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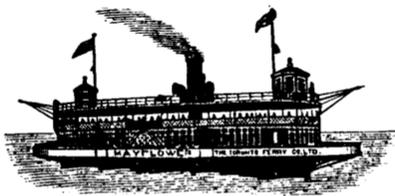
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Calf's liver is excellent when broiled. Parboil it a moment by pouring boiling water on it; wipe it dry, dip in melted butter, dredge with flour, and broil over a clear fire.

Ice Cream.—Four quarts of strawberries with their caps on, and four cupfuls of granulated sugar. Mash the berries with the sugar, and let them stand several hours; then strain the juice. Use four quarts of cream, and four cupfuls of white sugar. Add the juice of the strawberries, and beat the whole to a stiff froth.

Fricassee Eggs.—Boil a dozen eggs ten minutes. When cool, peel and slice. Season some grated bread crumbs with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and beat the yolks of three raw eggs very light. Dust the eggs with flour, then dip into the beaten eggs, then into bread crumbs, covering well on both sides. Fry in hot lard.

Poached Eggs with Cream Sauce.—Break fresh eggs into boiling water, slightly salted. When set, remove from the water with a skimmer and pour over them the cream sauce: One teacupful of sweet cream, a little chopped parsley, a tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of flour mixed smoothly together, and salt and pepper to season. Boil three minutes, and pour over the eggs.

Strawberry Pie.—Line a deep pie-plate with rich paste, and bake a delicate brown. Have ready enough strawberries to fill the shell; when it is nearly baked, add sugar to the fruit, and make a meringue of whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Quickly fill the shell with berries, spread the meringue roughly over the top, return to the oven and brown slightly. Serve cold.

Green Pea Soup.—Four pounds of beef cut into small pieces, half peck of green peas, one gallon of water, half a cup of rice flour, a small quantity of chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Boil the empty pods of the peas in the water one hour, then strain and put the beef into this pea water, and boil steady for one hour and a half. After boiling one hour, add the shelled peas, and twenty minutes later add the rice flour with salt, pepper and parsley. After adding these ingredients, stir frequently to prevent scorching. Strain into a hot tureen, and serve immediately.

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VOL. 22.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 12th, 1893.

No. 28.

Notes of the Week.

The Dominion Government has decided to grant a sum of £1,000 to the Victoria relief fund as a tangible expression of the sympathy of the Canadian people with those of our kinsfolk who have been deprived of father, son or brother by the awful disaster.

Christian people who expect to attend the World's Fair may be glad to know that daily lectures are given at the Bible Institute, Chicago, by some of the most eminent Bible teachers of America and Great Britain. Among them are the Rev. Hubert Brooke, of England, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, Prof. W. G. Moorehead and Prof. J. M. Stifler, Dr. Theodore Monod, of Paris, and Rev. John McNeill, Rev. John Riddell and Rev. John Robertson, of Scotland. These lectures, which are held at 9 and 11 o'clock every morning excepting Sunday and Monday, at the Bible Institute, 80 Institute Place, are open to every one, and a cordial invitation is extended to all who may be interested, to attend.

The translation of the reply of the Chinese Ministers to U.S. Minister Denby's communication with reference to the Geary Act, has been published, and any dispassionate reader cannot but be convinced that right and reason are on the side of China in this matter. The presentation of the case by "Prince Oh'ing," indicating the Act as cruel and unjust, is calm, dignified and convincing. Protested strongly against the Act as derogatory to the dignity of China, and an injury to the fair name of the United States, the Ministry ask the Government of the United States to reconsider the Act and agree to some other and less objectionable line of policy. Everyone caring for the good name of the nation will hope and pray that this reasonable request may be granted.

Drought and heat, unprecedented since 1844, have been prevailing in England, the thermometer standing at 85 degs. and 90 degs. In the shade, and almost uninterrupted drought lasting for 113 days. Fields are parched, grass has failed, root crops have been dug up as hopeless, and for want of fodder, farmers have been compelled to sell their stock for whatever they could get. Hay is from \$40 to \$45 per ton. The supply of milk has become deficient, and a water famine is threatened in many places. Serious fires have broken out elsewhere and in some parts of the country there have been terrific thunder-storms. Cases of sunstroke have been frequent. At last accounts indications of a change had set in, and refreshing showers had fallen, but much more rain is still needed.

There is something inexpressibly touching in the sight of those hundreds of men on board the Victoria standing calmly, steadily, every man at his post on the fast-sinking ship without one movement to save themselves from certain death, until the word of command was given. And one cannot but feel unbounded admiration for that silent, heroic courage which every man of them shared. It really, it might be said, is an object lesson to the whole nation, and raises it up unconsciously to a higher standard and ideal of devotion to duty. Such self-control, such confidence in a commander, such patient waiting for his order, has in it a moral character and lifts it above the region of mere physical courage. It is not without parallel in

the history both of the navy and army, and so long as that spirit abides, nothing can be demanded of them, possible to man, which they will not be able to do. What a noble example to all professing Christians of implicit obedience to and confidence in the Captain of their salvation.

The Princess May, who has just been married to Prince George, is highly spoken of in the July number of the Young Woman, and as very possibly a future queen, her character is a matter of public importance. It says: "One of Princess May's most cherished charities is the Home for the Dying, at South Hampstead, known under the charming name of Friedenheim. While battling with her own overwhelming sorrow early last year, the cause of this home came under her notice, and where nothing yet had been able to make her forget her loss, the thought of the poor sufferers who are sent away from hospitals because they are past help, and who have no home in which they might spend their last moments free from want and care, roused her at once, and the pathetic figure of the sad girl-widow came gently forward and pleaded for the mute ones standing helplessly and hopelessly on the border of the grave. Princess May has long been an active friend of poor and destitute children. The bride-elect is one whose face in connection with ragged school work has since her childhood been passing like a dream through the haunts of misery and care, and no slight will, I venture to say, be more agreeable to the royal bride and bridegroom than the spectacle of comfortably-seated poor children associated with those institutions in which the royal family have long taken an exemplary and useful interest."

Owing to the action of the Government in India restraining the free coinage of silver as currency, the financial world has been called to face a new and in some countries, perplexing situation. This is especially felt in the United States. President Cleveland has taken a step very unusual with rulers, and yet what we would consider, in the case of a free and self-governing people, a very wise one. He has taken the nation into his confidence through the medium of the newspaper, and given to it a general statement of the position of the Government on the financial question, coupled with the announcement of his purpose to call an extra session of Congress not earlier than the first nor later than the fifteenth of September, unless unexpected contingencies should necessitate an earlier meeting. The President thinks it "not amiss that our people should be informed authoritatively that the time is at hand when their representatives in Congress will be called upon to deal with a financial condition which is the only menace to the country's welfare and prosperity." He declares it needs no present eye to perceive the danger that results to the country from the continued purchase of seven tons of silver daily, a purchase which has to be paid for gold, with the natural result that "this gold having thus been subtracted from the Government's stock is eagerly seized by other nations for the purpose of strengthening their credit at our expense." Disturbing as the situation is, there is no reason why our vast national resources and credit are not abundantly sufficient to justify the fullest faith and confidence. "The things just now needed," in the President's view, "are coolness and calmness in financial circles and study and reflection among our people."

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM

United Presbyterian: The brotherhood of men is a truth which needs as much emphasis now as in the days of Paul. If it was rightly recognized, the great chasms between classes would be bridged.

A. Barnes: It does not require great learning to be a Christian—to be convinced of the truth of the Bible, and to be conformed to its requirements. It requires only an honest heart, and a willingness to obey God.

Jewel: The Word is "fire," and burneth; a "hammer," and breaketh the hardness of the heart. It is mighty in operation, cleanseth the inner man, openeth the conscience, is "a savor of life unto life," the means of salvation, the word of reconciliation.

Prof. H. Drummond: I say there is no happiness in having or in getting but only in giving; and half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others.

The Interior: Last Sunday, the opening of the Fair proved to be the worst fiasco of all, not half the average for week days, and not a sixth of the expectations. Did ever mortal man make a huger blunder? A leading director said he would open if it cost the Fair two millions. He will have to double his figures before he will cover the loss.

Mid-Continent: It was recently stated by the Hon. Carrol D. Wright, the well-known statistician, that facts show that "for every dollar the people receive from the saloon, they pay out twenty-one." This statement should be heeded by the business men and municipal authorities who claim that saloons must be licensed, as they largely supply the community with its revenue.

S. S. Times: Character will show itself in the outer man. If the character be deteriorating, it will gradually give signs of this in the expression and features. If the character be making progress Christward, it will steadily suffuse the face and glow in the very form and bearing. A man may deceive himself as to the direction of his moral movement, but God has so ordered nature, that a man can not permanently deceive his fellows on that point. The light or the shade of his inner character will, sooner or later, be manifest in a man's exterior.

Christian Inquirer: In contending earnestly for what we believe is truth we need to maintain a modest and teachable spirit. As no man or body of men is infallible, it is impossible for any to have possession of the whole truth. Whatever opinions we espouse we may unwittingly hold some views which are not in accord with Divine teaching; and with the most ardent desire to maintain the truth we may be so warped by the prejudice, growing out of the early inculcation of error, that we may not be emancipated from its influence.

Alfred Schofield, M.D., in Good Words, says: After all, there is nothing but Christianity that suits all ages, from the child at his mother's knee, to the patriarch on his dying bed. A typical old age, must be truly Christian, not alone in faith and doctrine, but in love and good works; and at no time through life does the heavenly life so illumine the thin walls of the earthly tabernacle, as

just before it is taken down and folded in the grave. But this serenity, this sunshine, can by no means be acquired in a moment. The foundations of a happy old age should be laid in early life.

Spurgeon: I have heard that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next, hearing his voice, repeats the word, "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word, "Come!" So in that verse of the Scripture, the Spirit and the bride say, first of all, "Come;" and let him that heareth say, "Come;" and whosoever is athirst, let him take of the water of life freely.

A well-known atheist says: "I look over the earth and see mountains, meadows and streams, and men. I look into the heavens, and by day I see the blue sky, the many-hued clouds, and the golden sun, and by night the myriad twinkling stars, and the white moon. I look among all that live and move, but I do not see God." Of course he does not. To Peter Bell, a living primrose was only a primrose. To Wordsworth, the meanest flower that caught his eye brought thoughts "too deep for tears." Only a reverent believer discerns God behind His created works. One form of sight is physical; another mental; a third spiritual. One wanting spiritual sight can no more discern God, than a jellyfish can see the moons of Mars. And that is the trouble with our atheist, and with all like him.

Christian World: Sometimes we become discouraged in our work and think it is all in vain, and yet we have the assurance that work done for the Lord is never in vain. In 1817, Robert Moffat, a Scotchman, penetrated the wilds of South Africa in the interests of missionary work. How useless his work seemed to him, but, was it so? Only recently a census was taken of Bechuanna, the district in which he laboured, and where he fancied he had accomplished nothing. In a territory of 170,000 square miles, two and one-half times the size of Missouri, there was found a population of 72,000 whites and natives, almost all of whom were Christians. Poor Moffat fancied he had wasted his time, but nothing really good is ever lost; and the bread which that earnest, hard-working man cast upon the waters, has returned many days after he has gone to his rest. Let no one be discouraged.

Rev. J. Denovan: What craze is it that makes women—sensible women many of them, too—associate ordinary domestic work with this idea of social degradation, so that if one of them happens to be caught by a visitor in a kitchen, or in a dress suitable to ordinary domestic work, the visitor must be entertained with an elaborate apology? Why apologize? I never yet heard a carpenter make an apology or being detected standing in his shirt sleeves and ankle deep in shavings; nor did I ever hear a blacksmith apologize for the smut on his hands and face; nor a baker or the flour-dust on his face and raiment; nor a painter for the shape and brilliant tints of his overalls. Why should wife or daughter deprecate and deplore the attire and condition in which honest domestic work puts them? Every person possessed of a modicum of brains understands and appreciates the situation, and honours the woman properly attired for the work divine providence has brought to her hand.

Our Contributors.

A STREAK OF OLD ADAM.

BY KNOXONIAN.

We read somewhere lately of a heathen convert who said something which shows that human nature is much the same the world over. This alleged convert was very effusive at the meetings, and shouted halleluiahs with vigour and frequency. He was also quite frequent in his calls upon the missionary for blankets. One day the missionary told him that the supply of blankets must be stopped. His reply was

NO MORE BLANKETS, NO MORE HALLELUIAH.

Let nobody throw stones at that convert. He was a typical man. He represented a class, unfortunately too large, who have enjoyed advantages that were never within reach of a heathen. A journey around the globe is not necessary to find people who are too ready to cease doing their duty when the supply of blankets is cut off. Just change the words a little, and see the many connections in which this streak of Old Adam will appear.

NO MORE VISIT, NO MORE ATTEND CHURCH.

This is the motto of the man who goes to church occasionally, if his pastor calls on him every few weeks, but never attends unless he is called on frequently and regularly. It never dawns on his mind that it is his duty and privilege to worship his Maker on the first day of the week. The fact that God has commanded him so to do is not to him a matter of the slightest consequence. His spiritual nature needs worship, but that does not give him any concern. The interests of his family and of his own soul and his duty towards his God and his fellow men are matters of little moment compared with being called on by the preacher. If the minister calls, he may go to church once in a while, but if not, he goes not. This man stands in exactly the same relation to the call that the convert did to the blankets. No more blanket, no more halleluiahs; no more call, no more attend.

NO MORE THANKS, NO MORE WORK. This is the motto of the man who thinks he ought to have a vote of thanks every time he raises the church window or puts a cent on the collection plate. It never occurs to him that it is as much his duty to work for his Master, as it is the duty of any one else. Nor does it occur to him that it is for the Master he works, or should work, and not for the people he expects thanks from. When a man says, "I have worked all these years and never got any thanks," he pays himself a sorry compliment. For whom did you work? If you worked for Christ, your reward is certain. In fact, if you worked for Him, you were greatly overpaid before you began. He owes you nothing. If you can show that he does, rest assured, the debt will be paid. If you began any kind of Christian work with the idea that you were working for your neighbours, and that they should thank you effusively for it, every now and then, you started in the wrong way, and you should go back and begin again. This business of working ostensibly for Christ, but really for thanks from the neighbours and appreciation from everybody never ended well. Work for Christ, and your reward is sure. If the thanks and appreciation come, good and well. If they do not come, let them stay.

NO MORE BOODLE, NO MORE VOTE.

This is the language of the patriot who wants a small sum for marking his ballot. He wants to sell himself, just as a farmer sells hogs. If the number of voters who wish to exercise the highest privilege of a Briton in this way should increase much more, the country is doomed. NO MORE APPROPRIATION, NO MORE SUPPORT.

The community that wants a post office or custom-house or railway or canal

or wharf, says that to the Government. If the Government gives them an appropriation, it gets their votes; if not, not. A transaction of this kind is bribery by wholesale, and should be carefully distinguished from the retail business in which high-minded patriots sell themselves individually.

NO MORE PUFF, NO MORE SUBSCRIPTION.

So says the man who thinks a newspaper is published to keep him continually before the public. If the puffs came regularly and are sufficiently strong the good man subscribes; but if the paper fails to keep him well advertised, he stops it ostentatiously and then borrows the next number from a neighbour to see if it has gone into mourning.

The longer we turn this matter over the more clearly we see that this heathen convert was a good deal like some of the rest of us.

THE INTERNATIONAL MISSIONARY UNION.

BY REV. ANDREW DOWSLEY, B.A.

This Union is composed of missionaries only. Through the kindness of Dr. Foster, the founder of Clifton Springs Sanatorium, the Union's permanent home is at Clifton Springs, N.Y., where it meets annually for one week, commencing on the second Wednesday of June, and there all who are, or have been missionaries in the foreign field, are invited to assemble from year to year, as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Foster, for prayer and consultation regarding the Lord's work committed to their charge. The Rev. Dr. Gracey, of Rochester, N.Y., is the President of the Union; and its Secretary is Rev. Dr. Beldon, of Clifton Springs, N.Y. There were 105 missionaries in attendance at the annual meeting this year, June 14th-21st. Their united years of service amounted to 1159 years. The meeting opened with a cordial welcome from Dr. Foster, who built a tabernacle where the Union might hold its meetings from year to year. The Rev. Dr. Davis responded on behalf of the missionaries. Then followed the recognition, missionaries making themselves known by rising and stating their fields, years of service, mission and work. The meetings during the week were informal in character, conducted somewhat on a parlour basis, and were full of interest and profit. The Rev. Dr. Gracey, the originator of the Union and its honored President, the ten years of its existence, presided, as it is to be hoped he may for many a year to come. On Thursday forenoon, Papal lands and the American aborigines occupied the attention of the Union. The evening of that day was devoted to a platform meeting with addresses by the Rev. Dr. Hamlin, of Turkey; Miss Bush, of Turkey, and the Rev. Dr. Easton, of Persia, and a paper by Mrs. Locke, of Bulgaria. The subjects brought forward were discussed at the morning session on the following day. Friday afternoon was given up to an interesting and profitable ladies' meeting presided over by Mrs. Dr. Thayer, of Turkey. Gentlemen were allowed to be present as listeners. The missionaries from India had charge of the evening meeting on behalf of India, which provided an interesting and profitable one. The speakers were the Rev. Messrs. Hume, of Bombay; Powell, of the Baptist Telugu Mission and others. The Rev. Dr. Mudge, of India, was in the chair. On Saturday morning, the Rev. Dr. Easton read a paper on "Dervish Superstitions." Then Dr. Mudge read a paper by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, on "Mass Movements in India," followed by a paper by the Rev. Andrew Dowsley, on "Education as a Missionary Agency." Considerable time was then occupied in discussing Educational Work in Missions. A meeting for young people was held on Saturday afternoon with curios and addresses by Miss Bush, of Turkey; Miss Babbitts, of India, and Rev. Messrs. McAlpine, Ferguson, and Dowsley. The evening meeting was a stereopticon exhib-

ition of various fields. The President's reception, at which the members of the Union were presented to Dr. and Mrs. Foster, took place at 4 p.m. on Saturday.

The Rev. Dr. Douglas, West Indies, President of Methodist College, Montreal, preached the sermon on Sabbath forenoon from Rom. v. 3. It was full of comfort and encouragement, and is not likely to be forgotten by the large audience present.

Missionaries from Japan had charge of the Sabbath afternoon meeting on behalf of Japan. Addresses were given by Miss Wintermute, the Rev. Dr. Gulick, the Rev. Messrs. Poate, Miller, etc., and were full of interest and information. In the evening of the Sabbath, China was brought under the notice of a large audience by the missionaries from that land. The Rev. Dr. Mills and the Rev. Messrs. Lingle, McCarthy, etc., addressed the meeting. On Monday, the Rev. Dr. Nassau, of Africa, read an excellent paper on "Bantu Superstitions." In the evening a symposium was held, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Davis, when a number of missionaries seated on the platform were interrogated with a view to finding what traces of the true religion were to be found in heathendom. Tuesday evening the missionaries who expected to return to their fields during the year, said "good-bye," and were addressed by the Rev. Dr. Douglas. In response to a resolution tendering the thanks of the Union to Dr. and Mrs. Foster, etc., Dr. Foster made an address and invited the Union to come again next year.

The final adjournment took place after some business had been transacted, on Wednesday forenoon, to meet again next year (D.V.) on the second Wednesday of June, 1894. Let all foreign missionaries make their arrangements so as to be present next year.

Campbellford, Ont.

FOREIGN MISSION COMMITTEE NOTES.

Mr. Kenneth MacLennan is to go to Honan, and is to be ordained by the Manitoba Presbytery at an early date. He will first visit his parents in Scotland, whom he has not seen for eight years.

The Committee has very regretfully accepted the resignation of Mr. McDonald, of Alberni, on account of failing health. Much sympathy is felt for Mr. McDonald, who is compelled reluctantly to abandon a work in which he has been successful.

The Girls' Home at Alberni goes on under the care of Miss Minnes (teacher) and Miss Johnston (matron). It is hoped that a successor to Mr. McDonald will soon be found. The Indians in that region are asking to be taught. The door is open. It has been decided by the General Assembly that the F. M. Committee should appoint a chaplain to Mhow, Central India. Mr. Russel has been performing that duty for some time but finds it burdensome. The intention is to appoint one whose first duty will be to attend to the duties of the chaplaincy, and beyond that, so far as his strength will allow to assist in the work of the mission. The salary attached by the Government to the chaplaincy, is such as to make this appointment a very slight expense to the Church. It is an important appointment, and it is hoped that very soon a man will be found who can fill the place efficiently.

Miss Marion Oliver, M.D., appeared before the Committee in Brantford. She was cordially welcomed, and it was agreed that she should do no work until September and that after that she should work under the direction of the W.F.M. Board. The purpose is, that when the furlough ends she may not be more tired than when she came home, which is sometimes the case with our missionaries.

Mr. J. H. MacVicar, who is at home on account of the failure of his wife's health, wishes to improve his forced furlough by taking a course of study which he believes he can do to great advantage in the light of his experiences in

Honan. The Committee left him to his own discretion as to the use of his time. There is a deficit of over \$9,000 in the Eastern section of the Church. It is proposed that they should be helped to wipe out that debt by the Western section. That plucky little Church which led the Canadian Church into F.M. work deserves help, and no doubt will get it.

The proposal to hand over the New Hebrides to the Australasian Church, in order more energetically to push the work in Trinidad, found very little favour in the Committee or Assembly. How could the New Hebrides, with its martyr history, be given up? R. P. MACKAY.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XXVII.

The Lord Jehovah is my light,
(In him there is no gloom nor night).
Salvation firm and strong;
Strength of my life, whom shall I fear?
Though wicked men as foes appear,
My confidence is sure.

Though enemies as hosts surround,
And wars against me do abound,
I'm safe beneath His care;
One thing I of the Lord desire,
That will I seek; if He inspire —
His tabernacle fair.

And never from His courts depart —
The constant homage of my heart,
Love's sweet oblation give;
Behold the Lord in beauty clad,
Communion that shall make me glad
And joyous while I live.

I'll anxiously enquire of Him,
Who worshipped is by Cherubim,
In temple of His grace;
For in the days when troubles come,
His great pavilion is my home,
My constant hiding place.

And if in dangerous ways I walk,
He'll set me up upon a rock,
Exalted shall I be;
My head shall be uplifted high,
Above my foes both far and nigh,
His arms shall compass me.

Therefore, I'll offer all my days,
Within His temple songs of praise,
And sacrifices meet;
I'll cry to God with voice and soul —
In mercy hear and make me whole,
My sin is very great.

For when thou saidst: Seek ye my face,
My heart replied: Such boundless grace.
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.
Hide not Thy countenance from me,
Thine anger put away from Thee,
And make me humble, meek.

To me a helper Thou hast been,
And daily blessings I have seen:
Forsake me not at last;
Should earthly kindred prove untrue,
And Thou my God forsake me too;
Do Thou, Lord, hold me fast.

Teach me Thy way, nor let me roam,
In by-paths from my heavenly home,
Still Thou mine enemies;
Let them not triumph over me,
From their strong will my refuge be,
Falseness and cruelties.

I faint and weak shall still remain,
Unless Thy goodness does sustain,
My faith, firm, true, and strong;
My soul wait thou alone on God,
He'll strength and courage thee afford,
Wait on Him all day long.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

London, Ont., July 1st, 1893.

CHURCH AND MANSE FUND.

Question 1. What is the Church and Manse Fund?

Answer. A Fund to help missions and weak congregations in Western Canada, to build churches and manses.

Q. 2. When, and by whom was the Fund started?

A. By the General Assembly of 1882.

Q. 3. Who manage the Fund? and how are they paid?

A. A Board appointed by the General Assembly, who do their work without remuneration. The expenses last year, including printing, posting and distribution of reports, was not 2 per cent. of the receipts.

Q. 4. What extent of country is the Fund intended to help?

A. All between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean.

Q. 5. How is help extended?

A. By loan or grant. The loan must not exceed one-half of the cost of the structure, nor \$700 in all. Grants must not exceed one-fifth of the cost of the building.

Christian Endeavor.

GOD'S GREAT COMMAND.

REV. W. S. M'TAVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE

July 16.—Acts 17: 30; Luke 13: 1-5.

What is the great command referred to? That men should repent. What is repentance? The word originally meant an afterthought, or the slight we get of an action after it is done. But when we take a second look at an act, it often appears more wicked than it did at the time when it was committed. We are led, therefore, to loathe, to hate the act, and to blame ourselves for having done it. To review the past is often to condemn the past.

Our Shorter Catechism gives an excellent definition of repentance: Repentance unto life is a saving grace, whereby a sinner, out of a true sense of his sin, and apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ, doth, with grief and hatred of his sin, turn from it unto God, with full purpose of, and desire after, new obedience.

1. In genuine repentance, therefore, the sinner has a true sense of his sin. Many a man grieves over the fact that his sin has brought trouble and disgrace upon him, and yet he does not see it in its proper light. "A true sense of sin is to see it and feel it as committed against God, and against God as He is revealed in the Scriptures and in Jesus Christ."

2. In true repentance the sinner apprehends, or lays hold of, the mercy of God in Christ. Repentance thus differs from remorse. Judas realized the enormity of his sin, but he saw not the mercy of God. Though the penitent sinner regards his sin as a great black cloud, yet he sees that the cloud is pierced, and that through the rift the love of God still shines upon him. He knows that in his Father's house there is bread enough and to spare; he knows, moreover, that God has invited him to come and be satisfied. He feels that though his sin is great, yet the mercy of God is greater; though sin abounds, grace superabounds.

3. The penitent, with grief and hatred of his sin, turns from it unto God. He knows that he must cease to do evil and learn to do well. He makes no attempt to palliate or excuse his sin, but he abhors, confesses and forsakes it, and turns to God with all his heart, with fasting, with weeping and with mourning (Joel 2: 12). He knows that if he covers his sin he shall not prosper, but if he confesses and forsakes it, he shall find mercy (Prov. 28: 13). Like David, he asks that God create in him a clean heart and renew a right spirit within him (Ps. 51: 10). Like the prodigal, he says, "I will arise and go to my Father."

4. On the part of the penitent there is also a full purpose of and desire after new obedience. Pharnaces sent a crown to Caesar at the same time that he rebelled against him; but Caesar returned the crown and sent this message back, "Let him return to his obedience first." To acknowledge past sins will avail nothing unless there is at the same time a determination to live more holily, righteously and godly in time to come (2 Cor. 7: 11). While the penitent acknowledges that he once loved to choose and see his path, his prayer is, "Lead Thou me on." Not only does he ask to be led, but his determination is to follow cheerfully wherever God leads. The language of his heart is:—

"Where He may lead I'll follow;
My trust in Him repose,
And every hour in perfect peace
I'll sing, He knows, He knows."

Mr Edison, the electrician, who is generally regarded as an agnostic, says that no one can be brought into close contact with the mysteries of nature without being convinced of the existence of a Supreme Intelligence. He may some day demonstrate His existence through the operation of these mysterious laws, with the certainty of a demonstration in mathematics.

Q. 6. Why do congregations and missions need help to build?

A. Because, in a prairie country, logs are not available for building; because lumber is dear, and many of the settlers are poor; and because of the lack of school houses, or private houses suitable for services.

Q. 7. Do the people try to help themselves?

A. They give from two-thirds to three-fourths of the cost of the buildings in money and work, and, last year, they gave over \$17 per communicant for all purposes, or fifty per cent. more than the rest of the Church.

Q. 8. How many buildings has the Fund helped to erect?

A. Two hundred and thirty-two—196 churches and 36 manses, worth over \$350,000.

Q. 9. Do the people repay loans promptly?

A. Often they do not. When a good year comes, a good deal is refunded, but when the crop is short, the Board must be content to wait. Last year over \$5,000 was repaid.

Q. 10. Why are manses needed?

A. Because many of our missionaries are married; at many points no houses can be rented; and where they can, rents are so high that men cannot pay them out of their small salaries.

Q. 11. Have any of our missionaries suffered through want of suitable houses?

A. Yes a great deal, although little has been said about the matter. We are taught to believe that people are to be pitied who live in a country where the thermometer descends to forty below zero. Some missionaries have had an inch board between them and friend forty. Occasionally, a missionary with four or five children, is found stowed away in two small rooms, and when a brother minister stays over night, some ingenuity is necessary to accommodate him. Not unfrequently, snow has been the coverlet on the bed and the carpet on the floor. When sickness invades the home, what?

Q. 12. How many congregations have churches, and how many missions manses?

A. Of the former, one in three; and of the latter, one in five.

Q. 13. How much money is required to make the Fund self-operative?

A. About \$45,000.

Q. 14. How could this amount be raised?

A. The wealthier members of the Church must give the bulk of it, but Christian Endeavor and other Societies could help. Where a society or one person to raise \$500 or more, the money could be loaned by the Board, in the name of the Society, and when repaid could be reloaned, and thus the donors would have the satisfaction of knowing that they were planting religious institutions in the West. Correspondence between the missions and Societies would increase the interest.

Q. 15. To whom can money be sent for this work?

A. Rev. Dr. Reid, Toronto, Rev. Dr. Warden, Montreal, Rev. P. M. Morrison, Halifax, and Chief Justice Taylor, Colin H. Campbell, Esq., or Rev. Dr. Robertson, Winnipeg. J. R.

ORANGEVILLE PRESBYTERIAL W. F. M. S. SEMI-ANNUAL MEETING.

The semi-annual meeting of the Orangeville Presbyterial Society in connection with the W. F. M. S., was held in Shelburne, on June 17th, 1893.

Mrs. Crozier, of Grand Valley, occupied the chair, and presided with her usual tact and ability. The meeting was opened with religious exercises, after which the roll was called, and it was found that delegates were present from eleven Auxiliaries and three Mission Bands. After the reading of the minutes, and of the treasurer's statement, and the transaction of some business, Mrs. Campbell, of Cheltenham, read a very carefully prepared and able paper on Prayer. The paper dealt with the efficacy of prayer

on the work at home, and the work in the foreign field. Mrs. Gray, of Brantford, followed, giving a short address on the same subject. She urged on the delegates the desirability of being more specific in prayer, and of praying for each missionary by name.

Miss Turnbull, of Orangeville, then sang with great acceptance, a solo entitled "Calvary," after which Mrs. Fowle, of Erin, read a paper full of encouragement and cheer for those whose time is much occupied with domestic cares. She showed, with much sympathy and earnestness, how even the busiest woman may do much to help on the good work.

Mrs. Gray, of Brampton, then gave a very instructive address on the early work of the missionaries among the Indians of the great North-West. She related many interesting incidents about the way in which the good-will and confidence of the Indians were secured, by ministering to their bodily comfort, and of how this led to the annual sending of clothing to the North-West.

The meeting was then closed with the singing of a hymn, and with prayer, and all returned to their homes benefited, and filled with enthusiasm for the work of the Society.

M. STEELE,
Presbyterial Sec.

THE SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

The sorrows of life are many; and the Saviour made this one of His credentials, that He could transfigure them all into consolation. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, . . . to comfort all that mourn. . . ." In that life and that death, in that voice of sympathy and that heart of love, in those sayings and doings of Jesus Christ which enter into all experience and reach backward and forward into two eternities, above all in that person, God for us and God with us, who was manifested to bear our sins and carry our sorrows, on purpose that we might never feel earth lonely nor heaven unreal, has been found through eighteen centuries, is found to-day, shall be found in the ages to come, a rest and a peace and a satisfaction which the world can neither give in its joys nor take away in its bereavements. The comfort spoken of is no childish soothing, no effeminate lulling, no palliation of distress, no oblivion of sorrow; it is what its name bespeaks it, a strengthening and a fortifying thing, because it both pierces to the depths of the reality that is and rises to the height of that other reality that shall be. Comfort is strength, and comfort is fortitude, and comfort is courage for two worlds, and comfort is expansive and diffusive as the love which breathes it, even as it is written, "Who comforteth us in all our tribulations."—Dean C. Vaughan.

NATURAL PROGRESS VS. BIBLE AUTHORITY.

There is a wide-spread and growing belief in a law of natural progress. So amazing has been the recent advancement in the knowledge of material things that men have taken up an inflated conception of their powers and possibilities. Many have come to believe that the root of all human trouble is not in man's nature, but in his environment, and that by continual progress in knowledge, and increased skill in its application, sin and all its attendant evils may be reduced to zero.

This theory is powerfully enforced by the evolutionary hypothesis of natural development, which regards the earlier books of the Bible as mystical, fabulous, legendary, poetic, and unhistorical, just like all early heathen literature. It is reported of a distinguished divine that he recently began his sermon by saying: "The old view of the Bible is fading away from the vision of the age." He then went on to argue that the prophecies of the Bible had never been fulfilled; that its miracles were incredible; and that the Christ it revealed was but humanity's evolution of the divine ideal. It is widely asserted that the world has out-

grown the Bible; that as the legal dispensation gave place to the Christian, so it is time for another advance; that since the inauguration of Christianity new civilizations have arisen, and man's mind has been broadened, leaving the Bible too narrow for the demands of the race. I need not take space to show that all this boasted progress is the merest moonshine, having neither history nor philosophy to sustain it. It is a notorious fact that outside of Bible influence there is no progress but only retrogression. What has become of the famous civilization of Nineveh and Babylon? By what law of progress have the Egyptian, Greek and Roman races fallen out of history? What law of progress do we discover when we set the feeble Incas and Aztecs by the side of their ancient monuments? If progress is a natural law of society, what mean the decadent races covering four-fifths of the globe? There is outward progress within the limits of Christendom; but even this external progress may grow and man continue as selfish and morally debased as ever. There is no progress to the individual except as he is impelled upward in character. The fact is, every man comes into the world with a degenerate nature that needs regeneration. If the Bible establishes the principles that lead to the regeneration of the individual soul in any one age, it will answer the same purpose in every age. God has put into the Bible the very truths that He knew were best calculated to lead to regeneration. It is not conceivable that any revelation could be better adapted to awaken a sinner; nor can the declaration, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," ever lose its charm for the awakened soul. The answer it gives to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" is the only one that can be given while man is man and God is God.

HALIFAX LADIES' COLLEGE.

The last of the series of exercises with which the college was closed, was held on Thursday afternoon, June 22nd, and was especially interesting. Selected essays were read by two of the pupils, and addresses given by two or three visitors. The valedictory was read by Miss Winnifred Burns. Prof. Macdonald, of Dalhousie, bestowed well-deserved praise on Miss Ker, the Principal, and on the other teachers, and concluded with some excellent advice to the young lady graduates and to the pupils of the College generally.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the Niagara Bible Conference, for Bible study, will be held at Niagara-on-the-Lake from July 6 to 12. In the circular calling it, it is stated that this year, "in view of the critical condition of affairs, civil and religious, throughout the nations, more than usual attention will be given, both to prophecy, and to the authority of the inspired word." Topics have been assigned to eminent teachers, professors in Theological Seminaries of different denominations, pastors and evangelists in the United States and Canada. Copies of circular can be had on application to Alf. Sandham, Toronto.

Rev J. Guinness Rogers, in the Merchants' Lecture, on Tuesday, on "The World in the Church," said the Church must avoid a laxity which would weaken principle. If the influence of the world ever affected the Church so much that people believed they could make money so long as they did not break the world's laws, no matter how many competitors they might ruin, or how many lives they might burden, it would debase individual character, and lower the influence of the Church.

All but nine States, out of the forty-four in the United States, now make scientific temperance education compulsory in their common schools. There are between 12,000,000 and 13,000,000 children in America, to whom it is required that this instruction be given.

Pastor and People.

PROVIDENCE.

How oft, O God, when we have wept in vain
O'er Thy decrees, and blurred with fretful tears
The heavenward window of the soul, appears
Thy purpose sweet and wise, in after years.
Like sunshine streaming through the veils of rain!

If we had had our way—if thou had'st given
The lesser good into our pleading hands
Withholding larger; if the small demands
Of human choice, that sees nor understands
Life's broader issues, had prevailed with heaven;

If we had never wept, nor known the keen,
Pure, cleansing pain of sorrow's sacred fire—
The broken tie, the unfulfilled desire—
Our sluggish lives had never risen higher,
But, fixed in self, had ever selfish been.

But Thou hast led us out of self, hast shown
How love's great circle rounds from soul to soul,
How sorrow makes up quick to others' dole,
And binds each unit in the larger whole
Of life and love, complete in Thee alone.

O God, Thy thoughts enfold us all! The days
E'en of this brief, imperfect life attest,
Ere they are spent, Thy will is ever best.

Oh, may we in Thy love and wisdom rest,
For Thou dost know the end of all our ways!

—James Buckman, in the Congregationalist.

THE USE OF THE BIBLE.

The study of the Bible to find possible flaws, seemingly contradictory statements, evidence of the infirmities of human transcribers or something that can be twisted into an objectionable representation of the nature of God, is unprofitable. It has had full trial, and the results are not inviting or encouraging. From the day when the Gospel was acknowledged to be foolishness to the Greek and a stumbling block to the Jew, this kind of study has been going on. Nothing of value has come out of it. The great mass of the outcome has proved absolutely worthless. The alleged flaws, contradictions, misrepresentations of Divine attributes and methods, have pretty much all been proved unfounded. The blunders that have been made by the objectors to the Bible have been very numerous and have been exposed. This kind of study has scalped itself rational, scholarly and claimed admiration for its sincere endeavour to get at the truth. In practice it has generally reached a lie, that is, the results vociferously declared to be attained, have proved untrue and have been abandoned necessarily.

Deplorable results have also followed this manner of Biblical research. REGARD for the authority of God has been reduced in the minds and consciences of men, and a decline of morality has followed. The connection between morality and intelligence is so close that as men in the mass have declined in morals by substituting a human for the revealed standard, they have become also less intelligent. Crime has increased; philanthropy has languished, domestic and social life have become corrupt, political life has degenerated, as this kind of study of the Bible has flourished.

But there is another use of the Bible. It is illustrated in the habit of Boerhaave, the famous Dutch physician, one of the fathers of modern medical practice, of whom it is said that his "celebrity has scarcely been equalled by that of any physician in modern times." His biographers say that it was his custom to select every morning a verse or passage of Scripture for prayerful meditation during the day, to attain spiritual profit. He accepted it in simple, perfect faith as the Word of God, and received it into his heart

with supplication for the help of the Holy Spirit to enable him to understand it and to obtain from it the benefit it was intended to bestow. He is a specimen of the profitable study of the Bible. There have been many like him in this. It made him unusually intelligent, benevolent, pure and strong, remarkably successful in his profession, peaceful, hopeful and happy in life and in death, and the benefactor of mankind. Before his death, in about the year 1740, his fame had extended not only throughout Christendom, but even to the empire of China.

What this use of the Bible in simple, filial faith did for the great Dutch physician, it has done for centuries for thousands of men and women and children. They have been made the children of God, the followers of Christ, partaking of His nature, the saints of the Most High God, and heirs of everlasting life. They have been the fountains of intelligence, examples in morals, patterns of benevolence, the mainstay of truth and goodness in the communities in which they have lived. Superstitions have vanished, useful discoveries and inventions have multiplied, philanthropic endeavours to relieve human want and woe have flourished in their presence and by their example and influence. No other book has done as much for men as individuals or for communities and nations. It has proved itself adapted to the intellectual, moral and religious wants of men as are sunlight, moonlight and starlight, and air, and water to physical needs. Nothing like it has ever existed among men.

This is the proper use of the Bible now. One of the best of men, on whom other men leaned, to whom they looked for counsel, whose co-operation they sought in their commercial enterprises, and who had a large part in the financial and commercial endeavours to promote invention, transportation and trade forty years ago, said to his pastor, "I have found that if I must have an hour to myself, free from interruption, every morning for the study of the Bible and for prayer, to prepare me for the duties of the day." That hour made him what he was. He was not only distinguished in trade, but also eminent in philanthropy. Such an hour will yield like fruit to other men.

Another use of the Bible is to preach it, or to sustain the preaching of it. There is no substitute for it. What is called "worship," does not and cannot take the place of the preaching of the Word of God. The Bible has been entrusted to the Church with the Divine command, "Go, teach it," "Go, preach it," to every man everywhere. It is the Bible which is to be preached, to be made known, to be applied to human consciences and conduct, to be furnished as mental, moral and spiritual food, refreshment and comfort. The power of the Church of God resides in declaring the whole counsel of God, and illustrating and enforcing it by example.

Such preaching since Christ died has never been in vain. It has made bad men good, cruel men kind, ignorant men intelligent, indolent men industrious, despondent and despairing men hopeful, and filled perishing men with the power of an endless life. It has reformed communities, enlightened and elevated the world. Since the world began there have been many philosophies, many religions, many methods of instruction, but never anything worthy to be compared with the preaching of the Bible.

It is a great thing to be a preacher of the Bible. Young men who have recently graduated from college ought to consider seriously whether they shall not devote themselves to preaching the Word of the Lord. Parents, also, should consider whether their sons can be dedicated to any occupation superior to the preaching of the truth revealed by God.—N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.

EXPERIENCE AND LIFE.

It is a truth which we have all learned from some experience through which we have been led, that any great experience, seriously and greatly met and passed through, makes the man who has passed through it always afterwards a purer me-

dium through which the highest truth may shine on other men. Have you not seen it? Here is some man whom you have known long. You have seemed to have reached the end of all that it is possible for you to get from him, all that it is possible for him to do for you. Nothing has come through him from behind to you. You have seen a sort of glint or glimmer of reflection of God's light upon the surface of his life, as the sun might be reflected on a plate of steel; but nothing of God or God's truth has come through him to you, as the sun shines through a lens of glass, pouring its increased intensity upon the wood it sets in flame.

But some day you meet that man, and he is altered. Tenderer, warmer, richer, he seems to be full of truths and revelations, which he easily pours out to you. Now you not merely see him; you see through him to things behind. As you talk with him, as you look into his face, you see with new, surprising clearness what God is, what man is; what a great thing it is to live, what a great thing it is to die, how mysterious and pathetic are sorrow and happiness, and fear and hope. You cannot begin to tell the change by merely thinking that the man has learned some new facts, and is telling them to you as a book might tell them from its printed page. The very substance of the man is altered, so that he stands between the eternal truths and you, no longer as a screen, which shuts them from your sight, but as an atmosphere through which they come to you all radiant. You ask what has come to him, and you hear (if you are near enough for him to tell you his most sacred history) of some profound experience. He has passed through an overwhelming sorrow. He has stood upon the brink of some tremendous danger. He has spent a day and a night in the deep of some bewildering doubt. He has been overmastered by some sudden joy. It may have been one of these or another. The result has been in such a change of the very substance of the nature, that, whereas it was before all thick and muddy, so that whatever light fell upon it was either cast aside, or else absorbed into it, and lost, now it makes truth first visible, and then clear and convincing to the fellow-men who see truth through it.

And when you try to analyze this change, do you not find that it consists in an impregnation of the nature which has had this new experience with two forces—one a love for truth, the other a love for man? and it is in the perfect combination of these two in any life, that the clarifying of that life into a power of transmission and irradiation truly lies. What man goes worthily through sorrow and does not come out hating shams and pretences, hungering for truth; and also full of sympathy for his fellow-man, whose capacity for suffering has been revealed to him by his own? It is the perfect blending of these two constituents in the new nature of your tried and patient friend, which has given him this wondrous power of showing God, and the truth to you.

What man goes bravely and faithfully through doubt, and does not bring out a soul to which truth seems to be infinitely precious, and the human soul the most mysterious, sacred thing in all the world? Out of the union of those two persuasions has come the prophethood of this life, which now you cannot look at without seeing the infinite behind it, made clear by it.

Surely if we can believe this, then the way in which God lets His children encounter great, and sometimes terrible experiences, is not entirely inexplicable. Surely, if these souls which now are deep in sorrow, or are being cast up and down, and back and forth in doubt, are being thus annealed and purified, that they may come to be, revealers, mediators between God and their fellow-men, then into our wonder at the existence of doubt and sorrow in God's world, there comes a little ray of light. Who could not bear anything that could refine his life into fitness for such a privilege as that?—Phillips Brooks.

HE SHOWED THEM SAMPLES.

A Christian worker was holding a preaching service in the open air, when a well-dressed man drew near, and at a pause in the service asked permission to address the meeting. Permission being given, he denounced religion as a humbug and a sham, and advised men to go to the socialist meetings, which, he said, would do more good.

While he was speaking, the leader of the meeting learned from one of the men there, that he was a drummer for a dry goods house, and a noted infidel. As he closed, the Christian man said to him, "I hear you are a drummer, and go from town to town with samples of the goods manufactured by your firm. Now, you are engaged in another business, I ask you to show your samples. I will show you what we are doing."

Beckoning to two men to stand up beside him, he continued, "Here are two brothers. You see them now. Five years ago they were the biggest scamps and drunkards in the district. They were wife-beaters, and even a terror in the saloon. But five years ago they went to a little gospel meeting, and there they gave their hearts to Jesus. Now they and their wives are well dressed, and their homes comfortably furnished, yet they are earning just the same wages as they were before their conversion, and in their homes all is happiness. That is the work of the Gospel.

"They are the samples of what it can do. Now show me the samples of socialism. Show me one drunkard made sober, one dishonest man made honest, one immoral man reclaimed, and then we will listen to you. If socialism is better than Christianity, show your samples."

There was a general laugh at the confusion which sat visibly on the face of the socialist, and amid the roar of derision, he slunk away.—Exchange.

NOTHING HIDDEN.

"In China a 'private house' is unknown. Anyone can go anywhere, and if there is the least provocation, he will do so." So says the Rev. A. H. Smith, after many years of missionary service in that country. To shut the door is a bad sign. "What is going on within, that he dare not admit his fellow-townsmen?" people are likely to say. There are no newspapers, no objects of general and human interest to attract attention, and, as men and women must be interested in something, it is natural that they should be fond of neighbourly gossip. From Mr. Smith's account of the matter, it is plain how very little Chinese and Yankees have in common. Every Chinese has relatives beyond all count or remembrance. His wife has as many more. His married children add to the ever-widening circle. By the time he is sixty years of age, a man is related to hundreds upon hundreds of individuals, each of whom is entirely conscious of the relationship, and does not forget or ignore it. Not only do all the members of this army of relatives feel themselves entitled to know all the details of one's affairs, but the relatives of the relatives—a swarm branching into infinity—will, perhaps, do the same. If the man is rich, or a magistrate, they certainly will do it. One cannot make a business trip to sell watermelons, to buy mules, to collect a debt, of which everyone will not speedily know all that is to be known. Chinese memories are treasure-houses of everything relative to cash and to dates. How much land each man owns, when it was acquired, when pawned, and when redeemed, how much was expended at the funeral of his mother, and at the wedding of his son, how the daughter-in-law is liked at the village into which she has married, the amount of her dowry, what bargain was made with the firm that let the bridal chair—all these items and a thousand more, everybody knows and never forgets. Though two men at a fair may do their bargaining with their fingers concealed in their capacious sleeves, it will go hard if the neighbours do not discover the terms at last. There are no secrets in China. Everybody crowds in everywhere—if not in sight, then "behind the arras." Everyone reads every despatch he can get at. He reads "private" letters in the same way. "What!" he exclaims, "not let me see?" No wonder Chinese have an adage, "If you would not have it known that you do it, do not do it."

Our Young Folks.

CONTENTMENT.

I'm glad I am a little girl,
And have the afternoons for play;
For, if I was a busy bee,
I 'spose I'd have to work all day.

And, if I was an owl, I'd be
Airaid to keep awake all night;
And, if I was an elephant,
How could I learn to be polite?

And, if I was the Jersey calf,
I might forget my name and age;
And, if I was a little dog,
I couldn't read the Children's Page.

My sakes! When I begin to count,
It makes my head go all awirl,
There are so many reasons why
I'm glad I am a little girl.

—Anna M. Pratt, in Youth's Companion.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

How simply and beautifully has Abdool-Kadir, of Ghilan, impressed us with the love of truth in the story of his childhood.

After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to allow him to go to Bagdad and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds:

"I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept; then taking out eighty dinars, she told me that, as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me swear, when she gave it me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I consign thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment.' I went on well," he adds, "till I came near to Hamadam, when our Kaillah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me, 'what I had got?' 'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewn under my garments.' The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him. 'What have you got?' said another. I gave him the same answer.

"When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief stood. 'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he. 'I have told two of your people already,' I replied, 'I have forty dinars sewed up carefully in my clothes!' He ordered them to be ripped open, and found my money.

"And how came you," said he, with surprise, "to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden?" 'Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never tell a lie.' 'Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.' He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene. 'You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue;' and they instantly, at this order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand."—History of Persia.

NOIREAU.

"Don't be uneasy, sir; you will not miss the train. I have taken passengers to the station for the last fifteen years, and have not once been too late—no, not once. It is always behindhand at least ten minutes."

On this particular day, however, we reached the station just in time to see it rushing off. How was I to dispose of the three hours before another train would be due? I inquired of the station master, who informed me that the only thing worth seeing in this neighborhood was the waterfall of Chaudron. He pointed out a little house with green blinds. "If you inquire there," he said, "old Simon, the guide, will take you there for a trifle."

I knocked at the door, which was opened by an old woman.

"Simon," she said, is in bed with an attack of rheumatism, but if you wish to see the Chaudron, Noireau can take you there." She hesitated. "I ought to tell you, however, that Noireau is not a man."

"What is he, then?" I inquired.

"He is our dog," she replied, "but he is quite accustomed to showing the way to strangers; besides it is cheaper for you. My husband charges three francs, and you can have Noireau for half the price."

"Very well; but where is this Noireau?"

"He is sunning himself in the garden. He has only just returned from taking a party of Englishmen to the Chaudron. Shall I call him? Noireau! Noireau!"

In a few minutes a small black-haired dog jumped in through the open window. He had a pair of bright, intelligent eyes, with which he measured me from head to foot, while the old woman explained that I was a traveller, who wished to be conducted to the Chaudron.

"But I must be back in time to take the four o'clock train," I explained.

"Oh, yes, I understand," said she. "Come Noireau! Allons!"

But Noireau stood looking at her and did not stir.

"Oh, how stupid I am," said she, "I have forgotten his sugar." She went to the cupboard and brought me four lumps of sugar. "Do you see, Noireau? I have given the gentleman your sugar. Now be off!"

He turned and went out of the door, while I followed. As we went through the village we met groups of children, who called "Noireau! Noireau!" They wished to play with him, but he looked at them disdainfully, as if he would say, "I have no time to play just now. I must attend to my duty."

"Let him alone," said one little boy. "Don't you see he is guiding the gentleman to the Chaudron? Bonjour, m'sieur!" taking off his hat to me.

I felt almost ashamed, for it seemed as if the little animal had me entirely in his power. On we went over a very dusty road, Noireau running so quickly that I had hard work to keep up with him. In vain I cried, "Noireau! Noireau! Don't run so fast." At last I could stand it no longer, but took refuge under a tree, though not a very shady one, that stood in the way. This did not please my guide. He looked round angrily at me and began to bark. This was evidently not in the programme. I walked on, and he seemed satisfied with me. After a few moments we came to a charming shady spot, where a little path led through a thicket of woods. Along this path Noireau went, looking round occasionally to see that I did not lose my way. At last he came to a little brook, by the side of which was a rough bench. Here he laid himself down and waited for me. I began to understand his language. He seemed to say, "Here is a nice cool place and a comfortable bench. Sit down and rest; I will allow you to do so." I obeyed him—sat down on the bench and lighted a cigar. I was on the point of offering one to my companion, but it occurred to me that a lump of sugar would be more to his taste. He received it graciously, and laid himself down at my feet. He was evidently accustomed to take a rest at this place. In about ten minutes he awoke, stretched himself, and, glancing at me, began to walk slowly on through the most charming scenery of the canton. At last we came to where two paths met. He stood a moment as if thinking, then walked on to the left, where there was a very pretty view. Having stood a few minutes, till he thought I had admired it sufficiently, he turned again and took the path to the right. Very soon we heard the noise of the waterfall. Noireau commenced to bark and to jump, as if he would say, "Now we have arrived at our destination."

The Chaudron was indeed quite well worth seeing; but, after all, it did not interest me so much as my little companion. On each side of the waterfall was a little Swiss cottage, and two young girls—one a blonde and the other a brunette—stood ready to serve milk to customers. I rather admired the blonde girl with the pretty blue eyes, but Noireau's taste didn't seem to agree with mine. As I approached her he stood in the way and began to bark. I took the hint, and turned towards the other cottage, where I ordered a glass of milk from the brunette. Noireau followed her into the house. Looking through the window, I saw her giving him his saucer of milk before she had attended to me. It was plain he had been bribed. When he came out, I treated him to another lump of sugar, and when I had paid for my milk I walked on, taking the same path by which we had come. We approached the village, and the children again tried to entice Noireau to play with them. He growled at them angrily, as if he would say, "Don't you see I am busy? I must take this gentleman to the station."

We arrived in excellent time. I gave Noireau the two remaining lumps of sugar and then took leave of my pleasant little companion, who remained standing till I was fairly off.

Teacher and Scholar.

July 23rd, 1893. } PAUL AT CORINTH. } Acts xviii. 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us who are saved, it is the power of God.—1 Cor. 1, 18.

A few converts were the tokens of Paul's brief stay in Athens. Thence he went to Corinth, about forty-five miles distant. It is situated in a commanding position on the isthmus which joins the Peloponnesus to the rest of Greece, having a harbour on each side, and for its citadel the summit of a lofty rock which rises about two thousand feet above the level of the sea. On account of its situation, it had been a place of great military strength, until ruined by struggles with Rome. Made a Roman colony by Julius Caesar, it became the commercial centre of the Roman world, and was now the capital of Achaia, and the residence of the proconsul. It had a considerable Jewish population. It was thus naturally fitted to be a most important centre, from which to extend the Gospel, which may partly explain Paul's lengthened stay at this time. At the same time it offered special obstacles to Christianity in the speculative tendencies of the intellectual class, and the refined sensuality of the people generally.

I. Mode of life. Paul found a home with fellow Asiatic Jews, Aquila and Priscilla (Rom. xvi. 3; 1 Cor. xvi. 19; 1 Tim. iv. 19). Aquila was born at Pontus, a residence of Jews (ch. ii. 9; 1 Pet. i. 1), the most easterly province of Asia Minor, on the southern shore of the Black Sea. He and his wife had come to Corinth on the banishment of Jews from Rome recently. This banishment is mentioned by Suetonius, who assigns as a cause, that they were constantly making disturbances, Christ being the instigator. He may in some inaccurate way have connected these with disputes about Christ. It is probable that Aquila and Priscilla were already won over to Christ, since no mention is made of their conversion, and later they appear as ripe Christians. Paul's residence with them was partly due to the fact that they were fellow craftsmen and thus afforded him an opportunity to support himself by working at his trade, which, like every Jewish youth, he had been taught. Tent-making was a common occupation in his native country. The material, called, from the province celicium, was a coarse hair supplied by the goats. As a preacher of the Gospel, Paul claimed the right to live of the Gospel (1 Cor. ix. 14,) and accepted contributions made for his support (Phil. iv. 16). But he also wrought with his hands, so as not to be burdensome to the Churches, and to have his motives as a minister of the Gospel above suspicion.

II. Labours among the Jews. Following his ordinary plan, Paul discoursed from week to week to the Jews and Greek proselytes, who attended the synagogue, seeking to persuade them of the truth of the Gospel. For a time he was alone, probably depressed at the result of his work in Athens, anxious about his Thessalonian converts (1 Thess. iii. 1, 2, 5), and seemingly in bodily weakness (1 Cor. ii. 3). The arrival of Silas and Timothy to share his work (II. Cor. i. 19) bringing cheering tidings from Thessalonica, put new vigour into Paul's ministry. Under an intense divine impulse, from the constraint of the word (R. V. Comp. II. Cor. v. 14), he testified to Jews the Messiahship of Jesus, with a fresh outburst of missionary zeal. This intense earnestness stirred up such strong opposition among the Jews, that they blasphemed the apostle's message, and caused him solemnly to renounce them, by the act, so significant to a Jew, of shaking out his raiment, that not even a particle of dust should remain as a bond of union (Luke ix. 5; Neh. v. 13; ch. xiii. 51). He lays the responsibility of their fate upon themselves (Ezek. xxxiii. 5; Matt. xxviii. 24), and protesting his faithfulness turns to the Gentiles. This turning was simply from the Jews at Corinth, not the Jewish nation (ch. xiii. 46).

III. Labour among the Gentiles. A new place of public meeting, close by the synagogue, was found in the house of Justus, who, as a proselyte, might have more sympathy with the apostles than with the Jews. From this time their labours became more fruitful. Among the converts was Crispus, chief ruler of the synagogue, with his household. He was one of the few at Corinth, whom Paul himself baptized (1 Cor. i. 14). There were also many native Greek Corinthians. Possibly these successes so excited the unbelieving Jews, that Paul again had reason to fear being driven forth by violence. Jesus reassures him in a night vision, encouraging him to continue speaking, by the promise of His presence and defence against all injury, since there are still many in the city, whom in virtue of their election to eternal life, he designated His people (ch. xiii. 48). Thus encouraged, Paul continued to labour a year and a half. During this the Epistles to the Thessalonians were written.

THE MAID'S EXAMPLE.

An eminent lawyer in Boston, forty years in his profession, once told me how a principle governing his life had been set into his mind.

While a student, he went to a meeting held in behalf of missions in that city. One speaker, a plain workingman, stated that then, in his family, was living "a great Sunday school and missionary girl." She came from New Hampshire; her wages were "nine shillings per week;" she had a class of street boys in the ——— Sunday school, who never missed her from her place, and she gave one dollar every month to missions. He said further: "She is the happiest, kindest, tidest girl I ever had in my kitchen." "I went home," said the now venerable lawyer, "with a stirred up heart by this narrative; 'Class of street boys; one dollar a month to missions; and happiest girl,' etc. The three things kept running through my mind. I was ashamed of myself. I'll have a place in Sunday school, was the first resolve. If she can give a dollar a month, I can and will come next, and as to the happiness, I'll see."

His resolves became acts. Teacher, superintendent, valuable helper in Sunday school conventions and councils, all these years have shown him to be.

His gifts to missions, and to all Christian work have been steadily growing, and might comparatively be called princely. In tens, hundreds, and thousands he has bestowed, at times, matching by his own the contributions of the entire church of which he is a member, and which is no mean New England church.

"In three directions," says an eminent German scholar, "we acknowledge impassable limits to natural science," naming as the last "that which leads from the physical phenomena in man to those of the soul." The instance we have told here, does better than the philosopher, for it plainly adds to his three, one more, and of far more real worth than all his—the measureless limits of a good example! Can we calculate the result of that lowly kitchen-girl's example upon and through even this one man? The Sunday school work it led him into, still keeps him busy: the steady forty years' giving, its effect upon himself, upon the church of which he is a member, and upon all who know him; the missionaries his gifts actually have supported; the converts led to Christ by them, and the other soul-harvests by those converts, and to be followed by successions of converts to the end of time; the Bible translated, printed, given to the heathen, into which work his contributions through these years have entered; the Sunday schools, and even theological schools which have grown up in these, his giving years—ah! where are the limits?

What that humble young Sunday school and missionary woman did, is just what in other forms any like her in spirit, in work, in sacrifice for Christ, can do.—Dr. Whiting, in London Sunday School World.

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The Canada Presbyterian

WEDNESDAY, JULY 12TH, 1893.

Canada can easily beat the United States in cheese, butter, and other useful products, but when it comes to breaking a contract, even that small fraction of the Union known as the Directors of the World's Fair, can easily distance the whole Dominion.

What troubles the Directors of the World's Fair now, is that the people are not nearly as wicked Sabbath breakers as they thought they were. The City Council of Toronto and the Street Railway Company may have that trouble on their hands next September.

It is to be hoped that all those who profess to admire Principal Caven so much, as President of the Equal Rights' Association, will follow his example in the fight against Sunday cars. The learned Principal is quite as much opposed to Sabbath desecration, as he was to the Jesuit Estates Bill.

The Toronto Street Railway Company can well afford to advance the money needed to submit the question of running Sunday cars, to the electors. The company bargained for the use of the streets six days in the week for thirty years. Giving them the seven would add over four years to their lease.

To make up the \$1,900,000 which the Chicago Directors must repay the Government for breach of contract, in opening the Fair on the Lord's day, they would need to clear \$95,000 every Sunday. So far they average \$31,000 each Sabbath, and are thus making a loss every Sunday of about \$64,000. The only way they can save themselves, is by breaking the contract again, and refusing to pay back the \$1,900,000 to the Government.

One of the most pleasant features of the Christian Endeavour convention, which has just closed, in Montreal, was the welcome given to the visitors by Roman Catholics. The Mayor, a French Roman Catholic, gave one of the welcoming speeches, and a real happy one it was. Times are changing, and one of the best changes is the lessening of sectarian hate. May the number of men who think that Protestantism means nothing more than hatred of Roman Catholics, rapidly decrease.

Without distinction of party, our contemporaries across the line vigorously denounce the Governor of Illinois for letting loose the Chicago Anarchists, criminals that ought to have been hanged instead of sent to the penitentiary. The journals are right, and should get credit for defending society against murderers. But would these journals kindly remember their own case the next time they are tempted to bid for the stum vote by abusing John Bull for not turning loose the dynamiters that infest his premises.

There is something mean and contemptible in the acceptance, by the Toronto City Council, of an advance from the Street Railway Company to defray the expenses of submitting the Sunday Cars' question to the electors. Has the Queen City, the capital of the premier Province of the Dominion, the centre of education, of Provincial Legislation, of law, of culture, of everything that makes

a Toronto man proud, sank so low that she has to accept a gratuity from a street railway company to enable her to carry on her civic affairs. The acceptance of the gratuity is a gross insult to every citizen with a spark of civic pride.

Students at American universities, who are unfortunate enough to belong to States that have repudiated their debts, are sometimes taunted with the unpleasant fact. Of course the young men feel the dishonour keenly. A student from Toronto, at Cornell or Princeton, Edinburgh or Oxford, cannot be told that his city repudiated its debts, but he may be taunted with the fact that his city took a gratuity from a street railway company in order to test the respect of the citizens for the fourth command of the decalogue. To many, that will seem a meaner thing than repudiation.

Commenting on the sudden and frequent changes made by some ministers in their Church relations, the Herald and Presbyterian says:

When once a man becomes unsettled in the faith of his Church, there is no telling what leaps are before him, or where he may finally land. An ecclesiastical tradition is quite as frequently the result of personal idiosyncrasies or personal discontent as it is the result of intelligent conviction.

It is sometimes the result of gazing across the denominational fence at a tempting piece of pasture ground. There are few things that reconcile some men to the "awful" doctrines of Calvin, so quickly as a good call, and a fair prospect for a retiring allowance.

It is a happy circumstance, that for some reason or another, party politics does not injure British Presbyterianism as much as it injures the Canadian or American article. During a recent bye-election in Scotland, the Kirk pulpits, for three consecutive Sabbaths' before polling day, were occupied by leading Kirk ministers who preached impressive sermons on the glories of the Establishment. To help on the good cause, Uister ministers came over, got a pulpit wherever they could, preached against the sin of Home Rule on Sabbath, and canvassed from house to house during the week. Some of the Kirk ministers canvassed from door to door, and drove electors to the polls. Of course, these excellent brethren are judges of their own duty, but electioneering of that kind would soon wreck the Canadian Church. In the end, it may become painfully evident that clerical electioneering has not done British Presbyterianism any permanent good. Meantime, with such news coming across the water, it may be well not to denounce the Quebec priests too savagely for taking an interest in politics.

There comes a time in the history of all disputes, when all good men get tired of the strife. That time has come in the American Church. The people are weary of hearing about Briggs, and his case. The Interior says:—

The thing above all others now in the Church, is on both sides, to do or say nothing that is irritating. Such things will be done by a few, because there are always imprudent, passionate, and ill-advised brethren—men who though not naturally, are temporarily such. And there are always a few who are keen for the notoriety of a reformer, or of a champion. But if such men are not to be restrained, they are not to be well regarded, much less encouraged. It is time for us to give our people something better to think about, than the arena and the gladiators. It is time for the whole Church to take for its example, any first-rate local church, be it large or small in numbers. Such a church is attending to the business the Master gave it to do—preaching, practising, and extending the simple Gospel. Six months of that kind of exclusive attention to our business, and our Church would be as harmonious as the four and twenty elders, and the choir of harpers in the New Jerusalem.

The right time to give the people something better than heresy trials to think about, is all the time. Of course the truth must be defended, but defending it is only one duty. Exemplifying the spirit of the Bible is quite as important as defending it against critics Higher or Lower.

CHURCH GATHERINGS; THEIR REFLEX INFLUENCE.

Assemblies, Synods and Conferences have held their annual gatherings and their members have dispersed again over the length and breadth of the land. But the work of these meetings is not done, in an important sense, it has only been begun. Had these been voluntary gatherings, held only for their own sake, the meeting of so many men from all parts of the country, and their discussions could not but be of much interest and importance. But when these meetings are held by the appointment, and in the name of the various bodies which they represent, they are much more important, and their reflex influence becomes of the most vital consequence. In what ways this is felt, and should be manifested, is worthy of consideration by all interested in the successful issue of these annual gatherings.

It is through them, then, that, in an especial manner, the common life and work of the respective bodies, is both felt and made visible. The eyes, the heart, the attention of the whole Church are by them directed simultaneously to one point, and every part of the body is affected by them for good or ill. Many matters of common interest during the year intervening since last meeting, had arisen, many common anxieties. These, it may be said, were existing in the Church in a vague, indefinite condition; it is in these annual assemblies that the subjects of common interest are discussed, ventilation, clouds of doubt, fear or suspicion dispelled, or if not, the real nature and magnitude of dangers, real or supposed, are made clear, which is itself often a long step towards getting them settled. And so the Church has rest, or sets itself to work in an intelligent, rational way to get rest. In the Presbyterian Church, at least, it is conspicuously in the General Assembly that one important point of our polity is brought out, viz., the parity of all our ministers, of all the members of the Assembly. The Moderator is only for the time being, by the consent and at the call of his brethren, elevated into a position of temporary dignity, not supremacy, and after he has served his day and purpose, merges again into the common level. No man, no clique of men, can dominate the Supreme Court of our Church; there is not even a leader or leaders of it in any other sense than that of the possession of superior judgment, wisdom, or discernment as to the more excellent way of settling difficulties or of accomplishing any desired good work. The humblest member, if he has anything helpful to say, will get a hearing, the grievance of the humblest congregation or mission station, if it has any, will receive patient and just attention. And the good effect of this wise, just, and scriptural system is felt throughout the whole Church in the spirit of mutual confidence, and in the contentment of the whole body.

The social influence and effect of these Church gatherings, both on the members themselves, and on the people where they are held, is not to be overlooked. It is not by any means a small or insignificant thing, that ministers or elders toiling on year after year in an unrelieved round of humble yet all-important duties, in some isolated, far-distant station, where they seldom see a brother minister's or elder's face, and still more seldom, hear their voice, should come out, and for a few blessed days live in the bright sunshine of the social spirit and life that pervade these annual assemblies. Those, in some respects, more fortunately situated in our cities and larger towns, can render their brethren who, in loneliness often and amid discouragements, are holding the outworks of our Church, a real service and kindness by warm, kind recognition, and a few words of interest in their persons and work of sympathy and cheer. Those, thus sent away to distant homes with a vivid feeling that they are not forgotten, or alone, but members of a real, common

brotherhood, enter with fresh interest upon their work, take a broader interest in the Church's life, their congregations, even if small and feeble, feel and respond to it, and thus is the Church's life strengthened in the extremities of the body, helps to keep it strong and vigorous at the heart. In addition to this and higher, by the passing under review of all the great departments of the Church's work before the eyes, as it were, and in the hearing of the members of these Courts, and of the whole Church through the press, noting here defect, there failure, partial or total, progress and blessing as a whole, doors opening wider, or new altogether, duty calling ever louder, a fresh impulse is given over the whole Church, even before these meetings disperse, additional momentum is given by the return to their work of members, and heads of departments, resulting generally, has it not been, in an advance along the whole line.

If only some means could now be devised, and heartily entered into, whereby these large annual gatherings could be so conducted so as to impart a more definite, and distinctly spiritual impulse to every member, the reflex influence upon the Church throughout its whole extent would be still more fruitful of blessing of the highest kind. Although "Holiness to the Lord," may be written over all the work, it cannot be denied that, much of it is done, not after a very spiritually minded fashion, and men return to their homes with no very conscious increase of spiritual power, and no better, if in as good, a frame of mind, as when they set out from them. If all members of Church Courts would go up to their meetings with special desires to be filled with the Spirit, could abide under His felt power, and the whole Church follow them with earnest prayer and intercessions, how much greater, in degree, and how much higher and holier in kind, would the reflex influence of these meetings be upon the Church; and how much more under these combined influences would the Church shine in spiritual beauty, and march on in the might of Divine power to the conquest of the whole world for Christ.

FROM CANNIBAL TO CHRISTIAN.

This was in brief the story which Dr. Paton, the veteran missionary of the New Hebrides, told a few evenings ago in Cooke's Church in this city, and which he has been and is now engaged in telling throughout the country. It was told with such simple pathos and with such a picturesque and effective narrative of the literal facts, that it reminded one of nothing so much as of a chapter from the Acts of the Apostles, or from one of the Gospels. It is impossible for any but one who has experienced it, to measure the distance physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually which separates the condition of cannibal from that of Christian. We do not often even make the attempt to get a clear idea of it before the mind, and yet as this is what, in one at least, of our mission fields, we are seeking to effect, it is important that we should look at this picture and at that. Cannibals is the one dread word which describes the people among whom our missionaries to the New Hebrides have to go to live and mingle with; and their one object in doing this is to make them Christians. What gross and bestial animalism, what wild, fierce, blood-thirsty passions, what desolating feuds and wars, what abject, enslaved condition of women and children, their lives in constant danger, their minds in a state of terror, their life a chronic misery, and darkness dense, but for the Gospel, we would say, impenetrable and hopeless, hanging over, wrapping them round. An island full of beings possessed by such cruel passions would not be society, it would make more nearly a pandemonium, an abode of untamed human animals more ferocious and dangerous than wild beasts, hateful and hating one another; it calls to mind the condition

of the possessed man in Scripture who was named Legion, because of the evil spirits who had him in their power. This is one side of the picture, the carnal. What else but the love of Christ, what less than the faith of Christ, could induce men and gentle women to go and live among such people, with the hope of making them better, unarmed with anything but the weapons of the Gospel. Christian is the same untamed savage clothed and in his right mind. His wild, cruel, raging passions subdued, expelled from him, in fact, by the power of a wholly new nature. The long, dark night has fled, and his mind is illumined with light from heaven; he is lifted up into a new sphere of life altogether, bright with the hope of immortality, nay more, with the confident expectation at no distant day of being like the glorified Christ, and employed forever in His pure and exalted service. His becoming a Christian has given him a home, the abode of peace and love and kindness, where woman reigns in all her loving, gracious, tender ministries. The herd of human beings has become a Christian society, where peace, order and goodwill reign. The Sabbath is known and kept, the house of God is set up and glad congregations come together, and there is heard the glad tidings, the voice of prayer, the melody of psalms, and Christians, once cannibals, now sit together at the holy memorial feast, members of the household of God, fellow-citizens with the saints on earth and in heaven. This is the other side of the picture. This great change is a miracle of Divine love and power, wrought by nothing less than the almighty power of God. This, under God, is the work of the Christian missionary abroad and of those who labour together with him at home.

SUNDAY STREET CARS.

A fierce struggle will be waged in Toronto over this matter. While out and out opposed to it, it is as well at once to acknowledge that it is a question upon which even Christian men may differ, and we shall not impugn the sincerity of those who take a different view of the case. It is to be regretted and strongly deprecated that the newspaper which has set itself to champion this measure, should appeal as it does to personal feeling, stirring up antagonism against men who are not only entitled to their opinions, but who as citizens are above reproach, should call names and ascribe the most unworthy motives. A good cause does not need to resort to such means. It is a confession of weakness to do so. It ought to be content to rest its case upon honest argument. Admitting the weight of such arguments as are adduced, there is great force in the objection taken against a vote being so soon called for after the very decisive one given such a short time ago. The same is true of the time of year at which the vote is to be taken. Let it be granted that many of those away from the city would vote for the cars, many would as certainly vote against them, and in any case because of the absence of hundreds from the city, the result of the vote, whatever it may be, cannot be regarded as a full and fair expression of the will of the whole people. Those away have as deep an interest in all that affects the city as those here, and should in fairness and honesty have been given an opportunity to record their votes. It is almost wholly useless to argue this question now, but to the Christian mind it is painful, and bodes ill, we fear, for the future that, scarcely any more reference is made to the decalogue than if it had no existence. One day in seven for rest and quiet, is the one simple, broad requirement of this law, binding, we hold, upon all men at all times, and for the good of mankind in every sense of the word. This will be most certainly broken in upon if this measure should carry, and while its advocates see no danger of other evils following in its wake, and

try to calm our fears in this respect, it is a fact that history and experience demonstrate that the very evils we fear do follow upon the breaking down of the sanctity of the Sabbath. How can the advocates of Sunday street cars guarantee that Toronto will be an exception in this respect. It is a strange and fatuous course for us in this city and country, to be attempting to do away with that quiet and restful Sabbath which other countries that have lost it, are making every effort to regain. None of the counterbalancing advantages that are paraded before the working-man as making up for what he will lose, and so gain his vote, will, we are persuaded, be realized when the fatal change has been made. As has been said, there can be little accomplished now by arguments and speeches. The duty of all who value the rest and quiet of our Sabbath, and the opportunity and call these give to worship, and the improvement of our spiritual nature, is to organize, organize, and get out on the appointed day every vote, and so make sure to defeat that which, we are persuaded, will be injurious to the best interests of the city and of the whole country.

THE EFFECTS OF SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

BY THE REV. H. P. LYMAN-WHEATON, A.M., D.D.

We have only to substitute Sunday street cars for the "World's Fair," to make every word of this article applicable to the City of Toronto at this moment. We commend it to our readers.—Ed.

When attended to, Sabbath observance has always been for the well-being both of the individual and of the nation. Rich blessings were promised to Isaac, as the Lord said, "Because that Abraham obeyed My voice and kept My charge, My commandments, My statutes, and My laws." And, according to Seiden, all the Jewish writers considered that the Sabbath is here included. The promises to Israel, on condition of observing the Sabbath, are very numerous, and so well known as not to call for more than this passing reference. And it has ever been found that the nations which observe the Sabbath are highest in the scale of nations. The root law of the Divine government is, "Them that honor Me I will honor, but they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed."

What was Greece without her Sabbaths? The arena of sensuality and debasement; her greatest philosophers were guilty of the most heinous crimes; her poets sang of licentiousness and wickedness until, rotten to the core, she fell before the Macedonian king. What was Rome? The theatre of dissension and inhumanity, and the fount of innumerable ills, until she sank beneath the weight of her own crimes. What was France when she set aside her Sabbaths? Think of Danton and Robespierre—think of her many revolutions—think of her now, the most crushed of the nations of Europe.

The Sabbaths are the preservatives of national religion. Do away with the one, and the other will soon follow. Without a Sabbath, our sanctuaries would be deserted; every check to worldly business and struggle would be thrown down; iniquity with growing tide would sweep over the land, and we should come to be flooded with impiety. And with the religion of the land, her glory would depart, too. The Sabbath—the "pearl of the week," as old Philip Henry used to call it—being snatched from the crown, her highest treasure would be gone, and, effete and despised, a noble nation would perish because of its sin. But, oh, the blessed effects of a right observance of this day! Individuals are shown their sins and led to the Saviour. Christians are encouraged under life's sorrows, and strengthened for conflict. Ignorance is enlightened and folly is reproofed. Glorious anticipations of another world are enjoyed. Being reminded that the hardships of the wilderness shall be changed for the repose of the home; and the tossings of the stormy sea, for the quiet

of the haven; and the conflict of the battle for the glory of the victory; and the fatigues of life, for the endless rest; heaven is anticipated, and joy thrills the soul; the children are shown the way to the Jerusalem above; the sick and the dying are visited; and prepared for the world where they shall be "no more curse," and much good is done.

And all this has an influence on the nation. It elevates the tone of its morality, and increases the stability of its rule. Our Sabbaths are our joy, our safety, and our pride. A country without a Sabbath, as Beecher says, is like "a man without a smile, a summer without a flower, and a homestead without a garden." Remove it from us, and God will be dishonoured, and man will be uncared for. Irreverence and selfishness will everywhere prevail. As in the Decalogue, the command stands just between those laws that respect our duty to God, and those which respect our duty to man, as if it were the bond of connection between them, so experience shows that the man who religiously and strictly observes the Lord's day, respects and obeys the laws which teach him his duty to his God, and those which teach him his duty to his fellowman.

Let us do our utmost to preserve our Sabbath intact. For the sake of our country, whose prosperity depends on her national recognition of the Divine claims, and which is being threatened by atheism, worldliness, and indifference—for the sake of our brethren, the workmen, who need, amid their hard toil, a day of rest, and to whom the preservation of the Sabbath is of far greater importance than the opening of the World's Fair on Sunday—however elevating the advocates of that course may declare it to be—for the sake of the children who now, perhaps, are in attendance at our Sunday-schools, and who, by opening places of amusement on the Sunday, may be drawn from their present godly influences into the way of sin—for the sake of the youth of our land, the fathers and mothers of America's sons and daughters yet to be, who, after the fatigues of a journey to the World's Fair, and a walk about it, will enter the saloon, as they say, for refreshments and rest, increasing Sunday traffic, and, listening to blasphemy, and beholding immorality, will lose their honour and blast their character for all time to come—for the sake of our own souls, which, on this day receive so much spiritual good in the ordinances of God's house, where now the burden of holy song ascends, the accents of solemn prayer are heard, and the revelations of holy truth are made known for guidance, instruction, strengthening, and comfort—for the sake of all that is noble, all that is pure, all that is elevating, let us protest against anything that may take away from the Sabbath any of its obligations or universality of blessing.

The evil may seem small, but it is the beginning. Avoid the beginning of evil. Almost all great things begin small. The little splash of the stone in the lake will multiply into an infinite number of circles. The embryo oak is in the acorn. The seed of open, thorough Sabbath desecration, is in the movement for the opening of the World's Fair on the Lord's day.

Ulster Park, N. Y.

Gurnall: Never was a faithful prayer lost. Some have a longer voyage than others, but they come back with richer lading.

A great many people's morality resembles sign posts at the corners of country roads. They point in the right direction, but they don't budge an inch themselves.

A sermon, poorly constructed, and haltingly delivered, which does somebody good, is greatly better than a sermon faultlessly arranged, and eloquently delivered, which does nobody good. This fact must not, however, be regarded as justifying the preacher in anything less than his very best in preparation and delivery of his sermons.

Books and Magazines

PRESENT DAY THEOLOGY. By Lewis F. Stearns. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

The author of this work was the son of a Presbyterian manse in Massachusetts, was educated at Princeton, Berlin, Leipsic, and Union Seminary, New York. At the time of his death in 1892, at the early age of forty-five, he was professor of Theology in Bangor Seminary (Congregational), a post he ably filled for ten years, during which time he had declined an invitation to fill Dr. Shedd's chair in Union Seminary, because, as he wrote, "I am not an American, but I am not a Calvinist in the sense in which I have supposed the Westminster Confession to be Calvinistic." A careful perusal of the book, however, suggests very decidedly that Professor Stearns—at least as we view it—could with far less reservation, have continued his adherence to the Confession than very many now appear to do. There is nothing strikingly heterodox in the work, which is really a very excellent text book on Theology, having a pathetic interest in view of its author's early death. On the other hand, we do not see that in the presence of so many theological treasures already in the field, that "Present Day Theology" has any striking feature to commend it beyond the local and friendly circle of its worthy author. The chapter on Inspiration, is thoughtful and conservative; those that deal with eschatology, somewhat hesitating, candid, reverent; the discussion on the Kingdom of God, show our author to have been fully alive to the social questions of the day, in their relation to Christianity; we are not to forget that the kingdom of God is to be established here, in this earth." We are pleased with the book, its sweet candor commends it, and though, as we have said, it has no such merit as would place it in the first rank, no young theologian would make a mistake in giving it a place upon his study table.

The Book of the Fair is a historical and descriptive presentation of the World's Science, Art, and Industry as received through the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. This superb work is published by the Bancroft Company, Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill., and is by Hubert Howe Bancroft, assisted by a competent body of the best artists who could be secured in Europe and America. It is to be issued in 25 parts of 40 pages each at the rate of about two parts monthly at \$1.00 a part, and when finished will contain 1,000 imperial folio pages 12 by 16 inches. It is published on heavy paper of the highest enameled finish.

This first part contains a review of the world's fairs held so far and national fairs held in various countries, accompanied with many illustrations of superior excellence. In chapter second we have a historical sketch of the Chicago Fair, and in the third, of the "Evolution of the Columbian Exposition. If this work bears out, as we doubt not it will, the promise of its first part, it will be a splendid memorial and presentation of the greatest of all the World's Fairs held so far.

The Canadian Magazine aims to secure interesting, instructive and timely articles of national interest rather than material which appeals merely to the lovers of artistic excellence, and it succeeds in a way gratifying to all who have a patriotic regard for the country. A popular science article of great interest is "The Birth of Lake Ontario," by Prof. Willmott, of McMaster University. Mr. E. J. Toker's article, "Our Forests in Danger," is a well-written, interesting and powerful appeal for systematic forest conservation. John S. Ewart, Q.C., Winnipeg, enters a powerful appeal for tolerance of isms, in his article, "Isms in the Schools." Rev. Prof. W. Clark's "Kingsley's Water Babies" is written in charming style. "The Battle of Stony Creek," by E. B. Biggar, Montreal, and Mr. Tipton's "At the Mouth of the Grand," are two illustrated articles. "The Automatic Maid-of-all-Work," by Mrs. M. L. Campbell, of Ottawa, is very amusing, and Miss Florence Ashton Fletcher's conclusion of her powerful story, "The Chamofis Hunter," well maintains the interest of the first part. Altogether the number is a strong one, and will no doubt meet with a wide appreciation.

Choice Literature.

SACHET.

'Tis a marvellous one!
This of blue with gold lining;
Sky and sun,
Full of buds, leaves and flowers—
Grasses, green grasses,
And violets in bowers,
Apple-blossoms in showers—
White lilacs and dark,
And more grasses.

And the winds circle by
Diffusing the fragrance
Low and high—
Scented bells in the bower,
Grasses on grasses,
Field-popples in flower,
Blossomed vines in a tower—
Buds amber and blue,
And more grasses.

Oh! the rapture of song
In the throat of the singer
The day long—
Fascination of flowers!
Dry leaves and grasses,
And roses in bowers—
Oh, the drifting in showers
Of rose-petals down
On white grasses!

Helen Merrill, in *The Week*.
June, 1893.

HOW TATTERS WAS REFORMED.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

As the shortness of the rope made the nearest trees unavailable for his purpose, Perry selected a narrow seam in the rocks, close to the verge of the cliff. He drove the largest chisel half its length into this, and wedged it tighter with a stone. He tied one end of the rope over it and looped the other end under his shoulders.

"That chisel will surely hold," he muttered. "There's no other way, so I've got to risk it. Here goes."

He lighted the lantern, fastened it to his waist, and cautiously lowered himself into the rift. He treated the rope merely as a safeguard, and did not put any strain upon it. Down he went, clinging with hands and feet to every available knot and crevice. At last he gained the narrow ledge, and was surprised to find it less slippery than it looked from above. His feet took a firm hold of it, and he uttered a sigh of relief to think that the worst was over. The next instant a quick spasm of terror weakened him as he realized his position. Below him yawned the dizzy gulf, and at his feet was the entrance to the dreaded Indian Hole. It came only to his breast, and he could feel the cool air spurting against him.

He clutched the rope, and swayed to and fro for an instant.

Crack! The sound came from up on the cliff, and he suddenly felt himself falling. His feet slipped, and he came to his knees on the ledge. He threw out his arms, caught a knob of rock, and dragged himself forward into the cavern mouth. As he lay there trembling with horror, the rope rustled past him, and dropped with a sudden splash into the creek far below. The strain had either broken the chisel or pulled it from the crevice.

A full minute passed before Perry could get complete control of his nerves. It was his narrow escape that gave him the panicky feeling. He did not trouble himself over the loss of the rope. It would be easier to ascend the rift than it had been to come down. However, there were other things to think of now. The lantern was still burning, and, holding it in front of him he crawled forward on hands and knees until the cavern mouth grew wider and higher. Then he stood erect, and his head just grazed the rocky ceiling. The entrance passage terminated a few yards beyond in what seemed to be a vast chamber. A dozen steps brought him to the threshold, and the lantern rays revealed a moist and slimy floor, sloping downward at a pretty sharp angle.

"It don't look much as though Tatters was in here," he reflected. "What an idiot I am!"

He boldly entered the chamber, and before he could glance to right or left, some

one struck him a violent blow from behind. He lost his footing and came heavily to the floor. The concussion extinguished the lantern and plunged the scene in total darkness.

That instant of horror started the cold perspiration on Perry's forehead. He gave one shrill cry, and, as he struggled to his knees, he was knocked flat again by a collision with some heavy body. His assailant had slipped likewise on the damp floor.

Perry threshed out with hands and feet as a pair of muscular arms clasped themselves around his neck. But it was out of the question to break away from such an iron grip, struggle as he might.

"Let me go—" he cried. "Don't you know me? I didn't come here to harm you."

There was no reply, only a hoarse, snarling sound.

"Don't hurt me, Tatters," he persisted, in a higher key. "I only want to talk to you. I'm Perry—Perry Harding."

The grip slightly relaxed. "Why didn't you sing out before?" cried Tatters—for his voice now proved his identity. I thought it was"—a yell of fright finished the sentence. "Cracky! we're slipping," he added, taking a tighter hold on his companion. "Dig your heels in the ground, quick! There's a big hole below us."

But the warning came too late. Their struggles had carried the lads over the verge of the slope, and now, locked tightly together, they were gliding into the awful blackness of space that yawned before them. The wet, slimy clay seemed smooth as glass, and offered not the slightest resistance. In vain they tried to drive their heels into it. In vain they shrieked and shouted until the cavern rang with echoes. Faster and faster they shot forward, now in one position, now in another. The dim ray of light that had been visible at the cavern mouth suddenly vanished. Then came a plunge into space, and a dizzy drop that ended with a sudden splash and a dull stunning jar.

Perry landed on top of his companion, and, except for a severe shaking up, he was uninjured. He rose painfully to his feet, and felt that he was standing ankle-deep in icy water. He fumbled for his tin box of matches, and hastily flashed a light on the scene. Tatters was sitting erect in the water, groaning as though in pain. "I guess I'm done for," he cried. "Don't let that match go out. It's awful to be in the dark."

"Wait a moment," answered Perry. He had just caught sight of the lantern imbedded right end up in a strip of sandy beach close by. He eagerly grasped it, and the readiness with which the wick took fire showed that there was plenty of oil.

"We won't be in the dark now," he exclaimed, cheerily. "The light will burn long enough to show us a way out of this place. I hope you ain't hurt bad, Tatters. It wasn't my fault that you landed underneath."

Tatters laughed grimly. "I'm sore all over," he replied; "but the worst is my ankle. It feels as if it was broke." He foolishly tried to bend it, and howled with pain.

Perry made an examination, and concluded that his companion's left leg was really broken. "I'm sorry for you," he said, "but you must try to get along somehow."

"What's the use?" groaned Tatters. "We can't get out of this hole. We're as good as dead and buried."

"Can't get out!" gasped Perry; "why not?" He held the lantern overhead, and turned it in all directions. A brief survey caused his heart to sink, and his face to turn pale. The cavity into which the boys had fallen, was about twenty feet square. On three sides were smooth, perpendicular walls of rock, rising fifteen feet to the treacherous clay that sloped upward to the cavern mouth. The fourth side towered sheer into the darkness, as far as the gleam of the lantern reached. At its base was a triangular crevice which seemed to penetrate the rock but a short distance. The floor of the cavity was of sand, partly covered with water.

"You kin see for yourself," muttered Tatters. "There ain't any hope."

"Don't give up yet," answered Perry. He stepped to the crevice, and thrust the lantern in. "Hullo!" he cried. "There is a space at the back end just large enough to crawl through. I'll bet anything it connects with that cavern out at the base of the cliff. We must try to get through right away, while the oil lasts. I'll go ahead, and you must crawl behind me. It's our only chance; for we can't climb these walls, and no one would ever find us here. It's no use to shout for help, either."

Tatters's face brightened. Then he looked at his companion with a puzzled, shamed expression. "Do you mean that you're goin' to help me out of here?" he said, slowly. "I guess there ain't many like you. I'm sorry I took your money. I can't give it back, because it fell out of my pocket into the creek. And it was me took all them things out of the desks, an' robbed the farm-houses. You must have heard all about it. Most of the stuff is hid up there in the cavern. You see, I got tired livin' among folks what always hated me, and treated me bad. I didn't know it was you what come in the cave, though, or I wouldn't have knocked you down. I thought it was some one to arrest me, an' that made me mad. You kin leave me here if you want to. I don't deserve no better, after the way I've treated you. I'm better dead, anyway."

Perry was silent for an instant, as he waged a brief struggle with self. He wavered between resentment and sympathy. The money was gone beyond recovery, and with it went his hopes of a shot-gun. But his better nature gained the victory. "I won't leave you, here, Tatters," he said, softly. "We will fight our way back to freedom together. As for the money—why, we won't talk about it any more. If you ever get the chance, you can pay me back. But I want to ask you one thing. If we get out of this place all right, and I save you from being arrested and punished, will you try to lead a different sort of life? I'll help you all I can, and I'll persuade other people to treat you better, and give you a show."

"Yes, I will," promised Tatters, "and I mean what I say. I'm not bad clean through, Perry, but—but I was driven to it. You know—" He ended abruptly, and brushed a tear from his eye.

"Yes, I know what you had to fight against," said Perry. "I'll stick by you after this, and help you to keep your promise. There! we'll drop the matter now. It's time we made a move toward the outer air."

He helped Tatters to limp over to the crevice, and crawled in ahead of him. "I'm afraid your leg will hurt a good deal," he said, "but it can't be helped. Lie down on your stomach, and crawl behind me."

"All right," Tatters assented, hoarsely. He gritted his teeth to keep from moaning with pain.

The space at the end of the crevice was barely large enough to admit Perry's body. He pushed the lantern ahead of him as he advanced, and after crawling a few yards, the passage widened, and permitted him to rise on his hands and knees. Tatters followed as well as he was able, moaning from time to time with pain.

The lads lost all account of time as they made their way slowly and laboriously forward. Already they seemed to have been in the cavern for hours. The passage made frequent turns, and was rarely more than two feet high. Often it contracted to such an extent, that the boys grated against the slimy roof and sides. This was a horrible sensation. It was like being buried alive in a stone coffin. Worst of all, they realized that it was next to impossible to return as they came, for there was not sufficient room to turn around in. Unless the passage they were tracing had an exit, they would be hopelessly entombed.

On and on they went, fighting nobly against the sickening fear and dread that tempted them to despair. The weight

of responsibility fell on Perry, and this critical test showed the sturdy manhood of the lad. He did not murmur or complain. He assumed a cheerfulness that was not heartfelt, and kept his companion's spirits up by words of hope and courage. Not once did Tatters lag behind, though every crawling movement jarred his broken ankle.

The passage was, for the most part, level, though here and there it rose a little. Perry regarded this as encouraging. "It looks as though we would come out in the other cave," he called back to Tatters. "The place we started from was on a level with the creek. The water showed that. It must have oozed in through the rocks and sand."

A short time after Perry made this cheerful prediction, all hope seemed to come to a sudden end. The passage terminated against a mass of clay and stones. The lantern left no room for doubt. The worst had come, and the horror of utter despair stared the unfortunate lads in the face.

Perry uttered a thrilling cry. "It's all up with us," he groaned. "We'll never see the outer world again."

The passage was quite roomy at this point, and Tatters crawled alongside his companion.

"Why, that looks like a cave-in," he muttered. "It's all stones and dirt, instead of solid rock. This ain't the regular end of the cave. If we only had a pick, and room to stand up!"

Perry interrupted him with a gasping cry. He drew a chisel from his pocket, and moving the lantern aside, he attacked the barrier with might and main. It yielded easily to the pointed instrument, and as fast as Perry dislodged the stone, he handed them to Tatters, who in turn, pushed them behind him. The dirt was shoved to one side of the passage.

Perry pried and delved until the perspiration streamed down his face, and at the end of half an hour he broke through the obstruction. The boys shouted for joy to see a gray light shining into the newly made crevice, and when they had enlarged it sufficiently to crawl through, they found themselves on a broad ledge overlooking the creek cavern. The water below them danced in the sunlight that streamed through the mouth. "Thank God!" whispered Perry. "We are safe at last."

Tatters laughed as he sucked in big draughts of the fresh air. "I don't mind my ankle now," he said. "It's good to see the sunlight again, and—and I won't forget that promise."

For a few moments the boys feasted their eyes in silence on the glad sight. It seemed too good to be true. Then Perry stripped off all but his shirt and trousers, and dropped into the water. He swam through the cavern mouth and disappeared.

In half an hour he returned in a boat, and with him was a farmer who lived a short way up the creek. By the aid of ropes, Tatters was got into the boat, and by four o'clock that afternoon the farmer was driving both lads homeward.

They stopped first at John Malden's farm, and when Tatters's uncle cruelly denied his nephew admission, they drove on to Perry's home. Mr. Harding was in some ways a strict and rigid man, but he had a kindly heart. When he had heard the whole story, and listened to Perry's persuasions and pleadings, he consented to give the injured lad temporary shelter. So Tatters was put to bed, and a doctor from Mount Airy attended to the broken ankle.

The whole affair quickly became known throughout the neighbourhood, and Perry used his opportunities to such good advantage, that he aroused a general feeling of sympathy in behalf of the outcast. Tatters's convalescence lasted for six weeks, and when he was able to be about he found a new life open before him. There was no thought of arresting him, since all the stolen articles had been recovered from the Indian Hole. Every one seemed anxious to help him keep his promise, and, best of all, Mr. Harding offered him a home on condition that he would make himself useful about the farm.

Thus Tatters's reformation began, and though he found the path a rugged one, and met with many trials, he stuck faithfully to his promise. By doing work in play-hours, he earned enough money to replace Perry's fifteen dollars. He is known as Joe Malden now; and his hated nickname is as much a thing of the past as his evil reputation. He still lives with Mr. Harding, and he declares that he owes all his good fortune to Perry.

Missionary World.

A WILLING WORKER.

A missionary in China sent home to Scotland for an assistant. The committee appointed to attend to the matter, had their attention directed to a young man of Aberdeen, who wished to enter into that work; but on coming before them his homely and untutored appearance inclined their judgment against him. However, they thought that perhaps he might do for a servant in the mission field, and accordingly one of their number in private broached the subject to the young applicant, asking him if he was willing to go in that capacity. "Yes, sir; most certainly," was the reply. "I am willing to do anything, so that I am in the work. To be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water is too great an honour for me when the Lord's house is building." Impressed by this beautiful spirit of humility, the committee sent him to fill the humble place. That young man afterwards became the famous Dr. Milne.

A HOME-THRUST.

A story is told of an old Fijian chief and an English earl—an infidel—who visited the islands. The Englishman said to the chief: "You are a great chief, and it is really a pity that you have been so foolish as to listen to the missionaries, who only want to get rich among you. No one nowadays would believe any more in that old book which is called the Bible; neither do men listen to that story about Jesus Christ; people know better now, and I am only sorry for you that you are so foolish." When he said that the old chief's eyes flashed, and he answered: "Do you see that great stone over there? On that stone we smashed the heads of our victims to death. Do you see that native oven over yonder? In that oven we roasted the human bodies for our great feasts. Now, you! you!—if it had not been for these good missionaries, for that old book, and the great love of Jesus Christ, which has changed us from savages into God's children, you! you would never leave this spot! You have to thank God for the Gospel, as otherwise you would be killed and roasted in yonder oven, and we would feast on your body in no time!"

THE HOLY SPIRIT IN MISSIONS.

No missionary of the apostolic age was more signally led and held in check by the Holy Spirit than was Adoniram Judson. As distinctly as Barnabas and Saul recognized their separation to God's work, so clearly did young Judson know himself appointed by the Holy Ghost to the ministry of the Word among the heathen. So when that "flattering call" was communicated to him through his father to become the associate pastor with Dr. Griffin in the ministry of Park Street, then "the largest church in Boston," and when the family urged the advantages of the position—its nearness to home and its wide opportunities—he calmly replied, "My work cannot be here, but there." And when mother and sister, with many tears, laid before him the perils of a heathen land over against the comforts of a home field, the old scene was re-enacted: "What mean ye to weep and to break my heart? For I am ready not only to be bound, but also to die in India, for the name of the Lord Jesus." With such self-sacrificing zeal, it seemed all the more cruel that when he essayed to go to India "the Spirit suffered him not." For so it was in the ordering of divine Providence. He reached Calcutta in the summer of 1812, full of ardor for preaching the Gospel, only to receive peremptory orders from the British government to leave the country at once and return to America. With sad hearts the little missionary company retreated to the Isle of France, wondering why what had seemed a wide and effectual door to them should now be so violently shut. But with unconquerable determination they returned again to India, reaching Madras in the June following.

Once more their purpose was thwarted, and once more they were ordered from the country; and being compelled to quit the land, with heavy hearts they fled to Rangoon, to a place which Judson had declared that he regarded with utmost aversion as a missionary field. There he was permitted to stay, only to find bonds and imprisonments awaiting him. "How mysterious the ways of God!" he must have exclaimed many times. But all is clear now, since the acts of the Burman apostle have been interpreted in the light of subsequent history. Judson was forbidden by the Spirit to enter India, because God would have him in Burmah. There, among its wild tribes, was a people prepared for the Lord. The Karens had for centuries nourished the tradition of white teachers ere long to appear among them, bringing the Book of God. When such a teacher came, they gave ready ear to his message. Ko-Thah-Byn, a ransomed Karen slave, was the first of the natives of the Burmese Empire to embrace the Gospel; and he became the chief evangelist to his despised and oppressed countrymen. Such were the results of preaching the Gospel among his people that it has been well said that the Karen mission "in intensity of interest and measure of success has scarcely been equalled by any in modern times." Park Street, in Boston, whose call the Spirit constrained Judson to decline seventy-five years ago, is still a large body, numbering, perhaps, a thousand members; but the Church of Burmah, which that same Spirit led Judson to found, numbers to-day thirty thousand communicants, with a great company besides who have fallen asleep. And such is the character of the work wrought that it has not only been the admiration of writers on missions but has called out special commendation from the British Government. For in the report of the administration for British Burmah, for 1880-81, after citing the fact that there were then "four hundred and fifty-one Christian Karen parishes" connected with the mission, most of which support their own church, parish school and native pastor, and many of which subscribe considerable sums for missionary work," it adds that "these Christian Karen communities are so much more industrious, better educated and more law-abiding, that the British Government owes a vast debt to the American missionaries under whom this change has been wrought."

Medical missionary work is proving very fruitful along the Congo.

There are fourteen thousand converts in the New Hebrides, and every convert is a missionary.

It has been roughly computed that for every five dollars spent in the South Sea Islands, one soul has been converted.

It has been computed that the average giving of Protestant Christians to missions is about thirty-seven cents apiece annually.

A Mission to Lepers, India, founded in Edinburgh in 1874, has thirty different centers, in connection with twelve missionary societies.

For the preservation of peace between the colonists and natives one missionary is worth more than a whole battalion of soldiers.—Gen. Sir Charles Warren, late Governor of Natal.

The Lutheran churches of Christendom sustain 40 missionary societies on 22 fields, occupied by 700 stations, 1,000 missionaries and 4,000 native helpers, in charge of 210,000 members; 1,600 common schools, with 60,000 pupils, and 25 higher institutions. Annual income and expenditures, \$1,200,000. There are 20 institutions for the training of missionaries, and the circulation of missionary periodicals is very large.

Ten years ago the Basutos in South Africa were threatened with ruin and extinction through the ravages of strong drink. At the earnest request of the chiefs, the British Government prohibited the import of intoxicants. As a result the Basutos have made remarkable progress. The country is a center of loyalty and order, and a source of food and labour supply to the neighbouring states. Last year the exports amounted to £250,000, and passes were issued to more than 50,000 natives who went to work in the mines of Kimberley and Johannesburg.

A BRUCE COUNTY MIRACLE.

THE ALMOST FATAL RESULTS OF A FOOTBALL MATCH.

Allen J. Blair's Terrible Suffering—Helpless for Upwards of Two Years—The Best Physicians Could Hold Out No Hope of Recovery—His Health Fully Restored as the Result of Taking Friendly Advice—A Story That Hundreds can Vouch for.

From the Blenheim News.

Many of the readers of The News have seen and conversed with a gentlemanly young fellow who acts as canvasser for the well-known tea firm of G. Marshall & Co., London, and during the past year and a half he has become well-known and is highly liked by a large number of people in all the towns and villages of the west. From his personal appearance it would scarcely be believed that two years ago he was subject to the most excruciating pains that ever tortured a human individual, and was daily growing weaker and weaker, so that only a few months appeared to stand between him and the grave. Yet such was the case. He is to-day a living witness to the life-giving efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, a fact which he takes pleasure in relating, but always with the qualifying statement that he took them "according to directions," a matter which many neglect.

Mr. Blair's home is in Huron township, near the shores of Lake Huron; and the whole family of father, mother and seven sons are respected wherever known. As an old acquaintance the editor of The News can cheerfully testify to their sterling character. All the sons passed through the Kincardine High School and all held good positions in society, one being a Methodist clergyman in Southern Michigan, another being an employee of the London Chemical Works, and one a British Columbian merchant. Allan, of whose integrity all who know him have the highest opinion, has been the most unfortunate, but now considers himself the most fortunate of all. Unfortunate in that by a seemingly trifling accident he was eventually placed in a condition, in which he often thought death preferable; fortunate in that after giving up all hope he was enabled to recover even robust health again. His story, so wonderful that at first it seems incredible, is told with genuine earnestness, that leaves no room for doubt in the minds of his hearers, and is moreover vouched for by hundreds of old friends. We will not enter into details, as the following statement by Mr. Blair, given freely over his own signature will make the case quite plain:

MR. BLAIR'S WONDERFUL STATEMENT.

"While taking part in a football game at Point Clark, on the Queen's birthday, 1887, I received a kick on the shin which at first had no serious result, for I worked on the farm the nine following days. Then pains began where I had been kicked, particularly in the morning, and in about two weeks I was forced to seek medical advice. Dr. Walden, of Kincardine, whom I first consulted, said the periosteum was injured, and that serious results might follow. About a month later, as I was not getting better, but the bone swelling and the foot getting black, I went to Dr. Secord; his medicine seemed to do no good, though under his treatment for nearly a month. He said the trouble was with the nerves. I soon got so that I could not walk across the room, and vomited everything I ate. I then went to Dr. McCrimmon; he believed it to be chronic inflammation of the bone, and that the nerves were affected from it. I still continued to get worse, and was soon in such a condition that every thud of my heart caused me pain enough to almost make me jump out of bed. The doctor then directed me to go to Toronto. I went to a leading specialist there (Dr. Aitken) on the 24th of May, just a year after the accident. He said that an operation would have to be performed, to take out a portion of the bone. This operation was performed by Dr. Gunn, of Clinton, who had previously recommended it. For some time after this I seemed to get better, but soon again commenced to grow worse. The pain left the leg and became a general disease, and so weakened the eyes that I could not read. Next Spring I got so bad that I could not even ride in a buggy. The pain would come on suddenly, with such violence, that I lost all control of myself. The muscles would contract; I would start and laugh immoderately, and this would be followed by a violent shaking, so great that if in bed I would fall out. No person can have any idea of my sufferings at that time. In August 1891, I was taken into London; but none of the eminent physicians there would hold out any hope of recovery, though one thought he might be able to help me somewhat. I went to the city

hospital and held a consultation with the staff, who examined my sight and diagnosed my case. They said there would be no use in coming there, for the treatment would do no good, while the nearness of other patients would have a prejudicial effect. At this time a friend who had been reading the accounts of the Marshall case at Hamilton, advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I declined, but urged, I consented to try them, with no faith whatever that beneficial results would follow. It was not long before I saw they were helping me, and I continued to take them according to directions, accompanied by the baths, and continued to get steadily better. In four weeks I was able to get around, and was able to walk into London every evening, a distance of two miles. I continued taking the pills; went home, but found I was not strong enough for the farm, so I determined to try some light occupation. About October 1st I began to work for Geo. Marshall & Co., selling their teas all over the country. I am now able to get around at all times, in good or bad weather, jumping in and out of a buggy with no effort, and can honestly say that I enjoy health. Thus I have been raised from a bed of perpetual invalidism, with prospects of an early death and continued torture until that end came, to a condition of perfect health, the advantage of which can only be realized by one who has received it back as I have. Hundreds of people can testify to the state I was in. This whole result I attribute to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which I took strictly according to the directions, and without any faith when I first began to take them. I make this statement as a matter of gratitude for my wonderful cure, and trust it may be the means of others receiving as great benefit."

Allan J. Blair.

Blenheim, May 9th, 1893.

The News has every faith in the above statement, which was cheerfully made by Mr. Blair, without solicitation, and we give it publicity, both as a matter of news, and with the hope that perhaps it may aid another who is suffering similarly, or from some other of the many ailments this great remedy is designed to cure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., a firm of unquestioned reliability. Pink Pills are not looked on as a patent medicine, but rather as a prescription. An analysis of their properties shows that these pills are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anaemia, chlorosis or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending on a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions, and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men, they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system. They act directly on the blood, supplying its life-giving qualities, by assisting it to absorb oxygen, that great supporter of all organic life. In this way, the blood becoming "built up," and being supplied with its lacking constituents, becomes rich and red, nourishes the various organs, stimulating them to activity in the performance of their functions, and thus eliminate diseases from the system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink). Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form, is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form, intended to deceive. They are all imitations, whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.



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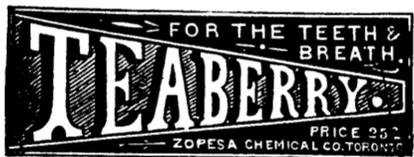
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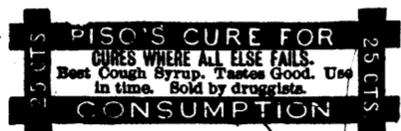
THE RURAL CANADIAN.

CONTENTS OF JULY NUMBER.

- FRONTISPIECE—GROUP OF RED POLLS.
- RURAL NOTES.
- THE BOY AND THE FARM.
- AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE NOTES.
- MAKING HAY.
- AGRICULTURE AT THE FAIR.
- SPECIAL GENERAL FARMING.
- BINDING TWINE.
- KEEP TOOLS SHARP.
- CANADA'S GREAT FAIR, 1893.
- FARM AND FIELD—
- WALKS AND TALKS, SIX.
- FARM NOTES FROM FRANCE.
- POTATO BUGS AND BLIGHT.
- NOVA SCOTIAN MARSHES.
- HORSES AND CATTLE—
- HORSE BREEDING, &C.
- THE CATTLE SUPPLY.
- THE RED POLLS.
- DAIRYMAN—
- SHADE IN PASTURE.
- HOW PRIZE BUTTER IS MADE.
- DAIRYING IN MAINE.
- SHEEP AND SWINE—
- PROFITABLE PIG FEEDING.
- RYE AND HOGS.
- FOOD FOR SHEEP.
- POULTRY AND PETS—
- THE HAMBURGH.
- A PROFITABLE CROP.
- GARDEN AND ORCHARD.—
- THE SQUIRE'S GARDEN.
- PICKING RIPE FRUIT.
- GROWING CURRANTS.
- CULTIVATION OF BRUSSELS SPROUTS.
- BEEES AND HIVES—
- REMOVING THE QUEEN, &C.
- HOME CIRCLE—
- MAY DAYS.
- THE WIDOW AND HER MONEY BAGS.

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Ministers and Churches.

Rev. P. Langille, from British Columbia, is on a visit to friends at River John.

Fort Massey Church, Halifax, has unanimously called Rev. Mr. Gandier, of Brampton.

The new Westminster church, Winnipeg, will be of brick faced with stone, and will cost \$25,000.

The death is announced at Truro, N.S., of Mrs. Pitblado, mother of Rev. C. B. Pitblado, of Winnipeg.

The Galt Ministerial Association met at the residence of Rev. Mr. Pettigrew, Glenora, on Monday.

The Halifax Presbytery is given power to receive Rev. M. King and Rev. Frank Davy as ministers of the Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Mr. McAlpine, of Chatsworth, exchanged pulpits with Rev. G. Milne, on Sunday and dispensed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Miss Gordon, of Whitby, President of the Presbyterian W.F.M.S., addressed the members of the society at Brooklin, in the Presbyterian church, on Tuesday afternoon, June 27th.

The congregations of Blenheim and E. Oxford, are vacant through the resignation of Rev. D. M. Beattie. All communications regarding pupil supply is to be addressed to Rev. Dr. Mackay, of Woodstock.

At the recent meeting of the Presbyterian Assembly at Brantford, Mr. Miscampbell, Conservative member of the Ontario local legislature, applied for permission to begin his theological studies with a view to enter the ministry. This was granted.

In filling his appointments, last Sabbath, the Rev. J. J. Wright, Presbyterian minister of Mullorytown, made his circuit route on a bicycle. The reverend gentleman is an expert wheelsman, as will be seen by the mountain which he must pass on his church mission.

Rev. C. B. Pitblado has gone to Truro, N. S., where he has been called by the serious illness of his mother. Prof. Thompson will preach in Westminster church on Sunday, and Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, on the two following Sabbaths.

On Wednesday evening last the choir and friends of Zion Presbyterian church in Huli, met at the house of Rev. Mr. Scott, and made Miss Elsie Oushman a present of a jewelled gold ring as a mark of their appreciation of her valued services for several years in the choir.

The services in St. Andrew's church, Peterboro, on Sabbath, were of special interest. In the morning Rev. J. H. Mevicar, B. A., lately returned from Honan, China, preached. In the evening the monthly sermon to young people, by the pastor, was of special interest to young women.

Rev. W. Meikle's services, at Trenton, have resulted in much good. Many have been awakened to the importance of eternal realities, and have professed their faith in Christ and pledged themselves to serve Him. The good work is still going on, and we hope to give a fuller notice of it in our next.

The Presbyterians of Lower Stewiacke intend giving a call to a minister to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. McKenzie. Mr. Davie, who has occupied the pulpit for the past two weeks, is spoken of very highly by prominent church workers, both in the pulpit and among the masses.

Rev. R. H. Abraham, M. A., pastor of Knox Church, Burlington, has received the degree of doctor of science from the university of Worcester, Ohio. This degree has been conferred by the senate of the university on the completion of the extension course of post-graduate study prescribed by the university.

The Parkhill Presbyterian Sabbath school had a very interesting session in the church last Sabbath afternoon, the 25th ult. It being mission day, the ordinary review was dispensed with. Appropriate recitations were given by several of the scholars and Mr. McTavish, the superintendent, gave a lesson on light.

On Sabbath morning last, Rev. Mr. Pettigrew preached a very impressive sermon to the Sabbath school scholars and Bible class. He chose for his text, 1 Samuel, 16, 18. We sincerely hope the precepts which the reverend gentleman set forth so clearly may prove profitable to all who listened to his eloquent discourse on this occasion.

Rev. M. Macgillivray will on Sunday next officiate at the dedication of a new Presbyterian church at Darling, one of the two charges of the Rev. W. S. Smith, late of Centreville. Since going to Mid-

dleville and Darling, Mr. Smith has met with remarkable success. Already he has secured the erection of a new edifice at the latter village, and his whole work is in a most promising condition.

Rev. P. Wright, who was appointed by the senate of Manitoba college to lecture on homiletics and church government to the theological classes, went down to the city on Monday evening and gave the first lecture of the course yesterday morning. Mr. Wright's lectures will probably continue until near the end of the session, about the first of September. The university classes in arts meet about the end of that month.

Rev. Robt. McNair, of Carleton Place, accompanied by Mrs. McNair, is spending his holidays in and around Durham, among his numerous friends. He preached on Sabbath, June 25th, morning and evening, to the largest congregations that ever crowded Knox Church. The aisles and every available seat were occupied. It was a most flattering reception. The sermons were brilliant, and much appreciated.

Rev. Principal Grant has been in Winnipeg, and with his usual good nature has submitted to be interviewed. So far as can be judged from one year's experience, the summer session is a success, both for the college, at which the classes are larger than ever, and for the mission field, which has had better winter supply than ever. The principal preached in Westminster church, Rev. Mr. Pitblado's, at both services on Sabbath, 9th.

The Christian Endeavour Society in the Windsor Presbyterian Church, presented the Rev. A. Rogers, on his leaving for New Glasgow, with a rattan chair, and Mrs. Rogers with a work table in the same material. Mr. Rogers has taken up his residence in New Glasgow and will preach his first sermon there next Sunday. The Presbyterians of New Glasgow are particularly fortunate in securing able preachers, such as Revs. Messrs. Rogers, Carruthers, Bowman and Robertson.

Rev. F. R. McDonald, formerly pastor of St. James' Church, Newcastle, N. B., and for the past twenty years, of Scotland, paid a short visit to his old home. He arrived on Friday last on his return from a visit to friends in California, and remained here until Monday morning, when he left by the accommodation for Moncton and Truro, on a visit to his native county, Pictou, N. S. Hosts of old friends were glad to again meet this gentleman, and regret very much that his stay was so short.

Rev. Mr. Robertson, superintendent of Home Missions, in the North West, in connection with the Presbyterian Church, preached in the Presbyterian church, Wyoming, on Sunday, June 25th. The difficulties of gathering a congregation in the thinly settled districts, and the discouragements that the missionaries have to contend with were laid before the congregation in very forcible terms. On Monday night Mr. Robertson lectured on the same subject in the Presbyterian church on the London Road.

On Friday evening, June 30th, a messenger called at the manse of Knox Church, Woodstock, and handed in a purse accompanied by the following letter, without signature: "Dr. McMullen will please accept this purse of gold, \$250.00, from his congregation with best wishes for a very pleasant holiday." On the following Sabbath, at the evening service, Dr. McMullen tendered grateful thanks to his congregation, promising to take a good holiday, and assuring them that their feeling towards him was more to him than gold.

The corner stone of the new Presbyterian church, Glenora, was laid on the 1st of July, with appropriate ceremonies. Tea was provided by the ladies of the congregation, after which addresses were delivered by several reverend gentlemen. The farmers last week turned out in large numbers to draw the lumber and shingles for the new sheds. These will run around three sides of the church lot, and we hope to have them ready for the first. Preparatory communion services were held in the old church on Thursday last. Mr. McKay, a student from Knox college, delivered a very impressive sermon. The communion was dispensed on Sabbath last by the pastor.

A genuine sociable social was held recently in St. Andrew's church, Winnipeg, ice cream, oranges, bananas and delicious cakes, the latter testifying to the housekeeping abilities of the ladies of the congregation, were served to several hundred people. The tables were arranged in rows and were presided over by young ladies and gentlemen of the congregation. A musical programme was also provided, consisting of songs by Mr. J. H. F. Murray, Miss Dunbar, Miss McGregor, Miss Pullar and Mr. Mawson. Rev.

Joseph Hogg, the pastor, delivered a few happy remarks, and Dr. McDiarmid congratulated the congregation on the success of the evening. The receipts will amount to about \$150.

The Rev. Paul F. Langille, says the Cochester Sun, is at present visiting his relatives and friends at River John. We were right glad to meet him on the train on Friday evening last, on his way home. The last time we saw him, previous to this, was riding a bucking bronco, near Quapene station, N. W. T., in 1887, a qualification that was then and there considered almost as essential in the general make-up of a good live clergyman as a knowledge of theology, and one that has been a great help to Mr. Langille in his missionary efforts in that extensive country. His present charge is at Vernon, near Sicamous, where some of his preaching stations are hundreds of miles apart. He will preach, on Sabbath next, morning and evening, in First Presbyterian Church, Truro.

A congregation has lately been organized at Alberni, in the Presbytery of Vancouver. It is the most Western Presbyterian church in Canada. Seven years ago Alberni was opened up as a mission station, and on May 1st, 1892, a church was opened. Last fall the Rev. R. J. Adamson entered the field, a successful pastor of a Presbyterian church in England. He is still in charge. Not long ago Mr. Adamson received a call from a Congregational Church in the United States, offering a salary of \$3,000. This he refused and remains in one of the most secluded and remote parts of the earth on a salary of \$700. For six months he toiled on in his present field without receiving one cent to meet his current expenses. Such sacrifice and self-denial will however be abundantly rewarded.

On Tuesday last Rev. Jas. Cattanaeh, of Williamstown, was duly inducted into the pastorate at Centreville. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and evergreens, and a nice motto, "With joy we greet you," and the pleasing appearance and friendly greeting of the people with one another showed that it was a joyous day long to be remembered by the large number present. Rev. Dr. Smith, of Port Hope, ably preached the induction sermon, and the Rev. Mr. Andrews, of Keene, gave quite a lengthy address on Church Polity. Rev. Mr. Hayes, of Coburg, gave a short appropriate address to the minister, and Rev. Mr. McWilliams, of Peterborough, Moderator of the Peterborough Presbytery, presided over the meeting and gave a good address to the people. The church choir furnished some excellent music. After this part was over, the friends found their way to the Agricultural Hall, where there was a grand tea, which the ladies of the congregation always get up in first-class style. After tea there was a good programme in the church composed of music, singing, and speaking. The chair was ably occupied by Rev. Mr. McWilliams, of Peterborough, and Rev. Mr. Bennett, of Springville; the former gave a short speech, and had to leave

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Allays the thirst, aids digestion, and relieves the lassitude so common in midsummer.

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in the middle of the programme. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Hayes, Coburg; D. N. McCamus, Methodist minister, Millbrook; Mr. Pilkie, Baptist minister, Baillieboro; A. McGilvary, Toronto; Dr. Smith, of Port Hope, and the new pastor. The Keene Quartette Club charmed the people with beautiful music and song. Proceeds of tea, \$104.00.

The second anniversary of the opening of the new Knox church, Milton, was celebrated last Sunday. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., of Toronto, conducted the services and the deservedly great reputation of the preacher, added to the interest of the occasion, attracted large congregations morning and evening. On Monday evening a social meeting of the congregation was held, with tea on the lawn from six to eight, and a programme afterwards in the church. The lawn presented a very pretty and animated appearance with paper lanterns hanging from the trees, the table gayly decorated with flowers, and the grounds filled with well-dressed, happy people. The speakers of the evening were Rev. P. T. Mignot, of Milton, who gave an address on "Salutations"; Rev. W. J. Clark, of London, who spoke on "The Duty of Happiness," and the Rev. Dr. McTavish, of Toronto, whose subject was "Quality." A letter was read from Rev. John Pickering, expressing his regret at his inability to be present. All the addresses were interesting and instructive. Mr. Robt. Elliott, sang a solo, "The Pilgrims," with his usual good tone and expression, and the beautiful tenor voice of Mr. A. M. Gorrie, of Toronto, was heard to great advantage in Handel's "Total Eclipse" and Adams's "Holy City." The choir acquitted themselves creditably in anthems, "Unfold ye Portals Everlasting" and "The King of Love My Shepherd is." Not the least pleasing feature of the evening was the genial and efficient manner in which the duties of chairman were performed by Judge Snider, who kindly consented to act in that capacity.

The Rev. M. C. Cameron, B. D., of Harrieston, said, when recently delivering his lecture on the Pyramid: Here I find a vindication of the Biblical account of man's creation. Look at that building, the oldest, and largest, and highest on the face of this round globe. The Bible says that God created man, but Darwin says that man was evolved or developed from an inferior race. They maintain, if we go back far enough, we will arrive at our primitive parents, whom we refuse to own. They tell us that we are only developed monkeys. But they forget that the struggle of nature is to produce the perfect. A perfect child is the rule, no matter how imperfect or diseased the parentage might be. Look at this pyramid. We can trace man back 4,000 years, and find him intelligent man, but not a monkey. We are told that the human race has gradually improved, and that our ancestors in far-off ages were inferior creatures, but the remains of ruins, and the knowledge of antiquity, show everything the reverse of this to be the truth. We could not build this pyramid to-day with all our boasted science, mid to-day with all our scientific scrutiny. It will bear the closest scientific scrutiny. It has stood in the court of the world over 4,000 years, but our scientists have not yet comprehended the depths of its mysteries. The masonry is so perfect, that the building appears to be one massive solid rock. There are stones so colossal, that no monkey, nor race of monkeys could move, let alone elevating three hundred feet. It required most powerful machinery to put these stones in their respective places. That pyramid, my hearers, implies power, wisdom, and intelligence, found only among a highly civilized people. The monkey, that constructed this pyramid 4,000 years ago, was a man. If we can trace man back 4,000 years, why not 5,000 or 6,000 if necessary? Let us be candid and say that "God created man."

Says the Midway Mission to the Jews: "The driving the Jews by hundreds of thousands out of one land, is producing a Jewish question in every land, which can be solved only by restoration to Palestine. Restoration has already set in. Eighteen colonies are already established by Jews in the Holy Land; eight in the Jaffa district, five in the Gallilee district and five in the Carmel district. About 400 families are in these colonies, cultivating about 25,000 acres of land. Some of the colonies belong to the Rothschilds and others to private individuals. During the past year one railway has been opened and others are in course of construction. Within the last few years more Jews have returned to Palestine than the number who came back from Babylon under Ezra and Nehemiah. Surely these and many other events tell us plainly that the end of Israel's dispersion is very near; and that the return of our Blessed Lord cannot be far off. Let us live in readiness for, and work in expectation of, His speedy coming!"

OBITUARY.

William B. Clark, D.D., late minister of Chalmers church, Quebec, was born at Biggar, Lanarkshire, Scotland, on the 27th January, 1805. When two years old his father, a respectable country merchant, died, leaving his mother, Janet Brown, in charge of six children, whom she faithfully trained in the fear of the Lord.

William received his early education, including a thorough grounding in the elements of Latin and Greek, in the parish school of Biggar.

Like many Scottish students he was obliged to depend upon his own efforts to secure funds to carry him through college. He accordingly, while quite young, betook himself to teaching, and was greatly aided by James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," who enabled him to open a small school in the parish of Yarrow.

During leisure hours Mr. Clark composed a tale, which the kind-hearted Shepherd enlarged and published in Constable's Magazine, giving the sum received for it to the young teacher.

Having saved money sufficient to pay college expenses for one session, he entered the University of Edinburgh in November, 1822. Through the influence of his poetic patron of Ettrick, he received free tuition in the classes of Professor Millar.

His course in Arts was more than once interrupted for lack of funds, but in spite of this, he distinguished himself in several departments, especially in classics.

In 1828, the year in which the celebrated Dr. Chalmers came to the University Edinburgh as Professor, Mr. Clark entered the Divinity Hall. In common with all other students, he greatly profited by the teaching of that extraordinary man, and imbibed a good measure of his evangelical enthusiasm. The study of theology became to him a source of delight; and he was wont afterwards to tell of the great benefits derived from investigations pursued by him in preparing a Latin Exegesis upon the words: "Au Christus sit colendus summo cultu Deo Patri debito?"

Soon after this he received, upon the recommendation of Dr. Chalmers, a bursary of twenty pounds, which relieved him of financial difficulties to the close of his curriculum. In the summer of 1832 he was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Biggar, but as there was a superabundance of preachers in the Church of Scotland at that time, he continued his labours as a private teacher.

About this time the ministers of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh having formed a society for voluntary missionary work among the poor, Mr. Clark was chosen for this service by Dr. Inglis, of the parish of Old Greyfriars. His field was the Cowgate, with the closes extending from it to the Lawnmarket and High street. He preached regularly in an old church in the Cowgate, whose quaint spire is visible from the South Bridge. It was in this unique edifice, now visited by tourists as a curious relic of the past, that the first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was held. The squalor, poverty and vice encountered in this vicinity was often heart-rending. Visitors from other lands frequently wonder that the piety and zeal of Edinburgh have so long failed to purify the moral slums of this neighbourhood. It is a good field in which to test the strength and wisdom of a young minister's missionary resources. It was for a time the scene of Dr. Guthrie's labours, while colleague with Mr. Sym in Old Greyfriars, and here no doubt he gathered materials for his work on "The City, Its Sins and Sorrows."

In 1835 upon the recommendation of Dr. Chalmers, Mr. Clark took charge of the parish of Half-Morton. Here he married Jane Brown, a distant relative of his own, a woman of culture and deep piety. They spent years of com-

fort and happiness in the Lord's service till the Disruption took place, and they were obliged, in following their conscientious convictions, to sacrifice the comforts of their pleasant home. These were stirring times, and Mr. Clark entered enthusiastically into the spiritual movement of his native country. For a time he preached in the adjoining parishes of Cannobie and Langholm, where a strong feeling in behalf of Free Church principles had been excited. During the summer of 1843 services had to be held in country places, chiefly in the open air; but at Cannobie, a marquee capable of sheltering several hundred people, was erected in a pasture field. Mr. Clark had officiated only two Sabbaths in this place, when he was interdicted by the Duke of Buccleuch. The interdict was obeyed, and preaching continued by the road-side with greatly increased numbers in attendance.

Towards the close of 1843, Mr. Clark was called to Maxwelltown, a suburb of Dumfries, but the Presbytery refused to release him from Half-Morton, until in 1844 a second call was addressed to him from the same parish. In this parish he remained, happy and useful, until the spring of 1853, when he felt called of God to emigrate to Canada, and accepted the pastorate of Chalmers church, Quebec, in which he continued to discharge faithfully and laboriously the duties of his office, till September, 1874. His church was a centre of Protestant and evangelical influence for the Province, and in addition to the diligent care of his own flock, the services of Mr. Clark were invaluable in reviving the small Protestant communities around Quebec, such as Stoneham, St. Sylvester, Inverness, St. Charles, Beauport, and other places in the Eastern townships. His ardent missionary enthusiasm led him to seek opportunities of doing good to the neglected without waiting to be sent for. His memory will long be fragrant among them on this account.

After six years of comparative rest during which he preached in the city and neighbourhood as occasion offered, he was appointed by the trustees of Morin College, Quebec, Professor of Church History. In 1889 the Presbyterian College, Montreal, in recognition of his varied and high attainments, and his many valued services to the cause of truth and of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Dr. Clark published several works, two of which, a "Manual of Family Worship," and "Asleep in Jesus," obtained a large circulation.

Dr. Clark was a man of spotless integrity, of large heart and intellect, of poetic and literary tastes, gentle and kind to all, and yet vehement when roused by the apprehension of injustice being done, or any lack of fidelity to the truth being shown. He had a strong and undying feeling of patriotism—a Scotchman through and through, and equally loyal to his adopted country, Canada, of whose grand resources and glorious destiny he delighted to speak with the fullest confidence.

He profoundly abhorred tyranny in every form, and was therefore fearless and zealous in his efforts to break the oppressive yoke of priest-craft from the necks of the people of the Dominion.

Among the family trials which deeply affected him may be mentioned the death of his only son at Maxwelltown, and the death of his wife at Quebec in February, 1854, shortly after her arrival from Scotland. He remained a widower sixteen years and was then joined in marriage to Amelia Torrance, widow of Thomas Gibb, of Quebec, whose demise occurred a few years ago.

Upon retiring from professional work in Morin College, he resided with his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. James Moody, at Chesterville, Ont. He there enjoyed the loving care of his children and grandchildren and continued to the last to exercise unwavering confidence in the truth and the divine Saviour he had so long preached to others. He gently fell asleep in Jesus on the 15th day of March, 1893, in the 89th year of his age, and his mortal remains were laid to rest in Mount Hermon cemetery, Quebec. Two daughters, Miss Clark and Mrs. Moodle, survive him.

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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 buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

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. GORR, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

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A WORD FOR CANADA.

Canada, owing to its stable form of government, is one of the most peaceable and prosperous countries in the world. Hence, not only are its Government bonds eagerly sought after in the great stock markets of the world, but so also are the stocks and bonds of its railway, banking and insurance corporations. The funds of a prosperous life insurance company grow very rapidly, and in order to give good returns to the policyholders, these funds require to be invested in securities that are perfectly safe, and yet yield a high rate of interest. In Canada, the securities are undoubted, and the natural resources so rich and vast, that for centuries to come, unlimited capital can here find profitable investment. So we never could see the good (not to speak of the necessity) of Canadians taking life insurance in American companies, paying first of all on an average of \$7 per \$1,000 more for the same insurance, and impoverishing Canada to the extent of their yearly premiums, which are sent out of the country and invested on the other side. It is impossible, in the very nature of things, that any American company can be as good to a Canadian policyholder, as a Canadian company can be, either in the matter of rates, security, prompt payment of death claims, dividends, or anything else. They never have been yet.

And they never will be. Though their premiums are low, Canadian companies have always given better satisfaction to their policyholders, and one of the best policies issued in Canada is the Double Maturity plan of the Manufacturers Life. For further particulars, apply at head office, 63 Yonge street, cor. Colborne.

Mr. H. S. Hallett, an English traveller, in a recent volume published by Blackwood, entitled "A Thousand Miles on an Elephant," describing his journey through Burmah, Laos, and Siam, largely with a view to commercial affairs, dedicates his book to the missionaries in that region, as a mark of "The high esteem in which I hold the noble work they are accomplishing." And then he adds, "I never understood what a great boon Christianity was to the world till I recognized what heathenism was, and how it acted on its victims in Indo-China."

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good bread, pie,
and pastry, but his
stomach was delicate.

SHE LOVED
to cook, but was
tired and sick of the
taste and smell of lard.

She bought Cottolene,
(the new shortening) and

THEY LOVED
more than ever, be-
cause she made better
food, and he could eat it
without any unpleasant
after effect. Now

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COTTELENE.

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MONTREAL.

British and Foreign.

Princeton graduated 156 at its 146th commencement this year.

At its 25th commencement, this year, Cornell university gave degrees to 250 students, exclusive of degrees in law.

Princeton college has conferred the degree of LL.D. on the Rev. Willis G. Craig, D.D., Moderator of the General Assembly.

Rev. Robert Brown, of Markinch, has resigned his charge, owing to old age. His farewell sermon was preached on Sabbath week.

The Rev. G. D. Baker, D.D., of Philadelphia, declines the appointment recently tendered him as secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions.

The address of sympathy presented to the Irish Assembly was signed by nearly eighty ministers and a large number of elders and managers.

Notice has been given in Glasgow Presbytery by Mr. Henderson, elder, of an overture to the Synod for union with the Free Church in foreign mission work.

Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith, Moderator of Assembly, presented the prizes to the successful Aberdeen competitors under the Welfare of Youth scheme, at a large meeting in that city, last week.

Of Prof. Drummond's The Greatest Thing in the World, 312,000 copies have sold; of his Natural Law in the Spiritual World, 114,000; of his Tropical Africa, 28,000, and of his Baxter's Second Innings, 25,000.

The new church at Inverness for Rev. Murdo McKenzie's congregation was opened on 7th ult. by Rev. Dr. Aird. Both church and manse are so vested that they can be taken with the congregation, in the event of a secession.

The Rev. J. Aspinwall Hodge, D.D., of Hartford, Conn., has been elected to the chair of English Versions of the Bible, in the theological department of Lincoln University. This is the chair made vacant by the death of the Rev. B. T. Jones, D.D.

A beautiful mural memorial of white marble is being erected to the late Principal Cairns, in the vestibule of Wallace Green church, Berwick, of which he was minister for thirty-one years. In the centre is a head of the deceased, finely sculptured by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A.

Prof. James Orr, D.D., of the United Presbyterian Church, delivered on Sabbath the opening address of the summer session of the fellowship section of the St. Cuthbert's Y.M.C.A., Edinburgh, his subject being "Existing Theological Tendencies." Sir James Gardiner Baird presided.

Principal Hutton says that to bolster up the Church of Scotland when disestablished will in no wise conduce to its best interests, or to union about which political men were wonderfully anxious, but which was none of their business. Sir Charles Cameron's bill wrote religious equality on its front but privilege in its heart.

Rev. Dr. John MacLeod wants an inquiry by Glasgow Presbytery into the religious instruction in board and secondary schools. He fears that the children of the middle classes are dependent for their religious knowledge on the services of the Church, which he thinks are not always calculated to train the understanding in the vital principles of the Christian faith.

Edward Linlei, of St. Peter's, C. B., says—"That his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of Minard's Liniment cured him."

Livery Stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without Minard's Liniment for twice the cost.

Gibbon's Toothache Paste acts as a filling and stops toothache instantly. Sold by all druggists.

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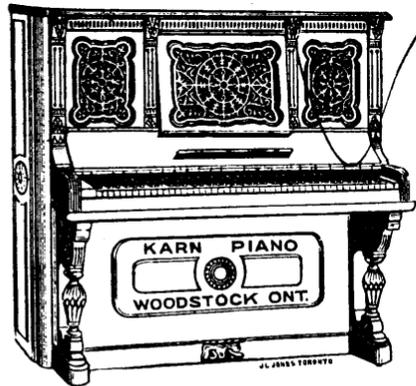
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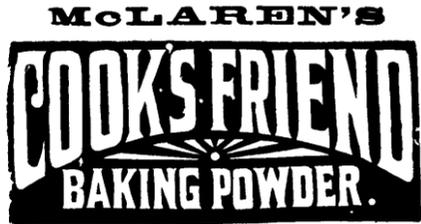
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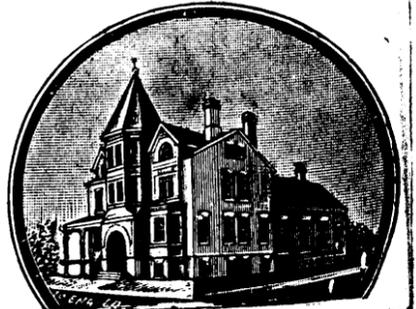
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