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# THE TORONTO PRESBYTERIAN

TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.

Vol. 15.—No. 36.  
Whole No. 760.

Toronto, Wednesday, September 1st, 1886.

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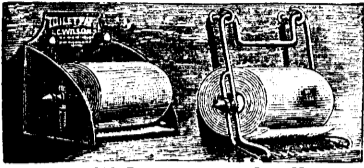
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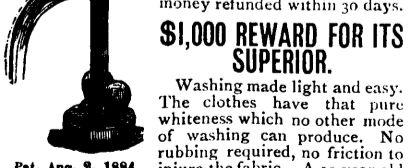
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 C. W. Dennis, Toronto.  
 Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.  
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 Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 13 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person. To place it in every household the price has been laced at \$3. Delivered to any express office in the Province of Ontario and Quebec. Charges paid \$3.50. Send for circulars. Agents wanted.

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 In Hard or Soft, Hot or Cold Water.

SAVES LABOUR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor, should be without it.

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IS RECOMMENDED BY  
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TAKEN INTERNALLY MIXED WITH A WINE GLASS OF HOT MILK AND SUGAR, IT WILL BE FOUND A NEVER FAILING

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 70 King St. West, Toronto.

**NATIONAL PILLS** will cure constipated bowels and regulate the liver.

**Scientific and Useful.**

**SHIRRED EGGS.**—Heat a little butter in a piepan; then put in the eggs, taking care that the yolks are not broken, and bake in the oven.

**KEDGERREE.**—Boil two tablespoonfuls of rice, add any fish previously cooked, nicely picked, beat up an egg well, and stir it in just before serving.

**CHILI SAUCE.**—Six large, ripe tomatoes, four green peppers, one onion, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of salt, one and a half cups of strong vinegar; chop peppers and onions; boil one hour.

**MERRILY, MERRILY RING THE BELLS.**

A large chime of bells for St. Stephen's Church, Lynn, Mass., was shipped to-day from the Clinton H. Meneely foundry. The Rev. Dr. Norton, formerly of Troy, is rector of this magnificent church, which was erected as the gift of the Hon. E. R. Mudge, in whose memory the bells are contributed. Another chime is now being manufactured for the handsome Presbyterian Church at Malone, N. Y., of which ex-Vice President Wheeler is a prominent member.

**CHEAP TEA CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, one cup of milk, three cups of flour and one-half cup of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of caraway seeds and two tablespoonfuls of currants.

**CHEESE OMELET.**—Beat up three eggs and add to them a tablespoonful of milk and a tablespoonful of grated cheese; add a little more cheese before folding; turn it out on a hot dish; grate a little cheese over it before serving.

**IT NEVER FAILS.**—Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will never fail you when taken to cure Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach, or any form of Summer Complaint. Relief is almost instantaneous; a few doses cures when other remedies fail.

**JUMBLES.**—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream tartar, two tablespoonfuls of warm water to dissolve the soda. No other wetting is used, but the dough is made very stiff and rolled out thin.

**BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.**—One cup sweet milk, part cream, sour milk or buttermilk; three tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus, one of meal, one cup flour. Fried fruit if you like. Steam one and a half hours.

**A PLEASING DUTY.**—"I feel it my duty to say," writes John Borton, of Desert, P. Q., "that Burdock Blood Bitters cured my wife of liver complaint, from which she has been a chronic sufferer. Her distressing, painful symptoms soon gave way, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did."

**FRIED SCALLOPS.**—Wipe each roll in beaten egg, then in fine crumbs, and fry in hot lard or dripping to a fine brown. Shake off the fat in a split spoon and lay in rows on a hot dish. Garnish with parsley. Pass hot crackers, mashed potatoes and cut lemon with them.

**WHITE LEMON CREAM.**—Boil the thin peel of two lemons in one pint of cream, strain, and thicken with the well-beaten yolks of three and the whites of four eggs, into which half a teaspoonful of white sugar has been beaten. Add half a saltspoonful of salt, stir rapidly with the egg-beater until nearly cold, and pour it into glasses or cups. This quantity will fill six custard-cups.

**TO MAINTAIN ONE LIE**  
 you must invent twenty, but truth can never be strengthened by bolstering. The testimony of every lady who has used Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" for nervous debility and female weakness carries conviction with it. The facts are stated in such a way that no one can doubt them. All those peculiar pains and sinking sensations which ladies suffer from can be overcome by means of this wonderful preparation. If you are a sufferer from female weakness, don't fail to employ it.

**TOMATO SALAD.**—Peel ripe tomatoes with a sharp knife, slice crosswise, lay in a salad bowl and season on the table with salt, a little sugar, pepper, oil and vinegar. Keep the tomatoes on ice until actually served. They cannot be too cold. Never loosen the skins by pouring boiling water on them, and refrain as scrupulously from serving them with the skins on.

**Scott's Emulsion of Pure**  
**COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES,**  
 Is prepared in a perfectly agreeable form, at the same time increasing the remedial potency of both of these specifics. It is acknowledged by leading Physicians to be marvellous in its curative powers in Consumption, Scrofula, Chronic Coughs and Wasting Diseases. Take no other.

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Celestial Children of the pig-tailed race! Scorned by us Easterns, who are yet obliged to face and bow before thy ingression! What do we owe thee? Nothing more or less than thy anti-Christian idea that gave to Caxton his Printing Press, who multiplied the Bible, that superstition killed and gave freedom to ourselves—and now to-day on Yonge Street loads with Books our groaning shelves. We owe this debt as well thy Hindoo brother for those fragrant, pungent leaves, that give light, health and pleasure to all who use the Li-Quor Teas. All grades from 50c. to 80c. a pound. A handsome volume, your own choice, from our catalogue, with every 3 pounds. **GEO. MANN & Co.,** Sole Wholesale Agents, 295 Yonge St., Toronto.

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**CURES ALL HUMORS,**

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections. **"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."** Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will be established.

**CONSUMPTION,**

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

**CHRONIC DISEASES**

**Liver, Blood, and Lungs.**

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or "Billiousness." In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Consumption, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

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ANTI-BILIOUS and CATHARTIC. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

**\$500 REWARD**

is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. If you have a discharge from the nose, offensive or otherwise, partial loss of smell, taste, or hearing, weak eyes, dull pain or pressure in head, you have Catarrh. Thousands of cases terminate in consumption. Dr. Sage's CATARRH REMEDY cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," and Catarrhal Headache. 50 cents.

# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL 15.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1886.

No. 36.

## Notes of the Week.

DURING his recent absence in Europe, the Rev. Phillips Brooks positively declined to receive his salary instalment, and ordered it to be put to the credit of the church funds. He also pays about \$500 each year for the privilege of securing free seats to poorer members of his congregation.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Montreal have established a reading room for working girls. It is handsomely fitted up and adorned with pictures and flowers. Here the girls can spend the noon hour, read and rest. Some of the ladies are always present to give the girls a warm welcome.

THE programme of the attractions promised by the directors of the Toronto Industrial Fair is a splendid one. In addition to the usual features of the fair, scenic displays and varied amusements are announced. Pain's magnificent pyrotechnic display of the Last Days of Pompeii is said by those who have witnessed it to surpass anything of the kind ever attempted hitherto.

THE handsome legacy of \$100,000, willed by the late Alexander McLeod, of Halifax, to Dalhousie College, may not after all come to that institution. An effort is being made to upset the will of the deceased. It is alleged that when the testamentary document was drawn up he was of unsound mind and that undue influence was used in procuring his signature. An only brother in Scotland is the plaintiff in the suit to set aside the will. Living men are the best dispensers of their own wealth. In addition to the satisfaction of being their own almoners, they can rely on their benefactions reaching their proper destination and do much to prevent family feuds after they are gone.

OUR estimable contemporary, the *Religious Intelligencer*, St. John, N. B., tenders the following good advice. One word of unfavourable criticism upon your minister or his preaching will be remembered by your children when all the good you have said is forgotten. If you speak disparagingly, why may not your children speak disrespectfully, and thus by your criticisms you turn the Gospel into very foolishness, and a stumbling-block and a savour of death to some very dear to your heart. If your minister is in his place at all, it is as an ambassador for Christ, and so far as he preaches the Word God will vindicate His servant and His message from every indignity and slight.

AN esteemed contemporary makes this revelation. An eminent dignitary of the Church of England lately published a volume of sermons in which he had coolly included one of the most characteristic discourses of Dr. Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester, *verbatim et literatim*. When called to account by the publishers of Dr. Maclaren's works for this appropriation, he wrote to explain that he was in the habit of preaching other men's sermons which he admired, those of the Baptist divine of Manchester being especial favourites with him, and that one of his curates, to whom the compilation of his volume was entrusted, had accidentally included one of Dr. Maclaren's, which was in the bundle of MS. given to the curate.

ANOTHER serious rent has been made in the Treaty of Berlin. Following close on the Russian Emperor's action in closing Batoum as a free port comes the Bulgarian *coup d'etat*. Prince Alexander has proved a popular ruler in harmony with the patriotic aspirations of his people. He stands in the way of Muscovite ambition, and was summarily removed by force and fraud from his palace. Ever since the union of Bulgaria and Roumelia, Russia has been industriously intriguing for Alexander's overthrow. The Czar has been too impatient. The march stolen upon them has roused the populace and the soldiery to enthusiasm in favour of their deposed prince. These events may bring the European Powers to the verge of war, if not to actual hostilities.

IN Scotland public opinion on the temperance question has made rapid advances of late. The *Christian Leader* tells us that of the Scottish members of the new Parliament thirty nine support the direct veto and twenty-two local option, while ten are opposed to both these sections. As the three candidates for Leith are all pledged in favour of the direct veto, it will have forty supporters when the roll is complete. If Scotland had home rule she would immediately secure a prohibitory law. How much longer is the northern kingdom, long since ripe for this great reform, to wait the pleasure of John Bull, who is so sluggish that he cannot make up his mind even to that Sunday closing which Scotland has enjoyed for upward of thirty years?

EFFORTS have for some time been made for the suppression of gambling in Montreal, but the proper authorities have shown much remissness of late. While several establishments have been closed, one in which a mechanical contrivance, moved by clock-work, indicates the fluctuations of "stocks," has been allowed to remain open, unmolested. Last week it was stated that a young lad sixteen years of age was left in charge of his father's establishment during the latter's absence in the country. The lad squandered away \$1,400 of his father's money at the now famous "clock" premises. When his father returned, he could not give any satisfactory account of the money. The lad fled to the States, where his father has gone in search of him. Why there can be any doubt about the character of this establishment it is difficult to imagine.

IT is the custom of French-Canadians to hold their political meetings on the Sabbath Day. This practice by no means tends to the hallowing of the day of rest. At the late Baltimore Convention several leading Roman Catholic dignitaries advocated the better observance of the Sabbath, and the opinions expressed were embodied in the deliverances of that convention. The demoralization caused by these great political Sun day gatherings has impelled *La Minerve* to say. At the meeting of Lanoraie, on Sunday last, the hotel-keepers of the locality freely sold liquor without being authorized to do so. Incredible disorders were the result. These Sunday political excursions are degenerating into real abuses, and all respectable people will rejoice if they are prohibited. In the face of such disorders it is our duty to raise our voice and call the attention of the authorities to them.

THAT most excellent of Toronto's charitable institutions, the Home for Sick Children, is in urgent need of a suitable building to shelter the little sufferers for whom it is designed. The present building has become so dilapidated that it must be abandoned. The trustees own ample ground on which to erect a new hospital, but it will take fully a year to complete it. The ladies engaged in this labour of love are determined to build at once, and they will put up a \$40,000 structure, which will be as ornamental to the locality as it is useful to the poor. They have just a trifle over \$3,000 to begin with, but they are determined to go on and trust to the good offices of faith, hope and charity to see it completed. The most serious aspect of the situation with the lady managers is the disposition of the patients for the next year. Temporary quarters must be obtained, and any citizen who can aid them in securing a suitable building will confer a boon upon all concerned.

THE Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, D.D., died last week. He had entered the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was a man of considerable scholastic attainments, having filled successively professorships at Andover, Dartmouth, Lane and Bowdoin. Dr. Stowe was greatly interested in educational work, having been sent by the State of Ohio, in 1836, to examine the public school system of Germany. The result of his inquiries was embodied in a work published on his return, "Elementary Education in Europe." In 1836 he married Harriet Beecher, who survives him. Of late years he was in feeble health, and spent his

winter in Florida, where he joined the Presbyterian Church, becoming a member of the Presbytery of Florida. He expressed the great gratification that it afforded him to be again in connection with a Church whose doctrines and form of government he valued more and more in proportion as he advanced in age.

THE interest in the Leys case in Scotland continues unabated. The elders and managers of the First Congregation at Strathaven have petitioned the Home Secretary for the release of their senior pastor, Rev. Peter Leys, and Mr. Hozier, M.P., for South Lanarkshire, in answer to a constituent who is interesting himself in the case, writes that he has seen both the Home Secretary and the Lord Advocate, and that he will spare no efforts to have the case put favourably and fully before the authorities. Mr. Leys' agents and his counsel say they propose taking steps for his liberation, but they do not think it advisable at present to petition the court on the subject. Rev. J. Stuart suggests that all the ministers and kirk sessions in Edinburgh should present a petition to the Queen, at Holyrood, asking Mr. Leys' freedom. Mr. Leys has received letters of sympathy from his congregation at Strathaven, and from the Scottish Protestant Alliance and other bodies.

THE Dominion Temperance Alliance, of which the Hon. A. Vidal is president, has issued a call for a convention in Toronto to meet on the 14th and 15th of September. Many distinguished advocates of the Temperance cause, among them the Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine, have signified their intention of being present. In the call for the convention it is said: The experience of the past year has demonstrated plainly the practicability of prohibition; the Scott Act votes of the past few years have shown that the electorate believes in such legislation; the terrible evils of the liquor traffic still disgrace our country. In view of these facts let there be such a rally of our forces as will ensure a complete discussion of the whole situation, and the adoption of the best methods for the furtherance of our work. It is expected that the proceedings will be eminently practical, and the desire of the promoters of this convention is that the gathering shall be made to tell on the future policy of this country.

REFERRING to the jubilee of the Rev. Adam Lind, D.D., Elgin, who paid a visit to this country a few years ago, the *Christian Leader* says: A ministerial jubilee, deserving wider attention than it is likely to receive, was celebrated last week at Elgin. While the reputation of certain lamps of the temple, on account of accidental circumstances, is perhaps slightly in excess of their real brilliancy, there are other occupants of the pulpit who cannot be thought of without suggesting the sentiment of Henry Taylor's now often-quoted line:

The world knows nothing of its greatest men. Dr. Adam Lind, who has just completed the fiftieth year of his ministry, is one of the most cultured and powerful preachers in Scotland—great as an expositor, with a marvellous skill, as one of the preachers at the jubilee remarked, in finding the natural cleavage of texts, so as to display in due proportion and inter-relation all their significance; most luminous as an illustrator; pointed and even thrilling in application; and having true evangelical unction as the most prominent feature of every discourse. The excellence of the volume he has published makes every one who has read it keenly wish for more. We are glad to learn that Dr. Lind's pulpit strength still remains firm, and, though he is so far advanced in years, he keeps abreast of the thought of the day, looking at difficulties which modern life and speculation present with young eyes. It is a striking fact that during the 123 years the Elgin and Inverness Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church has existed, only two of its many members have been permitted to see their jubilee. Of the 557 ministers on the Synod roll only fifteen are Dr. Lind's seniors in the ministry.

## Our Contributors.

### THE PRINCIPAL CAUSE OF CLERICAL RESTLESSNESS.

BY KNOXONIAN.

The principal cause of clerical restlessness is genteel poverty. Any man feels restless when he is pinched. Any man with a heart in him feels restless when his wife is weak and overworked and his children are in rags. Any honest man feels restless when he is in danger of getting into debt. A man that could feel perfectly restful under these conditions would be more or less than human. Most ministers are human, and therefore they feel restless in genteel poverty and some of them look out for a better place. Who dare say that there is anything wrong in so doing?

No generous, large-hearted, humane Christian will say that a minister has not as good a right as any other man to do the best he can for his family. There is no law, human or divine, which tells a minister he must pinch his family on \$500 a year if he can get \$1,000, and do as much good when receiving the larger salary as when receiving the smaller. The Synod of Dort never said so. The Westminster Assembly never enacted that Calvinistic ministers must wear greasy alpaca coats. There is nothing in the Confession of Faith about living on gruel. The men who made the Confession lived on more substantial diet, or they never would have made such a substantial book. There is nothing in that noble compendium of theology—the Shorter Catechism—which teaches that a minister must work without a library if he can put himself in a position to get one. If the men who made the Shorter Catechism had all been compelled to live on \$500 or \$600 a year and drive twenty miles every Sabbath over a mud road, behind a lean horse on an old sulky, we never would have had a Shorter Catechism.

There is a higher authority than any of these. The Good Book says: "If any man provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." The minister, like every Christian, is bound to make suitable provision for those dependent upon him. Paul says he would be no Christian if he didn't, and yet there are canting hypocrites who say he is no Christian if he does! Paul did not belong to that class. Some ministers prefer Paul as a guide, and when they cannot provide for their own in one place they look out for another. Paul would say they do exactly right.

The same high authority tells us to "provide things honest in the sight of all men." How can a minister do that if he has not a sufficient salary to support his family? Providing "things honest" requires a good deal of money these times, and if a minister cannot get the wherewithal in one place, so that he can live as an honest man, he must just look out for another.

But what is the use of hammering at a point that every generous man admits. Scores of times have we heard large-hearted Presbyterians, when losing their minister, say: "Well, we are sorry he is going. He was a good, faithful man, but a minister has a right to do the best he can for his family as well as any of the rest of us." One might go a little farther, and say he is bound to do the best he can for his family as well as the rest of us. The obligation to provide arises naturally out of the relation of the head of a household to his wife and his children. The marriage contract implies the obligation to provide for the wife. It is also implied in the relation of parent to child, and the man who does not recognize this obligation as binding is unfit to be a minister. Recognizing the obligation and feeling unable to meet it makes a poor minister restless, and being restless he tries to get a place where he can meet his family obligations like a man and a Christian. In the name of everything sacred, is there anything wrong in that?

There are a few people who think so. Here is one of them.

Mr. Skinfint is selling a bushel of peas. The scales are so evenly balanced that one pea does a little more than bring down the beam. Mr. Skinfint takes a pea off, splits it, puts one half on the scales and takes the other home. Mr. Skinfint always did contend that it was wrong for a minister, however poor, to move to a place where he was promised a

larger salary. Of course he did. The Skinfints are spiritually minded men, far removed from such carnal considerations as salaries—but they split à pea all the same.

Here is another who always contends that it is a grievous sin to accept a call with a larger salary. He had some potatoes so small that he could not sell them on the market. So he presented them, generous soul that he was, to the minister. When the treasurer asked him for his pew rent he credited himself with the small potatoes, and in this way squared his account with the church. This esteemed brother often groans over the increasing worldliness of the clergy. His heart is deeply pained when he hears that any minister has been offered and has accepted a larger income. The increasing worldliness of ministers exercises him almost as much as the operation of turning his small potatoes into cash.

A third representative man who abuses poorly-paid ministers for seeking an income on which they can live decently is almost beneath notice, but we may put him in here to keep company with the two friends already described. We refer to the roving Plymouth evangelist who throws dirt at ministers when conducting his meetings. This gentleman sometimes begins his work in the Spirit and ends in the flesh, but however he begins or ends he is always sure to have a fling at the hiring clergy. He takes no stated salary, but he always keeps his dish hekl'out so that if anything falls he can catch it. Don't mention salary to him. Oh, dear no, but if you give him \$500 at the close of his term he'll take it like a little man. Of course he says it is not a stated salary, it is just what the people give. Any salary, large or small, is just what the people give. There is no moral difference between taking money as a so-called gift, as this gentleman does, and taking it in stated sums at regular intervals. Some of these gentlemen travel incessantly, cross the Atlantic oftener in five years than most ministers do in a lifetime, and yet they expect people to believe that they take no money. They ride over the continent on first-class cars and cross the Atlantic by Cunard steamers by faith! Very likely story. There is one thing they may be trusted never to do. They never go into the back settlements, ride over corduroy and live on a pork and green tea diet. They prefer to operate in towns and old settled parts of the country where the traveling is by rail and the board fairly good. If you don't mean any one of them to take a roll of bills, never offer it to him. If you do you'll be the worst sold man in this country two minutes after the offer is made. The good man will give a sanctimonious whine and say "he takes it from the Lord." In the next breath he would abuse a minister for taking his salary from the Lord. If you call yourself an evangelist and stand with your hands behind your back so that your friends may slip a roll of bills into them, it is all right. If you take your cheque from your treasurer in an open manly way, it is a sin. Out upon such wretched cant.

The principal cause of clerical restlessness is clerical poverty.

Moral: Give Augmentation a good lift in your Presbytery, and an end will be put to perhaps two-thirds of the restlessness.

### COREAN MOUNTAIN LORE.

BY THE REV. JOHN MACINTYRE, M.A., NEWCHWANG, MANCHURIA.

This title is suggested by the familiar subject of folk-lore. I wish to string a few facts together, bearing on the language of the Coreans, gathered partly from Mons. Ridel's *Corean Dictionary*, and partly from conversations with Coreans, to show how largely mountains have influenced the national life in Corea.

Originally the mountains were evidently associated in Corea, as elsewhere, with "wildness." The outlaws who preyed upon society had their homes or their fastnesses there, and a man of the mountains was supposed to be of wilder aspect than the dwellers in the plains. We see this idea represented in the mummies of to-day, who in spring and autumn amuse the children by their disfigured faces, wild dresses and wilder antics, and who are known as the wild men or the fantastic men of the mountains. In those days mountain residence indicated stress of circumstances, and, in fact, the same word means mountaineer and

tiger—the tiger being the mountaineer *par excellence*, and styled also the king of the mountains. A change came when the population overflowed in the plains. There was nothing for it but to take to the hills, as the pressure of warlike tribes made emigration impossible. The first beginning was, of course, made by the very needy: and we find a word which means the "toil or travail of the mountain," and which tells us of fuel-cutting, of herb-gathering, and of laborious efforts in the way of earning a livelihood. Then came deliberate farming, and we find names for the little plots of arable land, perched sometimes in seemingly inaccessible places, where only necessity, and the most determined industry born of it, could induce a settlement or win a living from the unpromising soil. There were still inaccessible parts, and parts too barren to repay even this most poverty-stricken industry, and these soon began to be consecrated to religion. With the instinct of beauty, which in almost every creed has been more or less associated with religion, the Buddhist priest built his temple as it were an eagle's eyrie. With the temple came the hermit, clothing coarsely and faring on herbs, a student of nature and sometimes even a bookworm. Mons. Ridel (*Cor. Dict. p. 373, san-rim*) gives an interesting illustration of the natural declension which has taken place all the world over in this respect, and the ultimate connection between hermit and humbug. Originally the hermit was indeed a philosopher who had seen something of the hollowness of life in cities, and who retired to the wilderness to muse over the mysteries of mind and matter, and above all to construct a life on a true ideal. Then came the day of make-believe, when books were paraded and lofty airs assumed and philosophic jargon indulged in. Finally, the thing became a "profession," and the sons of the rich took to it and made it ridiculous; till in modern Corea, hermit, which means simply "mountain and forest," has become a soubriquet for the good-for-nothing son, the dilettante of the family. In process of time as trade arose, and towns became centres of wealth, we find the town population itself overflowing upon the mountains—not as settlers, however, but as pleasure-seekers. The Coreans have something to show for their extraordinary conceit. They were civilized long before we were; and—some Westerns will be slow to believe it—they do not stand second to us even now in what we deem one of the most indisputable blossoms of civilization, a love of nature and of beautiful scenery. They have a perfect wealth of words which go to prove this. Thus you have all manner of terms for the residences of these summer tourists—the lodge, the villa, the hall, the prospect, the belvedere, the peak, the pavilion, and such like. You have all manner of poetical combinations, as mountain and water, and mountain and forest. You have rich choice of words for the green of spring and for the wondrous glory of crimson which marks their autumn as it does ours, in the Manchurian hills; while you have a special word for winter sight-seeing, where the glory lies in the virgin snow. You have a rich vocabulary indicating their familiarity with every conceivable feature of mountains in their almost perpendicular cliffs, in their beetling brows, in their "one myriad one thousand" jagged peaks, in their deep, dark shadows, in their countless ramifications. While the wilder features clearly impose most on the imagination, the cool shade of the dells is not forgotten, nor the beauty and quietness of those sequestered flowery spots where nature surpasses herself to show her wealth. Ultimately we find not only hamlets and villages, but even cities with the prefix of mountain. Then all through their history there was the mountain fort. The men who have given their name to Corea began their national existence by the conquest of this province of Manchuria, the southern part of which they held securely for many centuries. They have left abundant evidence in the number and position of their fortresses that they must have cost the Tane Emperor some trouble to drive them out, and they did not forget their art on the other side of the Jaloo. But indeed the country, now named from them—Corea—was a fighting country before they saw it; and the several kingdoms into which it was anciently divided have quite as "famous" a page to show in this respect as the Westerns themselves. But the fort in the wilderness—in the wilder parts of the mountains—has always been in requisition as a place of refuge in days of defeat and civil war. To one of

these long-famed fastnesses of nature the king, we are told, was hurried lately, to escape the imbroglio in which he is so unhappily placed through the conflicting interests of the Japanese, the Celestial and the Western. The mountains, of course, all through the chequered history of the "Little Kingdom" have heard the voice of the huntsman. The game is what is reckoned of the noblest. The tiger is, as we have said, the prince or king of the mountain; the tiger-hunter therefore is a kind of king amongst huntsmen. When the French had their little war with Corea, it is said as many as three thousand of these sharpshooters were called out by royal proclamation to assist in exterminating the foreigner. Then you have the leopard, the bear, the wolf, the wild boar, the fox, *et id genus omne*, not to speak of more innocent sport in deer and hare and winged game. They have some touches of Norman civilization in the matter of hunting nomenclature. They used both hound and falcon. We have glimpses of early German life as revealed in Freitag's "Die Ahnen" as we read of the huntsman who attacked the noblest game, lance in hand, and whose lance in the flanks of a wounded animal doubtless formed his title to the spoil—the "flesh of the mountain," as it was called. Then we read much of the wild produce of the mountain, as honey, its wild fruits, its inexhaustible supply of roots and herbs suitable for the cuisine, its wealth of medicinal herbs, and above all its ginseng—in regard to which last it is customary to pray to the Spirit of the Mountain to discover the whereabouts of its choicest varieties. A spice is added to the romance of the herb-gatherer's life as we read of the "mountain serpents," by which they mean any snake of uncommon dimensions and more than average deadliness. And yet withal they have a word which means a "penchant for the mountain," and which is the same passion in Corea, as that which in these days has brought the epithet "mad" into such frequent association with the Alp-climbing Englishman. That Corea is a beautiful country appears everywhere from its vocabulary, and it speaks home to us with its ferns, its hazel, its hawthorn, its countless flowers of every shade, promising deserved fame to the fortunate botanist who shall be first to make known its wealth. But to the Corean the overtowering interest of the mountains lies in the fact that his graves are there. As the religion of the country is simply Confucianism outdone, the deceased ancestors are therefore the "luck-bringers"; and as the deceased have their heaven, or at least their frequent place of assembly at the graves, the blessing and the frown of the dead come alike from the Hills. Thus the "place on the mount" is one of the many honorary words for "tomb." A "mountain law-suit" means a plea about a tomb, prior settlement establishing a right which was occasionally encroached upon by the landless in their necessity. The "toil or travail of the mountain," besides the meaning given above, is also the act of interment—the painful ascent and the laborious work on the grave itself. The "shadow of the mountain" is happiness which comes from a tomb well placed. Mountain passion, or a craving for the mountain, is the longing to obtain a happy site in death (not the word given above as signifying a love for hill-climbing). So there is the "lot of the mountain," speaking of the acts of divination by which a happy tomb is secured, and in a secondary sense meaning the lucky tomb itself. They speak also of the "science of the mountains," which means knowledge of their forms and directions (on which depends the *fung shui* of the country); and also the science of the tombs, i.e., the seeking of a lucky site. The first thing my Corean companion speaks of in scenery is the "aspect of the mountains," as on this depends the happiness of the dead and of the living. We need not wonder, therefore, that there is a "chant" in which they sing the praises of the mountain; that there is much sacrificing in "high places," that the tombs are called "mountain gardens," that there is in every well-to-do family a "guardian of the mountains," i.e., of the tombs; and that the very rain itself brings blessings not from heaven but from the hills.

WE are all so bound together in society—so variously and intimately related, that each acts upon the other for good or for evil. Mysterious, all-permeating and controlling is influence! Happy are all who use it aright and for human welfare!—*Presbyterian Observer.*

THE WORKINGMAN'S HOME.

NO. VI.—TEMPERANCE AND CLEANLINESS.

(Continued.)

We have already stated that an intimate connection subsists between temperance and cleanliness. The wretched home and outward appearance of the drunkard show that rags and filth are the natural effects of intemperance. On the other hand, many a poor workingman, with no natural inclination for intoxicating liquors, falls into irregular and intemperate habits through the dirty, disorderly and uncomfortable condition of his dwelling. A slovenly and untidy wife, who will not, or cannot, exert herself to make home attractive, is the mother of much mischief. Why wonder that some members of the family, when the day's work is over, should seek a substitute for home enjoyment in card-playing and other questionable amusements, in the smoking room of an hotel, or at the publican's fireside? How different is it with the family who, at the close of the day's labours, find the house in order, and everything prepared for their return! As they partake of their humble supper from the clean spread table they can say with cheerful and thankful hearts: "O, bonny is the blink o' our ain fireside." And that father, tired and weary though he be, feels that

His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wife's smile,  
His lispin' infant prattlin' on his knee,  
Does a' his weary carkin cares beguile,  
And maks him quite forget his labour and his toil.

In such a home the long winter evenings can be pleasantly and profitably spent; and when it is the abode of loving and contented spirits, it presents one of the most beautiful types of the better home on high. Dirty homes are a great curse to society. There the daughter, copying the mother's example, acquires the same habits, and in due course introduces them into other homes, and the young man, in quest of a partner in life, discovers (sometimes when too late) that a fair face and gay attire may be possessed by a useless slattern. It often happens also that the slovenly and dirty habits of home are carried out into the employments of daily life, leading to irregularity and carelessness in the employer's service. But not only comfort and usefulness—health itself also is promoted by cleanliness. If greater attention were given to the cleaning and ventilating of dwellings, fevers and other multifarious diseases which flesh is heir to would be decidedly less common, doctors' bills would be saved, and many a useful life spared. Thus ignorance of these simple laws of health is dangerous and highly culpable; for the clean house and the well-aired bedroom and bed clothes are comforts within the reach of all. If, as has been said, one man throws out of his lungs every minute about a gallon of poisonous gas, how important must it be to have this removed, and its place supplied with the pure air of heaven! And this can only be done by proper ventilation, attention to which is most required during the night, when the fire is out, and the doors and windows are generally closed. Personal cleanliness as well as household cleanliness is conducive to health and comfort. The clothes, though patched and mean, if clean and tolerably tidy, will feel more comfortable than a more expensive and substantial dress covered with dirt. Of course it is impossible for many mechanics and other workmen, on account of the nature of their employment, to keep their outer clothing clean; but care should be taken, when the labours of the day are over, to have their working dress replaced by one more clean and respectable.

It is especially of importance, by the liberal use of soap and water, to keep the skin healthy and clean. The necessity for this will at once be seen when we consider the important purposes served by its numerous pores, which are employed to convey much unperfluous matter from the body, and to regulate its temperature. All who practise the sponging of the body with cold water in the morning can testify to its invigorating effects upon the system. It is perhaps the best substitute for a bath the workingman can get, and should be practised at least two or three times a week. It is much to be regretted that public baths are so seldom to be found in our large manufacturing towns. What an unspeakable boon to the artisan would be the erection of such baths in every populous locality! Large sums of money have been expended on less important and remunerative objects. Perhaps the day is not far distant when they will

be accounted as much a necessity to the community as the common sewers that drain away the filth from our dwellings. We have no doubt that money invested in such an object would yield a profitable return, and, besides, tend greatly to promote the cleanliness and health of the inhabitants.

A WORKINGMAN.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

PINE CREEK.

One of the newest mission fields in connection with the Presbytery of Regina consists of a district lying between Calgary and McLeod, with settlements at the following points. Fish Creek, Pine Creek, Sheep Creek and High River. The headquarters of our mission is at Pine Creek, where are settled a number of well-doing families and individuals; some from Scotland, most from Priceville and other parts of Ontario. A building, suitable for all public purposes, church, school, agricultural meetings, etc.—was erected here last fall, by the exertions of the Presbyterians and Methodists combined, a frame building, with accommodation for nearly 100, and costing nearly \$400, exclusive of work done in connection with its erection by the people themselves. A small debt remaining upon the building, a social was held some weeks ago by the ladies of the settlement; an attractive programme was presented, a pleasant evening spent, and about \$40 realized. Sheep Creek is fourteen miles further south, and High River twelve miles more. Both these places are settling up very fast, and appear to be admirably adapted for mixed farming. Our missionary, Rev. Angus Robertson, has introduced the system of weekly or monthly offerings, with considerable success. This field, as a separate charge, is not yet three months old, and had previously been supplied at intervals from Calgary. Mr. Robertson has to drive about thirty-five miles every Sabbath, and ford three rivers.

MEETING OF PRESBYTERY.

The Presbytery of Regina met at Regina, on Tuesday of this week. No member from the western sections was able to attend, on account of distance and expense.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

This Presbytery is desirous of doing more work in connection with our Church's duty toward the Indians, and some plans under this head were to be discussed at last meeting. Some papers in the Territories have criticised severely the deliverance of the General Assembly on the Indian question, but the deliverance is considered very timely by most of our missionaries. It will now be in order, however, for our Church to redeem her pledge of being willing to prosecute work earnestly among the red men.

CO-OPERATION.

It is an interesting question in this Presbytery; how far co-operation with other Churches should be welcomed and sought for, in dividing mission work in our sparsely settled fields. By a majority it seems to be felt that after all we must do our own work in our own way. A somewhat unusual instance of the possibilities of co-operation was furnished lately by the example of Moose Jaw. Our missionary there, Rev. S. J. Taylor, was supplying New Westminster during the late Mr. McKay's illness; and in his absence, which extended over several months, the Presbyterian and Methodist congregations met in amity in the Presbyterian Church, where services were conducted by Mr. Williams, Methodist missionary, who followed for the most part Presbyterian forms, and was supported in salary by the contributions of both congregations; the arrangement giving general satisfaction all round.

THE MOUNTAIN MISSION.

Messrs. McLeod and Cameron are doing good work in this mission, as was to be expected. They are already well known along the line and have been favourably received at all points visited. At Donald, on the first crossing of the Columbia, they are getting a day school started, and report that a resident lady, belonging to our Church is taking charge of the Sabbath school. It is pleasant to know that, although the mountains have such a rough name, the "towns" along the line are not wholly given over to wickedness. At almost every point, some good Christian people are to be met with, and our missionaries fall in, with friends and well wishers in the most unexpected places.

## IS IT FAIR?

MR. EDITOR, - Permit me a word in answer to "Graduate," whose letter appears in your issue of the 11th.

"Graduate" has quite missed the aim and purport of my remarks. The complaint is not that ministers from other Churches are received into our Church, but that there is no provision made for members of our Church to enter the ministry, unless they are prepared to take a course in some college.

The question whether few or many come from the Methodist Church is a mere side issue. At the same time, although not in possession of figures, I feel safe in saying that we have a larger number in our ministry from the Methodist Church, than from other non-Presbyterian Churches. And further, we have more non-graduate ministers in our Church who were originally Methodists than non-graduates who were originally Presbyterians.

"Graduate" thinks the admission that non-college trained Methodist ministers in our Church do effective work "cuts the ground from under my feet," and leaves me without an argument.

On the contrary, it places my argument on more solid ground. If non-graduates from other Churches do effective work, by parity of reasoning, non-graduates from our own Church could do just as effective work. And here is the difficulty our General Assembly makes no provision for the admission of such men into the ministry. We have in our Church many men full of zeal, good effective speakers, and anxious to extend the Master's kingdom, who are practically prohibited from entering our ministry, because they are not able to meet the requirements of a college course.

Now what I suggest is that means be provided for such persons to receive a ministerial standing, without all the labour of classical and general college work; and the contention is that, until this is done, it is not fair to admit gentlemen from other Churches who have escaped these labours.

It looks at least an anomaly to insist upon a graduate standard from members of our Church, and admit gentlemen from other Churches under a non-graduate standard.

Your correspondent speaks of John Bright and Alexander Mackenzie as examples of able men who have not received a college training. Exactly so. But these gentlemen are neither Presbyterians nor Presbyterian ministers. Had they been Presbyterians, and wished to become ministers, the law of our Church would require them to "hold the piece of parchment," which is of so little value. Had they been Methodist preachers, and become Presbyterians, possibly some other arrangement would have been made.

I am as pleased as "Graduate" when Methodists come into our Church, and "expose themselves to all the uncertainties of our candidating system." I wish them all success, and trust their numbers will increase; but I hold that the system that excludes one man, while it receives another is not just.

In conclusion, I hope, Mr. Editor, that a correspondent may express his opinion freely in your columns without being accused of "carping," which is certainly not the spirit in which I write.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

THE *Earthen Vessel*, in a recent number, contains the following: The Speldhurst Road Chapel is now disposed of to Mr. Widdows, an ex-monk of the Romish Church, and the present Church have to give up possession after the fourth Sabbath in August. Mr. Widdows has been for some time before the people in South Hackney. His life and works have been published, and have been read with much interest by many thousands. The awful persecution with which he has had to contend from the priests and the papacy, the curse pronounced upon him by Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, because he objected to transubstantiation, is something more than awful. That he may be the means of stemming the torrent of Romanism, which is being greatly strengthened by the Anglican Church in Hackney and other parts, is our earnest desire. We have seen "men" walking about Hackney, Kingsland, etc., dressed most disgustingly, doing the devil's work, receiving their pay from the Protestant Church Funds. Mr. Widdows is a powerful speaker, and we should rejoice to know that at Speldhurst Road he has been the means of effecting a crushing defeat to the Anglican and Romish dupes which surround the place, and whose practice is most awfully questionable. We know of one instance in South Hackney where a man was compelled to take his daughter away from the English Church on account of the disgusting questions put to her by the so-called celibate priest at the confessional.

## Pastor and People.

## TWO CHARITIES OF FLORENCE.

A month or two ago, as I was strolling through the Signoria of Florence in the dusk of the evening, threading my way rather aimlessly amongst the moving throngs of citizens and sightseers, a sudden stir attracted my attention toward a corner of the square. As I turned, one of the strangest sights met my gaze; a company of twenty or thirty men, draped in black from head to foot, so that all but their eyes was concealed from view, were marching with quick step toward the curious building known as the Bigallo. In their midst was a covered litter borne by four of their number, whilst other two, one in front, the other at the rear, held aloft flaming torches. The people quietly and respectfully made way, as if the phenomenon were something quite customary and well understood by all. I alone was at a loss. What could it be? Thoughts of the fierce old Inquisition instinctively arose. A moment more and the real meaning of the scene flashed upon my mind, sending a sudden thrill through me. It could be nothing else than the "Brothers of Mercy," of whom I had read years before with comparatively little interest. The reality, amidst all the circumstances of the hour, was much more impressive than the description in the book.

This, and another society to be named presently, are, perhaps, the most interesting institutions of that interesting and fascinating city. Beautiful as are her Duomo with its wondrous lily-like campanile, her statues, paintings, hanging gardens, and flashing river, these are the brightest jewels in her crown. Nor are they to be classed amongst the mere survival of the better things; it is probable that there never was a period when they were so free from abuse, or in such healthy working order, as they are at present.

The Bigallo, which is connected with the Hospital of the Misericordia, on the other side of the Via Calzaiole, is on the south side of the Duomo, opposite the campanile. The institution seems to have originated in the middle of the thirteenth century. It was established somewhere about A.D. 1240-4, at the suggestion of Pietro Borsi, amongst the porters of the extensive cloth factories, of whom he was "dean." Its funds were to be derived from fines mutually imposed upon themselves for profane swearing, and speedily acquired importance. The scheme approved itself to the common sense of the public, and persons of all ranks enrolled themselves in its membership. There have been times when even a grand duke could be reckoned amongst those who actively discharged the duties of the brotherhood, which included assistance in cases of accident, the conveyance of the sick to their hospital, and if necessary to relieve their families during their illness, and night nursing, both in the hospital and in the homes of patients. Their strange dress has this amongst other uses, it prevents their being recognized when discharging the functions of their office. From time to time, as in the cholera visitation of 1855, they have been called upon to render the most arduous and trying service. It was usual until a short time ago for citizens to lift their hats to them, and soldiers to carry arms as they approached, and although these salutations are not so marked nowadays, it is abundantly evident that the public hold the fraternity in profound respect.

The city is divided into districts and the membership into *giornate*, or days, about forty being on duty at a time. When the signal is heard from the great bell of the campanile they hasten to their post, whatever the nature of the occupation in which they may be immediately engaged. A half-hour glass is used to mark the interval between the summons and each arrival. Then ere proceeding upon their duty they assume their official dress, and the captain repeats the words, "*Fratelli, prepariamoci a fare quest'opera di misericordia*," and kneeling down he adds, "*Mitte nobis, Domine, charitates, humilitates, et fortudines*;" to which the rest reply, "*Ut in hac opera te sequamur*." After a prayer the captain exhorts the brethren to repeat a *Paternoster* and *Ave Maria* for the benefit of the sick and afflicted; then four of the number take the litter upon their shoulders, and, preceded by their captain, the rest follow, bearing the burden in turns, and repeating every time when another set takes it up, "*Iddio le ne renda il merito*," to which those who are relieved answer, "*Vadano in pace*." They may not receive anything save a cup of cold water whilst in discharge of their duties. For these details I am indebted to Horner.

Much that is most valuable in the constitution of this society is doubtless due to the influence of the good Bishop Antonino. It is interesting to learn that the Bigallo was originally occupied by an older society originally established for the care of orphan children and foundlings, but which had been perverted into an organization for the suppression of heresy.

Entirely owing to St. Antonino's initiative was the charity called *Providitori dei poveri vergognosi*, or

society for the relief of the shame-faced poor, but better known by the more popular title of the "Good men of San Martino." In the vicissitudes through which the republic passed during the middle ages many noble or gentle families were at various times reduced to poverty—poverty that was all the harder to endure that the sufferers were too proud to ask for bread. Many a noble heart endured the last extremities of famine rather than appear *in forma pauperis*. The good bishop, honouring and yet compassionating this exaggerated sensitiveness, called twelve of the best men of all ranks in Florence to his side, and communicated to them the scheme he desired to see carried out. They met his proposals with a ready, enthusiastic sympathy, and almost at once the guild sprang into being which with little alteration has existed ever since. The alms-box they set up to receive the gifts of the public may still be seen on the outside wall of the little church of S. Martino—the church where Dante was married, and near which he was born—which is still the headquarters of the society. When I visited this quaint little sanctuary I noticed several respectable people quietly entering and leaving the place, but it did not occur to me at the time that they were recipients of this ancient bounty. Amongst the rules of the charity are the following: "The money given for charitable purposes to be spent at once—no accumulation or investment," "no interference of public authority to change its laws or regulate the use of its funds;" and "the *Providitori* to give no account of their private ministrations to any one."

In an age like the present when one is hearing everywhere of charity abuses, and of proposals for the restoration of charities to their original objects, or to others that may more effectually carry out the benevolent intentions of their founders, the existence of two such societies in the midst of a Catholic community cannot but be most suggestive. But, next to the delicacy of their mission, we cannot but hold in highest respect the unobtrusiveness of their service, and the unflinching honour with which their great responsibilities have been sustained throughout more than six centuries.—A. F. M., in the *Homiletic Magazine*.

## THE MINIMUM CHRISTIAN.

The minimum Christian! And who is he? The Christian who is going to heaven at the cheapest and easiest rate possible. The Christian who purposes to get all out of the world that he can, and not meet the worldling's doom. The Christian who aims to have as little religion as he can, without being destitute of it altogether. The minimum Christian generally goes to church in the morning, unless he is too tired with his week-day labours, and has lain in bed too late on Sabbath morning, to get ready for the morning service; in that case he will attend in the afternoon or evening, unless it is likely to rain, or is too warm or too cold, he feels too sleepy or has the headache. He listens respectfully to the minister, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth often to his neighbours, rarely to himself. If there is a lecture in the week, he goes if quite convenient, but rarely attends the prayer meeting, as the latter is apt to be uninteresting. He feels it his duty to be present on communion Sabbath, and his family prayer at least once a day unless business presses upon him too urgently.

The minimum Christian is friendly to all good works; he wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sabbath school he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the young, the neglected and the ignorant. It is not convenient, however, for him to take a class or attend very regularly. His business engagements are always so pressing during the week that he needs Sabbath as a day of rest; nor does he think himself qualified to be a teacher. There are so many persons better qualified for this important duty that he must beg to be excused. He is in favour of the visitation of the poor; but he has no time to take part in these labours of love. He thinks it a good thing for laymen to take part in the prayer meetings of the Church, but he has no gift for public prayers, or for making addresses (unless the subject be business or politics), and he must leave it to others. He is friendly to home and foreign missions, and gives his "mite," but he thinks there are too many appeals; still, he gives, or he will lose his reputation.

The minimum Christian is not clear on some points relating to Christian conduct. The circus and dancing, the theatre and card-playing, give him considerable trouble. He cannot see the harm in this, or that, or the other popular amusement. He says there is nothing in the Bible directly against it. He does not see but that a man may be a Christian and go to the theatre or to the ball-room. He knows several people who do go, and members of the Church, too. Why should not he? In short, the minimum Christian knows that he cannot serve God and Mammon; he would if he could, and he will come just as near to doing so as he can, for he thinks it not best to be "righteous over much." He will give to himself and the world all that he may, and to God and his cause as little as he can, and yet not lose his soul. He

stands so close to the dividing line between the people of God and the people of the world that it is hard to say on which side of it he actually is.

Ah! my brother, are you making this attempt? Beware, lest you find at last, in trying to get to heaven with as little religion as possible, that you have missed it altogether: lest, without gaining the whole world, you have lost your own soul. Would it not be wise and better, and happier, to make sure of heaven by being a maximum rather than a minimum Christian?—*Rev. John W. Dulles.*

HOW IT WAS DONE.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Evangelist* tells the following story of exceeding interest to every Christian heart:

In Calcutta, one hot afternoon, Mrs. Mullens, the wife of an English missionary, was, in the absence of her husband, finishing the slippers she was embroidering as a present for him on his return. During the many years of her residence the sorrows of the secluded women around her had been a weight upon her feelings, and the question, "How can I help them," was always sounding in her mind. Her chief hope was that the boys in her school, when grown men, would become her allies in some scheme of relief. But in this she was disappointed. Caste was invincible even to those who had yielded to her reasonings against its injustice and cruelty. But as her hope paled her watchful interest increased, and on this afternoon her thoughts were busy with her woes, and her finished work dropped from her hand as a young Baba (native gentlemen), a former pupil, came in to see her.

Struck with the gay embroidery, he picked it up, chatted upon its beauty and her marvellous skill in its execution. With a sudden flash of inspiration she said: "Take it home and show it to your wife." After a little parleying he consented, and, after giving his wife what proved a great pleasure, he handed it to another Baba, who in turn passed it to a third, who continued the passing until quite a number of zenanas had been stirred by the story of the slipper. Then it was returned, and glowing pictures of the excitement it had caused were coupled with the thanks of the gentlemen. With another kindling of inspiration Mrs. Mullens said: "Your wife can learn to do that work; and if you will allow me I will teach her." The Baba hesitated. The presence of a Christian was an offence, the touch of one pollution, how, then, could he admit her into the most sacred precincts of the zenana!

But the wish stole, he knew not how, into his heart to provide this little enjoyment to the poor prisoner at home, Mrs. Mullens added a gentle entreaty, and the day was carried. A trial might be made. The lady went eagerly to her appointment, found an enthusiastic scholar into whose life the bright worsteds and new occupation brought variety and interest. The news of this venture with the fancy-work spread from house to house till soon her hands were full of pupils. And she took another step. "I can only teach embroidery," she now announced, "to those who will learn to read." It was a startling proposition, but it was accepted, and the zenana, firm shut to reason and entreaty, was now opened to the Christian teacher with her skeins of worsted and her Bible. The story of the Saviour was told to hearts apparently waiting to receive it, and many of those dark homes became bright with the "light of life," and joyous with the songs of salvation. The great prison house, pierced at this point, was attacked and broken by the labourers in different places. And now there came for the first time light into the harem and joy into the zenana. The intelligence of the great achievement reached our shores, and our women acknowledged that their prayers had been heard and answered.

RAISING MONEY FOR CHURCH FUNDS.

In our last issue, says the *Maritime Presbyterian*, mention was made of some of the ways, such as lotteries, dances, etc., resorted to in raising money for Church purposes. Such practices do not appear to be confined to any one part of the Church. The following deliverance was passed by the Halifax Presbytery at a recent meeting:

"It having come to the knowledge of the Presbytery that in a few of the congregations under its supervision, dancing and other like amusements are resorted to for the purpose of raising church funds, this Presbytery hereby expresses its strong disapproval of such methods of raising money, methods which, to say the least of them, are calculated to give offence to good brethren in our own and other communions, and further, the Presbytery hopes that all such methods will take end at once throughout the bounds of its congregations and stations."

To take even the lowest ground, do such schemes pay? "Pay!" says some one, who has taken in a hundred dollars or more at a ball or dancing stage! "Pay!" says the committee that counts over its gains from the lottery. "Pay! why of course it does! We could not get the money so easily or quickly in any other way."

Sound reasoning truly for those who are working for the Church of God! On exactly the same principle, it pays the man who gives up his honest business, opens a gambling saloon or pool shop; it pays the young man, who, beginning with gaining a few cents in some trifling lottery, goes on, becomes a proficient in gambling and takes at Monte Carlo. It pays the keepers of dance houses in our large cities, who fill their pockets by pandering to what is lowest in humanity! You had better read over again a passage in a certain old book which propounds the question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Read it again and substitute the word *Church* for *man*.

How can a Church prosper without God's presence and blessing? How can that presence and blessing accompany such means, some of them illegal and immoral, others, essentially worldly and immoral in tendency? The Church that resorts to such means is building up the kingdom of Satan rather than that of the Lord Jesus Christ, and defeating the very end for which the Church was established on earth. If men and women wish to make the Church powerless for good in the world, if they wish to defeat the end for which it was established, by all means let them use it in building up such agencies. Satan's work will be encouraged, the Good Spirit grieved away. It is to some extent a repetition of days gone by, when Christ said, "It is written, My house shall be called an house of prayer, but," etc.

A TRIBUTE TO MY FATHER

G. B. H.

John Houlston, elder—and founder in 1844—of St. Andrew's Church, Three Rivers, P. Q., died Dec. 30th, 1885, in his eighty-fifth year. Was totally blind from 1870 to 1880. Unsuccessfully operated on in New York in 1872, and at London, England, in 1874. Through an oculist at Montreal in 1880, recovered his sight so that he could read, and retained it until his death.

My father! O God! death has gathered you in;  
The penalty's paid, the dire wages of sin;  
Your long lease of life, like a phantom, has fled;  
You rest now in peace, in your grave with the dead.

Sleep on, blessed parent, thy rest is well earned;  
For Christ and His Kingdom, this world's gods you spurned.  
The battle of selfishness, pride, pomp and fame,  
You fought well and vanquished, with untarnished name.

Truth, honesty, honour and virtue, you chose,  
Regardless of whether they brought friends or foes;  
With zeal for God's worship, you lowly trod,  
The God of your fathers was your chosen God.

Sweet memories crowd me, they cover long years,  
Of your care, wisdom, kindness; your smiles and your tears;  
Of plans, hopes and feelings, we've mutually bared,  
Of pleasures we've tasted, of sorrows we've shared.

What lessons, how many, how precious, how plain,  
To do what is right, never thinking of gain;  
Of patience in suffering, meek under the rod,  
Of faith in our Saviour, of love for our God.

For ten years the blessing of sight you had not,  
No murmur your lips ever passed at your lot;  
When God in His mercy, the good and the kind,  
Like Jesus restored the lost sight to the blind.

O pitiless death! O drear, isome tomb!  
Time's hastening on, you are nearing your doom.  
The trumpet will sound, and the dead will arise;  
Together we'll meet our dear Lord in the skies.

Our Saviour is coming, the signs grow apace,  
Soon, soon, we'll behold the bright light of His face;  
When saints, resurrected from death's cruel hand,  
Will meet ne'er to part in Immanuel's land.

Three Rivers, 1886.

INDEPENDENCE.

It is a very desirable independence to be independent of the fear of evil. Now there are many people who "through fear are all their lifetime subject to bondage," as we are told. It is very natural to fear loss, poverty, sickness, death, something after death. And so many are depressed and anxious and nervous, as these fears are continually in their hearts, and all manner of ghostly visions flit before their eyes in imagination. Now, if I understand the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free, it is a liberty that delivers a man from his fears, all but the reverential and devout fear of God, who delivers a man from fears,—from fear in relation to all secular things, not from fear in relation to spiritual things, but delivers him from the effect of sin and the consequences of his sin, delivers him from the fear of death, delivers him from the fear of damnation. It is a quiet liberty that is deeply and solidly founded upon faith, and the wisdom and righteousness and mercy of God; and if there be this faith in the soul and the freedom that it gives, then surely all these spectres will disappear that so haunt and distress many poor souls; all despair ought to vanish entirely away before the sunlight of these glorious words: "He that spareth not His own Son, but delivered Him up for

us all, how shall He not with Him freely forgive us all things."

May this higher form of liberty be ours, freedom from sin, and from the fear of sin—a freedom based upon confidence in God. This liberty, which faith in God, and faith in Him alone, inspires, is one of the greatest joys and triumphs of life. It makes a man absolutely dependent upon God, and thereby makes him fully independent of all besides.—*Hugh Stowell Brown.*

WAITING ON THE LORD.

Are you praying to-day, Christian reader, for the salvation of a soul, and do you believe that prayer will be answered? Then you must not rest in your belief after one single petition, but follow always, day and night, the command of the Psalmist. "Wait on the Lord. be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart. wait, I say, on the Lord."

It will not do to pray occasionally, once a day or once a week, whenever you think of it. You must be waiting on the Lord with your soul full of importunate pleading hour after hour, day after day, for weeks and months if the Lord see fit to tarry so long.

What if Jacob had put forth his strength but for a little against his unknown antagonist, and then given up conquered instead of wrestling all night by the brookside? What if even at the break of day he had granted the petition, "Let me go," without further request? He would not have gained the blessing, would not have had power with God and prevailed, and neither will you unless you go and do likewise.

Even Jesus Christ, who, at the grave of Lazarus, prayed to His Father, "I know that Thou hearest Me always," was wont to spend whole nights in prayer. Is there hope of your prayers obtaining rather answer than those of the Son of God Himself, who, even in the agony of the garden, called again and again upon a Father's pierced heart, before the ministering angel came?

What are we, that we do not need to say with David, "O, my God, I cry in the daytime, and in the night season I am not silent." And what is the testimony of those unto whom God has granted gracious answer? It is not that the burden of prayer was never lifted from their souls, day or night, until the hearer Himself gave them their hearts desire?

Then, "Wait, I say, on the Lord," for "whatsoever ye shall ask in faith, believing, that shall ye receive."—*The Christian at Work.*

TRUE WORSHIP.

A man's true worship is not the worship that he performs in the public temple, but that which he offers down in that little private chapel, where nobody goes but himself. Worship is the attribution of supreme excellence to, and the entire dependence upon, a certain person. And the people or the things to which a man attributes excellence, and on which he hangs his happiness and his well-being, these be his gods, no matter what his outward profession is. You can find out what these are for yourself, if you will honestly ask yourself one or two questions. What is it that I want most? What is it which makes my ideal of happiness? What is it which I feel that I should be desperate without? What do I think about most naturally and spontaneously when the spring is taken off and my thoughts are allowed to go as they will? And if the answer to none of these questions is "God!" then I do not know why you should call yourself a worshipper of God. It does not matter though we pray in the temple, if we have the dark subterranean pit where our true adoration is rendered.

Oh! dear brethren, I am afraid there are a great many of us nominal Christians, connected with Christian churches, posing before men as orthodox religionists, who keep this private chapel where we do our devotions to an idol and not to God. If our real gods could be made visible, what a pantheon they would make! All the foul forms painted on that underground cell would be paralleled in the creeping things—which crawl along the low earth and never soar nor even stand erect, and in the vile bestial forms of passion to which some of us really bow down. Honour, wealth, literary or other distinction, the sweet sanctities of human love dishonoured and profaned by being exalted to the place which divine love should hold, ease, family, animal appetites, lust, drink—these are the gods of some of us.

Oh! brethren, bear with my poor words, and ask yourselves, not whom do you worship before the eyes of men, but who is the God that in your inmost heart you bow down before? What do you do in the dark? That is the question. Whom do you worship there? The other thing is not worship at all.—*Alexander MacLaren, D.D.*

THE united family is the family that rises in the world. Union, mutual love and mutual helpfulness are the means by which families, sloughed apparently in hopeless and involuntary property, have raised themselves to more comfortable circumstances.—*Freeman's Journal.*



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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1886.

THE *Interior* says that the convention of the Irish National League—composed of a thousand Catholic Irishmen—held in Chicago the other week, was "quite as decorous as some general assemblies." We read a report of the proceeding with considerable interest; were very much pleased to see that the dynamite party were conspicuous by their absence, but we are quite unable to guess what general assembly our genial contemporary refers to. Do the American assemblies shout as those Irishmen shouted. Ours never does.

AS an illustration of how little a Church gains, or rather of how badly it may get sold, by dabbling in party politics, ponder over this little incident. When it was announced that Mr. Henry Matthews, an ultramontane Catholic, was given one of the principal seats in the Home Government there was sore disappointment in Ulster and other places. Matthews was simply known as a London lawyer, an Ultramontane, and the former representative of a Fenian majority. Gladstone's friends decided to oppose his re-election for Birmingham. Protestants were glad and every Ulster Presbyterian, we suppose, suddenly became a Gladstone man so far as defeating Matthews was concerned. The opposition to Matthews became formidable, and his defeat was looked upon as certain. The Protestant alliance was against him, many of the Radicals of Birmingham were against him of course. At the eleventh hour all opposition in Birmingham vanished, and Matthews was re-elected by acclamation! Chamberlain's intriguing hand, no doubt, did it. Chamberlain was one of the self-chosen champions of Ulster all through the elections. But when Chamberlain had a chance to defeat a man that the Presbyterians of Ulster fear, perhaps, more than they feared Gladstone, Chamberlain secured the election of the man! No Church, except the Roman Catholic, can afford to ally itself with a political party. Protestant bodies are powerful just in proportion as they do spiritual work. In the hands of unscrupulous party politicians they are *dough*.

DURING the late American War a student asked Dr. Willis one day in the Divinity Hall some question about the meaning of *doulos*. The question indicated that the questioner did not quite agree with the Doctor's well-known views about that word. "Ah," said the Doctor, "never mind, Mr. So and So, Providence is giving an exegesis of *doulos* just now." A few days before, the Northern troops had won a most decisive victory over the Southern, and the good Doctor very properly thought Providence was throwing a flood of light on the slave question. In the same country Providence is explaining the meaning of another word—we mean the word liberty. For many years a considerable number of people in the United States thought that liberty meant the right to do and say just what one pleased. The Anarchists of Chicago understood liberty to mean the right to incite to murder, arson, bomb-throwing and all other crime. In the exercise of what they called liberty they attempted to destroy the liberty, property and lives of their neighbours. Providence, through the agency of a judge and jury, is teaching them a correct definition of the word by

sending seven of them to the gallows. The word will be better understood now. Liberty of speech even in the United States does not include liberty to incite men to commit the most horrible crimes. Liberty of action does not include the right to commit murder, arson, robbery or even crimes of a less heinous nature. All America will be the better for the practical definition of liberty soon to be given in Chicago.

MANY thoughtful people had grave doubts as to the wisdom of the Irish Presbyterian Church in taking such a decided stand against Gladstone at the late election. Himself one of the most devout and honourable of men, and supported as he was by a large majority of Scotch Presbyterians, it was difficult to see that the Irish Church was in any real danger. Still the Presbyterians of Ulster thought they were in danger, and as they were the persons most interested and presumably knew the situation best, few cared to criticise their action in an unfriendly way. There is no unfriendliness, however, in asking what they have gained by taking a hand in party politics. Is Randolph Churchill, the present leader of the House of Commons, more to be trusted than William Ewart Gladstone? Is there one sane man in the Empire, not judiciously blinded by partyism, who would say so? But that is not all. One of the principal offices in the new Cabinet is held by an Ultramontane Catholic who got his seat in Ireland some years ago, it is said, by Fenian votes! He will have as much to do with Irish affairs as any member of the new Government—perhaps more. What do the Presbyterians of Ulster expect from him? Their last Lord Lieutenant was a Presbyterian elder. How much Presbyterian influence is there in Dublin Castle now? It is not at all wonderful that prominent Ulster men are beginning to ask themselves what they have gained, and some of them have grave doubts as to whether they gained anything. The obvious moral is—the less Churches as such have to do with party politics the better. Let men fight their political battles as citizens.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Interior* asks an important practical question in regard to giving notices of prohibition meetings of a certain kind from the pulpit. A wing of the prohibitionists, including the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, has resolved itself into a third political party, and runs candidates of its own. Such being the case, this correspondent asks if ministers should read their notices from the pulpit. Notices are not read for the Democrats or for the Republicans. Why read them for the third party? The *Interior* replies in this way:

If the particular Church be unanimous for extending the ballot to women, and believe that it is a religious duty for women to make political speeches and go to the polls, and if it be unanimous for the third party and opposed to the other political parties, and thinks that the Sabbath is a good day for politics, then we suppose it would be agreeable to all to have the announcements made. But if there be any old-fashioned Christians in the congregation, they have the right to require the exclusion of such things from the pulpit.

The great majority of Presbyterian Christians in Canada are old-fashioned in the good sense of that word. They do not believe that it is a religious duty for women to make political speeches, nor that the Sabbath is a good day for politics. If a wing of prohibitionists resolve themselves into a third party, it is difficult to see how the third party can be treated in a different way from the other two. No minister would read a notice for the Tories or Liberals. Why read one for a third party working against Tories and Liberals? It may be a prohibition party, but there are prohibitionists in every party. Every argument used to show that the Church should have nothing to do with party politics applies to a third party. Prohibitionists who favour a third party will do well to pause.

#### MISSIONS TO THE JEWS.

PROVIDENTIALLY trained as the Hebrew nation has been, with the inspired Scriptures of the Old Testament, to indicate clearly in type, ceremonial and prophecy to look for the coming Messiah, it might have been expected that when Jesus came the Jewish people would have recognized and welcomed Him as the Sent of God. He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. The rejection of Jesus by the Jews left in their minds feelings of deep and bitter hostility to the despised Nazarene.

These feelings have survived through many generations and are in many cases as intense and bitter as ever. Special missionary efforts to commend the acceptance of the Saviour to the Hebrew mind have had to contend with the greatest difficulties.

Jew and Christian alike hold in reverence the teaching of the Old Testament, but with that the points of contact cease. They do not even agree in their respective interpretations of many portions of the Hebrew Scriptures. The average Jew rejects the New Testament with scorn. Efforts to win the Jewish people to a recognition of Jesus Christ as the Messiah are by not a few considered as disappointing. The results of prolonged and persevering missionary labour among them have not, it is true, justified the sanguine anticipations of the earlier and more ardent advocates of missions to the Jews. These labours nevertheless have borne excellent fruits which are in themselves sufficient to justify the means and labour expended on this most obvious part of the Church's duty, and to stimulate to greater liberality and larger endeavour in this most important field of missionary enterprise.

In the Christian ministry of the present time there are hundreds of able and devoted men of Jewish birth who are rendering valuable service both by voice and pen in behalf of the Christian faith. Among many distinguished men the names of Adolph Saphir and Alfred Edersheim will readily occur to the reader. Reasons for greater earnestness and zeal in prosecuting missions to this most interesting race are numerous and cogent. If it is the manifest duty of the Church to preach the Gospel to every creature, then certainly the descendants of Abraham are included. The obligations we owe to God's ancient people are plain to every reader of the Bible. What has the Christian Church done to show her gratitude for the heritage she has received from the chosen race? Among those occupying influential positions in the commerce, education, literature, art and science of our age, Jews are prominent. The cause of the recent anti-Semitic agitation in Germany was the growing influence of the Hebrew race in the German Empire. The maintenance of Christian interests requires not the expulsion, but the conversion of the Jews.

Attention has recently been called to a most remarkable religious movement among the Jewish people in Bessarabia. The pious Jews of South-Western Europe have for years been most devout in their worship and eager in their longing for the coming of the Messiah. A German Jewish mission has been maintained in Bessarabia for about a quarter of a century. By means of an introduction from Professor Franz Delitzsch, of Leipzig, who is revered by the Jews of South-Western Europe because of the interest he took in defence of the Jews accused of dreadful atrocities in Hungary a few years ago, Herr Faber, an agent of the German Missionary Society, was received in a most friendly manner by the Chief Rabbi. Since 1877 no fewer than 40,000 copies of Professor Delitzsch's Hebrew translation of the New Testament have been circulated in South-Western Europe and have been read with great avidity. The missionary states that he met with four young men who had committed the whole of the Hebrew New Testament to memory. A learned lawyer, Joseph Rabinowitz by name, has been preaching Christ to his Jewish kinsmen with the greatest acceptance. The views held by Rabinowitz have not yet for Western readers been very clearly defined, but he loves to speak of "Jesus our Brother." He preached his first sermon to an audience of about 4,000. It was afterward printed, widely circulated and eagerly read. Much is expected from this remarkable movement.

The *Jewish Herald* for August announces that under the auspices of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews a deputation will shortly visit Canada and the United States to awaken a deeper interest in missionary work among this interesting race. The deputies are Rev. John Dunlop, secretary, Mr. F. Y. Edwards, treasurer of the society, and the Rev. Aaron Matthews. The announcement of the committee contains this paragraph:

We heartily commend our friends to the sympathy and prayers of the Churches, and trust that any lovers of Israel who may possess any public or private interest or influence on the other side of the Atlantic may do their very utmost to conduce to the success of this important mission, by opening doors, homes and churches to our three brethren, whose one desire is that God may be glorified and His kingdom come.

## Books and Magazines.

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.** (Boston: Littell & Co.)—*Littell* continues to supply its readers with the freshest and best of the current literature of the day.

**OUR YOUNG FOLKS AND THE NURSERY.** (Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.)—The September number is a delightful issue of this favourite with the little folks.

**HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.** (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—A weekly magazine for young readers in which they will find good amusing, and instructive papers splendidly illustrated.

**THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.** (New York: John B. Alden.)—The number of this excellent magazine for September contains a variety of papers representing the best literary and scientific thought of the day.

**ST. NICHOLAS.** (New York: The Century Co.)—*St. Nicholas* is most admirably adapted to the intellectual, moral and artistic requirements of the large class of readers for whom it is designed. The September number in contents and illustrations it would be difficult to surpass.

**CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.** (Toronto: William Briggs.) The September number of this magazine, devoted to religion, literature and social progress, is in all respects a superior one. It is profusely illustrated by engravings of a high class, while the articles are on subjects of great interest, and are ably written.

**THE PULPIT TREASURY.** (New York: E. B. Treat.)—This month the *Treasury* gives a good portrait of Rev. T. D. Witherspoon, D.D., LL.D., from whose pen there is an excellent sermon and of whom there is a brief biography. He is descended from the famous Scotchman who became president of Princeton College, and who claimed lineal descent from the Scottish reformer John Knox. The contents of the number are rich, varied, suggestive and instructive.

**THE HERALD.** An anti-Jesuit magazine. (London: E. W. Allen.) The character of this new monthly could not be accurately guessed from its title. The August number, appearing at the time of the heated electoral campaign in Britain, has a strong political colouring. Its purpose, however, is better described in the announcement that appears on the cover. The *Herald* arises for free but decorous discussion of all vital questions, to give the idle something to think about, and to amuse overworked brains. Its articles are short, pithy and bright.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.** (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—The September number is varied and attractive, and at the same time imparts much solid information. The engravings are specially numerous and good. In addition to powerful fiction, short story and poetry there are thoughtful papers on "Workingmen in the British Parliament," "Social Studies—The Reform of Railway Abuses," and "Old Salem Sea Captains." R. A. Proctor writes on "The Central Engine of the Solar System." The Editor's Chair, Study, Record and Drawer are replete with good things.

**THE CENTURY.** (New York: The Century Co.)—The September number of the *Century* will delight its many readers. It has many interesting and attractive features. The late Abbe Liszt forms a fine subject for literary and artistic treatment, and the portraits and reminiscences of the great musician afford most interesting reading. "Amateur Ballooning" is a light and racy paper. The United States ex-Minister to Persia contributes "A Glance at Persian Art," and John Burroughs supplies interesting "Notes from the Prairie." The war papers this month are absorbingly attractive, since they deal mainly with the famous fight at Chancellorsville. Fiction, poetry, Topics of the Time, etc., deal with matters of living interest.

**HIDDEN DEPTHS: A Story of Cruel Wrong.** With an Introduction by W. Shepherd Allen, M.P. Fourth English, first Canadian edition. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)—Written with a true and earnest intent, this book is no mere piece of idle fiction. Its purpose may be gathered from the author's brief preface: This book is not a work of fiction, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. If it were, it would be worse than useless; for the hidden depths, of which it reveals

a glimpse, are not fit subjects for a romance, nor ought they to be opened up to the light of day for purposes of mere amusement. But truth must always have a certain power, in whatever shape it may appear; and though all did not occur precisely as here narrated, it is nevertheless actual truth which speaks in these records.

**ESSAYS ON EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS.** By Robert Herbert Quick. (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.) It is not usual for authors in bespeaking a favourable reception for their works to speak of their efforts with overweening modesty. They never cheapen their own wares. The exceptional diffidence with which Mr. Quick introduces his admirable volume is in itself fitted to produce a favourable impression, which deeper perusal proceeds. "If the following pages," he says, "attract but few readers it will be some consolation, though rather a melancholy one, that I share the fate of my betters." The work shows an intimate and intelligent acquaintance with the best literature in general, and the best educational literature in particular. Many of his views will commend themselves to all interested in educational work.

**THE OLIVE LEAF.** By Hugh Macmillan, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E. (London: Macmillan & Co.)—Without preface or introduction of any kind the reader finds, after a short glance at the contents of this most excellent volume, that its merits of a high order need no other recommendation than their own. The highly gifted and scholarly author meditates on what are to him most congenial themes. The volume takes its title from the opening theme, "The Olive Leaf," and is a collection of papers in which blend much interesting information and spiritually suggestive Christian instruction. In the author's thought there is no schism between nature and revelation, and in the presentation of these results of fine thinking there is no constraint, no unnatural and forced interpretation of either revealed or scientific truth. There are also several poems of a fine quality in this most admirable work.

**THIRTY THOUSAND THOUGHTS.** Vol. II. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.) To appreciate fully the extent and value of this most excellent work it has to be seen and examined. It is edited by the Rev. Canon Spence, M.A., Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A., and Rev. Charles Neil, M.A., with an introduction by the late Rev. Dean Howson, D.D. Its character is thus explained. In order to place the entire range of literature under contribution, scores of workers have searched thousands of volumes; especially of the Fathers and the Puritans; Books of Biography, Books Scientific, Classical, Philosophical, Foreign; University Lectures, and all the great Reviews of the age. The volumes contain illustrative extracts and quotations, choice and carefully selected literary gleanings of the highest order, anecdotes aiding to define moral and religious truths, historical parallels, similitudes—in brief, useful and suggestive thoughts gathered from the best available sources, on all subjects.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.** (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—A better number of the *Atlantic* than that for September the regular reader of the magazine will seldom find. It has just enough of the various kinds of literature to make it attractive to every one. "Mademoiselle Joan," by Rebecca Harding Davis, is a pretty sketch of Canadian life, with a touch of the supernatural in it. Mr. Bradford Torrey has a paper on the "Confessions of a Bird's-Nest Hunter." Besides these "The Saloon in Politics," by George Frederic Parsons, shows what a factor the saloon is in political questions. Mr. Frank Galyard Cook contributes a paper on "The Law's Partiality to Married Women." Philip Gilbert Hamerton gives a second paper, in his series "French and English," in which he compares the two nations; Thomas Wentworth Higginson's estimate of the late E. P. Whipple, and the able reviews of Schuyler's "American Diplomacy" and the second volume of "Grant's Memoirs" will be found most interesting. For the novel-readers there are the instalments of Bishop's "Golden Justice," of Miss Murrefree's "In the Clouds," and, last, but not least, of Henry James' powerful story, "The Princess Casamassima," now drawing to an exciting climax. There is, also, some excellent poetry, together with the usual departments of brief criticism and the Contributors' Club.

## THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

### THE SUSSAMACHAR CHURCH.

A recent number of the *San Fernando Gazette*, Trinidad, contains the following:

On walking along Coffee Street a few days ago our attention was called to a unique and tastefully-constructed gateway, which not only makes an excellent finish to the handsome Indian Church, erected some fifteen years ago by the indomitable Canadian Missionaries, but supplies an ornament to the rather unembellished street. The masonry, we ascertained, is the work of Mr. D. Branthwaite, the iron work, as is indicated by a stamp upon the lock, is from the forge of Mr. Philogene St. Andre. Both branches of work showed evidences of skillful workmanship most creditable to our fellow-townsmen. Entering the gateway to examine the construction, we noticed, engraved upon the inside of the left pillar, the words, "In gratitude, this gateway is erected by T. Sirjoo, Hindustani Interpreter, San Fernando, 1886." The modest idea of concealing from the general public the donor of this magnificent gift (which can only be seen from the inside) at once struck us as most commendable bespeaking great praise for the donor.

A personal interest taken by any congregation of Christians in its Church property is a healthy sign of good feeling existing in the hearts of its members. The opposite feeling not being uncommon, instances such as this, we considered, claimed attention; we accordingly ascertained that the gift had been contemplated and every arrangement made for the construction of the gateway (which has cost about £15 sterling) without the knowledge of the pastor, the Rev. K. J. Grant, whose sanction for the erection had been obtained almost at the last moment. But the best and noblest feature of the whole transaction is that Mr. Timothy Sirjoo, a bright and intelligent youth of about twenty-five years, grateful to the Church which through its devoted pastor, has qualified him for the post of interpreter of the courts in the second town of this island, dedicated, without the knowledge, we believe, of any one, the first emoluments of his new office thus to erect a tribute of gratitude toward the institution which, under God, has made him what he is. Sincere gratitude, exemplified in such a substantial and generous manner, commends itself to the right-thinking of all denominations.

### PROGRESS OF MISSION WORK IN PEKIN.

The work here in the East City continues to prosper, writes the Rev. G. Owen. The chapel is quite full every Sabbath, and we must enlarge it soon. But we are so hemmed in by other buildings, and our premises are so small, that we cannot enlarge the chapel without seriously infringing on hospital accommodation already far too limited. I see no way out of the difficulty, unless we can acquire a piece of adjacent property, and that is impossible at present. But the Lord will provide.

In a similar strain, the Rev. W. H. Rees says: Our new chapel has been opened. We had a tea meeting to welcome back Mr. and Mrs. Meech, and also a devotional meeting. Ninety people were present. The bell tower, with a flagstaff attached, looks very well, and I am much pleased with the new building. . . . I have baptized two persons recently, and we have three inquirers again on the list. We are certainly moving on slowly. There seems to be a fair amount of spiritual life among the church members, and they have done a thing which to them is quite a new thing and which surprised and gladdened my heart. Our old chapel had no signboard. The natives said a signboard would look well. I agreed. "Then, do buy one for us," they said. Nothing of the kind. But I tempted them in this way. If they as a Church would buy a signboard, my wife would present them with a tablet for the inside. They agreed, and contributed eight dollars within a week, and the board is now in its place with the words, "Ye Su skeng tang," "Holy Hall of Jesus," on it.

The Rev. S. E. Meech, who has recently resumed his work in Pekin, bears the same encouraging testimony. Writing on May 4th, he says: I am happy to report that, as far as I see, there is abundant evidence of progress. Last Sabbath our Sabbath school numbered forty-nine, and at the usual morning service this number had increased to sixty-four. I was preaching that morning at the East, and found a chapel quite full. So far as numbers are concerned, there is abundant reason for hopefulness. As to the deeper spiritual life of the people, of course, I cannot write from observation yet, but the accounts I receive show that Christianity is not only widening but deepening as well.

## Choice Literature.

## IN A QUIET CORNER.

## A STORY IN TWO CHAPTERS.

## CHAPTER II.—Continued.

It did not escape him that Content, although she enjoyed his society, contrived to have Effie always present. This puzzled him, until he recollected that her keen eyes, during his former visit, had evidently taken in the situation. Probably now, in her benevolence, she wished to give her sister and him a chance of improving each other's acquaintance. This view of the case amused him exceedingly, and he was tempted to confide in her how complete was his change of heart. Reflection, however, showed him that this would be in poor taste, especially as Effie was her own sister.

Almost the first time he saw Content alone was during the week after her mother's return, when he met her on Church Street, and persuaded her to walk home through the cemetery.

"I want you to find me those lines of a poem you called a Volkslied," he said, "that you translated for me when I was here before. I have looked for them in vain. I have been studying German since."

"Let me see—was it this?"

"Es ist bestimmt in Gottes Rath  
Dass man vom Liebsten das man hat  
Muss scheiden!"

"Yes, thank you. But now, Miss Content, is that true? Is it right to talk so dolefully about being forced to part from our dearest, and all that?"

"Why, it's true enough; isn't it?" she returned, lightly. "Sooner or later we must let go of whatever is best on earth—leave it, or let it leave us—of course."

"Yes; but—Miss Heath, don't you see? it sounds as if it were a cruelty—just done to hurt us—all that German poetry does; as if our best were torn from us."

"Yes," assented the girl, with a cautious reluctance, he fancied, to being drawn into serious converse. "They are so sentimental, you know. But, to do it justice, this poem ends in a better spirit:

"Nun musst du mich auch recht versteh'n;  
Wenn menschen aus einander geh'n,  
So sagen sie, Auf wiederschn."

"A very Teutonic saving clause! I must confess, I believe, that I can't go much farther, myself. If you and I should part to-day, we know we must surely meet some day. But there are other things that are dear, besides friendship. There are ideals and hopes and dreams that have no resurrection. Perhaps it is enough make one feel sentimental."

They had found the inscription now, and stood over it, Content looking up at him with steady, smiling eyes.

"Oh! have you forgotten?" she cried, joyously. "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him"—something purer, brighter than our ideals and dreams, in that resurrection. Do you remember, in the old myth, the rainbow rested one end in the ocean, the other on the heavenly hills? We are always making voyages out to the downward end of the rainbow to seek the treasure that is sunken in the sea; but our rainbow has a foundation on the everlasting hills, and when we get there we shall find 'a treasure in the heavens that faileth not.' The comfort is, that it is what is given up here that we may hope to find there. It is not quickened except it die."

"You go far beyond me. How much you have learned in these few years!"

She shook her head, laughing. "That is only the second sight. I told you about that. It does not benefit the seer, you know only those who listen. I see lots of things which don't make me any better."

Gazing down into her pure, bright face, he had a swift revelation, which he did not at the moment comprehend, it was so startling. How was it that, in his infatuation for Effie, he had not discerned, even in her eyes and voice, which had not changed, what a rare woman Content was to become? There are discoveries made in our maturity, more wonderful than any dream of our youth.

"Ah! Content, how well you have earned your name!" he exclaimed. "It is only those who wear His likeness here who are content."

He was surprised by the effect of his undesigned speech. Hitherto, through all the range of his moods, no word of his had ever stirred her dignified composure. Now a wave of hot colour swept over her face, and she made a quick movement, so that the wide brim of her hat concealed it from him. As she moved away he went beside her in silence, occupied with his new emotion, the soft stir and flutter of a joy he felt no desire to define. He glanced toward her once or twice, but her face was still averted.

"You give me so much to think about always," he said at last. "I sometimes wonder where I have been living, while you have been finding out so much."

Her voice was low, but quite strong and even. "You forget that I am a woman."

"I may have forgotten it when we have been in discussion," he retorted, raising his hat to Effie, who sat rocking lazily on the porch, "but I shall never do so again. May I come up for a moment, Miss Effie, I have a lovely scheme, and I want you to aid and abet me."

"Which I shall certainly do, if it's anything nice," said she, leaning forward smilingly. It struck him for the first time that she was steadily growing more like her old self, gayer and prettier, and this afternoon, he was very sure something had happened to please her.

"I wanted to go to Mauch Chunk and up the Switch-back, and to that Glen. What do you call it? I hate to go around alone. I've been forced to it these three years; but

before that I always had a sister. Couldn't we give a day to it, you, and your sister and I?"

Content had gone into the house, so Effie answered with something of her old manner: "Mr. Etherege, don't say a word; just let me fix it." So, with a laugh, he raised his hat again, and was off; down the street and over the bridge into West Bethlehem, and back by way of the other bridge, to walk off his surplus energy.

"You forget that I am a woman." How much that might mean! It might mean that strange look in her eyes at times. It might mean—what were the words she had said in the cemetery that first time? "God has been teaching me, by loneliness and by pain." Why had he taken so little note of them? Had he come back to Bethlehem, and found out all too late?

The excursion was decided, and put off from day to day, while from evening to evening the young minister came to the porch steps to talk it over. Finally, however, the day was appointed, and kept; and, after an early breakfast, he sallied forth to meet the young ladies and the stage.

They looked very pretty and fresh in their close fitting, undraped excursion suits. Content's was navy-blue, and the blue velvet front of her little bonnet brought out the forgotten golden lights in her brown hair, and reminded him of the rosy girl in the alcove of Lehigh University Library.

"That is the colour you wore when I first saw you," he said.

She laughed. "What a memory for detail! What did Effie have on?"

"She was in white, and very charming. Is this the basket I am to take in charge?"

It was still early when they reached Mauch Chunk, and wound slowly up the hill to the small, deserted station of the Switch-back. It was enough to make one wish for another breakfast, to sit there in the keen morning air, looking out over the mountains. The sisters had not been there in seven years, and to him it was entirely new. They pointed out to him a pair of tall, pale chimneys on a mountain-top, belching forth streams of smoke, and a black hole between them, "That is where we are going," they told him.

An open car, in which sat a number of passengers well fortified against a gale by closely buttoned coats and securely fastened veils, suddenly appeared around a curve, and slid easily toward the platform, over what seemed a level rail. It paused long enough to be quickly emptied and refilled, then slid on down a slight incline. It stopped at the foot of a long, steep slide, up which the rails seemed to run at an angle of forty-five degrees right up into the skies. He could not see how the car gripped firmly a pair of steel belts which lay all along between the rails; but he saw the belts tighten and then glide upward with a loud rattling, and the car crawled slowly up the hill. Content called his attention to the straight-boled forest trees beside him, which leaned toward the abrupt mountain-side, and seemed to cling to it, while rising vertically toward heaven. Up, up, they laboured; the pale chimneys moved nearer, the trees slipped back and back on each side. At last there was a righting of their position, a resumption of the natural relations to Mother Earth, a panting and gasping and puffing of the stationary engine, a murky shade within the black hole he had seen from the valley, and the car slid out and down a slope almost imperceptible.

"We are fifteen hundred feet above sea-level," said Effie, who sat beside him. "This is Mount Pisgah, and in a few seconds you will view the landscape over."

Slowly, slowly, the car glided out upon the high, light trestle-work, seemingly out into the air, and there came to a stand. It was a wide prospect. Beneath, a valley so deep that the eye shrank from it; beyond, and still beyond, mountains and mountains; dark green, and darker green, and blue-green, and blue, far away, against a sky crowded with flashing white clouds.

"Those are really the Blue Mountains; are they not?" he asked of Content, who was sitting in front of him.

"Yes; but so are these, you know, although they are locally called the Kittatinny Range. That blue line is sixty five miles away." It was hard to realize; it lay so calmly before him; it slept so softly below him.

And now the car moved on again, gliding softly downward through the woods.

"I must confess to being somewhat disappointed," he said, leaning forward to speak over Content's shoulder. He had not seen her face when he began to speak; when he did, he was sorry to have broken the spell. It was full of a restful and rapt enjoyment of the swift, easy motion and the wild scene.

"Wait; you are not half through. We are going up again. But it is a pity you had not come here when you were a boy. It is rather late."

"Ah! if I were as young as you! You needn't laugh. I don't mean in years. You have not lost the capacity of enjoyment in any degree."

"No; I have gained it. It takes long years to learn to enjoy, though we can suffer without learning."

Now they came to the foot of the Mount Jefferson Plane, and once more the rails ran upward, and two tall chimneys rose against the sky, and breathed twin columns of smoke. They toiled upward, higher than before; and again the recovery of the level, and the panting and gasping and puffing of the engine, and the murky shade of the black hole, and the easy slipping out and downward. Downward, slowly, smoothly; a little faster, faster still, and the trees slid away backward. The wind seemed to freshen and strengthen, and tugged at all available points. He found it necessary to hold his hat. Effie took off hers, and let her fair, soft hair blow about in ravishing confusion. Content, equally in character, had tied over her close bonnet and her hair a strip of silvery gauze, the long ends of which flapped about the young man's face and into his eyes, until she discovered this, and drew them around her neck, to his regret.

Down, down! The trees fled backward, the car sped onward. Faster, faster! The air smote them with keen blows. Swifter, swifter! Fleeing, dashing, whirring through the still forest, which whirled by in a green blur.

On! ever on! The air whizzed past like a rain of bullets, yet on they flew. Here a brook came into view at the road side, flowing the wrong way, as at the sound of Orpheus's playing; here they swept out upon a sudden ledge, and Mauch Chunk and the river lay at their feet. At the end, when Content's bright face again turned toward him, he confessed himself satisfied. Yet, afterward, looking back, it was disappointing after all.

In the cars on the way to Glen Onoko, Effie was by his side again. He knew that Content had contrived it; but this was to be a perfect day, and he would not risk spoiling it by opposing her. His best policy, for the moment, was to turn his attention to Effie; so he began:

"If only Miss Grace were here—I beg her pardon—Mrs. Doddridge."

"I like to hear you say Miss Grace; it is like old times. It is so long since anybody has said it. You know she was married shortly after your first visit here. Why, she was engaged then."

"Was she? I didn't suspect it. I thought all the time that Mr. Eckhardt would be the fortunate man."

"Christian? Oh! did you?" laughing; then, in a lower tone. "Why, he was Connie's beau, though she would never hear of it. It didn't break his heart, though; it is otherwise occupied now, according to rumour. He wasn't nice enough for Connie. She is an angel."

"I am inclined to be of your opinion, Miss Effie."

"Oh! yes! but you don't really know how nice she is. After that trouble three years ago—I suppose you heard all about that?"

"No. What was it, please?"

She hesitated, and answered in a constrained way: "Please ask Connie about it. I don't mind your knowing; but I can't tell you."

At the entrance to the Glen they opened their basket and refreshed their very keen and impatient appetites with a plentiful repast. Then, to the surprise of her companions, Effie announced a cheerful determination to spend a couple of hours in the depot, while the others explored the Glen.

"I never intended to go up," she said. "Oh! I couldn't stand so much climbing, Mr. Etherege, thank you. You must both go and have a good time; and you must not mind leaving me; for Content has a book in that satchel; she always has."

Content would not consent to this without much urging; but at last she yielded.

So the two went on alone. She was light and agile, and stepped steadily up the giddy path of the wild Glen. It was not until she lost her breath that she accepted his offered hand; and then it was that he asked abruptly:

"What is it that Miss Effie wants you to tell me, that happened three years ago?"

She looked up at him in a startled way, allowing him to hold her hand, and forgetting to come up the rock steps.

"Oh! I am afraid I ought to have spoken of it before; but I thought perhaps Effie might not like it, and I thought you would have heard it outside. She had a great trouble. She was engaged, and it was broken off. It wasn't her fault exactly, and I'm not sure it was his. It was to Eugene Lauderbach, here in Bethlehem."

She paused, dropped her eyes, and blushed deeply, while he watched her from above, curiously, wondering what was coming next.

"I'm afraid I ought to tell you. It is different now. Lately, I think perhaps she may marry him, after all."

A gleam of amusement crossed his face, but he did not speak. The girl recovered, begged his pardon for delaying, and went on climbing. As they rested on the next bench, he remarked lightly: "It is gratifying for a man to reflect that once upon a time he was an unmitigated goose."

"It must be. From your fondness for applying flattering titles to yourself, I may be justified in assuming that I take your meaning."

"I think you do. I suppose I proved myself pretty conclusively to be an advanced idiot, when I fell in love with your sister Effie at first; didn't I?"

"Was it at first? That is very interesting."

"Well, happily, I had sense enough to know that I was not in my right mind, and that the best thing for all concerned was to take myself out of the way, which I did before doing any harm to anybody. Wasn't I right?"

"It was very commendable. Thank you, Mr. Etherege; and I won't blunder again. I thought since Effie wanted me to tell you, there might be—shall we go on, now please?"

No one who has visited Glen Onoko can need a description of it. No one who has never been there can form a fair conception of its picturesque wildness. How, amid cliffs and precipices and boulders and trees and stumps, the tiny, twisted, ragged, broken, stony path clammers up the almost perpendicular front of the forest-clad mountain, skipping from side to side of the slender, dashing, plunging streamlet, wherever it can find a foothold for a moment; crossing by frail rustic bridges above lovely falls of white water, crawling up ladders, resolving itself into stone staircases—somehow, anyhow, *everyhow*, reaching the top! Whoever goes part way up will be eager to go again; who ever perseveres to the end will deem it enough for a life time. Weary, warm, dishevelled, every muscle strained, and every joint wrenched, the explorer pronounces the day, with all enthusiasm, a grand success.

On the way down, these two paused on that unexpected ledge, where a turn of the path ushers one suddenly from the depth of the wild glen out into mid air—into the very sky itself, with all the earth below. One might drop a stone with ease only too tempting upon the roof of the railway station, hundreds of feet below; one might toss it (or sight deceives us) into the very midst of the village of Mauch Chunk, miles away. A vast valley lies below, the illimitable mountains beyond.

"This has been a day of days," he said, looking from the landscape to the graceful figure beside him. "Whatever may happen, I shall treasure the memory of it all my life."

"I am so glad you have enjoyed it," she answered, brightly; but concerning her own enjoyment she was silent.

"Is Mr. Lauderbach a Moravian?" he asked her, as they went on.

"Yes; every inch of him. It is queer you have not met him. When you came to town he was often at the house, but lately he has been in Philadelphia. She makes no secret of answering his letters."

"It is a wonder to me that you, have, so far, escaped a closer alliance with the Moravians," he observed, facing her, as he helped her down a rough part of the way.

"I never was tempted," she replied, carelessly. It was a perfect day, to the end. He left them at the door, declining an invitation to tea, but promising to call next day to learn how they had borne the fatigue.

In the morning a cold wind blew, to remind him that summer was over. This wonderful summer, which he must soon know to be the gladder or the saddest to look back upon all through life. Yesterday he had been hopeful, but to-day he was all despondent. The parlour windows stood wide open, the curtains looped up for sweeping, and Content was moving about, wielding a brush of peacock's feathers. She was singing; and it was strange to him that he had never heard her sing alone before. Her voice had a sweet pathos, but no tone of passion, as she sang.

Armes Herz, was klages: du?  
Ach, auch du gehst einst zur Ruh?  
Was auf Erden muss vergehn  
Giebt es wohl ein Wiedersehn.

Here she turned sud-ly, and saw him. He stepped in by the window, and met her with extended hands.

"Oh! my friend, do not set our Wiedersehn in heaven! Let it be nearer."

And then he told her all that was in his heart.

"And now, my little prophetess, did your second sight show you all this?" he asked her, by and by.

"Oh! no, indeed. The people who had the second sight could never see what was to happen to themselves. I think Effie saw further, ever so much. She had her suspicions before, and when you came back she thought something must come of it, I'm sure, though she never spoke."

"Before! O, Content!"

"Oh!" she cried, blushing rosy-red and covering her face. "I didn't mean to tell! But how could I help it?"

"Five long years! My poor little girl! But you shall see how I will make up for lost time."

"There is no lost time," she answered him. "I needed it all, I had so much to learn."

"And you have learned so well! Now you must help me, so that I may not be behind you. But, with you to teach me, how easy it will be for me to learn your hardest lesson—Content."

THE END.

WORKINGMEN IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENTS.

The advent of bona fide workingmen to seats in the British Legislature only marks a phase in that vast, though, as far as England is concerned, peaceable revolution which will ever be regarded as one of the distinguishing features of the nineteenth century. During the early decades of the century the labouring classes were politically, and in many respects socially, under the heavy heel of a tyrannical or indifferent aristocracy; their voice was unheard or unheeded, save when, in 1832, the voice was mingled with the stern rumblings of revolution. Intellectually the working classes then were far behind the standard of to-day; socially they had no influence; politically they were regarded as outside the pale, and unfitted to exercise even the power contained in a vote. The time was a weary one for the labouring man, and justice was apparently slow to make its advent. But delay had its advantages. The workingmen of Great Britain received a much-needed education in the management of their trades unions and in many other directions—a training that matured the judgment and self-control of those whose vote in future days will be so powerful for good or ill.

The social and political improvement in the industrial population has been most clearly discernible during the last twenty or thirty years. Fifty years ago a workingman would have been ostracized even if he had obtained election to Parliament; now he is received there as an equal. Before the Reform Bill of 1867 the voting power of workingmen was comparatively small, and few of the middle classes would have listened to a request for a workmen's representative, had there been no property qualification to stand in the way of such an election. With the passage of that Act the condition of things was changed in the great centres of population. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that there should be a wish on the part of those to whom political power has been committed to have a direct voice in the making of the laws in which as citizens they are so deeply interested. Ardent, however, as workingmen members might be wished for by their class, a greater difficulty still blocked the way—the want of money to sustain them in Parliamentary life. This difficulty has, however, been overcome by the nomination to Parliament of the men who are leaders in the unions, and who are being maintained by the funds of these societies.—*Edward Brown, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

A BURNING PETROLEUM WELL.

Traversing a portion of the oil regions of Pennsylvania recently in midwinter, after surmounting a steep hill by means of a rocky and zigzag road, the writer found a well-wooded valley on the opposite slope in which a small clearing was visible. A deep snow covered the earth, and the branches of pine and hemlock were bent with its weight. Rising out of the centre of the field, with a background of the densest forest, was a tall flame singularly out of keeping with the bleak surroundings. The air was very still, and the flame scarcely bent from the perpendicular, although swaying slightly at times and varying in height. At its highest it was level with a young pine near by, whose slen-

der top was probably twenty feet above the ground. Stopping to examine it, a low, sullen, surf-like roar proceeding from the flame was heard, and observation showed that the snow within a circular space fully one hundred feet in diameter had been melted by the heat.

It was a strange scene to encounter in the woods. The tall flame, rising apparently from the earth; the dark pines in the background, laden with new-fallen snow; the glare of the light upon the white field; and the utter absence of human habitations, formed a scene at once desolate, beautiful and impressive. The gathering shades of night added a wild and fantastic element, and it required no great stretch of fancy to see wood-nymphs and sprites dancing in the spectral light. In the Dark Ages such a flame would have been invested with supernatural attributes. To a Pennsylvanian such scenes are not uncommon. It was simply a deserted petroleum well, and doubtless some wayfarer had lighted the gas escaping from it. Such beacons are plentiful, although seldom met with in so wild a locality. Along the Alleghany River and its tributaries, on the banks of the Upper Ohio, at Murrysville, in Washington County, and in various portions of Eastern Ohio, such flames have become a familiar sight. Certain portions of the city of Pittsburg are illuminated every night by these magnificent gas lights, which at times turn night into day.

One who has not seen a burning well cannot realize the impressions the sight produces. It gives one an idea of tremendous force and power. Wells like those at Murrysville, or the famous "McGugan," in Washington County, with a pressure of not less than four hundred pounds to the square inch, produce a flame that has not a little of the element of the terrible in it. The roar is deafening, and the light is visible for many miles. When swayed and twisted by the wind, the flame assumes the most fantastic shapes. Heard from a distance, the roar reminds one of the thunder of Niagara.—*H. D. Mason, in Brooklyn Magazine.*

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THUNDERSTORM ON THE PRAIRIE.

A shadow falls on the sunlit prairie—

The flowers are trembling, afraid to die;

A word breath, soft as the wing of fairy,

Has whispered, "Bend, for the storm is nigh;"

And the flowers bend, and the wild bird cowers.

And out to westward the storm-cloud lowers.

Hark! it mutters, the distant thunder!

The clouds are darkening, the winds arise;

Swift tongues of flame rend the clouds asunder,

In living fires through the darkening skies.

And the cloud-ranks blacken, and gather round,

Called out to war by the thunder's sound,

Gathering columns that, deeper, denser,

Wrap the prairie in sullen gloom,

While flaming lightnings, in glare intenser,

Seem winged spirits of death and doom;

Through the darkened heavens they dart and fly,

And the sunlight pales and forsakes the sky.

Rushes the storm, like an army dashing

In headlong madness, with death behind;

Rolling thunders, and lightnings flashing,

Boon and gleam through the deepening wind.

Winds and thunders that shriek and roar,

Rolling and echoing o'er and o'er.

The awed earth trembles, and nature shivers,

Wind voices wail through the groves in woe,

While weak leaf flutters, and strong limb quivers,

And tall trunks reeling, bend to and fro;

And the stoutest snap with a crash and groan,

While the rain sobs wildly in fitful moan.

Now nearer lightnings their banners spreading

'Gainst inky blackness, in flame unfurled,

Herald nearer thunders, new horror shedding—

A voice fit to God to a sin-tranced world;

Such "mighty thunderings" as Pharaoh prayed

Might cease, and Jehovah's wrath be stayed.

And man, weak man, can but fear and wonder,

And own a power that is all divine,

A hand of might that can quell the thunder

And bid His sun on the land to shine;

And the flowers look up from the rain-drenched sod,

And we own with Nature, "The Lord is God."

*Mossomin, N.-W. T.*

M. A. NICHOLL.

Two Otago ladies, one the daughter of Rev. W. Will, of East Taieri, have taken the degree of B.A. in the university of New Zealand.

LUTHER'S home as a child at Mansfield, in Saxony, has just been restored to its original condition when the Reformers' parents dwelt there four centuries ago. The old house will be inhabited by a body of deaconesses, who will nurse and care for the sick and poor of the town.

MR. MUNDELLA, it seems, deserves the credit of having secured a Maine law for the North Sea. The other Powers at the international conference at the Hague were not desperately in earnest; and it was Mr. Mundella who succeeded in educating our own departments up to the platform of prohibition. At the outset they contemplated nothing more stringent than regulation.

In the London Presbytery there is a minister with a pastoral charge who is also a barrister in practice. At Auckland, in Australia, the Presbytery has been considering the application of a minister who wishes to drop one of his out stations and to make up for the loss of income by practising as a lawyer. The Presbytery seemed to think that the combination of minister and lawyer should not be countenanced.

British and Foreign.

No fewer than eighty Jewesses attend the weekly sewing class at Mildmay Hall.

In Otago and Southland the Presbyterians outnumber all the other Churches put together.

DR. DONALD FRASER, London, opened the new church at Knockbain, Munloch, recently.

A UNION of parish church choirs in Lamlithgow Presbytery has been formed. It will give an annual festival of church music.

THE temperance people of Russia petitioned the Emperor two years ago for permission to hold meetings and have only just received his permit.

LOCHMAREN Presbytery is defunct, as only two members attended its last meeting. It can only be resuscitated on petition to the superior court.

A DEPUTATION from the Edinburgh Students' Holiday Mission, accompanied by Prof. Henry Drummond, has been visiting some of the Welsh colleges.

BISHOP SANDFORD, of Tasmania, has offered to give up part of his income to the Church Society, as it cannot meet the demands made upon it for the support of the clergy.

A MEETING of the association for procuring religious equality in Scotland has been held in Glasgow to consider a proposed scheme for a disestablishment council for Scotland.

THE late Admiral Sir William King Hall, K.C.B., who died suddenly of apoplexy recently, in his seventieth year, became a total abstainer on account of the drunkenness of his ship's crew.

MR. CHARLES CAMERON, who was a member of Dr. Andrew A. Bonar's church in Glasgow, has been ordained in St. Andrew's Church, Hobart, Tasmania, as pastor of Campbell Town and Tunbridge.

MISS ELLICE HOPKINS, Mrs. Lucas, the sister of John Bright, and some other English ladies will attend the national convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to be held at Minneapolis on October 22.

THE Rev. Mr. Galbraith, of Keasay, is spoke of as the successor of the late Dr. George Mackay, of Inverness. He is one of the most popular Gaelic preachers in the Church, and has refused several calls to important charges.

THE work of the English national council of the Young Men's Christian Associations during the past year has been the most fruitful in its history; forty-nine new associations have been formed, bringing the total up to 270.

THE Caithness Presbytery has declined to sustain the call from Pulteneytown Free Church congregation to Mr. Nigel Craig Robertson as colleague to Rev. George Stevenson, whose assistant he has been. Less than one-half of the members signed it.

THE triennial conference of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the world is to be held next year at Stockholm, and the King of Sweden has expressed, in a personal interview with the secretary, his hearty appreciation of the proposed visit to his capital.

A MEMORIAL from the West United Presbyterian Congregation, Haddington, has been presented to the Presbytery suggesting the union of the two congregations in that town—the minister of the East Church having resigned. Former negotiations between the two had no practical result.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, the conqueror of Scinde, addressing a body of soldiers, said: "Soldiers, if you love your lives do not drink. Forty-four of us were on one occasion suffering from sunstroke, and the only one of those forty-four to escape was myself. The secret was I did not drink."

ALL the newsboys in Bridgeton, Glasgow, were taken on a pleasant trip lately to Cardross, where they were regaled on the shore with dinner and tea, by Mr. William G. Kirkland, student. This is the first summer excursion of the sort for the newsboys at the east end of Glasgow, and is intended to be annual.

THE Rev. Dr. Adam Lind, of Elgin, was presented by his congregation with a silver salver and \$1,250 on the occasion of his jubilee, and addresses were presented to him by the Presbytery and others. Rev. John Smith, M.A., of Edinburgh, preached, and Prof. Duff and others delivered congratulatory addresses.

THE *Scottish Law Review* says the statement of Mr. Leys in the Court of Session will be long remembered by those who heard it as the most excellent example of personal pleading within memory. The writer adds that he never heard sympathy so universally expressed with a person confessedly disobeying the law.

THE Rev. Alex. Henderson, Durham, a son of Rev. Andrew Henderson, of Paisley, was married in St. Giles, Edinburgh, to Miss Fanny Vicars Cay, a daughter of Surgeon-General Cay, late of the Coldstream Guards, who, when in the 97th Regiment, was a friend of Captain Hedley Vicars immediately after his conversion.

PRINCIPAL CAIRNS conducted jubilee services recently in commemoration of the formation of Chairside United Presbyterian congregation in 1836. He referred to the connection Chairside had with the foundation of the Secession Church, the Rev. Henry Erskine, father of Ebenezer and Ralph, having laboured several years in the parish.

THE Rev. A. Andrew reported to Glasgow Free Presbytery, that Plantation congregation has now fully 400 members on the roll, with twenty office-bearers. Parkgrove Congregational Church, purchased for them by Mr. J. Campbell White, for 7,000 guineas, is to be called the White Memorial Church, and will be opened on the third Sabbath of September.

## Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. Isaac Murray, D.D., is on a visit to Prince Edward Island.

THE Winnipeg *Free Press* informs us that a Presbyterian Church was organized at 4 137 recently.

THE Rev. A. H. Scott, of Owen Sound, has returned from a pleasant trip to the Maritime Provinces.

THE Rev. W. T. McMullen has returned from his holidays, and occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, last Sabbath.

A NEW organ has been placed in the Presbyterian Church, Lefroy, which will add greatly to the interest of the service.

JOHN H. GRAHAM, B.A., of Montreal College, has received a unanimous call from the congregation of Bristol, Que.

THE Rev. W. L. Archibald, B.D., was inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Kentville, N.S., on 10th ult.

THE congregation of New Westminster have called the Rev. S. J. Taylor, Moose Jaw. It is doubtful whether he will accept.

THE Rev. Wm. R. Calder, a graduate of Aberdeen University, was on the 10th inst. licensed by the Presbytery of Sydney, C. B.

THE Rev. Dr. Smyth, of St. Joseph Street Presbyterian Church, Montreal, is spending his holidays at Buctouche, on the New Brunswick coast.

THE Rev. J. M. Aull, of Palmerston, has been paying a visit to his former congregations at Katho and Innerkip. He preached in both places on Sabbath last.

THE Rev. George Haigh, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Hespeler, has fully recovered, and preached both morning and evening Sabbath week to very large congregations.

A Sabbath school picnic in connection with the Presbyterian Church, Orangeville, was held at Wilcox's Grove on Friday week. The attendance was good, and a very pleasant day was afforded the children.

THE friends of Rev. Thomas Alexander, of Mountpleasant, will be pleased to learn that on Monday, August 23, he reached his eighty first birthday in vigour, both of mind and body, and officiated in most of the places which he visited during his holiday trip.

THE Rev. Mr. Fenwick has received the following sums in aid of the Waldensian Church: Mrs. Nicol, Albion, \$1; Mrs. McArthur, Elder's Mills, \$1; Anonymous, Bayham, \$5; Miss McDunlop, Coleraine, \$1; Rev. T. F. (additional), \$1; A Friend, 10c.

THE Presbyterian Church at West Bank, Proton, was consumed by fire on Tuesday, the 10th ult. As the church was only recently built, it is indeed very unfortunate for the parties most interested in losing their place of worship. We sympathize with them in their loss.

MR. J. LEA, M.P. for South Derry, is an Englishman by birth, and was born in 1841. He is engaged in business in Kidderminster, and is a magistrate for Worcestershire. Mr. Lea defeated Healy, the Nationalist candidate, at the last election, securing a decided victory for the Loyalists.

THE Rev. J. K. Baillie, of Woodlans, Ont., left with his family on Tuesday, 24th ult., on a well earned vacation to visit his brother in law, Rev. T. A. Nelson, at Windsor, Hants, Nova Scotia. Before leaving, the young ladies of the congregation presented him with a purse of \$50, and innumerable good wishes and safe return.

THE sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed on Sunday week for the first time in the new Presbyterian Church in the Scotch Settlement, N. B. Ten persons were added to the Church membership on profession of their faith. The pastor, Rev. J. D. Murray, was assisted in the service by Rev. L. Jack and Rev. Dr. Smyth, of Montreal.

THE Bobcaygeon *Independent* says: On Sunday the Presbyterian Church, Haliburton, was crowded with a congregation of all denominations to hear the preaching of the Rev. Wm. Reid, D.D. The reverend gentleman and Mrs. Reid are spending their summer holidays at Newnam. The discourse was of a most interesting and instructive character.

THE three Sabbath schools under the pastoral care of the Rev. J. Becket, of Thamesville, excused *via* G. T. R. along with their friends, numbering between five and six hundred, to Port Stanley Heights, on 17th August, and had a delightful time. These schools, we are happy to say, are in a prosperous condition, and give indications of continuing so in the future.

PARTIES sending clothing, etc., for gratuitous distribution among the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West will please notify Mr. George Olds, General Traffic Manager of the C. P. R., who will instruct the agent at the station from which the goods are sent to have them forwarded at half rates. Heavy goods, such as furniture, stoves, etc., will not be sent on these terms.

MR. C. E. LEWIS, M.P. for Londonderry City, is a Loyalist, and was returned by a very narrow majority at the last election. He is a native of England, and was born in 1825. In early life he practised as a solicitor, but some years ago retired. He is a director of the London and Provincial Bank, and a magistrate for the city of Derry, and in religion a Presbyterian. Mr. Lewis has represented Londonderry City since 1872.

PRINCIPAL MACINTYRE, of the Young Ladies' College, Branford, preached two able sermons in the Central Presbyterian Church, Galt, on Sabbath week. Mr. MacIntyre is an admirable principal, and the college over which he presides is one of which Presbyterians have reason to feel proud. Rev. Dr. Johnston, of Jamaica, occupied the

pulpit of Knox Church, Galt, the last two Sabbaths. The Doctor is a great favourite in Galt, and never fails to interest and instruct his hearers.

THE Rev. Edward Vincent, of Nelsonville, Ohio, who is supplying the pulpit of MacNab Street Church, Hamilton, during the absence of Rev. Mr. Fletcher, preached an excellent sermon on Sunday morning week, from Romans v. 1: "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." In the evening the subject of meditation was a part of the twenty-second verse of the twenty-seventh chapter of Matthew: "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?"

THE Rev. F. McCuaig, of Kingston, Canada, preached in St. John's Church, San Francisco, says an exchange, last Sabbath morning. The text was Matt. xxvii. 22, "What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?" The sermon was an earnest, forcible and direct presentation of Gospel truth. The preacher was listened to with the closest attention, and his discourse was highly appreciated by the congregation. The pastor, Rev. A. B. Meldrum, preached in the evening on the "Practicalness of Christian doctrine," basing his remarks on Luke xi. 18, "Blessed are they who hear the words of God, and do them."

A HALIFAX correspondent writes: On two recent Sabbath evenings, before large audiences, Dr. Burns preached in the Fort Massey Church, Halifax, on "Romanism in the Province of Quebec." His text was Luke xi. 26. The discourses were suggested by the Taschereau demonstrations. It was a recasting and expansion of the paper given by him before the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Belfast, in the light of recent developments, showing the intensely practical relations of the whole subject to the well-being—if not the very being—of the entire Dominion, and the need of diligent watchfulness on the part of Protestants with reference to the constant intriguing of Jesuitism.

ON Wednesday, the 11th ult., the Presbyterian Sabbath school, Uptergrove, held their picnic in the Nickleson Grove, Muley Point Road. It was quite a success in spite of the busy season; upward of 200 of the different denominations were in attendance, showing the good feeling that exists between the Presbyterians of Uptergrove and the other denominations that surround them. The day being fine and the grounds attractive, all the usual sports on such occasions were indulged with the greatest of pleasure. At five o'clock the superintendent summoned the assemblage to partake of an excellent spread provided by the ladies of the congregation which reflected great credit on their skillful management and good taste.

IN St. John, N. B., Calvin Church, which has been entirely repainted during the past month, was re-opened last week. The church when lighted up presented a very handsome appearance. The service was conducted by the pastor, Rev. A. Macdougall, who took for his text 1 Corinthians, viii. 6, the subject of the sermon being the Unity of God. The music, which had been specially prepared for the occasion by the choir, was excellent. A number of the ladies of this church are endeavouring to have a tablet erected in the church, in memory of their late pastor, Rev. Dr. MacLise. While filling the position of pastor, Dr. MacLise rendered Calvin Church much excellent service, and it is but fitting that such service as he gave should be commemorated in some suitable manner.

ON Monday evening last, says the *Prince Albert Times*, a congregational meeting was held in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church in accordance with a citation received from the Regina Presbytery, notifying the congregation that they had received the Rev. Mr. MacWilliam's resignation. It was moved and unanimously carried, that the congregation concur with the Presbytery in accepting Mr. MacWilliam's resignation. The meeting also decided to have a telegram sent to Dr. Cochrane, inviting him to select a suitable minister for this charge, who may be expected to arrive here some time in September. Correspondence with Dr. Cochrane and the parties interested has taken place, but a definite appointment will not be made till the meeting of the Home Mission Committee in October.

MRS. CAMPBELL, wife of the Rev. Robert Campbell of Montreal, had a narrow escape near Cap a l'Aigle a few days ago. Leaving the place with her young son and Mrs. Evans, to drive to Fraser's Falls, the horse took fright when descending a steep hill and dashed off at a terrific pace. The animal left the road at the foot of the hill, and dashed through an open field straight for the Fraser River. Several farmers endeavoured to check him, but it was all to no purpose, until near the precipice at the falls, a lad working in a field, seeing the danger they were in, picked up a fence rail, and running toward them with an outstretched arm, was successful in causing the horse to turn about. He was brought to a stand still a moment after, the two ladies and child having been saved from certain death by being dashed to pieces at the foot of the precipice.

SOME weeks since, Rev. J. Hay, B.D., pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Campbellford, having been nearly prostrated with illness by his faithful and arduous duties, in connection with his large congregation, decided to take a short vacation. As a token of the deep feeling of appreciation of his efforts for the welfare of the young people of his congregation, the young men presented him, before his departure, with a gold watch, suitably engraved, valued at \$85. On the evening of August 11th, a most successful lawn social was given by the Ladies' Aid Society of the above church, in the beautiful grounds of Mrs. Massie. The grove was brilliantly lighted with reflectors and Chinese lanterns; and a delightful vocal and instrumental programme was rendered by several ladies and gentlemen of the town, and our excellent brass band. More than 400 people were present, and nearly \$140 was realized.

IN the Elora correspondence of the *Guelph Mercury* it is stated that on Thursday fortnight, 19th ult., Mr. George Thompson, shoemaker, who has been a resident of Elora for many years, met his death with Christian fortitude after a year of suffering, which he bore with exemplary patience

Mr. Thompson, although not an active participant in public affairs, held a prominent position in his church and was devoted to the work of the Sabbath School at Chalmers, with which he has been long associated. Although a Presbyterian, he was a firm advocate of Conservative views, which he strenuously and persistently maintained, although they never affected his personal relations with those with whom he came in contact. He was interred in the Elora cemetery, and as a mark of respect to his memory, the places of business were closed during the passage of the funeral cortege through the streets. An unusually large number of citizens attended his remains to the grave.

THE Zion Church congregation, Montreal, worshipped on Sabbath week in Emmanuel Church, and were ministered to by the Rev. Dr. Wardrope, of Guelph. Dr. Wardrope, in the course of his sermon, alluded most feelingly to what he characterized as the noble service rendered by Mr. John Dougall in the cause of temperance and religion. His name, he said, was a household word from one end of the continent to the other. He had been the pioneer of temperance in this country; had taken a grand stand at the outset, and maintained it consistently to the end. His labours in this regard had been productive of great results. Mr. Dougall taught the beauty of household religion, inculcating its adaptability for the elevation and beautifying of human life. As an upholder of truth and righteousness, he had been regarded with universal esteem, and his death would be keenly felt by thousands who, though perhaps never seeing him, revered him for the cause to which he had devoted his life.

IN a letter to the *Protestant Union*, P. L. I., Father Chiniquy says: When at Montague, last Friday night, the windows of the house of Mr. McLeod, who had offered me the hospitality of his Christian home, were broken into fragments with stones. Fortunately there was nobody in that room; for if the stones we found on the spot the next morning had struck any one, they were big enough to kill. The next day, Saturday, at noon when I was almost alone on the little steamer, to go to Georgetown, the captain and his crew being on land taking their dinner, I was brutally insulted by an Irishman, who, after abusing me to his heart's content, struck me in the face, and brought me down to the deck; when falling, my right arm struck on an iron bar with such force that I thought at first it was broken, but thanks be to God it was not so. The only injury done are some drops of blood shed, and a new wound inflicted on the flesh for the Gospel cause. Let us pray the merciful Saviour that this new humiliation suffered, and this new blood shed for His cause, may be united to his own sufferings and His blood for the advancement of the great and glorious Gospel cause entrusted to our feeble hands.

THE commodious church erected a short time ago at Port Arthur is a fine tribute to the labours of the Rev. Mr. Herald, who ministered with success there for several years. A call was lately extended to and accepted by the Rev. John Pringle, who has just been inducted to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church at Port Arthur. The attendance at the ceremony was large, and included that of Rev. D. M. Gordon, Winnipeg; Rev. R. Nairn, Fort William; Rev. James Robertson, Superintendent of Missions, and W. L. H. Rowand. Rev. Mr. Gordon preached an excellent and appropriate sermon from Titus ii. 14. The Rev. Mr. Nairn delivered the induction address, and the subject of his discourse was handled in a masterly and edifying manner. The Superintendent of Missions then addressed the meeting and delivered a stirring address on the responsibilities and duties of a minister, and showed how he would be called to account for any remissness in their performance. In the evening a supper was prepared in the town hall by the ladies of the congregation, and the local and visiting clergymen delivered addresses, between which many musical and literary pieces were rendered. Mr. Pringle enters upon his duties at once.

THE trustees of St. Andrew's Church, Berlin, have been presented by Miss Perine, for the congregation, with a baptismal font, in memory of her deceased mother, who was a worthy member of the Presbyterian Church. It is made of black walnut, style Louis XIV., and is thirty-five inches in height by twenty inches in diameter at frieze. The base supports a column with carved capital; around the column is entwined an ivy vine, undercut and carved on the solid wood. The body of the font, from the capital to the frieze, is octagonal in form; seven sections having fine carved and sunk panels all different in design, some of them being scriptural, such as the lily of the valley, the pomegranate, etc., being very neatly represented. The eighth section in the octagon is a projecting draped tablet, containing the Latin inscription, "In memory of my mother, by M. C. Perine." The frieze is in part octagon and part circular. The mouldings are embellished with carved leaves, the upper edge being shell shaped, and bearing the Latin inscription, "Baptize in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit." The whole is relieved by elaborate artistic gilding. The centre of the font contains a chaste china basin, ornamented with gold, upon which is inscribed in Gothic letters, "St. Andrew's Church." The font, both as regards design and elegance of execution, is decidedly unique. Both the trustees and members of St. Andrew's Church, no doubt, feel grateful to the donor for this very handsome and useful gift, which is quite in keeping with the communion table and other furniture of the church.

SEVEN years ago this summer, says a contemporary, in the section of country known as Mud Lake, steps were taken to erect a Presbyterian Church. The ground, one quarter of an acre, was given free of charge by Mr. Robert K. Young, of Sebright; but through some cause or other the work dropped. Last August the idea of erecting a church was again revived, meetings were held, and it was decided to build at Sebright, but not without the usual opposition which is always the case on such occasions. A committee was appointed, and subscriptions were solicited, the response in money and material was as liberal as could be expected. The ground previously given by Mr. Young was still held by the congregation, and to this he very gene-

rously added five-eighths of an acre. The congregation have now the deed of 1878. On the 21st of May the ground was cleared and made ready for the erection of a new church. Now a building 42 x 32, of frame structure, to be brick-clad, resting on a substantial stone foundation, marks the spot. The contractors of the mason work are Messrs. McArthur and Doyle, of Beaverton; carpenter work, Mr. Hamil, of Sebright. The congregation furnish all the material; brick work and seating will not be completed until next summer. By the middle of September we hope to have the building in such a state that the congregation can worship in it this winter. The Building Committee are Wm. J. Hill, chairman; Andrew McNabb, sec. treasurer; Thos. Hill, John Carley, jun., Col. McNabb, Alexander McDonald, Dougald McNabb, Peter McNabb, sen., Peter McNabb, jun.

A COMMITTEE of the Presbyterian Bible Class in connection with the Orillia congregation, says the *Pocket*, waited on Mr. William Turnbull, their late treasurer, at his residence, on a recent evening, and presented him with a handsome and costly Bible, as a token of their respect and friendship. The presentation was a real surprise to Mr. Turnbull, but it was not long before every one was made to feel at home. The Rev. R. N. Grant made the presentation in a few well chosen words, remarking that all were very sorry to lose so useful and faithful a worker, one whom they had long ago learned to love, and whose memory all would cherish. The only comforting thought was that that which was their loss was most certainly Huntsville's gain, and in more aspects than one. Good men were wanted in that new country, who were willing and ready to fight under the banner of the cross; men who were willing to suffer, if needs be, that the Master's work might go on. The reverend gentleman knew that Mr. Turnbull was that kind of a man, and that one thought gladdened his heart. They had come to formally say "good-bye," and in so doing he assured Mr. Turnbull that the very best wishes, and the tenderest prayers, of their many friends would follow himself and Mrs. Turnbull and their family to their new home, which he hoped they would find pleasant and profitable, and also that they might make as many friends in Huntsville as regretted their departure from dear old Orillia. Mr. Turnbull said he did not know how to reply; he thanked all for their splendid gift, and felt very sorry to say "good-bye" to his Bible class friends—he felt that one of the hardest ties to break. He would always kindly remember them, and more especially their kind and generous farewell that evening. He would continue to pray that Orillia Presbyterian Bible class might be, in God's hands, a power for good, and the means of gathering many souls for the Master's kingdom. After partaking of refreshments, the party retired.

DAVID GRAHAM BARKLEY, chief judge in the Punjab District, India, spent Saturday last in this city as the guest of Mr. Thomas Kerr, Gerrard Street, whose wife is his cousin. Judge Barkley is a native of the North of Ireland, a graduate of Queen's College, Belfast, and an LL.D. of Queen's University. He was one of the first to pass the Civil Service examinations established by the Home Government many long years ago, and was sent out shortly afterward to an important appointment in India, arriving just as the great Sepoy rebellion was being effectually suppressed. Possessed of eminent abilities and high moral character, he gradually worked his way upward, till he attained the distinguished position he now occupies. His stated residence is at Lahore, a city of 150,000 inhabitants. His judicial functions extend to a territory covered by eighteen millions of people. Taking his departure from the Punjab a few months ago, on leave of absence, to revisit his old home in County Derry, he went to Australia and New Zealand, on a short visit to near relatives in these far off lands; and thence, crossing the Pacific to San Francisco, he came to Toronto, in the hope of meeting with his cousin, Mrs. T. Kerr, now accompanied by her eldest daughter, on her way home from a visit to her mother in Ireland. He left for Montreal in the evening. Thence, he goes to New York, where he takes shipping for the Old World. The learned judge is far from presenting the sun-burnt, mummified appearance we are apt to associate with long residence in India. He still retains much of the fresh healthy look of his early Maghera days; and if, in fulfilment of his expectations, he be allowed to retire at an early date from the service to which he has given about thirty of the best years of his life, we hope he may be spared to spend very many happy days to come in his native land. Now that a higher education is attracting the attention of the young people of this Province so largely, would it not be well for some of them to look to the Civil Service examinations, London, as opening a door to the most honourable ambition? We doubt not there are many of them who might repeat in their own history the story of Judge Barkley's success.

PRESBYTERY OF REGINA.—This Presbytery met in Regina on the 10th ult. There was a good attendance. Messrs. A. Currie, D. H. Hodges and W. Nichol were licensed and, with Mr. Robert Goudie, licentiate of the Church of Scotland, were ordained in the evening, when there was a fair attendance. Mr. Robson preached, Mr. Taylor presided, Mr. Herald offered up the ordination prayer, Mr. Urquhart addressed the ordained and the Rev. James Robertson addressed the people. The resignation of Mr. McWilliam of the charge at Prince Albert was accepted. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Taylor, Hamilton and Urquhart, was appointed to draw up a suitable minute anent the resignation, the Rev. Alex. Campbell appointed to preach and declare the pulpit vacant, and the Home Mission Committee instructed to correspond with the Assembly's Home Mission Committee and the congregation with a view to procuring a suitable successor. Mr. A. Hamilton was elected Clerk in room of Mr. A. Urquhart, who gave in his resignation, and who was given a hearty vote of thanks for his services. Application for leave to elect elders at Waseana, Leithbridge, Battleford and Medicine Hat were granted. The appointments of Messrs. McLeod

and Cameron to points along the Canadian Pacific Railway were confirmed, and a missionary is sought to labour specially in the mountains. Arrangements were made for the dispensing of ordinances in several fields. The Presbytery approved of the recommendation of the Foreign Mission Committee that teachers be sent to the File Hill group of reserves and to Muscowpeting's reserve, and that a building to cost about \$1,000 be erected at Round Lake. The Presbytery expressed its satisfaction that the Indian Department has agreed to establish an Industrial School and place it under the charge of the Presbyterian Church. A call to the Rev. S. J. Taylor from the congregation at Moose Jaw was declined, and, being set aside, the Rev. H. McKay was appointed to intimate the fact to the congregation and confer with the people. The next meeting is appointed to be held at Moosomin on the first Tuesday of November.—ALEX. HAMILTON, Pres. Clerk.

## Sabbath School Teacher.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, M.A.

Sept. 12, } THE MISSION OF THE SPIRIT. } John 16  
1886. } } 5-20.  
GOLDEN TEXT.—"He will guide you into all truth."  
—John xvi. 13.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

The command that they should love one another would be the more needful because the world would hate them with a hatred that even His pure life and love could not overcome. They hated Him before they hated them. Then, if hated by the world, we should not assume that the fault is ours; the world in selfishness only loves its own, and we can secure its favour only by a false compliance. He chose us out of the world, made us branches of the vine, gave us a new life, to which if faithful we must share the fellowship of His suffering—be persecuted as He was persecuted. He ironically adds that they may expect their words to be kept as His were, and yet words are the only opposition they are to offer to this hatred. When the Comforter—who proceedeth from the Father, and is irresistible—is come, even He will not offer any other opposition than testimony. He will testify of Christ (chap. xv. 26), and as the Spirit of truth, will not vary this testimony to please an angry world. That Comforter will speak to the world through them (chap. xv. 27), and will be their defence. Not, however, the world alone, even they who profess to be the children of God, will resist and persecute you—put you out of the synagogue, and so misunderstand you as to think that by slaying you they do God service. All this they do because they are ignorant of the Father and Me. But that ignorance, he says, is not excusable—on account of My words (chap. xv. 22), and works (chap. xv. 24). They hate Me without a cause, and thus fulfil the scriptures. These things Jesus did not speak of before so definitely as now. He now tells them plainly that their faith may not be shaken when the reality comes.

#### EXPLANATORY.

I. The Promised Comforter. (Verses 5-7.)—The disciples yield to excessive sorrow. They are so troubled with the thought of His departure that they cease to question as they formerly did. Their minds are too much overwhelmed to give due attention to His words, and to seize the opportunity of inquiring into the object and scope of His departure, how it was to affect them and Him and His kingdom. Instead of taking a deeper and deeper interest in what He said, they succumb to sorrow, and at this point seem to lose faith in Him, as if He was making a mistake and had led them into unnecessary difficulty (verse 6). How natural that is! But how wrong it is! He makes no mistakes, and at times of greatest perplexity we should only enquire of him more earnestly what His purposes are.

The Comforter not come, etc. (Verse 7.)—Jesus thought not of His own sorrow and suffering—only of their good. They thought only of themselves, and not of Him, or if they did, they thought that He was but going home to the Father, and all was pleasant. It was expedient for them that He should go, because the Comforter would not otherwise come. The following may be reasons why:

(1) Because Christ's personal removal was needful to enable the disciples to rise above carnal expectations, and thus become susceptible of communion through the indwelling Spirit. The whole past economy was a preparation for a more spiritual state, and this was part of that preparation.

(2) The glorification of Christ was needful (chap. vii. 30) before the Spirit could come, for it was to be the mission of the Spirit to hold up a glorified Christ to a perishing world.

(3) His departure, through death, was necessary that the justice of God might be satisfied. Until that was done the blessing of the Spirit could not be granted. The granting of the Spirit was the counterpart of the removal of the curse.

For these reasons, and others that are hid in the councils of God, the Pentecostal outpouring could not come until He went away.

It is not of course to be believed that the Spirit was not in the world before this. He did work as a Spirit of love and service and inspiration and desire; but His manifestations then were, in comparison with these of the Christian dispensation, as indistinct as the manifestations of Christ, as the Angel of the Covenant, were in comparison with His Incarnation.

II. The Spirit's Influence on the World (Verses 8-11.)—The Spirit was to come to them, and defend them against all the opposition and hatred spoken of above by convincing the world that it was wrong, and they (the disciples) right.

The Spirit labours to bring the world into a right un-

derstanding of the three all-important thoughts—sin, righteousness, judgment—thoughts that no power on earth can make men realize. It is only done by the inward working of the Spirit.

The object of the Spirit is to induce faith, that all may be saved, and to perfect the faith of such as have it; but they who will not believe are ripening for their doom.

(1) *Convinced of sin* (Verse 9.)—The sin specified is unbelief. That is the kernel of all sin. It was the sin of Adam in Eden; he disbelieved God. It is the root of all disobedience, and the issue of disobedience; the very climax of sin is unbelief in Christ, as He is presented by the Holy Spirit. This unbelief is not a mere specimen, but the radical principle of all evil.

(2) *Convinced of righteousness* (Verse 10.)—When the Spirit convinces of sin, it is that He may offer salvation. He makes the sinner know he has no righteousness of his own, and that some righteousness is needed by which to appear before God. Then the perfect righteousness of Christ is presented as the robe the sinner needs. And it is a righteousness to be laid hold of by faith, not by sight—because I go unto the Father, and ye see Me no more.

(3) *Convinced of judgment* (Verse 11.)—The cause of Satan is lost. Every one who will may escape his power and his condemnation; but if they lay not hold of the righteousness of Christ they will share in his overthrow. That is the work of the Spirit, dealing with the consciences of men, reproving them in order that He may be able to comfort them.

It is also to be observed that the Spirit does the work of reproof in believers, as long as any of the world remains in them, that He may perfect their faith and fit them to dwell with Christ.

These three offices of the Spirit correspond with the three offices of Christ, who, as prophet, priest and king, teaches, atones and delivers from judgment.

III. The Spirit's Influence upon Disciples.—The disciples were not able to bear (to understand) all He had already said. Their burden of sorrow made them less intelligent hearers than they otherwise would have been. He had much yet to tell them, but in His consideration for their perplexity—which was increasing—He reserved it until the Spirit would make them susceptible of the truth.

Many things.—What were the many things Christ had to tell them? Chiefly to make them better acquainted with sin, righteousness and judgment—for their own sake, and that they might testify more powerfully to the world. That is the teaching of the Spirit now. Then there were other matters relating to the old economy, such as we have in Hebrews, and relating to the future, such as are revealed in the Apocalypse.

Lead. The disciples did not by one bound enter into possession of all truth. They gradually entered into it as their own hearts grew in capacity, and as occasion required that revelations should be made.

Into all truth.—Not all kinds of truth about which men seek information, but into the understanding of all this truth of which he had been speaking, which is necessary unto salvation.

Not of Himself.—Of Himself, as separate from the Father and the Son, He will not speak. Jesus also disclaimed (chap. vii. 16-18) such self-testimony, which is the character of a false witness. All creaturely independence of God leads away from the truth.

What He hears, etc.—The Spirit searches into the mind of God, knows the deep things of God, and reveals to man what he can know. But man can only know the truth about God, as it is revealed in the face of Jesus Christ. Hence the Spirit glorifies Christ. That is the consummation. He begins with testimony (chap. xv. 26), ends with glorification.

All the Father, etc. (Verse 15.)—Jesus, throughout the whole of this Gospel, appears as if protecting the honour of the Father, and yet placing Himself on an equality with Him. Here all is traced back to the nature of the Trinity. The Father and Son are one, and the Spirit knows their secret councils, and reveals them to men so far as needful.

IV. Sorrow to be Turned to Joy. (Verses 16-20.)—The transition of thought seems to be that this high joy was only to be realized through sorrow. That is typical of the Christian and Church. He went away, but in a little while returned at His resurrection. But the future comings, until the final one, as in chap. xiv. 3, are also meant.

Jesus knew, etc. (Verse 19.)—He marked their desire and encouraged it. He answers it by telling its effect upon themselves. They would sorrow without sympathy. The world would rejoice in their misery. But soon their sorrow would be turned into joy. Not exchanged for, but turned into. The very subject of their sorrow would become the material of their joy.

It is constantly so. The pains and trials of life are instruments of blessedness. "On the floods of tears we float out of ruin," some one has said.

He does not add that the world's joy will be turned into sorrow. He would not appear to exult in their ruin, nor have us do so; but it will be the case as surely as the other.

#### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The arrangements of life are best known and controlled by Christ.
2. Above all things pray for the Spirit.
3. The little while will soon be over, and then glory.
4. Pity the world in its false joy.

THE members of Ardrossan Church are still divided regarding a pastor. At the meeting to moderate in a call ninety-three voted for Mr. Mark Scott, Edinburgh, and thirty-six for Mr. D. S. Adam, Glasgow. The Presbytery did not sustain the call, as only ninety members signed it out of 174 on the roll.

### Sparkles.

THE man most anxious about his social position is the man who never had any such position, though he has tried to buy it with money.

It is now estimated that an Alpine glacier moves at the rate of four inches a year. Somebody ought to get up a international race between a glacier and a district messenger boy.

#### 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.

"I tell you," said a rabid Free Thinker, "The idea that there is a God never comes into my head." "Ah, precisely like my dog, but he doesn't go around howling about it."

"PA," said a young hopeful, "I know what a man who has seen better days is." "Well, my son, what is he?" "He is a man who makes you tired talking about himself."

A VERY remarkable mineral water has recently been discovered in volcanic formation about 150 miles north-west of San Francisco. It is a hot spring of intense strength, very strong to the taste. F. W. Hutch, M.D., permanent secretary to the Board of Health, San Francisco, says that it is the most remarkable mineral water ever brought to his notice, and the analysis of Professor Pryce, M.D., of the same city, shows at once sulphur, salt, carbonate, alkaline, and slightly ferruginous water. It is known as CASTALIAN. It is said to be an unfailing cure for diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys and their attendant evils, diseases of the skin and mucous membranes. Nature seems to have provided this remedy at the time it is most needed. Who knows but this is the identical fountain of youth sought for by Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer. It is said to give extraordinary results in the curing of disease and restoring vitality. Mr. Meacham, of the Arcade Pharmacy, 133 Yonge Street, reports daily increasing sales and wonderful cures. It is also on sale at 230 Queen Street West, 732 Yonge Street. The trade can procure it at the Central Depot, 169 Queen Street East.

THE Major (rocking Nelly on his knee for Aunt Mary's sake):—"I suppose this is what you like, Nelly?" "Yes, it's very nice. But I rode on a real donkey yesterday—I mean one with four legs, you know."

W. J. Guppy, druggist, of Newbury, writes: "Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is just the thing for Summer Sickness. I sold out my stock three times last summer. There was a good demand for it." Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is infallible for Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach and Bowel Complaint.

HOUSEKEEPER (to new cook just imported): "Bridget, how do things keep in the new refrigerator?" Bridget: "Well, mum, they all seem to kape poorly well, barrin' the oice, which 'pears to milt ivery blessed day."

A STARTLING TRUTH.—Thousands die annually from neglected coughs and colds, which soon ripen into consumption, or other equally fatal diseases of the lungs; when, by the timely use of a single bottle of DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, their lives could have been preserved to a green old age.

MAGAZINE editor: "How many new manuscripts came in to-day's mail?" Office boy: "Twenty-two, sir." "Well, pick out all that you are able to read and send them back." "I can read all of 'em sir, except one." "Ah! let me have that; evidently by some noted author."

SUMMER HEAT.—This is the season for Bowel Complaints. Green apples and cucumbers produce them. and Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER cures them. To the troubled stomach it comes like a balm, and says "peace, be still," and the wind is assuaged, and the trouble ceases. Every druggist in the land keeps the PAIN KILLER, and no father can do without it in his family.

"AN Old Subscriber" inquires what is a chestnut? Why, for instance, if we should say: "At the funeral of a brewer in Baltimore the preacher chose his text from He brews xx."

#### Horsford's Acid Phosphate. For Sick Headache.

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GENTLEMEN,—In accordance with your instructions, I have procured samples of your Pure Gold Baking Powders in the open market, and submitted them to a careful examination. All of them were found to be perfectly pure Cream of Tartar Powders, free from any injurious or poisonous substances. I may also state that I have for several years past, from time to time, examined the ingredients used by you in the manufacture of the Powder, and found them to be as pure as could be obtained in the market. With reference to the care exercised by you, I have known Mr. F. W. Daum for many years, who has charge of this department, and have found him to be extremely careful, and possessing a thorough knowledge of the ingredients used in the manufacture of Baking Powders.

I remain, yours faithfully,

THOMAS HEYS,

Analytical Chemist and Professor of Chemistry,  
Toronto School of Medicine.

116 King Street West, Nov. 30, 1885.

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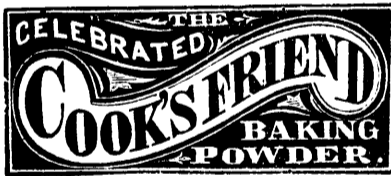
**TORONTO.**—In the usual place, on Tuesday, September 7, at ten a.m.  
**PETERBORO.**—In St. Andrew's Church, Peterboro', on Tuesday, September 21, at half-past ten a.m.  
**KINGSTON.**—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Monday, September 20, at three p.m.  
**STRATFORD.**—In Knox Church, Stratford, on Tuesday, September 14, at half-past ten a.m.  
**ORANGEVILLE.**—In the Presbyterian Church, Orangeville, on Tuesday, September 14, at eleven a.m.  
**WINNIPEG.**—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Tuesday, October 5, at seven p.m.  
**ROCK LAKE.**—At Pilot Mound, on Tuesday, 28th September, at half-past seven p.m.  
**GUELPH.**—In Knox Church, Guelph, on Tuesday, September 21, at half-past ten a.m.  
**HURON.**—In Exeter, on Tuesday, September 14, at half-past ten a.m.  
**PARIS.**—St. George, September 14, ten a.m. Session Records called for.  
**MAITLAND.**—At Wingham, on Tuesday, September 21, at one p.m.  
**BROCKVILLE.**—At Prescott, on Tuesday, September 14.  
**SAUGEEN.**—In Mount Forest, on Tuesday, September 21, at ten a.m.  
**LONDON.**—In the First Presbyterian Church, London, on Tuesday, September 14, at half-past two p.m.  
**WHITBY.**—In Bowmanville, on Tuesday, October 19, at ten o'clock a.m.  
**BRANDON.**—In Portage la Prairie, on Tuesday, September 21.  
**QUEBEC.**—In Sherbrooke, on Tuesday, September 21, at eight p.m.  
**BRUCE.**—At Port Elgin, on Tuesday, September 14, at four o'clock p.m.  
**BARRIE.**—At Barrie, on Tuesday, September 28, at eleven a.m.  
**MIRAMICHI.**—In the hall of St. James' Church, Newcastle, on Monday, October 4, at three p.m.  
**MONTREAL.**—Special meeting in the Georgetown Church, on Tuesday, September 7, at seven p.m.  
**GLENGARRY.**—In Knox Church, Lancaster, on Tuesday, September 14, at eleven a.m.  
**REGINA.**—At Moosomin, on Tuesday, Nov. 2.  
**CHATHAM.**—In St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, on September 21, at ten a.m.

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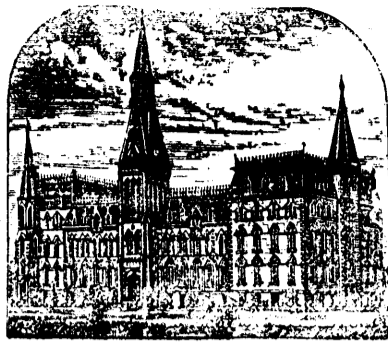
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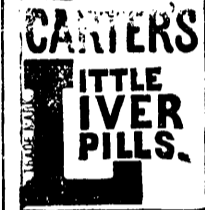
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