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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

DR. GRANT has been very successful in canvassing for Queen's College in Guelph. He expects \$3,000.

THE Pope, Leo XIII., has a new Encyclical in preparation, which, it is said, will make a great sensation when it appears.

AMONG the deaths by yellow fever, reported at New Orleans, is that of D. W. Jones, associate editor of the "Southwestern Christian Advocate."

THE Moravians in the United States give an average of over \$5 each for missionary work. There are 16,000 of them, and the church raises \$85,000.

PROFESSOR HAECKEL, of Jena, has replied to Professor Virchow's famous speech on evolution, taking the high scientific ground that Virchow is an ally of the Jesuits.

THE Rev. J. Carswell having been appointed Convener of the Home Mission Committee of the Presbytery of Ottawa, all communications in reference to Home Mission work should be addressed to him at Aylmer East P.O., Quebec.

PRINCIPAL GRANT and Rev. R. Campbell, of Montreal, assisted by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of Toronto, succeeded in raising by subscription last week, in the neighborhood of Fergus, for Queen's College Endowment, upwards of \$2,000, with a promise of more.

THE last report of the English Palestine Exploration fund recommends that a special expedition be sent to the Sea of Galilee, to examine its shores, and to settle definitely the sites of Capernaum, Bethsaida, and other places near it, mentioned in the New Testament.

A MILLION and a quarter of Roman Catholics in the Netherlands form an "Old Paper" Society, and devote to the Pope the proceeds of the waste paper they sell each year. Last year the sum thus obtained was over \$5,000. How much money would the Protestant waste paper, say of Toronto, yield annually for Foreign Missions?

SIX gentlemen in the West of Scotland, well known for their liberality, and belonging to the denomination, have just presented each of the ministers and foreign missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church, to the number of 600, with a copy of the new edition of the late Rev. Dr. William Anderson's work, "An Exposure of Popery."

"ACTA VICTORIANA" is the name of a new monthly journal published in the interests of the College Societies and Alumni of Victoria College, Cobourg. It is intended as "a record of the doings at Victoria" and promises to be entertaining and amusing as well as instructive. Among the articles of general interest in the first number we notice a good paper on "Education."

THE only Presbyterian minister who has fallen a victim to the yellow fever in the South as yet is the Rev. John McCampbell, D.D., a member of the Presbytery of North Mississippi, who is reported to have died at Grenada, Miss., on the afternoon of the 1st inst. He was in charge of the Presbyterian Church at Grenada, and stood by his people in their distress until smitten by death.

EUROPE has about 14,000 newspapers and periodicals, of which only about one in fourteen are Roman Catholic in tendency. Great Britain and France have the same number of Romanist journals, forty-two, but in Britain it is 42 out of 2,500, and in France 42 out of 2,000. Of North America's 8,500 journals only 113 are Roman Catholic, while in South America only 11 out of the 1,000 newspapers represent the dominant religion.

LIEUTENANT CONDER, of the Palestine Exploring Expedition, reports that the six remaining columns of the great Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec, each of which is seventy-five feet high, and all of which are regarded as next to those at Karnac, or Ancient Thebes, in Egypt, as among the greatest architectural wonders of the world, are in danger of falling, through the ruthless work of the Turks in taking out the metal ore that is run into the joints.

THE General Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations of the world has been held at Geneva, Switzerland, under the presidency of Mr. Charles Fermand, of that city. Delegates were present from America, Great Britain, Australia, Africa, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Spain. The Conference decided in favour of a Central International Committee, to promote correspondence between the societies of different countries. There are about 2,000 associations, half of which are in America.

THE term Nihilist given to the Russian radicals was suggested by the Latin word *nihil*, nothing, and was first used by the novelist Tourganieff in his novel, "Fathers and Sons," published in 1862. Tourganieff travelled in Russia during 1860, before the radical party existed, and met a young doctor named Andreteff, who believed in nothing, despised his fellow creatures, saw nothing in the world but hypocrisy and illusion, and wrapped himself in a complete indifference to individuals or events. It was he who suggested Nihilism to Tourganieff, who found him to be the type of a class.

MR. GEORGE MULLER'S work at Ashley-down, Bristol, is in a flourishing condition. The annual report just issued states that, after meeting the year's expenses, amounting to £42,000, the accounts have been closed with a small balance in hand. Since the founding of the institution £784,000 have been received without any one having been appealed to personally; 66,600 children and adults have been taught in the

various schools, and tens of thousands of Bibles have been circulated. The present attendance at the schools exceeds 10,000, and 2,133 orphans have been sheltered during the year.

THE "Independent," after stating that the London "Christian Herald" is calling for a subscription of \$2,500 in England to aid Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, in carrying on his Lay College and other "various institutions," adds: "The danger ever to be guarded against in such an institution is that of having lay preachers of moderate ability and insufficient training, but of considerable ambition, who will get into the ministry without the learning they ought to have." "It would have been better still," says the "Presbyterian Journal," "for our contemporary to say that 'lay preachers' constitute an order of the ministry of man's making. Good laymen may, properly enough, in right circumstances, deliver addresses on religious subjects, but to call them, or attempt to make them, 'preachers,' is to get beyond the limits of the only infallible rule of faith and practice. And that is rather a perilous experiment."

DURING the late large temperance meetings that were held at Round Lake, N.Y., Francis Murphy, the noted temperance lecturer, took his usual course of speaking kindly of all who are engaged in the sale of intoxicating drinks, and of strongly condemning any severe denunciations or rebukes of them. Rev. John W. Mears, D.D., of Hamilton College, took decidedly opposite ground. He spoke of all liquor-selling for ordinary drinking as a sinful traffic, and maintained that it will be impossible to have any thing like total abstinence practised, for any length of time or to any great extent, in any community, where men are on almost every side setting forth their strong drinks in every variety of tempting kind and form. Unquestionably, bad as the drinker is, every way worse is the man who deliberately, and from the mere desire of making money, tempts him and freely furnishes him the liquors that will continue to enslave and lead him to ruin. Assuredly such a man ought to be denounced and treated with scorn.

THERE is no diminution in the mortality, from yellow fever in the South-west. During the forty-eight hours ending on Sunday, the 8th inst., there were 216 deaths in New Orleans, and 198 in Memphis, and a sufficient number in other infected cities to swell the estimate of mortality since July to 3,827. On Monday the condition of the city of Memphis seemed to grow more desperate every hour. Whole families were stricken down within a few hours, and the call for nurses is greater than can be supplied. On Sunday there were about 100 deaths and 411 new cases. The fever has broken out at several new points on the Mississippi,—Bolton Lake, Lawrence Station on the Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad, and Gillman Station on the New Orleans Road, and Dry Grove in Hinds county. There is no abatement at Vicksburg, Holly Springs, Port Gibson, or Greenville. The statement is made that in the dozen cities and towns, where the ravages of the disease have put an end to business of all kinds, 27,000 men, representing a population of 100,000, have been thrown out of employment. The Northern cities are doing splendidly; the contributions reported to the leading agencies in New York city already exceed \$148,000. In Philadelphia \$50,000 have been raised.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE THIRD COMMANDMENT.

Of the guilt of common profanity, by which I mean the flippant and reckless use of the Divine Name in ordinary conversation, it is not necessary for me to say much. There was a time when this practice seems to have been the mark of a fine gentleman. It is now the sign of vulgarity. There is something appalling in the consideration that we have a greater dread of violating the conventional maxims of good society than of transgressing the laws of God. When profanity was only a sin against God it was a common offence. It has disappeared since it became "vulgar." If men are guilty of it now, it is inferred that they are accustomed to live in coarse and brutal company, and it is acknowledged that, whatever their social rank may be, they can hardly claim to be gentlemen.

Except among the very lowest orders of society, the offence is now almost confined to very young men, who want to make it understood that they are no longer children, and who think that the best way to do this is to show their contempt for the habits of decent reverence which they learnt from their parents and teachers. "It is difficult," as Robert Hall has said, "to account for a practice which gratifies no passion and promotes no interest, unless we ascribe it to a certain vanity of appearing superior to religious fear, which tempts men to make bold with their Maker. If their are hypocrites in religion," he continues, "there are also, strange as it may appear, hypocrites in impiety—men who make an ostentation of more irreligion than they possess. An ostentation of this nature, the most irrational in the records of human folly, seems to lie at the root of profane swearing. It may not be improper to remind such as indulge in this practice that they need not insult their Maker to show that they do not fear Him, that they may relinquish this vice without fear of being supposed to be devout; and that they may safely leave it to the other parts of their conduct to efface the smallest suspicion of their piety."

A far more common form of irreverence in our own time is the practice of finding material for jesting in Holy Scripture. A very little wit will go a long way, if we can only make up our minds to trifle with what is sacred.

I do not believe that wit and humor are to be excluded from God's service, or that there is no place for them in the illustration of divine truth. You remember Pascal's famous sentence in the Provincial Letters in reply to the Jesuits, who charged him with turning sacred things into ridicule. "There is a vast difference," he says, "between laughing at religion and laughing at those who profane it by their monstrous and extravagant opinions. In making a jest of your morality, I am as far from sneering at holy things as the doctrine of your casuists is from the doctrine of the Gospel."

In the exposition of truth, as well as in the refutation of error, I see no reason why wit should be forbidden to render its service, as well as logic, fancy, and imagination. Why should any faculty of that nature which God made in his image be forbidden to glorify him? Who will venture to call it common and unclean? If any part of my nature is withdrawn from the service of God, I am, so far as that is concerned, not completely his.

The traditional exclusion from the pulpit of humor and wit dates from the worst and most artificial times of its history. The ancient preachers, the great preachers of the Middle Ages, the Puritan preachers, when they had the faculty, used it, and used it with wonderful effect. They did not think it necessary to be dull in order to be devout.

But, as it is possible to use wit as the friend and ally of Divine Truth, it is also possible to make Divine Truth itself the mere material of wit.

Nothing is more easy than to create a laugh by a grotesque association of some frivolity with the grave and solemn words of Holy Scripture. But surely this is profanity of the worst kind. By this Book the religious life of men is quickened and sustained. It contains the highest revelations of himself which God has made to man. It directly addresses the conscience and the heart and all the noblest faculties of our nature, exalting our idea of duty, consoling us in sorrow, redeeming us from sin and despair, and inspiring us

with the hope of immortal blessedness and glory. Listening to its words, millions have heard the very voice of God. It is associated with the sanctity of many generations of saints. Such a book cannot be a fit material for the manufacture of jests. For my own part, though I do not accept Dr. Johnson's well known saying, that "A man who would make a pun would pick a pocket," I should be disposed to say that a man who deliberately and consciously uses the words of Christ, of Apostles, and of Prophets for mere purposes of merriment might have chalked a caricature on the wall of the Holy of Holies or scrawled a witticism on the sepulchre in Joseph's garden.

Nor is it Holy Scripture alone which, from its relationship to God, is invested with a sanctity which it is profanity to violate. Wherever God reveals himself we should reverence Him, and it is a transgression of this commandment to bring into contempt any manifestation of His character and will.

I do not know that our own age is distinguished from all preceding times by the wantonness and frivolity with which it treats all that is grave, solemn, and august; but, whatever may be our comparative guilt, it is incontestable that very much of our literature is utterly destructive of that serious earnestness with which human life has always been regarded by men of any depth of moral nature, and this universal flippancy is ruinous to the spirit of reverence and betrays us too often into gross profanity. There is, no doubt, a profound sadness, a sorrowful sense of the vanity of all earthly things which often underlies the most brilliant wit and the most cynical humor. The men in whose writings these qualities have been most conspicuous have often been the victims of the deepest melancholy. It was their sense of the frivolity of the objects which create the greatest and most passionate excitement among men, the utter worthlessness and triviality of a thousand pursuits to which men devote their genius and their energy, the transitoriness of all human glory, which made them mock at the pomps and splendors, the pleasures and even the griefs of mankind. They made merry with what other men regard as most serious, not because their hearts were light, but because they saw the vanity and the unreality of the honors, and the wealth, and the greatness of the world. The sadness was often morbid. It was not the less deep and real.

But the literature of which I complain is of a very different kind. It is not written by men who are so overshadowed by the dark and gloomy aspects of the universe that they cannot but laugh at the misplaced earnestness of those who are spending money for that which is not bread, and labor for that which satisfieth not, but by men who seem utterly incapable of recognizing the difference between what is most frivolous and what is most appalling or divine.

I have read letters in some newspapers during the last few weeks from war correspondents who seemed so absorbed in their solicitude to say something smart and clever that they were altogether untouched by the agonies of wounded soldiers, the miseries of starving and homeless peasants, the tears of wives who had become widows, and of children who had become fatherless. They seem to have followed the march of great armies, and to have recorded the siege of cities and the burning of villages with only one desire—the desire to find a new stimulant for their feeble and exhausted wit.

I remember too to have seen a book, which may, indeed, be better than its title—a book called "The Comic History of England." I declare that I can hardly conceive of anything more monstrously profane. To a devout heart there appears throughout our history the perpetual manifestation of the wonderful power and goodness of God. We have as much reason to thank God for the statesmen and heroes that surrounded the throne of Elizabeth, for the courage and genius of Cromwell, for the sagacity of William III., as ever the Jews had to thank God for Joshua, for Jephthah, or for Gideon. I see his hand as clearly in the storms which raged round our coast when the Spanish Armada made its descent upon us as in the destroying angel that smote the army of the Assyrians encamped around Jerusalem. The life and history of a nation are too great to be degraded and dishonored by being made the material for mere amusement and fun. The spirit which renders that possible is inconsistent with reverence for God himself. If we love not our brother, whom we have seen, we cannot love God, whom we have not seen; and if we feel no wonder and awe in the presence of the tragedy

of human life, we are incapable of the devout and reverential fear which should be inspired by the majesty of God.

There is another habit which is more obviously and directly a violation of this command. I mean the habit of scoffing at those who profess to live a religious life and taking every opportunity of sneering at their imperfections. It is easy enough, no doubt, to discover grave infirmities and faults in most Christian people. It is because they know that they are sinful men that they are trusting in Christ to save them. Their very confession of faith in him is a confession of their own sinfulness. They do not profess to be better than other men; they acknowledge that they have no strength to do the will of God and that they are continually breaking God's commandments. It would be brutal cruelty to make a jest of the weakness and sufferings of the patients in a hospital, to sneer at one man because he is prostrate with fever, at another because his broken arm is bound up and useless, at another because his face is still disfigured by an explosion which nearly destroyed his life. It is because they have been injured by accidents or smitten down by disease that they are there. And it is because Christian men are conscious of their sin and of their inability to escape from it without supernatural help that they are clinging to Christ to save them. You who speak so contemptuously of our failings are probably not quite free from imperfection. The difference between us is very simple. *We* have learnt that our sins have provoked the anger of God, and have entreated him to pardon us. *You* have not. *We* are conscious that apart from the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost we can never recover the image of God. *You* appear to believe that whatever virtue is necessary to you is within the reach of your own strength. If there are faults on both sides, we have a better right to scoff at you than you have to scoff at us. We, at least, acknowledge our weakness and guilt. You do not acknowledge yours.

Whatever may be the imperfections of Christian people, they are trying to vindicate and assert the authority and greatness of God. Their aim is that God's will may be done on earth as it is done in heaven. If you yourselves are doing nothing to maintain the remembrance among men of God's infinite majesty, take care how you scoff at those who, with whatever vacillation and infirmity of purpose, are trying to maintain it. The real effect of your scoffing is to dishonor religious faith itself and to bring God and the service of God into contempt.—*Rev. R. W. Dale, M.A.*

THE MIDDLE COURSE.

There are two tendencies in Church as in civil government—toward too much and too little government. The two extremes are despotism and anarchy. That is the happy Church that steers clear of both.

Congregationalism may be taken as the type of the latter—too little government. Its principle is that little church machinery is needed. Its leading doctrine is that the individual churches will do right. It has no courts with spiritual authority. Its councils have no authority of any kind. Its builds on the opinion that all its subjects will do right. Its pastors are members of the churches, having no authority in church meetings. It has no sessions to oversee the church members, no Presbyteries to overlook the ministers and churches, no Synods and Assemblies to correct the errors of sessions and Presbyteries. It proceeds on the theory that such courts are unnecessary as well as unscriptural, because members of the Church wish to do right, and only need advice to enable them to obey the law of God. There is in the theory a truth. Religion and religious practice are voluntary—must be voluntary. God has no unwilling subjects or unwilling service. He will not compel love. Church power is purely moral and spiritual. It appeals solely to the consciences of men. The Church cannot compel obedience to the law of God. When it says to the disobedient, "Thou art to me as a heathen and a publican," it has exhausted its influence. When the Church forgets these fundamental truths, she becomes a persecuting anti-Christ.

But, unfortunately for this theory, Christian people and Christian ministers are not wholly sanctified. They need more than advice. They need reproof and rebuke, and the Scriptures have authorized courts having the right to reprove and rebuke, and to do so in the name and with the authority of the great Head of the Church.

The error opposed to too little government is too much government—the paternal system of Church government. This assumes that the rulers are to do all for the people; that they are to look after the ministers and people, and rule them absolutely for their own good, allowing them as little liberty as possible. This parental system of Church government assumes that the Church rulers can decide what pastor any particular Church shall have better than the Church can decide for itself. It resembles those civil governments which take such good care of all the actions of their subjects that they decide where and how they shall live and what they shall do. The best example of this tendency of too much Church government is Methodism, which determines the location and work of each minister, and fixes the contribution of each Church member to the Church expenses.

Presbyterianism may be regarded as a middle ground between the two. It guards with equal care individual liberty and Church authority. It recognizes both truths: first, that Christian virtue must grow out of Christian liberty, that what is not spontaneous cannot be praiseworthy; and the other truth that Christian men and ministers are not perfect, and sometimes need admonitions and severe rebukes. Like the government of the United States, which, it is said, was modeled after it, it permits much local self-government, while confederating all the churches under one authority, and leaves its members and ministers largely to their own discretion, reserving to itself the power of issuing such directions as may be necessary and useful. Presbytery has all the authority which Methodism wields; but the exercise of this authority is tempered by the fact that those who exercise it are elected by the people. Presbytery allows to the people the liberty of Congregationalism while they do well; but retains the Scriptural powers of reproof and rebuke. It thus combines the excellencies of both systems, and tries to avoid the evils of too much and too little government, one of which checks the activity and liberality of its subjects, while the other begets disorder. It recognizes the truth that Church power is moral and spiritual, and yet maintains its reality. It shuns alike spiritual despotism and spiritual anarchy. And the fact that it does this and does it so successfully, is the praise of Presbyterianism.—*Christian Observer*.

"THE NEW LIFE NOT THE HIGHER LIFE."

We have read Dr. Pitzer's little book bearing this title, with great interest and profit. He writes in view of the fact that in this day unusual attention is directed to the work of God in the hearts of His people, and of the fact "that the doctrine of sinless perfection is revived in forms and from quarters that would startle good John Wesley were he yet alive."

Dr. Pitzer's discussion is eminently didactic and practical, not polemical—its tone spiritual and elevated. Setting out from the postulate that though the Holy Spirit speaks of the various parts of our salvation—justified, adopted, regenerated, sanctified, glorified—yet the work is one—he proceeds then to state very clearly the significance of these terms. Justification is an *act*, not a *work*, it is instantaneous, judicial, complete. So adoption is an *act*, a thing done, accomplished. But sanctification is a *work*, not an *act*; it is *continuous*; it is the work of the Holy Ghost, fitting the sinner for the heaven to which he has a valid title; it is progressive in the sense that the Holy Ghost continues to work until the soul at death is made perfect in holiness.

Sanctification has these three senses in Scripture of consecration, setting apart to God (Ex. xiii. 2), the sense of a work of God in the believer, so long as he is in the flesh—in the sense of personal holiness which is the result and fruit of the act of consecration and the work of sanctification. Thus, sanctification is a work of God upon one who has been pardoned, accepted, regenerated and consecrated, or set apart to God.

Dr. Pitzer next discusses the relation of the law, as a precept and a penalty, to justification; showing that the law is as powerless to sanctify as to justify a sinner. The believer is still bound by the law in all its original strictness as his rule of duty. The law, therefore, works death, but not life. The believer is bound to seek consciously in all that he does or says, at every moment of his existence, the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is Bible holiness; this is sinless perfection. We look back over the lives of saints in the

past, we inspect the lives of saints now living in the flesh, we examine our own hearts in the light of this law, and nowhere do we find perfect conformity to God's law.

After reviewing the character of saints in the Scriptures and expounding the seventh chapter of Romans, showing that the complaint of the "body of sin and death" is made by a regenerated soul, since none other could say the things of itself there said, Dr. Pitzer proceeds to show how the "two natures"—in the proper sense of the term—one coming from the representative first Adam, the other from the second Adam—exist in the Christian. There are two *natures*, but not two *persons*—they constitute still the one person. Then he shows that sanctification is a progressive work—the development of the spiritual life—for all life is a thing of growth.

His conclusion is that no believer can imagine he has attained sinless perfection, except from erroneous views of the perfection demanded by the law of God, or from not comprehending what is meant by sanctification. For every passage of Scripture treating of sanctification, is addressed to each and every believer. There is not a single passage intimating that there are two classes of believers—one *partially* sanctified, and the other *perfectly* sanctified. This new nomenclature of a *higher* and a *lower* Christian life is wholly unknown to the word of God, and is fraught with danger to individual Christians and to the Church of God. Not are the lives of those who claim sinless perfection so much higher than others as to vindicate the truth of that doctrine as an actual fact. We advise every one who is troubled and in the dark on this subject, to obtain Mr. Pitzer's little book. It is published by the Presbyterian Board at Philadelphia.—*Louisville Presbyterian*.

THEN WORK.

A moment gone!

A little thing, of no more note
Than every sunbeam's floating note;
Too small to grasp, too fast in flight,
Too quickly lost to careless sight.

A day is gone!

At dawn it came from out the night,
At dawn it came arrayed in light;
At eve it fled from wistful eyes,
As darkness filled the lanterned skies.

A year is gone!

So full of mercies from above,
Dear tokens of a Father's love;
So full of blessings, yet how few
The duties done I hoped to do.

A lifetime gone!

O God! I stand before Thy throne—
So little is the good I've done;
Yet I had thought my life to fill
With working out the Master's will.

Indeed I meant—but here, at last,
I come with almost empty past;
It seemed so long away; but now
Before Thy judgment seat I bow,
And time is gone!

DEATH OF JOHN KNOX.

As John Knox had lived, so he died; full of courage. From his dying bed he exhorted, warned, admonished all who approached him as he had done from the pulpit. His brethren in the ministry he abjured to "abide by the eternal truth of the Gospel." Noblemen and statesmen he counselled to uphold the "Evangel," and not forsake the Church of their native land, if they would have God not to strip them of their riches and honors. He made Calvin's sermons on the Ephesians be read to him, as if his spirit sought to commune once more on earth with that mightier spirit. But the Scriptures were the manna on which he mostly lived. "Turn," said he to his wife, "to that passage where I first cast anchor, the seventeenth of the Gospel of John." In the midst of these solemn scenes a gleam of his wonted geniality breaks in. Two intimate friends come to see him, and he makes a cask of French wine which he has in his cellar be pierced for their entertainment, and hospitably urges them to partake, saying that "he will not tarry until it be all drunk." He was overheard breathing out short utterances in prayer: "Give peace to this afflicted commonwealth; raise up faithful pastors." On the day before his death, being Sunday, after lying some time quiet, he suddenly broke out: "I have fought against spiritual wickedness in heavenly things," referring to the troubled state of the church:

"and have prevailed, I have been in heaven and taken possession. I have tasted of the heavenly joys. At eleven o'clock in the evening of the 24th of November he heaved a deep sigh, and ejaculated, "Now it is come." His friends desired of him a sign that he died in peace, whereupon, says the chronicler of his last hours. "As if he had received new strength in death, he lifted one of his hands towards heaven, and, sighing twice, departed with the calmness of one falling into sleep.—*Dr. Wylie's History of Protestantism*.

THE TONGUE.

"There are but ten precepts of the law of God," says Leighton, "and two of them, so far as concerns the outward organ and vent of sins there forbidden, are bestowed on the tongue (one in the first table, and the other in the second), as though it were ready to fly out both against God and man, if not thus bridled."

Pythagoras used to say that "a wound from the tongue is worse than a wound from the sword; for the latter affects only the body, the former the spirit—the soul."

It was a remark of Anacharsis that "the tongue was at the same time the *best* part of man and his *worst*; that, with good government, none is more useful, and without it, none more mischievous."

"Boerhave," says Dr. Johnson, "was never soured by calumny and detraction, nor ever thought it necessary to confute them, 'for,' said he, 'they are sparks, which if you don't blow them, will go out of themselves.'"

"We cannot," says Cato, "control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them."

"Slander," says Bacon, "cannot make the subject of it either better or worse. It may represent us in a false light, or place a likeness of us in a bad one. But we are the same. Not so the slanderer; the slanderer that he utters makes *him* worse, the *slandered* never."

"No one," says Jerome, "loves to tell a tale of scandal except to him who loves to *hear* it. Learn, then, to rebuke and check the detracting tongue, by showing that you do not listen to it with pleasure."

"No man sees the wallet on his own back," says the old proverb, alluding to the fable of the traveller with two packs, the one *before* stuffed with the faults of his neighbors, the one *behind* with his *own*.

It was a maxim of Euripides, either to keep silence or to speak something better than silence.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips. Incline not my heart to any evil thing." (Ps. cxli. 3, 4.)

"THAT YOUNG MAN DRINKS."

How ominous that sentence falls! How we pause in conversation and ejaculate. "It's a pity!" How the mother hopes he will not drink when he grows older, how his sisters persuade themselves that it is only a few wild oats he is sowing! And yet the old men shake their heads and feel gloomy when they think about it. Young men, just starting into life, buoyant with hope, don't drink! You are freighted with a precious cargo. The hopes of your sisters, of your wives, of your children—all are laid down upon you. In you the aged live over again their young days, through you can that weary one you love obtain a position in society, and from the level on which you place them, must your children go into the battle of life.

We do an immense wrong when, by our narrow or gloomy ideas, we allow our children to imagine that religion also is gloomy and narrow. The gospel of joy is the gospel for us to teach, and it is the pure one. Did not the angels announce the birth of its Founder with glad tidings of great joy? And are not His disciples deserving of blame when they cause the little children, who would otherwise embrace it almost naturally, to suppose that religion makes us ill-tempered, peevish and irritable. It ought not so to be.

A GOOD way to get rid of trivial troubles, and also puerile faults, is to contemplate the great things of God. With the mind full of God, heaven, Jesus' sacrifice, the judgment, and the other great objects and realities presented to us in the gospel; there will not be room for the contemptible thoughts which are so apt to inhabit there. A sober consideration of the fact that we are all to give an account of ourselves to God ought to enhance the sobriety of our reflections and give grace and dignity to all our acts and dispositions.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

LETTER FROM FORMOSA.

MR. EDITOR, I think I carried my description in my last as far as Amoy. In Amoy we spent ten days in the house of the Rev. Mr. Sadler, of the London mission, where we received great kindness. The city of Amoy has a population of 250,000, but like all Chinese cities covers a comparatively small space, probably not more than a town of six or eight thousand in Canada. When you have seen one Chinese city you have seen them all, so far as their general features go. The foreign community, like all the foreign settlements in the East, is not in the Chinese city but removed some distance. Here in Amoy the settlement is on an island in the river opposite the Chinese city. There are about fifty families, merchants and missionaries. Of the latter there are two American Presbyterian, one London missionary, five English Presbyterian. There is a pleasant church where the missionaries preach in turn on the Lord's Day, and where I preached on both Sabbaths during our stay.

The mission stations are out in the district round the city, at various distances, some as far as fifty or sixty miles. These are visited statedly by the missionaries. At each station also is settled a native pastor in charge. The English mission is just now building a steamer of eighty tons burden for the use of the mission districts of Swatow and Amoy.

On the 10th of June we set sail in the steamer "Albay" for Tamsui, glad at having, at last, taken our final stage in hand. We started at 6 p.m. on Monday. When out to sea we found a head wind and tide, and in Formosa channel, these are no slight things. We consequently ran up the coast directly opposite Tamsui, where, in a beautiful bay, at 2 p.m., on Tuesday, opposite a pretty Chinese town, we cast anchor. This was done because there is a sand bar opposite Tamsui which can be crossed only at high tide; and the captain proposed to wait at anchor, take a quiet dinner and a run on shore, and then run across the Channel during the night, reaching Tamsui early in the morning at high tide. The captain, mate, engineer and ourselves went ashore and had a pleasant stroll. Mrs. Junor was the first European woman who had ever set foot on the island, and we were soon surrounded by a crowd of men and boys. We were compelled to return to the boat for refuge from their curiosity. Even then they waded out into the water and surrounded the boat. There was no rudeness, only curiosity. I collected a great number of pretty shells. How we wished that we could speak to the people, there was such a fine chance to preach the gospel. But our mouths were sealed. After dinner at 2 p.m., we weighed anchor for Tamsui, which we reached the next morning, June 12th, about 7 a.m. We looked anxiously for Mr. McKay but he did not appear. We learned that he was up in the country three or four days' journey.

And now as to our own mission in north Formosa. The success of this mission, so far, is simply marvelous. I believe Mr. McKay has laid the foundations strong and deep. There are now fourteen chapels in the mission, a fine band of native preachers, and another band in the stage of students. These form the hope of the Church here, and they look like men who can be depended upon. I can say little as yet from personal knowledge of the mission, except that I know it is in a prosperous condition. On the first Sabbath Mr. McKay and I and one of the helpers, at 9 o'clock a.m., took a "sampan" (Chinese boat) and started across the river for one of the chapels. Having crossed the river at its mouth (about half a mile), we walked along the beach for about a mile and then struck in across country among the rice fields, and about half a mile from the shore came upon a small village in which stood the chapel. The building is of brick and contains five rooms, (1) a central one about 24x18, (2) two rooms at each end (these are two for the helper and his family who live there, and two for the missionary when he is there). The chapel was nearly full sixty in all. All were farmers, rough and poor looking. Most of this class dress about as follows. At work they wear only a pair of short pants, reaching only above the knee, on Sabbath some of them wear loose, thin, blue shirts outside the pants. No one wears anything on the head at any time.

The service consisted of singing (good and spirited, hymns, reading, and addresses of from five to ten min-

utes by a helper, Mr. McKay, and myself (Mr. McKay interpreting).

Then we had dinner in the chapel after which we had another service. Both were interesting and the people seemed to enter into them with great spirit. The singing was especially good. Chinese singing is peculiar. No Chinaman can take a half note, and in consequence the whole style of the music is changed. They sang hymns familiar but I could by no means follow. Moreover the meaning of Chinese words depends almost wholly on the tone given to each one, and to this the music must be suited. Their voices are harsh and inflexible and yet the music has a plaintive and not at all unpleasant sound. But it was so hearty that one forgot all inequalities in the pleasure of it. After service we started back, under a broiling sun, on the burning sands, took the sampan and reached home about half past two o'clock p.m. The whole day was very enjoyable indeed. On the next Sabbath we had service in Tamsui. Tamsui is a small town of perhaps six or eight thousand and lies down by the river, about five minutes walk from our house. It is full of filth and horrible smells, as are all Chinese towns. In the midst of it is the hospital, a poor, miserable building for such a purpose, and in the hospital is the chapel. I held a service in English in my house at half-past ten a.m. at which were about a dozen. Mr. McKay held one in the town shortly before, and then came up to the English service. In the afternoon, at two o'clock, another service was held in the town of the same character as the one described. The chapel was full as before and the service hearty.

On the third Sabbath at seven a.m., we started for Bangkok. Here is the most important point in north Formosa, and the building of a chapel there was the most important step in the history of the mission. Mr. McKay achieved a triumph, in doing so, over all the most powerful opposing influences in the north. Here was where the boast was made that no chapel could be built. Here was where the people threatened the life of Mr. McKay and his helpers if he dared to attempt establishing the hated religion of Jesus. Here the highest officials interfered to prevent him. The people rose in a body for the same purpose. They raged and threatened but all to no purpose. Mr. McKay wisely saw that he had now come to the tug of battle and to falter was to fail. He knew he was right, and in the Lord's way, and he rightly stood firm as a rock, even to the danger of losing his life. He clearly saw that the whole heathen population of north Formosa was eagerly watching for his success or failure. His triumph was one of great moment. Here in the supreme Prefectural city, after the most persistent and powerful opposition, the hated gospel has triumphed, and with such success as the heathen fully appreciate. Bangkok has about fifty or sixty thousand people. The chapel is in the midst of the city. The city lies up the river about twelve miles. We started Mr. McKay, Mrs. McKay, one of the helpers, and myself, in a rapid boat (a long, flat-bottomed boat, propelled by two scullers, and with an awning of bamboo). We sculled for about three hours against a head wind, when Mr. McKay and myself got out to walk, walking three or four miles under a broiling sun to the chapel, where in a few minutes we had a crowd. Here the chapel consists of two rooms. After we had rested and drunk a few cups of tea (Chinese cups a little smaller than an egg-cup) service began. The service was much the same, only it was evident the thing was strange. Even the street was full, people crowding in to look. After service the people came to be healed, several wanting teeth extracted. One man came with a poor little baby whose hand was in a fearful condition. About two p.m. Mr. McKay and I started for the next chapel a walk of about two miles. The fellow who wanted the teeth extracted followed us (Mr. McKay not having his instruments). This latter chapel, Toa Liong Pong, is a very pretty one, built of brick and having in front a large, covered, open court. It stands in the midst of a large open field of peanuts. Here it is proposed to hold this fall the first great public gathering of the Church. The heathen, it seems, have their great feasts about October and November, and Mr. McKay and I think that a great field day for our Christian people would do them good in many ways. We are looking forward to it with great hope and pleasure. This will reach you before it comes off, and here let me ask for the prayers of the Lord's people that it may be greatly blessed. What a great and hopeful field this is—a field in which faithful work for Christ must tell with peculiar effect, as the past

has clearly shown. How strong is my wish that I could let the Church see the work that has been done and the prospect of what may be done. How it would stir your hearts with thankfulness and a strong purpose to carry on the work and bring the knowledge of Jesus, so blessed to yourselves, to these poor people, steeped to the lips in superstition and ignorance. And yet what has been done is seen here to be like the very smallest drop in the great ocean. The Church must prepare for greater work yet. She has undertaken this mission and it has proved successful beyond expectation. Her first missionary went through untold labor, anxiety, and suffering, to give it to the Church in its present state. The Lord has preserved his life through it all, and on every hand are signs of great hope and promise for the future. Thus both have reason for thankfulness; he, that the Lord has permitted him to see such fruit of his labor; and the Church, that such a work has been put to her hand to be done. K. F. JUNOR.

Tamsui, July 6th, 1878.

PRESBYTERIAN HISTORY.

MR. EDITOR,—It is not my purpose to engage in controversy with any one in relation to early Canadian Presbyterian history, but I may not entirely overlook the communication in your last issue criticising my previous allusion to the U. E. Loyalists. The writer has, very strangely, as it seems to me, misconceived the whole bearing of my article, and misinterpreted my language, while he has furnished the missing link, if there was one, in the evidence of the substantial accuracy of my statements. No one can read the communication referred to without learning from it that, among the early Presbyterian ministers in this section, there were what might be designated as two schools, differing materially as to measures and customs, and strongly set in favor of their own. I do not intend to laud the one school or to condemn the other, but to draw the inference, (which might have been stated as a historical fact) that "the radical and sudden changes of customs and policy" consequent upon the withdrawal of the ministers of one of those schools, and the substitution of the ministers of the other school, was a cause of spiritual declension in the Niagara District.

I will not occupy your space by noticing the communication in detail, as most of the questions will naturally come up in a future paper. If "J. P." and others having access to records or other means of information, will assist me to gather up the fragments of Presbyterian history which are not already lost, they will, in due time, understand that I do not "undervalue the men who bore the heat and burden of the day," whether they were "Progressive American ministers" or "staunch conservatives from Scotland and Ireland;" and, especially, that none of the "U. P. missionaries" require "vindication" from any "charge" of mine. As yet, I have made no "charge" against any pioneer ministers.

Just now, I am very anxious to ascertain where a copy of the printed minutes of the United Synod, or of the Presbytery of York, can be consulted. Two papers are being delayed for the want of information which I have thus far been unable to obtain from any other source. H. S. MCCOLLUM.

St. Catharines, Sept. 9th, 1878.

MERCY.

Break a law of nature and you will receive punishment inevitably. Nature knows no mercy! It is written on her stern brow, that the soul that breaks her laws shall bear the penalty. I asked the sea if she knew of mercy, but received no response; I asked the swollen floods, the flashing lightning, and the blackening storm, but they echoed with an angry voice, "No mercy in me!" I asked the brook rippling over its rocky floor, and it whispered to me, that "life is short and fleeting." I looked among the ruins of empires; I sifted the dust of depopulated cities; I perused the history of mankind, past and present—all said "mercy is not in me." Nature when rightly interpreted alleviates no suffering, but intimates her displeasure against the violation of her rigid laws. Everywhere law reigns supreme with an irrevocable penalty. Whence mercy then? I turned my ear to the throne of the heavenly grace, and heard a voice speaking unto me, "I desired mercy." Mercy is of divine origin, not human; supernatural, not natural. M. C. C.

STEP BY STEP.

Hidden the path before us,
On only one step at a time
The light from heaven shines clearly,
If the path we follow be Thine.

Looking beyond to the future,
Our hearts are filled with dismay,
And we lose our footing and stumble,
And are carried out of the way.

One step at a time is sufficient,
If in earnest the prize to attain;
Step by step, ever onward and upward,
Till our bright home in heaven we gain.

Simple faith in the Hand that upholds us,
Child-like trust that Thy way is the best,
Will brighten each step on our journey
To the home where the weary may rest.

Grace sufficient for each day is promised,
That our feet wander not from the way;
Not a lifetime of sorrow and trouble,
Are we called on to bear in one day.

Let us not seek to pierce through the future,
So graciously hidden from sight;
Its darkness will only enfold us,
And the present will rob of its light.

Of one thing we may ever be certain,—
If we walk by the light divine,—
Brighter still on each step of our journey,
Will its clear, soft radiance shine,

Till, at last, all our wanderings over,
With the trials that compassed our road,
In the glorious light of Thy temple,
We shall wake in Thy likeness, O God!

HELEN LYNNE.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH'S CONTROVERSIAL WORK.—XVI.

"If we are told to confess our sins one to another, for greater reason, we should confess to the priests who have the power from Christ to forgive sins" (page 47). "The priest who gives absolution must be rightly ordained and commissioned by the Pope or bishop to hear confessions and absolve" (page 50). One thing absolutely necessary to right ordination is "a good intention" in him who ordains. No one, therefore, is bound to confess to any priest, until it can be clearly proved that he who ordained that priest had such an intention when he did so.

"It (confession) is one of the most merciful institutions of Christ" (page 47). "Confession is one of the most merciful of God's institutions where justice and mercy meet" (page 54). The confessional puts people completely in the power of the priest, so that he can do with them as he pleases. In this account, his Grace, no doubt, regards it as a "most merciful institution." Facts, however, prove that those who regard it as a most ingenious contrivance of the devil, take the right view of it.

"The confession, with the absolution of sins has been the means of the sanctification of the frail followers of Christ, 'for we all sin in many things'" (page 48). "The sewage of Toronto would be as good for his Grace to wash himself with, as the confessional is for the sanctification of the heart. No Stanley street (now Lombard street) back-yard ever contained greater material filth than do some of the pages designed for the guidance of the priest in the confessional moral filth. Some of the writers of the pages referred to, are very famous names in the Romish Church. Peter Dens is one. Yea, some were bishops, as Burchard of Worms in Germany, and Kendrick of Boston in the United States. Yea, some of them are saints, as Liguori. Yet no writer of brothel literature can, in his department, surpass them. No sow ever wallowed in the mire with greater pleasure, no raven ever feasted on a rotten carcass with greater pleasure than do these men meditate on the filthy scenes which their imaginations have formed. If they had not delighted in the subjects to which I refer, they would not have spoken as particularly about them as they have done. They were in one sense, if not in another, possessed by an unclean spirit while they were writing. But the confessor is at liberty to put any question he pleases to the one confessing, no matter how abominable it may be. Every one knows that thoughts can be put into people's minds by questions. No wonder, then, that the confessional is a hot-bed of licentiousness. A strange means of sanctification truly!

His Grace says that when money is given a priest

for a baptism, marriage, or mass, it is not "the price of the sacrament which is beyond all price, but a contributing towards his support, as a collection is taken up in a Protestant Church not to pay for the sermon, but for the support of the minister or some other charitable object" (page 48). "The childish simplicity of the expression 'not to pay for the sermon,' is most refreshing. When a collection is taken up, those give who like to do so, and those who give, give what they please. This is a very different thing from any one having to pay, and to pay a certain sum, as is the case with baptisms, marriages, and masses, in the Church of Rome.

"At the hour of death, how many Protestants have called for the ministrations of the Catholic priests. We do not hear of a Catholic calling for a Protestant minister to assist him in his passage to eternity" (page 49). The Protestants of whom he speaks, were as ignorant of godliness as an Australian savage. Some were abominably filthy wretches like "The Merry Monarch." Many will rather have a little oil put on their bodies, and swallow a flour-and-water lozenge in order to be saved, than believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Sometimes "Catholics" refuse to have a priest with them when they are dying, preferring instead thereof, a Protestant minister. The late Vicar-General Hay who died in the palace where his Grace now lives, sent, when he was on his death-bed, for the late Dr. Burns to come and see him "as a neighbor, a countryman, and a dying man." The Dr. called twice, but of course the priests kept him out by their trickery.

"Some bad priests have been dismissed from the Church, but none through the mercy of God have revealed sins heard in confession" (page 49). Sometimes, when priests come together, they entertain each other with extracts from what they have heard in the confessional, giving names.

His Grace says "Then the Catholic mode of obtaining forgiveness of sin is much more difficult than the Protestant mode, which is confessing to God alone: Answer—Yes. But confessing to God alone is only a disguised way of confessing to oneself who too easily pardons" (page 52). Here, he shows great ignorance or gross dishonesty. True Protestant confession to God is accompanied by confession to our fellow-beings when circumstances require it, and a change of conduct.

"But do we not read, 'If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all iniquity?'" (1 James i. 9), [page 52]. Here, we have the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Toronto professing to quote from the *First Epistle of James*! His Grace ought to know that there is only *one* Epistle of James. Besides, the words quoted are not in the Epistle of James at all, but in 1 John i. 9!! Of course, His Grace will lay the blunder on the printer's back. Well, it is quite true that printers do commit many most atrocious acts of a typographical kind. I am very doubtful, however, about said plea in defence of his Grace, but I suppose I must give him the benefit of a doubt. Let us now look at his answer. "We do. But we do not read, 'If we confess our sins to God alone, He is faithful and just to forgive us,' but simply if we confess." More childish reasoning than this could not be found. Any unprejudiced person of common sense will see that the confession here spoken of is to be made to Him who can forgive. Now, it is God who is represented as forgiving. His Grace's attempts in the foregoing part of his book to give scriptural authority for the Confessional are an utter failure. Consequently, his reasoning in this part has no force. Suppose he orders a bookseller to send him a certain book. The latter sends several others along with it, and charges him for the whole. His Grace refuses to pay for the others, because he did not order them. The bookseller says, "But you did not forbid me to send them." He sues his Grace. The jury decide that the latter must pay, as he did not forbid the other books to be sent. The reasoning of the bookseller and jury in the one case would be akin to that of his Grace in the other.

On page 52, his Grace asks, "Did the first Christians confess their sins?" Of course, he says, "Yes." Then follows a proof from Scripture: "Many who believed came confessing and showing their deeds, magic, and reading bad books (Acts xix)." Compare this with Acts xix. 18, 19. "Many that believed came and confessed and showed their deeds. Many of them also who used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men, and they

counted the price of them and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver." What a thorough knowledge of Scripture his Grace has! According to him, Paul set up a confession box, and these persons confessed to him all their sins that they could remember. He put to them a multitude of the most abominably filthy questions. Such powerful reasoning so astonishes us that it makes us exclaim with Dominic Sampson, "Pro-digious!" and like "Misther Maloney" gaze on his Grace

"Until our sight
Is dazzled quite,
And cannot see fur starin."

"Has confession continued to be practised in the Church?" (page 53). His Grace says "Yes," and here is the way in which he accounts for that fact. "If it were not of Divine institution the practice is so repugnant to the pride of human nature that no Pope or Bishop could have introduced it." This has as much to do with the question to which it is an answer, as the following question and answer have to do with each other: "Where is Cyprus? The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815." We can do wonderful things with people in a state of brutish ignorance. Here is his Grace's reasoning in another form: "If slavery were not of Divine institution, the thought of being bought and sold like cattle or articles of household furniture is so repugnant to human nature that no one could have introduced it."

"Is not confession practised in some Protestant churches? A.—Yes, there is a kind of confession or telling experiences in the Methodist Church" (page 53). Hurrah! His Grace has made a most wonderful discovery. Our Methodist brethren are partners in sin with the Romish Church. By the class meeting they encourage the Confessional. It is true that those who go to the former do not tell those present even their most secret thoughts, and no one puts to them the most abominable questions conceivable. The difference between the two is, however, very trifling. Would it not, then, be better for the Methodists to abolish the class-meeting? "The Ritualists are trying to introduce confession into the Church of England." The Ritualists are just so much rubbish in the Protestant Church. It would be well if the Church of Rome would come and take them away.

His Grace is, of course, pleased with certain parts of the office for the Visitation of the Sick in the Book of Common Prayer. These are objectionable to thorough Protestants, because they savor so much of the Confessional.

Allow me, your Grace, to give you an argument in favor of confession which you have omitted. Multitudes, we are told, were baptised by John the Baptist in the Jordan, confessing their sins. Of course, they told him as far as they could, all their sins, and he tortured them with a multitude of shockingly filthy questions. If he thus confessed them all, and—as our Baptist brethren say—immersed them all, I cannot see how he kept himself alive with only locusts and wild honey.

Your Grace says, "The secret of the Confession (I suppose you mean 'Confessional') can never be violated." Allow me to suggest that in the next edition of your little book you insert, after the word "Confession," the following, "like those of Free Masonry and Orangeism."

Subject of next paper, "Archbishop Lynch on Indulgences, Transubstantiation and the Mass."

Metis, Que.

T. F.

THE number of children educated in England and Wales is nearly two million and a half, out of a population of 22,712,266, and the total cost of such instruction is a trifle above thirty-six shillings a head (say \$8.64) per annum. The law's requirement that all children between the ages of five and thirteen must attend school is rigidly enforced. The parents who neglect or refuse to send their child or children to school are brought up before a magistrate and subjected to fine or imprisonment. The plea of poverty does not avail, seeing that, in cases where such extenuation may be claimed, free education is given, and the expenses so incurred are discharged from local rates. The compulsory act passed Parliament in 1870. In the year 1877 the total disbursements for public education in England and Wales amounted to £4,520,000—a sum made up by £2,149,000 from the treasury, £786,000 from voluntary subscriptions, £447,000 from local rates, and £1,138,000 from the school pence.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Fortnightly Review.

Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

The number for the first half of August, being No. XV. of the North American Series, contains: "The Convention with Turkey," by S. Laing, M.P.; "Ice-land," by Anthony Trollope; "The Change in Belgian Politics," by E. de Laveleye; "Rectifications," by W. R. Greg; "A Chapter of Buddhist Folk-Lore," by B. F. Hartshorne; "Henry Murger," by George Saintsbury; "The Political Adventures of Lord Beaconsfield;" "Greece at the Congress of Berlin," by G. Shaw Lefevre, M.P.; "The Position of English Joint Stock Banks," by A. T. Wilson; Home and Foreign Affairs.

Vick's Floral Guide.

Rochester, N.Y.: James Vick.

Besides the usual catalogues and illustrations the "Guide" for this Fall contains a large quantity of useful reading matter, from which we select the following reasonable directions:—

"Early Autumn is the best possible time for re-arranging beds of herbaceous plants. Roots can be divided without injury, and generally with great benefit to the health of the plants. Plants that are somewhat tender may be secured in pits or cool cellars. A simple pit is made by removing the earth for say two feet, over which is placed a hot-bed frame and sash. Even boards or mats will answer for a covering. Give air during fine weather. There is no season so favourable as Autumn for making general improvements in the garden. Our Springs are short, and yet quite long enough, for our Spring weather is miserable. All important changes in the garden should, therefore, be made in the pleasant, dry weather of Autumn. Dig up and put in order every vacant bed, as it will not only facilitate Spring work, but do the soil good and give a neater appearance than if left rough and weedy. All bulbs and plants that die down to the ground in Autumn may be protected by covering the surface of the earth with leaves, or manure, or straw, but plants that retain their leaves during Winter will not bear this kind of protection. A few evergreen boughs thrown over the bed, a little straw between the plants, or some light covering of this kind, is all they will bear without injury. We have seen more plants smothered and rotted by heavy covering than saved."

Littell's Living Age.

Boston: Littell and Gay.

Along with other important articles from the "Quarterly Review," "Fortnightly Review," "Spectator," etc., the "Living Age" for the week ending September 7th contains a valuable and interesting paper on "Cyprus," taken from "Macmillan's Magazine." The writer, Mr. R. Hamilton Lang, gives a very full account of the capabilities of the island and the characteristics of its people. He describes the agricultural capabilities of the island as being very great, although not a tenth of the land is under cultivation; and he states that there are only two natural disadvantages to contend with, namely, drought and locusts. A few years ago, an intelligent governor prevented the ravages of the locusts by having sixty-two tons of their eggs collected and destroyed. This can be repeated, if necessary. The droughts are not so easily dealt with. A short extract will show how seriously the inhabitants sometimes suffer from long-continued want of rain; and it will also serve to illustrate some of the more favourable traits in their character:—

"Exposed as he thus is to disappointment from drought on the one hand, and to the ruthless ravages of the locust on the other hand, the wonder is, not that the Cyprian peasant is at the lowest ebb of prosperity, but that the island is not one vast desolate waste. And if it is not, we owe it to the patience under suffering and the almost superstitious submission to a divine will which are remarkable characteristics of the Cypriote character. During the Summer of 1870, a large portion of the peasants lived chiefly upon roots of all kinds, which they dug up in the fields. It was sad to see the long lines of these poor people arriving daily at the market-places with their trinkets and copper household vessels for sale, in order to carry back with them a little flour for their famishing families. And yet there was no bitterness in their hearts, no cursing of their sad fate. The exclamation which you heard from the lips of every man during these weary months of hardship, was no other than, 'O Theos mas lipithe,' May God have compassion on us! Never did I feel touched by, and never do I expect to join in, such a refrain of joy, as when, one morning, about two o'clock, the first blessed drops of rain fell which had been seen during twelve months; and when they increased to a torrential shower, men, women, and children, with torches, in the dark of the night, repaired to the mouth of the watershed to clear away every impediment which might delay the water in reaching their parched fields. It was a strange and touching sight. There was no drunken revelling, but the child-like gratitude in every heart was at every moment heard in the passionate 'Doxa se o Theos,' The Lord be praised!"

No one keeps a secret so well as the individual who is ignorant of it.—*Calderon.*

SPIRITUAL MIRACLES.

It is an often-quoted remark of Luther that the spiritual miracles are the true miracles. They do not take place in the realm of sense. There is in them no such obvious presence of the supernatural as to force conviction. They are within the souls of men. But they result not the less in a new creation. What ground has the common man for believing in the Gospel? He cannot weigh the literary evidences. He cannot confute the assertions of adversaries who deny the genuineness of the Gospels, and quote patristic testimonies against them? Has he then no good ground for his faith? He finds the surest proof in the contents of the books themselves. He sees a verisimilitude in the descriptions of the life and character of Jesus; they could not have been made up; and they are not of the earth. He draws from the Bible a life-giving nutriment for his spirit,—forgiveness, hope, strength against temptation, the joy of a new life. He sees that he does not stand alone. A multitude whom no man can number derive the same good from the same source. He is not dreaming, then; he is not indulging a fancy. He is like one who is drinking clear and cool water from a well which affords the same refreshment to thousands besides himself. He knows that it is a well of water, without inquiring into the history of it, and troubling himself with the question by whose hands it was dug. More highly educated persons may be necessitated to investigate these points by difficulties which they are not at liberty peremptorily to set aside; but even such minds can never afford to undervalue or ignore the testimony of the Spirit.—*Prof. Geo. P. Fisher in Sunday Afternoon.*

PROGRESS OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN ENGLAND.

In England, where the theory and practice of total abstinence have always been scoffed at by the cultivated majority, the awful prevalence of drunkenness is leading to the formation of a public sentiment against drinking as strong as any that ever existed in this country. The clergy have hitherto maintained drinking practices, but now many of the ministers of the Establishment as well as of the Dissenting bodies, with a large section of the medical profession and distinguished men from every walk in life have united in a vigorous movement for the suppression of drunkenness. Canon Farrar, in a sermon preached a few Sundays since in Westminster Abbey, "declared alcoholic drinking and drunkenness to be the one glaring, disgraceful and perilous national vice, by which the nation stands unenviably distinguished and seriously endangered." So strong a feeling of the evils of drunkenness as that which now prevails in respectable circles in England naturally leads to the adoption of the Christian rule of total abstinence. It does not require the imposition of total abstinence upon others as a rule; it only leads a man to say: "Because this evil is so great; and because I wish to save those who are ruining themselves by drink; and because I cannot very effectively urge them to abstain without abstaining myself, I therefore relinquish a luxury which I have not abused, and to which I deem myself entitled, that I may the more successfully persuade those to abandon it to whom it is proving a curse." It begins to be evident in England that this course of conduct is something very different from fanaticism; and the same truth ought to be equally evident on this side the ocean.—*Editor's Table in Sunday Afternoon.*

ADDISON well says that "envy is a tax which men must meet who become distinguished. The oak receives a lightning stroke which the bramble escapes."

BE not ashamed before God of thy trade,—every honest calling is acceptable in his eyes; but with thy trade be not ashamed of thy God and thy Christianity.—*Gerok.*

THE greatest luxury of riches is that they enable you to escape so much good advice. The rich are always advising the poor; but the poor seldom venture to return the compliment.—*Helps.*

In the moral training of the young we need more attention paid to what may be called Christian chivalry. Children need to be taught that there is something better to be sought for than fine clothes, dollars, social status and success; that courage, integrity, fidelity to promise, courtesy—all the knightly qualities of chivalrous times—are better, and needed as much as ever.

CURRENT OPINIONS.

SOME small men cast large shadows; some large men cast small shadows.—*Christian Union.*

THE great sin of the men and women in this highly-favored land of ours is ingratitude.—*Occident.*

THE worst failures in this world are those of the men who acquire wealth and don't know how to use it.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

THE logical outcome of believing all churches and all creeds to be alike good, is the belief that there isn't much good in any of them.—*Canadian Independent.*

PARENTS, what you put into your boy's pocket may weight him down, or he may lose it. What you put into his head can never be lost or levied upon.—*Christian Advocate.*

IT is no part of Christianity to say to any man, "Do what you like best to do; and if you don't succeed we will take care of you." Society says too much of this now.—*N. Y. Observer.*

IT is quite possible to be curious about religious questions, and at the same time to be utterly devoid of those tastes and affections that constitute the essence of experimental religion.—*Zion's Herald.*

THOUGH not devoid of ambition, I do not think that one who holds a judicial office should mix in politics, or accept any honors or offices, even though offered without his asking.—*Judge Longworth.*

ONE of the most valuable results of reading good books is that it supplies the mind with "food for thought" in hours when other sources of happiness are not at command.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

THERE are numerous Athenians around us who spend their time in hearing and telling some new thing, and he who will cater to this fleshly curiosity will not lack hearers and followers.—*Christian.*

IT costs to save a lost world; and nothing is wasted that serves well that end. God himself has given for this purpose the choicest, the highest, and the best which it was possible for even him to give.—*Advance.*

THE parent, or the teacher, or the preacher, who can say words which shall impress children for good, has reason to thank God for the hopefulness and the delightfulness of his peculiar mission.—*Sunday School Times.*

UPON the Christian people of any community rests the responsibility of doing all possible to evangelize that community, and upon every church to make itself felt for Christ so far as its influence may extend.—*Congregationalist.*

CHILDREN need sympathy and the expression of love, as well as bread and butter, and the wife of to-day needs tenderness and the little attentions of life, no less than the sweet-heart of ten or twenty years ago.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

VACATIONS are good for tired bodies, but multitudes of ministers and laymen will come back to earnest work and worship with thankful hearts this coming Sabbath. There is a zest about life that has a purpose to serve God and humanity.—*Congregationalist.*

THE parading of false doctrine in the pulpit under the plea of exposing it very commonly results in calling attention to an error the people would know nothing about but for the pulpit advertisement thus given it.—*Methodist Protestant.*

A CHURCH, if it is to do God's work, must grow with the life of God; it can not be created in a year by calling-together a heterogeneous mass of people held together by no tie stronger than that of admiration for a choir, an organist, or a preacher.—*Watchman.*

IF only the covetous man could be persuaded not to deify his money, and the proud man not to adore himself, and the lascivious man to abandon his lewdness, and the intemperate man to forsake his revels, and others to renounce the vices to which they are addicted, then would objections to the gospel vanish.—*Presbyterian Journal.*

THERE are fashions of irreligion. Sometimes it is infidelity, sometimes disaffection with some prevalent doctrine, sometimes it is mere worldliness or dissipation. In a large majority of those who at any given time are irreligious, their particular theory is of no consequence. The root of their aversion to the gospel is spiritual, not intellectual. Their alleged objections may be answered while they remain unconvinced.—*The Watchman.*

THE Howard nurse is only mentioned in the papers as "one of twenty-five" arriving on such a date, or "one of twenty" who are dead. If he falls, his friends only learn of it because he fails to return. In the future there is to be no roll-call of a victorious army, with the proud answer to his name, "Dead upon the field of honor." He gives his life for some plague-stricken wretch where there is none but God to know.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

OUR knowledge of sin being the measure of our glory in Christ, it becomes us to search out our sinfulness, now that we have a Christ to keep us from despair. If we uncover it all in our meditations and confessions before God, holding fast all the while to Jesus, the new discoveries of our guilt will not render us sad, but only glorify Jesus the more before our eyes, and fasten his loveliness in our hearts. Before we fully understood Christ the revelation of sin was only painful; but now all the pain is cancelled in the joy of salvation.—*Church Union.*

HE who glories in the cross of Christ will certainly find that cross laid upon himself. He cannot separate from the world without incurring the frown and derision of the world, and these are but the modern forms of persecution, less virulent, indeed, than the ancient, but often to the full as galling and oppressive. And any one who is not aware that he has a cross of this kind to carry, that religion exposes him to any measure of obloquy, contempt or opposition, has reason rather to fear that he is not a real Christian than to question whether Christ's cross has, indeed, been transferred to His disciples.—*Presbyterian Journal.*

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

SWEET CHARITY!

The fever has now become epidemic, says the "Southwestern Presbyterian," with an average daily rate of mortality of about forty-three during the past ten days. Until that point becomes settled, the city exhibits the same fears which characterize other towns, resorting to all sorts of whimsical experiments to keep off the fever—for instance, poisoning the atmosphere with the noxious fumes of carbolic acid, to improve its sanitary properties—or doing one's best to get away from it. But when it becomes a settled fact that the epidemic is really among us, all fuss disappears; and the community settles itself down to make the best of it.

In such emergencies, New Orleans has certain decided advantages. In the first case, the fever is a more familiar object, and hence its aspect less terrible. In the next place, there is a large number of our residents who are accustomed to the treatment of the disease. And another great advantage is the facility and efficiency with which our citizens organize for the relief of the afflicted poor and friendless.

When an epidemic has fairly started on its destructive course, it is always found that the poor and the strangers form the most suffering class of the community—suffering not only the evils incident to disease, but liable to starvation besides. And as all business is either suspended or under interdict, the poor are most numerous just at a time when they are most helpless. Here is afforded a wide and urgent call for the help of the benevolent. It is honourable to humanity, and gratifying to every generous feeling, to see how promptly and cheerfully this call is answered on every hand. We might almost say that the whole community resolves itself into a benevolent society.

The Howard Association is the chief organ of the benevolent, and the leader in the work of benevolence. It is an association of gentlemen, without reference to faith or politics; the only qualification required is the desire to relieve suffering humanity. When they open their books, physicians, nurses, and citizens volunteer their services, and are enrolled, organized, and set to work. The city is divided into districts, which are assigned to the various relief committees. And the fund contributed by friendly sympathy abroad and at home is applied for the relief of the sick and needy.

And just here, we must do ourselves the pleasure of testifying to the generous sympathies of the communities and citizens in other parts of the country. From almost every considerable city, from societies and individuals in every direction, donations are reaching us for the relief of the needy. This spontaneous kindness, the expression of the noblest sentiments, is worthy to be commemorated. Out of the calamity which surrounds us, grows this beautiful and blessed charity—good springing from the midst of evil, to strengthen mutual respect and friendship by community in Christian charity. To so considerable an extent have these contributions been made, that we are enabled to dispense it to others. This becomes a distributing centre for the relief of the surrounding towns and cities, and the help is sent as freely and as promptly as the hearts of the donors could desire. No discrimination is made against any one or in any one's favor. The towns which have established the most relentless quarantine against us have only to send word when trouble comes on them, and the answer is sent by telegraph: "Nurses and physicians will be sent to you at once."

We are not objecting to the precautions which prudence seems to dictate. We are merely showing that, however they might seem suited to irritate, they are not even thought of at such a time. Grenada, we believe, was the first point on the Northern Railroad to establish quarantine against us. The first time they let it down was probably to receive our physicians and nurses, sent to their relief. Vicksburg, Port Eads, Canton, Port Gibson, Memphis, and other points, which established a quarantine so rigid, that it was a dangerous matter for a New Orleans man to show himself—as soon as they were stricken, applied to New Orleans for help, and received the assurance of it as soon as the telegraph could return an answer.

The benevolent in distant parts of the country thus see that the Howards are no unworthy almoners of their bounty.

The Young Men's Christian Association is also doing a good work. They have organized themselves into a relief committee, and are assiduously visiting and distributing aid. Their judicious watchfulness and personal supervision entitle them to confidence and respect. They are doing a good work. Should the epidemic continue long, they will have done a great work. As an illustration of their fidelity and zeal, we refer to their work in 1858. In that epidemic they reported having relieved 1,668 cases from August 27 to October 19—834 cases each month.

In addition to these general relief organizations, the different benevolent societies furnish relief to their own members, and the various evangelical churches look after their own membership, and physicians and ministers of the gospel have their hands full. Thus it will be seen that with us an epidemic season is a busy time.

The Lord succor the needy, and bless the labors of those who minister to the sick and the dying!

THE MORALS OF MANNERS.

Nothing is more common than the confounding of manner with manners. They are not of necessity even related to each other, which is proved by this, that you shall see many a man who has a good manner, but bad manners, and *vice versa*. I have seen many women whose manner was awkward, untrained to the last degree, and yet they had excellent manners; and some of the most suavely mannered people I know have the worst manners possible.

Standards of manners may and must differ; differ so radically that it is not possible for men of one sphere even to comprehend the standards of another. Between the man of courts and the tiller of the soil there is a gulf wide as between inhabitants of different planets. Let us go deeper than standards, analyse radical differences, and but one law is found—one right and one wrong; one good and one bad. The only sure and exhaustive rule for good manners was given two thousand years ago by the son of a carpenter; a man who, it is certain, had never seen in his father's house or among his friends anything like polished behaviour or technical courtesies of fine breeding. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," was the rule.

More common than the confusion in men's minds between "manner" and "manners," is the confusion between the desire to make others happy and the desire to please. One is selfish, the other unselfish, one is of good manners, the other of bad, one is nearly universal, the other as rare as pure goodness itself, one is honest, the other tricky, and the tricky one goes about half the time masquerading so successfully in the honest one's clothes, that people are deceived into a most superfluous gratitude for the apparent kinness with which they are treated. Perhaps there is no form of bad manners which can go so long or so far undetected as this. The only consolation in regard to it is that, when discovery and retribution do overtake it, they are complete and severe. No wolf in all the plain so shivering bare as is left the one that is stripped at last of his stolen sheep-skins.

In spite of all that has been written, and read, and thought, and talked, on the subject of good manners, the number of people who persistently and honestly strive to cultivate them in themselves and teach them to their children is sadly small. Who can look around among his acquaintances, and, applying the strict standard, the inexorable test of the Golden Rule, discover many men or many women who are not found wanting? Happy man if he can find one! Happy man if, applying the same inexorable test to his own daily walk and habit, he do not writhe guiltily in his secret consciousness of abominably bad manners.—*H. H., in the N. Y. Independent.*

A SCIENTIFIC DISPUTE SETTLED.

Sir William Thomson, of British and scientific renown, has made an important contribution towards the solution of a dispute among a number of scientists respecting the microphone, etc. It is always to be regretted that any controversy should spring up among scientific men concerning the priority of their discoveries or inventions, and especially when that is accompanied with acrimonious expressions, and violent charges of bad faith. Mr. Edison, of New Jersey, now so favorably known in connection with the phonograph, etc., has boldly charged Mr. Preece and Professor Hughes, of England, with "piracy," "plagi-

arism," and "abuse of confidence," in appropriating his discoveries as though they were original inventions. It is without question a very serious charge, and nothing but the strongest evidence can justify it. This evidence appears to be wholly wanting. Mr. Edison has acted with unpardonable haste. His recent success has apparently turned his head, and on the ground of an admitted or fancied similarity, he hurls accusations of dishonesty against men who would scorn to do a dishonorable thing. The letter of Sir William Thomson shows incontrovertibly that Mr. Edison is in the wrong; and, as the New York "Tribune" says, it must make the friends of Mr. Edison "regret his impetuous accusations," whilst it shows that he "owes an ample apology to the scientists he accused of betraying and robbing him." In point of fact, Sir William Thomson's letter proves that neither Mr. Edison nor Professor Hughes can claim credit for the original invention of the physical principle used in the telephone and the microphone; for the same principle was used long before by M. Clerac, of the French "Administration des Lignes Telegraphiques," in the "variable resistance carbon tubes," which he had given to Mr. Hughes and others for important practical applications as early as 1866, and that it depends entirely on the fact long ago pointed out by Du Moncel, that increase of pressure between two conductors in contact produces diminution of electric resistance between them. This is decisive; and, as Sir William says, Mr. Edison must see that he has let himself be hurried into an injustice; and that he will therefore not rest until he retracts his accusations of bad faith as publicly and amply as he made them.—*Scottish American Journal.*

WORKING BY PROXY.

One of the most eminent of American scientific men was not infrequently blamed by some of his assistants, because he made such constant use of their own investigations. The world knew only one man; the assistants thought almost bitterly of their long months of patient and obscure study spent over a single fish or fossil. The great professor was the master of prodigious knowledge himself, but he was an organizer as well as a student. He was ever willing to give due credit to his assistants, but often their labor of years thus master would condense in a single paragraph. Without his comprehensive plan and his quick perception of what was needed, his life-work would have been crippled. Under such a man the mathematical axiom is verified, that the whole is equal to the sum of all its parts, but the separated parts would have been scattered and made almost valueless without one directing and informing eye. So in a university, a family, a Sunday school, a church, it is equally true that a person who knows *how* is greater than one who merely *knows*. The exact measure of a man's power in practical life is his ability to leave to others work in his sphere which they can do to advantage—that he may himself have time and strength for his own particular labor.

HOW TO GET UP EARLY.

Place a basin of cold water by the side of your bed; when you first awake in the morning dip your hands in the basin and wet your brow, and sleep will not again seal you in its treacherous embrace. This is the advice given by an aged man, who had been in the habit of rising early during a long life. By attending to this advice, you may learn to rise every morning at *five o'clock*. The writer has found it to be a better plan to go to bed at one regular hour. Leave your bed the moment you awake of yourself, after daylight; Nature will thus regulate the sleep to the exact amount required by the system.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

MR. SPURGEON said the other day that there were a number of religious people, who, like vagrants, seemed inclined to try to get to heaven by a by-road, so as to escape paying the turnpikes, attending sometimes one place and sometimes another, never doing much, and never being asked for much.

"How much easier it is to do a great thing than a little thing," said Dr. Bushnell, in commenting on a successful effort to win a somewhat dissipated young man to a new life in Christ, instead of laboring to induce him to give up one bad habit or another. Time is often lost in God's service by not attempting enough, by not striving after great things.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1878.

Y.M.C.A. OF THE WORLD IN CONFERENCE.

THE triennial Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world was held recently at Geneva, in Switzerland, and extended over a number of days. This was the eighth meeting of the kind. The sessions were held in the "Hall of the Reformation," a building that was erected not long ago in memory of John Calvin. The beautiful city of Geneva was a most appropriate place for such a gathering, and the Hall so named was peculiarly fitting for the business which the Conference had to transact.

It gives us some conception of the ramifications of these societies to learn that there were present two hundred and fifty delegates, of whom forty-seven came from Great Britain under the leadership of Mr. George Williams, of London, whose presence at the International Conference of Y.M.C.A. held in Toronto in July, 1876, will be remembered with pleasure by many of our readers. There were forty-one delegates from the United States and Canada, including Mr. Russell Sturgis, jr., of Boston, Mr. R. R. McBurney, of New York, also the secretaries of the Associations in Brooklyn, Pittsburgh and Harrisburg, and of the International and New York State Committees, with influential members from Baltimore, Philadelphia, Richmond, Indianapolis, and other cities of the Union and of the Dominion. It appears that of the two thousand societies which exist throughout the world about one-half are located in Canada and the United States.

There seems to have been the best possible preparation made in order to make the Conference a great success. A well-selected theme had been given to each of the German, French, English and American delegations. Every one of these papers was translated and printed in the three languages of the Conference, English, French and German. Copies were placed in the hands of the delegates, so that every one could read in his own language what was being spoken in another. Mr. Femand, a young merchant of Geneva, who

was chairman of the committee of his city, and who was called to preside over the Conference, spoke fluently each of the three languages, and was thus enabled to discharge his difficult duties with ease to himself and with pleasure to all the delegates. There were various other gentlemen who by their knowledge of more than one of the languages represented were able to act as interpreters to others during the discussions which took place.

A conference like this is even of greater practical importance than the Pan-Presbyterian, or the Pan-Anglican, or the proposed Pan-Methodist Council. It is more like the Evangelical Alliance, though it is marked by more of specialty than the latter. On the platform of the Geneva Conference were of course representatives of all the Evangelical Churches, in the character, for the most part, of laymen. But the point wherein this Conference differs from the Councils to which we have referred, is that it has business of a practical kind before it. One of the papers which were translated and printed in the three languages of the Conference, was very ably written by a member of the French Committee, and advocated the appointment of a Central International Committee which should have charge of the programme of the Conferences, to collect and circulate statistical information, and engage in such correspondence and visitation as may prove practicable. The American delegates were enabled to give much useful information regarding their important work in this very direction. The Managing Committee of the Conference was accordingly and with unanimity appointed the Central International Committee. Such practical work as this ensures the vitality and continuance of these triennial Conferences. The Councils referred to have as yet too much theory and too little of the practical element.

As it is pleasant to behold the little acorn becoming the gigantic oak and spreading its branches in every direction for shelter and fruitfulness, so it is delightful as it is encouraging to see the progress which has been made by the Y.M.C.A. within but a few years. It is a tree not only of sturdy growth in its native soil, but it is one which has sent out its offshoots to all nations and countries. As a necessary institution in the midst of our sectional religious differences it is doing a noble work for the cause of Christ and general benevolence.

HIGH SCHOOL, WESTON.

IT is with pleasure we have perused a circular placed in our hands and entitled "Record of Honours and Distinctions won by the students of the High School, Weston, 1876-77-78." In this list we find quite a large number of names which have obtained Honours and Distinctions at Toronto and Victoria Universities. These are not confined to one class of learning, but cover the large field of the Classics and Mathematics, of the English, French and German languages, of History and Geography, Chemistry and Natural History, and also of Biology, Mineralogy and Geology. One student carries off the General Proficiency Scholarship in all these branches, another the same in Classics and Mathematics, while the first-mentioned in the current year gains the first Natural Science

Scholarship, all at the Toronto University. Two of the pupils of Weston have passed the Preliminary in 1876 and 1878 before the learned Societies of Law and Medicine respectively. All the candidates in this school for second class during the last two years have been successful. Such a record as this places the High School of Weston before the public as a superior institution for acquiring scholarship and preparing for the Universities or the teaching profession. Mr. George Wallace, B.A., the head master, is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and ex-Scholar, Glasgow. He is becoming widely known amongst the ministers and members of the Presbyterian Church in this section of the country. His past success is an earnest of future success. Families in the country wishing to have their children well educated and well cared for, would do well to send them to such a school as this at Weston, and where boarding with Mr. Wallace, they will be under his immediate inspection.

THE CHINESE IN AMERICA.

POOR Cheap John is being hunted about at a terrible rate. He is hounded in British Columbia. The Californians would devour him, if he did not seem of such vile flavour. What is the grievous fault charged upon the Chinese? It is that they work for little, and can live on less. The Anglo-Saxon cannot in these respects compete with the Mongolian. Therefore, he is to be exterminated. That looks like the logic of the Inquisition. While much can be said upon Cheap John in such relations as manhood suffrage, equal rights, and so forth, it must be confessed that in large hordes he is hardly to be viewed as an eminently satisfactory citizen. It specially goes against the grain with our Yankee friends, who in their better moods boast of their English descent and their Anglo-Saxon blood. They do not like the avalanche of pig-tails. There is some reason for this when we consider the difference between them in manners and customs, in language and religion, and in their devotion to beef and rice respectively. Our Co-Dominionists of British Columbia are also taking alarm at the invasion from China. It threatens the province like the barbarous hordes of the North which swept down upon the Roman civilization and demolished the landmarks as by a mighty deluge. The Columbians are determined to meet the evil by superior legislation, but so far as we have studied their enactments, we fear there is too little made of the manhood suffrage and equal rights questions. But we have no doubt Cheap John will grow and flourish in spite of the thumbscrew and the pillory. A man who can live on air can be jolly in any circumstances. We could, however, conceive of no kind of legislation that would meet the difficulty in a wholesome manner. Let us trust that nothing unworthy of our Christianity, of our civilization or of our boasted freedom, will be done with a view to extermination or suppression of the Chinese. That we believe cannot successfully be done upon the free soil of America. Good can be accomplished in other ways. Need skilled labour or education fear the Chinese? Well, indeed, were it so. If not, new channels will be found for the skilled, in which let the Chinese follow if they can.

DISTRIBUTION OF PROBATIONERS.

WE learn that the committee on the Distribution of Probationers is to meet in Guelph on the 19th inst.

The attention of all interested is requested to the following regulations, adopted by the general Assembly at its late meeting. It will be seen from these that Probationers are required to report all *bona fide* vacancies. Notice should be given to the committee of the congregations that wish to procure one-half their own supply. Where this is not done the committee will give all the supply at their disposal. It is particularly desired that intimation of any change of Conveners of Presbyteries' committees be sent to the Convener of the Distribution Committee, so that the Probationer may be correctly informed as to the person to whom he should apply for his appointments in the bounds of Presbyteries to which he is designated.

The following are the regulations of Assembly:

I. Probationers and Ministers now on the Roll.

(1) The names of Probationers and Ministers on the Roll for the past four years shall be continued on said Roll for three months longer—thereafter, if not settled, to be removed from the Roll.

(2) Those on the Roll for the past three years shall be continued six months longer—thereafter, if not settled, to be removed from the Roll.

(3) Those on the Roll for two years shall be continued for another year and then removed.

II. Probationers and Ministers hereafter to be placed on the Roll.

(1) Probationers shall be allowed three years on the Roll.

(2) Ministers, who resign their charges, shall be allowed two years on the Roll after each resignation.

(3) The above regulations, so far as they can be applied, shall refer to Ministers and Licentiates, who come from the Presbyterian Churches in Great Britain and Ireland.

(4) Ordained Ministers, who have been received from other Churches, with leave of the Assembly, shall be placed on the Roll for one year.

III. Probationer's Salary.

Presbyteries are hereby recommended to induce congregations to pay Probationers as liberally as possible—it being understood that the minimum be eight dollars (\$8.00) per week, with board.

IV. Supply of Vacancies.

(1) Presbyteries are hereby instructed to regard Probationers as having a prior claim to be heard in vacancies and to secure such hearing for them.

(2) Presbyteries are hereby instructed to consider the propriety of appointing Probationers to vacancies for not less than two weeks, in order that the duties of the pastoral office may be attended to by them, as laid down in Minutes of Assembly, 1876, pp. 59, clause 8.

(3) Students shall not be appointed to vacancies save in exceptional cases.

(4) Presbyteries are enjoined not to report as a vacancy any congregation not prepared to call.

(5) Presbyteries are instructed to place all their vacant congregations prepared to call on the list of vacancies, and congregations are allowed to procure their own supply through the Presbytery for half the time, when they so desire.

(6) Employment shall hereafter be given by the Committee to none but those whose names are transmitted to this Committee through some Presbytery of the Church.

SABBATH SCHOOL WORK.

THE Sabbath School work of our Church is in process of organization. The Committee on Sabbath Schools is recognized as a distinct and important executive department. At the late meeting of the General Assembly in Hamilton it was resolved that the Committee on the State of Religion omit the department of Sabbath School work from their schedule, and that the Assembly's Sabbath School Committee be empowered to issue a blank form on the whole subject, say for two years, embracing questions on Sabbath School Instruction, Sabbath School Organization, Sabbath School Equipment and Sabbath School Benevolence and Work. The Committee is active and energetic, and it has work enough before it to employ all its energies. One great result which we expect from its labors is the assimilation of the course of

instruction and system of teaching in the different Sabbath Schools throughout the Church. When this is done, it will be found that, as in the case of the secular schools, children will not be so much retarded in their studies by moving from one part of the country to another. At the request of the Convener of the Sabbath School Committee, Rev. John McEwen, of Ingersoll, we reprint the Assembly's deliverance on this subject with extracts from the Committee's report. It will be useful to Sabbath School superintendents, teachers, and others interested in the work, who may not see the Assembly's Minutes. The report occupied much of the time and attention of the Assembly, and finally, on motion of Dr. Bell, seconded by Mr. J. K. Smith, the following deliverance was unanimously adopted:

"Receive the report; thank the Convener for his diligence in the matter; empower the Committee to issue schedules for the purpose of eliciting information, and urge on all Ministers and Sessions diligence in replying thereto; appoint the Moderator, in his pastoral letter on the state of religion, to press the recommendations of the report on the attention of the Church; instruct Presbyteries to give diligent attention to the oversight of Sabbath School work within their bounds; and, where practicable, to hold Presbyterial Sabbath School Conferences, and to encourage the formation of classes for training Sabbath School Teachers; and authorize the Conveners of the Committees of the several Synods to act as a committee, if they see fit, to inquire into and report on the subject of Sabbath School Literature."

EXTRACT FROM REPORT.

We beg leave to enumerate some central points on this important department of work that seem worthy of immediate consideration. Behind the facts already submitted, condensed to the utmost degree, there is a widely diffused interest, anxiety, and hope concerning the rising generation, *What to do—How to do it*—the pressing conviction that it must be done at once, because a generation is slipping out of our hands, much prayer is being offered for the Holy Spirit to render the work done effectual. Not a little of our discouragement and seeming unfaithfulness in the ministry has its source in the neglect of instruction in the past. If we were more careful and painstaking in early instruction and training, our labors in preaching, lecturing, and good counsels would be more fruitful. We labor too far from the head of the stream.

Again, what minister does not know that his preaching, expressed in the most biblical terms, on Sin—Redemption—Reconciliation—Covenant—Sovereign Grace—Heaven—Earth—and Hell—has, to the mind of a very large portion of his hearers, *not even an intellectual definiteness of meaning*—the hearer is largely passive, and this state of matters is induced by aimless, unskillful, and indefinite handling of God's Word by ill-furnished and ill-prepared parents and teachers.

We are called upon to give thanks for the awakening to the importance of definite instruction to the young. We give thanks for signs of better things in Bible study and a desire on the part of our people to possess greater power in handling Divine truth in class, catechetical, and school form, and regarding this as a distinctive department of church work.

Further, our testimony and history as Presbyterians has been such as make us prominent in doing this work wisely and well. We must distinguish between what is ephemeral and what is fitted to become fruitful sources of health and spiritual power. The doctrine and polity of this Church enable her to organize and do this work with peculiar efficiency.

1. The triple bond of *infant membership, parental responsibility, and church recognition*, form a basis, not of theory, but of immense practical power, and our Sabbath School work will lack backbone until this is wrought out in the Church.

2. Our history in giving special attention to early training in the *home and in the church* requires renewed attestation before the world, and increased adaptation to existing wants in means and methods.

Reference was made in the circular issued to presbyteries to the wide separation existing between our excellent system of public education and anything like religious instruction from the Bible as a book. In this connection it ought to be observed that the Synod of Hamilton and London appointed a deputation to wait on the Honorable the Minister of Education for Ontario, to solicit that all barriers to the reading of the Bible in school be removed and that the Bible become a text book. The report of that deputation at the last meeting of Synod goes to show that every possible facility in legislation and arrangement on time table is given to carry out the above petition. This Church, in honor to her convictions, her faith, and her testimony in this matter, is bound to leave no stone unturned, and no legitimate influence unused, to render the law of reading the Bible in our public schools a reality and centre of moral influence. It rests no longer on governments, but on the people and those who are chosen trustees and teachers.

The key of our Sabbath School work is in the hands of our teachers. It is an axiom in educational science: "Such as the teacher is, so will be the school." With awakened responsibility in the parent, and increased devotedness and piety in the teacher, and a larger share of church recognition to the work, the duty of the hour points to more supervision

and examination as to the work done, more system and thoroughness as to the equipment of those who do the work. It cannot be that we have reached the ideal of the "Great Teacher come from God." Your Committee would with all humility ask this Assembly in the language of another: "Must every tyro still be allowed to try experiments in the most delicate and precious of materials, the human body and mind; on the most powerful of all forces, human passions and the human will—experiments in which success or failure mean virtue or vice, happiness or misery, lives worthy or unworthy, sowing with every action a seed of good or ill?" It cannot be wise in the Church to close her eyes to the fact that in this work of instruction she has to compete with—

I. Great intensity of purpose in secular education, and with growing thoroughness of equipment for the work in hand.

II. Systematic thoroughness of organization.

III. Clearness of vision as to the objects sought, rather than by the slow, groping, uncertain methods of mere instinct. Quickness of apprehension, dexterity of judgment, and readiness of adaptation, are in no wise hindrances to religious life in a Sabbath School. Slowness, dullness, diffusiveness, are nothing for their own sake. Has no one had it suggested to his mind that the secret of our inability to hold our young men and women longer under close instruction is the low measure of our teaching power? And it is worthy of investigation as to how far this may not be operating as a cause on the human side of things, accounting for a great number of adults not apprehending their relations to the ordinances of God's house. If we can elevate the attainments and skill of our teachers without deadening or diminishing their piety, will we not adopt the surest means of building them up in character, power, and efficiency? Will not this tend to multiply workers in all departments of Church effort? It appears to your Committee wisdom to utilize and incorporate for use all educational forces that are full of hope for the future. Your Committee hesitate to submit recommendations that might not express the mind of the Church, inasmuch as this subject has not received any special consideration from the united body—no schedule has been issued with the view of eliciting facts and opinions on which such recommendations might be based. Nevertheless, as preparatory to a more thorough organization of this department of Church work, we submit the recommendation of the Synod of Hamilton and London, viz.:—"That hereafter the portion of the report on the State of Religion referring to Sabbath Schools be forwarded to the Convener of the Assembly's Sabbath School Committee." Your Committee would supplement and enlarge this recommendation in the following form:—

1. That the Committee on the State of Religion omit this department from their schedule, and that the Assembly's Sabbath School Committee be empowered to issue a blank form on the whole subject, say for two years, embracing questions on Sabbath School Instruction, Sabbath School Organization, Sabbath School Equipment, Sabbath School Benevolence and Work.

2. That the schedules be forwarded to every congregation and mission station. Each Presbytery appoint one of its members to tabulate the results within their bounds and report to the Presbytery, which report be forwarded to the Conveners of Synod's Sabbath School Committee, who in turn deal with the subject, and forward to the Convener of the Assembly's Committee. Two years of such returns would tend to mould the whole church into some uniform line of effort, and enable the Assembly to arrive at some definite idea of the tendencies of this work.

3. That Presbyteries hold, annually, conferences with the parents and teachers on their work.

4. That the Moderator issue an address to Parents, Teachers and Children to be read from the pulpit and in the schools; and that this address make special mention of the following points:—That the Sabbath School is under the authority of the Session; That the financial needs of the school be a congregational responsibility; That the Bible, and not the lesson helps, be used in instruction while the school is in session; Recommend Parents to study the lesson with their children, and that they be enjoined to give special attention to the Shorter Catechism; Recommend teachers' weekly meetings for the study of the Scripture lesson.

5. That the Conveners of the Assembly's and Synod's Sabbath School Committees be a sub-Committee to give special attention during the year to Sabbath School literature, such as Libraries, Teachers' Magazines, Lesson Leaves, Hymns, etc., and report at next Assembly.

6. That the Church, in this department of work, as in others, be divided into East and West with their respective Committees.

ASSUREDLY in the approaching day of universal judgment it will not be inquired what we have read, but what we have done; not how eloquently we have spoken, but how hollily we have lived.—*Thomas A' Kempis.*

IF restoration theories were true, the remark of Jesus Christ about Judas would lose its significance and truth; "It were better for that man that he never had been born." If endless happiness is to follow purgatorial pains, it were well that Judas lived.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

THE FAMOUS BLACKSMITH OF ANTWERP.

CHAPTER I.

In the fifteenth century? But what difference does that make with a brave old city of the Netherlands? A hundred years, more or less, leave a light mark on such solid stuff as the Antwerp built into their wide straight streets, their burly citadel, and their cathedral, famous even in famous days for its rare tall tower and magnificent walls. The city lay as fair and rich on the blue breast of the Scheldt, in those days as to-day; while the wooden shoes of the lace and carpet-weavers clattered busily through the streets, a countless flock of white sails filled the harbor, or glided by canals into the city's heart, and the long lace-trimmed waistcoat that every rosy burgher wore was hardly deep enough for the florins crowding in his purse.

Indeed, the weight of these purses seemed almost the only serious trouble the Antwerp knew in those days; ways and means must be found for relieving them; and it was a lucky morning, one of the rosier of the burdened Burgo-meisters thought, when he spied a lot of iron rails, most skilfully and delicately wrought, awaiting sale.

"That is well; now I can have flowers around my garden as well as in it," said Herr Burgher, and he bought them all; but before they were fairly in their places, a new determination took possession of him, for every study of the rails brought their rare and exquisite designs more fully to his view.

"Now this will never do," said Herr Burgher again, who like many of his Antwerp brothers needed his waistcoat large for his heart as well as for his florins; "only the hand of a genius ever finished such work as this, and genius must have fame for its reward. And beside all that, a true artist is not so common a thing in Antwerp. Here, Vosterman!"—turning to a clerk,—run to the iron-dealer and say I must know what workman sent him the rails I bought yesterday."

Vosterman left the warehouse with a measured step, for the run of an Antwerp is not what we are accustomed to on this side of the water, and the answer was as slow in coming back, for it took time in those days for the iron-dealer to send a message twenty miles from the city, and hear from the forge-master again. But it came at last.

"And a poor answer, too, after all the trouble thy master has taken, Vosterman," said the iron-dealer. "It seems God is not always pleased to show us a wonder when we think we have found one, and those marvellous rails were only made by a boy after all;—a mere boy of fourteen, who hammers at his master's forge like any other blacksmith, when he cannot get leave to idle at some such piece of work as this. Quintin Matsys is the child's name, but that, of course, a citizen of thy master's state will hardly care to hear."

"Will he not indeed!" cried Herr Burgher, in double excitement when he heard. "Quintin Matsys, a boy of fourteen, made my rails? Then let news be sent to Quintin Matsys to appear here without delay, and I will find a master for him who shall let him 'idle' to his heart's content, for one three months at least! We will have one more famous artisan in Antwerp before many years!"

The second message set off at the same deliberate rate as the first, but when the twenty miles were passed at last, it dropped like a bombshell of excitement into the little mud-walled cottage near the forge.

"Go to Antwerp! Thou to go up to Antwerp!" exclaimed Gretchen Matsys, with a start that let a row of flaxen curls fall out from under her widow's cap. "Ah, then thou wilt be a great and rich man, some day, but I,—I shall be left alone!" and between laughter and tears, there came strange wrinkles in Gretchen's smooth, fair cheeks.

The boy rail-maker lifted a pair of blue eyes of wonderful depth and beauty, and looked earnestly into his mother's face.

"But thou shalt never be left alone when I am either great or rich," he answered steadily. "Did not the good God leave me to thee, when He took my father from us? Only be patient a little while; I will be a great iron-worker, —on that I am determined,—but it will be only for thy sake, mütterchen!"

"Ah then, if thou art determined!" said Gretchen, the rainbow of smiles and tears still covering her face. "That has meant always the same thing, since the days long ago when thou wert forever meddling at the fire, because thou wert determined to do as thy father did! That was what turned a pair of old horse-shoes into a pair of bracelets fit for any lady to wear, with a pretty hand clasping the ends together, as well moulded as if any one had ever taught thee how such things are done! And then when thy poor father was carried to the churchyard, thou wert determined thy mother should not want; and when did so slender a pair of hands carry such a burden so well? And now, if thou art determined to be a great man, why then,—and Gretchen's tears fled away before her smiles at last.

"Yes, but it will be because the good God has planned it for thy sake," repeated the child, quietly.

"Yes, yes, that is certainly true;" answered Gretchen, fixing her eyes upon him almost with a look of awe, and then, as a new thought struck her, she added suddenly, "And there is thine adopted sister Lisa,—I shall not be the only one who must take thy good-bye! A true sister Lisa has been to thee, or even more like an angel, ever since she found us in the first dark days of our trouble! Trouble must come when a strong heart and hand like thy father's are taken out of a house, but when God lets a soul like hers find it out,—ah, that is the time! And her father, too! It is a rare thing, indeed, when even an angel persuades an artist like Johann Mandyn to take thought for the poor, under his velvet cap, and find work for a blacksmith's boy in the midst of dabbling with fine paints, and turning off pictures that bring hundreds of florins apiece!"

A sudden shadow fell on the sensitive lines of Quintin's mouth and chin, for good-bye was as ugly a word to say in Holland, and in those times, as we ever find it now; but

there could be no delay, and the early morning found the boy-blacksmith well started on the twenty miles that lay relentlessly between him and the blue thread of harbor and distant spires he had dreamed over so many times.

Horseback travelling was only for the rich, and litters were only for the rich man when he grew sick or old, but the miles melted away for all that under the quick step of the little iron-worker, until the blue thread widened, and the city rose broad and clear before his eyes.

"And so this is Antwerp! This is what a city really is! Ah, I must do well, indeed, if any one is to want my work here!" he thought, and, "So this is Quintin Matsys! These are the child-fingers that really made my rails! Well, well, we must give them time, indeed, before we can ask many wonders, and then!" thought Herr Burgher, as his wondering little gray eyes twinkled down at the slender boy before him.

But Herr Burgher seemed to find himself mistaken for once. It was a merry Flemish laugh, the master iron-worker's, as he looked his new apprentice over from head to foot, but the laugh soon changed to wonder and then to delight, as one piece of delicate work, one artistic rare design after another, grew under the light tools he had given him.

"Three months!" he cried at last. "No! No! Two-thirds of that time have already passed and here is an order for a well-cover, to be wrought with such skill as no hand in Antwerp equals but this boy's! He shall do it, and frame a pattern, too, that shall put the one sent me to the blush, and give my workshop a fame that every other in the city shall covet in good earnest!"

The coveting had begun already, if the dark looks on his fellow-workmen's faces could give any sign to Quintin.

"A pretty pass things have come to," they muttered, "if we are to let a pale-faced boy blind our master's eyes and take the best pieces of work out of our hands! The youngster will not find it serves his turn long to put on airs with skilled workmen. We will find ways to put him down, even if it comes to uncovering his cunning fib about his age."

"Who dares say that?" shouted a fiery voice behind them, and turning, they met the flashing glance of the boy-blacksmith, while his slight form, drawn to its full height, trembled with indignant pride.

"You may call me a child, or say what you please about my work;—I am only sorry if you would rather do it yourselves; but to say I do not tell the truth! Let no one ever try that again!" and the men turned shame-faced to their tools. They would not have believed such a blaze could come into those handsome eyes they had thought gentle as a girl's.

It would have done their hearts good to see how the blaze died out, when Quintin was alone that night, and to hear him cry, "Ah, mütterchen, it is very dreary here, in spite of high wages and tall towers! If I only had not determined for thy sake! If I did not believe the good God had planned it all, and would give me strength for thee!" But there was nothing to guess or to bring up past quarrels in the grave, gentle face he brought to his work the next day.

There was something for him to guess in theirs, if he had but cared to look for it; the wonderful well-cover made a fine beginning; but one morning hammer and file were missing, and the sneering laugh of the foreman rang out when Quintin quietly asked if any one had borrowed them.

"Borrowed your tools, indeed! Do they then carry such a charm that we cannot hope to do work as fine as yours, without them? Do not disturb yourself; we are quite satisfied with our own."

"Then some one has taken them without either borrowing or begging, and I must have them again," replied Quintin, indignantly; but a shower of mocking answers was the only reply.

"Now we will see what famous things genius can do! Great glory our master will have from his new workman! A wonderful well-cover you will make now, without either hammer or file!" But the boy-blacksmith straightened himself, and looked defiantly at the group.

"It shall be wonderful, and I will make it without either hammer or file," and gathering up his remaining tools, he disappeared into an unused room, and bolted the door behind him. Day after day passed, with whisperings and wonderings in the shop, and sounds of busy work inside the bolted room. Quintin's face grew paler and thinner, and the workmen threw more and more furtive glances at the closed door, as they thought their hour of triumph drawing near; the time was nearly passed. "To-morrow the master will be asking for the well-cover," muttered the foreman with a low, malicious laugh. "He will find that obstinacy and a damp room have made poor work for his apprentice as well as for himself."

The morning came, and Quintin's quiet, determined face had hardly passed into his room when the master's voice was heard. "Now I will see the well-cover! Now there shall be a proud day indeed for the old workshop!" But the foreman shook his head.

"I fear the boy has been idling. He has kept himself and his work out of sight, and here are some of his most important tools wasting themselves, and he drew Quintin's hammer and file from a drawer in his own bench.

The master knocked hastily at the bolted room, the rusty lock turned, Quintin threw open the door and stood facing him with bright spots glowing in his pale cheeks.

"The well-cover is ready!" he said, and the astonished workmen crowded round to see. It was ready; and though no one has ever discovered how, its delicate tracing, its quaint, artistic figures and graceful groups were finished and perfect, without touch of hammer or file.

"Ah, but now truly I do have done a wonderful thing!" cried the iron worker in great excitement. "There is no master-artist in Antwerp who could have planned such figures in such a grace, or given such a finish with all the tools heaven ever vouchsafed us for our use! Yes, my shop will be famous, as I said, but thy work shall live long after we, bits of potter's clay as we are, crumble back to the dust we came from!"

The iron-worker spoke the truth, and this very day the famous cover of Quintin Matsys rests on its well, in the

shadow of Antwerp's greatest pride, her tall Cathedral Tower.

CHAPTER II.

Five years passed away, and Time had been as busy among the Antwerp as any workman whose hand was more plainly to be seen.

"Who is that brave young fellow who passed us just now?" asked a velvet-capped citizen of a long-waistcoated burgher with whom he walked.

"And thou dost not yet know Quintin Matsys, the young iron-worker in whom all the city takes such pride?" was the answer. "Why, he but came here as an apprentice five years ago, and now every one has heard of him. He is the best iron-worker in the city to-day, with workmen at his beck and nod, and no need to handle a tool for himself beyond the drawing-pencil which furnishes all his choice designs. But if I were a worker in heads, like you, I would not wait to know him as an iron-worker; I would have him sitting to me as a model before many days went by. Those eyes of his are fine enough, but such curve and outline of a mouth and chin, with the grace of a woman's sweetness and the strength of a strong man's will, God does not grant to many a man in this day. A gift like that means something, thou mayest be sure. His fortune is made already; and as for happiness,—that comes with the rest, of course."

But the burgher's last words would have seemed mockery to the young iron-worker in the midst of fame and all the ease and comfort prosperity could bring. A servant opened the door of his comfortable house as they were spoken, and Quintin Matsys stepped inside; but the stillness and solitude fell like a shadow upon his heart. "Ah, mütterchen!" broke from him more bitterly than on the night when unfriendly fellow-workmen made Antwerp seem so dreary a place; "ah, mütterchen, it was so little while after all, that the good God granted me to make a warm and pleasant home for thee in Antwerp! And of what use is work, since I can no longer do it for thee; or praise, if I cannot see joy shine out of thine eyes at hearing it? But now I am alone! Even Johann Mandyn must needs go searching Italy for new fancies for his easel, or I might have had a sister, at least, to be glad when I succeed. But doubtless the little Lisa is grown a tall, fair woman before now, and her poor blacksmith friend of olden days is forgotten long ago. Italy is too far away; one cannot hear whether a friend is alive or dead, if once they disappear among its olive trees and its rusty pictures; and Lisa might not care to remember, even if she could. A tall maiden and a child of ten years old,—that is a different thing."

But the Antwerp cared, if no one else did, and orders came crowding in for the wonderful work the young iron-master could produce.

"So then it seems I have at least a duty to do, and that is always something to thank God for," said Quintin, as he saw it. "He must still have a plan for me though He no longer leaves me the joy of working for thee, mütterchen. And one must always be determined,—that does not change."

Time slipped on again, until at last one evening the city was lighted for a merry festival; the streets were thronged, the church doors were open, and many feet pressed in and out as prayers and anthems took their part in the celebration.

"Come! let us go home! there are too many people here!" exclaimed an old man, in irritable tones. "We might have chosen a better night to say our prayers, when these Antwerp were not all in such a haste about it together!" and he passed quickly down the church steps, the young girl at his side following as quickly as she might. "Give me your arm then, dear father," answered a voice of peculiar sweetness; but at that moment some one crowded from behind, her small foot slipped, and she would have fallen to the pavement if a young man just approaching had not reached out his arm and saved her.

"Oh, a thousand thanks!" murmured the same delicious voice; and the light fell on the young girl's face as she turned it half shyly, half terrified, toward him.

That face! Was it only its beauty that had sent such a thrill through the young iron-master, as for one instant its exquisite moulding, its wondrous sweetness, its mist of golden hair rested upon his arm? "Ah, one need not go to Italy to paint Madonnas!" was his first thought; but in another instant the old man's voice crying querulously, "There! there! I will take care of my daughter's myself. Here, Lisa, thy father's arm is the only one for thee to lean upon!" flashed the truth into his heart.

"Lisa!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "Had she not, then, once a brother Quintin? Do not snatch her away from me so hastily, Johann Mandyn! It is six years already since I even knew that she was alive."

A pair of keen black eyes twinkled sharply at him for one moment from under the old man's tasseled cap, and he answered carelessly, "Ah, yes; Quintin Matsys; the blacksmith's boy. Thou art well grown since I saw thee, and hast done my daughter a good turn to-night—I will remember it; but there is no need to trouble thee farther: I will see that she walks carefully the remaining way."

"Ah, but that is not all we must remember," interrupted Lisa hastily, as Johann pulled her away. "It is indeed my brother Quintin whom I was hoping every day to find. He must come and see us; he must find we have not changed."

"She has not changed?" repeated Quintin, as he walked rapidly to and fro across his lonely room that night. "I do not know as to that. I thought her an angel when she first found me half-fainting with hunger beside my father's grave, but she is heaven itself to-day. Ah, it is wonderful that even God can create such beauty and such a soul together! Slowly but surely solitude vanished from the young iron-master's rooms. New hope, new joy, new promise for by-and-by, were driving it away; and wherever he turned his eyes, the vision of a fairer face than Johann Mandyn had found in Italy, seemed hovering in its place.

"No, do not call me brother any more!" he cried at last. "Give me a dearer name than that, Lisa: I have not even my mother left to share my life with you. It is all yours. Do not refuse it, and take away this last new hope God has granted me in her place!"

A flush like sunrise spread over Lisa's cheek, but her

beautiful head drooped, and she turned her face away. "Oh, Quintin, do not ask me so hard a question. I only know I can never let you leave me; but my father! He will never consent, and I cannot do what he refuses. He has loved me too long and too well for that!"

"Where is he?" cried Quintin. "Let me go to his studio and speak for myself. Since thou hast not said No, I will fear the word from no one else."

It was a strange place, that studio of Johann Mandyn's, with brushes, easels, and pictures finished and unfinished, jumbled together—the nervous, irritable little old man in the midst, his artist's cap always awry, and his black eyes always on the watch for the fame that was almost his, but never quite within his grasp. Art, his own glorious Art, was all he desired for himself; yet for Lisa, for Lisa's sake, he must be known for what he was. Had God ever bestowed an artist's genius and a child like Lisa upon one man before? Ah, the world must understand that yet!

He turned sharply, brush in hand, as Quintin entered. "Ah, it is thou," he said petulantly. "It is only Lisa who interrupts me at this hour."

"There was a time, in days gone by, when Lisa and I ran in and out together," answered the young man.

"Yes, yes; quite gone by, and better forgotten. Things are very different at ten years of age and at twenty-one."

"That is true," answered Quintin; "and it is precisely for that reason that I have come to speak with you."

Johann looked keenly at him, half ready to put his brush to the canvas again. "Do not talk in riddles," he said irritably. "Time is precious with a pursuit like mine."

"Then I have come to ask thee to give me Lisa for my wife," said Quintin, meeting his look with an undaunted face.

The brush was thrown violently from Johann's hand, and an angry scowl darkened his hard face. "Thou! Give me Lisa to thee! An artist's daughter and a blacksmith's son! Or if thou art no longer a blacksmith, thou art a tradesman, a worker in vile metals, and it is quite the same thing. Dost thou not know that art—" but he stopped, astonished at the flash that shot back from Quintin's eyes.

"A worker in vile metals may be an artist as well as thou!" he answered; "and however that may be, I am a man of honorable soul, and with hands that have wrought out a name and independence no citizen of Antwerp can despise."

"Well, well," said the old man, calming himself a little, "thou art a worthy fellow, I will not forget that, and I will not say Lisa shall not remember thee; but to marry her! None but an artist shall ever claim my Lisa's hand; the earth may melt away, but I will never change in that."

"But if she should never love an artist—if she loves only me?" urged Quintin.

Johann hesitated. "Then she shall be wedded, like her father, to the only true and glorious love, to art itself; and her father's fame shall be her dowry, her wedding gift! But never fear! Lisa has a soul that will answer when the true touch is laid upon it; in the meantime, it would be a strange thing if I should not take good care of my own child."

"It is of no use," said Quintin, when he had found Lisa again; "a whole world could not move thy father, that is plain; thou must marry an artist and no one else."

"Yes," answered Lisa, sadly. "I knew too well what he would say. Only an artist is worthy of an artist's child; he has told me that far oftener than he has said it to thee."

"That need make only one difference, however—a little time," reflected Quintin, quietly; "though time is a cruel jailer when he shuts loving hearts apart. Wilt thou wait for me until I am an artist, Lisa? Wilt thou not promise me that? It will not take more than two years, and then I will find thee again. It is God who plans all our lives; he will keep thee for me until I can return."

But few days passed before the Antwerpens were mourning a great loss; their famous iron-worker, their genius, from whom they were expecting still greater things, had left them—shop, house and business sold, and no one could learn precisely whither their owner had betaken himself. To Haarlem, it was rumored, but no one knew.

"The foolish fellow," muttered Johann Mandyn, at his work; "is there no other girl but my Lisa in the world, that he must throw away a trade quite respectable enough for him, and go idling off out of her sight? A fine husband he would have made, indeed!"

"Slowly, slowly, dragging, as it seemed to Lisa, at an endless pace, the two years wore away. Cruel jailers, indeed; and never a word or token did they allow to reach her as they passed. "But is not a woman's heart as strong to endure as a man's hand to work for her?" she asked herself, and she went about with a firm step, and sometimes a snatch of her old songs; but Johann watched her keenly now and then; her cheeks were losing that perfect color he had tried so often to copy with his brush. But even two years cannot endure forever; one by one the days wore away, and as the last one shone brightly over the old city a manly figure in doublet and velvet cap ran hastily up Johann Mandyn's steps, glanced at the window against which a beautiful face rested dreamily, and in another instant Quintin Matsys clasped Lisa once more to his heart.

"Lisa! Thou hast waited for me? But no; I need not ask!"

"And thou? Thou hast come back to me an artist?" answered Lisa with a glowing face.

"Did I not determine? Where is thy father? I am in haste, like a school-boy, to say my lesson to him, and tell him that Quintin Matsys, the artist, asks his daughter's hand."

"But thou canst not say thy lesson yet; thou must wait till he returns; he will not be at home for a full hour yet."

"I must wait? Come into his studio and we will see," answered Quintin; and Lisa led the way.

It was the same queer place, half strange, half gloomy, with palettes and brushes laid, as if for a moment, beside an unfinished picture, the picture that beyond all others Johann Mandyn would have told you was to make his fame,—a wild, headlong grouping of the ruined angels' fall.

Quintin took up the palette, and Lisa held her breath as with a careless hand he began light strokes upon the fore-

most figure's outstretched limb. Would her father ever forgive such a reckless marring of his work?

But in another moment her musical laugh rang through the gloomy room.

"A bee! A bee!" she cried. "Only do not give it a sting, Quintin! There are too many bees already gathered round my father's brush." The bee was finished, the old man's step was heard, and Lisa hurried Quintin into an adjoining room.

"Ha!" cried Johann Mandyn, as his quick, nervous glance fixed upon his picture. "What miserable intruder has lighted here? Thou hast sucked poison, at least, for thy boldness, so begone!" and, seizing a fan, he brushed it hastily across the bee. But the insect did not stir; a second blow disturbed it no more than the first, and Johann brought the twinkle of his keen, black eyes closer to the canvas.

"What!" he cried, "What do I see? A bee, and yet not a bee? Whose hand is capable of this? What genius has honored my studio while I was gone?"

"An artist from a distant city, dear father," answered Lisa's sweet voice, "and he has left this picture also as a gift to thee."

Johann snatched the picture from her hand and gazed at it with brighter and brighter light shining in his face.

"I can do nothing like this!" he cried at last, with a despairing gesture. "Ah! if an artist like this would ask my daughter's hand!" and at that instant Quintin entered the room.

Two years can seem so long, and yet how quickly two more can flit away! The Antwerpens began to find they had lost no glory with their famous iron-worker, for their new painter was bringing still brighter honors to the town.

"Ah! but thou wert an artist, a true artist in thy soul all the time, and that is what my father often says, now that he is so proud of seeing me thy wife!" said Lisa, as she heard their praises.

Quintin looked earnestly down into her beautiful face. "It was the good God's plan for me,—but then, also, one must always be determined," he replied.

The world has echoed Lisa's words down to our own time. Quintin Matsys's pictures are cherished as choice treasures to this day, and the Antwerpens whisper as they stand in their cathedral, and look proudly at its favorite altar-piece, *The Descent from the Cross*: "Yes, it was our own blacksmith boy who painted that, and those who are most learned in these things tell us that even Raphael's brush could not have done better with some of its heads."

ARTIFICIAL IVY LEAVES.

Artificial ivy leaves are made by taking green window Holland and using an English ivy leaf for a pattern. Cut out any number of leaves, making different sizes. Next lay them upon paper and with a warm iron, upon which you first rub some beeswax, press each leaf. To shape and vein the leaves, fold the leaf from side to side, making a crease from stem to tip; then likewise through to each point from stem. For stems take fine wire (not too fine to stand in shape), push the end through two small holes, previously made with a pin, far enough to turn back upon the under side, and twist carefully around, to secure it in place. The smallest leaves are placed upon the ends of the vine. Twine the wires with tissue paper, the color of leaves, and make long vines, with branches here and there. Ornament a flower-pot with a fancy cover, fill with clean sand, which place upon a shelf or bracket. Then plant therein your artificial ivy and train it as your fancy dictates, and you will have a vine that can look fresh and green without care and one that will not freeze.—*American Cultivator*.

THE MICROPHONE IN THE PULPIT.

The "Halifax (England) Guardian" gives the following account of an interesting experiment with the microphone: A microphone was placed in the pulpit of a chapel in this town on a recent Sunday, and connected by a private telegraph line with the residence of a gentleman over a mile distant. Every part of the service was distinctly heard at the gentleman's house, with the exception of a few words rendered indistinct by the preacher's becoming a little excited, and shaking the microphone. So faithfully did the instrument do its work that the chapel-keeper was heard to close the doors after service, walk up the aisle, and up the pulpit steps, in conversation with some one else. The idea is about to be put to practical use, the gentleman already referred to having given instructions that his house should be connected with another in the neighborhood, in order that an invalid may hear the service from one of the churches in the town.

THERE is in every one of us a work of the devil. It is going on day by day until he comes who alone has the power to arrest and destroy it. It is one of the blessed announcements of the gospel that Christ was manifested for the purpose of destroying this Satanic work and beginning his own instead. And if this good work is begun it will go on till it is completed in the day of Christ Jesus.

MANY persons are rich in doctrine and poor in practice. If we judge them by their creeds, dogmas, schedules and resolutions, we will conclude there is nothing wanting in their saintship; but measured by their walk and conversation, they appear far beneath the stature of those who are perfect men and women in Christ Jesus. It is when the rules are lived out that they are valuable. Clouds without rain, of what use are they?

WE admire Christian boldness and are always ready to speak a word of praise for the heroism that fears no danger and braves any responsibility. But a becoming modesty is no less a gracious disposition and trait of reverent faith. There is a character that shrinks and almost cowers under the vast obligations of a Christian profession, and who dares withhold his praise of its adoring beauty. In the day of real trial, when fidelity becomes a matter of life and death, it will stand as firmly as that which in common circumstances seemed to shame it by its fortitude.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

It is proposed to found the Selwyn College at Cambridge, Eng., as a deserved memorial to the late Bishop Selwyn, the missionary bishop to the South Sea Islands.

THE value of the entire amount of gold in the world is estimated at nearly \$7,000,000,000. It might all be contained in a block 17 feet high, 28 feet wide, and 56 feet long.

THE Russian Greek Church possesses 38,602 churches, including cathedrals, 12,860 chapels and oratories; 18,887 arch-priests, deacons and preceptors; 56,500,000 members, of whom 29,000,000 are women and 27,000,000 are men. The sums received by the church during the year amount to about \$9,000,000.

A LADY who desires no notoriety has given \$20,000 to the Commissioners of Charities, in New York city, for the purpose of erecting a surgical pavilion on the grounds of Bellevue Hospital, where respectable patients may receive care separate from those who cannot be regarded as respectable. The building will contain rooms for thirty patients.

REV. NOAH M. WELLS, residing at Vienna, Mich., is said by a writer in the "Observer" to be the oldest Presbyterian minister in the United States. He is now in his ninety-seventh year, having been born in 1781; was in the ministry and somewhat prominent in 1812. His ministerial life was largely spent in Western New York, and later in Michigan. His deafness now prevents his attending church.

THERE are now in London and suburbs 864 Anglican churches, being an increase of 224 churches in ten years. Of these churches 42 have daily communion, against 11 in 1869; 35 have eucharistic vestments, whereas only 14 had them in 1869; and 14 use incense, being an increase of 6 in 10 years. Some 58 use altar lights and in 179 the eastward position is taken. Some 386 have voluntary choirs and 252 have free seats.

THE present year is the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of the first pastor of a Reformed Dutch Church in the United States. Rev. Jonas Michaelius assumed the pastorate of the Dutch Church in New Amsterdam in April, 1628. He found here fifty members present at the first communion. From that small beginning this branch of the Reformed Church has become a body consisting of nearly 79,000 communicants, belonging to over 43,000 families.

A GENTLEMAN who had given some \$25,000 or \$30,000 toward the building of a church, was waited upon when a pastor was to be secured, and asked what were his wishes in regard to the proper person to be selected. His Christian reply was; "I am but one member of the church. Get the man who will be best suited to build up the church and to advance the cause of Christ," and he utterly refused to give any intimation of his choice, fearing lest it should unduly influence the church.

THE members of Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle have what they call "Mr. Spurgeon's Sermon Tract Society," with its centre in London, but with thirty-seven depots at various points, supplying 250 districts in the country. During the last eight years it has circulated 80,000 of his sermons as loan tracts. This great preacher not only reaches an immense congregation, but through this means and the publication of his sermons elsewhere has, perhaps, a larger audience than any other living minister.

A MORMON entered the Third District Court in Salt Lake City one day lately, with his two wives, and asked naturalization papers for the second spouse. When asked whether she was living in polygamy, she answered yes. The District Attorney thereupon objected that she was not of "good moral character," as required by the law, and the objection was sustained. The Salt Lake "Evening News," the Mormon Church organ, advises polygamous wives, in similar cases hereafter, to call themselves by their maiden names and take the position of unmarried women before the courts.

BISHOP BOWMAN and the Rev. Dr. Haven, of Syracuse University, have conveyed to the British Methodist Episcopal Conference a suggestion, on the part of the church in America, that an Ecumenical Council of the various branches of the Wesleyan family throughout the world be convened in London, England, and the last English mail brings the intelligence that it has been "most enthusiastically received by their brethren" on that side of the water. It is proposed that the conference be composed of ministerial and lay members in as nearly equal numbers as possible, selected by the highest executive authority.

TWO missionaries from Lyons, France, lately arrived at Alexandria, Egypt, have taken up their abode at Zagazik, where the government, although the Koran forbids Mussulmans to make presents to Christians, has found a way to present them with a suitable lot for a Catholic Church. The reception of these missionaries, both by Europeans and Mohammedans, has been most gratifying. Several Protestant children, aged about twelve years, have been baptized by the Franciscan Fathers of Alexandria, and many of their parents have followed the example given by their children. The Christian Brothers have also a large establishment there.

THE Foreign Sunday School Association, which has its headquarters in Brooklyn, wants \$70,000 a year, instead of the \$4,000 it has been receiving, to establish Sunday Schools all over the world. It is going to send out collection-boxes with holes for money to all Sunday Schools who will receive them and put contributions in them. It is said that one cent a year from each Sunday School child in the United States will accomplish this. The Society wants \$500,000 a year, but declares its intention of being satisfied at first with \$70,000, just to make a start on. "The field is the world," is the motto stamped on the boxes which are sent out. These boxes are to be opened once a year, and the contents remitted to President Woodruff at Brooklyn.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev. W. Inglis of Ayr lectured recently to a full congregation in Hyde Park, on the subject of "Africa."

THE congregation of North and South Westminster have taken steps to call the Rev. F. Ballantyne as their minister.

A VERY interesting meeting was held on Sabbath afternoon last (15th), in the schoolroom of Charles St. church, to hear addresses from the Rev. W. Duffus and Miss C. M. Ricketts, of the English Presbyterian Mission, Swatow, China. A full report has been handed us, along with a report of the sermon preached by Mr. Duffus in the forenoon. It will appear in our next issue under the heading "Chinese Missions."

ON the evening of Friday, the 23rd August, a deputation from the Presbytery of Kingston arrived at L'Amable and held a missionary meeting there. Rev. Messrs. Wishart and Kelso delivered earnest addresses on Home Mission work, its importance, etc. Rev. J. Burton gave an interesting account of the meeting of the Pan-Presbyterian Council at Edinburgh, and of the many and widely scattered churches which sent representatives there. He mentioned that while in the mother country, he preached in a church in the North of England which had remained Presbyterian since the days of Cromwell. Sabbath, the 25th, the Lord's Supper was dispensed at L'Amable by Rev. Mr. Kelso. A large and deeply interested congregation was present. Mr. Kelso preached a most earnest and practical sermon from Micah ii. 13.—COM.

THE mission station of Komoka in the Presbytery of London have just completed a very nice frame church, and had it opened for divine worship on Sabbath, 8th inst., the Rev. Alex. Henderson preaching in the afternoon and evening to crowded audiences. Peculiar interest was taken in the matter by the people of that neighborhood, inasmuch as this is the first church edifice ever built there by any denomination. A tea meeting was held on the following night, —of course largely attended, and addressed in a very interesting manner by the Revs. Mr. Huggins, (Methodist); Messrs. W. A. Wilson, J. Ferguson, of Lobo; P. C. Goldie, of Delaware; and D. McMillan, of Komoka. It is devoutly hoped that this will be the beginning of times of great refreshing for the Komoka mission. We understand they are about to ask the next meeting of London Presbytery for organization into a regular congregation of our Church. We wish them God speed.—COM.

DURING the annual vacation of the Rev. D. L. McKechnie, pastor of the Bothwell Presbyterian Church, the managers took the opportunity of overhauling the church building by putting in a brick foundation, shingling anew the roof, and replastering and painting the interior, at an expense of over \$300. The church was opened again for public service on Sabbath, 8th inst., when Mr. McKechnie in his discourse urgently pressed upon his hearers the necessity of presenting their bodies a living sacrifice holy and acceptable unto God. At the close of the service it was intimated that the assessment promised by the congregation to meet the expense of the improvements would be taken up before the end of the month. Presbyterians here believe that the best way of supporting their church is to put their hand into their pocket directly, instead of resorting to the roundabout way of getting up pic-nics, parlor concerts, etc.—COM.

THE annual pic-nic in connection with the L'Amable Sabbath school was held at L'Amable on Wednesday, September 4th. Notwithstanding that the morning was dark and threatening there was a large gathering of the people of Dongannon and Faraday. Dinner was served in a bower erected for the occasion. Much praise is due to the kind friends who furnished so abundant and tempting a table. After dinner a pleasant hour was devoted to music and speeches. J. R. Tait, Esq., occupied the chair. In his introductory remarks he congratulated the assemblage on their very pleasant meeting, at which were present representatives of various religious denominations. Short addresses were delivered by J. Wilson, Esq.; Mr. Wood, missionary of the Canada Methodist Church; and Messrs. Henderson and Munro, missionaries of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Music and speeches over, the remainder of the afternoon was devoted to

the amusements usual on such occasions, cricket and croquet absorbing the attention of the majority. Towards evening the company dispersed, all apparently highly pleased with the day's entertainment.—COM.

THE three Bible classes under the care of the Rev. K. McDonald of Williamstown, met at that gentleman's residence on the afternoon of Monday, the 2nd inst., and presented him with an address expressive of their esteem for and attachment to him as their pastor and teacher, and a purse containing \$90, to enable him to leave home for a short time for the benefit of his health. A table was thereafter spread on the beautiful lawn, laden with all conceivable delicacies provided by the young people. After doing the usual justice to these, Mr. D. C. Munro was called to the chair, and addresses were delivered by Rev. A. McGillivray, Mr. Lynch, and several other gentlemen. The singing was ably conducted by Mr. McArthur. The large assembly then betook themselves some to the swings, some to the croquets, some to roaming over the grounds and through orchards and groves surrounding the residence —thus passing one of the most enjoyable afternoons ever experienced in Williamstown. This must be very encouraging to Mr. McDonald and family, more especially as we understand that this is the second time since his settlement here the people of his charge have met to honour and cheer their pastor in his work.—COM.

THE annual meeting of the congregation of Chalmers' Church, Richmond, P.Q., was held on Friday evening, the 6th inst. The attendance of both old and young was large. After partaking of refreshments which were kindly provided by the ladies of the congregation, the meeting was opened with singing and prayer. Mr. Wm. Stewart, elder, the oldest member of the congregation present, was called to the chair. Reports of last year's work were then read. The treasurer's report showed that over \$300 had been expended during the year in repairing the church and in the current expenses of the congregation; also that the minister's salary was regularly paid, quarterly, in advance. The minister's report showed that six families had united with the congregation during the year, and that twenty-one names had been added to the communion roll; also that the Sabbath school and Bible class were in a flourishing condition, and that liberal contributions had been made to most of the schemes of the Church. A board of managers was appointed for the present year, after which future work was discussed. It was decided to proceed immediately with repairs on the manse, and fence around church property. It was stated that there still remained a debt of about \$150 on the manse property, and an effort was made to clear it off—\$117 being subscribed for that purpose. The proceedings of the evening were varied by music from the choir and brief addresses from the pastor and Dr. Graham. The Rev. F. M. Dewey, B.A., pastor of this church, is a graduate of Princeton Theological Seminary, and was ordained and inducted on August 9th, 1877.—COM.

PRESBYTERY OF OTTAWA. This Presbytery held an adjourned meeting in the Presbyterian Church, Cumberland, on Tuesday, Aug. 27th. Among the business transacted was a Presbyterial visitation of the congregation of Cumberland, Clarence and Navan. The revision of the list of supplemented congregations and mission stations; the arrangement of missionary deputations and the appointment of standing committees on the State of Religion, Sabbath School Statistics, Home Missions, Examinations, and French work. Mr. Carswell was appointed Convener of the Home Mission Committee, and a vote of thanks tendered to Mr. Joseph White for his long and efficient services in this position. The following minute was passed in reference to the resignation of the Rev. A. McLaren: "The Presbytery deeply regret that the circumstances should have arisen which have led to Mr. McLaren's resignation of the pastoral charge of the congregation of Bristol, and do hereby testify to his regular attendance on the Courts of this Church, his faithful and diligent discharge of the duties of his office as far as his health would permit, and our sincere regret at his removal from the Presbytery." The Rev. Hugh McPhayden tendered his resignation of the congregation of Cumberland, etc.; and Mr. Calder was appointed to cite the congregation to appear for their interests at a meeting of Presbytery to be held in Bank street Church, Ottawa, on Tuesday, Sept. 10th, at 11 o'clock a.m.—J. CARSWELL, Pres. Clerk.

YELLOW FEVER IN MEMPHIS.

Dr. E. E. Barton, of Cleveland, who returned from Memphis a few days since, was visited by a "Herald" reporter, and gave the following account of his experience and observations there:

"I started for Memphis, Tuesday, September 3rd, for the purpose of attending the sick there. My object was to stay there, and I was assigned to duty, having thirty-six patients under my care. I stayed there but a few days, however, Dr. Mitchell, of the Howard Association, hearing that I was totally unacclimated, insisted that I should go home, as it was certain death for me to stay, and I would only be an added expense to them by sickness and burial. So I finally concluded to return. In going down I left Cincinnati in company with other volunteers, nurses and physicians, all of whom were going to Memphis. For a distance of 150 miles from Memphis no one boarded or left the train. It is a queer feeling one experiences when he enters this plague-stricken city. He feels as though he were entering a prison from which he should never more emerge. The cities for hundreds of miles are quarantined, and who enters the dominion of the pestilence is surely cut off from the world. Over the entrance to the city could well be written: 'Leave hope behind, all ye who enter here.' Memphis looks like a city of the dead. The places of business are closed; the streets deserted, and hardly a person is seen upon the streets. Yet Memphis does not look gloomy. The sun shines brightly upon its beautiful streets; the air seems sweet and pure; the earth is green with vegetation, and the flowers show no signs of the existence of the plague. It is only when the great wagons, immense racks, loaded with coffins, go rumbling by; when one encounters men in the streets making rough wooden boxes for the dead, when a dray loaded with confined corpses passes us, that we are reminded of the presence of the terrible scourge. Upon our arrival in the city I took up my residence at the Peabody Hotel, the headquarters of the Howard Association. It is one of the finest hotels in the city. It is well supplied with colored help, waiters and cooks. There is a number of sick at the hotel. The number of physicians and nurses is totally inadequate to the necessities of the occasion. Hundreds of sick and poor whites fall sick and die without attendance. The places of business, with the exception of three or four, pay their clerks high salaries to remain with them. In one store seven clerks were prostrated in one day. But few drug stores are open, and it is difficult to obtain a sufficient amount of drugs. All who have money have left the city. The houses are deserted. The people fled panic-stricken. Many of them failed to lock their houses when they went away, and many left half-eaten meals, the tables uncleared, and everything as it had been left when dropped. The majority of the people left in the city are negroes and poor whites, who are unable to leave.

"The work of nursing the sick is divided up, each physician and nurse being assigned to so many wards. The nurses work day and night. The physicians labor from six in the morning to seven in the evening. But little work is done at night, as it is considered the most dangerous time. In the middle of the day the sun is extremely hot, and to one who is unacclimated it is like an oven. This is considered the safest part of the day, and the farmers from the neighboring districts come into the town with their produce without fear. But the nights are cool and damp, and the malaria rises from the reeking pavements and fastens its deadly grasp upon the unprotected. The physicians who can do so generally spend the night in the country. The second night of my stay in Memphis I started out with a friend to find a place to sleep. We started about eight o'clock out the Hernando road. It was a clear night and the moonlight shone brilliantly over the fields white with cotton. Along the roadside were the tents of those who had fled into the country to escape the fever. They had camped down anywhere, in the fields and woods. Many of them had been taken down with the fever after leaving the city, and from the depths of the forest we could hear through the stillness of the night the maniacal shrieks and yells of the delirious victims of the scourge, who are dying here without attendance.

"In the city the work of caring for the sick and burying the dead is carried on like clock-work. A victim dies and his body is immediately wrapped in a sheet, put into a box, the cover screwed down, and

the remains taken off to be buried. No funeral is held, unless perhaps some friend reads the burial service or a prayer over the rough coffin as it goes into the hastily dug hole. Night and day the burial goes on, and as one looks out upon the street at midnight, the carts piled up with the coffined dead go rattling by, while the negro grave-diggers with shouldered spades march by in single file with a steady tramp that somehow seems to sink into the very heart of the listener, and he turns to his couch with a sickening feeling that he may perhaps be the next to require their services. At the cemetery the dead come and are piled up awaiting their turn to be interred. They fill graves faster than the negroes can dig them, and they seem to come in with a sort of rivalry as to who shall be buried first. There are many cases where the negroes die without medical attendance or nursing. They have a peculiar horror of the hospital, and as soon as they get sick crawl off to some out of the way place and die. I was once called upon to attend the removal of the body of a negro who had crawled into the shed in the rear of a house and died, and lay there until his decomposing body became unbearable to the family in the house, nearly all of whom were down with the fever.

"Rations are served out to the poor people daily. They were served out indiscriminately at first, but the lazy blacks, leaving their cotton fields unattended in the country, flocked into the town and lived on the Government rations and the supplies of the Howard Association. It was found best to serve rations only to those who had sick persons in their families.

"The streets are sprinkled daily with carbolic acid to disinfect them. I think the fever in Memphis is due largely to the Nicholson pavement used there and the filthy bayou just back of the city. Into this bayou, instead of into the river, the city has been drained, and for years there it has lain a stagnant, rotting hole, breeding the seeds of disease and death. When the fever first came to Memphis they pumped out this bayou, which was the worst thing that could be done, as it only stirred up and spread the malaria, which is the prime cause of yellow fever.

"In the hospitals the mortality has averaged seventy-five per cent., and among the people fifty per cent. of the sick have died. There are about 4,000 sick in the city at the present time. Dr. Mitchell has written to New York ordering 1,000 coffins, as the city cannot supply them fast enough. The churches are closed, and none of the municipal or executive bodies are holding sessions. The papers, the "Appeal" and "Avalanche," are running with but few printers, and hardly any of the editorial or reportorial staff left. The mails run regularly and two telegraph offices are open. The Telegraph Company has offered \$150 per month, and a guarantee of a position for five years, to any operator who will take a position at Memphis.

"In the treatment of the disease the object is to keep the patient in a continued perspiration for twenty-four or thirty-six hours, after which, if the patient is kept quiet, he may possibly be saved. He must make no exertion, however. Merely turning over in the bed has killed many a man. The black vomit is not always attendant upon the disease, but it is generally the token of death.

"Ex-Governor Harris, of Tennessee, whom I met on the train, told me that this would be a terrible blow to the business of the city, from which it will take years to recover."

Dr. Barton is a graduate of Wooster Medical School, and has for some years been a student with Dr. D. B. Smith. He states that he does not know whether he will have the fever or not, but that he has had premonitory symptoms of the disease and is using preventive medicines which he thinks will stave it off. —*Cleveland Herald.*

WHEN shall we come down from our stilts, and be in earnest with a perishing world? Decorum and conservatism do not rank as the most needed virtues just now.—*J. W. Alexander.*

THE hard times are a bitter medicine, but the only one adapted to expel the maladies contracted in a period of prosperity. Repletion can be reduced only by a spare diet. Habits of extravagance will yield only to the pressure of hard necessity. An early let-up would have restored the sway of the old masters; their extermination seems to be the design of Providence. The new regimen will bring our people again to a healthy social condition. Once restored to a simple style of living, we shall find ourselves both more happy and helpful. In the end we shall be most grateful for the period of reverse. Honest industry will find its place; roguery will be driven to show its hand.—*Zion's Herald.*

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXIX.

Sept. 29,
1878.

REVIEW.

{ Luke xii.
24-30.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Luke ii. 8-52. Birth and childhood of Jesus.
- T. Luke iv. 14-30. Jesus at Nazareth.
- W. Luke v. 1-25. The draught of fishes.
- Th. Luke vii. 1-50. Miracles and ministry.
- F. Luke x. 1-24. The seventy.
- S. Luke x. 25-42. The good Samaritan.
- S. Luke xii. 1-23. Warning against covetousness.

THIRD QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- I. Repeat in each lesson the Title, Golden Text, and Outline.
- II. Relate the Facts, as contained in the lessons, concerning

- The birth of Christ.
- His childhood.
- His baptism.
- His preaching at His early home.
- His calling disciples.
- His visit to Nain.

- III. State the Miracles related in these lessons, At the Sea of Galilee, At Capernaum, At Nain.

- IV. State the Parables, related in these lessons, Concerning gratitude for sins forgiven. Concerning love to neighbours. Concerning earnest prayer. Concerning covetousness.

- V. Where in these lessons do we find Facts concerning the following?

Angels.	Shepherds.	An infant.
A holy child.	John the Baptist.	Herod.
Elijah.	Elisha.	Simon Peter.
A Centurion.	A widow.	Simon the Pharisee.

- VI. Where do we see the following Traits of Jesus?

- His early piety.
- Healing power.
- Forgiveness.
- Willingness to hear prayer.
- His obedience to parents.
- Compassion.
- Love for disciples.
- Unselfishness.

VII. Practical Questions. Of whom did angels and shepherds tell? Of whom ought we to tell? Who, as he grew in years and strength, pleased God and man? What is our duty if we would please God and man? Of whom did the people hear a prophecy from John the Baptist? About whom ought we to always hear with gladness? Who would not receive Jesus as the Messiah, when he came to them? What is our duty when Jesus offers Himself as our Saviour? When Jesus called the fishermen of Galilee, what did they do? When He calls us, what ought we to do? When the centurion needed divine help, whom did he trust? When Jesus promises divine help, what is our duty? What did Jesus give to the dead man of Nain? To whom, as our Saviour from death, ought we to live? How does a debtor feel toward one who forgives him much? How ought we to feel toward Jesus, as our forgiving Saviour? In whose discipleship had the seventy ground of rejoicing? What is our duty in view of the privileges which are proffered us in Jesus? Whom are we taught to love as ourselves? What is a good rule of loving? What brought a favourable answer to the call of a friend at midnight? What is a good rule of praying? What course of living prevents the ruin of a rich fool? What is a good rule of living?

N.B.—These questions are intended as guides to the questioner, and should be broken up and adapted to the children.

We ought to think much more of walking in the right path than of reaching our end. We should desire virtue more than success. If by one wrong deed we could accomplish the liberation of millions, and in no other way, we ought to feel that this good, for which, perhaps, we had prayed, with an agony of desire, was denied us by God, and was reserved for other times and other hands.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BRUCE.—In Knox Church, Kincardine, on last Tuesday of September, at 2.30 p.m.

HURON.—Presbytery of Huron will meet at Wingham, on 2nd Tuesday of October, at 11 a.m.

PETERBORO.—At Cobourg, on the last Tuesday of September, at 11 o'clock a.m.

LINDSAY.—At Lindsay, on the last Tuesday of November.

KINGSTON.—Next quarterly meeting of this Presbytery will be held in St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Tuesday, 24th September, at 3 p.m.

OTTAWA.—In Bank street Church, Ottawa, on the first Tuesday of November.

STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, on 24th September, at 9.30 a.m.

LONDON.—Next regular meeting in St. Andrew's, Sarnia, on last Tuesday in September, at 7 p.m.

BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, 24th Sept., at 11 a.m.

LANARK AND RENFREW.—In St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, on November 19th, at 7 p.m.

QUEBEC.—In Melbourne, on Wednesday, 16th October, at 10 a.m.

OWEN SOUND.—In Knox Church, Owen Sound, on Tuesday, Sept. 17th, at 10 a.m.

MONTREAL.—In St Paul's, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 1st of Oct., at 11 a.m.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

NOTHING ages like laziness.—*Bulwer Lytton.*
BE wisely worldly, but not worldly wise.—*Quarles.*
EVERY day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

PRAYER without devotion is like a body without a soul.—*Jewish saying.*

If you want enemies, excel others; if you want friends, let others excel you.—*Colton.*

LET every minister, while he is preaching, remember that God is one of his hearers.

A FOOL may throw a stone into a pond; it may take seven sages to pull it out.—*Russian Proverb.*

VENTURE not to the utmost bounds of even lawful pleasures; the limits of good and evil join.—*Fuller.*

THE coming years bring many advantages with them; when retreating, they take away as many.—*Horace.*

EVEN in hard times, more money is withheld "for want of thought" than for absolute want of means.—*Watkman.*

WHEN the Breton mariner puts to sea, his prayer is, "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and thy ocean is so wide."

THE experience and possession of divine pity is better than bodily ease, freedom from trouble, or the greatest worldly prosperity.

CONTEMN riches, and thou shalt be rich; glory and thou shalt be glorious; injuries, and thou shalt be a conqueror; rest, and thou shalt gain rest; earth, and thou shalt gain Heaven.—*St. Chrysostom.*

THEY that covet forbidden honors forfeit allowed ones. Adam, by eating of the tree of knowledge which he might not eat of, debarr'd himself from the tree of life of which he might have eaten.—*Henry.*

WE are not saved by faith without works, for there is no such faith in Christ. Nor are we saved by works without faith, for no works but those that flow from faith are acceptable to God.—*Bethune.*

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition and of unspeakable love.—*Washington Irving.*

WE need to learn the lesson that this life is given us only that we may attain to eternal life. For lack of remembering this, we fix our affections on the things of this fleeting world, and when the time comes that we must quit it, we are all agast and terrified.—*Fuller.*

ST. David Wilkie, the famous painter, gave it as the result of his observation that "the artists who wrought on Sunday were soon disqualified from working at all," adding that "he never knew a man to work seven days in the week who did not kill himself or his mind."

WHEN once the soul, by contemplation, is raised to any right appreciation of the divine perfections, and the foretastes of celestial bliss, the glitter of the world will no more dazzle his eyes than the faint lustre of a glow-worm will trouble the eagle, after it hath been beholding the sun.—*Stougal.*

THE Stoics say: "Turn in upon yourselves; there you will find repose. This however, is not true. Others say: Go forth from yourselves, and seek happiness in diversion. Neither is true. Disease will come. Alas! happiness is neither within us nor without us. It is in the union of ourselves with God."—*Pascal.*

To some men God hath given laughter,
And tears to some men He hath given;
He bade us sow in tears, hereafter
To harvest holier smiles in heaven.
And tears or smiles they are his gift,
Both good to smite or to uplift.

—*Owen Meredith.*

A MAN in a blouse once said: "I have no more influence than a farthing rushlight." "Well," was the reply, "a farthing rushlight can do a good deal. It can set a haystack on fire; it can burn down a house; yea, more, it will enable a poor creature to read a chapter in God's book. Go your way, friend, and let your farthing rushlight so shine before men that others, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

I AM learning one lesson, at least, just now—to see more of my own vileness. It is a lesson I would shrink from learning through examination of my own heart to know its secret evil; but I have asked that I might be taught what God saw it needful for me to know and I desire to leave it to his way of teaching. I often fear I may lose by not searching it out for myself, and yet I believe that watchfulness at the time, and not retrospective self-examination, is the scriptural way.—*Adelaide Newton.*

THE thousands of Christians drop out of sight so soon as they die; it is only the one here and there who is remembered. And what kind of a Christian is he? A man of learning, simply, of energy, of parliamentary skill? No; but one of deep piety, whose whole life, in private and public, is full of the breathing of the Holy Ghost. We look back to such a man through the years and generations, thanking the Father for having blessed him with so much of his grace, and taking him as a great example whose virtues we try to imitate.

SIN is a fact. The denial of Christianity is not the disapproval of human sinfulness. Nay, if the doctrine of scripture depravity seems at first view to be harsh and repulsive, think a moment whether the fact is more frightful and awful if surveyed outside the limitations and alleviations of the Biblical presentation. The mass of the world's sin has been actually lessened by the conversion of millions through the Gospel. Christianity has been an elevating power over against this depravity. I can think better of the world with than without the Bible, see less depravity if the Scripture is true than if it is false.—*D. W. France.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

RAINDROPS.

Hear the coaxing raindrops say,
"Little folks, come out to play!
Come and frolic! and forget
That our ways are rough and wet!"

"Come, and play at hide-and-seek!
Any mad and merry freak!
Listening, calling at your door,
Knocking, pelting! down we pour!"

"Why do all who venture out
Turn their collars up about?
Why is every one afraid
Under his umbrella's shade?"

"It has turned our fun to tears,
For these many, many years,
That no raindrop can get in
To a youngster's cheek or chin."

"Half a mind had we to stay
Up there in the clouds to day
Till we changed our minds, and fell
Down to earth, our plaint to tell!"

"Here we drip and sop and soak;
Always at our work or joke,
Sliding down your window-pane,
Look we in, and call again."

Raindrops, from the darkened sky,
Skipping, trickling, coursing by,
We have heard you falling, falling,
We have heard you calling, calling.

What are all your words about?
Long ago we found you out!
You would drench us to the skin!
Thank you, no. We'll stay within.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A GOOD LONG SLEEP.

GRANDPA began by telling Robin and Archie of two little boys who went to bed one night in winter, and never got up till the next spring.

Robin—"What a queer story!"

Archie—"Who ever heard of such a thing! What did make them sleep so long?"

Grandpa—"I suppose their little limbs were tired with moving, and their tongues with talking; and that small mill—the stomach—that grinds so much bread and meat, needed to stop an' rest a long while."

Archie—"But, grandpa, how queer it was that the children slept so long; do tell us how it was."

Grandpa—"I sha'n't have time to night; wait till to-morrow morning."

Robin—"How can we wait so long?"

Grandpa—"Go to bed and go to sleep as soon as you can; time goes fast in the land of Nod. There's sister Kate coming for you now. Pray the dear Lord our souls to keep, and to let us all see the morning light again."

After the children were in bed and alone, they were heard talking. Grandpa listened at the foot of the stairs.

"I wonder if those boys didn't starve to death in that long sleep?" said little five-year old-Robin.

"Why, no," replied the senior *half-past six*; didn't grandpa say that they both got up in the spring?"

"Don't you suppose they were a great deal bigger when they got up than when they went to bed?" asked the former.

"I guess they were; people must grow in their sleep. I know the squashes and beans grow at night," said the sage Archie.

"But, Bob, do let's stop talking, so we can get to the land of Nod and get back again, and hear all about that strange story."

Soon a fair morning did dawn upon childhood and old age. Grandpa was just putting the snowy foam over his face when he heard

the feet of his little ponies hurrying to his door. They were too impatient to wait till the shaving was done; so the kind old gentleman, to please his darlings, cleared away a little of the snow about his lips, and took the children on his knees.

"Now for the story," said he. "Once upon a time two little boys went to bed on the last night of winter and got up the first morning in spring. Yesterday was the last day of winter; this is the first day of spring. The two little boys are Archie and Robin Dale."

Then the children laughed and shouted, and kissed grandpa over and over. They got some of the white froth on their rosy cheeks, but they didn't care. They got some, too, on grandpa's beautiful bald head, but he didn't care.—*N. Y. Observer.*

BOYS, THINK!

THE boy who spends an hour each evening lounging idly at the street corner, wastes in the course of a year three hundred and sixty-five precious hours, which, if applied to study, would familiarize him with the rudiments of almost any of the useful sciences.

If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends three pence for a cigar, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for several of the leading periodicals.

Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what?

You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you. Be warned in time, and resolve that as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourselves for useful and happy lives.—*British Juvenile.*

THE CATTLE-TRAIN.

THIS incident was related some years ago by Miss L. M. Alcot, the well-known author:

"Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks and spread into a wide pool that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train; and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

"Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the door-ways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths!

"The cattle lowed dismally and the sheep tumbled one over the other in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and, while I hesitated, two little girls appeared and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

"I could not hear what they said; but as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me in spite of their

old hats, their bare feet and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and, emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little bare-foot's task a hard one.

"But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and, having no pail, filled her 'picking-dish' with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity." "*Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.*"

OBEYING MOTHER PLEASANTLY.

HARRY had seen some older boys fly their kites from the tops of the houses; and he thought it would be nice fun if he could do so to. So he came to his aunt and said, "Aunt Mary, may I go up to the top of the house and fly my kite?"

His aunt wished to do everything to please him, but she thought it very unsafe; so she said, "No, Harry, my boy. I think that is a very dangerous sort of play. I'd rather you wouldn't go."

"All right. Then I'll go out on the bridge," said Harry.

His aunt smiled and said she hoped he would always be as obedient as that.

"Harry, what are you doing?" said his mother one day.

"Spinning my new top, mother."

"Can't you take the baby out to ride? Get out the carriage, and I'll bring him down."

"All right," shouted the boy, as he put his top away in his pocket, and hastened to obey his mother.

"Uncle William, may I go over to your shop this morning?" said Harry one day at breakfast. "I want to see those baskets again that I was looking at yesterday."

"Oh, yes, Harry," said his uncle; "I shall be very glad to have you."

"But I cannot spare you to day, Harry," said his mother. "I want you to go out with me. You shall go to the shop another day."

"All right," said Harry, and he went on with his breakfast.

No matter what Harry was asked to do, or what refusal he met with when asking for anything, his constant answer was "All right." He never stopped to worry or tease. He never asked, "Why can't I?" or, "Why mustn't I?" Harry not only learned to obey but he had learned to obey in good humor.—*Carrier Dove.*

ALL that goes to constitute a gentleman—the carriage, gait, address, voice; the ease, the self-possession, the courtesy, the success in not offending, the lofty principle, the delicacy of thought, the taste and propriety, the generosity and forbearance, the candor and consideration—these qualities some of them come by nature, some of them may be found in any rank, some of them are a direct precept of Christianity.—*John Henry Newman.*

Scientific and Useful.

To make French toast, beat four eggs until very light and add one pint of milk; slice thin some baker's bread; dip each piece into the eggs and milk and fry brown; sprinkle powdered sugar and cinnamon upon each piece and serve hot.

To make a good cake, take three cupfuls of sour milk, two eggs beaten light, half cupful of melted butter or fryings, a tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, teaspoonful of salt; mix all together with sufficient corn meal to make a thin batter. Bake on a griddle.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Professor Tait announced on behalf of Mr. James Blyth, M.A., that sounds are produced by a telephone from which the iron disc has been removed, and a disc of copper, wood, paper, or India-rubber substituted. It may not be generally known, but it is true nevertheless, that the sounds can be heard without any diaphragm at all in the receiving telephone.

A NEIGHBOR constructs boxes in which to store his winter apples, consisting of half-inch boards, with slats nailed across for bottom. Handles are cut in the end pieces, and the boxes when completed hold just two bushels, are light and easily handled, and when piled in the cellar, one above another, there is a perfect circulation of air between them. Avoid keeping apples in a very warm cellar; a cool dry chamber is a better place; just warm enough to be safe from frost.

HINTS ON WATERING PLANTS.—Plants set against walls and piazzas frequently suffer for want of water at this season, even when ground near them is quite wet. Draw away the soil around each plant so as to form a basin. Fill it with a bucketful of water, allowing it time to sink gradually away, and when the surface has dried a little draw in loosely the soil over it, and it will do without water for some weeks. This applies to all plants wanting water through the season.

To have oyster fritters, take one pint and a-half of sweet milk, one pound and a quarter of flour, four eggs. The yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to which add the milk and flour; stir the whole well together, then beat the whites to stiff froth and stir them gradually into a batter. Take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster into it and fry it in hot lard. Let them be light brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put into the batter all at once, as they would thin it.

CURE FOR GALLS.—A writer sends to the Elmira Farmers' Club the following cure for galls on the shoulders of draught animals, which he says is the best he ever used: Dissolve six drachms of iodine in half a pint of alcohol, and apply it on the sore with a feather as soon as the collar is removed, and when at rest twice a day, morning and evening. The article should be in the stable of every farmer, as it is an excellent application on horses where the skin is broken by kicks or other accidents, and is a sure cure for splints if used in a proper manner.

DURABLE ROOFS.—Two centuries and a quarter is a reasonably long period of time to be covered by a roof, if that form of expression is admissible in the case of an intangible entity. The lead roof of George Heriot's chapel, in Edinburgh, is said to have lasted, with occasional patching, since 1650. Probably no Edinburgh boys with proclivities for moulding bullets, and sinkers for fishing lines, and ballast for keels for boats, have had access to this venerable roof. It would not have remained water-tight in America, if any way accessible to the youth of the period.

FOR A GOOD PUDDING beat the yolks of two eggs with two ounces of flour and one tablespoonful of milk; set half a pint of milk, lacking the tablespoonful, on the fire, with two ounces of sugar and two of butter; make them hot, but do not let them boil; when the flour and eggs are beaten quite smooth, add the hot milk, etc., also the whites of the eggs, beaten very light. Mix thoroughly and pour into four saucers, buttered and heated hot; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. When cooked a light brown color, lay two of them on a dish spread with plum or other jam, place the other two on top.

AVERAGE YIELD OF EGGS.—The editor of the "Poultry Yard" says: Though in exceptional instances individual hens will lay 150 to 200 eggs per annum, yet when several hundred head are kept the average is not generally over ten or eleven dozen. When we kept 600 fowls ourselves, embracing eight or ten different breeds, and counted the eggs daily, year after year, we averaged never over 130 per hen per year, and in some instances as low as 115. But we believe that by prolonged selection of the best layers, generation after generation, and skilful management, hundreds of fowls can be made to yield an average of a gross per annum.

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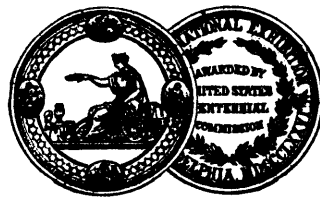
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HISTORY OF CONGREGATIONS: St. Andrew's, Kingston, by Miss Machar—St. James', Charlottetown, by Rev. Thos. Duncan.
PIONEERS OF OUR CHURCH: By Miss Machar.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA: Officers, Boards and Committees, Rolls of Synods and Presbyteries—Alphabetical List of Ministers—Foreign Missionaries—Retired Ministers, Preachers and Probationers—Church Work for the Year—Home Missions—Foreign Missions—Theological Colleges—French Evangelization—Sabbath Schools—Sabbath Observance—State of Religion—The "Record"—Widows—Aged Ministers—Statistics—Personal—Financial—"The Honoured Dead"—Presbytery of Pictou in connection with the Church of Scotland—Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland—Presbytery of Stamford in connection with the United Presbyterian Church of North America—Presbytery of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia in connection with the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Ireland—Eastern Presbytery in connection with the General Reformed Presbyterian Synod, North America.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: Presbyterian Church (North)—Presbyterian Church (South)—United Presbyterian Church—Reformed Church (Dutch)—Reformed Church (German)—Welsh Church—Reformed Presbyterian Church N.A. (General Synod)—Reformed Presbyterian Church—Cumberland Presbyterian Church—Associate Reformed Church (South.)
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN EUROPE—Scotland: Established Church—United Presbyterian Church—Free Church—Reformed Presbyterian Church—United Original Secession Church—Ireland: Irish Presbyterian Church—Reformed Presbyterian Church of Ireland—England: Presbyterian Church, England—Welsh Presbyterian Church—Germany: Reformed Church in Beuthem and Friesland—Free Evangelical of Germany—Switzerland: Established and Free Churches—France: Reformed and Free Churches—Holland: The National and Reformed Churches.—Belgium: Free Church.—Italy: Evangelical Vaudois Church—Free Church of Italy.—Hungary: Reformed Church.—Bohemia: Bohemian Pres. Church.—Moravia: Reformed Church.—Russia: Reformed Church.—Spain: Spanish Christian Church.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN BRITISH COLONIES: Australia: Presbyterian Church of Victoria—Presbyterian Church of New South Wales—Synod of Eastern Australia—Presbyterian Church, Queensland—Presbyterian Church of Tasmania—Presbyterian Church of South Australia.—New Zealand: Presbyterian Church.—Africa: Pres. Church in South Africa.—The Reformed (Free) Church—The Dutch Reformed Church.—Other Colonial Churches.

SUMMARY OF STATISTICS: Continent of Europe—United Kingdom—United States—British Colonies—Grand Total.
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Market Reports.

TORONTO, Sept. 19.

STREET PRICES.—Wheat, fall, per bush., \$0 90 @ \$1 05.—Wheat, spring, per bush., \$0 80 @ \$1 00.—Barley, per bush., 60c @ 86c.—Oats, per bush., 34c @ 35c.—Peas, per bush., 60c @ 67c.—Rye, per bush., 60c @ 60c.—Dressed Hogs, per 100 lbs., \$5 50 @ \$6 00.—Beef, hind quarters, \$0 00 @ \$0 00.—Beef, fore quarter, \$0 00 @ \$0 00.—Mutton, per 100 lbs., \$0 00 @ \$0 00.—Chickens, per pair, 35c @ 40c.—Ducks, per brace, 50c @ 55c.—Geese, each, 00c @ 00c.—Turkeys, 80c @ \$1 00.—Butter, 1b rolls, 13c @ 20c.—Butter, large rolls, 13c @ 14c.—Butter, tub dairy, 13c @ 15c.—Eggs, fresh, per dozen, 11c @ 13c.—Eggs, packed, 00c @ 00c.—Apples, per brl, \$1 25 @ \$1 75.—Potatoes, per bus, 40c @ \$0 50.—Onions, per bush, \$0 80 to \$0 85.—Hay, \$8 00 to \$13 00.—Straw, \$10 00 to \$12 00.

WHOLESALE PRICES.—Flour, f.o.c. Superior Extra, \$4 60 to \$4 75; Extra, \$4 40 to \$4 50; Fancy \$4 00 to \$0 00; Spring Wheat, extra, \$4 35 to \$4 40; No 1 Superfine, \$0 00 to \$4 00.—Oatmeal, \$3 80 to \$3 90.—Cornmeal, small lots, \$2 50 to \$2 60.—Cheese, in lots, 8c to 9c; Cheese, in small lots, 8½c to 10c.—Pork, mess, per brl, \$12 50 to \$14 50; Extra prime, per brl, \$0 00 to \$0 00.—Bacon, long clear, 6½c to 7c; Bacon, Cumberland cut, 6½c to 7c; Bacon, smoked, 7½c to 8c; Bacon, spiced roll, 9c to 10c.—Hams, smoked, 10 to 11; Hams, sugar cured and canvassed, 11c to 13c; Hams, in pickle 10c to 00c.—Lard, in tinnets, 8½c to 9c; Lard, in tierces, 8c to 9c.—Eggs, fresh, 10c to 11c.—Dressed Hogs, \$5 00 to \$5 25; Live Hogs, \$0 00.—Dried Apples, 6½c to 6¾.—Salt, Liverpool, coarse, 70c to \$0 00.—Liverpool, fine, \$1 80 to \$0 00; Goderich, per brl, \$1 00 to \$0 00; Goderich, per car lot, 95c to \$0 00; Goderich, coarse, per bag, \$0 00 to \$0 00; Cagliari Salt, per ton, \$15 00 to \$0 00.

ASSEMBLY MINUTES.

Copies of the Minutes have been sent by mail to all Ministers, and parcels to all Presbyteries for the congregations within their bounds. If, in any case, they are not received, word should be sent to
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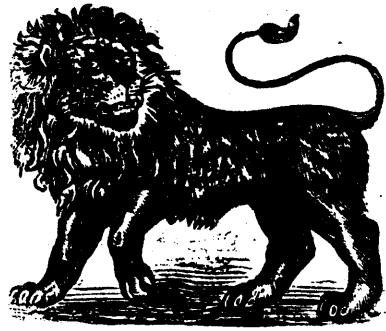
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