brought before the congregations of the Church.

4. That owing to the precariousness, from various causes, of a Sabbath collection, an additional opportunity to contribute be given, where there are no missionary associations, by means of subscription sheets, copies of which may be obtained on application to the Secretary. The Board specially solicit your co-operation in this direction.

5. That the Pointe-aux Trembles schools be brought before your Bible Class and Sabbath School with a view to the support of a pupil, who will correspond directly with your Sabbath School from time to time. Should the Bible Class or Sabbath School be unable to provide the full amount required for the maintenance of a pupil, a liberal contribution toward this object is earnestly solicited.

6. That on the Sabbath appointed for the collection, the attention of congregations to be drawn to this Scheme of the Church, and special prayer be offered for its continued success and for the outpouring of the Spirit of God on all engaged in the work.

Knowing how dependent, under God, upon the ministers and missionaries of the Church for success is any appeal for increased interest and liberality, the Board very earnestly solicit your hearty co-operation.

We mail a copy of the annual report to the Superintendent of your Sabbath School, addressed to your care. Kindly hand it to him, and endeavour to secure his interest in the work.

Contributions should be forwarded direct to the Treasurer, addressed Rev. R. H. Warden, 198 St. James Street, Montreal, from whom extra copies of the report may be obtained. Yours faithfully,

D. H. MACVICAR, LL.D., *Chairman* } of the
ROBT. H. WARDEN, *Secretary* } Board.

P.S.—The General Assembly having enjoined that contributions be made in all mission fields, students and other missionaries will kindly see that this collection is taken up at each preaching station supplied by them, and the amount forwarded as early as possible to the Treasurer. The Sabbath collection being generally small, a subscription sheet is enclosed, in the hope that it will at once be placed in the hands of suitable parties, and the families of the district canvassed without delay. In vacant congregations the session will please attend to the collection and subscription list.

Books and Magazines.

THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE. (New York: John B. Alden.)—The new series is a decided improvement in form and appearance on the preceding. Its contents are varied, and full of interest to intelligent readers.

RALPH WILSON'S SECRET. By C. S. M. (Philadelphia. Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto. James Bain & Son.)—This is a well-told story with an excellent moral for young people, showing how sin and its consequences are inseparable.

WOOD, HAY AND STUBBLE. By Kate W. Hamilton. (Philadelphia. Presbyterian Board of Publication.)—This book contains an excellently-written story that will be read with growing interest by young people, and they will be the better for reading it. The lesson conveyed is most valuable.

BOUQUET OF KINDERGARTEN SONGS. Part I. (Toronto. Selby & Co.)—This publication contains seventeen Kindergarten Songs that from experience have proved most effective. Mrs. James L. Hughes writes an appropriate introduction, and notes for gestures are supplied by Miss Hailmann.

OUR MISSION NEWS. (Hamilton. Spectator Printing Co.)—This new publication is another evidence of the deepening interest in missions pervading all sections of the Christian Church. It is published by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada. It has our best wishes for its success.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York; Macmillan and Co.)—The current number of the *English Illustrated* is a specially bright one. The frontispiece, "Autumn," is an artistic gem. In addition to the serial story, "My Friend Jim," and other attractions, the most interesting papers are: "On Handwriting," with facsimiles, "Charles Kingsley and Eversley," and "Modern Falconry."

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.)—The modest promises made by the *New Princeton* have been more than fulfilled. It is fully entitled to a first place in the ranks of our higher literature. The July issue is very attractive. The opening paper by Charles Eliot Norton, "Recollections of Carlyle, With Notes Concerning His Reminiscences," is just to the Sage of Chelsea, but J. A. Froude may not think so. Among the interesting and timely subjects discussed are "The Sunday Question," "The Clergy and the Labour Question," and "The Origin of Life."

CAMPING IN THE MUSKOKA REGION. By James Dickson, P.L.S. (Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—Canada possesses many beautiful regions where enjoyable recreation may be obtained. Muskoka has of late years come into prominence, because of its varied attractions. The book before us gives a most interesting description of these, not in the stereotyped form of the regulation guide book, but as they present themselves to the appreciative eye of a keen and trained observer. The narrative of a canoeing expedition to the head waters of the Muskoka and Ottawa Rivers is given in a most pleasing descriptive style. Mr. Dickson, of Fenelon Falls, is an experienced *voyageur*, and his book gives intending tourists much information that they will find exceedingly useful.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)—This splendid quarterly takes the first rank among the theological publications of the time. The opening paper in the July number is from the trenchant pen of Principal MacVicar on "Romanism in Canada." There are various reasons why it should be carefully read and pondered. Professor Riggs, D.D., writes on "The Languages of Asia Minor and their Study as Related to Missionary Work." "Venantius Fortunatus and his Latin Hymns" is a most interesting paper by Rev. Samuel W. Duffield. Professor Flint, of Edinburgh, contributes a characteristic paper on the "Classification of the Sciences." The other departments of the *Review* give a copious supply of valuable information.

RECEIVED:—MIND IN NATURE (Chicago: The Cosmic Publishing Co.), THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER, a Monthly Review of Astronomy, (Northfield, Minn.: Carleton College Observatory), THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC, edited by Father O'Connor (New York: James A. O'Connor), DOMINION CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE JOURNAL. (Toronto: A. C. Winton & Co.)

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

REPORT OF REV. W. A. WILSON, NEEMUCH.

As the work in Neemuch has been but recently begun it is too soon to speak of results. Any report must relate chiefly to modes of working, and to prospects.

Last June work was begun by Baluram, a catechist from Indore, who opened a school in the city and in a short time gathered a large number of boys. On two young men professing a desire to become Christians, the great majority of the boys took fright and fled, and the attendance fell from 115 to less than twenty. But the average has risen again to about thirty.

There are many prejudices and superstitions to contend with in a new field.

A promising school was also opened in Mandesaur, a large city of 20,000 souls, on the railway thirty miles from Neemuch in the direction of Indore.

Jugalkishor, a young man who had joined the Mhow Mission, was put in charge. But his Christianity was not sufficiently robust to resist the heathen influences around him, and his dismissal became necessary. For lack of a suitable man to take his place the school has been closed.

To meet the great need, as there was no medical dispensary either in the camp or in Neemuch city, the Mission Council sanctioned the opening out of a small dispensary in old Neemuch. In August last it was opened under the charge of L. Kidd, M.R.C.S., London. The dispensary has hitherto met with good support from the Parsee community; but as the Government opened out a dispensary in the camp a few weeks ago our revenue may be affected. Since August, 841 patients have been admitted and 2,301 have been treated. The subscription has amounted to Rs. 278-4-0.

There is great need for a medical missionary here, and we hope one may soon be found offering himself for the work.

A part of a native shop has been rented in the Cantonment bazaar, where Delaur Masih, who on account of his health was transferred from Mhow to Neemuch, keeps for sale a small stock of Bibles, tracts and books; he also visits the railway station at train time, when he sells tracts or talks with the people who gather there in large numbers.

For lack of suitable teachers little has been done in the villages in behalf of education. An experiment is being tried in Bajana, a large village close to Neemuch, where we are nursing a small school under the care of a Mohammedan, who professes to be seeking light.

Sabbath services are held both in Neemuch and in the camp bazaar, as these places are about a mile apart; weekly services are also held in the bazaar. These are well attended by the heathen, who listen attentively. Our little upper room in Neemuch is sometimes crowded, while in the camp large numbers gather and stand in front of the veranda, which we use as a preaching place. A glib and not over-zealous Mohammedan has commenced preaching in opposition to us in the streets. No doubt his opposition will but awaken a deeper interest in the new religion. A few excursions have been made into the country, and the Gospel has been preached in some of the villages. We hope to give special attention to Jawad, a large walled city about nine miles from here.

A Bible class for the helpers, and any inquirers who may attend, is held every Sabbath morning. From fifteen to twenty beggars regularly assemble at the Bungalow on Sabbath mornings, who, before receiving pice, must listen to a short sermon.

We have frequent visits from young men, Brahmins and others who come to talk on religion. There are thus abundant opportunities for sowing the seed. We can but sow, and pray that the dew from above may descend.

Several professed inquirers encouraged us for a while, but they were only stony-ground hearers. Of some others we have more hopes, as they seem to be really struggling with religious difficulties. Many, indeed, acknowledge that Christianity is true, but they shrink from the consequences of professing it. To be baptized, and to join the flesh-eating Christian society, means to lose caste, and with caste the loss of the all they can as yet appreciate.

But the way is being prepared for the coming of the Kingdom. Day by day, almost before our eyes, God is by the advance of Western civilization loosing the grip of caste prejudices, and when the fetters fall many will arise and openly call on the name of the Lord. Some faint hearts here are even now longing for that time, that they may come out on the Lord's side.

A weekly prayer meeting in English is held in the bungalow for soldiers and others who desire to attend. A service is also held once a month in the barracks for Presbyterian soldiers, the chaplain from Mhow also giving a monthly service.

God is thus giving us abundant opportunities for making known the truth, and as one remembers one's inability to use them, the cry is, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Would that many might feel constrained to "come to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Choice Literature.

MISS GILBERT'S CAREER.

CHAPTER XXIV.—MISS GILBERT RECEIVES A LESSON WHICH SHE NEVER FORGETS, AND WHICH DOES HER GOOD ALL THE DAYS OF HER LIFE.

The winter that followed these events was a severe one, and restrained the occupants of the Gilbert mansion within the walls of home. Fanny missed the variety and vivacity of her old New York life. The same duties, the same amusements, the same faces, the unvarying, dreary scene, tried her. Never in her life had she indulged so deeply in reverie. It seemed to her that she had lived her life out that she had either come to its end or had exhausted all its graceful significance. She looked backward and saw that the freshness of youth was gone, and that she had achieved the highest good she had laboured for. She examined the present, and found herself in the maturity and full strength of her powers without an object of life that laid hold upon the coming years, and without satisfying companionship. She looked forward and the future spread itself before her, a dark and meaningless blank.

A nature like hers could not sleep. Vitality is a restless principle, and she had it in abundance. Sometimes she would issue forth in the wildest storms, simply for the pleasure of excitement—the excitement of struggling with fierce winds and overcoming obstacles. Occasionally she and Arthur were thrown into one another's society, always accidentally. By some strange influence they found it impossible to maintain a distant reserve in one another's presence. There was no disguising the hearty pleasure with which they took each other's hand on every unthought opportunity. Fanny wondered why Arthur did not oftener call upon her. She was piqued by his apparent desire to shun her, for her woman's heart told her that he was happy in her presence, and her woman's heart longed for his manly society.

There had been a long winter storm—not the storm of a day or a night, but of a week—not heavy, covering fences and filling the highway with drifted piles, but intermittent, coming down in sleet and snow from low gray clouds that hid the mountain tops, and hung chill and hard, with discouraging persistency, over the valleys. Morning after morning had broken upon the inmates of the Gilbert mansion in dismal gloom, and day after day twilight had descended upon mid-afternoon. The same bleak landscape, the same muffled sleigh-riders—their heads bent to break the blast—the same gray sky, the same dull life from day to day—had wearied and chafed Fanny Gilbert until she began to feel that winter life in Crampton was unendurable. At last the storm broke up. In the night the wind chattered about, and came down from the north-west in a long, hard blow, that bellowed in the chimneys, and slammed the blinds, and whistled through the leafless maples, and roared on the distant hills, as if it were rejoicing in its own rough way over the great victory it had won from the grim spirit of the storm.

As the sun rose, the wind fell, and very blue was the sky and very dazzling and insipid, the light that greeted the eyes of the Crampton people as they looked out of their windows that morning. Fanny Gilbert declared at the breakfast table that she would have a sleigh ride, and that Fred should accompany her. The doctor informed her that the family horse would be in use for other and more necessary purposes. Then she would take the colt. She had already driven him, and would be delighted to drive him again. Her father expostulated, and Aunt Catharine prophesied evil; but they made no impression on Fanny, who had determined upon her ride.

Accordingly word was sent to the stable immediately after breakfast to have the colt and sleigh brought to the door; and Fred was muffled in the warmest clothing by Aunt Catharine, while Fanny rigged herself for the drive. The colt was led around, and seemed to be in quite as good spirits, under the influence of the bracing morning air, as his mistress. She went out, patted him upon the head, caressed him, and kept him quiet while Fred was taking his seat, and then quietly stepped into the sleigh and took the reins. His head was released by the groom, word was given to go, and off flew the spirited creature like a bird.

Arthur Blague stood at his window while this scene was in progress, and witnessed it with vague uneasiness and apprehension. As the gay turn-out passed his window, he felt moved to take his hat and go forth to see the progress of the riders as they passed out of the village. He followed them with his feet and his eye as they rapidly vanished in the distance, and then walked on for his own quiet enjoyment.

Wrapped in his thoughts and exhilarated by the influences of the morning, he had left the village half a mile behind, when he caught a view upon a distant hill of a horse flying toward him at a frantic pace. He stood still, and as it approached he felt sure that it was no other than the half-broken creature that Fanny had driven off with. He heard no outcry, but he saw people run out, after the horse and sleigh had passed, and lift their hands in helpless fright.

Already the running horse was near him. He saw in a moment that it would be impossible to stop him by standing before him; so he chose the only practical alternative for helping and saving his friends. The colt advanced madly toward him, while he kept his eye fixed upon the sleigh. As it came up he grasped the dasher by a motion quick as lightning, and threw himself by desperate force into the vehicle. A vague impression that he was hurt upon the head and a wild sensation of flying through the air were the subjects of his first consciousness. The next moment he was upon his feet, the reins were jerked out of Fanny's hands, and then the frightened colt felt the strength of a man upon his mouth. Fanny said not a word; not a word was spoken by any one. The animal struggled desperately, but tired at last under the steady, powerful check, and subsided into a short broken canter, then came down

a trot, and then stopped, trembling and reeking, before Dr. Gilbert's door.

Arthur stepped out of the sleigh, while the stableboy, who was near, took the colt by the head; and then he lifted Fanny to the ground, so weak and faint that she could hardly stand.

When both had seen Fred safely on his way to the house, they looked in each other's eyes. She could not speak. She gazed in the face of her preserver, down which, from beneath his hat, the blood was flowing freely, and was as numb as if her lips were frozen.

"Fanny Gilbert," said Arthur, with a firm voice, "do not be guilty of this foulhardy business again! Allow me to conduct you to the house."

She answered not a word, turned upon her heel, and left him. Arthur then went to his home and attended to his wound—his two wounds, in fact—the wound upon his head and the wound upon his feelings. He knew he had spoken strongly, but he felt that the risk of his life had given him warrant for it.

Fanny entered the house mortified and offended. She was but a woman, with a woman's strength after all. It had been demonstrated to her by one whose strength, presence of mind and courage had humiliated her and shown to her her inferiority. Not only this, but he had assumed toward her a tone of command such as no man—not even her father—had assumed for many years.

In the course of the morning these thoughts passed away. Then came shame for her lack of consideration for one whose flowing blood testified for her how much she was indebted to him. She had shown neither magnanimity nor gratitude. She had not even exhibited good breeding. She knew that she must make amends; and, though her pride restrained her, she determined that she would. The doctor had already walked over and ascertained that Arthur's wound was a superficial one; but that could not satisfy Fanny. Her personal duty in the matter must be done, or she could never meet him again without shame.

In the afternoon, Fanny dressed herself with more than her accustomed care, for a formal call upon the young clergyman. It was such a visit as she had never undertaken before. It was a visit to which she felt urged by every sentiment of honour and of self-respect. She knew that Arthur could misconstrue no call from her that would cost her humiliation and a confession of wrong. She even went so far as to coin the phrases of her confession and her prayer. The feeling of a culprit destroyed her self-possession, and her heart beat heavily with excitement as she lifted the knocker of Mrs. Blague's door.

The smile of glad surprise with which Mrs. Blague greeted her assured her at once that Arthur had not mentioned the unpleasant manner in which they had parted from each other in the morning; and the fact made her still more ashamed of herself. Mrs. Blague was so happy to think that no one had been hurt. Arthur's injury was nothing. It would heal in a few days. After a minute's chat, Fanny enquired for Arthur, and expressed a wish to see him.

Mrs. Blague left the room, and Fanny was alone. The doors were left ajar as the mistress of the house went upon her errand; and coming down through the silence Fanny heard the terrible breathing of little Jamie—heard it until every sympathy of her nature was bleeding. Mrs. Blague was absent for some minutes, and in the meantime Fanny grew nervous and sick at heart. It seemed to her as if she could not remain in the house. She rose and closed the parlour door, but still the same stertorous respiration pierced her ears, and haunted her impatient consciousness.

At length Mrs. Blague descended the stairs and reappeared. She brought a troubled expression upon her features, and an embarrassed manner. Arthur, she said, nervously and blushing, would see Fanny in his study. Fanny hesitated—then said, "Very well," and rose and followed Mrs. Blague upstairs. The latter led the way to a distant door in the back part of the house, opened it, turned Fanny in, and retired.

Fanny found herself in a strange place. There was a small library on one side of the room, in an open case, and upon another a couch of singular construction. A bright fire was burning upon the hearth, and there was an air of quiet comfort in the apartment; but the sound of that terrible breathing pierced her very soul.

Arthur was seated at a window with something in his lap—something that had the face of a human being on which were traced deep lines of distress, but the form and proportions of nothing that she had ever seen. She knew it must be Jamie; but it seemed impossible that it could be. He was dressed like a girl, but from the bottom of his skirt protruded a pair of feet, misshapen, dwarfed and stiff, hanging to ankles that were no larger than her two fingers. One emaciated hand and arm hung at his side, as loose and lifeless as the sleeve that half-hid it. The other was swaying wildly in the air with its curled fingers and stiff joints, under the excitement produced by the presence of a stranger. Nothing half so sickening—nothing half so revolting—had ever met her eyes before.

She nerved herself to meet the repulsive vision, and approached nearer, trembling with excitement. The little fellow's head, or rather, his neck, lay upon his brother's arm, and not a breath filled his chest that was not drawn into it by a spasm that thrilled Fanny with sympathetic pain. She did not see Arthur's look and smile of greeting at all. Absorbed by the vision of the afflicted child, and harrowed in all her sensibilities by its efforts for the vital air upon which its terrible existence fed, she could not remove her eyes from the sad and distressed little face. Her eyes filled with tears, and she wiped them, and wiped them again. Her bosom heaved with convulsive sobs which only her most powerful efforts could control.

"Is he dying?" whispered she at length.

"Oh, no!" replied Arthur; "he is very well to-day, and enjoying the sunlight very much."

"Very well? Why! how long has he been like this?"

"Ten years."

"Breathing like this?"

"Oh! no. He has breathed like this only five years."

"Five years! Ah me! ah me!" and Fanny sat and looked into Arthur's eyes with vague incredulity; her face as pale as that of the poor child before her.

At this moment the child indicated by a motion of his lips that he wished to change his position, and Arthur brought him forward so that he could lean upon his hand.

"What did you mean when you said that he was enjoying the sunlight very much to-day?" Fanny inquired, "Do you mean to say that he really enjoys anything?"

"Certainly he does," replied Arthur with a full, cheery tone, that went straight to the heart of the little boy, and straight from his heart into his face, illuminating it with a smile as full of love and heaven as earthly smile can be.

Arthur put him back upon his arm again, and looked fondly into his eyes. The emaciated chest struggled on for its coveted breath, but the heart looked up through those soft, dark eyes with unutterable love and gratitude.

"He knows his friends," said Arthur in his strong, cheerful way; and the words called out the same sweet smile, and the same look of unutterable gratitude—certainly unutterable by him, for his lips had never spoken a word since the accident which befell him ten years before.

"He's one of the happiest little fellows in all Crampton," Arthur continued. "He sits here with his brother, and looks out of the window, and sees the horses go by and the children at play, and keeps me in the house, and makes me study, and warms my heart with his precious smiles, and pays me ten thousand times for all I do for him. He's one of the noblest and happiest little fellows in the world."

As Arthur said this, the boy repeated the old smile—his sole return for all the care that brotherly or motherly love could lavish upon him. Fanny looked on with wonder—almost with awe. No such unselfish love—no such devotion—had she ever seen or dreamed of.

"He is more quiet at night?" said Fanny, interrogatively.

"No."

"Who takes care of him?"

"I do."

"How can you? How can you sleep?"

"Miss Gilbert, I have not slept more than an hour at a time for ten years."

"Arthur Blague!"

"Not more than an hour at a time for ten years."

"And yet you are cheerful and happy."

"So happy that it seems to me sometimes that I must be dreaming, and that, by and by, I shall wake to life's sterner realities."

The proud woman sits before the humble man vanquished. She can imagine how, in the din and heat of battle, even she could face death at the cannon's mouth. She can imagine how, for a great cause, strong men can suffer hardships for many years—for a whole lifetime; but this patient subjection of a great life to the wants of a suffering child, for a whole decade, away from the eye of the world, not only uncomplaining, but abundantly happy, rises in her apprehension into an unapproachable heroism. She thinks of her own impatience with the dull realities of her Crampton home, of all the selfish pursuits of her life, and she sinks down into a sickening self-contempt.

It was easy now for her to ask Arthur to forgive her for the rudeness of the morning; and she did it, forgetting all her nicely trimmed phrases, and losing all her reluctant shame. She thanked Arthur for the lesson he had taught her, and in the fulness and impulsiveness of her heart she told the young man how much she respected and admired his self-abnegation.

As she spoke, Arthur's eyes sank to the floor, and tears filled them. When she closed, he lifted them to her face, and said: "I thank God for giving me the discipline with which He favours almost exclusively your sex. I do not wonder that women are so much purer and better than men. They have opportunities which few men have. Of all heroisms this world has ever known, those wrought out in rooms like this are the greatest and the noblest—wrought out by patient, self-denying women. God has singularly favoured me from my birth. He has kept my heart close to the suffering always, and my hands busy in humble service; and before Him, to-day, I declare that I would not exchange what I have won in this sympathy and service for the wealth of a thousand worlds like this. This cup, of which I have been drinking daily and almost hourly for many years, and which seems so bitter to you, has become inexpressibly sweet to me. God help me when I shall be called to put it away from my lips for ever! Always, in the presence of this little painful life, my heart is melted down into the tenderest love and pity. I take it to my arms; and all my resentments, all my pride, all my own little trials fade out."

As Arthur said this, his eyes were full of the light of a dawning heaven in his soul. Fanny looked at him in awe and wonder. She had caught a glimpse of something divine. The glories of great secrets shone out upon her. Transcendent motives of life revealed themselves dimly to her quickened moral vision. The sublime melody of another sphere breathed in the young man's voice; and she faintly apprehended the immortal harmonies into which the discords of time were swiftly revolving themselves. In the strange excitement of the moment, she dropped upon her knees before Arthur and the child, buried her face in her hands, and sobbed convulsively. The gifted, the famous, the courted and imperious Fanny Gilbert bowed humbly in the presence of a consecrated life, under the shadow of great thoughts that seemed to be let down from the heaven above her.

Jamie's little misshapen arm waved wildly back and forth as he looked up into Arthur's face, with an anxious, inquiring gaze; and his breath came harder under the strange excitement. Arthur could have wept like a child over the scene before him. He longed to drop at her side and pour out his soul in prayer. His firm lips quivered, and there rose to them, from a soul profoundly moved, the words: "Father in heaven! Our hearts and the issues of our lives

are in Thy hands. Make us children whom Thou shalt delight in; engage our hearts and our hands in Thy service, eradicate from us all our selfishness, and lead us into Thy perfect peace!"

The room was silent. The little boy's breath came easier for the moment, and then there rose from Fanny's lips a whispered "Amen!"

There was a sound of feet in the passage, and Fanny rose and resumed her seat. Mrs. Blague came in. She saw the marks of excitement and of tears upon the faces before her, and started back. The question—"What, mother?" from Arthur, arrested her. Mrs. Blague had a story of destitution to tell. There were two little boys down stairs—children of a widow who had only managed to live through the long storm—and the little boys had trudged through the snow three miles for help.

"Go," said Miss Gilbert. "Give them something to eat, and tell them to wait for me," said Arthur. Then he added: "It is almost time for Jamie to sleep, and then I can go."

Fanny sat for a moment thinking. Then she rose, removed her hat and cloak, drew off her gloves, and, coming forward to Arthur, handed him a bank note as her portion of the afternoon's charity. "Little Jamie," said Fanny, "will sit with me while you are absent."

Little Jamie seemed to understand it all, and looked into her face with that old precious smile which had repaid so many kindnesses rendered him by others, and which went straight to her heart with its freight of pleasure. Arthur saw the smile, and it pleased him, but he had at the moment a pleasure that rose above even that. He uttered no expostulation, and made no objection. There was something in this prompt adoption of a painful task on the part of Miss Gilbert that thrilled him with a new and strange delight.

Fanny took her seat, and Jamie, heavier than she had supposed, was laid in her arms. Arthur received Fanny's direction to call and inform her family that she should not be at home until evening, and then departed upon his long walk and his errand of mercy.

(To be continued.)

CIVIL LIBERTY AND EQUAL RIGHTS.

We quote the concluding sentences of a timely editorial with the above title in the July Century: "We have pided ourselves on the fact that our society was mainly composed of workmen; and the great mass of our workmen have an American horror of the coward who stabs in the back or throws dynamite. But there are professional agitators, who are ignorantly inciting workmen to acts which differ only in degree from those of the anarchists; and some of their disciples, having no better instruction than the agitators are in the habit of furnishing, are inclined to apologize for or defend acts committed in the name of labour which they would condemn at once if a professed anarchist were the doer. They should learn the meaning of civil liberty, that it is the measure of natural freedom which society considers to be consistent with the equal freedom of others. Let it be shown, at any time, that the measure of civil liberty is so large that some are using it to abridge the equal liberty of others, and society must and will abridge civil liberty so far as is necessary to secure equal rights."

"Can society, at least in our American form of it, accomplish such a task as this if it should become necessary? The anarchist thinks not; he evidently has but a meagre notion of the war-power of democracy; for forcible resistance to society must be considered as war. Only monarchies and aristocracies make war and peace with facility. A democracy seldom prepares for war, always begins it with a succession of costly blunders, and usually succumbs only through absolute exhaustion. The manner in which republican France threw back Europe from her borders in 1793, and assumed the hopeless contest with Germany in 1870-71, the desperate nature of the struggle between the United States and the seceding States and between the two republics of Peru and Chili are but examples of the intensity with which democracy rises to the height of an increasing danger. The poet's simile of "a wild-cat mad with wounds" is none too strong for a democracy when it is pushed into a dangerous position. Is there any reason to suppose that the American democracy has changed its nature in twenty-five years?"

"The courts are open for all; the laws may be altered peaceably. If laws are bad, if rich oppressors exist, powerful labour organizations are just the element needed to reform the one and to prosecute the other. But let the work be done decently and in order, without infringing the recognized and equal civil liberty of others. Above all, let the organizations impress upon their members, as the very first lesson, that violent resistance to society can only be of evil omen for these organizations, for society itself, and for civil liberty."

DISCOVERY OF PHARAOH'S PALACE.

A wonderful find has been made in the north-eastern Delta of Egypt, by Mr. Flinders Petrie. In a wilderness, half marsh half desert, between Tanis and Lake Menzaleh, are three groups of mounds. The principal was a brown and blackened ruin of brick buildings, the local name of which is "The castle of the Jew's daughter." If our readers will refer to Jer. xliii. they will see that the daughters of Zedekiah, who was then a dethroned and unvisited captive in Babylon, were carried to Egypt. This was about the year B.C. 585. To them was assigned as a residence Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes. Mr. Petrie is positive that he has come upon the ruins of this palace. It has disclosed the name of its founder—the royal name and titles are engraved on the four corners of the building. The castle bears the marks of having first been ransacked and afterward burned. The debris has fallen to the lower storey, but the basement is found almost as it was left by the servants. There is a kitchen and a butler's pantry. Fourteen large jars were found standing in their places, unharmed amid the general destruction. A large bronze seal of Apries has also been found, which determines the time,

B.C. 591-570, the period of the flight of the daughter of Zedekiah. Jer. xliii. 8-11 gives details regarding what Jeremiah did by the word of the Lord in the courtyard of the temple. So confident is Mr. Petrie of the identity of the place that he has actually looked in the pavement and square, to try to find the stones buried by Jeremiah. The question then arises: Was Jeremiah's prophecy regarding the coming of Nebuchadnezzar to Egypt accomplished? The answer to this is that in the museum at Boulak were found three clay cylinders, inscribed with the great king's name, titles, parentage, which it is thought were found in this locality. These objects were used to mark the place where he achieved a victory. How gratified Bible students will be by this latest discovery, which serves to confirm an interesting portion of the Bible narrative in a most extraordinary manner!—*Christian Leader.*

A SONG OF SUMMER.

The flowers are fringing the swift meadow brooks,
The songsters are nesting in shadowy nooks;
The birds and the blossoms are thronging to meet us,
With loveliness, perfume, and music they greet us
For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

The bobolink tilts on the tall, nodding clover,
And sings his gay song to us over and over;
The wild roses beckon, with deepening blushes,
And sweet, from the wood, sounds the warble of thrushes—
For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

The white lilies sway with the breeze of the morning,
In raiment more fair than a monarch's adorning;
The bright-throated humming-bird, marvel of fleetness,
Comes questing for honey-blooms, draining their sweetness—
For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

High up in the elm is the oriole courting,
A new suit of velvet and gold he is sporting;
With gay bits of carolling, tuneful and mellow,
He woos his fair lady-love, clad in plain yellow—
For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

The blossoms and birds bring us, yearly, sweet token
That Nature's glad promises never are broken.
Then sing, happy birdlings, nor ever grow weary!
Laugh on, merry children, 'tis time to be cheery!—
For Summer, the beautiful, reigns!

—Emma C. Dowd, in *St. Nicholas* for July.

BOUQUETS UNDER WATER.

The following is a description of the process by which a bouquet of flowers can be preserved fresh for a long time:

A vessel of water is required; the vessel should be large enough to allow the submersion in it of a plate or dish holding the bouquet to be preserved, and a bell glass to cover the bouquet. The dish or plate should contain no moss or other material; the water should be limpid and quite pure. Place the plate at the bottom of the water, and on the plate, submerging it, place the bouquet, which is maintained in an upright position by a weighted base previously attached to it. This being done, the bouquet is covered with a bell glass, the rim of which ought to fit exactly to the flat part of the plate; the bell glass should be entirely filled with water, and without the least air-bubble.

Then all are raised together, plate, bouquet, and bell glass, filled with water, and placed on a table, carefully wiping the exterior, but leaving on the plate, around the base of the bell glass, a little provision of water which prevents the entrance of air. The flowers in this condition will be preserved in all their freshness for several weeks, and their beauty is increased by a great number of bubbles of gas produced by the respiration of the leaves, and which attach themselves to the petals, appearing like pearls. The edge of the plate and the water that it contains should be concealed by a light bed of moss in which are set some other flowers. In the evening, by artificial light, a bouquet thus arranged produces a charming effect.—*Vick's Magazine* for July.

BOY KINGS.

Boy kings are not whipped, they say; but neither are boy grocers, nowadays; and, if restrictions are useful there may be as many of them in a palace as anywhere. "Your majesty must not make mud-pies." The history of young princes is usually a history of over-restriction, carried in cases one has heard of to the verge of the pathetic, the sense of responsibility weighing incessantly not only on nurses and tutors, but on the closest relatives, who not infrequently regard calamity as to their treatment with a paralyzing dread. No one is so little forgiven as the mother of a king who is a failure; the memoirs of her child's reign are sure to begin with spiteful anecdotes of her and her possibly imaginary mismanagement. The only real evil of this kind a king had so placed must necessarily suffer from is a certain want of freedom in choosing companions, which is nearly unavoidable, which slightly closes the heart, and which is, we fancy, one cause of that incapacity for friendship which close observers have reckoned among the faults of kings. They choose favourites, and not friends; and the difficulty of finding equals, or men who feel themselves their equals, is not the only reason for that failure. Other boys brought up in too protected a life show precisely the same peculiarity, a want of belief in the friendship of which they have no experience—the friendship, that is, in which there is the element of self-generated and inexplicable personal fancy. The ideal friends are not the friends you are advised to take.—*The Spectator.*

THE Rev. John McEwen, of Dyke, died on the 13th ult. in his eighty-seventh year.

British and Foreign.

THE Bands of Hope connected with the Primitive Methodists number nearly 100,000 members.

THE Rev. Alexander Stewart, of Berriedale, Caithness, died suddenly at Edinburgh on the 14th ult.

THE works of the famous physician Galen, supposed to be lost, are said to have been found lately at Salonica.

THE Rev. F. Gordon, Ratho and Kirknewton, has been presented by his congregation with a purse of fifty sovereigns on leaving for Vienna.

THE late Earl of Chichester was a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, and owned the Protector's small pocket Bible in which his lordship took great pride.

THE Temperance cause is making progress in Oxford. It is stated on excellent authority that the wine consumed there is year by year getting less and less.

A BRASS mural tablet has been placed in St. Giles', Edinburgh, to the memory of the 21st Royal Scottish Fusiliers who fell in the Transvaal War of 1879-80.

THE Rev. David B. Mearns, Irongray, died on the 15th inst., aged thirty-five. He was ordained in 1880, but has been incapacitated for duty for some time by brain disease.

THE new Barony Church, Glasgow, it is estimated will cost between \$85,000 and \$90,000. Upward of \$25,000 have been received toward the expense and other \$25,000 have been promised.

MR. ALFRED C. DIXON, the senior wrangler this year at Cambridge, is a son of the Rev. George T. Dixon, Wesleyan minister at Lauceston, and was educated at Woodburn Grove and Kingswood.

A CLERGYMAN suggests that rich laymen with fine country residences might give poor town parsons the use of these houses for the summer holidays while they are left vacant by their owners' absence in town.

MR. S. KNOWLES, a devoted evangelist in India, tells of a great fair, at which 22,000 victims used to be sacrificed in a few days, which will soon lose its sacrificial character altogether through the preaching of the Gospel.

THE Rev. Robert Gault, Glasgow, has been presented with a timepiece and purse of sovereigns, on retiring from pastoral work, in acknowledgment of his services on behalf of the Sabbath, Protestantism and other causes.

THE Edinburgh *Daily Review*, established in 1861, by the late Mr. David Guthrie, has discontinued publication. Its editors have included Messrs. J. Bolivar Manson, Henry Kingsley, J. B. Gillies, and Dr. George Smith.

"THE Girls' Guild of Good Life" is an interesting and so far successful experiment in the direction of raising the moral tone among young women in London; and of giving pleasant, and at the same time profitable, employment for their leisure hours.

TWELVE Romish Canons, the first appointed in Scotland since the Reformation, were installed recently in the pro-cathedral, Broughton Street, Edinburgh. The provost, Father M'Kerrall, was first installed by the archbishop and then he installed the others.

DR. HUTTON, of Paisley, has issued a series of resolutions of the U. P. Synod's Disestablishment Committee regarding the election, recommending their friends to make every legitimate effort in all constituencies to protect and advance the interests of Disestablishment.

THE Rev. John F. Ewing, M.A., Free West Church, Glasgow, on leaving for Melbourne, was presented with a purse of sovereigns as a parting gift from his congregation, a piece of silver plate from the Y. W. C. A., and a travelling bag and dressing case from the Y. M. C. A.

THE admirers of Robert Hall will be pleased to learn that a dozen volumes of MS. sermons preached by that great orator in his pulpit at Leicester in the years 1821-23, taken in shorthand by one of the congregation, have been presented to the library of Regent's Park College by Dr. E. Bean Underhill.

MR. ROBERT WALLACE, barrister of London, who used to be known as Dr. Wallace, of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, and afterward as editor of the *Scotsman*, is the successful opponent of Mr. Goschen in the east division of Edinburgh. In regard to Disestablishment he says he is now prepared to do what the national will demands.

THE new church built in Wellington Road, Wilton, Hawick, for the congregation which has been worshipping in the Exchange Building, was opened on a recent Sabbath. The building has cost \$7,500, of which all but \$805 have been subscribed. The congregation was formed in 1881, and there are about 300 members. Rev. J. N. Birrell was pastor till May last, when he resigned.

THE Rev. Thomas Mathewson, of Galston, who was the father of Kilmarnock U. P. Presbytery, had a public funeral which was the largest in the district for many years. The Established and Free Church ministers took part in the service in the church, and Dr. Whitelaw, of Kilmarnock, conducted a short service in the cemetery, where about 1,000 persons, many of whom were ladies, were present.

UNTIL very lately only one copy of the first edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress" has been known to be extant; but within the past few months two copies have been picked up by fortunate collectors. In each case the book was secured for sixpence. One of the copies was gladly purchased by the authorities at the British Museum at \$325; while the second became the property of a London publisher for \$125.

MESSRS. Barbour and Dunn, the former the ministerial candidate for Paisley, and the latter for West Renfrewshire, without previous concert, entered the same pew in Dr. Hutton's church on a recent Sabbath afternoon. As boys they attended that church with their parents. Mr. Dunn recently presented the congregation with their mission church, and Mr. Barbour has also been a liberal supporter of the church.

Ministers and Churches.

WARSAW and Dummer, in Presbytery of Peterborough, is likely soon to give a call.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH Sabbath School, Thamesford, had an excursion to Port Stanley on the 8th inst.

IMPRESSIVE sacramental services were held on Sunday week in Cadmus Presbyterian Church, Rev. George McKay pastor.

PRINCIPAL GRANT lectured in the Town Hall, Ingersoll, last week under the auspices of the Imperial Federation League.

THE Rev. Alex. Henderson, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Hyde Park, is at present enjoying a holiday trip to Pictou, Nova Scotia.

THE First Presbyterian Church, Prantford, by a vote of 102 to 24 has decided to introduce the use of instrumental music in the public services.

THE Rev. Dr. James, formerly of Knox Church, Hamilton, has been tendered a call by the united congregations of St. Paul's and St. John's Churches, Walkerton.

THE Rev. Principal MacVicar and family, Montreal, have gone to the seaside. His address till the middle of August will be Lawson House, South Harpswell, Maine, U. S.

AT the meeting of the Kingston Presbytery, held last week in Belleville, Rev. A. K. McLeod, of Concession and Hulher, accepted a call from St. Andrew's congregation, Brighton.

REV. J. FERGUSON, B.D., of Chesley, is supplying Core St. Antoine Church for some weeks, and Professor McLaren, of Knox College, Crescent Street Church, Montreal.

THERE were twenty-six new members received into the Presbyterian Church, Newmarket, on Thursday evening week. Rev. Mr. Smith is very popular with his congregation.

THE sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed in St. Andrew's Church, Manse Grove, on a recent Sunday. Rev. Mr. McLean, Nova Scotia, assisted Mr. Gillies at the communion.

THE congregation of Georgetown Presbyterian Church last week presented their pastor, Rev. W. G. Wallace, B.A., with a purse of \$100 on his departure for a trip to the Old Country.

THE Sutton congregation have kindly given their pastor, Rev. James Frazer, five weeks' holidays, supplying the pulpit, to enable him to visit his father in Manitoba, who is in poor health.

A PICNIC in connection with Knox Presbyterian Church, Agincourt, and a strawberry festival in connection with the Presbyterian Church, West Hill, in McCowan's Grove, were held on Dominion Day.

REV. E. F. TORRANCE, of Peterborough, passed through Montreal on Wednesday, on his way to Britain; Rev. A. Henderson, of Hyde Park, and J. Anderson, of Nain, on their way to the Maritime Provinces; and Rev. J. H. Rattcliffe, St. Catharines, en route to Portland and the White Mountains.

THE Presbyterian Church, Bradford, was crowded to its utmost capacity last Sabbath morning on the occasion of the sacrament of the Lord's supper being held. Rev. Mr. Mullen, of Fergus, delivered an excellent discourse. Rev. Mr. Cameron, of Acton, conducted service in the same place in the evening.

REV. W. R. FRAME, P. E. I. on Sabbath last, preached, and dispensed of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, in Richmond Bay congregation, P. E. I. One aged lady in her ninety-first year travelled three miles in order to be present at the service. This spirited congregation hopes shortly to have a settled pastor.

THE Ottawa Free Press says: The Rev. Professor Bryce, of Manitoba College, Winnipeg, who conducted services in St. Andrew's Church, will be in the city during July and August, for the purpose of consulting the Library and Archives Department, and correcting the proofs of an important work on Canadian history now being printed in London, England. Dr. Bryce will occupy St. Andrew's church pulpit a part of the time, and after that Dr. Moore's church, Bank Street.

THE Bradford Presbyterian Sabbath school excursion and picnic to Big Bay Point and Barrie was not as largely attended as we would have desired, yet it was a success and thoroughly enjoyed by all who participated therein. The excursion party of about 150 got nicely away about nine o'clock, and reached the Point in about three hours thereafter, after a delightful sail. Here the *Enterprise* lightened her load, and proceeded on to Barrie, where a stoppage of an hour was made. An enjoyable day was spent.

THE Rev. John Smith, of Toronto, formerly pastor of St. Paul's Church, Bowmanville, delivered an able address on temperance to his former congregation on Friday, July 2. The reverent gentleman congratulated the people of Bowmanville and county of Durham on the passage of the Scott Act, and urged on them the necessity for its proper enforcement. The lecturer held that the Scott Act was but a step in the direction of entire prohibition—the only real cure for the evils of intemperance. Short speeches were also made by Mr. Fairbairn, president of the Temperance Association in connection with the Church, Dr. McLaughlin and Rev. R. D. Fraser.

SOME time ago the Rev. R. Fairbairn, B.A., Jarratt's Corners, invited Mr. Ross, an elder belonging to the pastoral charge of Rev. J. B. Fraser, M.D., of Leith and Annan, to visit his congregation at Jarratt's Corners, and assist him in holding a series of evangelistic services. For three weeks these continuous services were held on each evening, and a large degree of interest was manifested among the young. The result was that at the communion

service, held in the Presbyterian Church at the Corners on the 27th ult., sixteen young persons professed to be born again, and gave themselves to Christ. This awakening must prove very encouraging.

THE lawn social at the residence of Mr. Matthew Faris, Scotch Settlement, near Bradford, last week, was attended by about 500 persons. The evening was all that could have been desired. From about half-past five o'clock until dusk there was almost a continuous stream of arrivals, and the excellent tea provided was served on four large tables, and heartily enjoyed. Strawberries, ice cream, lemonade, etc., were there in abundance. In the way of amusement a great deal of trouble had been gone to. Music by the Bradford band, singing by the Bradford Choral Union, assisted by home talent, an address by Mr. William Mulock, M.P., etc., proved one thing, namely, that when the Settlement people go in for having a successful social, they spare no pains or trouble in preparation. The Rev. J. Bryant, pastor, officiated as chairman. G. P. McKay, M.P.P., regretted his not being present in a letter to the committee. The beautiful grounds were illuminated by torchlight. A very large number were present from Bradford, and much enjoyed the evening. The receipts, which were in aid of the Presbyterian Sabbath school, must have been very large.

ON Sabbath evening week, says the *Cobourg World*, the Rev. D. L. McCrae preached a very affecting sermon with special reference to the melancholy deaths by drowning which have startled our community of late. The gentleman took for his text the last words of 1 Kings xiv. 6., "I am sent to thee with heavy tidings." After drawing the attention of his congregation to the circumstances connected with the text, he went on to show that whatever afflictions, or burdens, or bows down the human heart, or brings sorrow, and tears, and distress to a person, a family, or a nation, is heavy tidings, and that we were liable at any moment to be the recipients of such sad news as would almost break the human heart. There was not a day nor an hour that some one did not receive such tidings; and he exhorted them to live in such a manner that when, in the order of God's providence, they were called upon to bear such trials, they might have the assurance that they were not bearing them alone; but were trusting in Him who has said, "My grace is sufficient for thee; and my strength is made perfect in weakness." God's hand was in these events, and although His providence might sometimes seem dark, and they might not understand his dealings with them, yet their God was the God who said to the disciples of old, "What I do, ye know not now; but ye shall know hereafter." He exercises still the same watchful care over his creatures, and they might never know what God saves their dear ones from when he takes them from this world.

ON Dominion Day the third annual picnic in connection with Guthrie's Church, Wendigo, was held in the grove on Mr. G. Hyndman's farm, about one mile from the village. The grove is admirably adapted for picnic purposes, there being ample shade for a multitude of people and their teams, while connected therewith is a large field suitable for football, baseball, and other sports. It is estimated that over 500 people were present on the occasion. Liberal provision had been made by the ladies so that none should go away empty. Mental food, entertaining and solid, was furnished by Revs. Thos. McAdam, Strathroy, John Robbins, Glencoe, and W. G. H. McAlister, Wendigo, and Mr. A. McLean, of Glencoe, the Rev. J. S. Henderson, pastor of the congregation, acting as chairman. The Mosa brass band gave a number of choice selections, and the choir furnished appropriate vocal music, one of the pieces being a patriotic song entitled "Canada," by A. W. Dingman and A. E. Fisher, dedicated to the volunteers of the Dominion. The day's proceedings were brought to a close by an exciting game of football between the Union Club of South Caradoc, and the Falling Stars of Ekfrid, which resulted in favour of the Union Club. The weather was perfection from a picnic point of view, just warm enough to make the ice cream, Boston cream, etc., disappear rapidly, and not so warm as to be uncomfortable. The large crowd present, their evident enjoyment, and the substantial results in the shape of \$185, amply recompense those who got up the entertainment. The proceeds go to the benefit of the Building Fund.

ON Sabbath, June 27, Erskine Church, in the village of Dunganon, was dedicated to the service of God. The morning service was conducted by the Rev. W. S. Ball, of London, who preached a very appropriate and forcible sermon from Isa. liv. 2-5. In the afternoon Mr. Ball addressed a mass meeting of children composed of the three village Sabbath schools, and as many of the parents and friends as the church would accommodate. The devotional part of the evening service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. D. G. Cameron, after which the Rev. R. Ure, D.D., of Goderich, preached from the words, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us." The sermon was a most clear and able setting forth of the doctrine of redemption, and although its delivery occupied about an hour, it was listened to with the most rapt attention. On Monday evening Rev. Mr. Ball delivered his popular lecture, "The Men of the War and How they Fought." The stalwart chaplain was heartily cheered as he took the platform, rifle in hand, clad in his uniform and adorned by her Majesty's medal. The audience was very demonstrative in praise of the lecture, which was marked by thrilling interest and sparkling with amusement. A social was held on Tuesday evening which was addressed by the Rev. Jas. A. Anderson and others. The building is a handsome Gothic structure of white brick, on a basement of stone. There is a wing entrance at each front corner, and a neat belfry with turrets and cresting. The ceiling and wainscoting are of black ash, and the pews and pulpit of white ash. It is neatly carpeted, heated by a furnace, and lighted by one handsome twelve light chandelier in centre and a hanging lamp, with shade, over the pulpit. The building will seat comfortably 300 persons, but fully 400 gained entrance on Sabbath. Substantial sheds are built on the rear of the lot, which are approached by a neatly-graded gravel road on each side of the church.

The whole premises present the appearance of neatness and comfort. The pastor and congregation are to be congratulated upon this result of their united energy.

ON a recent Sabbath in Chalmers Church, Woodstock, the ordinary morning service was changed to a catechetical exercise for the children. The Sabbath school numbers on its roll 200, with an attendance of 170. The subject on this occasion was "Foreign Missions," and the questions were asked by the pastor, Rev. W. A. McKay. The following are a number of these questions. The answers were promptly, and for the most part correctly, given; and the whole service secured the close attention of the large congregation present.

1. Q.—What is the population of the world?
A.—1,400 millions.
2. Q.—Who are the heathen?
A.—Those who know not the scriptures.
3. Q.—How many heathen are there in the world?
A.—About 1,600 millions.
4. Q.—How many Christians?
A.—About 400 millions.
5. Q.—How many Protestants?
A.—About 110 million?
6. Q.—To what Churches do the other professed Christians belong?
A.—To the Greek and Romish Churches.
7. Q.—Of the Protestants, how many are Church members?
A.—About thirty millions.
8. Q.—What portions of the world's population are communicants in Protestant Churches?
A.—About one out of every thirty-three.
9. Q.—In how many fields does the Presbyterian Church of Canada carry on Foreign Mission work among the heathen?
A.—In five.
10. Q.—Name them?
A.—(1) New Hebrides, (2) Trinidad, (3) Indians in N.-W. T., (4) Central India, (5) Formosa.
11. Q.—How many of these are carried on by the Western Section of our Church?
A.—The last three, viz., Indians, Central India and Formosa.
12. Q.—How many Indians are there in Manitoba and the N.-W.?
A.—About 32,000.
13. Q.—What special claims have these Indians upon our sympathy?
A.—Not only do they live in our own land, but they were the original inhabitants of the country; we have taken the land from them and have destroyed the buffalo—their chief means of subsistence.
14. Q.—Can the Indians be Christianized and made good citizens?
A.—Yes. The success of our own and other Churches in the past proves this.
15. Q.—Give illustrations.
A.—Thirteen years ago, Rev. Mr. Flett, one of our missionaries, began to preach to a tribe of bloodthirsty Pagan Indians. These are now nearly all Christians. They are industrious and live Christian lives. Not one tribe of Christian Indians joined the rebellion last winter.
16. Q.—How many missionaries and teachers have we among the Indians?
A.—Fourteen, who minister to an Indian population of about 3,200.
17. Q.—How many schools?
A.—Seven, with about 125 pupils.
18. Q.—What was the expense last year of the mission in the N.-W.?
A.—About \$7,000.
19. Q.—How many missionaries have we in Central India?
A.—Nine, viz., five male and four female.
20. Q.—How many other helpers?
A.—Thirty-nine (chiefly natives).
21. Q.—How many children receive instruction from our lady missionaries in Central India?
A.—About 200.
22. Q.—How much was spent on this mission last year?
A.—Over \$20,000.
23. Q.—Where is Formosa; its size, population, etc.?
A.—It is east of China; it is 250 miles long, eighty miles broad; population, three millions.
24. Q.—Who are our missionaries there?
A.—Dr. Mackay and Rev. Mr. Jamieson.
25. Q.—When did Dr. Mackay begin work in Formosa?
A.—On March 9, 1872, i.e., fourteen years ago.
26. Q.—What is the extent of Dr. Mackay's work at present?
A.—Thirty-eight preaching stations, thirty-eight preachers, including two native ordained preachers, fifty-three elders, forty-two deacons, 2,247 communicants.
17. Q.—What expense of work in Formosa last year?
A.—\$1,400.
28. Q.—Give our warrant for engaging in missionary work?
A.—Mark xvi. 15, "And Jesus said unto them, Go ye unto all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."
29. Q.—Give some further encouragement from Scripture?
A.—Phil. ii. 10-11; Psa. lxxii. 5-11; Dan. vii. 7-14.

PRESBYTERY OF PETERBOROUGH.—This Presbytery met in the Mill Street Presbyterian Church, Port Hope, on the 6th inst., for the transaction of ordinary business. There was a good attendance of ministers and elders, and a large amount of business was transacted. Arrangements were made for the induction of the Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Concession, into the pastoral charge of Brighton, on Wednesday, 21st inst., at two o'clock p.m., the Rev. D. L. McCrae, of Cobourg, to preside. Leave was granted to moderate in a call to the united congregations of Warsaw and Dummer at an early date. The place of holding the stated meetings was considered at length, and it was finally decided that they should be held alternately in Port Hope

Our Young Folks.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Guard, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong!
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong.
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight:
Prying is not wise.
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil word come in
That may cause the soul to sin;
Wicked words will sear;
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be;
Guard, while thou art young.
Ear, and eye, and tongue.

THE DUSTY ROOM.

A young girl was sweeping a room one day, when she went to the window-blind, and drew it down.

"It makes the room so dusty," she said, "to have the sunshine always coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden in the sunbeams were unseen in the dimmer light. The untought girl imagined it was the sunlight which made the dust.

Now many persons imagine themselves very good people. One poor old man, who lived all his life with out a thought of love to God, said he was willing to die. He didn't owe any man a shilling.

If the Spirit of God should shine brightly into such a heart, how would it look? It would show him sins enough to crush him. This light of the Spirit is like the sunshine in the dusty room. It reveals what was before hidden. When we begin to feel unhappy about our sins, let us never try to put away the feeling. Do not let us put down the curtain, and fancy there is no dust. It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts. He is showing us ourselves, and better still, He will show us the true way to happiness.

Waste not moments, no, nor words,
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For doing what you should do

Don't do right unwillingly,
And stop to plan and measure,
'Tis working with the heart and soul
That makes our duty pleasure.

THE CHILDREN'S DISOBEDIENCE.

Max and Ethel were sent on an errand by their mother to carry some good things to a poor woman, "Do not stop to play on your way," she said as they started off, "but go straight to Mrs. Green's house."

The children promised to obey, but before they had gone very far a little girl came running to meet them, saying, "Oh, come and see the birthday present my papa brought me from the city." Ethel stopped, but Max said, "Mamma told us we must not stop on our way, so we must wait until we come back."

"I do not think mamma would care if we stop just a minute," said Ethel, putting down her pail. "Come, Max, let us see Susie's present now." So Max yielded, and they went into the house with Susie to admire her pretty doll.

When they came out again they found that a

big dog had upset Ethel's pail of milk and eaten up the cake that Max had carried in his hat. Ethel began to cry. "That bad dog, to do so much mischief!" she said angrily; but Max answered, "No, Ethel, it is we who were bad, because we did not mind mamma."

So the poor woman lost the nice supper that had been sent her, and mamma was made very sad because of Max and Ethel's disobedience.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

The following incident, related of a little heathen Bengalee girl, shows what children in those far-off countries sometimes suffer for the sake of their religion.

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs. Moore what had caused it, would give no answer, but looked ready to burst out in crying. But another little child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many days, asked her why she had so neglected her devotions, to which she replied: "Father, I have not neglected my devotions; I have prayed every day to Jesus. I do not pray to idols, because I do not believe in them." This so enraged the father that he seized her by the back of the neck, took her before the idol, and, having first bowed reverently before it himself, forcibly bent the child's head several times, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said that she did not much mind; adding, "I cannot believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."

MORNING HYMN.

Now I awake
And see the light;
'Tis God has kept me
Through the night.
To Him I lift
My voice and pray
That He will keep me
Through the day.

JANE'S DISOBEDIENCE.

Jane was a very little girl, not more than five years old; but, though so young, I am sorry to say she had a sad fault. She was not always obedient, and did not do at once what she was told to do.

One morning, while kneeling on a low chair, swinging backwards and forwards in front of the fire, her mother told her not to do so, saying how dangerous it was, and then went upstairs.

It would have been a good thing had Jane listened to what her mother had said. But no; she continued swinging herself as before, when suddenly, the chair slipped, and she fell against the hot bars of the grate. Her sister, who was in the room, soon called some one, who rescued her from so dangerous a position. But her face and hands were burned very much.

This happened some years ago, and Jane has grown older, and bigger, but there is still a mark left on her face, which reminds her how she was punished for her disobedience.

I hope those who read these lines will be careful to remember what those who are older and wiser say to them. In the Word of God we read, "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord" (Col. iii. 20).

CHRIST has lived, and He asks living followers. He has died, a sacrifice, and He asks the spirit of self-sacrifice in you.

PLAY is a good thing in its place. We love to see children play and enjoy themselves - and grown people, too - by way of change and recreation.

DON'T BE TOO POSITIVE.

Boys, don't be too certain. Remember that nothing is easier than to be mistaken; and if you permit yourself to be so very positive in your mistakes a great many times, everybody will lose confidence in what you say. Never make a positive statement unless you know it is as you say. If you have any doubts, or if there is room for any, remove the possibility by examination before speaking, or speak cautiously. Don't be too certain. "John, where is the hammer?" "It is in the corn-crib." "No, it is not there, I have just been looking there." "Well, I know it is; I saw it there not half an hour ago." "If you saw it there, it must be there, of course; but suppose you go and fetch it." John goes to the corn-crib, and presently returns with a small axe in his hand. "Oh, it was the axe I saw; the handle was sticking out from a half-bushel measure; I thought it was the hammer." "But you said positively that you did see the hammer, not that you thought you saw it. There is a great difference between the two answers. Do not permit yourself to make a positive statement even about a small matter unless you are quite sure; for if you do you will find the habit growing upon you, and by-and-by you will begin to make loose replies to questions of great importance. Don't be too certain."

WHY SHE THOUGHT SO.

"Since you gave your heart to God last spring, Jennie," said a pastor to a little girl, "you think that you have been a Christian. Can you tell us why you think so?"

"Because, sir," she said, after thinking a moment, "Jesus says: 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments,' and I want to keep His commandments more than anything else."

"Yes, my dear child, 'Hereby we do know that we know Him if we keep His commandments.' You say, Jennie, that you feel sure that your sins are all forgiven; will you tell us how you know?"

She stood a moment, then said: "I know that Jesus surely says that if we ask Him He will forgive."

"Yes, we have His own sure word. And now, Jennie, suppose some one should ask you how to be a Christian, could you answer? Suppose one of the little girls at school should ask you how she could be a Christian, could you tell her?"

"I would tell her just to trust Jesus and obey Him," she said, quickly.

FOUR LITTLE CHILDREN.

Four little children were playing together near some water, when one of them fell in, and would have been drowned, had not his brother jumped in after him and pulled him out. Another brother helped to carry him home, and their little sister followed them. A little while after, their father, who had heard what had taken place, called them into his study, that he might reward them as they deserved. He then asked the first: "What did you do when you saw your brother drowning?"

"I rushed in after him and brought him out."

"You did well; here is your reward."

"And what did you do?" turning to the second.

"I helped to carry him home."

"That was right; here is your reward."

"And what did you do when you saw your brother sinking?" speaking to the last, a little girl, three years old.

"I prayed, papa."

"You did your part, too, and well, here is a book for you, too."

Sparkles.

"MARY ANN, what was you sitting up last night reading? Was it a novel? Tell your mother." "Yes it was a novel." "An' who writ it?" "Dumas the elder." "Now, don't tell me that. Who ever heard of an elder writin' a novel that you'd sit up half the night and read?"

ADVICE TO MEN.

During the next few weeks if you can find some business to transact at a distance from home it will save you the unpleasantness of seeing your houses in confusion and your meals spread on the mantle-shelf, and will also give your wives an opportunity of surprising you with one of Jolliffe's New Parlour or Bedroom Suites in point of cost.

"MA, haven't I been a real good boy ever since you whipped me the last time for telling a whopper?" "Yes, Bily, you have; a very good boy, indeed." "And you trust me now fully, don't you?" "Yes, my boy, fully!" "Then, mamma, what makes you keep the preserv' closet in the pantry locked all the time, just the same?"

EASILY CURED.—Mrs. Berkinshaw, 26 Pembroke Street, Toronto, cured of a bad lameness of the knee joint, upon which the surgeons were about to operate. Other treatment had been tried in vain. Hagyard's Yellow Oil was the remedy used.

"If I could afford it," said a prominent Baptist clergyman at dinner, "I'd insure my life on the endowment plan, the insurance to fall due when I am sixty, for I notice that they generally put ministers in the dry-dock when they are sixty." "Surely not Baptist ministers!" exclaimed a young lady at the table.

FRANK C. SWAN, APOTHECARY, Haverhill, Mass., says: "WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY sells better than any other cough remedy. I can recommend it. I have used it and sold it for 30 years."

THERE was irony as well as wit in what Sydney Smith said. On taking the parish at Foster he writes: When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit, as is my wont when I preach, the accumulated dust of 150 years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation.

DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—From the report of dealers in this city we think no proprietary medicine has had a larger sale. Its valuable properties as a speedy cure for pain cannot fail to be generally appreciated, and no family should be without it, in case of accident, or sudden attack of dysentery, diarrhoea or cholera morbus.—Montreal Transcript.

A SCEPTIC, who was trying to confuse a Christian coloured man by contradictory passages in the Bible, asked how it could be that we are in the Spirit and the Spirit in us. He received the following reply: "Oh, dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker. I puts it in de fire till it gets red-hot. Now, de poker's in de fire, and de fire's in de poker."

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Dr. W. H. PARMELEE, Toledo, O., says: "I have prescribed the 'acid' in a large variety of diseases, and have been amply satisfied that it is a valuable addition to our list of medicinal agents."

"I SAY, Judge, I wish you would do me a favour." "I'll do it." "It will be appreciated by all the engineers on the International and Great Northern Railroad." "What can I do for you?" "Please don't hang around the depot when the trains are coming in. They are everlastingly mistaking your red nose for a danger signal, and it confuses them."

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MENTAL gymnastics—Jumping to conclusions.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noves, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Books. The WELKIN RINGS!

The Literary Coup D'État, full particulars of which were given in a recent issue of this paper, wakes the echoes once more! One book-seller, away out in Kansas, writes for 1,000 copies of the specimen volume offered. A handsome \$3.00 half Morocco bound volume for 50 cents! Strange if it did not go. Of course the price would be ridiculous and ruinous, but for the benefit of the advertising.

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We publish a partial list of those who have informed us of having lately received some of the best presents. The following received Diamond Rings: John Reed, Columbus, Ohio; Wm. P. Kirk, Clinton, Ia.; Mary L. Nevins, Lincoln, Neb.; Fred. C. Long, Stockton, Cal. The following received Gold Watches: Henry Marks, Evansville, Ind.; Jennie M. Evans, Lakewood, Kan.; George Woods, Macon, Ga.; N. G. Goring, Hartford, Conn.; F. O. Stevens, Lewiston, Me. The following received Twenty Dollar Gold Pieces: Clara Norwood, Ft. Fairfield, Me.; Elmer C. Johns, Benton, Tex.; Mary Utman, St. Paul, Minn.; Fred. Green, Kirkwood, Ia. The following received Silver Watches: C. P. Worth, Laramie, Wyo.; Paul Haynes, Portland, Ore.; O. G. Schull, Butte City, Washington Ter.

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ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

WHITBY.—In Whitby, on the third Tuesday of July, at half-past ten a.m.
GUELPH.—In Chalmers Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of July, at ten a.m.
BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, 27th July at eleven a.m.
LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on the last Tuesday of August, at eleven a.m.
REGINA.—In Regina, on Tuesday, August 10, at eleven a.m.
BRITISH COLUMBIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, New Westminster, on the first Tuesday of August, 1886, at ten a.m.
HAMILTON.—In Central Church, Hamilton, on the third Tuesday of July (20), at ten a.m.
ORANGEVILLE.—In the Presbyterian Church, Orangeville, on Tuesday, July 20, at eleven a.m.
SAUGEEN.—In Durham, on Tuesday, the 20th of July, at ten a.m. All the Session Records are to be examined at this meeting.
QUEBEC.—In Sherbrooke, on the 22nd July, at ten a.m.
TORONTO.—In the usual place, on Tuesday, September 7, at ten a.m.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, 25 CENTS.

BIRTH.

At the manse, Kirkwall, on July 1st, the wife of the Rev. Samuel Carruthers, of a son.

MARRIED.

At Montreal, on the 23rd June, by the Rev. Louis H. Jordan, B.D., assisted by Rev. James Barclay, M.A., the Rev. Frederick W. Archibald, B.D., Ph.D., of St. Thomas, Ont., to Florence A., youngest daughter of Mr. Wm. Jordan, of Halifax, N.S.

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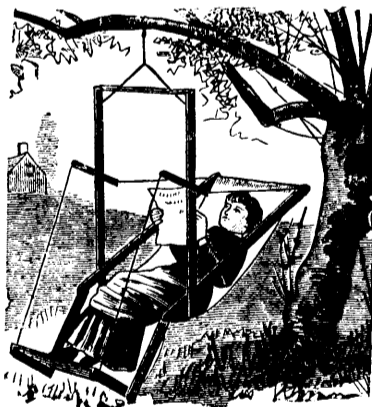
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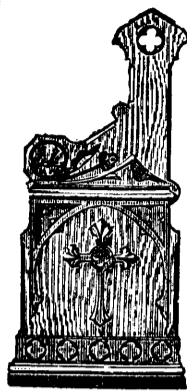
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