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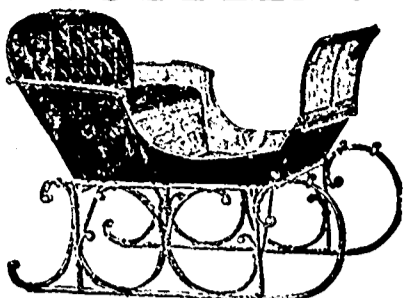
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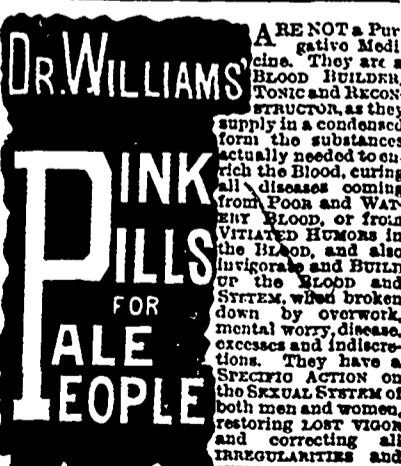


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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 21.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13th, 1892.

No. 2.

CHOICE BOOKS! WITHOUT MONEY!!

Canada Presbyterian Premium List

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN is now so well and favourably known as to require no words of commendation at our hands. The twenty-first year of publication commences with the first week of January, and Publishers, Editors, Contributors and Correspondents, will unite in the effort to make the coming volume better and more useful than any that has preceded it.

For 1892 we wish to extend the circulation by the addition of at least two THOUSAND new names. This can easily be done. It only requires a little assistance on the part of old subscribers, and the thing is accomplished. In order to enlist a number of willing workers in this subscription campaign we offer the following inducements:—

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It is work, the next two or three weeks, that will tell.

Let us hear from you without delay.

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Notes of the Week.

THE Committee of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church on Revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith will meet soon in New York City to consider the answers sent in from the different Presbyteries to the report of the Committee presented at Detroit.

THE disturbances that have for some time existed between the authorities at Eastbourne, London, and the Salvation Army resulted in a riot on January 3, when a mob attacked a band of the Army while holding service in the streets. Many persons were severely hurt.

LAST Sabbath was Dr. Cuyler's seventieth birthday, and he preached that morning to his old flock in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn. He is, says the *New York Independent*, the youngest man of threescore and ten we ever knew, full of cheer and good works.

THE *New Zealand Presbyterian* states that at a meeting of ladies in Dunedin a committee was appointed to devise a plan for securing the suitable education of the children of our missionaries in the New Hebrides. It is now understood that their physical and moral well-being requires that they should have an opportunity of receiving a part of their education in New Zealand, where the associations and the climate are more bracing. We promise the ladies the good-will and the support alike of the men and women of our Churches.

ALL honour, says a contemporary, to the Stuart family, the last of whose senior members, Mrs. Robert L. Stuart, died recently in New York City. They have been famous for their magnificent charities, which have been given to the Presbyterian Church and to Princeton College and Princeton Seminary. Mr. Stuart and his brother were famous sugar refiners, and retired from business nearly twenty years ago. Their gifts are estimated at \$100,000 a year. It is supposed that the bulk of Mrs. Stuart's estate will go to Princeton and to other public charities.

THE *New York Independent* says: New Year's resolutions are laughed at, scoffed at and made the subject of comic cartoons. But whether kept or not, they belong to the choicest category of human action. Resolutions to do right, to live a better life, to conquer some fault, are the stepping-stones by which we mount to a better character and to a fellowship with God. Conversion is nothing but a fixed resolution of this sort, a turning from wrong to right, from the world to God. As there is no time unfit for a good resolution, so there is no time more fit than New Year's. Every faintest flutter of a desire for such a resolution should be encouraged by something very different from a very mean joke.

ACCORDING to the *Rappel* the Catholic clergy of France now numbers 55,540 men. These are the figures upon which the budget for 1892 is based. There are eighteen archbishops, sixty-nine bishops, 3,420 pastors of various ranks, 182 general vicars, 31,255 assistants, 7,109 vicars, 700 other ecclesiastics. At present there are 136 pastors deprived of their incomes on account of some conflict with the State authorities. The foreign clergy who hear mass in any other language than the French are not paid out of the State treasury. The Reformed and other Protestant clergy numbers 720;

while in France and Algiers there are sixty rabbis. The *Cultus* or religious budget for 1892 is 45,057,157 francs, or about 10,000 francs less than the preceding year.

The conspicuous place in higher education taken by the native Christian women of India is illustrated by the fact that of the nineteen successful female candidates for the matriculation examination in 1879, seven were native Christians while none were Hindus; of the 234 candidates examined for the higher education of women sixty-one were native Christians and only four were Hindus. Among the 739 pupils attached to the different industrial schools of the Madras Presidency, 357 were native Christians, seventy-five were Vaisyas and Sudras, seventeen were Low Caste, including Pariahs, and only five were Brahmans. This progress of education will eventually give them an advantage for which no amount of intellectual precocity can compensate the Brahmans. A Bombay writer attributes the social eminence of the Parsis largely to two facts, absence of restriction of caste and the education of their women. As these advantages make themselves felt in Southern India, it seems probable that the native Christians will become the Parsis of that section, furnishing the most distinguished public servants, barristers, merchants and citizens.

THE well-known Dr. Crowther, Bishop of Niger territory in Africa, who died in London December 31, is a native African, and was born in the Yoruba country, one hundred miles inland from the Bight of Benin. He was carried off in 1821 by the Eyo Mohammedans, exchanged for a horse and finally sold as a slave for some tobacco, but was captured by an English man-of-war and landed at Sierra Leone in 1822. He was baptized in 1825, taking the name of Samuel Crowther from the evangelical vicar of Christ Church, Newgate Street. In 1829 he married a native girl who had been a member of the same school. He then served as schoolmaster for several years, and later accompanied the first Niger expedition. After studying at the Church Missionary College at Islington, he was ordained by the Bishop of London. He accompanied the second Niger expedition and was afterward an active clergyman at Akessa, translated the Bible into Yoruba and was engaged in other literary work. He was consecrated as Bishop of Niger territory on June 29, 1864. In May, 1880, he received a gold watch from the Council of the Royal Geographical Society in recognition of his services to geography.

DISCUSSING the ever-recurring theme of ministerial intervention in political discussion, the *Christian Leader* gives expression to the following common-sense views: There are some clergymen who are really politicians spoilt in becoming parsons; there are some statesmen who have only missed being clergymen by the accidents of their life; so long as these exist in society it is impossible always to prevent the politician being a moral and religious teacher or the preacher from becoming a platform politician or the Nestor of statesmen. Most think that to grant these exceptions carries the inference that "political parsons" are an anomaly, to be reprehended rather than encouraged. But these are not such common birds as some imagine. It is very rare that politics are dragged into the pulpit—then mostly on matters with a distinctly moral or ecclesiastical or philanthropical bearing. It is almost impossible for temperance to be advocated without allusion to State control of the liquor traffic, to discuss a State Church and only talk of the Church, to touch on war, slavery, poverty, without encroaching on the political sphere. But here party politics may be carefully excluded except by implication. On the platform it is different; there the speaker will have a free fling, and he will not separate state-craft from the statesmen. This is risky ground for ministers to tread; it needs special nerve, peculiar aptitude and good humour. To be a "political parson" is a divine calling to a few; the mischief of it is that so many mistake their vocation. Any way, a good "political parson" is as good as a political lawyer or a political professor of equal morale and ability. As a rule, let the cobbler stick to his last.

Our Contributors.

DR. STALKER ON THE MINISTER AND HIS MODELS.

BY KNOXIAN

Dr. Stalker's contribution to the Yale course of lectures on preaching makes a well-written, searching, powerful book. Coming after such men as Beecher, Hall, Taylor, Phillips Brooks, Simpson, and other pulpit princes, one opens the book wondering what this Scotchman can say on the subject that has not been well said already. You have not gone far until you find that this Scotchman says some new things, and puts many old things in such a fresh and striking way. The book has a grip. It makes you think, and pray, and resolve; makes you wonder whether you ever did preach a really good sermon; makes you determined to do better next Sabbath; makes you stop thinking about modern and uninspired pulpit models and sends you right back to Isaiah and Paul; makes you get up earlier in the morning and begin your sermon earlier in the week, for the author says that one of the main things in pulpit preparation is to begin in time and get done in time.

Dr. Stalker gives his readers pause, and pause is a good thing for a preacher to have on the threshold of a new year. Having spent your holidays in Dr. Stalker's company you are pretty sure to take your pulpit bearings, and begin your work for the year a little more in the spirit of Paul and Isaiah than you have been doing it in the past. Of course no minister will begin the year in this way if he thinks he has nothing to learn from books and little from Isaiah or Paul. We refer to ordinary specimens of clerical humanity, who feel their need of light and leading in the great struggle against sin.

About the middle of his introductory lecture Dr. Stalker gives his reader the first pronounced, prolonged, saddening pause. Like every other minister whose eyes are open, he knows that the modern church has a large amount of complicated machinery, and, like every other earnest man, he asks if practical religion is increasing in proportion to the machinery. He says:—

The machine of religion is large and complicated, and it is manned by so many workers that they get in each other's way; but, with all this bustling activity, is the work done? This is the question which gives us pause. Has the amount of practical Christianity increased in proportion to the multiplication of agencies? Are the prospects of religion as much brighter than they used to be as might have been expected after all this expenditure of labour? Is Christianity deepening as well as spreading?

Now let every reader of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN pause for a moment and think of the amount of machinery that is being worked in the name of religion, and ask himself if the results are anything like, in proportion, to the machinery. Is the real work—the work of saving souls and deepening piety—being done more successfully than at any past time? Dr. Stalker answers for his own city and country:—

In Glasgow, where the proportion of churches to population is so high, they speak of two hundred thousand non-church-goers, that is, a third of the inhabitants; and if you go into one of our villages with a population of two or three thousand, you may find three or four churches belonging to different denominations, but you will find even there a considerable body of non-church-goers.

It almost takes one's breath away to read that in the city of Glasgow one-third of the people never attend public worship, and that in the towns and villages of Scotland the state of affairs is not much better. Some of us were taught in early life to believe that nearly everybody in Scotland was a church-goer. Scotland was kept before our youthful minds as the model country. There the people read the Bible and attended church and prayer-meeting regularly and did everything that was good. So thoroughly was that idea drilled into our minds years ago that we almost think Dr. Stalker is astray in his statistics when he speaks of one-third the population of Glasgow never darkening a church door. But then Dr. Stalker is a man of affairs, a man who writes much and is in the habit of sifting his facts and testing his figures. "They speak," he says, "of two hundred thousand non-church-goers," and he does not seem to think the estimate too high.

But let us leave Glasgow to those more directly responsible for her spiritual welfare, and come right home. "One-third the people never attend public worship." Is this true of Halifax, of Montreal, of Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Brantford, Guelph, and other Canadian cities? Is it true of Canadian towns and villages generally? Must we admit that with all our ministers, evangelists, elders, colleges, church courts, committees, conferences, societies, associations and machinery of one kind and another, one Canadian out of every three never hears the gospel? Is it the shameful fact that of every three men you meet on the street under the very shadow of your church spires all the gospel influence in the place can induce only two to listen to the gospel?

Almost any Canadian city is pretty sure to be in a worse condition than Glasgow. If there are two hundred thousand people in Glasgow who never hear the Word, there is probably a larger proportion in any part of Canada. Now, would it not be well to stop vapouring about "this great church" and ask ourselves if only two-thirds of our population go to church, and many of them irregularly?

Dr. Stalker easily finds a much worse place than Glasgow in the matter of church-going. He says:—

Not long ago I heard a London clergyman state that if, any Sunday morning, you went through the congregations belonging to the Church of England in the district of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants in which he labours, you would not, in all of them put together, find one man for every thousand of the population.

That is to say the non-church-goers were a thousand to one against the church-goers! And, be it remembered, the State pays the Church of England immense sums for bringing the people to church.

Dr. Stalker's picture of things inside the church is not much more encouraging than his statistics. His most important factor in the solution of the problem—better preachers—we may discuss next week. Meantime it is a matter of gratitude that a strong honest man like Dr. Stalker comes to the front office in a while and gives the churches a powerful dose of truth.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM CHINA.

Mr. Hamilton Cassels has kindly forwarded the following letter, dated Hsin Chen, Hunan, November 9, 1891, for publication:—

Your faithful correspondent, Mr. MacVicar, has left for the coast, and as you must be anxious to hear from Hsin Chen at present I send you a line.

It is now ten days since the riot, and we are still in quiet possession of our barricaded compound. Mr. MacGillivray's visit to the Hsin magistrate was not productive of any good result. Two runners from the Yamen arrived last night, bearing only an order to drive the beggars away. A proclamation has not been issued nor has any action been taken about those who incited the tumult. Foreseeing this Mr. MacGillivray returned from Hsun Hsien last Monday, and on Tuesday morning before daylight Mr. MacVicar left by cart to lay the matter personally before the Consul.

We can now look back upon the riot with more calmness than when the excitement it caused was still fresh upon us, and we feel assured that the disturbance, though doubtless sinister enough in its purpose, was not so serious as we at first supposed. Our landlord was evidently one of the leaders, and this is a serious feature as it touches our future relations with him. The mob was thoroughly under control of the leaders and held back by a strong hand from going beyond a certain point. Instructions had evidently been given not to injure property, and we now believe not to inflict any bodily injury upon our two brothers. It was probably simply an attempt to levy blackmail with perhaps the hope that in future the threat of a similar disturbance would force us to carry on all business transactions through those who incited it and at their extortionate prices.

The fear upon the people still continues and the form it has taken helps to confirm us in this view. During the last few days Dr. Smith has been entreated by some of those most deeply involved to open the compound and receive patients in order to help quiet the abominable stories told on the street about us. Accordingly we have masons at work preparing a room in which he can treat patients without giving access to the compound proper. Since making this purpose known we have had several offers of materials and workmen, though before the riot Mr. MacVicar found it almost impossible to secure either.

Our arrival at the very hour we were most needed was evidently providential. Our boat captain for some reason of his own had made up his mind to reach a certain town on the way in time to remain over night, and for two days we chafed at the slow progress of the boat even during favourable winds. But now we see there was a guiding hand in this, for our arrival earlier would not have averted the riot, whereas occurring at the moment it did it may have prevented the booty secured whetting their appetites for more.

And I do not think any of us will soon forget the lesson we received of the power of prayer, for our request that all should withdraw while we knelt before "the one true Father of heaven," brought an awe upon the crowd and proved the turning point in our favour. We rose from our knees already assured that deliverance was at hand. Sincerely yours,

JOHN MACDOUGALL.

DOWN THE CARIBBEAN.

BY REV. JOHN MACKIE, M.A.

V.—ANTIGUA.

We are now anchored in the Bay of St. John's, about three miles from the town of that name, the capital of the island. We cannot go nearer because of the shallowness of the water; and we shall not stay long because of the smallness of the cargo to be discharged. Within a stone's throw are the rocky shores, with here and there beautiful little patches of golden sand under the shadow of feathery palms. Beyond them are gentle swells of cultivated land, and rounded hills mostly covered with wood. There is nothing strikingly picturesque about it: it is simply a pleasing scene. The length of the island is twenty-one miles and the breadth the same; and there are about 60,000 acres of arable land. Discovered by Columbus in 1493, the island has been in the possession of the British since 1632. The soil is remarkably rich, and the sugar estates, here unusually large, are skillfully cultivated; but, save the rain from heaven carefully caught in cisterns by every household, there is no water supply. It is doubtless owing to this that the island has got the name of being the most unhealthy in the West Indies. A frightful earthquake visited it in 1842, leaving St. John's a heap of ruins; and five years after when restored, it was completely destroyed by a terrible hurricane; and in 1850, owing to a protracted drought, there was a total failure of

crops. Still it contains a population of 35,000 negroes and two or three hundred whites.

SLAVERY.

Tall, broad-chested, strong-looking men these sable sons of Africa are; and with what a deafening gibberish, shrill as the clanking of tins and interspersed with a variety of English oaths, they with incredible quickness transfer the goods to their barges! One looking at them and listening recalls the past as yet not very far away, when cargoes of a different kind were carried into these peaceful waters, and scenes of another description were witnessed by those silent deep blue heavens. One sees the ebon ships, or floating hells, with their freight of human beings torn from kith and kin, carried as cattle across the Atlantic waves and emptied out, the dead as murrained beasts into the deep for the abounding sharks, and the scarcely-living into the brutalities and unutterable horrors of slavery. Shame suffuses our cheek when we remember that we are white and of the race of the oppressor; sympathy fills our hearts for these black children of men so grievously, irreparably wronged, and sacrilegiously robbed of their rights divine. The lightning words of eloquent Guthrie, consuming the insulting appeal for the sympathy and support of the Scottish Church on behalf of the Church in the Southern States, endeavouring to maintain the hellish system, come sweeping through our spirits with purifying, elevating power, and we bless our God anew that the great horror of darkness is past, and that the foulest blot on the escutcheon of our country has been wiped out. On this island alone, 30,000 slaves were set free on August 1, 1834, for \$2,129,000. No small amount of praise has been bestowed on Antigua for the enlightened and liberal policy she pursued with reference to her slaves, making herself a paradise in those islands of Egyptian bondage. Here only could they be tried by jury; here only were they allowed to marry; here only could religious instruction be imparted to them. But of this very island, the home of the slave, John Newton, once in the horrible trade but afterwards by the grace of God a minister of His Gospel, and the joint-author with Cowper of those Olney hymns that have enriched the praise of the whole Christian Church, has recorded something that, notwithstanding these touches of humanity, show it the abodes of nefarious wickedness. In these very waters John Newton sailed with his cargo of slaves in 1751, and from the planter to whom his ship was consigned he learnt that calculations had been made by the planters on the island, with all possible exactness to determine which was the most advantageous way of managing slaves—

"Whether to appoint them moderate work, plenty of provisions, and such treatment as might enable them to protract their lives to old age? or—

"By rigorously straining their strength to the utmost, with little relaxation, hard fare, and hard usage to wear them out before they became useless and unable to do service, and then to buy new ones to fill up their places?"

He further added that these skillful calculations had determined in favour of the latter mode as much the cheaper, and that he could mention several estates in the Island of Antigua on which it was seldom known that a slave had lived above nine years. This in Antigua the paradise! What in the other islands! Surely it was an hour thrice blessed, in which the Christ Himself rejoiced, when one hundred million dollars were paid down by the British people and the shackles fell from every slave.

SHARKS.

But though the slaves are no more, the sharks are still here and in shoals. Half out of the water, and of pale sepia colour, with their caudal fins erect as the poop of some old Spanish galleon, they career around us in the wildest excitement. Such boldness have they that even repeated attempts to take their life with the rifle have no intimidating effect upon them, but contrariwise, unsuccessful attacks seem rather to increase their daring. Ferocious-looking beasts they are, and most ungainly as they make their somersault to devour their prey which never escapes. Like all fishes, the shark possesses neither ears nor nostrils, and yet the sense of smell is so strong that he can perceive his victim full many a mile away and rush unerringly towards it in the darkest night and through the most troubled waters. The olfactory nerves are said by naturalists to extend over the space between the eyes. In the case therefore of a shark twenty-five feet long there would be the equivalent of a nostril twelve square feet in size. Take it to *avizandum*, if you will; but do not deny it. The sharks here are not so large; a few are between eight and ten feet long; the most are between five and seven. "These are very young and small," says a youth, a regular Mandeville, who has travelled every where, and is an authority on every conceivable subject. "When I was up the Danube some four years ago, I harpooned a fellow over fifty feet long." One listener thought but said not, "There was ample room in that shark for a full-grown Cretian." You remember the Apostle's quotations from Epimenides: if you cannot recall it, you will find it in Titus first and twelfth.

A WATERSPOUT.

Through a sea like a burnished sheet of silver we are cutting our way in a southerly direction for the Island of Montserrat, about five hours' sail from Antigua. Midway, however, the sheen on the waters changes to sullenness, and the placid surface swells into heaving billows, and we observe on our right, and not far off, a whirling mass of cloud, black as

night. Quickly it takes the shape of a huge trumpet with mouthpiece downward, dark at the edges and lighter as the centre is reached; then from the sea rises a mass of similar shape only inverted, and ascends till both are in contact. Like a huge hour-glass it hangs for a few moments before us, till the lower is absorbed by the upper, and the whole disappears into a heaven of blackness, from which immediately rushes a torrent of rain. We have witnessed that singular phenomenon called a waterspout, not seldom seen in West Indian waters. Often, however, the effects are very disastrous. The vast body of water sucked up by the heavens descends as a devastating flood dealing death and destruction to the fish in the sea and to man on the shore, and altering completely the features of the country. Nothing calamitous, however, has resulted to-day.

MONTSERRAT.

Now we are coasting Montserrat, within a stone's throw of its precipitous cliffs; and how beautiful they are! differing from each other not only in height and formation but in their marvellous colouring. Some are granite grey, like the walls of a grim old fortress; some are of brightest orange, and others are masses of emerald; some are like walls of red coral, and others are gardens of every hue. Not a yard of beach to be seen! The waves are dashing their spray high over the blaze of colour, and the glossy surface presents the appearance of richly stained glass. The cliffs are the feet of mountains whose summits are lost in the clouds. High up their sides run plantations of limes and cane, with their varying shades of green; their shaggy heads with coiffures of glistening cloud. Now the huge mountain mass breaks into isolated lofty heights clad with verdure; some rushing headlong to the sea; others abruptly stopping, sweeping gradually down into widely extended valleys, and peacefully meeting the gentle flow of the ocean. But a black mantle falls over the great Soufrière, and envelops the island; then the rain comes down with a rushing fury and the clouds break up, and the sun shines out, and the mountain summit is seen for a moment, arched with a rainbow of brightest hues. We anchor at the foot of it, close to a city of palm trees. No time is lost in getting ashore. What a quaint little place it is! Very narrow streets very roughly causewayed with shops and dwelling houses intermingled, most of them built of stone and in the old English and Scottish style! In some, the upper storeys are of wood, projecting considerably over the lower and approached by an outside flight of stone stairs. There is an air of antiquity about the place, and the palm trees in every nook and corner, and double oleanders, every bunch of flowers as large as a peony, and peculiar climbers of brilliant colour throwing themselves over railings and verandahs, give it a charming appearance. A little way out of the town is a villa of singular but very pleasing architectural design, surrounded with wide verandahs, gorgeous with various ipomæa and fragrant with jasmine. In the garden are magnificent crotons, the mignonette shrub with racemes of pale white flowers deliciously sweet; and borders filled with every conceivable bloom all new to the eye, and sequestered corners green with exquisite lace-like ferns; and under the shade of the Bois-Immortelle covered with vermilion clusters a croquet lawn of velvety pile "where soft the footstep falls," and merry voices are ringing. Far down and away is the glistening ocean, but greeting us at every turn with a cooling breeze, and behind and piercing the clouds are the everlasting hills. What a lovely abode; surely where happy hearts are beating and gentle lives are sotted gliding from Elysium to Elysium. Oh! heart that cannot feel thus delightfully satisfied with the beautiful spots by the way, how will they feel when the real and endearing home at last is reached, "incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you"?

Very restful to the eye actually wearied with the brilliancy of colours are the huge plantations of limes with their deep olive green. Known all over the world is Montserrat Lime-juice, and here are the trees laden with fruit, or rather thick shrubs of ten or twelve feet high planted in rows at regular intervals. The flowers are small and white; the fruit is ovate or roundish and of pale yellow colour, very like a lemon both in foliage and fruit; everywhere may be seen these plantations of limes running from the valleys far up the mountain sides, giving them the appearance of pine-clad hills.

Another fruit for which this island is noted is the Tamarind. This tree, the Tamarindus, is large and spreading, grows by the roadside and is common property; and very beautiful it always is in its evergreen pinnate leaves; or when gay in its flowers of yellow and red; or when laden with its cinnamon clusters of pods. Very refreshing also is the fruit when eaten just as plucked from the tree, by the stranger suffering from heat and thirst.

But here we turn into avenues of sugar cane now ready for cutting, and how pleasantly cool it feels! Hundreds of hands are busy clearing the acres with long sharp blades which they apply to the cane about a foot from the ground. Then cutting a foot from the top, which is planted, they carry the cane to the mill where it is crushed, and the juice boiled into sugar. Very nourishing it must be when sucked from the cane, as the fat glossy cheeks and shoulders of those who labour among it and eat little else bear ample witness. And how merry are the voices as the work goes on, carrying us away to the harvest-fields in those days when American patents were fewer, and the golden grain fell before sickles and scythes, and hearts had leisure to mingle the song with the swish of the reaper. Singing when the hands are busy

makes labour lighter and life far longer; and here man and labour has the advantage over brainwork. Are these sons of Africa, toiling in the burning sun, or over the boiling caldrons of syrup, happy because of the enormous wages they earn? A man receives twenty-five cents a-day; and a boy gets six. Certainly here at least the happy life is not in wealth. It is not the secret of happy life anywhere. No indeed!

Very striking and pleasing is the general appearance of the people. All are nicely dressed in the quiet shades and style familiar at home. There is a kindness of heart that immediately understands the wistful look, and not only tells of the flower, or the fruit, but places it with a smile in one's hand. There is a willingness not only to direct you to the place you are asking, but to retrace their own steps, even for a considerable way, to take you to it, and then courtesying or bowing respectfully bid you adieu.

There are Anglican, Methodist, and Roman Catholic Churches in the island, and there is manifestly over the inhabitants a religious influence that tells at least on their outward life.

"Good-bye!" we called out to the crowd on the wharf watching our little boat pushing off to the *Caribbee* out at the buoy, "good-bye! you have a lovely island, and we are sure you are good and loyal people"; and they laugh, chatter and cheer, and one voice we hear shouting over the splashing of the oars, "we are glad you like our island."

FRAGMENTARY NOTES.

IRELAND—DUBLIN THE CAPITAL—ITS SCENERY—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—SOME OF ITS EMINENT CITIZENS.

Dublin is the capital of Ireland and is famed in Irish history. The many places of interest in this great city have been texts for many a lecture, and subjects for many a book. Time and space forbid my attempting to go into detail, and I fancy I will best show my appreciation of some of them in passing them by for the present, as it would be impossible in my hurried sketch to do them justice.

Canadian passengers can reach Dublin (or "Duibhlin," as it is called), in about five hours, in very comfortable boats, from Holyhead. The scenery is magnificent: the beautiful tints of the hills which meet the eye are the pride and boast of the citizens of Dublin. Kingstown comes in view, which place was formerly known as Dunleary, but was re-named in honour of George IV., in 1821. I had a pleasant visit to this place, my guide being Mr. Robinson, the efficient agent of the Standard Life Assurance Company, which has erected one of the finest buildings on Upper Sackville Street. During my stay here I shared Mr. Robinson's hospitality, which was dispensed freely. On the arrival of the boat the train starts for the city, and after a pleasant run of about twenty minutes the "American," as he is called in all parts of the Old Country, finds himself on the "Ould Sod." He will soon be besieged by a number of genial, pleasant-looking natives, each one carrying a good long loaded whip; and after making the usual bow will salute you thus, "good mornin' to your honour," and presses the foreigner to have a drive on his real Irish jaunting car, in comparison with which those of the Hon. Edward Blake, of Toronto, or Sir Edward Kenny, of Halifax, would not make a patch.

It is supposed that Dublin existed as early as A.D. 140, and at that time was known as Elbana; and that in the Ninth Century the Danes founded a great fortress, and these foreigners held Dublin for some centuries.

The middle of the last century found the city in an entirely altered position; there came a demand for buildings on a very much-improved scale, and Irish capital was invested to such an extent that the inhabitants "were like men who dreamed."

From a commercial point of view, Dublin has not kept pace with Belfast; the younger sister has far outstretched her worthy rival in the race for business. The population of Dublin is about a quarter of a million, and the city covers an area of about four thousand acres.

The public buildings and monuments that adorn the city are subjects of general remark by visitors; among which may be mentioned those of Nelson, the Hero of Trafalgar, Sir John Gray, Daniel O'Connell, Post Office, The Rotunda, St. George's Church, the Rutland Square Presbyterian Church, Christ Church Cathedral, and St. Patrick's Cathedral, concerning which latter I may have something to say in a future letter. There is also the buildings of the Commissioners of National Education, incorporated in 1845, and which supplied education to all classes of the people of every form of religious faith. In connection with this institution there are about 8,000 Provincial schools, and over a million scholars. The Government grant is nearly a million of pounds sterling yearly. The system of combined secular and separate religious instruction worked well. I well remember how the Presbyterian pupils had to repeat the Shorter Catechism every Saturday, and Catholic pupils had to repeat their catechism in like manner; and neither were afraid of proselytizing. There were principles in those days, and the priest was not afraid of his young people becoming Protestants; nor had the Protestant clergymen any fear that the lambs of their flocks would be carried away by wolves even in sheep's clothing. The schools which then existed would be a surprise to the youth of the present day. There was in our neighbourhood a national school; the teacher could instruct his flock in either English or Irish, or both, and could speak both languages fluently. He was a most social man, and regularly indulged in a whiff of the weed. One day he was sitting by a blazing

fire of good hard peat, smoking his clay cutty pipe, when the inspector, who was a rigid disciplinarian and a Presbyterian of the most orthodox type, put in an appearance. He has a brother still living who is the minister of one of the largest city congregations in Ireland. When the inspector entered the school he looked astonished to see the venerable teacher sitting cross-legged enjoying his pipe, and expressed himself accordingly. "Oh," said the teacher, "I am only following up a good oriental custom."

The Royal Hospital, which was established in 1679 by Charles II., is a fine institution. This grand building is situated at Kilmainham, and was intended for maimed and disabled officers who should be at any time dismissed from the army as unserviceable. The building was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and the cost defrayed by the deduction of six pence in the pound from the pay of all officers and soldiers and others whose names appeared on the military list of the establishment. Near the Hospital is a cemetery, known as "Bully's Acre," in connection with which a rather strange story is told of a medical student who was out for body-snatching with a view to material for dissection. Being pursued by neighbours and deserted by his fellow students, he took refuge in the open grave, and only escaped being buried alive by wrapping himself in a winding sheet and pretending to be a ghost. Near to this place is the famous Kilmainham Jail, where the late Mr. Parnell and other members of Parliament were imprisoned as "suspects" by the Gladstone Government in 1881 and 1882. The interesting sights of Dublin are so numerous that one is really puzzled to decide which is the greater, but most people, I think, will agree that

PHENIX PARK

stands out as among the most prominent. This park contains about 200 acres, and is visited by crowds of the citizens who repair thither for fresh air and recreation. For some years a melancholy interest has been attached to the place owing to the murder of Lord Cavendish and T. H. Burke, in May, 1882. I stood on the spot where they were found, and where not a blade of grass is to be found, while all around is green. The murderers, who were known as "Invincibles," were captured about a year afterwards, and on the evidence of James Carey, one of their number, five of them were hanged at Kilmainham Jail, and about twenty were sentenced to penal servitude. On a beautiful hill stands the magazine, erected in 1735, for storing ammunition, of which the well-known Dean Swift wrote:—

Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen—
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

The Four Courts, or Irish Courts of Law, are worth a visit. The building was finished in 1800, and cost about a million dollars. These courts will always be surrounded with much interest owing to the long list of names of eminent and eloquent men whose impassioned appeals to judges and juries will long be remembered. One there is in whom I had a special interest, Lord O'Hagan. I heard him plead a case on the North-East Circuit when plain Mr. O'Hagan. He was defending a Roman Catholic party who was being tried for rioting. Mr. O'Hagan's address to the jury was a fine sample of eloquence, and as he proceeded with his peroration, in which he pleaded for his clients to be allowed to worship before their own altar without hindrance, the large audience crowding the court-room was spell-bound.

THE BANK OF IRELAND,

situated on one of the handsomest streets, is considered to be the finest specimen of architecture in the city; indeed, it is said to be the finest building of its kind in Europe. It was erected in 1729, and was intended for a Parliament House, but in 1800, when the Act of Legislative Union came in force, there was no further need for an Irish Parliament, and this grand edifice which cost about half a million dollars was sold for less than half that sum. There is to be seen the statues of Moore and of George III., and a very handsome picture representing the Battle of the Boyne. The bank notes are printed on the premises, and it is said to be interesting to have a look into this department, which will be granted on a proper introduction to any of the bank directors.

Some other topics are reserved for another letter. K.
Toronto, December, 1891.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND AUGMENTATION.

MR. EDITOR,—In many of our Sunday schools contributions are made to one or more of the Schemes of the Church. This is a very satisfactory feature of their work.

Little has as yet been done by our schools for Augmentation. Will not the children send something this year to help the 140 or 145 weak congregations that cannot have settled ministers without the aid of the rest of the Church? Even a small contribution will be very welcome and will help us to secure the \$30,000 needed.

At the request of the General Assembly the Moderator recently issued an address which appears in the November "Presbyterian Record," setting forth the importance of the Augmentation Fund. In that address, referring to the amount required this year, the Moderator says: "I cannot doubt that this would be given, were it more generally understood that what is effected by the instrumentality of the Augmentation Fund is in reality Home Mission work. That this is not understood seems evident from the fact that, while last year the Home Mission Fund received in donations \$7,436, and from Sabbath Schools, \$3,500, making from these sources \$10,936, the Augmented Fund received in donations only \$188, and from Sabbath schools \$304, making \$492. Yet the work contemplated in the maintenance of both funds is virtually the same. Our Bible Classes and Sabbath schools would do well to bear this in mind."

Contributions should be sent to Rev. Dr. Reid, 15 Toronto Street, Toronto, not later than 15th March, 1892.

Yours faithfully,
D. J. MACDONNELL,
Convener of Sub-Committee on Augmentation,
St. Andrews Manse, Toronto, December 24, 1891.

Pastor and People.

A PLEA FOR THE HEATHEN.

I plead with those whose lives are bright,
For those who dwell in gloom,
On whom there breaks no starry rift
Of hope beyond the tomb ;
I plead with those whose homes are fair,
For those whose homes are dim,
Oh guide them in the way to Christ
That they may learn of Him.

Borne far across blue rounding waves,
A wailing voice I hear,
"Uplift us from this place of graves,
Alas ! so vast and drear !"
That call from China's crowding host
Blends with the Hindu's cry :
"O sisters of the blessed life,
Come hither ere we die !"

Turn Eastward still : the Rising Sun
Looks down on eager bands,
Sweet daughters of sea-girt Japan,
Who stretch imploring hands,
And beg with eager hearts to-day
For Christian knowledge fain ;
It cannot be their earnest plea
Shall come to us in vain ?

Well may we scorn for gold and gems
And brodered garments fine,
To cumber Christ's victorious march,
To shame His conquering line ;
The banner of the Cross shall float
From every mountain crest,
For He must reign o'er all the earth,
By all their King confessed.

He stoops to-day our aid to ask,
His name He bids us wear,
The triumph of His outward path
By Sovereign grace we share ;
O loiter not ! to heathen gloom
Bear on the torch—His Soul—
What glory for a ransomed soul
To help the Almighty Lord !
—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

PRAYER.

BY M. GRANT FRASER.

Unanswered prayer. What heart, worn with anxious pleading, has failed to ask, "why is my prayer unanswered?" Am I forgotten of God? You look over your life; you search your soul for an answer. At last in self-abasement you say, "My sins have cut me off from God." But who on the plea of sinlessness can claim the ear of the Most High?

Again the thought comes. My prayers have not been earnest enough. But who will be the judge of earnestness? If my desire were more intense my heartstrings would be rent asunder.

Then the final thought comes, breathed into your ear by a friend who has watched your sorrow, perchance with some slight feeling of impatience, seeing you battling with the waves, wondering that you do not strike out like a brave swimmer for the shore. All unconscious is he of the deadly currents that lurk beneath.

This friend, I say, suggests that your prayer is not in accordance with the will of God. Therefore it will not be granted. It is your place to submit, and—surely that is enough. No doubt you feel as if it were. Into your soul there enters a sickening feeling of despair. This is what you have dreaded from the first, but you dared not speak it to your over-charged heart. So now the matter is settled, and your friend leaves, hoping for resignation. Taking the calm of your agony for peace. Do not blame him. It is human nature to be resigned for other people's sorrows. He only does not know, he cannot understand. He has offered all that he has, "empty chaff well meant for grain." It is when we are in deep waters that we learn to know the true value of friends. How often we have trusted upon the staff of a bruised reed, on which if a man lean it will go into his hand and pierce it. Precious, indeed, is the bond of true friendship, but there is a depth of woe into which no human love can follow you. Still there is One who even now does not fail you; at this moment He inclines, down into the horrible pit His love past finding out takes Him. He says: "Redeem from going down into the pit." He has found a ransom in the marvels of His mercy. Aye, He remembers forever more the darkness of an earthly garden, where with strong crying and tears He poured forth His soul unto God, while in the shadow, touched with moonlight gleams, the sleepers slumbered. He had said "I call you friends," but He was treading the wine press alone. He draws near you now, coming softly through the shadow. And while you doubt the love of the Father He says, "He spared not His own Son. Even as the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you." As the Father hath loved Me—in Gethsemane? When the thunders burst on Calvary? "The Father loved Me; even so have I loved thee."

But the desire, Lord, a desire not in accordance with Thy will. And yet I dare not wish it gone, I dare not pray.

Poor storm-tossed heart, is an ungranted prayer a token of want of love in the Father? Listen to a voice that comes to you down through the ages, Moses the man of God pleading with God.

Until the word is heard, "Speak to Me no more on this matter." Does the Lord love Moses less? We know of his

earnest prayer before this answer came; of the after conflict with his own soul no record is given. But this we feel that the desire to stand in the promised land was not at once quenched. The prayer now was, "Teach me Thy way, O Lord," until he thrilled Israel with the song "He is the Rock. A God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He."

Did God not grant him his petition? He was with him in the valley of the shadow, until at length from the Mount he beheld the promised land, and was borne on angel wings over Jordan to the Canaan of God. And knew that God's gift was more than all that he had dreamed. He had pleaded "I beseech Thee show me Thy glory." And the name of the Lord was declared before him. He saw His glory as in a glass darkly. He had besought for an entrance into the land of his hopes. His voice was silenced. The centuries rolled on until in God's time he stood with Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration in the land he had seen afar off. And saw His glory as of the only begotten of the father, all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, all accomplished the fulness of his desire.

Ask and it shall be given you. And even now in the certainty of the promise fulfilled declare: "A God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is He."

Indore.

SUNDAY REST IN FRANCE.

It is a very interesting and remarkable fact that nowhere else in Europe has the cause of Sunday rest gained so much ground in the past ten years as in France. A decade ago Sunday work was practically universal, and the year was an almost unending round of toil. Now it is a minority of the Paris business houses that open on Sunday, and the sounds of machinery and manufacture are the exception rather than the rule. In an article in the *Christian Union* Mr. D. M. Harris points out that this change has been a triumph of the labouring classes rather than of the Church. Working men and working women felt the need of one day's rest in seven, and with the better times higher wages and increased prosperity that have come from the more stable and popular government under the republic, have been in a position to demand and secure one day of rest in the week.

This is a most important fact. It has compelled the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, strongly radical as both bodies are and opposed to Sunday as a Church day, to legalize one day's rest in seven for all women and children, and thus contribute by that much to the improvement of the home life and well-being of the French working classes. The Department of Public Works has felt the pressure of popular opinion on the subject, and a ministerial decree now authorizes railways to refuse to receive any save perishable freight after nine a.m. on Sunday, and no freight at all after noon on that day. All the railway corporations have accordingly agreed to neither receive nor distribute freight after those hours, and there is probably not much more Sunday work in connection with the railways in France to-day than in the United States.

The transformation in public opinion has been wrought largely through the work of the Popular League for Sunday Rest, of which the venerable Jules Simon is president, and Mr. Leon Say, the ardent Republican, secretary. It has enlisted in its ranks men of all classes and creeds who have united in the conviction that uninterrupted labour was an injury to the working class and a weakness to the nation, and joined in endeavouring to lessen the evil. It is certainly a matter of great congratulation that so much has already been accomplished in France. Other nations of Continental Europe will see the value of the movement sooner or later and join in it, and the time is not far distant, we believe, when the working man, from his own will and as his own best right, will demand and take this one day of rest in seven.

In America in the decade the drift has been rather in the direction of Sunday labour, but it is hardly likely to long continue so. The working men are coming to understand very clearly that the cessation of labour one day in seven is directly in their interests, and every friend of Sunday rest should labour to strengthen that conviction. Once gain Sunday rest and Sabbath observance within reasonable and moderate lines is very certain to follow. This is already apparent in France, and will be so wherever the same means are employed to gain this most important end.—*Cleveland Leader*.

SOUL OR SELF IN SERMON AND SONG.

When Christ is to be proclaimed by preaching or worshipped in song, the auditors are quick to discern whether the preacher or singer is putting soul or self into the service which he renders. The good effect of the very best sermon is sure to be vitiated if, even in one's own mind, self is allowed to become prominent. It is a great offence for the servant to thrust himself before his Lord, and people are quick to discern and resent the wrong. If the speaker thinks of himself, is anxious about the estimate which will be set upon his effort, the esteem in which he is to be held, it will be impossible for him long to conceal his thought from the recognition of even the general public. Self is offensive in any public speaker, especially in a minister of the Gospel.

That which makes our greatest preachers and singers pre-eminent to-day is their ability wholly to put their souls into their service. The patient people will excuse other faults, but

they imperatively demand, in those who sing or preach, that quality which they speak of as the influence "which comes from the heart and goes to the heart."

That which we as ministers most need to-day is the baptism of fire which will help us to forget self.

What is true in this respect of the preacher and the singer is also true of the Sunday school teacher and the Christian worker everywhere. In all our teaching and in all our work we need to drop self.

This is needed by all our people. How many of our congregations are rent asunder or broken into factions because of the selfishness of those who should forget self-interests for the prosperity of the common cause and the good of all? A baptism of unselfishness is to-day needed by the pew, as well as the choir and the pulpit.—*Lutheran Observer*.

THE BLESSING OF THE GOSPEL.

Let it be clearly remembered that the question has not been, and is not now, how one of the human race who gets painfully back to God by a series of moralities or penances, will be received by Him; but how any one, manifestly incapable of even these, can get back to Him at all. It would seem settled that mere correctness of life for the future, assumed under the monitions of conscience, does not relieve any burden. It does not bridge the gulf which a past period of sin, altogether atoned for, has put between holiness in God and wickedness in man. The suffering is not eased. The wrong is not rectified. The curse of a law already broken is not removed. The guilty person is as far from hope and heaven as he was before. The only method of restoration is that which divine wisdom has announced, and divine mercy has accepted.

Help from without is the characteristic peculiar blessing of the Gospel. Men struggling in the open sea together cannot save each other, cannot even save themselves from drowning. It is the hand over the side of the life-boat which brings rescue. God sends for us, sends His Son to seek us. Jesus says "Lo, I come." He meets the penalty of the law on the cross of His crucifixion. And now He says to every man who will hear, "Come to Me; trust to Me; I will redeem you. Guiltless I die, that you, guilty, might live. My righteousness is credited over to you; your curse is put to My account. By My stripes you may be healed. I will take your case in hand; I will be your surety at the judgment. You do not need to bring burnt-offerings; the Lord will not be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousand rivers of oil. You need not any more plan to give your first-born for your transgression, nor the fruit of your body for the sin of your soul. He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—*Charles S. Robinson, D.D.*

NOT THE RIGHT METHOD.

There are some people who give up and lose all their courage and faith the moment any trouble comes. They cannot endure trial. Sorrow utterly crushes them. They think they cannot go on again. There have been lives broken down by affliction which have never risen again out of the dust. There have been mothers, happy and faithful before, who have lost one child out of their home, and have never cared for life again, letting their hope grow dreary and desolate and their other children go uncared for, as they sat with folded hands in the abandonment of their uncomforted grief. There have been men with bright hopes who have suffered one defeat or loss and have never risen out of the dust. But God's Word teaches that we should never faint under any trial. God chastens us, not to crush us, but for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness. To faint, therefore, under chastening is disloyal to God. We should accept the affliction with reverence, and turn the whole energy of our life into the channels of obedience and service.

POLITENESS.

Never be economical with politeness. It pays to be courteous, especially to children and servants, who catch your tone and manner, and reveal you to your friends in a way that you hardly dream of as possible. The manner of good society does not denote or imply insincerity, nor need the sincere person be brusque or boorish. Tact is a gift worth striving for, if it have been denied to that unsatisfactory being, the "natural man." Indeed, the natural man or woman is not always the most agreeable of associates. It is the disciplined, cultivated man or woman whom we enjoy meeting and are generally the better for living with.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

NOT CIRCUMSTANCES BUT THE MAN.

There is an old fashion in the world that continues from generation to generation. It is the fashion of charging to circumstances our failings and our failures. Undoubtedly surroundings have much to do with conduct; but, after all, our deeds find only their occasion in the conditions of life, the cause is found in character. "Nature is stronger than environment," says one; and quaint old Thomas à Kempis wrote long ago: "Occasions do not make a man fail, but they show what he is."

Our Young Folks.

QUARRELLING AND RECONCILIATION.

Two little folks of tender age,
Two little hearts so full of rage
That love forgotten lies,
And kindly thoughts are all asleep,
While looks that make the angels weep
Are in two pairs of eyes.

Two little tongues that try to say
Such words of bitterness to-day,
Instead of happy mirth,
That mourning fills the air above,
Where angels dwell in peace and love,
And wish the same on earth.

Two little faces hot with shame,
Two little whispers—"I'm to blame"—
Some tears that follow this;
And then a rush of little feet
That rosy mouths may quickly meet
To have a loving kiss!

Two little folks who smiling stand
Now heart to heart and hand in hand
Obeying love's dear voice.
Methinks I hear some fluttering wings—
A heavenly voice that softly sings,
"The angels now rejoice!"

THE QUAKER'S GIFT.

"Levi, can you make up your mind to live at home and be a farmer?"

"I would rather be a tanner than a farmer."

"Very well," responded the father, who was willing to let Levi follow his own tastes as he was now seventeen years old; "very well, my son, I will try to find a place for you."

Very shortly a place was found for Master Levi. When the youth presented himself at the tannery, the master, an honest Quaker, said: "Levi, if thou art a good lad, I will do well by thee; if not, I will send thee home again. All the bargain I will make with thee is that thou shalt do as well by me as I do by thee."

"Very well, sir; I will do my best."

Levi now went to work with a hearty good will. He worked hard, read his Bible, was steady, honest and good-natured. His master was satisfied and Levi was happy; the years of his apprenticeship passed pleasantly away.

One day Levi's master said to him: "Levi, I think of making thee a nice present when thy time is out."

Levi smiled at the pleasant piece of news and said: "I shall be very happy to receive any gift you may be pleased to make me, sir."

Then the Quaker looked knowingly at Levi, and added: "I cannot tell thee now what the present is to be, but it shall be worth more than a thousand pounds to thee!"

"More than a thousand pounds!" said Levi to himself, his eyes sparkling at the bare thought of such a costly gift. "What can it be?" That was the puzzling question which buzzed about in Levi's brain from that day until the day before he was out of his apprenticeship. On the day the Quaker said to him: "Levi, thy time is out to-morrow; but I will take thee and thy present home to-day."

Levi breathed freely on hearing these words. Dressing himself in his best suit he soon joined the Quaker, but could see nothing that looked like a gift worth over a thousand pounds. He puzzled himself about it all the way, and said to himself:—

"Perhaps my master has forgotten it."

At last they reached Levi's home. After he had been greeted by his friends, the Quaker turned on him and said:—

"Levi, I will give thy present to thy father."

"As you please, sir," replied Levi, now on the very tiptoe of expectation.

"Well," said the Quaker, speaking to Levi's father, "your son is the best boy I have ever had." Then, turning to Levi, he added: "This is thy present, a good name."

Levi blushed, and perhaps he felt a little disappointed because his golden visions so suddenly vanished away. But his sensible father was delighted, and said to the Quaker, who was smiling waggishly:—

"I would rather hear you say that of my son, sir, than to see you give him all the money you are worth, for a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches!"

Levi's father was right, and the young man's good name did more for him in after years than could have been done by any sum of money.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

An officer, in a fit of ill-temper, struck a private for some slight neglect of duty; and the soldier, turning upon him with a flushed face, said he would make him repent it.

That same day, in a fierce battle, the enemy carried off a flag; and volunteers were called for to recover it. A private soldier stepped out of the ranks and offered to lead the charge, and in a short time a small number of picked men were ready to follow him. They made a gallant attack, and after a desperate fight, in which more than half of them were either killed or wounded, they rescued the flag. As they came back with the torn and blackened rag, an officer hurried to meet them, and after looking eagerly over the men, found the one of whom he was in search. It was the leader, the private soldier. The officer fell upon his neck, and begged to be forgiven. "I told you," said the soldier, "that I would make you repent it."

ANGELS' WORK.

I wonder if you have seen that pathetic little story of the poor tired mother who took her three little children into a parlour-car by mistake, and was rudely driven into another car in a way that brought smiles to some faces, but a great pity into the tender heart of one of the passengers, a little boy. He showed his sympathy in true boy-fashion by taking some of his own fruit and luncheon to the abashed little group in the common car.

So sweet and gentle was the ministry of the bright-faced, beautiful boy that one of the children, watching his retreating form, asked: "Was he an angel, mamma?"

"No, dear; but he was doing an angel's work, bless him!" answered the mother.

And it is this answer that rings in my ears so persistently that I pass it on to you: "Doing an angel's work."

Is there not a little bit of an angel's work for each one of us, every day, no matter how common-place the day may be? Perhaps you are not quite sure just what an angel's work is, but a little searching of the Scriptures will make it quite clear. And having found what the work is like, suppose we each one, just for one week, watch diligently for such pieces of it as may lie in our path?

SURE SIGNS.

When a boy is patient and persevering and conquers difficulties, it is a sign he will make his mark in the world. If he worries and frets and stew, it is a sign he is likely to die prematurely or live to little purpose. If he is in a hurry to spend each cent as he gets it, he will never be rich, but a spendthrift. If he hoards up his pennies and will not part with one for any good cause, he is likely to be a miser. If he is careful and economical and generous, he may or may not be rich, but he will have the blessing of God and if he is a Christian he will never want. If he is obedient to his parents, he has the promise that his "days shall be long in the land." If he is lazy and indifferent and neglects his studies, he will grow up a dunce, and men cannot respect him. If he reads dime novels or low, trashy, vile, five-cent papers, instead of bright, helpful literature, he will likely end his days in a prison or upon the gallows. If he loves his Bible and his Church and his Sunday school, he will be good and useful and occupy an honourable position among men. Are you patient, persevering, prayerful, contented, careful, generous and good? Are you trying to be?

TRUE GENTLEMEN.

"I beg your pardon!" and, with a smile and a touch of his hat, Harry Edmund handed to an old man against whom he accidentally stumbled, the cane which he had knocked from his hand. "I hope I did not hurt you? We were playing too roughly."

"Not a bit," said the old man. "Boys will be boys, and it is best they should be. You didn't harm me."

"I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again Harry turned to join his playmates, with whom he had been frolicking at the time of the accident.

"What do you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked his companion, Charlie Gray. "He is only old Giles."

"That makes no difference," said Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one, and no true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat or sells vegetables through the streets."

FOR scrotula in every form Hood's Sarsaparilla is a radical, reliable remedy. It has an unequalled record of cures.

THE EVIL OF SUBSTITUTION.

Do you ever think when buying a patent medicine that you take chances of being imposed upon by mercenary and unscrupulous dealers? If you demand time-tried and stood-the-test medicines you take no chances; if you take a substitute you may be putting poison into your system, that will result in temporary relief and the subsequent wrecking of your health forever. Think it over. Did you ever hear a complaint about Dr. Pierce's Medicines—Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for the liver, the blood and the lungs, or Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription for weekly women, failing to do just what they are advertised to do? Men who spend millions of dollars in advertising a remedy that is a benefaction to humanity do not take these chances when there is not a sterling force, a great remedy, back of their advertisements. Dr. Pierce's remedies are guaranteed to give "value received or no pay," and the *Journal* is doing you a kindness and not seeking to advertise Dr. Pierce, when it calls your attention to the reliability of such standard medicines.—*La Salle and Peru (Ill.) Twin City Journal.*

THE following from the "Handbook of Therapeutics," by Dr. Sidney Ringer, Professor of Medicine at University College, London, England, and physician to the College Hospital (perhaps the greatest English authority on the action of drugs), is of special interest in view of the cocoas manufactured by the Dutch process, and now offered for sale in this market: "The sustained administration of alkalies and their carbonates renders the blood, it is said, poorer in solids and in red corpuscles, and impairs the nutrition of the body." Of ammonia, carbonate of ammonia, and spirits of ammonia, Dr. Ringer says: "These preparations have many properties in common with the alkaline, potash and soda group. They possess a strong alkaline reaction, are freely soluble in water, have a high diffusion power and dissolve the animal textures. . . . If administered too long they excite catarrh of the stomach and intestines." W. Baker's & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure and healthful, no patent process, alkalies or dyes being used in its manufacture.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Jan. 24, 1892. } HEZEKIAH'S PRAYER AND DELIVERANCE. [Isaiah xxxvii. 14-21, 33-35.]

GOLDEN TEXT The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth and delivereth them.—PSALM xxxiv. 17.

INTRODUCTORY.

The kingdom of Israel had been overthrown about twenty years before this remarkable event in the history of Judah occurred. It was near the end of Hezekiah's reign that the Assyrian invasion threatened the very existence of the nation. The historical account of Sennacherib's invasion is to be found in 2 Kings xviii. and xix., and in 2 Chron. xxxii. It is worthy of notice that the Old Testament record has been confirmed by Eastern discoveries in our own times. The many inscribed tablets found in the ruins of Nineveh attest the accuracy of the Scripture narrative.

I. Hezekiah's Distress.—Hezekiah, the king of Judah, along with other tributaries to the Assyrian power, thought that the death of Sargon, king of Assyria, was a favourable opportunity for throwing off the yoke. The king of Judah refused any longer to pay tribute. For nearly three years the Assyrian monarch was occupied in reducing the revolting powers to subjection, and then came the turn of Judah. The Assyrians had a victorious advance all along till they came to Jerusalem. The situation of that city was such, being so easy of defence, that it could not be captured at once. It had to be besieged. So great and powerful was the army of Sennacherib that they were confident that Jerusalem would fall before their attack, while Hezekiah knew that his resources were not equal to the successful defence of the capital. He sought to avert the danger by paying the tribute he had refused to pay, and by making many costly presents to the Assyrian king. These offers were spurned with contempt, and an insulting and defiant letter was sent to Hezekiah. This brings us to the point in the narrative where to-day's lesson begins. Hezekiah went up to the House of the Lord and spread the letter before the Lord. He sent to the prophet Isaiah an account of what had happened.

II. Hezekiah's Prayer.—In view of the threatened calamity Hezekiah went into the temple and spread out Rabshakeh's offensive letter. He was deeply moved, and in his distress he prayed earnestly to God. God could interfere on His people's behalf without asking, but He desires us to come to Him as the child goes to his father when he has a request to make or a favour to ask. True and fervent prayer is a means of making us more ready to receive aught the blessings God is ready to bestow. The anxious and distressed king draws near to God, as all true worshippers ought to do, in a devout and reverent spirit. He makes acknowledgment of God's omniscience as the Lord of hosts, of all the orders of being, of all forces in heaven and on earth, as the God of Israel, a covenant-keeping God, "that dwellest between the cherubim," the God who reveals His presence to His worshipping people, the Supreme Ruler in heaven and earth, and the Creator of all. In the earnestness of his soul the king speaks to God in the language of strong human emotion, "Incline Thine ear, O Lord, and hear; open Thine eyes, O Lord, and see; and hear all the words of Sennacherib, which hath sent to reproach the living God." He pleads with God to vindicate His own honour and glory. Much of the boasting of the Assyrians was true. They had overthrown the kingdoms and cities they had attacked, and the gods of these nations had been powerless to protect them. The reason is implied when it is said "they were no gods, but the work of men's hands." Now Hezekiah pleads for the manifestation of God's saving power for His name's sake, "that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that Thou art the Lord, even Thou only." The Jewish people rightly claimed that their God was the only living and true God. All surrounding nations worshipped idols. They were not prepared to admit the claim of the Hebrews. They entertained the general opinion prevalent in heathen lands, that the gods of the various nations were about equally good and equally powerful. When the facts of God's marvellous dealings at this period in the history of His chosen people became known, many would be convinced that the Jews were right in believing that their God was the Creator of all things, and the Governor among the nations.

III. Hezekiah's Prayer Answered.—God sent a direct answer to Hezekiah's prayer by the prophet Isaiah, who could say, "Thus saith the Lord." The prayer is mentioned as the reason why God thus made known His purpose. The answer came to the prayer before the army of Sennacherib was overthrown. Hezekiah knew beforehand that the danger was over. The Assyrian king had boasted that he would capture the city, but God had purposed that he should not enter it. Though his army was splendidly equipped, the archers would be unable to shoot a single arrow inside its walls. Neither would they be able to bring their battering rams and implements for the siege into position. The army should disappear, leaving Jerusalem untouched. God Himself was the defender of the city. "For I will defend the city." Human resources were unavailing, but the Almighty could frustrate the designs of the most skilful and foil the attacks of the bravest soldiers. It was in vindication of His own name that He wrought out this signal deliverance, and in fulfilment of His covenant promise to David. The word of God as made known by the prophet was soon accomplished, the fulfilment followed close upon the announcement. "The angel of the Lord went forth." This means that the terrible overthrow of the vast Assyrian host was directly effected by the power of God. The manner of the terrible discomfiture of the besieging forces is not explained. An angel might have been commissioned to do the awful work, or it may have been some swift material agency that prostrated in death the occupants of the Assyrian camp. Whatever the means employed, it was an unmistakably supernatural interposition. The death of the Assyrian soldiers was swift and appalling. In the morning when those who survived looked around them they saw the vast army stretched in death. The number is given as 185,000, showing how formidable an army threatened the destruction of Hezekiah's kingdom. The pride of the Assyrian monarch had been effectively humbled. He returned to his own capital, where he remained till his own cruel end came. It is understood that Sennacherib lived some twenty years after his great army had perished in the land of Judah. He had gone into the temple of his god Nisroch—meaning "the great eagle," and which is usually represented on Assyrian tablets with a human form and an eagle's head. There he was threatened with death, and his god was powerless to help him. He fell by the hands of his own children. It may have been that these wicked and ambitious sons thought he was living too long, and they were determined to seize the kingdom by putting their father to death. If that was their object they did not attain it, for they had to flee for their own lives to other lands. Esarhaddon, one of Sennacherib's sons, succeeded him on the throne, and by his achievements and ability gained an illustrious name in his nation's annals.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

God is a very present help in time of trouble. Those who put their trust in Him are undismayed.

God heard Hezekiah's prayer, and sent an immediate answer. God answers prayer in His own way.

Sennacherib's pride brought on himself and his followers a terrible overthrow. Human power is no match for God's omnipotence.

READY IN A FEW DAYS.

THE PRESBYTERIAN YEAR BOOK FOR 1892.

CONTENTS: Frontispiece—Photogravure Portrait of Rev. Thos. War-
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 of General Assembly—The Moderator—Home Missions—by Rev. W. S. McTav-
 ish, B.D.—Foreign Missions—Presbyterianism in the North-West, by Profes-
 sor Baird—The Presbyterian College, Halifax, by Rev. Robert Murray—The Duties
 and Responsibilities of the Eldership, by James Knowles, jr.—The Presbyterian
 Church in Ireland, by Rev. S. Houston, Kingston—The Aged and Infirm Min-
 isters' Fund, by J. K. Macdonald—Sketches and Engravings of St. Andrew's
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The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13th, 1892.

OUR publishers expect an addition of TWO THOUSAND new names to THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN list for the coming year. Old subscribers, who help to bring about this desirable result can get their own renewal for ONE DOLLAR. The way to do it: Secure two new names at \$2 each; forward \$5; and have your own subscription credited for another year.

THE closing paragraph of McNeill's farewell sermon to the people of Regent Square was characteristic. He said:—

I take short views and clear ones, and I see that for a year I am called to help in this way. Do not speak depreciatingly of me when I am gone. Do not say, he has gone back to Scotland! Please understand that no man goes back to Scotland. To go to Scotland is to go forward and upward. (At this there was a general smile, and one old gentleman clapped his hands.) Scotland is the best centre of true, spiritual energy that I know of in the world, and, in the providence of God, I have special qualifications for the work. I know that the need of London is great, and that the battle thickens here. I look forward to coming back to London, but I feel that in the meantime the Lord has ordered me north to work for Him there.

We would not be surprised if a few years hence Mr. McNeill should be found in New York, Chicago, or some other great American city. Whether that would be going back or going up it would be hard to say.

OF course the usual howl about heresy hunting will be raised in the Workman case. Just why it should be no reasonable man can say. The corporation of Victoria College has an undoubted right to say what kind of a teacher of theology it wants. Dr. Workman may be quite orthodox enough to preach to some congregations. He may be very good at a dozen kinds of work needed by the Methodist Church. The constituted authorities however think he is not the right kind of man to train students for the ministry and they have said so. Why should they not if that was their honest opinion? It is amusing to hear people commend the authorities of Union Seminary, N.Y., for standing by Briggs after the General Assembly vetoed his appointment, condemn the authorities of Victoria for transferring Dr. Workman from one department of their work to another. Have the authorities of Victoria no rights because they are orthodox?

MR. JOHN DOUGLASS, of Woodstock, was presented with an address last week on the occasion of his retirement from the Public School Board of that town after fifty-three years of faithful service. We doubt very much if there is another man in Canada who has sat continuously at any municipal or educational board for half a century and three years. During the greater part if not all of this time he has been the treasurer of Knox Church, and has taken an active part in all

its affairs. Mr. Douglass is a stalwart Presbyterian, an honest, manly man who has always done his own thinking and never was afraid to express his own convictions. THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN wishes for him and the many veterans like him who helped to lay the foundation of Presbyterianism in this country, a happy old age and increasing influence and usefulness to the end.

WE scarcely recognized our old friend the *Interior* last week. The old blanket sheet that we have handled with such profit and pleasure for twenty years has been cut down to a pamphlet of thirty pages. The new *Interior* is no doubt a thing of beauty, but we confess we part from the old one with a feeling somewhat akin to sorrow. Having read the old *Interior* for twenty years, we knew just where to find the good things without a moment's loss of time. The *Interior* is and has always been noted for its individuality. Neither Horace Greeley nor James Gordon Bennett ever stamped his individuality more vividly on a journal than Dr. Gray has stamped his on the *Interior*. His journal reflects his image as clearly as the *Globe* used to reflect the image of George Brown. Happily for the Presbyterianism of the West, the individuality of Dr. Gray stands for everything sound in theology and clean in morals. His paragraphs have sent home many a lesson that would have been unheeded if buried in an elaborate article. Few writers can teach wholesome lessons and even administer sharp rebukes in a way that gives pleasure to the reader. Dr. Gray is one of the few. May his hand never lose its cunning.

THE directors of the Columbia Fair seem determined to disgrace the American people by making them appear to the world as a nation of Sabbath-breaking saloon keepers. Petitions signed by thousands, asking that the fair be closed on Sabbath, have been laid before this Board, but so far as we know the courtesy of a reply has never been sent to the petitioners. But that is not all. It was announced the other day that liquor will be sold on the grounds and that the directors—that is the American nation—will have a share in the profits. And all this, be it remembered, in the land of Neal Dow and the Maine Law, in the country that is supposed to have made enormous strides towards prohibition, and whose people so often refer to the British as a drinking nation. Why the national bar will be almost within sight of two prohibition States—Iowa and Kansas. If there is not enough of temperance sentiment in the Republic to nail down this bar, outsiders will be tempted to conclude that the temperance people of the Union are more noisy than influential. Canada does not profess to lead in Temperance matters, but no representative man in this Dominion outside of the Province of Quebec would propose to open a national bar. The man who did so in Ontario or the Maritime Provinces would soon hear from public opinion.

MR. JUSTICE ROSE has old-fashioned, Puritanic ideas in regard to the duties of a member of Parliament. Addressing the Grand Jury in Ottawa the other day he said:—

It was most necessary for purity in the administration of public affairs, absolutely necessary, indeed, that members of Parliament, the representatives of the people chosen to guide the nation's affairs, should go to Parliament free and independent men, uninfluenced by any ulterior matters at all, certainly not by any bribe or other consideration. They were sent to Parliament to see that the country's affairs were properly administered, that the public money was properly expended, that public works were not constructed except where needed, and that where needed they should be constructed at the lowest possible price, not leaving any margin to be improperly expended, and, above all, to see that public works were not administered for political purposes in any way. The jury could thus see how important was the position of a member of Parliament.

There is just one objection to this theory, and that is that in many constituencies it would be found too good to work. A candidate who declared against public works "except where needed" would have no chance against one who promised a railway or a canal, a custom-house or a post-office. His Lordship's theory is admirable, but the difficulty would be in getting people to live up to it. Of course there ought to be no "margin to be improperly expended," but the margin is the very thing some of the electors are after. Still it is a good thing to keep a high ideal before the minds of the people, and although members of Parliament are a long way from being "free and independent men," in Canada that is just the kind of men they ought to be. A lively, all-round recognition of this fact might do much good.

A FEW years ago this country was well supplied with temperance orators from the other side of the line. Some of them were good, able men and did good work, others were fair to middling, and a few were not nearly as good as even a professional moral reformer ought to be. These professionals were all alike in at least two respects, they were anxious to tell us about the enormous strides prohibition was making over in their country, and they liked to tell their story on Sunday. The Sunday temperance meeting was quite an institution in those days, and in Toronto became a source of considerable annoyance to Sabbath school workers and others. Things have changed of late. The Sabbath was fiercely assailed in Toronto a few weeks ago and most of the men who stood in the breach and buried the Sunday-car movement were men who are not much in favour of Sabbath afternoon temperance meetings. About the time the people of Toronto were giving the Sabbath car decent burial, the directors of the Columbia Fair were arranging to open a national bar in Chicago. We feel like saying to our temperance preceptors from the other side: Gentlemen, how would it do for you to stay at home and fight against your own national bar and leave us our Canadian Sabbath for rest and worship?

AMID the political turmoil in the Province of Quebec, abuses of all kinds are being dragged into the light of day. The lottery system is deservedly coming in for its share of condemnation. Perhaps one reason why this nefarious institution flourishes with such vigour among French Canadians is that it has priestly sanction. As a means of raising money for religious and charitable purposes it has long been resorted to. Under cover of priestly benediction, people have lost sight of the moral evils inseparable from the lottery, and it has been permitted to take root. It will require strong and well-sustained effort to repress a usage that is injurious to all who have anything to do with it. The principal lotteries on this continent and in Europe that have for years been preying on the greed and credulity of those who expect to grasp unearned money have, it is said, their agents in Montreal and Quebec. It is doubtful, however, whether the temporary spasm of virtuous indignation against the lottery will be sufficiently strong to discredit it in the popular mind. One thing is as plain as it can be—the Church, instead of countenancing it in any form, should condemn the lottery in unstinted terms, and resolve that henceforth she will have nothing whatever to do with it.

THE following well-authenticated incident is going the rounds and is supposed to reflect somewhat severely on the *New York Sun* and its proprietor. It reflects, we should say, with equal severity on the readers of that journal:—

Mr. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, had promised the friends of Mr. William E. Dodge that an address delivered by him at a Y. M. C. A. anniversary would appear in the *Sun*. The exigencies of the hour seemed to make it necessary that something in the way of news should be sacrificed in order to print Mr. Dodge's speech. The managing editor, Mr. Amos Cummings, turning to Mr. Dana, said:—

"Well, of course, Mr. Dana, if you write 'must' on it 'must' it is, and it will go in no matter what we leave out."

"What will you probably leave out," said Mr. Dana.

"For one thing, sir, we have a very clever account of a dog fight, and that, of course, we must sacrifice," replied Mr. Cummings.

"Well," returned Mr. Dana, with one of his peculiar smiles, "if that's the case, Amos, kill Dodge."

Than Mr. Dana no newspaper manager ever had a more vivid idea of what his patrons wished to read. He knew his reading constituency and he felt quite certain a majority of them would rather read a lively account of a dog fight than an address by William E. Dodge. No doubt his estimate of their taste and intelligence was strictly correct. It may be urged that a newspaper should educate its readers. A fundamental question comes in there. Is the press an educator or a business concern to make money out of the people as they are? Some press men act on the former theory and some, we are sorry to say, on the latter.

RIGHT USES OF WEALTH.

THERE are people who look upon the possession of money as the greatest possible good the world has to bestow, and the loss of wealth the greatest calamity that can befall a man. The desire for the accumulation of riches is universal. Even those who rail against the rich have no objections, that could not easily be overcome, to occupy the places of the well-to-do should opportunity arise. Mankind in general in all grades of life are in dead earnest to acquire money. Money getting is the

gospel that is preached from morning to night every day of the week. It is preached by precept and by example continually. The rich man is the pet of his immediate circle. His foibles and failings are looked upon with indulgent eye, and his wishes are regarded with a decorous respect. No divinity recognized among men receives more genuine homage than is paid to Mammon.

The New York *Independent*, with its wonted enterprise, has secured contributions from men eminent in their respective spheres, in which the right uses of wealth are frankly and ably discussed. It is assumed that wealth has been honestly and justly earned in the first place. Can the thoughtful observer, who is even moderately conversant with the commercial and industrial life of the time, accept as a postulate beyond question that all millionaires have reared their fortunes without entailing hardship and suffering, perhaps positive injustice, on some of their fellow-men. At all events this thoughtful discussion of the subject in the pages of the *Independent* brings out a hopeful and encouraging fact, not too generally recognized, that men of wealth are beginning to realize, as they have never done before, that wealth brings its obligations and responsibilities to its possessors. From what all of the writers state, it is apparent that rich men are anxious to find out what special duties they owe to God and to their fellow-men in view of the opportunities their wealth occasions. The idea of stewardship is earnestly insisted upon. Large-hearted and generous feelings are inculcated. Vulgar displays of wealth and many of the foolish exactions of conventionalism are condemned. There is unanimity also in reprehending selfish hoarding and lavish expenditure for purposes of personal gratification and mere enjoyment. It is the wise use of money, its distribution in order to promote the greatest moral and spiritual good of others, that is recommended. This is certainly contained in the idea of stewardship, a relationship not confined to the possessors of lordly fortunes alone, but to all who have it in their power to live noble and unselfish lives, to do good to all men as they have opportunity. A poor man may be as stingy and ungenerous with the means at his disposal as the rich miser who trembles constantly lest an inroad should be made on his hoarded treasures. Another point on which these writers on the right distribution of wealth insist is that rich men should be their own executors. They say many forcible things about the absurdity of clinging to their wealth until death makes them relax their hold. Recent instances in which rich men have bequeathed large sums for charitable and benevolent purposes are referred to as having been set aside by litigation, the testator's designs having been thwarted and much of the money finding its way into the coffers of the legal fraternity. It is a sign of the times that not a few of the men prominent because of their wealth are giving largely of their means to endow institutions of learning, the establishment of technical schools, making provision for the extension of popular educational privileges, founding institutions for the support of the helpless, the infirm and the aged, for advancing the cause of Christian missions, both at home and abroad. By actively engaging in benevolent and philanthropic work, the rich man is benefiting himself morally and spiritually, and finds in it the best corrective against the special dangers and temptations that upon the best authority we are informed beset those who "will to be rich." The investment of money in charitable and benevolent enterprises needs the same degree of financial skill and competence as in purely business speculations. The men who amass wealth are therefore the fittest to administer it; besides it brings them into living human relation with another social world than that in which they usually mingle, and both may be benefited thereby.

One writer is of opinion that the Church should enter far more largely than it does at present into the work of benefiting the masses, and for this end there should a far greater real consecration of wealth to Christian work than now exists. The writer holds that much of the so-called consecration of means to the service of the Lord Jesus is a sham, which of course is injurious all round. This view, at least, is worth reflecting upon. All the writers in the symposium agree that there is nothing more hurtful than indiscriminate largesse. All help of others to be effective must be in the direction of enabling those needing aid to help themselves. This is the deliberate recommendation of those who from long actual experience have been engaged in Christian work among "the submerged tenth." Experience justifies the wisdom of the principle. Another caution is given which is worthy of consideration, the rich man is exhorted to take care that his wealth belongs to him, not he to it.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

A GREAT famine, with its attendant horrors, is happily an experience unknown on this continent. There have been famines in India, China and in Ireland, traceable to peculiarities of economic and climatic conditions, from which many thousands have suffered. Where the British Government have had control over famine-stricken regions, measures for the relief of the destitute and suffering have invariably been taken with commendable promptitude. Every facility has been given for the transport of food supplies, and great public works have been undertaken that destitute thousands might obtain means to procure food for themselves and those dependent upon them. Such undoubtedly ought to be the course pursued by all enlightened governments in accordance with just principles and the ordinary dictates of humanity.

Unhappily the methods of dealing with the famine carrying desolation over a large portion of Russia are of a different kind and wholly inadequate to stay the dread calamity or even mitigate the intensity of suffering it entails. News concerning the internal condition of things in Russia, it is true, is neither plentiful nor accurate. The repressive censorship existing prevents the spread of reliable information, but there is abundant reason for the general belief that affairs are in a desperate state in many parts of the Russian Empire. Some of the accounts circulated by the political revolutionists may be exaggerated, but trustworthy correspondence to the leading journals both in Europe and in America leaves no doubt that the present condition of many thousands of the Russian people is simply deplorable. The famine extends over a large area. The provinces lying along the Volga river, in ordinary years the most fertile of the wheat producing districts in the empire, are scenes of awful suffering. The famine is severely felt in the provinces of Nijni-Novgorod, Kazan, Samara, Saratov and several of the provinces bordering on Siberia. In the three first-named provinces the suffering has been most intense. A resident in Samara states that "one-half of the population—no fewer than 1,250,000 persons—are literally dying of starvation." In many other places people are actually dying of want. Loathsome disease is following in the wake of the famine, the maddened people are committing atrocities, plundering where they can and killing each other in their frenzy. Facts like these would surely be sufficient to rouse the intelligent and energetic activity of the governing authorities to do what they could to mitigate the horrors of the situation. Unfortunately it is only too evident that those in high places have not yet realized the awful responsibility resting on them. It is true that court and military balls have been temporarily suspended, and the money they would have cost has been donated to the relief fund, but all that is a poor offset to the tales of criminal folly and corruption that are told from time to time. It is stated on what is usually regarded as trustworthy authority that the entire subscription raised in St. Petersburg for the poor of the capital and its environs was stolen by officials. The same correspondent says: "The 15,000,000 pounds of rye flour purchased has been found to be so infamously adulterated as to be wholly uneatable, and in parts poisonous. The revelations are but now beginning. We shall hear more of them."

The failure of a season's crops is a serious thing in any country, but it would not in Canada produce anything like wide disaster. An unprofitable harvest would not be followed almost immediately by famine and the death of thousands by starvation. The average Russian peasant is not thrifty, and he is a little too freely addicted to the use of vodka, but then he has few incentives to persevering industry. Cut off a man's hope for the future and you effectually kill his spirit of enterprise. So heavily does taxation press on the Russian peasant and so many are the restrictions imposed upon him, and so deeply rooted is governmental corruption that the average peasant finds that saving from his earnings is a sheer impossibility. He cannot lay up anything for a rainy day, and when the rainy day comes his ruin is complete. These calamities will bring about important changes. Cruelty, rapacity and misgovernment in time produce results, and as the Governor among the nations is righteous, even the most appalling calamities will be overruled for good.

SUBSCRIBERS in arrears are kindly urged to remit *at once*. If you have been missed in rendering accounts, the date to which your subscription is paid is indicated on the address label.

Books and Magazines.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION (Boston) presents its readers with a handsome New Year's double number, in a beautifully illuminated cover. It is filled with varied and useful information, good stories and finely executed engravings. Altogether it is a publication of great attractiveness.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for January 5th, being the first in 1892, will be called the "Columbus number." It will consist of twenty-four pages and a specially designed cover, and will contain the story of Christopher Columbus in brief, told by Thomas A. Janvier; "The First Christmas in the New World," by Kirk Munroe; the ninth instalment of the Columbus serial, "Diego Pinzon"; the second part of "The Fate of Belfield"; "New Years in Russia," by the Countess Norraikow, and other stories, articles, poems, and pictures.

THE Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Massachusetts, is the subject of a portrait and biographical sketch in the January *Book News* (Philadelphia). The number has the most complete list to be anywhere found of the new books of the month, accompanied by reviews, illustrations, and the scholarly "With the New Books." The Boston Letter, by Mr. N. H. Dole, leaves nothing untold as to the doing of publishers in that city, while "Books Announced" points to books of the future. This number also presents portraits of Dickens, Collins, Carlyle, Jane Austen, Sam Houston, Robert Fulton, besides portraits of two or three very recent contributors to the literature of the day.

THE MUSICIANS' GUIDE. (Chicago: The S. Brainard's Sons Co.)—Every music teacher, student or music lover should have this volume. It contains 212 pages of valuable musical information, with full description of over 10,000 pieces of music and music books, biographical sketches of over 150 composers, with portraits and other illustrations. Also a choice selection of new vocal and instrumental music and other attractive features. Upon receipt of eight-cent stamps, to prepay postage, the publishers will mail free, a copy of "The Musicians' Guide," also a sample copy of "Brainard's Musical World," containing \$2 worth of new music and interesting reading matter.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE. (Toronto: William Briggs.)—This enterprising and attractive Canadian magazine begins the new year with a new volume, the thirty-fifth. The first paper, founded on Mr. W. S. Caine's recent work, gives an account of "India: its Temples, its Palaces, and its People," embellished with a number of engravings. Another paper of equal, if not greater, interest is "Dr. Hart's Missionary Journey." There is a sketch of "The President of the English Conference, the Rev. T. Bowman Stevenson, and His Work." Professor Alfred H. Reynar, LL.D., writes on "The Poems of Owen Meredith," and Professor Ashley's lecture on "The Organization of Labour" is given. The other contents of the number are of decided excellence.

THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT STUDENT. (Hartford, Conn.: The Student Publishing Co.)—A portrait of Professor Samuel Ives Curtiss, Ph.D., D.D., who occupies the chair of Old Testament Literature and Interpretation in Chicago Theological Seminary, adorns the January number. A sketch of Professor Curtiss appears from the pen of Professor Gilberl. Robert Francis Harper contributes a paper on "The Discovery and Decipherment of the Cuneiform Inscriptions." Among the papers that will attract notice may be mentioned "A College Teacher of the Bible," "Shall the Teachings of Jesus be taken Literally?" "The Founding of the Christian Church," "Biblical Studies at the German Universities," and "Biblical Work and Workers."

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: 36 Bay Street.)—This valuable exponent of missionary enterprise begins with the New Year a new volume that has every promise of surpassing in interest any that has preceded. The leading article in the January number is No. XXI. of the series on "The Miracles of Missions," by Dr. A. T. Pierson, the subject being "The Beginning of Modern Wonders." The Rev. Robert McAll, D.D., reviews, in an article on "The Gospel Afloat," the new enterprise of a Mission Boat for the canals of France. Another article of peculiar interest and timeliness in the department of Literature of Missions is: "Narayan Sheshadri, D.D., the Brahman Apostle of the Out-Caste Mangs," by George Smith, LL.D., reproduced on another page. A portrait of the subject of the sketch is printed as a frontispiece. The International Department, Editorial Notes on Current Topics, Monthly Concert of Missions, and General Missionary Intelligence departments all show the best facilities for keeping in touch with every part of the great missionary field and giving the fullest news.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: 36 Bay Street.)—The twenty-third volume of *The Homiletic Review* opens with a noteworthy article from the celebrated pen of the author of "The Story of the Earth," Sir J. William Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., on "Present Aspects of Nature and Revelation as Related to Each Other," in which he essays to prove that all "forms of natural religion are not only reconcilable with, but in some degree contained in, the religion of Jesus Christ." Professor Robert Walte, D.D., of Belfast, follows with a thoughtful paper assailing the Higher Criticism as unscientific in its methodology, and defending the theory of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures. J. T. Gracey, D.D., of Rochester, points out discriminatingly the weak points of Buddhism; while Rev. Camden M. Cobern continues his studies in Egyptology with an interesting discussion of the question, "Have the Monuments and Papyrus anything to say of the Hebrews and the Exodus?" The specially noteworthy features of the Sermonic Section are sermons by Dr. McLaren on "The Tillage of the Poor"; Rev. Dwight M. Pratt on "The Capacities of the Soul"; President J. E. Rankin, D.D., of Howard University, on "Plants and Corner Stones," and Rev. John McNeill, "the Scottish Spurgeon," on "The Incredulity of Thomas." The Exegetical and Expository Section has a most able article from the pen of Paton J. Gloag, D.D., of Galashiels, Scotland, on "The Surrender of the Mediatorial Kingdom." The Miscellaneous and other departments are peculiarly rich in their material, constituting the number one of the strongest and best in the history of *The Homiletic*.

Choice Literature.

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A KING OF TYRE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.

BY JAMES M. LUDLOW, AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Oh, for another mark of the circle! But there was none in the sand that burned his naked feet, and none in the sky, now fiery as with the wrath of the outwitted sun-god.

On he went, scarcely thinking whither, except that the sort of instinct which leads wild animals, when pursued, to double on their tracks, prompted him to turn, making a detour to the east to avoid the scattering crowds; then working his way south, for the first pursuit of him was sure to be north, in the direction of his escape.

South of Old Tyre ran for miles a ruined aqueduct terminating in a reservoir. All the conduits of the latter he knew well, having but recently spent a day in company with an engineer exploring it, with a view of utilizing it in increasing the water supply of Tyre. Here he could be safe until the night darkness threw about him its all-covering shield.

His determination to hide was confirmed by observing two Galli at a distance. They evidently had him in their eyes, for, though their road was different, they kept coming near, as if by subtle purpose. He raised his club, and, balancing it carefully, flung it far in the opposite direction, accompanying its flight with the cry of the shepherds when frightening a jackal. He ran at topmost speed after the missile. As he stooped to pick it up he noted that the Galli had turned back. He was safe from them, but would be safer if he learned the lesson, and made himself invisible. The old aqueduct might become his fortress. Peering out between its disjointed stones, he could inspect the field, and at any moment drop into a conduit and make his exit far beyond.

Night fell about him. Its shadows winged his feet, and its cool, crisp air freshened his vigour as he ran.

In the thickening darkness a huge object loomed suddenly before him. Startled for an instant he paused, but a second careful look enabled him to recognize it. It was the tomb of Hiram, his great ancestor, the most famous of all the kings of Tyre. Five centuries had drifted over it, wearing away the very stone as by the friction of the years, but only brightening the fame of him who lay within it.

If the living cherish the memory of the dead, do the dead have no interest in the living? It seemed to the young king as if the very dust within that great stone box must move with pity for him. Would the great king curse him for refusing to become a sacrifice to Baal for the welfare of Tyre? The mighty king had been a worshipper of the gods of his people, but surely not with such cruel and bigoted frenzy as that of the priests now. The great Hiram had been the friend of the Judean kings, David and Solomon. He had built for them the temple of their God, Jehovah, though the Jews believed in no blood-loving Moloch; nay, they cursed the abominations of the Phœnician worship, as they cursed the other idols of the nations, and swept them from their land. Surely Hiram the Great would be a liberal monarch, were he living. A blessing seemed to drop into the young Hiram's soul from the white form of the marble that clear-cut its shape out of the black night.

He climbed the lofty pedestal and stood beside the upper shaft. It was but a moment he lingered, yet time seemed to halt, while the olden ages came back and passed in review before him, all grand with Phœnicia's prowess, since first his people taught the nations the alphabet and pioneered the commerce of the world. Dark clouds came up on the horizon, and blotted out the bright early stars; and so, he thought, death's oblivion had buried one by one his ancestors, the kings of Tyre; yet their glory was untarnished, even as these stars will shine out again, and shine forever. But himself! Would not his flight from death blot his honourable memory in subsequent generations?

Suddenly the clouds parted, and the bright evening-star glowed in the east—the star of Astarte, Queen of Heaven, Goddess of Love. As he watched it was again obscured. Then Hiram thought of Zillah, whose soul, purer than light, had set in his dark destiny. He clenched his hands as if to crush the edge of the stone beneath them, and swore a horrid oath, in which writhed all the black passions of his being; an oath at the star, at Astarte, at Baal, at all the powers that controlled the world, or at that blind chance that drifted its affairs. Then the star emerged again. It floated into a large lake of blue. Was it an omen? He worshipped it and called it Zillah. He noted that it floated westward from over the Jews' land. Then he prayed:—

"O spirit of Hiram, guide thy son! O spirits of David and Solomon, befriend the son of Hiram! O Jehovah, God of Israel, give me welcome to thy land!"

A wind stirred the dry grass that grew about the tomb. He leaped from the pedestal and ran. Turning from the highway he threaded a path up a deep ravine. Moloch's fierce beams had drained its brook nearly dry; but in pools he found enough of tepid water to slake his burning thirst, and so wash away some of the heat of his throbbing temples.

Then on! He climbed the bank, that he might straighten his course. He passed a cave. Although he could see nothing within its dark opening, he knew that its walls were carved with symbols of the Egyptian religion, made during the passage of the army of a Pharaoh many centuries before. He prayed to all the gods of Egypt, if any might perchance be sojourning or travelling near. He knew that he believed in none, but in his extremity did not dare to admit his incredulity, lest peradventure they might be real: and he needed even the shadows to help him now.

Then on! A moment he stopped to placate with gentle tones a dog startled from sleep beside a shepherd guarding his flock. Again he turned far aside from the path, that he might avoid a tent whose lamp, burning all night, told that all its inmates were living. Inadvertently he came close to a hut shrouded in darkness, from which he was warned by the voices of wailing. He had no sympathy for such bereave-

ment, since Nature, more kindly than men, had only exacted her due, and no horrid idol of Baal stood before the door.

The night seemed interminable, so many terrors massed before him, through which he must cut his way with naked soul. For men and beasts he had begun to lose fear, when suddenly a new menace appeared. The earth seemed to open before him. He descended a step or two cautiously. The ground was hot and burned his bare feet. Strange! for the night air had chilled all else. The earth was hard and sharp, like the refuse heap near some factory of bronze. Chinks opened. Fire gleamed. Strangling gases were emitted. Had Moloch stirred up the gates of hell to join in pursuit of him? There came a roar not unlike that he had heard when passing the fire-vault of the idol, but deeper and more vengeful. The earth trembled. Great stones rolled down the sides of a precipitous bank, and with them he was hurled headlong. Whither?

"Moloch! Mercy!" was his cry.

Then all was dark.

CHAPTER XII.

A pleasing light shone through the darkness of that nether world into which Hiram had been so suddenly precipitated. The light was broken by soft shadows, as of gently fluttering leaves. The brightness made his eyeballs ache; the shadows soothed them, so that he could endure to look. Great protecting arms were stretched above him. These assumed the shapes of limbs of a terebinth-tree. Had he passed through the gloom of Sheol into some brighter realm of life? Perhaps the Greeks were right in their hope of the Isles of the Blessed, carpeted with perpetual verdure, gemmed with flowers and canopied with softest skies. To one of these isles had his spirit floated? This could not be, for over him he clearly saw a dead branch of the terebinth, and there could be no decay in that happy land.

His illusions chased one another away, and were all gone, when, attempting to move, sharp pains tortured him, and inflicted him with full consciousness that he was indeed in the body. He was lying upon a couch, soft with feathery balsam tips, and covered with a wolf's skin. This he could feel beneath his hands. He glanced about him. A low, but long and rambling, black tent of goat's-hair cloth stood by, its nearest end just at the edge of the shadow of the terebinth. The tent poles and cross ropes were so arranged as to form a roof of three gables, answering to the interior division into three compartments. Several rude but substantially built huts were evidently used for storing provisions. A stone enclosure served as a fold for sheep. Without these evidences of more permanent occupation the tent would have indicated a settlement of those nomads who, with hereditary roving habits, have always lodged in the lands east of the Great Sea; or of those inhabitants of towns who adopt this mode of life during a portion of the year, that they may live among their flocks and herds on the mountain slopes, or cultivate a tract of rich meadow-land far away from their ordinary abodes.

Hiram had scarcely taken in so much of his surroundings when he was aware that a light form moved suddenly and silently away from his side. He caught a glimpse of a white garment—the common dress of both sexes alike among the simple peasants. Had his observation been more alert he would have detected a pair of most gracefully-modelled feet, and limbs bare almost to the knees; a head uncovered, except for the rich mass of jet-black hair that was gathered loosely into a node at the back, a face of exquisite contour, swarthy from exposure, but radiant with health and kindness.

"Father, he has waked!" rang out a sweet child-voice. And Hiram heard it add, subdued by distance and anxious emotion:—

"Father! He will live again, will he not?"

A voice, strong and deep, but kindly even to tenderness, responded:—

"Jehovah be praised! I will come."

A heavily-built man approached the couch under the terebinth. He was slightly bowed with the years that had chronicled themselves by the grey lines in the long beard which fell far down upon his bare breast. His legs and arms were uncovered, and showed that strength had not deserted the slightly-shrunken muscles. His face, though weather-beaten and wrinkled with cares as with years, was a beautiful one, beaming with intelligence and soulfulness; one of those rare faces that fascinate children, but can command men—such is the combination of affection and dignity they reflect from the abiding disposition behind them. His eyes were deep-set beneath heavy brows, and seemed the home of lofty and generous sentiments, suggesting those crystal springs in shady dells which good spirits have always been traditioned to inhabit.

"The Lord be with you, my son!" was the old man's hearty salutation, as he came and looked down upon the stranger.

"Are you not able to talk?" he kindly enquired, noticing that Hiram made no response, and unwilling to think his silence discourtesy, as it would have been regarded had the one addressed been fully himself.

Hiram stared at the face of the old man in painful effort at recollection both of the questioner and himself.

"Where am I?" he enquired, endeavouring to raise himself upon his elbow.

"Nay, be quiet my son!" replied the other, laying him gently back upon the couch. "It is enough for this day that you know you are safe, and under the roof-tree of Ben Yusef."

"Ben Yusef? I do not know you." Hiram gazed intently at him, as if to replenish from the intelligent face his own vanished power of thought.

"Ay, Ben Yusef, of the tribe of Judah. You are, indeed, a stranger, not to know the tent of Ben Yusef, of Giscala."

"Giscala? In the Jews' land?"

"Ay, and in Galilee. You must have been badly hurt for so shapely a head as yours to have been knocked out of its whereabouts. I had thought Ben Yusef's tent as well known as yonder rocky pinnacle of Saled, which guides travellers from afar. But who are you, my son?"

Hiram glanced at his own herdsman's clothes. He felt the coarse texture. A tremour shook him, as if from the passing of some horrid dream. He replied:—

"I am what you see me."

"Nay, my son, thou shalt not bear false witness, even of thyself," replied Ben Yusef. "A shepherd's feet are not so easily torn as yours have been. Your hair has the odour of

ointments that are not of the cattle-pens, and your hands are not hard in the spots where the sling-strings cut. Besides, no sheep would have been so silly as to venture into the crater of Giscala for you to seek them there. The dumb beasts have fled from it for weeks past. The volcano is getting ready to break out again, and the lightest-headed bird will not even fly over it. Only a man driven by some demon to seek death would have plunged into it as you did. Besides, your speech is not that of the herdsmen; nor, for that matter, of any dwellers in the country about. It is that of the men of the coast. Though we use the same tongue there is much difference between our accents as there is difference between the grass that grows on these spring-fed meadows and that of the salt marshes by the sea."

Hiram showed evident alarm at these suspicions, and made an effort to rise, that he might venture another flight. The old man gently, yet strongly, restrained him, and placed his head again upon the bolster, as he added, kindly:—

"Nay, then, do not speak if the truth is not for my ears. Ben Yusef's tree is broad enough to shadow both you and your secret."

"But I must not burden your hospitality," said Hiram. Ben Yusef knit his brows in evident displeasure, but quickly rejoined with a smile.—

"You shall not burden, but bless me, my son. Our patriarch Job said: 'The blessing of Him that was ready to perish came upon me.' And never saw I man that was nearer perishing than you."

The old man raised his eyes reverently to heaven, as he added:—

"The Lord deal with me and mine as I deal with this stranger."

It was the merriest of voices that interrupted this conversation:—

"Ahba!"

The syllables flowed with all the sweetness of bird notes, charged with the tenderness and fulness of human love.

"Ahba! Ahba!"

"Yes, my child."

"Shall I bring the drink?"

"Bring it."

The girl balanced a large jar upon her left hand, supporting it by the graceful shaft of her forearm, which in turn rested upon her right hand. The weight of the jar brought the muscles of her arms into graceful prominence, and her easy motion betokened that agile strength which is seldom displayed except by those whose freedom of life, as among peasants of mountain regions, makes work easy and exhilarating.

"The *leben* is all of the big goat's milk, and, with the leaven in it since yesternight, should be strong and quickening. Shall I give the drink?"

"No, my child. Haste with the supper. Elnathan will soon be in from the fields, and as hungry as Esau. Haste, and the memory of thy mother bless thee!"

As Ben Yusef watched his daughter retiring to the tent a lusty halloo rang through the air, and a form appeared upon the hill-top. It seemed gigantic, so large a portion did it cut from the glowing western sky beyond; and, though it diminished as it approached, it still showed a strong, thick-set, over-tall fellow, in the first flush of manhood, the down on his chin hardly consistent with the gnarled muscles upon his legs and arms. He came to where Hiram lay, and accosted him with a good-natured familiarity which, though rough, did not conceal the essence of gentility that lay beneath it. He took Hiram's hand into his own, and pressed it as if feeling for the fitful pulse.

"I knew you would come to life rapidly when once you started. Judging from your running last night you have wind enough to outstrip the death angel. I was yonder, watching the crater, when you dashed by me. You made a streak of light through the darkness as a flitting ghost does. I thought you must be Elijah, showing the other prophets how he ran when Jezebel and the priests of Baal were after him; and I believe you would not have stopped short of Beersheba if you had not tumbled into the crater. Couldn't you see it, or smell it, or feel it? Perhaps you had drunk too much *leben* among the sheep-boys in the mountains. They make it there strong enough to whirl a man's head off; but I never knew it to make one's legs fly as yours did."

"Hush, Elnathan!" interrupted the old man. "Your tongue runs faster than our guest's legs ever did, and makes as great blunders. What news from the mouth of Sheol, for the brimstone on your garments tell you have been there?"

"The volcano has been less active to-day, father; but neighbours Isaac and Hosea both think it will break out anew. They remember how it was years ago. The big mound is like the whale with Jonah in its belly. It only wants a little more tickling with the fire to vomit forth."

"Have you watched it all day?"

"No. As this poor fellow could not tell us who he was running from, I have been searching back on the path he came; but I can find nothing to harm me." He lowered his voice. "The fellow must have been crazed. No sane man would put that dirty shirt over so trim a body, or wear his hair, which is curled like that of a gallant from Tyre, under the filthy cap I found by him. I think he is from Tyre. They were to have had a great sacrifice—some say of the king himself. This man looks like some courtier who has gone daft with excitement. He surely thought the volcano fire was under some sacrifice to Moloch, for I heard him cry as he fell, 'Moloch! Mercy!'"

"Do not breathe that thought, Elnathan," said Ben Yusef. "He is to us only what he seems. The Lord has been merciful to him. In Israel's land his secret belongs only to himself and our God. I charge you, Elnathan, by the Lord God of Abraham, who spared Isaac on Moriah, that you speak not your thought."

The night grew chill. Ben Yusef and his son carried the couch and the sick man under the shelter of the tent. Hiram was exhausted by his excited wakefulness, and soon fell into a slumber, during which the little household partook of their evening meal.

When he awoke he was conscious of the presence of the young girl alone, who sat under the lamp that hung at the doorway of the tent, and who answered his every movement with a look towards him. Ben Yusef and Elnathan sat without. A neighbour joined them. As he was approaching the tent Hiram heard the father enjoin his son to make no mention of their stranger guest.

"He does not come to us as the angels came to Father Abraham at his tent door," said Elnathan.

"Who knows what form angels take?" replied the elder. "The angels came to Abraham's tent hungry and thirsty; why should not one come to us as a sick and wounded man?"

"From the way the volcano is acting," said Elnathan, pausing to listen to the rumbling earth, "I think he has come as the angels came to Lot in Sodom before the Lord destroyed that place with fire and brimstone. Maybe our guest will startle us before morning with the cry, 'Flee to the Mountain!'"

They rose and welcomed their neighbour, with whom they conversed until late in the night, for the imminence of danger from the volcano suggested watchfulness.

(To be continued.)

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A FORTRESS.

It was in the reign of Marjory's son, the grandson and namesake of the Bruce, and of his successors, that Edinburgh began to be of importance in the country, slowly becoming visible by means of charters and privileges, and soon by records of Parliaments, laws made, and public acts proceeding from the growing city. Robert Bruce, though he had destroyed the castle, granted certain liberties and aids to the burghers, both in repression and in favour pursuing the same idea, with an evident desire to substitute the peaceful progress of the town for the dangerous domination of the fortress. Between that period and the reign of the second Stewart, King Robert III., the castle had already been re-erected and re-destroyed more than once. Its occupation by the English seemed the chief thing dreaded by the Scots, and it was again and again by English hands that the fortifications were destroyed—such a stronghold and point of defence being evidently of the first importance to invaders, while much less valuable as a means of defence. In the year 1385 the walls must have encircled a large area upon the summit of the rock, the *enceinte* probably widening, as the arts of architecture and fortification progressed, from the strong and grim eyrie on the edge of the precipice to the wide and noble enclosure with room for a palace as well as a fortress, into which the great castles of England were growing. The last erection of these often-cast-down walls was made by Edward III. on his raid into Scotland, and probably the royal founder of Windsor Castle had given to the enclosure an amplitude unknown before. The Scots king most likely had neither the money nor the habits which made a great royal residence desirable, especially in a spot so easily isolated and so open to attack; but he gave a charter to his burghers of Edinburgh authorizing them to build houses within the castle walls, and to pass in and out freely without toll or due—a curious privilege which must have made the castle a sort of *imperium in imperio*, a town within a town. The little closets of rooms which in a much later and more luxurious age must have sufficed for the royal personages whom fate drove into Edinburgh Castle as a residence are enough to show how limited were the requirements in point of space of the Royal Scots. The room in which James VI. of Scotland was born would scarcely be occupied, save under protest, by a housemaid in our days. But, indeed, the Castle of Edinburgh was neither adapted nor intended for a royal residence. The abbey in the valley, from which the king could retire on receipt of evil tidings, where the winds were hushed and the air less keen, and gardens and pleasant hill-sides accessible, and all the splendour of religious ceremonies within reach, afforded more fit and secure surroundings even for a primitive court. The Parliament met, however, within the fortress, and the courts of justice would seem to have been held within reach of its shelter. And thither the burghers carried their wealth, and built among the remains of the low huts of an earlier age their straight, steep houses, with high-pitched roofs tiled with slabs of stone, rising grey and strong within the *enceinte*, almost as strong and apt to resist whatever missiles were possible as the walls themselves, standing out with straight defiant gables against the northern blue.—*Royal Edinburgh: Her Saints, Kings, Prophets and Poets.* By Mrs. Oliphant.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

NARAYAN SHESHADRI, D.D., THE BRAHMAN APOSTLE OF THE OUT CASTE MANGS.

The same Scottish newspaper announced the death of two remarkable Asiatic converts of Dr. John Wilson of Bombay—the Parsi, Rev. Hormazdji Pestonji, and the Brahman, Rev. Narayan Sheshadri, Doctor of Divinity of the University of Montreal. There still survives the oldest of all, the Rev. Dhanjibhai Naoroji, at the head of the native Christian community of Western India.

When, in 1839, Dhanjibhai and Hormazdji left the fire-worship of Zoroaster for the only name given under heaven whereby men may be saved, Parsi and Hindu society was moved to its centre. In vain was the civil court appealed to. But the Institution was almost emptied. Among the few sons of caste and superstition who clung to it through ill-report were two Brahman brothers—Narayan and Shripat. What Dr. John Wilson and Mr. Nesbit began, Dr. Murray Mitchell continued, and the good work resulted in their determination to put on Christ by baptism. Narayan, who was confessedly of age and could not be hindered, became the first convert of the Church of Scotland, Free, in the year 1843, when Dr. Wilson and Dhanjibhai were in Scotland founding the home organization of the missions anew.

Shripat was not sixteen years of age, and Sir Erskine Perry handed him over to the Brahman priests, with a sneer at the plea of the age of discretion. He was torn from Mr. Nesbit's arms as he sobbed forth the question, "Am I to be compelled to worship idols?"

While the younger brother was thus driven back by a Christian judge into Brahmanism, and submitted to the humiliation of swallowing the five products of the cow, that he might be restored to caste, the elder began that apostolic career which, for this life, ended in the committing of his body to the Atlantic on the 21st of July last, in the hope of a glorious resurrection in Christ Jesus, at the very hour when the Foreign Missions Committee in Edinburgh, all unknowing of the fact, were discussing the arrangements by which Dr. Mowat was to share his toils next October.

After spending some years as a missionary teacher in the Institution and preacher to his countrymen, Narayan Sheshadri was ordained by the Presbytery of Bombay, and the highly educated Brahman became for the rest of his life the apostle of the Mangs, the out-caste poor of the Deccan centre of India. Leaving ordinary British territory, he resolved to annex the great native state of Haidarabad to the kingdom of Christ.

The year was 1863. As his base, he worked from Jalna, a military cantonment, in which mission buildings were easily acquired. Three miles south he gradually obtained three hundred acres of land, which forms the centre of the mission to the Mangs. As the Spirit of God blessed his incessant evangelizing, he made the spot the centre of what grew to be his extensive mission to the out-caste. He formed a Christian Church and a Christian community, calling both "the House of God," but using the Hebrew "Bethel" rather than one of his own beautiful Marathi words. After ten years of blessed toil he visited Scotland and America, to tell the Churches of his work and to raise funds for the necessary buildings. His winning face and irresistible personality, his native eloquence alike in English and the vernaculars, and his contagious earnestness, captivated not only Christians in all the lands he visited, but the Parsi official of the district and even the proud Arab prime-minister of the Nawab, Sir Salar Jung. For the mission he received three hundred acres of *gautan*, or Church land, free of tax, and never to be cultivated save as a grass common; for the Christian peasants he was installed as *patel*, or headman, over six hundred acres, in which office his son Yeshwant-rao, lately agricultural professor in Nagpore College, has succeeded him.

Year by year the work went on increasing, when he paid a second visit to America and Scotland. The writer was with him, a deputy to the Presbyterian Alliance at Philadelphia in 1880, and went up and down Scotland with him, pleading alternately for the Livingstonia and for the Bethel Mission. After his first visit some of our generous Glasgow elders, led by Mr. William Mitchell, formed a committee to help his village mission. Congregations specially charged themselves with the support of his catechists. The children of the Free Church, above all, built him his church, and year by year supported some of his schools. By 1886-87 the work had so far extended that we publish this appeal for him:—

"Before we pass away from these earthly scenes, we should like to see the thirty villages, wherein our Christians reside, supplied with pastors duly qualified, called, ordained, and settled over their respective congregations. How is this to be accomplished? However, we have most encouraging promises in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. 'I shall take out of them (namely, Gentile nations) for priests and Levites, saith the Lord.' Has He not given a full realization of this promise in the experience of once heathen European nations; and what He has done with respect to European and American nations, He is able and willing to do with reference to the Gentile nations of India, China, Burma, Japan, and all Eastern nations. We mean to submit to the Free Presbytery of Bombay a scheme of studies to train up village pastors in connection with our Bethel Mission. Last year we had the pleasure to dedicate a new church at Rewagao, two miles to the south of Bethel, to the worship of the only living and true God."

In 1888-89 our deputies visited the Deccan Village Mission, and Rev. Dr. Lindsay made this report to the children of the Church:—

"First, there was a most interesting series of baptisms, with an address to the baptized; then the usual service, when I preached and Dr. Sheshadri interpreted; and lastly, the communion service, at which I had the privilege of presiding. No pews existed in the Bethel Church. The congregation sat on the floor in row after row, devout and attentive; and the babies, most of them without a stitch of clothing on, crawl about everywhere. An hour or so after service the catechists and Bible-women met in the church, and we had an interesting interview with them. A great number were present besides Bible-women and catechists, and I could only get at which was which by actually taking hold of each and finding out by question whether the person I had hold of was a catechist or a Bible-woman, and separating them from the rest.

"One or two of the Bible-women made a very great impression on us. Their story of work was simple, clear, and interesting. 'Have you made many converts?' one of our number asked. 'There is one,' she replied, pointing to one of the men among the catechists. Mrs. Mackichan and Mrs. Daly examined these Bible-women, and their questions drew out very interesting answers. Mrs. Daly gave them some very sound practical advice, which produced more immediate

results than longer sermons usually do. All the small children came to the Monday village family worship clothed, although most of them spent the hour of service in getting rid of their inconvenient garment. One small urchin, having divested himself, to his own evident satisfaction, of every vestige of garment, toddled to the church door, carefully put on the largest pair of boots he could find, and then tumbled down the steps in them. When he reached the bottom he picked himself up, got into the shoes again, and shuffled off out of sight—a happy child!

"Dr. Sheshadri sends his men out in small bands to preach in the villages round about Bethel, and in this way has formed small Christian communities in most of them. One sees at Bethel genuine native Christians, who preserve all their primitive habits, and who are not Anglicized by their Christianity. The evangelists all collect at Bethel on the first Monday of every month, and are regularly instructed by Dr. Sheshadri, who is a born teacher (to hear him give a Bible lesson to school children, and to see the small eyes twinkle with eagerness, is a sight not to be soon forgotten), in the interpretation of Scripture, and in the best ways of meeting the various objections commonly brought by Hindus and Moslems against Christianity.

"In the afternoon we started for the neighbouring village of Rewagao. It possesses the first of those village churches which Dr. Sheshadri proposes to build in the principal hamlets in his districts. A congregation of about ninety people gathered, and three baptisms took place at the close of the service.

"Dr. Mackichan and Mr. Daly returned in the evening from their visit, and reported a cheerful little Christian community in the far-off village they had gone to see. These Christians lived in a distinct quarter of the village, and, though greatly outnumbered by the heathen, were full of hope and courage.

"I hope that Dr. Sheshadri's plan of building ten or twelve village churches will be carried out, and that each church will have attached a prophet's chamber, in which the missionary may reside when on his rounds. The great defects of our mission in the Bethel district appeared to be the want of adequate provision for the training of the children, and the wide extent of country which Dr. Sheshadri has to survey."

Of the converts still living in 1890, Dr. Sheshadri reported 1062 as the number, besides 639 adherents. Mr. A. G. Mowat, M.B., C.M., was sent out from Glasgow last year to work the northern division of the mission from Jalna, after learning Marathi with Mr. Small at Poona. He has just been instructed to report on the whole mission, after a year's survey.

Accompanied by his son, Dr. Sheshadri left Bombay for Japan last February on sick leave, proceeded thence to America, preached almost daily, and addressed the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. He sailed for Glasgow in the *Circassia* very well, even at his age; but as the result of a storm on leaving New York, he succumbed to bowel disease, and was buried in mid-Atlantic.

It is a strange story from man's point of view. The Brahman lad, fruits of our educational Institution, who confessed Christ before the Supreme Court of Bombay, was enabled by the Spirit of God to bring, from first to last, some two thousand of his countrymen to Christ, notwithstanding defects of a purely secular kind, which he was ready to acknowledge and bewail. He has left a goodly heritage to the Church of India.—*George Smith, LL.D., in the Free Church of Scotland Monthly.*

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Ministers and Churches.

THE annual reception in connection with Knox Church, Galt, was held in the basement on New Year's day, and was very largely attended.

Mr. S. S. BURNS, of Queen's University, preached with much acceptance at Burritt's Rapids and North Augusta during the Christmas holidays.

THE anniversary services in Hawkesville Presbyterian church were conducted, on the 27th December, by Rev. J. W. Cameron, B.A., Burns, North Mornington.

THE Rev. David Millar was inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Knox Church, Brussels, by the Presbytery of Maitland on Tuesday, January 5, 1892.

As Mrs. Jamieson (late of Formosa) is repeatedly enquired for, those interested are asked to remember that letters addressed to her in care of Rev. William King, Chatham, will be forwarded.

THE Rev. Dr. McKay, Guelph, has been inducted as pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Cowal, but owing to the serious illness of Mrs. McKay the family will not move to the manse at Cowal until spring.

THE Rev. A. Leslie desires in this way to thank the many kind friends who have written him, whose letters have been much appreciated, and have done not a little to sustain him in his time of sorrow.

THE Rev. Dr. Cochrane has received from an anonymous friend in Scotland, through the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland, the sum of £300 sterling for the Church and Manse Building Fund of the North West.

At a meeting of the Brockville Presbytery, held at Kempsville on Thursday, the 7th inst., the Rev. J. G. Potter, B.A., Moderator in the chair, a call to the Rev. John Baikie, of Stratford, from Bishop's Mills was sustained and ordered to be forwarded.

THE Bondhead Presbyterian Sunday school entertainment, held in the Orange Hall on New Year's night, was quite a success. The singing of the scholars, the recitations, and the various plays were quite pleasing. The hall was well filled and the proceeds were large.

A MEETING for special prayer was held under the auspices of the Board of Management of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in St. James Square Church, Toronto, on the afternoon of Friday, January 8th. Mrs. Ewart, president, occupied the chair and delivered a suitable and impressive address. Mrs. D. J. Macdonnell, Mrs. A. T. Crombie, Mrs. Rolfs, Mrs. Shortreed and others, took part in the interesting proceedings.

THE annual meeting of the Presbyterian Sabbath School Union will be held in the Lecture Room, Knox Church, Toronto, on Friday, 15th January, at eight o'clock. After devotional exercises Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., will deliver an address on "Isaiah." The Secretary and Treasurer's reports will be submitted. The President's address will follow. The report of the nominating committee will be received and considered, and the election of officers will be proceeded with.

KNOX Church Sunday School, Selkirk, Man., held its Christmas entertainment in the school-house on the evening of December 24. The scholars, under the leadership of Mr. J. W. Simpson, leader of Knox Church choir, delighted those assembled with a cantata of rare excellence. After the musical performance Santa Claus appeared in all his regalia, when amid much laughter and the rejoicing of the little ones, the gifts of a well-laden tree were distributed. The National Anthem brought the proceedings to a close.

A NOVEL Christmas gathering was held on Christmas Eve in Knox Church, Merrickville. The church was tastefully and becomingly decorated and very comfortable. The parents gathered with the children, and an exceedingly interesting programme was given. The pieces recited were well rendered, and the hymns of praise given by the school were excellent and showed careful training. Among others who aided in the success of the evening were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Henry, Mr. William Irving, Miss Lizzie Moir and Miss Lizzie Crozier.

A VERY interesting event took place at Ottawa on New Year's night. At the annual meeting of the Y.M.C.A., it was announced that half the debt on the building, which amounted to \$4,500, had been raised. Mr. Frank Bronson, on behalf of the Bronson family, then stated that the other half which they had promised to pay would be forthcoming, whereupon Mr. Bronson applied a lighted taper to the mortgage and the document which had hitherto been an encumbrance to the work "went up" in smoke of different hues.

THE Bradford Witness says: The average attendance of scholars at the Presbyterian Sabbath school for the last quarter was seventy-one, and for the year sixty-five; number on roll, 100. The collection for the quarter just closed amounted to \$21.43, and for the year \$84.16, which sum is to be given wholly to missions. Some twenty-seven scholars will be awarded with a prize at an early date for regular attendance, each scholar being present not less than forty-five Sabbaths during the year. The secretary's report, which was read last Sabbath, revealed the above facts.

MISS McLAREN, who with her brother for over three years has so successfully carried on our Indian school at Birle, Man., has just been made an honorary life member of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Western Section. The well-won honour was from the Westminster Branch, Toronto, and came at a time when it was doubly welcome. Few could dream of the amount of real hard work Miss McLaren has to face, and for some time she has been far from well. The timely honour came like a bright beam of sunshine to dispel the clouds and cheer her in her uphill path.

THE Feigus correspondent of the Guelph Mercury writes: Communion service was held in Mel-

ville Church last Sunday. Rev. Mr. McInnis, of Elora, gave a good sermon to a united congregation in the evening. The same service will be observed in St. Andrews next Sunday, and the annual meeting will be held next day. The week of prayer is being observed this week by union prayer meetings in the different churches in rotation. Mr. Mullin held a watch meeting in the basement of his church to see the old year out and the new in. It was fairly well attended and interesting.

At the close of the services of the Warkworth Presbyterian Sabbath school, on the first Sabbath of the year, the pastor, Rev. D. Sutherland, announced that eleven scholars had, during the year 1891, perfectly memorized and recited to him the whole of the Westminster Shorter Catechism, and were each entitled to the reward of a Bible. This was in addition to six scholars in 1890 and five the preceding year who had obtained a similar honour and reward. Those who were successful during the past year are: James Black, Jessie Weatherston, Maggie Gow, Ella Irish, Maggie Scott, Libbie Bronson, Alick Sutherland, Aggie Bell, Jessie Gow, Andrew Weatherston and Jessie Skinkle.

THE Orillia Times says: It is perhaps not generally known that the Bible class is the oldest organization of the Presbyterian denomination in town, having been in existence for more than forty years. Some good work has been done in the past, and this year the class with commendable zeal has undertaken the maintenance of a native missionary in the island of Formosa, and also arranged for a course of lectures to be delivered in the lecture-room in connection with the Church here. We understand the services of some of Canada's talented and best-known men have been secured for this purpose, and one lecture will be given monthly. The first of the series will be a new lecture by Rev. R. N. Grant, on Tuesday evening, 19th inst., entitled "Over the Rockies."

THE Kenmore congregation held their annual Sabbath school gathering in the church on the evening of the 30th ult. The church was filled to overflowing. Tea was served at half past seven p.m. after which an excellent programme was gone through, consisting of music by the school, and other local talent, interspersed with recitations, dialogues and brief addresses. A large and well laden Christmas tree decked the platform, and among the gifts distributed a valuable fur coat was presented to the Rev. Mr. Goodwillie, the pastor, as a Christmas offering from the congregation. On the following evening a similar gathering was held in the church at Vernon, when the Rev. Mr. Goodwillie was made the recipient of a handsome fur robe, as a New Year's gift from the Sabbath school.

THE annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, in connection with Knox Church, Mitchell, was held recently. The following report was presented by the secretary. Number of members on roll, twenty-one. Members of General Society, nineteen. Voluntary contributions in cash, \$45. Value of bale sent to the North-West Mission at Round and Crooked Lakes, \$64. The election of officers for the ensuing year then took place, Mrs. T. McLaren, president, re-elected unanimously; Mrs. Forrester, first vice-president; Mrs. Detweller, second vice-president; Mrs. (Dr.) Wood, secretary; Miss McWay, treasurer. The president and Mrs. Forrester were appointed delegates to the Presbyterial Society to be held in Listowel on 14th January.—M. McLAREN, Secretary.

ON Christmas eve there was left at St. Andrews Manse, Oxford Street, a box containing a beautiful silk pulpit robe addressed to the Rev. J. C. Smith, B.D., pastor of St. Andrews Church, Guelph, as a mark of his people's esteem. Mrs. Smith was at the same time made the recipient of a handsome and beautiful set of drawing-room furniture which had been ingeniously spirited into the parsonage while she and her husband were out by invitation (not accidental) spending the evening. To both, we understand, the gifts were a genuine surprise. A modest little card attached was the only index to the mystery, bearing the words "To Mrs. J. C. Smith, the gift of the congregation." It is pleasing to chronicle such instances of attachment and goodwill between the pulpit and the pew. They are creditable alike to those who give and to those who receive.

THE London Advertiser says: When the prayer meeting was over at St. James Presbyterian Church, London, last week, Mr. A. Brown, president of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour, informed the popular young pastor, Rev. M. P. Talling, that there was a little after-proceeding that would interest him. Mr. Brown straightway began to read an address, and as he proceeded the reverend gentleman was made aware that he was the object of very complimentary remarks. They set forth the esteem which the members of the Society entertained for him personally, and their appreciation of his zeal and his valuable assistance in their work. Secretary Wyatt then brought forward a crayon portrait of the pastor, beautifully framed, and formally made the presentation. Messrs. J. Prescott and Hugh Omond put on the finishing touches by adding a handsome case to the gift. The recipient was completely surprised and expressed his thanks as best he could. The likeness is splendid and the work well executed.

THE Montreal Witness says: The Queen's Hall, Montreal, was thronged in every part on Sunday afternoon week, and standing room was at a premium. The Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, for nearly two hours, spoke with force and fluency on "the confessional from the inside." He dealt with the matter from the point of view of conscience, the Scriptural standpoint, and at considerable length from that of the priest who, in the confessional, was tormented by the voice of conscience crying shame upon him for obeying the order of the Church of Rome to ask questions of woman and maiden which could not fail to pollute the hearer. He related how, tortured by doubt, he had called on his bishop and asked for counsel. "Do you want to become a Protestant, Chiniquy?" he was

asked. "No," was the reply, "but to have my doubts removed." "Well," said the bishop, "we don't claim that Christ established the confessional, but it is established by a dogma of the Church, and it is taught by the Fathers of the Church!" "Will you lend me the Fathers that I may study their teaching?" Mr. Chiniquy asked. "We never lend the Fathers!" was the reply. This caused considerable laughter, and Mr. Chiniquy's points occasioned many a smile and frequent outbursts of applause. Continuing, Mr. Chiniquy said: "I went to Mr. Fabre, bookseller, father of the present Archbishop of Montreal, and he sent to Europe for a set of the Fathers of the Church for me, and on getting them I possessed probably the only copies of them in the province outside of the Seminary. What was my desolation of heart to find that, instead of advocating the confessional, nearly all of them devoted their best ability to opposing it as a great evil." Father Chiniquy made a challenge in bold but modest terms to any bishop or priest of the Romish Church to meet him on that or any platform in Canada upon the subject of the "Confessional." "Not," said he, "that I may confound them, but that, God helping me, I may show them the light."

THE St. John, N. B., Telegraph says: Fredericton has had a real addition to its pastors, not alone in number, but in force, in the acquisition of Rev. Willard Macdonald, who was inducted on Wednesday evening week, and was tendered a reception on the following evening in the auld kirk, which was prettily decorated for the occasion, and the building was crowded. The new pastor was introduced to the members of the congregation and several addresses delivered. The orchestra discoursed pleasing and appropriate music. A sumptuous repast wound up the pleasant meeting. In entering this new field of labour Mr. Macdonald accepts a position of much dignity, but comes to it with the prestige of success in those parishes he has held, and in which he has won a reputation, both as a pastor and preacher. The encomiums he received from his late charge, and their expressed regret at his leaving them as given in the eloquent and affectionate address presented to him, accompanied by a valuable gold watch and purse of money, attest to his usefulness, and are an evidence of the love and esteem in which he was held. On Sabbath morning and evening week he delivered his first sermons as pastor of the Church to large congregations. His discourses were clothed in choice language—earnest, fresh, original and impressive, with natural inflow of facts, in truth spiritual banquets, which bore traces of careful thought, logical arrangement, consecution of argument and conclusiveness of result sparkled with imagery and struck home to the heart with irresistible force of appeal. There can be no question that the new pastor of St. Pauls is gifted in mental equipment, and will gain the affectionate interests of his hearers. Truly, the congregation of the metropolitan Presbyterian Church in this province have been fortunate in their call, as they will be blessed with a sincere Christian minister, a faithful servant of his divine Master; "Happy is the people that is in such a case." Socially, the pastor is genial, refined and cultured, and the congregation are to be congratulated on having obtained his services.

THE beautiful church edifice, recently erected for the Presbyterian Church at Sapperton, B.C., was set apart to the worship of God by appropriate services. Rev. Mr. Mills, under whose energetic oversight the congregation has been led in all good works, was ably assisted by Rev. Dr. Robertson, superintendent of Presbyterian Missions for the North-West, Manitoba and British Columbia, Rev. Thomas Scouler, of St. Andrews Church, New Westminster, Rev. R. Lennie and Mr. C. C. Fisher. Rev. Dr. Robertson preached at the morning service. Notwithstanding the unpropitious weather, and the difficulty in walking through the slush, there was a

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large attendance. The text chosen was from Luke xix. 10: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." The sense in which men are lost, the Person who came to seek and to save them, and the methods of seeking and saving, were clearly stated and amply illustrated. The discourse, which was highly evangelical in doctrine, and earnest in spirit and manner, was listened to with deep attention and effect. Mr. C. C. Fisher, of the Methodist Church, Sapperton, delivered the discourse in the afternoon. His text was from Psalms lv. 18: "For there were many with me." He showed that in the troubles which surround us we should not be discouraged; there are many with us. The world above us, the world about us, and the world within us, are all on our side. The sermon was philosophical and earnest, and highly creditable to the preacher. In the evening Rev. Thomas Scouler was the preacher. He based his discourse upon Psalm xxvii. 4 "One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." The Psalmist's desire toward God's house was the desire of every true believer. The spirit of worship in God's house, and the privileges to be enjoyed in the service, were clearly set forth and developed as furnishing reasons why the worshipper desires to dwell in the house of the Lord. The preacher concluded a most appropriate sermon by congratulating the congregation on the completion of their fine church edifice, and praying that heaven's richest benedictions might accompany all their work. The house of worship is "a thing of beauty," and it is hoped that it may be "a joy for ever." It is seated with chairs to accommodate 250 persons. The collections at Sunday's services were good. The contract price of the building is in the neighbourhood of \$5,000, and the remaining debt is only about \$1,500. This is a very creditable showing for this young congregation, and augurs well for their future prosperity.

On Monday afternoon, January 4th, the Presbytery of Minnedosa met in Robertson Church, in connection with the congregation of Shanks, for the induction of Rev. John Hosie, called to be minister of said congregation. In the absence of the Moderator at the hour appointed Mr. Murray was asked to preside. He also conducted divine service. The steps leading up to the induction were narrated, and the usual challenge issued, after which Mr. Hosie came forward, answered satisfactorily the usual questions, and was solemnly inducted to the pastoral charge of the Shanks congregation. The pastor was then addressed by Mr. Murray, after which Mr. McArthur addressed the congregation. The services being ended, the congregation warmly welcomed their new pastor. The neat little manse beside the church was next the centre of attraction. Here the good ladies of the congregation had spread a bountiful repast which was partaken of with evident enjoyment. After tea the gathering re-assembled in the church. The newly-inducted pastor was called to the chair, and in a few well-chosen sentences sketched the history of the congregation and spoke hopefully, yet modestly, of the bright prospects for the future. Addresses of an interesting character were delivered by Messrs. McKinley, McArthur, Murray and Frew, also by Messrs. McNaught, Robert and James Shanks. The latter, the secretary of the congregation and one of the first settlers, gave the history of the community from its beginning thirteen years ago. He spoke of this occasion as one to which he had been looking forward through all these thirteen years—when they would have a pastor of their own. The choir rendered valuable service during the evening. The Great North-west Central Railway was opened up for traffic through the heart of this district at the beginning of the present year. The people have long and anxiously waited for railway accommodation, and the sudden opening of the road has inspired them with new life. Mr. Hosie has been labouring for the past eight months among the people, and the congregation have made rapid advance, and now with the advantage of the railroad there is every prospect of the congregation becoming, in the near future, self-sustaining and influential. On the following evening, Tuesday, January 5th, the Presbytery again met in Rapid City, for the induction of Rev. W. L. H. Rowand, lately called by Rapid City congregation, from Burnside, in Brandon Presbytery, and also for the ordination of Mr. Frew, missionary at Birtle. The examining committee reported that they had examined Mr. Frew with a view to his ordination. Their report was favourable and it was agreed to sustain the examination and ordain Mr. Frew. Divine service was conducted by Mr. Hosie, the usual questions were put to Mr. Frew and satisfactorily answered, after which he was solemnly set apart to the gospel ministry by prayer and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. The ordination over, Mr. Rowand was in the usual form inducted to the pastoral charge of the Rapid City congregation. Rev. Alex. Smith then addressed the newly-inducted pastor and Mr. McKinley addressed the congregation, after which the members of the congregation advanced and extended a hearty welcome to their new pastor and his genial lady. Cake and coffee were then served by the ladies of the congregation, after which Mr. McNaught was called to the chair and addresses were delivered by Messrs. Frew and Murray. Mr. Rowand also addressed the congregation, speaking of the feelings awakened in leaving the old congregation, and expressing hopefulness that his labours would be blessed in Rapid City. It is less than three months since the charge was declared vacant, when Mr. Colter, through feeble health, was forced to resign his charge, and now the congregation is comfortably and satisfactorily settled. The Presbyterians of Rapid City are to be congratulated for the unanimity and despatch which has characterized them in securing a new settlement. In this respect they are an example to the majority of congregations in the Church.

PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.—This Presbytery met on the 5th inst., Rev. G. M. Milligan, Moderator. A certificate was read from the Presbytery of Lindsay, in favour of Rev. W. Lochead, former-

ly of Fenelon Falls, transferring him, at his own request, to the care of Toronto Presbytery; and it was agreed to receive him as a minister of our Church in good standing residing within the bounds. The Presbytery took up the resignation of Rev. G. F. Freeman as tendered by him at last meeting. In relation thereto Rev. William Burns reported that he had preached to the congregation of Deer Park, and cited them to appear for their interests at this meeting. Mr. W. E. Murray then appeared for the session and read a resolution expressing their high estimate of Mr. Freeman, but agreeing, in view of his poor health, to advise the acceptance of his resignation. On behalf of the congregation Mr. Joseph Gibson submitted and read a similar resolution, and commended the fidelity, earnestness and success of their pastor. It was then in substance moved and agreed to, though with much regret, that the pastoral tie be now dissolved, and that Mr. Burns give intimation to that effect, and act as Moderator of the session during the vacancy. On behalf of the mission congregations of Malton, Dixie and Port Credit, their appeared a number of commissioners who applied for a union of these congregations, and also applied for a grant of \$1000 from the Augmentation Fund. The Presbytery agreed to unite the congregations accordingly, and to make application for the grant named, and to appoint Mr. James A. Grant to act as interim Moderator of session. The Presbytery took up the call to Rev. P. Nicol from the congregations of Unionville, Brown's Corners and St. Johns Church, Markham, as partly dealt with at last meeting. It was stated by Rev. Walter Reid that he had preached to the congregations of Vaughan and Albion and cited them to appear for their interests at this meeting. Commissioners from all the congregations concerned duly appeared, and were severally heard. The call was then put into the hands of Mr. Nicol, and he was asked to express his judgment thereon, when he stated in substance that, while much attached to the people of his present charge, from whom he had received expressions of attachment to him, he felt that the indications of Providence were in the direction of his accepting the call. The Presbytery then agreed to translate Mr. Nicol, while deeply sympathizing with the people of his charge. And the induction was appointed to take place in St. Johns Church, Markham, on Tuesday, the 19th inst., at half past two p.m. Rev. J. A. Brown to preach; Rev. K. Thynne to preside and address the minister; and Rev. D. Mackintosh to address the people. Rev. R. Wallace was appointed to preach in Seven Church, Bolton, and Knox Church, Vaughan, on the 24th inst., and declare the charge vacant. Rev. Dr. Parsons submitted a copy of a resolution adopted at a congregational meeting of Knox Church, Toronto, to the effect that they had authorized their trustees to raise by mortgage on their church property a sum not exceeding \$10,000 for the paying off existing mortgage, the balance to be applied to repairing and altering the school room, and in payment of obligations incurred for previous repairs to the church. The Presbytery agreed to sanction the proposal to mortgage the church property to the amount and for the purposes specified in the foregoing resolution. The Presbytery agreed to take up the remits of the General Assembly at the next meeting at half past two o'clock in the afternoon. The Presbytery having learned of the affliction that has overtaken Rev. W. Martin in the death of a beloved daughter, and in his own dangerous illness, agreed to express their sincere sympathy with him and Mrs. Martin under their severe trial, and their earnest hope that Mr. Martin may be speedily restored to his accustomed health. Next ordinary meeting of Presbytery will be held on the first Tuesday of February, at ten a.m.

PRESBYTERY OF SARNIA.—This Presbytery held an adjourned meeting in the Presbyterian church, Watford, on the 29th ult., the Rev. Mr. Graham, Moderator, in the chair. The Presbytery took up consideration of the resignation of the pastoral charge of West Adelaide and Arkona congregation, which had been tendered by Mr. Hume on the 15th ult. Parties were called. Compared Messrs. Weir and Dr. Brown from Arkona, Watson, Kincaide, and Wylie from West Adelaide, and Mr. Hume for himself. These were heard in the above order, expressing their attachment to Mr. Hume, and regretted that, owing to failure of health and advancing years, he had felt it necessary to tender his resignation, and for which reasons they could offer no opposition to its acceptance. Mr. Hume was heard intimating his adherence to the course he had taken, and asked the Presbytery to release him from a charge in which he had pleasuredly, and he trusted profitably, laboured for seven years. It was unanimously agreed to accept the resignation in terms of Mr. Hume's decision; express regret that he had been compelled to take this step on account of ill-health; express their acknowledgment of his readiness to take part in the general work of the Presbytery, and his faithful and successful discharge of duties among his own people. The Presbytery pray that Mr. Hume may yet be spared to render valuable service to the Church, though released from the work of the regular pastorate. The resignation was appointed to take effect on the 4th of January next, Rev. Mr. Jordan to preach and declare the Church vacant on January 1st and act as interim Moderator of Session thereafter. Parties were recalled and the decision announced in which all acquiesced. Mr. Hume submitted a petition to the General Assembly for leave to retire from the active duties of the ministry, and tabled medical certificates indicating the nature of his troubles, and asserting that unless such retirement from work and excitement were secured, might at any time prove fatal. The Presbytery agreed to forward these documents to the Clerk of the General Assembly, and urged that Mr. Hume's request be favourably considered. Mr. Leitch reported that he had moderated in a call at Mandamain on the 21st ult. It was addressed to Rev. William Lochead, a minister of this Church without charge. The call was signed

by 107 communicants and sixty-one adherents, promising \$650 stipend with manse. Messrs. Dunn and Beatty, commissioners, were heard in support of the same. It was agreed to approve the Moderator's conduct, sustain the call as a regular Gospel call and instruct the Clerk to forward the same to Mr. Lochead for his consideration. It was further agreed to ask \$50 supplement from the Augmentation Fund for one year, trusting that the congregation will make an effort to raise an additional \$50. Mr. McDonald laid on the table a call from East Williams, which had been moderated in by Rev. Mr. Lochead. The call was in favour of Rev. D. A. McLean, of Kemble, in the Presbytery of Owen Sound, signed by eighty-one members and 100 adherents, promising \$870 with manse. Messrs. David Waters, Beechwood, and D. Sturton, Narro, were heard in support of the call. It was agreed to approve of the Moderator's conduct, sustain the call as a regular Gospel call and instruct the Clerk to forward the same with relative documents to the Clerk of Owen Sound Presbytery, with request to have it considered by that Court with all convenient speed. The Clerk and Mr. Lochead were appointed to prosecute the call at the bar of that Presbytery when it comes up for consideration. Mr. Hume intimated that he had moderated in a call at Centre Road, West William and North-East Adelaide on the 22nd ult. The call was in favour of Mr. McKinnon, probationer, and was signed by 120 members and 137 adherents, promising \$700 stipend with manse. Messrs. Watson and Miligan were heard in support of the same. It was agreed to approve of the Moderator's conduct; sustain the call as a regular Gospel call and instruct the Clerk to forward the same to Mr. McKinnon for his acceptance. The meeting was closed by the benediction. **GEORGE CUTHBERTSON, Pres. Clerk.**

PRESBYTERY OF CHATHAM.—The winter meeting of this Presbytery was held in St. Andrews, Chatham, on December 8, Rev. A. L. Manson, Moderator. There was a large attendance. A large amount of business was transacted. Mr. McColl reported that he had moderated in a call at Dover in favour of Rev. J. W. McIntock, Sarnia Presbytery, promising an annual stipend of \$750 and manse. The call was sustained. It was accepted by telegraph by Mr. McLintock. The induction was appointed for December 22 at Dover, Mr. McColl to preside, Dr. Jameson to preach, Mr. Croll to address the minister and Dr. Battisby the people. A circular from the Presbytery of Brockville, intimating that J. M. McIntyre had been deposed from the ministry, was read. Mr. Nattrass was appointed to represent the Presbytery at the annual meeting of the Chatham Presbyterial Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, to be held in St. Andrews, Windsor, on January 28. Mr. Larkin was instructed to visit Sutherland's Corners and Florence as to arrears for pulpit supply. The claims of Knox College Library were presented by Mr. Nattrass Buxton, Greenbush and Raleigh Plains were united as one field. Mr. Frank B. Stewart, a member of the Fletcher Session, and for many years an active and valued member of this court, was most cordially recommended to the Home Mission Committee for work in Manitoba and the North-West. The trustees of the Belle River Church site were authorized to convey it to the original owner, it no longer being used for Church purposes. Arrangements were made for visitation of aid-receiving congregations and mission stations. Dr. Battisby presented the Home Mission report for the past summer. It was received and adopted. The Presbytery disapproved of the appointment of a permanent secretary of Foreign Missions. The consideration of the remits on "Summer Sessions" and "Distribution of Probationers" was deferred until the March meeting. The next meeting will be held in St. Andrews, Chatham, on March 8, at ten a.m. **GEORGE A. MCLENNAN, Pres. Clerk.**

OBITUARY.

HUGH CLARK

Many have passed away during the year 1891, who will be greatly missed. Amongst them is the late Mr. Hugh Clark of Agincourt. He was a modest-

man, never disposed to push himself to the front, but could ever be relied upon to give practical encouragement to any good work. The Clark family, in Scarborough, have a good record. The father, the late Mr. William Clark, was a well-known and striking character. Strong, impulsive and generous, he continued to the end of a long life an active elder in Knox Church. His son William and grandson Samuel Kennedy served in the eldership for some time before his death. So that grandfather, son and grandson were members of session at the same time, a not very frequent occurrence. Mr. Hugh Clark, the subject of this notice, never accepted the eldership, but was congregational treasurer for many years. He inherited many of his father's peculiarities. Whilst quiet and unpretentious, there was a good deal of latent fire that could not be safely trilled with—yet it seldom appeared. In his extensive business relations with all sorts of men, he was universally trusted and loved. He looked cheerfully at life and ever saw the bright side. If the weather was gloomy or severe, it was always reasonable to Mr. Clark. If others spoke ill of a fellow man, Mr. Clark always saw some excuse or explanation or was silent.

He has left a wife, three sons and three daughters to mourn his loss. Never was true father more loved and lamented. But he is not lost. His example and memory remain.

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If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below: "In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

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days' trial, that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

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stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." **MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.**

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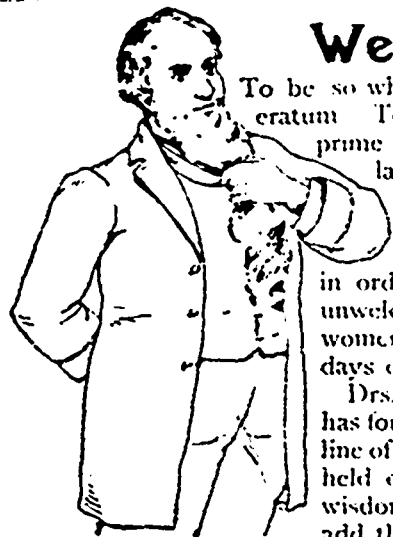
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GOOSE is usually better to be par-boiled or steamed before baking, as this process extracts the oil. The usual poultry dressing and sauce may be served with it.

TO PREPARE MUSTARD.—To prepare mustard for the table, take two tablespoonfuls of mustard and one teaspoonful of flour. Mix this smooth with a little cold vinegar. Mix together four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of olive oil, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and one of black pepper. Set this on the stove in a suitable dish and let it come to a boil, stirring it all the time. Pour the boiling mixture into the other, stir it well, and as soon as it is cold it is ready for use.

HADDOCK STUFFED WITH OYSTERS.—Remove the head, tail, skin and bone, keeping each half in shape. Lay the fish on a platter and spread oysters between the layers of fish. Dip each oyster first in buttered cracker-crumbs. Press the edges of the fish together to have it like a whole fish. Spread softened butter all over the top and sprinkle with buttered cracker-crumbs. Set the platter across a pan of hot water and bake about half an hour. When ready to serve, garnish the dish with red cabbage mixed with butter-dressing.

TELEGRAPH PUDDING.—Put in a large bowl one pint of molasses, one pint buttermilk, one quart flour; beat in one teacup butter, one teaspoon soda, one-half teacup sugar, and, lastly, one cup of raisins, currants, dried cherries, or any dried fruit desired. Make very stiff batter, have bag greased and floured; drop in boiling water and boil steadily for two hours. This, when sliced, should be almost as dry as cake. It may come to the table ablaze; if so desired sprinkle a small handful of sugar over it and pour on six tablespoons of rum. Apply match and serve burning.

DUTCH APPLE CAKE.—One pint flour, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one-quarter cup butter, one egg, one scant cup milk, four sour apples, two tablespoons sugar. Mix the dry ingredients. Add the egg beaten and mixed with the milk. The dough should be soft enough to spread half an inch thick on a shallow baking-pan. Core, pare and cut the apples into eighths; lay them in parallel rows on the top of the dough, the sharp edge down, and press enough to make the edge penetrate slightly. Sprinkle the sugar over the apple and bake half an hour. Eat while hot, with butter or with lemon sauce.

A NICE CHANGE from the usual roast of beef is to make a pot roast. Lay a fillet of rib roast from which the bones have been taken, and which is then skewered into a round, in a deep, broad pot. Pour in one cupful of boiling water; add two slices (no more) of onion; cover closely, and cook gently, ten minutes to the pound. Then transfer to a meat-pan; rub the beef over with butter, dredge lightly with flower and brown in a quick oven. Fifteen minutes should do this. Strain and cool the gravy left in the pot; skim off the fat, put the gravy into a frying-pan, pepper, salt and thicken with a heaping tablespoonful of browned flour. Boil up well and serve in a gravy boat.

FRIED CHICKEN WITH OYSTERS.—Joint a tender chicken, season rather highly; sprinkle over very finely-minced parsley and onion, a little table oil and a teaspoonful of lemon juice; let them lie in this marinade, turning every now and then for several hours; then dip in flour and fry until brown and tender. Lay out the pieces as fast as done, keeping hot in a covered earthen dish. When all are cooked, if there is more than a tablespoonful of fat in the pan, turn the rest out, add a large tablespoonful of butter, a gill of hot cream and a pint of thoroughly drained oysters. Season lightly with salt and pepper, add as soon as the beards of the oysters begin to open, by which time the gravy will have thickened slightly, pour all over the fried chicken. In frying the chicken care must be taken that there are no burnt particles left in the pan, as this would spoil the delicious flavour of the oysters and cream sauce.

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FOR THE WEARY

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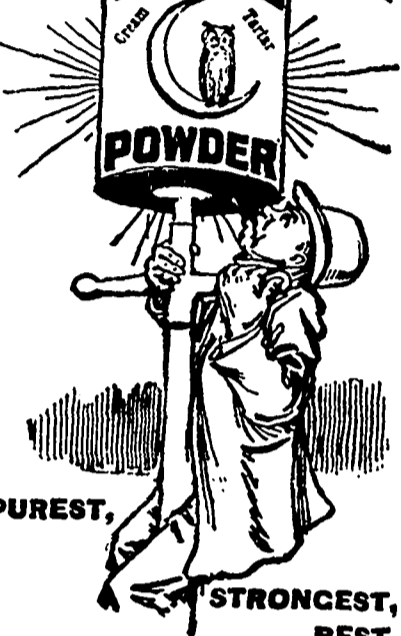
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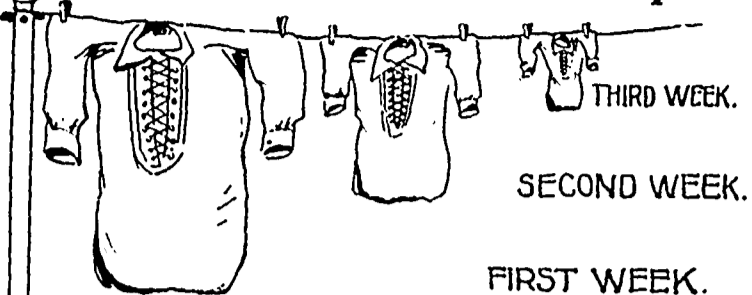
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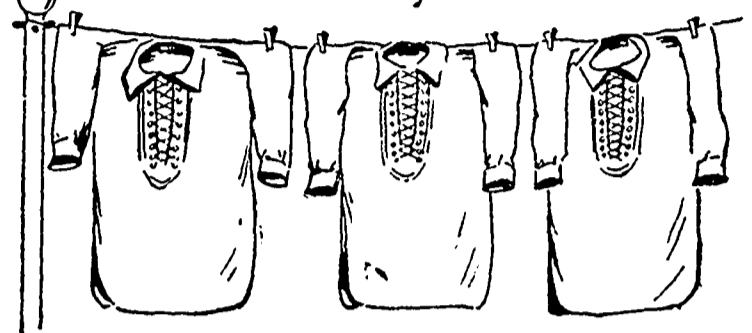
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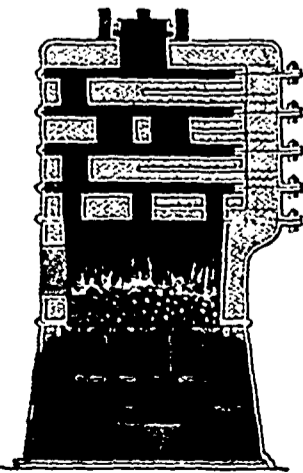
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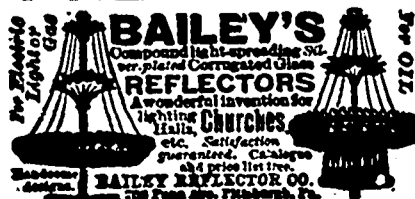
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Miscellaneous.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

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DIED

Fell asleep in Jesus, at the Manse, Dresden, on the morning of Wednesday, 6th of January, Mary Hill, the beloved wife of Rev. R. M. Croft, in the 50th year of her age.

At Markham, on Sunday, 10th January, in her 86th year, Catharine Rutherford, widow of the Rev. James Bam, formerly minister of St. Andrew's Church, Scarboro, and at Kirkaldy, Scotland.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BARRIE.—At Barrie on last Tuesday of January, 1899, at 11 a.m.

CHATHAM.—In St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, March 8.

GUELPH.—In Chalmers Church, Guelph, on third Tuesday of January, 1899, at 10.30 a.m.

HAMILTON.—In Knox Church, Hamilton, on Tuesday, January 19, at 10.30 a.m.

HURON.—In Seaford, on January 19, 1899, at 10.30 a.m.

LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on last Tuesday of February, 1899, at 11 a.m. The Woman's Foreign Mission Presbyterial Association to hold their annual meeting same place and date.

LONDON.—In Knox Church, London South, on Monday, March 7, at 10 p.m., for Religious Conference, and on Tuesday, March 8, in First Presbyterian Church, London, at 9 a.m., for ordinary business.

MAITLAND.—In Melville Church, Brussels, Tuesday, March 8.

MINNEBOUA.—At Metawa, Monday, March 14, at 3 p.m.

PARIS.—In Zion Church, Brantford, January 19, 1899, at 10.30 a.m.

QUEBEC.—In Morrin College, Quebec, February 23, 1899, at 4 p.m.

REGINA.—At Moosejaw, second Wednesday of March, at 9.30 a.m.

SARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, on third Tuesday in March, at 10 a.m.

WHITBY.—In St. Paul's Church, Bowmanville, Tuesday, January 10, 1899, at 9.30 a.m. The Presbyterial Woman's Foreign Mission Society in the same place and on the same day.

WINNIPEG.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Tuesday, March 1, at 3 p.m.

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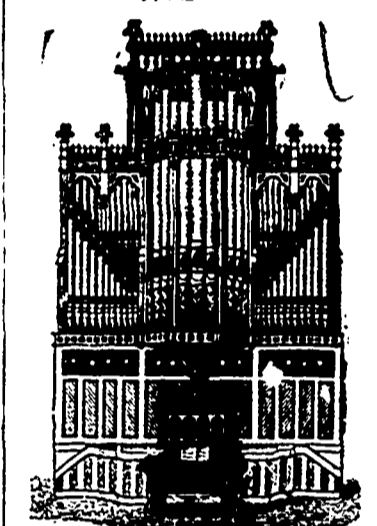
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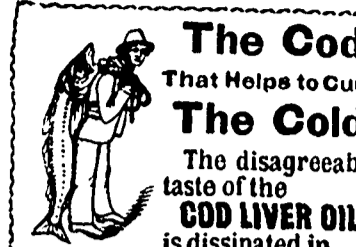
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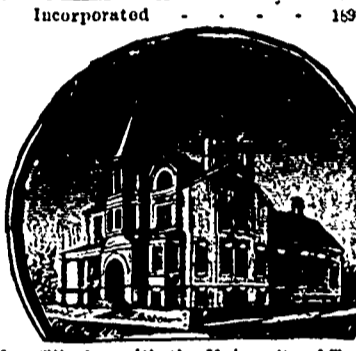


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