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Whole No. 1125.

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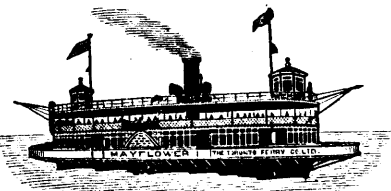
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Tomatoes and Potatoes.—Take small, ripe tomatoes, cut off the bottom, scoop out the seeds, and with a small knife pare off the thin skin without breaking the tomato; fill them with cold potatoes cut into tiny squares, and mix in a little mayonnaise sauce, turn them upside down on a bed of chopped lettuce seasoned with oil and vinegar.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Select as large and firm ones as possible; cut a round place in the top, scrape out all the soft parts, mix with stale bread crumbs or powdered cracker; add onions, parsley, butter, pepper and salt; chop all very fine and fill the tomatoes carefully. Bake in a moderately hot oven; put a little butter in the pan, and see that they do not burn or become dry.

Cream Cheese Cakes.—Line a German cake-tin, with a good, short, crust, not too thick, and fill with the following mixture: Take half a pound of cream cheese. See that the cheese is perfectly dry, then place in a basin, and stir well with the yolks of three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of castor sugar, and a few picked currants. Pour into the cake-tin and bake until a nice golden brown.

Peach Pie.—To one cup and a half of sifted flour, add cold butter cut in bits, enough to shorten well, and a little ice-cold water to mix; roll, and spread butter over it, and roll out again; cover a pie tin, and fill with fresh, ripe peaches, peeled and quartered; crack four or five pits and blanch the kernels, put them in the pie to flavour, sprinkle over the peaches half a cup of sugar, and add two teaspoonfuls of water; cover, and bake in a moderate oven.

Vienna Tea Cakes.—These little biscuits are a pleasant addition to afternoon tea or coffee. Rub very smoothly into half a pound of Vienna flour a quarter of a pound of castor sugar, and the same quantity of crushed almonds. Mix well and add the yolks of two eggs, a tablespoonful of orange-flower water or vanilla essence, and work to a stiff paste with a little cream or milk. Roll out, cut into shapes, prick them all over, and bake for about twenty minutes.

Peach Jelly.—Select freestones and a juicy peach; peel and cut in quarters, crack the stones and blanch the meats; chop fine and add them to the peaches, put in a covered tin pail or jar, set them in a kettle of hot water and cook until tender, pour in a jelly bag and let drain; allow three-fourths of a pound of sugar for every pint of juice, boil together fifteen minutes, then test with skimmer, raising it out and in: when it drips off in two or three places it is done.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime, and much water. Furthermore, the German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. The phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter—lecithin—of the brain and spinal cord. It is, perhaps, for the same reason, rudely understood that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the fruit of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also the acids of the apple are of signal use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters, which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring forth jaundice or skin eruptions and other allied troubles. Some such an experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose, and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much meat. It is also the fact that such fresh fruits as the apple, the pear, and the plum, when taken ripe and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach, rather than provoke it. Their vegetable juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.—Medical Age.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 22.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30th, 1893.

No. 35.

Notes of the Week.

It is very significant, to find in the American Economist, of New York, the following sentence in a leading editorial: "The drink curse costs us over \$800,000,000 yearly. Errors of currency or tariff are a feather's weight beside it."

The Scottish Leader informs the public, that Dr. Marshall Lang, the new Moderator, has a son who is a curate in Leeds. In connection with the Church of England, and also is so High Church in his views, that he declines to attend in his father's church when he visits the paternal roof-tree.

Sir William Macgregor, whose brilliant administration of British New Guinea has done so much to improve the condition of that out-of-the-way corner of British territory, has succeeded in doing another excellent piece of work, in the rectification of the frontier line between the territory he administered, and the neighboring colony of Dutch New Guinea. Lord Ripon expressed his approval of the recommendations of Sir William Macgregor, and it may be taken for granted that the Dutch Government will also sanction the new arrangement.

Few men are better known in Edinburgh, than Dr. Henry D. Littlejohn, the new president of the British Institution of Public Health. He was born at Perth in 1827, and was educated at the Edinburgh High school. He showed considerable promise, but it is said that his love for botany not infrequently tempted him to play truant from his other studies. At the university he was a hard-working student and graduated in medicine before he was 20 years of age. A few years later he was appointed lecturer in Surgeons' hall, and in 1856 he became police surgeon. He was brought prominently to the front by a sanitary report which he prepared at the desire of the Edinburgh authorities, and which, with the assistance of Sir J. Simpson, he issued in 1865. Immediately following the publication of that report he was appointed medical officer of health for the city—an office which he still holds. He is also lecturer of medical jurisprudence in the extra-mural Medical School.

The Union Signal, of Chicago, says: A minister in Chicago recently said that Chicago had eight thousand saloons, eighty per cent. of which are owned or managed by brewers, and brewers have gone into politics. Upwards of half a million of men in the United States alone are engaged in the industry of making paupers and beggars. The malt liquors consumed in the United States in 1892 averaged about one-half barrel to the man. Carrol D. Wright, our greatest statistician, says that seventy two per cent of the crimes in Boston are liquor crimes. In the fifteen largest cities in the land, seventy-three per cent. of all arrests are for drunkenness, or for drink offences. Terrance V. Powderly, says that one-fifth of the drink bill of the nation is paid by the working men. In New York city alone, its aggregate is \$15,000,000 a year. One county in Pennsylvania, chiefly inhabited by working men, pays \$11,000,000 a year out of the pockets of the miserable.

The Sunday Magazine contains an account of the eminent Free Church clergyman at Glasgow, Dr. Stalker. When asked about the prospect of union among

the three great denominations of Scotland, Dr. Stalker said it would appear that the only hope of a union which would comprehend all sections of Presbyterianism, is that the Established Church should come to the Free Church position. The difficulty which some Free Churchmen have with regard to union with the United Presbyterians, is that they would like the larger union, and prefer to wait for it. The two latter Churches have been co-operating a great deal lately; for instance, corresponding members from the other body sat through the whole of the late Free Church Assembly. Many younger men would like to move in the matter at once—and some older men too—but the failure of the former negotiations makes it imperative that a new movement should not be commenced without a clear prospect of carrying it through.

Canon Mason delivered a striking address at the unveiling, by the Bishop of Truro, of a mural tablet in Truro Cathedral, to the memory of the famous Professor Adams, of Cambridge, who discovered the planet Neptune, while yet an undergraduate at Cambridge. Canon Mason called to mind the fact that when he first entered Cambridge, all the mathematical professors were Christians. Cambridge has always been famed for mathematical learning and evangelical principles. Professor Challis was the oldest of the distinguished scholars. His attainments in science were splendid, but he prided himself much more on his edition of the Epistle to the Romans. Sir George Stokes is known and esteemed by all scholars. Professor Cayley still lives. He was a most distinguished senior wrangler, and one of the humblest Christians. John Couch Adams was often seen at communion with Professor Cayley. Thus the great and devout Newton has had a band of brilliant successors in scientific eminence, who have not been ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.—Evangelical Churchman.

Without wishing to make too much out of the disturbances which took place at Montreal, at the C. E. Convention, yet, taken in connection with the treatment which has so often been meted out to Rev. M. Chiniquy, by Roman Catholics in Canada, the disturbances at Sorel the other day, and shameful persecution and abuse of a few unoffending Protestants for no other reason than that they had left the Church of Rome, reminds us that, disguise it as it may, that Church retains the same persecuting spirit which it has cherished for so many generations. By such conduct it ever and anon wakens up Protestants who are disposed to be thrown off their guard, to a vivid realization of the true and unchangeable character of that Church. Eternal vigilance, and nothing less, is the price which we must pay to guard and defend our liberties from its machinations in secret, and its open assaults. While we would, in the enjoyment of our freedom, seek to spread the truth, and so, by the blessing of God, open the eyes of their understanding, that they may be converted, there is another duty which we owe to ourselves and our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens as well, the unflinching insistence upon our rights as citizens to protection, after the example of the Apostle Paul, and to promulgate freely, any opinion or doctrine not injurious to the state or to morality. Weakness here will only be taken advantage of to indulge in a still fiercer spirit of persecution, and this Canadians will not, as they ought not, to tolerate.

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

Thackeray: A good laugh is sunshine in a house.

Ram's Horn: The truth we hate the most, is the truth that hits us the hardest.

Jonathan Hayseeds: Everything has to be done in one of two names—Christ's or Satan's

Jonathan Hayseeds: Conviction is a step; adoption a walk; sanctification the journey's end.

Beecher: Refinement which carries us away from our fellow-men, is not God's refinement.

Ram's Horn: The devil never gets a chance to ride up hill in the neighbourhood of a busy man.

Ellis Wheeler Wilcox: I would not advise any woman to marry a man with the idea of reforming him.

Augustine: Beware of despairing about yourself; you are commanded to put your trust in God, and not in yourself.

Beecher: He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

Bossuet: To know one's self is an advantage, to correct one's self is a virtue, and to give thanks to God, the means to obtain success and perseverance.

Westminster Teacher: Every one must give account to God for his own acts. We need to think, therefore, of our own life, instead of watching and criticising our brother's.

Bishop Heber: Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in a sepulchre of ages. But time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

Rev. J. R. Miller: Happy will we be if we get into heaven at last any way, through any difficulty or worldly loss; but surely it is possible for all to have the "abundant entrance," and we should strive to live so as to secure it.

M. Bolshaw: Those who die young love to think of Heaven as a land of song and of white-robed angels, but the aged pilgrim, worn out with the toils and turmoils of life, is quite content, nay, even happy, in the knowledge that "there remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."

Dr. R. S. Storrs: Culture, art, and science, cannot solve the mysteries of spiritual life; but to him who has seen the Lord, all is plain. He sees Him in song and sacrament, in labour and sacrifice, in pain and pleasure; indeed, you must extract his very consciousness from him, before you can rob him of his experience

The Christian Sentinel: It is a blessed thought that from our childhood, God has been laying His fatherly hands upon us, and always in benediction; that even the strokes of His hands are blessings and among the chiefest we have ever received. When this feeling is awakened, the heart beats with a pulse of thankfulness. Every gift has its return of praise. It awakens an unceasing daily converse with our Father. He is speaking to us by the descent of blessings, we to Him by the ascent of thanksgiving.

Rev. Dr. MacLaren: A smoke consuming apparatus was extremely desirable for the manufacturers in Manchester, and it was no less desirable for a young minister. Let them preach their positive certainties, and leave the rest alone till it clears itself. Consume your own smoke, brethren, and give your people only the indisputable verities

Wesley: In his old age wrote concerning Law's "Sermon Call," "It is a treatise which will hardly be excelled, if it be equalled, in the English tongue, either for beauty of expression, or for justice, or for depth of thought. It is a treatise which must remain, as long as England endures, an almost unequalled standard of the strength and purity of our language, as well as of sound practical divinity."

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes: At the opening of the Consett new Wesleyan Church, Newcastle, England, a few weeks ago, he spoke strongly in favour of abolition of pew rents, and stated that if Methodism was to retain its character, as a religion of the masses, it would have to adopt this principle. His remarks made a strong impression upon the leading men of the society. A meeting of the trustees was held for the purpose of considering the matter, and, after a lengthy discussion, it was resolved that the sittings of the new church should be free to all.

Canadian Churchman: Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle and patient means, to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity. If he is sulky, charm him out of it, by encouraging frank good-humour. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform ever onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him, either by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins.

Cumberland Presbyterian: Perhaps if all the Churches would, for the next seven years, lay aside these mechanical and strained efforts to consolidate bodies not yet ripe for union, and in their separate efforts and organizations, redouble their zeal and activity to win souls, and establish the reign of Christ in all hearts, there would be more growth towards real union, than could be brought about by twice seven years of discussion, and the negotiations of assemblies, and synods, and committees. Work in the separate divisions, is more important than consolidating the divisions. Churches must grow together in Christ, or it is vain to unite them outwardly.

Interior: Gospel truths are as sweet as they are strong. The parables which begin with duties, end with promises. It is the faithful servant who eventually enters into the joys of his Lord. The parable which begins with girding ends with crowns. He who is faithful in service, is at last seated upon a throne. He who was a subaltern in the household, becomes the ruler in the city. There is a chariot at last for God's every Cinderella; and He who knows how and when to abase the haughty, is certain, in His own good time, to exalt them of low degree. That man is most sure to become a ruler over many things who has proved his fidelity over few.

Our Contributors.

TYPICAL TOURISTS ONE MEETS IN MUSKOKA.

BY KNOXIAN.

Muskoka is the Canadian paradise of summer tourists. There is nothing like it on the continent. Nature intended those lakes and islands for a playground and breathing place on which tired thousands can throw off their cares and take on additional supplies of nervous force. For the purposes for which it was made, Muskoka is just as useful as a farm that grows thirty bushels of wheat to the acre. It is also highly ornamental. Some enthusiast on ancient cities made this proverb: See Venice, and die. A much better proverb would be, See Muskoka and live.

A good deal has been said about the splendid exhibit Ontario has made at the World's Fair. If Sir Oliver Mowat had entered Muskoka and had devised some way of sending his entry over there, he would have beaten the world easily in the scenery class. In fact nature has not made anything in the shape of quiet scenery more beautiful than Muskoka.

Such being the case, Muskoka deserves to have a good class of tourists. It would be a burning shame to be reminded, as one sails around among those lovely islands, of the well-known lines:

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Muskoka richly deserves the best summer visitors, and the great majority of them are of just that kind. Of course ten or fifteen thousand people out for a holiday do not all behave alike. People do not all behave alike even in church. Some listen devoutly, earnestly desiring spiritual benefit and a few perhaps listen in a snarling mood, eagerly seeking something to find fault with. Some follow the minister in prayer, and pray themselves, and some don't even bow their heads or close their eyes. Some listen with intelligence, and some with a vacant stare, which tells that there is lack of interest in the heart or rooms to let in the upper story. In this kind of weather a few nod assent to the sermon without hearing it. Well, if people do not all behave alike, even in church, it is scarcely to be expected that all will behave alike during their holidays.

Muskoka tourists come from many places and from many occupations, but there are several easily recognized types among them. Prominent among these types is

THE SOLID MAN OF ONTARIO.

He may be a merchant, or a manufacturer, or a business man of some kind, but he is easily recognized. Usually he is about sixty, and has succeeded in life. He dresses plainly, puts on no airs, and is as solid as the rock on which he stands. He talks to any decent tourist that wants to talk to him, and never makes a fool or an ass of himself by putting on style. His signature could rake more specie out of the bank than the signatures of all the dudes around the hotel, but he does not swell as much as the most imbecile dude among them. His wife is generally along with him, and, as a rule, she is a fine motherly lady, though sometimes she aims at a little more tone than her husband cares about. These solid men made Ontario one of the best countries in the world. A considerable number of them worship in the Presbyterian Church, read the Globe, and vote for Mowat as often as the law allows. In their early days they took the shorter catechism for theology and George Brown for politics. Solid men, however, are found in large numbers in all Churches, and in both political parties. In fact, after all is said, it is the solid men that make Churches and strong political combinations. The light, noisy fellows who shout and make a fuss, don't really amount to much in business, or Church, or State.

One class of solid men—the farmers—is not largely represented in Muskoka for the simple reason that August is harvest time in Ontario.

Another interesting type met in large numbers in our Northern playground might be described as

THE PROMISING YOUNG MAN OF ONTARIO.

The promising young man is generally a student, or a clerk, or salesman, or a young lawyer, or a young man engaged in some kind of business, who gets two or three weeks of a holiday and works as industriously during his vacation as he does at home. As a rule, he is a fine young fellow, and if he has not a good time in Muskoka, the fault is not his. There is some reason to doubt whether the wearing of so much white flannel by our young men during holidays improves their appearance, but the question of clothes is one upon which the uninitiated had perhaps better not enter. We all used to wear white flannel at one period of our lives, but it was before we were old enough to climb the rocks in Muskoka.

AMERICAN TOURISTS

are usually seen in large numbers in our Northern regions, but this year that type is not so largely represented. The World's Fair and the financial crisis may have decreased their numbers. Our neighbours have been trying to get rich too fast. Some of them have been living above their means, and the usual results have followed. Both of these things are being attempted by too many Canadians, and if we would learn to avoid their mistakes, the lesson would do us more good than the unneighbourly exercise of throwing stones at them. There is no more agreeable or interesting man to meet than a first-class American citizen on his summer tour.

PROFESSIONAL MEN.

abound in Muskoka in August. The lawyers are legion. The parsons are there too, though not always seen in strictly professional costume. The Presbyterian parson who goes to Muskoka as regularly as he goes to Presbytery, may be seen standing at his wharf or on a rock on his island in a style of dress, or rather of undress, that we would not dare to describe. No pen could describe him. The photographer is the only artist that could do him justice. Doctors are sometimes met, but their number is not nearly so large as that of lawyers or clergymen. A doctor in large practice is perhaps the hardest worked man in any community, and he finds it harder to get away from his work than any other member of the community. Some people indulge in a good deal of small wit at the expense of the medical profession. As a matter of fact, a medical man in fair practice does more for the poor and suffering without fee or reward than is done by any dozen of other men in society.

The real Simon Pure dude does not abound in Muskoka. He should abound anywhere. A dude is not worth feeding, even when fall wheat is worth only fifty cents a bushel.

THE TEACHING OF THE CONFES-SION OF FAITH ON THE SCRIPTURES.

The late Professor Young, of Toronto, was, with other accomplishments, an exceedingly able mathematician. The writer of this paper once asked of him the process, by which he so readily reached the solution of a problem. His reply was, "I first fix my attention upon the data given, then clearly upon what is wanted, the lines in infinite number begin to simplify with angles and curves till the figure forms before me." A true mathematical instinct. Sir Isaac Newton was a great mathematician, and wonderful were his researches and discoveries therein. As an authority he could be safely followed. He essayed to interpret Scripture prophecy. Except on the curiosity shelf of a library, his work thereon is forgotten, and even there neglected. The mathematical inerrancy was no security that as an exegete he might be followed with confidence.

Bezaleel, of the tribe of Judah, was "filled with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to de-

vised cunning works, to work in gold and in silver, and in brass," etc. (Ex. xxxi. 2-5). But that did not inspire him to teach the deep things of God, or those things the angels desire to look into. Hiram, of Tyre, was also "filled with wisdom and understanding, and cunning to work all works in brass" (I Kings vii. 14). He may have ranked high in masonry, but by no means appears as an authorized teacher in the way of righteousness, or as a revealer of the will of God for worship in the temple erected by his skill. There are diversities of gifts, of ministrations, of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all. The hand, perfectly adapted to its own end, would make but sorry work of walking for practical purposes, and the eye would utterly fail in speaking to a friend, that the Saviour of sinners was near.

Apply these facts to the teaching of the Confession regarding the authority of the Holy Scripture. They are given "to be the rule of faith and life"; they declare, "the whole counsel of God concerning all things necessary for His own glory, man's salvation, faith, and life"; and the final appeal is to them "in all controversies of religion." To these ends we may trust implicitly their inspiration, and thus Paul declares (2 Tim. iii. 16), "For doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

It would appear then strictly construed, that neither Scripture nor the Confession commit to the position that even in the originals, there is inerrancy in, e.g., chronology, or even historical narrations, where matters of doctrine are not concerned. In other words, holy men of old spake of things pertaining to salvation, as moved by the Holy Ghost. Let us not be misunderstood; we are not arguing for mistakes in the original writings, or even surmising that errors occur. This is not an article on either exegetical or critical lines, we are endeavouring to make plain some of the limitations of the Confession's declaration regarding the Scriptures, and to understand the liberty given therein to inquiry and opinions, to define the position of the standards of the Church as distinguished from mere inferences from them.

In these presentations we disavow all attempts at special pleading, or at theorizing. Nor do we admit that the Westminster divines were strangers to the questions which perplex the theologian and the critic to-day. Let any one make himself, even in small measure, acquainted with the writings of the old English divines, and with Calvin's commentaries, and he will be at once convinced that the compilers of the Confession knew whereof they affirmed and recognized, what we too often fail to see, the hopeless perplexity which must arise when theories of inspiration are made to obscure the acceptance of the simple fact. We may implicitly trust the prophets as they testified beforehand concerning the grace to be revealed in Jesus Christ, even should it be discovered that they followed current tradition as to the history of their nation; and fearlessly criticize, even correct if need be genealogical tables, such as Genesis x., while we reverently search for the teachings that point to the Christ who suffered and entered into His glory.

In your issue, Mr. Editor, of Aug. 16th, "Layman" asks from me a more full and clear explanation of the proper course to take in expounding Scripture. May I say that there is no attempt on my part at this juncture to even touch upon that important theme. In some measure, the Church's attention is being directed to the limitations within which her teachers may enjoy legitimately liberty of expression as to the authority of Holy Scripture. We are simply endeavouring for ourselves and for others, to distinguish things which differ; to separate the teaching of the standard from the traditions of the schools, and to assert the liberty without license, which the Church is ever ready to accord to her children. In doing so, we are not sitting in the chair of the dogmatist, but on the seat of the enquirer. PRESBYTER.

LIGHT IN THE CLOUDS.

BY REV. E. WALLACE WAITS, B.A., D.D.C.

Written for the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

Many years ago the patriarch of American poetry wrote:—

"Be still, my soul, and cease repining,
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining."

That second line of Longfellow's familiar verse is simply a paraphrase of the words of the youthful Elihu. A young man of great genius, and high culture, his thoughts are deep and devout, and his expressions clear and eloquent. "Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds;" or, more literally, "Men cannot look upon the bright splendour that is on the clouds, for the wind passeth along, and maketh an opening!" The idea seems to be, that the wind appeared to sweep along over the clouds, as the tempest was rising, and they seemed to open and disperse in one part of the heavens, and to reveal in the opening a glory so bright and so dazzling that the eye could not rest on it. That light or splendour made in the opening cloud was the symbol of God, approaching to wind up this great controversy, and to address Job and his friends in the sublime language which is found in the closing chapters of the book.

Let us all be reminded that we live on the unillumined side of the cloud, and only needful rays shine through; and yet the rays are quite sufficient for our guidance. Although the reference in Job, chap. xxxvii., is of course to the physical fact, it is certainly suggestive of the mental tendency, which is very strong in some, to look at the dark side of things. You see this tendency in the sceptic, in relation to the dark things of revelation. There are confessedly many dark things in the Bible. There are apparent historical discrepancies, contradictory statements and insoluble problems. But over all these clouds there is a bright light; the darkest has a silver fringe. The love of the Infinite Father, the unspotted holiness of our great example, the elements of moral restoration, and the existence of a blessed immortality, are bright lights surrounding all. But the sceptic will only look on the cloud, he will not look at the light. We have quite sufficient truth shining through the cloud, for us to walk in the paths of obedience, waiting for the time when we shall get above the cloud and behind the cloud, into the overwhelming brightness that plays for ever round the Eternal Throne.

You see this tendency in the desponding Christian in relation to his own experience. In the experience of the best of men there is much that is cloudy; reminiscences of wrong, doubts, and fears are clouds rolling over the soul. A pious old churchman of the last generation, Joshua Watson, used to say that as life advanced his abhorrence of evil in himself and his brethren for it so increased, that in his latter days confession of sin, which in youth had seemed to be somewhat exaggerated, because the sincere voice of his heart. The desponding man sees the clouds and nothing else. He often says, "I walk in darkness, and there is no light. But there is a light in the clouds, the light of divine promise. 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' 'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd.' 'Come unto me, and ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Let us struggle against the tendency, and learn to see in all the clouds hanging over us, the bright light. The light is there, but not always visible.

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

The Infinite Light behind the cloud is Infinite Love. And among these rays of love that shine through upon us, pilgrims of eternity, I am sure of this that God means every adversity for our good, and every trial to work out "an exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

But so far we have been only stating

Christian Endeavor.

HOW A CHRISTIAN CAN MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

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

Sept. 3rd.—Acts 27 : 33-36 ; Ps. 5 : 11, 12.

One can scarcely conceive of a more trying situation than that in which Paul now found himself. He was a prisoner, and as such he was on his way to Rome to be tried by the Emperor. The great majority of his travelling companions were unbelievers—Romans, Macedonians, Alexandrians. His voyage lay over the Mediterranean, a very treacherous sea, and one of those furious storms which frequently arise there had sprung up. The vessel was in imminent danger. Some of the sailors had become so alarmed that, under the presence of casting anchor out of the ship, they attempted to leave the vessel and take the boat with them. This they would have done had not their designs been frustrated by Paul. Let us see how, in the midst of this trouble and alarm, Paul, the Christian, made the best of things.

I. He was calm and collected. Under similar circumstances the sinner is apt to be greatly excited. When the infidel Volney, was once caught in a storm on Lake Erie, he was exceedingly alarmed, and, falling upon his knees, he excitedly asked God to have mercy upon him. When Dr. Duff was on his way to India, he was accustomed to hold service on the boat on Sabbath. A captain who had no regard for religious things, used to show his contempt for the service by parading on the deck above the worshippers. But when a storm arose, this captain wildly exclaimed, "What shall become of me, I have been such a hypocrite?" How different was the conduct of Paul when the storm arose on the Mediterranean! He was calm and collected. Is it not true that the Christian in the midst of danger is often even more calm than those who are bringing the trouble upon him? When Daniel was being cast into the den of lions his spirit seems to have been more tranquil than that of those who were intrusted with the task of thrusting him in there. On Mount Carmel, Elijah stood alone while the king, his retinue and all the priests of Baal were arrayed against him, and yet he was cool and calm while they were intensely agitated. Once when a certain city was being shaken with an earthquake, all the inhabitants, except an old woman, were greatly alarmed. Some one asked her if she were not afraid. She replied, "I am glad I believe in a God who has power to shake the earth."

II. Paul maintained a cheerful, hopeful and thankful spirit. He acted as if he believed and expected that they would all be preserved as God had promised. He took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all. He was cheerful because he felt that God was his refuge and strength (Ps. 46 : 1). He was hopeful because he knew that God could control the winds and the waves. He was thankful because he had received the assurance that all would be brought safe to land.

III. He directed others. When they were setting out on that voyage, he gave some good advice to the sailors, but they, regarding him perhaps as a land-lubber who knew nothing about winds and tides, refused to heed him. But now they were in a better mood, and as they had taken no regular meal for about a fortnight, they very willingly partook of food as he advised. They respected him now as if he were the captain of the vessel. There is something almost sublime in the sight of a man quietly, deliberately and wisely putting the fears of others to flight and restoring confidence at a time of panic. Paul's words and example had a most beneficial effect upon the company. Soon they were all of good cheer. They began to feel satisfied with the present and to look forward with hope to the future.

Ram's Horn: The man who expects to bid his sins good good-bye one at a time, will never get them all behind him.

fact. We have not yet got the why? Oh, that would take so long to tell, so wondrous long to tell! Why? But mark, the love that is in Christ is God's love, made real, articulate, living, actual love on earth for men. You think—at least some men think that they could learn God's love apart from Christ. Could they? Did they ere he came? Can they now He has come? "This world is very lovely," said a poet of my youth. "This world is very lovely. O, my God, I thank Thee that I live." And 'tis so lovely to stand on mountain peak at break of day, and see from out the east, the glorious sunrise, bringing light and health and beauty in his beams. To stand there, feel its glory and see its brilliance is to think how great and gracious and good its Creator is! So it may be. But carry to that mountain summit a man who has just left the bed of death, where the dearest of earth to him doth lie. Carry him, with all his passionate grief and still unresigned spirit, and let him stand there and look. What would the man say? "Oh, cruel glory! Oh, hateful beauty! This great Nature, so dead to my pain, so void of compassion for my loss and need and grief!" But place him in sight of the love of Christ and you place him in the very heart of God, and you give the heart of God's pity to him; and he knows that grief, so far from being to him peculiar, has its counterpart in God. The Man of Sorrows makes to the man in sorrow God come divinely near. Now, dear reader, it is this love, this particular love of God, shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto it, that brings the soul into the right relation to God, and enables the man as a child of God to feel that God, his Father, is overruling all things for his good. These are the dispositions and feelings, then, that put us in the right attitude and in the right relation to God, to all the movements of God's providence. You take a child in the family. If that child has the feelings of a true child, he sees and feels that everything in the administration of the family is for his good. If a wicked child, then he has a contrary feeling and contrary perception. The citizen who is not in sympathy with the laws of his country, feels those laws oppressive; but the citizen who is filled with true loyalty to his nation, feels that the administration of the laws of the nation are such as are benign for him. Now, it is this feeling that makes all the difference in this great question. I remember some years ago, reading of a youth who was lame from his birth—he grew almost to manhood a cripple—and, as his reason dawned and his observation extended, he sat by the window, propped up in his chair, and looking out upon the street saw the boys playing as they came and went; and said to himself, "Why has God made me thus?" "Why has not I feet and legs to run and jump as other boys?" "O God," he said, "I am angry with you! Away with God! Away with religion!" He was full of sharpness and sourness and complaint. His disposition shed bitterness on this bitter disposition shed bitterness on all the world around. But a friend came in one day to see him, and loaned him "The Wide, Wide World." Aquilla read this book, and it opened new thoughts to him—new thoughts of God and creation and man; and, step by step, he was led along until Jesus was offered to him as a Saviour for condemned and penitent sinners, and his faith laid hold upon Christ. The burden of sin was removed; his heart was renewed; the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost; and now, as he looked out, and saw the boys and girls skipping and hopping, he said, "All right." As he sat in his chair, day after day, and looked upon the beautiful sky and green earth, and knew himself condemned to be a cripple for life, he said, "It is all right. God has done it. My Father has done it. I love Him. He loves me. He can but do all things for my good." When love fills the heart, it says, "I cannot see the hand of God; I cannot canvass and certainly determine the reasons controlling Him; but I know,

from the fact that He loves me, that there are reasons known to Him which are shaping my destiny and controlling His acts towards me." God governs the world by most beautiful laws of compensation. Faith loves to study them, to note them in her diary, and erect pillars of praise for every fresh discovery. We see it in the physical and the spiritual worlds. The deaf very often have an unusual quickness of eyesight. The blind are often gifted with increased acuteness of hearing; and sometimes, when the eye is darkened, the sense of touch becomes so exquisite, that you are able to communicate with them through that sense, and that alone. I love to watch the career of men whose character has been developed by hardship, severe toil, burden-bearing, lessons beaten into them with the rod of chastisement. We see that in the History of Nations.

The darkest cloud that ever overshadowed the world was that which rested on Golgotha, when fiendish spirits were permitted to put to death the Lord of Glory. And yet, out of this cloud comes our Redemption. Verily, "He hath made Him to be sin, for us, who knew no sin, that we may be made the righteousness of God in Him." I thank God that never doth He permit a cloud so dark but behind it is the light, and through it streams the mercies, and from it descend plentiful and abounding blessings. Let me give you an illustration drawn from the lips of a rough sea-faring man, one of the few survivors of a great wreck which took place some years ago, when a crowded steamship foundered in the stormy waters of the Bay of Biscay. As soon as those who had escaped from the sinking vessel found themselves in a small boat on the raging sea, they discovered that their chief danger came not from the massive sweep of the waters, but from the angry breaking waves which descended upon them from time to time, and against which every eye and hand had to watch with unabated attention. As the shades of evening grew on, the survivor who told the story said that his heart sank at the thought that in the darkness of the night it would be impossible to see those insidious breakers, and that sooner or later the boat would be engulfed by them. But with the darkness there came a corresponding safety. Every one of those dangerous waves, as it rolled towards them, was crested with phosphoric light, and showed its coming afar off, and enabled the seamen to guard against it as carelessly as if they had been in full daylight. The crest of phosphoric light on the top of those breaking billows was as the light of Divine grace, the compensating force of Providence, in the darkness of this moral night, and on the waves of this troublesome world. The perplexity, the danger, the grief, often brings with it its own remedy. On each bursting wave of disappointment and vexation, there is a crown of heavenly light which reveals the peril, and shows the way, and guides us through the roaring storm.

The future will clear up many a mystery. Here we know only in part. We have just perused the Memorials of Catharine and Crawford Taft, the wife and the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. I will risk any argument against the divinity of Christianity, upon the experiences recorded in that volume. Your child died, but have you had two children dying, and as soon as the second died the third sickened for death, and as soon as the third died, the fourth getting ready for heaven, and no sooner the fourth taken up than the fifth withers and dies—week after week, till the whole five go, and all the little graves are green together, and the stranger unable to tell which of the five was cut first? And then have you been able to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight?" Then truly have you found rest unto your soul! Walk some day into one of your great factories, and as you look at the machinery, you will see wheels revolving in various directions, wheels within wheels, counter wheels, harmonious wheels; but the superintendent of

the factory will take you to a point and show you a little implement that comes out perfect in its character as the result of this working—this contrary as well as harmonious working. And so as we look at the universe of God, this vast, complicated and involved machinery of the universe, it looks conflicting, and we become bewildered; but as believing love takes us to the end, we see it is brought out under the sky for the administration of God and angels; the believer perfected through suffering, reflecting the image and countenance of the Redeemer.

On this side of the cloud we have nothing to do but receive the truth that comes through and walk by it. A little girl was one day working at her worsted, a stranger came into the parlour, and, as he looked at her, said, with an apparent sneer, "My dear, what is that you are doing? I see nothing but tangled webs and confused knots." She looked up archly into his face, and replied, "You are looking on the wrong side; look at the right side"; and she turned it over, and there it was, a beautiful figure of a flower. Oh! how confused we are just looking on the wrong side! When God takes us up higher, and we can look down on the right side, then we will see the lines of beauty, harmony, and sweetness; and when we join the immortal throng, "This note above the rest shall swell; My Saviour hath done all things well."

The late Dr. Hamilton, of Regent Square, London, visiting once a most noble-hearted working Christian of his church, found her lying on her bed racked with a pulmonary cough, in the first stage of consumption. He said to her, "My friend, is it not hard for you, who used to be so active, to be laid aside from your mission-school and all your work of charity?" She was wiser than he in this instance. She said, "When I was well, God used to say to me, 'Betty, go take loaves to the hungry; Betty, go distribute Bibles and tracts; Betty, go teach in the mission-school. Now God says to me, 'Betty, lie still there and cough.' I am serving God as much while I cough away my life on this bed as I ever did in your church or in your mission-schools." Out of doubt comes faith; out of grief comes hope; and "unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." Let us never be frightened at God's clouds. He is continually making clouds of trial which at first shock and darken us, but which are to be to us sources of infinite blessing:

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan its work in vain,
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Reader, art thou looking and waiting, and listening to God's word from the clouds? For thee, brother, if thou repentest not, there is a cloud coming—another cloud, a cloud like that which moved above Israel, bright to God's friends, and midnight darkness to God's foes. Come now into the cloud of His mercy.

The Young Women's Christian Guild is an organization for the purpose of helping young women who come as strangers to the city to obtain situations. This is done free of charge upon application, either in person or by letter. In addition to this, many valuable privileges are offered by the Guild to those who seek its aid. Such institutions as this are doing a good work in the city, and their help to those needing it is of the most valuable kind. The building is at 21 McGill St., and the Secretary's office may be found there.

The Gospel in All Lands is published for the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The August number is full, varied, and interesting in its contents, which are helped by illustrations. Iceland, Bokhara, China, India, Italy, Bulgaria, are among the lands of which tidings are given in this number. There are also articles on general subjects, a Young People's Department, and General Notes and Comments. Hunt and Eaton, 150 Fifth Ave, New York.

Pastor and People.

WHY WITH JESUS.

QUESTION.

Why so oft with Jesus, Christian?
Why so oft, as though in prayer,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus?
Tell me, why so often there?

ANSWER.

Just to see Him smile upon me,
Just to listen to His voice;
Just to know how much He loves me,
Just to make His heart rejoice.
Just to tell Him every sorrow,
Just to whisper every care;
Just to see Him fondly listen,
Glad—so glad! my griefs to bear.
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,—
Looking up with open face,
Gazing at His matchless glory,
Wondering at His boundless grace;
Filled with rapture at His beauty—
Spell-bound, ling'ring at His feet,
Ling'ring at this place of blessing,
Oh! no place to me so sweet.
"What have I to do with idols?"
Can they give me peace like this?
Can they fill my soul with rapture?
Can they give eternal bliss?
Nay! The sweet they give is bitter,
Earth's delights but live to fade;
All its pleasures seem, but are not;
All its lights are dimmed with shade.
Only at the feet of Jesus,
Only here my soul is blest;
All around is grief and sadness—
Only here is perfect rest.

--Selected by Mrs. J. S. G.

SOULS THAT SLEEP.

EVANGELISTIC ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN McNEILL.

"Awake! Arise! Awake thou that sleepest." We have this in substance and in different forms elsewhere, but in actual form here. Luther said, you remember, that certain texts were little Bibles. I think this is one; at any rate, this is a text which is a little sermon. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." That is an evangelistic address; it is put in the very form that conveys it to the people to whom you are talking. Now here is a text that is a sermon. You may forget what I say, but I want you to remember the text. There is the sinner described; there is the sinner addressed; there is the sinner pointed to the Saviour. What more would you have? "Awake, thou that sleepest." See how our life away from Christ, the life of unbelief, the life of worldliness, the life of sin that you are living, is described here as a life of sleep. The Bible often changes its figures. The man who is not converted, the soul here who is not walking in the light of Christ's grace is asleep; you are like one who at twelve o'clock in the day is still snoring on his bed. It is not a complimentary description, is it? The Bible never was complimentary to a sinner; the Bible always speaks the plain, bare truth. That is why folks don't like the Bible, and don't like the preacher. And I can imagine a man saying, "Oh, this is overdone: we must draw the line at this." But it is on the Bible—I stand on the Bible every time, and the Bible said it all to me first. I kicked against it just like my neighbours, but found it true, and I am not going to let you off. Not only does the Bible back me up, but my own experience does, and plenty of people also, who first of all were ruffled by God's Word and irritated; but by and by they found out that the Bible was a faithful friend. Because the Bible loved, it dared their rebuke, and it told them the truth. You say to me: "If you only knew the people who know me; they would tell you that I am rather wide-awake." Well, I have not denied it; in the affairs of the world, I believe you are very wide-awake. If there was anything to be got by it, you are on the right shift to make overtime. I believe you are all agog, you would turn night into day, and make Sunday into Saturday if it got you something as regards this present world.

You remember the story of the man who went to sleep, and when he awakened up, the generations meanwhile had passed away. He came to the village and noticed how everything around him

was mildewed and rusty, and nobody knew him. The only place where he felt familiar was in the graveyard, where the names of the headstones were the names of the people he had known before he fell on his sleep. Now, every unconverted man will, after his waking up, admit that he was sound asleep, and that the realities of life had never dawned upon him. Thus the text holds true, "Awake, thou that sleepest." Suffer my blunt speech. If you want to arouse a man, you have got to arouse him; you will never rouse a heavy sleeper, like some of you, by standing up and washing your hands in invisible soap and water, and whispering polite nothings. I am not here to say hard things about your natural condition, simply for the sake of saying them, or simply to show that I have the best of the argument according to the Bible, or that I have the whip by the handle, and will make you feel the supple end of it.

I am speaking in the rousing way I am doing because I am right. I will go bail for it that you come to me tomorrow night, if you take Christ to-night you will say: "Preacher, you were right. My past unconverted life was just as good as sleep, a dream, unreal, and I only woke up the realities of existence, to the realities of time and eternity some time between eight and nine o'clock last night."

Let me come to you and be the means of awakening you to concern about conversion, about your own personal interest in Christ, to personal concern about things which await you in eternity, which is always coming nearer. Believe in eternity, believe in God, believe in Christ, take the Bible view of things in regard to sin, and the Saviour, and eternity, and the blessings which come through faith in Him "Awake, thou that sleepest" to reality, to consciousness, to dim understanding at least of existence, as represented by the eternal word of the eternal God. "Awake! thou that sleepest," and thank God that the message is so plain—a trumpet call, something rolling, resounding, and no mistake about it. It is no world for sleeping in, this. But, oh, outside of Christ dare you rest? I once caught a man lying asleep—a drunken sleep—between the four-foot, as it is called, of the railway, and the midnight express coming thundering down the bank. Such is thy state, oh unconverted soul. Awake, and listen, and you will hear the far-off sound of the judgment which is coming. Get out from between the rails. Get out; shift your body. Get yourself clear. I awakened that man, didn't I? How could I pass him? And didn't I wake him rather roughly? Wouldn't I have been a fool if I had sat down and said polite things to him? "This is no time to trifle; Life is brief and sin is here; Courage is like the falling of a leaf, The dropping of a tear."

This is no place to dream away the hours,
And all shall be earnest in a world like ours."

"Awake thou that sleepest and"—what? "and arise from the dead." What does that mean? First of all "awake," that's the first thing. Then the second thing is, of course, "get up, arise from the dead," for every man who awakens is not a man who is up, is he? "Oh, no, no, no! Some of us make a big difference between awakening and getting up. It is not so hard to awaken some of you, but oh, it is a job to get you over on your feet. You will awaken, and you will get on your elbow, and you will crack away with anybody for an hour like a pop-gun, you will talk and talk, and drink a cup of coffee in your bed—oh, how you like it!—yes, anything to postpone the actual having to get up and put on your clothes, and go back again to the old treadmill of world's work. Oh, some of us don't know how lazy we can be, for we have never been tried."

I awaken sometimes, I don't know whether it is the same with you? I take these homely illustrations that

cause a smile, because they are true. Now, I have awakened and got up, this was the fatal spring. I fell over again and dreamed that I was up.

Haven't you done that? I dreamed that I was up and dressed, and then afterwards woke up with a start and an awful disappointment, to find that it was all to do yet. I'm afraid there are a lot of people that way in religion. They only think.

Come, wake up, man, arise, take the step forward and outward away from sleep, away from your past, and be able to say: "I'm up, bless God, I'm up, and I know that I have left my bed by the very shivers that are going through me in the cold." Spring to your feet like a man; it is high time—it is almost past time. "What meanest thou, oh sleeper? Arise and call upon thy God." "Arise from the dead." There is the truth, too, to describe what is round about you, and the state you are in. Who would sleep in a grave yard? Who would live among bones and decay? And that is where you are living, unconverted sinner.

"There is a time, I know not when,

A point, I know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
For glory or despair."

Don't live among the dying and rotten, Live! Oh come! Arise!

"Christ shall give thee light." A great offer for you, and the great danger to warn you from, the awful danger of passing away in your sleep, as we read of people doing every day, passing away in their sleep. God save us! There may be numbers of people who spiritually pass away in their sleep and have never woken. They died as they lived! A man is not comfortable when he awakens. He wakens with his face to Sinai, and there sweep through his soul these considerations: "God is holy, God is my law-giver; I have broken His laws; I was made by Him and am accountable to Him, and my life has been a transgression, a trampling under foot of His commandments and His grace and mercy." Steady your nerve a minute; you may take a wrong step now. And as you have obeyed the rest of the text you will obey this: "Christ shall give thee light." First of all, you are sleeping in the midst of your danger and distress; then when you are awakened to it all, "Christ shall give thee light." Do you ask, "Where is He?" He is beside you; He has come in; He is the brave fireman; He has come into your burning building, and has wanted to fill His arms with you. It is like this. In Edinburgh one night—and if any of you know Edinburgh you know the Register House, and you know the very high block of buildings behind the Register House—I think in West Register street yonder, just straight from the postoffice there stands a very high towering building. Some friends of mine lived in one of the "flats," as they are called. A fire broke out in the night. The people heard the noise, they heard the crackling, they heard the shouts, and they awakened the sleepers. They arouse; though alas, alas! they afterwards went wrong. They arose, gathered themselves together, they came down stairs till they came to the passage that leads out into the street. They were almost safe; but in that entry they were met by a blinding rush of smoke, and, in the terror and alarm of the moment, instead of going straight out through the smoke they turned into a door that was standing deceitfully open—a door into a chamber—and before they could recover from their mistake they were suffocated. For want of light they perished in the smoke and darkness. So need perish none who come to Christ. He is thy light.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say:

"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my star, my sun;
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till travelling days be done." Amen.

Ram's Horn: What the world needs most, is not more preaching, but more practice.

SAVED AS A SINNER.

There are many people who make great distinction between men of high and of low degree; between poor men and rich men, wise men and ignorant men. But in the sight of God, these differences are infinitesimal. There is doubtless a great difference between a boy who has a shilling and one who has not a penny; but to a millionaire the difference is not worth minding or mentioning. So the difference of a mile or two in locality, under certain circumstances, would be very important; but in reckoning distances by millions of miles, a mile wide would seem but a difference between those of high and low degree. The Lord, looking down from heaven on them all, says, "There is no difference," and includes them all under sin, that he might have mercy upon all. It is said that when the late Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, was expressing, in the prospect of death, some concern about the state of his soul, his physician endeavoured to soothe his mind by referring to his high respectability, his honourable conduct in the distinguished situation in which Providence had placed him, when the Duke stopped him short, saying, "No; remember, if I am to be saved, it is not as a prince, but as a sinner."

It is well for both princes and people to understand that they are but men, that they are but dust, and that in the presence of God, kings and peasants, princes and paupers, millionaires and beggars, wise men and ignorant men; stand on a common footing—"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." All need forgiveness, pardon and salvation; and all, if saved at all, must be saved by the mercy of Him who loved the lost, and who came into the world to save sinners. Publicans and Pharisees, wise men and ignorant, all must meet upon the same level, and cry, in the language of the publican, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." If they would go down to their houses justified.—Episcopal Recorder.

TOO BUSY TO PRAY.

Jesus appears to have devoted himself specially to prayer, at times when His life was unusually full of work and excitement. His was a very busy life; there were nearly always "many coming and going" about Him. Sometimes, however, there was such a congestion of thronging objects that He had scarcely time to eat. But even then He found time to pray. Indeed, these appear to have been with Him seasons of more prolonged prayer than usual. Thus we read: "So much the more went there a fame abroad of Him, and great multitudes came together to hear and to be healed by Him of their infirmities; but He withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed."

Many in our day know what this congestion of occupation is—they are swept off their feet with their engagements, and can scarcely find time to eat. We make this a reason for not praying. Is there any doubt which is the better course? Many of the wisest have in this respect done as Jesus did. When Luther had a specially busy and exciting day, he allowed himself a longer time than usual for prayer beforehand. A wise man once said he was too busy to be in a hurry. He meant that if he allowed himself to become hurried he could not tell all he had to do. There is nothing like prayer for producing this calm self-possession. When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with comfort and expedition.—Jas. Stalker.

Everyone may know that to will and not to do, when there is opportunity, is in reality not to will; and that to love what is good and not to do it, when it is possible, is in reality not to love it. Will, which stops short of action, and love, which does not do the good that is loved, is a mere thought, separate from will and love, which vanishes and comes to nothing.—Swedenborg.

Our Young Folks.

A LITTLE SALSARITAN.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

On mighty London's crowded streets
The rain was falling fast,
And through each lane and thoroughfare
Cold swept the wintry blast.

Slow omnibuses heavy rolled
And crested carriage proud,
While fast along the splashing street
Hastened the busy crowd.

Too eager o'er their own affairs,
That ever-changing throng,
To see a ragged little boy,
Who slowly crept along.

No coat the poor child's slender form
Protected from the cold,
While sad his youthful face its tale
Of want and hunger told.

"'Tis strange," he muttered to himself,
"Among all the folk I see,
I have not met a single soul
That seems to care for me."

As thus he sadly wandered on,
With worn and weary feet,
He saw an ill-clad little boy
Run down the darkening street.

Who, stopping, said with piteous look,
"The rain must wet you through;
You have no coat, see mine is large,
'Twill serve to shelter two!"

Glad to him came the shivering child,
And round his shoulders bare
Half of his little ragged coat
He spread with anxious care.

Few, passing, on them turned to look,
But few the thought impressed,
How noble was the heart that beat
Within that ragged breast.

Small and unheeded here below,
But angels far above
Bent silent from their harps of gold
To watch that act of love.

As in the Bible's page, that man
Was blessed, who mercy showed
To him whom others coldly left
To perish by the road.

So God, who views our actions still,
The evil and the good,
Will bless the gentle deed of him
Who hath done what he could.

—M. C., in Morning Rays.

JOHNNY BROWN.

Let me ask you to come and see Johnny Brown. His house is not a grand one; it is humble indeed, for it has only a thatched roof. Johnny's father died when Johnny was only six years old, and his mother has had to work hard to get money to buy food and clothes for Johnny, his sister Ellen and herself. But Johnny is very helpful to his mother. He goes to school every morning; and although he has to walk two miles, the schoolmaster told me yesterday that for the last year he had never been absent nor even late. "A boy," he said, "can make four hundred and twenty-nine school attendances in the year, for the roll is called twice a day; and Johnny had made them all." Before he goes to school he carries in water and goes for the milk, and does a great many useful things. He always learns his lessons the night before.

Johnny has now passed the sixth standard, and is fourteen; and he thinks it is time he was earning some money and helping his mother. He heard the other day that Mr. Wood, the grocer, wanted a boy, and he applied for the place. Mr. Wood liked the respectful but manly way of the boy, and said he would inquire about him, and if the inquiry was satisfactory he would take him on.

"What kind of boy is Johnny Brown?" he asked the schoolmaster.

"One of my best," was the reply. "He is not the quickest of boys at picking up his lessons, but he is attentive and obedient, and he works hard."

"A good character," said Mr. Wood. And then he asked the baker and the butcher if they knew anything of him.

"Yes," they said: "he is never in mischief; and he is very dutiful to his mother, and always ready, when not at his lessons, to run quickly any errand."

Lastly, he asked the minister if he knew him.

"Oh yes," said he; "I see him always in church with his mother and younger sister. I see him turning up the text and showing his sister the place, and behaving throughout the service like a boy well trained at home."

"That's the boy I want!"

So Johnny Brown was engaged; and I expect to hear, as he grows older and learns the business, that he will get to be clerk; for Mr. Wood is no longer a young man, and who knows but that he may take him in to be a partner. Indeed, if he goes on as he has begun, by God's blessing he is sure to succeed.

A PIGEON'S AFFECTION.

Some years ago, my father had a pair of common white pigeons. They were very tame, and became very much attached to him, so much so, that they were almost his constant companions, accompanying him in his walks, or when out driving. They would answer his whistle like a dog, and would alight on his proffered hand, or enter his pocket if opened for them. A sceptical friend thought they would show the same familiarity to any other person, and, to give them a fair trial, he procured a suit of clothes of the same colour as that which my father wore.

Arrayed in his disguise, our sceptical friend, imitating my father's whistle as nearly as possible, whistled to the pigeons. Immediately they left their perch on the house-top and flew down to the hand held out to receive them, but when they came within a few yards of it, they suddenly checked themselves, fluttered perplexedly for a few moments around our friend, and then flew back to the house-top. This was conclusive evidence. But a sad accident happened. One morning one of the pigeons was found upon the high-road dead, its body bearing marks of injury, but from what cause we never knew. We carried the dead body home and buried it in a sunny and quiet spot in the garden. For three days the surviving pigeon, with untiring energy, searched the country far and near for its mate, but in vain. It refused to touch food, and even the influence which my father usually exercised over it was gone. On the third day we found it dead in the dovecot, its little heart broken with grief by the loss of its lifelong companion. We buried it beside its mate. Since then my father has never kept pets.—London Spectator.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything. Not those 'young ladies,' who going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and pictures with young men who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame, if they heard it. All this, most credulous young ladies, they will do, although they will gaze at your fresh young face admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what "other girls do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love, is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. Render yourself truly intelligent. And above all, tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidante, all you think and feel. It is strange that many young girls will tell every person before "mother," that which it is most important that she should know. It is sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughters than she does herself.

HOW A BABY SAVED THEM.

A missionary in China, Rev. James Graham, tells how their baby saved their home from destruction and themselves from what seemed almost certain death.

There was an uprising of the Chinese against the missionaries, and a mob that found Mr. Graham outside his home began to abuse him. They pursued him to his home pelting him with bricks.

His wife, believing that innocence has power to dispel evil, seized her baby from the cradle and ran to the window, where

she held it up in the face of the mob.

The baby, as if it had been trained for the scene, began to crow, and throw up its hands in the absurdly friendly fashion of babies, at the threatening faces below. The Chinese saw it, and began to grin back in return. The bricks fell from their hands, and the missionary escaped in-doors. Nor did they leave; they gathered around the window where the baby still crowed and goo-gooed, and actually stayed until they were surprised and overcome by a rescue party from town.

KIND SISTERS.

"Here comes mamma," said Janie.

"O, mamma, must I save some of my sweets for Grace?"

"I think a good little sister would."

"But Grace did not give me any of hers yesterday."

"Did she not? How did you like that?"

"I did not like it at all. And I want to make her not like it, too. Because I think she was mean."

"Dear, dear, and is mamma going to have two mean little girls, then?"

Janie looked at her mother, and then was quiet a minute. Then she ran and threw her arms around her neck, and said, "No, no, mamma dear! You shall not have any mean little girls at all! I expect Grace forgot; and I will go and give her some of my sweets now, so that she will not ever forget again!"

Her mother smiled. "I think that is the way to make her remember," she said. "And I am so glad that I am to have two kind little girls."

A WONDERFUL BIBLE.

An aged German woman in Ohio has a Bible that belonged to her grandmother, a native of Bohemia, at a time when Protestants were sorely persecuted. The grandmother dearly loved her Bible. An order had been given that all copies of the Scriptures found in the hands of the people should be burned. The priests came to search her house when she was busy preparing to bake. She got a minute's warning of their coming, and she had just time to take her valued Bible, and wrap it carefully, and put it in the centre of a mass of dough, and then place it in the warm oven. Here the dough was baked into a loaf of bread, with this Bread of Life safe in its centre. The priests never dreamt of looking into the oven and breaking up the loaf; and so the precious volume has come down to our times. How happy our times, when we have the Bible in the greatest abundance, and perfect liberty, and indeed every encouragement, to read its pages!

NEVER SOILED HIS LIPS.

We could not help overhearing an elderly gentleman conversing with half a dozen young college boys, the other day. He told them that never in all his life had he soiled his lips with a profane or an obscene word, or a drop of strong drink. He made the assertion with no semblance of conceit, but with the ring of gratitude in his voice that God had kept these, if not other, stains from marring his character. A kind of prig, or a goody-goody, milk-and-water personage, do you fellows who are just blossoming into manhood, call him? Ah! but you should have seen his erect carriage, his dignified, yet modest bearing, his pure face, and most of all the loving and admiring glances with which those boys regarded him. Perhaps some of them prayed that night more earnestly than ever, for clean lips and a pure heart.

Two little girls, Gertrude and Ethel Hedger, who are wards in chancery and heiresses to \$100,000 each, were recently arraigned as vagrants in a London police court. Their fortunes are so securely locked up in chancery that by no process of law can any of the money be obtained until the children are of age. They are at present practically destitute, and unable to procure decent surroundings, clothing or education.

Teacher and Scholar.

Sept. 10th, 1893. } PAUL AT ROME. { Acts xxviii, 20-31.
GOLDEN TEXT.—I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.—Rom. i, 16.

Malta, on which Paul and his companions were shipwrecked, proved a hospitable winter abode. The natives at once set to work to befriend them, a kindness which was continued throughout their stay, and of which further tokens were given to them on leaving. Until other accommodation could be secured, Publius, the chief man of the island, hospitably threw open his house to them. The generous kindness with which they were entertained, came back with blessed results upon the entertainers, as many of their diseased ones were healed by Paul, the father of Publius being the first. They would thus further realize that divine presence with him, which his remarkable preservation from a viper's bite had led them first to recognize, and to express by calling him a god. After three months Paul's party took ship for Italy, sailing by way of Syracuse and Rhegium to Puteoli, seven miles northwest from Naples. Here they disembarked, and after spending seven days with brethren, made their way by land to Rome. Tidings of their coming had preceded them, and they were cheered by meeting on the way different bands of Christians, who set out to welcome them. Arrived at Rome, Paul was allowed to dwell where he would, chained to a soldier. After three days, he sought an audience with the chief of the Jews, to whom he made known why he appeared as a prisoner, being careful to state that he was making no charges against his Jewish countrymen.

I. Conference with the Jews. Paul, as he goes on to explain, had been anxious to confer with them, since the cause of his imprisonment was his conviction that the hope of the Messiah (ch. xxvi. 6), so dear to every true Israelite, had been realized. They, in turn, assure him that they had received no official information from the Palestinian Jews, either by letter or special messenger, regarding his coming as a prisoner. Paul's appeal was so recent that communication since then would hardly yet have reached them. They think it proper, they state, to hear from him a statement of his views, for they know the sect of the Christians to be everywhere spoken against. In this cautious way they refrain from expressing their own opinion of the Christians already in Rome. Probably prudence in speech was helped by the insecurity of their position, since the recent banishment of Jews by Claudius (ch. xviii. 2). A time being set apart, a large number resorted to his lodging, and the whole day was taken up with a discussion of Christianity. Taking the mutually acknowledged Old Testament Scriptures, Paul sought to open up the spiritual nature of the kingdom of God, and to persuade that Jesus was the predicted head of the kingdom.

II. Issue of the Conference. Some were convicted by Paul's words, but of others, (seemingly the greater part) the prejudices were not overcome. Perhaps the cost of becoming a Christian made them more difficult to convince. The discussion seems to have passed over into an open expression of their views by the two parties. As they are on the point of breaking up, Paul solemnly warns them of the effects of persistent resistance to the truth, by referring to the charge given to Isaiah (Is. vi. 9). Isaiah had received the heavy charge to preach to a people who would not act on the words addressed to them. Thus by their continued indifference, even through his preaching they would become stupid in heart, dull in understanding, and humanly speaking, cut themselves off from the capacity of turning again and being healed. The frequent quotation of this passage in the new Testament (Matt. xiii. 14f.; John xii. 40f.) shows that the Jews continued too truly the children of their fathers. The thought is very solemn that persistent opposition to religious truth may close up the avenues by which it finds its way to the heart. Not even thus, however, is the word made of none effect. Pointing to his commission to preach to the Gentiles, Paul declares that they will accept the Saviour whom the Jews dignify.

III. Continued residence in Rome. For two years Paul continued with such partial liberty as enabled him to have his own rented house and teach all who resorted to him without molestation by the Roman Government. The kingdom of God and the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ remained his constant theme. Several of his epistles (Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians, Philemon) were written at this time, by which the churches were comforted and strengthened. One of these, at least, delighted to aid in supplying the apostle's needs (Phil. iv. 18). Through the successive soldiers to whom he was chained, his teaching became known to those surrounding the emperor. Thus his imprisonment furthered the Gospel, whose extension he had so much at heart (Phil. i. 12-14).

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The Canada Presbyterian

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30TH, 1893.

A clergyman applying for the position of Chaplain in the House of Representatives at Washington, pledged himself to make his prayers one minute in length. His application was promptly rejected, the members no doubt thinking that a man willing to make such a proposal, would not pray at all except as a matter of business. But where is the difference between a man offering to pray one minute and a committee on evangelistic services, arranging to have all the prayers just three minutes in length.

Pastors who have been fortunate enough to have a summer holiday, are returning to their work, and good preaching should be the order of the day. It can never be too frequently or too strongly stated that the pulpit supplies, and must always supply the motive power for every good work. Christ is to conquer the world by the preaching of the Word. In these days of multiplied agencies, this fundamental fact is too frequently forgotten, and too often ignored. If the pulpit goes down, everything else in the way of moral reform must go along with it.

The directors of the Chicago Fair are in a curious and costly fix. They broke their agreement with Congress and opened their gates on Sabbath with the hope of making money. The Sabbath-breaking did not pay and they closed up for a Sabbath or two. Then some one got out an injunction and compelled them to keep the gates open at a ruinous expense. Had they honestly kept faith with Congress, and at the same time kept the Fourth Commandment, they would be several millions richer in money and character. It pays to have convictions even in Chicago.

Comparatively few of the French politicians implicated in the Panama scandal have been rejected at the polls. Indeed some of the very worst have been returned by an increased majority. Whether an appeal to the people is of any use in punishing political offenders, depends entirely on the kind of people appealed to. Electors of a low moral tone will never punish a member for being a boodler. It is quite conceivable that some constituencies would think all the more highly of their representative if his morals were a little shaky. People who hold their elections on Sunday, as the French do, are not very likely to punish a man for taking a bribe.

There is good reason to believe that the Conservatives of England are not any too fond of their actual leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. They may yet bitterly regret that their aversion to Home Rule led them into forming so close an alliance with a strong, ambitious man who seemed to take a cruel delight in making the young bloods of the Commons do as he pleases. A pure, proud Radical is not usually an easy master, and signs are not wanting that the aristocratic followers of Balfour are becoming restive under the leadership of the Birmingham screw manufacturer. Politics in England as well as in Canada, brings strange bed-fellows.

The old charge that ministers avoid the platform and discuss questions from behind their pulpit cushions so as to avoid a hearing of the other side, has been

completely wiped out in Toronto during the last two weeks. A large number of the city ministers took a prominent part in the discussion of the Sunday car question, and the Presbyterians, as usual, were in the front rank. It will awaken no jealousy to say that Principal Caven and Mr. Macdonnell proved themselves among the strongest fighters for a quiet Sabbath. Had the latter not been compelled to leave the city on account of ill-health, he would have made it hot for some of the Sunday car men. So far as Toronto is concerned, the old cry that ministers are afraid to speak except from behind a pulpit battery, is dead and buried.

Those amiable enthusiasts who think that giving women votes would be a cure for all the ills that afflict the body politic, should revise their theory. Women not only voted for Sunday cars, but some of them went upon the platform and argued, in so far as they could argue, in favour of the innovation. The statement so often and so confidently made, that women would vote in favour of prohibition, is sheer assumption. Some of them would and some would not. If women can be found, even in Toronto the good, who will go upon the public platform and advocate Sabbath desecration, let nobody suppose that all women would vote against the liquor traffic. It is more than time that this nonsense about female votes and prohibition were stopped. The cause must be supported by better arguments, if prohibition is to carry on the first Monday in January.

The campaign in favour of prohibition will soon begin in real earnest, and it is to be hoped that Presbyterian ministers who take part will avoid the vulgar and unjust practice of heaping indiscriminate abuse upon the class of public men generally called politicians. That abominable practice has been carried much too far and it is often indulged in by ministers who have nothing to spare in the matter of standing themselves. A large proportion of the men in public life in Canada are elders, or other office-bearers or members of the Presbyterian Church. To abuse men one day and sit with them at the Church courts or at the Lord's table the next, is not high class work for a Presbyterian minister. It is not any higher work for the Methodist brother who would perhaps tell you in private that the Stationing Committee of his own Conference could give points to any politician.

The Toronto Unitarian for July and August, speaking of the cases of Dr. Briggs and Prof. Campbell, lifts its voice of warning as follows: "Thus are the clever, scholarly men being eliminated from the theological chairs of the orthodox colleges, and from the pulpits of the orthodox churches. These churches would seem to have no room for men who know, and who honestly say what they know—for men who want to prove all things, and hold fast to that which is good. If the heretic assures them that the facts are against them, their conclusive answer is, 'so much the worse for the facts; it is not facts we want, but our creed.' Then out goes the heretic. But the truth goes marching on." We should like to inform our Unitarian brother, that the two or three men who have, for the present, been deprived of their right to teach in the theological schools of the Presbyterian Churches in the United States and Canada, do not include all the "clever and scholarly men" in these bodies. Compared with the Unitarian Church, Presbyterianism has made rapid and wonderful progress on this continent, along the lines of doctrine it has always held, and which we believe to be true. Besides, this is not in its present aspect, directly a question of the truth of the doctrine these churches hold, but one of honest adherence to, and teaching doctrines which these men have professed to hold, and promise to defend as true. However honest they may be in their professions and assertions, that their teaching is in

accordance with the doctrines they have subscribed to, the Church, by its proper judicatories, says, it is not, and no other course is open to it, but to say, you can no longer teach them with our sanction, and therefore must withdraw from our colleges. In spite of this, we too believe that "truth goes marching on." But because two or three professors have ceased to be in accord in doctrine with the Churches they have served, we do not, therefore, conclude that they are necessarily right, and that the Church is necessarily wrong.

THE NEXT GREAT CAMPAIGN.

The vote on Sunday street cars in Toronto has for the present, at least, settled that matter. Another question of still wider interest to the country, immediately claims attention. In view of the plebiscite for or against Prohibition, which has been ordered by the Ontario Government, the heads of all the principal temperance organizations of the country have called a Union Temperance Convention, to be held in Toronto, beginning on Oct. 3rd at 10 a.m., and to last for at least two days. The circular calling the convention, states that, "To successfully meet the liquor traffic, there must be a closer union of our forces, and a more determined and uncompromising demand for effective legislation and law enforcement. The coming plebiscite on the question of Prohibition, is also a matter calling for special effort to secure the fullest possible demonstration of the people's desire for Prohibition. It is anticipated that this meeting will be the largest, the most thoroughly representative, and the most interesting gathering of moral reform workers ever held in this Province." We sincerely trust that this expectation may be realized to the utmost. The coming plebiscite is a great opportunity for all earnest temperance workers. The Government has in this way given them the power to show exactly, how far they and all professing temperance people are in earnest in their demands for prohibitory legislation, and also what strength of public sentiment there is in the country to sustain and carry out effectively the legislation when it is enacted. Unless there is a strong body of public opinion and conviction of the evil and danger to the nation of the liquor traffic, all past experience shows that legislation of this kind cannot be made really effective. Nothing should be left undone to bring out the whole strength of the prohibition sentiment in the country when the vote is taken. To this end, the one indispensable thing is thorough organization of the whole temperance force in every part of the Province, every township, village, and town as well as city. If this is not done, or if only done in an indifferent, slipshod fashion, the result can be only failure. But more than this can and ought to be done. Every effort should be put forth in the time yet to elapse to extend and deepen prohibition sentiment. The pulpit, the press and platform, should all be called into active and immediate requisition. No one can advocate the liquor traffic except those who love drink, and those who are interested in it as dealers. Churches, judges, inspectors, governors of jails, asylums and penitentiaries, men and women of all parties and creeds, have condemned and denounced it, so that the wonder is that it should still exist and continue doing its deadly work amongst us. The people have now the matter largely in their own hands, and it is for them to settle how it is to be in the future. All opposed to the drink traffic can cast their vote against it in the plebiscite untrammelled by any question of party politics. If the country speaks to the Government in a way plain and unmistakable, it must act, and in acting in obedience to and in accordance with the pronounced wish of the country it may fairly expect the assistance in this matter, of those who politically may be opposed to it. This is not, and should not be, a question of politics. If, when the country has spoken with a

clear and certain voice, Government should take no action, it will then become necessary for men who are determined and in dead interest in this matter, to sink for a time at least their party differences, and unite on one grand moral question, which for the highest wellbeing of the country is in every sense unspeakably more important than any one or all the questions of public policy put together, which now divide parties in Ontario.

A THOUGHTFUL AND CHRISTIAN SUGGESTION.

A late issue of The Week contained a very temperate article by "Alchemist," on "A Christian Opportunity," referring to such cases as those of Professors Briggs and Campbell, and the spirit in which they should be dealt with, which appears worthy of the attention of our Church at the present time. After noticing the painfulness of such cases, he takes objections to the terms "Heresy" and "Tribunal," used in connection with them, as being offensive, and chargeable to a certain extent with prejudging the case. This may, to a certain degree, be true in appearance, and yet not in reality. The words have acquired, it may be admitted, a certain harshness and severity as applied to the individual, and yet it is not easy to see how this can be avoided, for of necessity some term must be used in speaking of such cases. If these were laid aside and others employed, it is altogether likely that they would in no long time also acquire somewhat of implied censure. So that we do not see that much would be gained by using a new set of names. The duty of everyone is to see that he does not allow words to bias him in his judgment, but to keep them in their proper place as his servants, and not his masters.

Passing from this, the writer goes on to say: "Another point is the thoughtless hue and cry raised in cases of this kind. The greatest care not to make the 'heretic' feel that the world is all against him, is the duty evidently dictated by a Christlike spirit to the whole denomination, and especially to those who differ from him most. This matter is not so easy to reform as the use of criminal terms.

"But the most substantial wrong, almost universally done to him, is the deprivation of his means of support in the event of an adverse verdict. Instead of his receiving credit for taking a manly and self-denying step, frequently facing the loss of his earthly all, in revenue, friends, associations, and reputation, in obedience to the voice of his conscience, he is cast out without a shadow of sympathy for his material needs. Picture the state of mind of a man with a family to keep, turned adrift from his old occupations at a time of life of which hope and elasticity are not the usual marks, and seeing nothing to replace his salary. Is this Christian; is it ordinarily just as a practice? If Professor Campbell's views should receive (which they, of course, may not), the disapproval of the Presbytery, may we once more in friendly spirit suggest a course. It is that they should say, in substance, by resolution, 'Dear brother, you have arrived at conclusions from which, in our judgment, the standards of our Church materially differ. We cast no doubt upon your honesty, and respect your obedience to your own conscience. We are to part as fellow-teachers of this Presbyterian body, but we remain still bound together in the great Kingdom of our Master. You leave us with our good wishes and blessings, and we shall see also, that arrangements are made, so that, for a fair time to come, at least, you shall not suffer in substance by your loyalty to your individual conception of duty.

"If the Presbytery of Montreal will take hold of the present occasion to say or recommend such things, and will act altogether in like spirit, the benefit to the cause of Christ everywhere cannot but be very great, and their Church will have set an example greatly to its honour."

We believe these sentiments will commend themselves to very many of all classes in our Church, and if they do, the thing which should be done is to act upon them, and so give an example of Christian thoughtfulness and magnanimity which would exert a happy influence over the whole Church as well as be right and beautiful in itself. The callous, heartless cruelty with which some congregations of professing Christians can cast summarily adrift, perhaps in advanced age, a minister, who in some way has incurred their displeasure, is disgraceful and inhuman, and if the highest church courts of all the churches would in such matters, set a different and better example, it would certainly greatly lessen this evil, and prevent our religion and our Master from being evilly spoken of by those who are always on the watch and always ready to seize every occasion to do so.

THE JERUSALEM MISSION.

The friends and supporters of this Mission, during the last few years, to bring sion, in the land of the Pilgrim Fathers, the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, Chili, Persia, etc., must be wondering at my silence so long. The last paper I sent to the religious press, was dated March 4th, and was part V of the serial "Random Thoughts." They are entitled "Random Thoughts." They are entitled to know the why and wherefore of that silence.

The divine voice that called us to supply the crying wants of the Holy City these last three years has for months past been telling us by the counsel and invitations of his people, Come, we want to see you and to hear you plead the cause of your brethren and of the Holy Land, Come and tell us of the Lord's work in Jerusalem—the City of the Great King—the City of our redemption—its progress, success, prospects and needs, that we may help you more effectually to consolidate, extend and expand its useful activities. We know fully now that, following the noble examples set you by the Mullers, McAlis, and other self-denying, devoted servants of the Lord Jesus, you have gone forward in obedience to the Lord's call, trusting wholly on Him. We know also that He is making His gracious promises good to you, and prospering the labours of yourself, your wife, and daughters; and we want to hear all about it.

Come and plead also for Jerusalem's urgent need of an Evangelistic Hall—a centre of Christian union and work, where non-Episcopalian may meet to worship God, and their ministers may testify for the Lord Jesus in the city where He bled and died for our salvation; and thus wipe the discreditable fact that none of these Churches possess a single inch of ground in the Holy City for any religious purpose whatsoever!

You have for three years provided the Holy City with a hired hall that could seat a hundred or more worshippers, and in which many ministers of all denominations have preached the Word of Life; but a more permanent and larger place is greatly needed, as well as accommodation for Mission work generally. Come and arouse us to our duty and privilege in this important enterprise.

In response to those kindly invitations, we are speeding our way on board the Manora from Port Said to London, after six weeks of laborious work, packing up and storing everything, so as to save rent during our absence. We left Jerusalem by carriage on the eleventh, embarked from Jaffa on the twelfth, arriving early next morning at Port Said in Egypt; and started thence on the long sea voyage of fourteen days, on the afternoon of the fourteenth. Up to this date—July twenty-fifth—the Lord has favoured us with beautifully calm seas and soft zephyrs, and the dreaded Bay of Biscay is like a lake, for all of which we bless and praise our heavenly Father.

During those laborious preparations amid frequent concerns with converts and inquirers, any lengthy pen work was out of the question, and the cheer-

ing, kindly letters of dear friends had to be mostly all acknowledged by mere postal cards.

But yet much has transpired in that interval of time that merits to be recorded, however briefly, even though while "Rocked in the cradle of the deep," for all that concerns the Holy Land, and its rightful heirs—all that betokens the speedy second advent of the Lord in glory and majesty—is of deepest interest to all lovers of the word of God, and students of prophecy.

I. The interdiction of the Turkish Government against Jews acquiring any more landed properties in Palestine, or the transfer of the properties among themselves, has been raised. While it lasted it paralyzed commercial transactions, and sent prices down.

II. The report that Jews would, in future, be included in the military conscription for active service in the army, instead of paying a redemption or exemption tax, caused great distress and grief. A fast day was proclaimed, and the synagogues were crowded with people weeping and bewailing their fate, from morn till night, while chanting the book of Psalms.

III. My friend, Mr. Jos. Nabon, who obtained the railway concession of the line from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and who expects to obtain a larger and more important concession, was recently at Constantinople, and the Sultan raised him to the dignity of Bey.

IV. A large Roman Catholic pilgrimage from France and other lands, headed by bishops, abbots, and hundreds of priests, and accompanied by a cardinal legate of the Pope, visited Jerusalem last May, and during seventeen days, all was commotion, with long processions to holy places, chanting hymns along the streets, and French flags floating over churches, convents, hospitals, seminaries, etc.; and yet, only a short time before, the Pasha objected to British flags over Protestant religious edifices. So much for Turkish consistency.

V. The latter rains descended in timely copiousness; and the public health has been remarkably good.

The above was penned on board, and calling at Plymouth on the 27th, we landed in London late on the 28th, after a most prosperous voyage through the Lord's goodness and mercy.

If the Lord will, we—Mrs. and Miss B. and self—hope to be among our friends in the United States by the end of September, attend probably the meetings of the Evangelical Alliance in Chicago, and then go to Boston, Philadelphia, etc.

During our sojourn in the States, likely to extend to several months, letters to us should be addressed to "care of the Rev. Dr. Rice, American Tract Society, 150 Nassau St., New York," and they will be forwarded to us.

Our sincere gratitude is due to kind ladies, members of the Rev. D. M. Stearns' Bible Classes, in Philadelphia, for supplying the Mission with a portable harmonium, hymn books, and medicines, just arrived in London.

We ask the prayers of our kind friends for a blessing on our journey, and on our advocacy for the extension of Messiah's kingdom in the land of the Patriarchs, Prophets, and Apostles—Emanuel's land.

A. BEN OLIEL.

London, July 29th, 1893.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

This college, the opening of which is advertised in another column, is both our oldest and best-known institution for the higher education of boys. Many of the men, who in past years have occupied, and to-day occupy, some of the highest and most responsible public positions in the country, have been its pupils.

Its present principal, Geo. Dickson, M. A., is well known as one of our most experienced and successful educationists, and in his hands the well-earned fame of this school will not suffer. The staff consists of thirteen scholarly and experienced Masters, most of them graduates with

high University standing. The methods of teaching are modern and approved.

Special attention is paid to the teaching of the English branches and with very satisfactory results. The pupils have besides, free use of an ample supply of the best English, Canadian and American magazines and newspapers.

A special feature of the college as compared with other educational institutions, is the great care and systematic attention paid to the requisite conditions for physical and hygienic culture, for which the college possesses means and facilities enjoyed by no other institution of the kind in the country. The regulations for the conduct of pupils living in the college, for overseeing their studies, both secular and sacred, are strict and minute. With regard to their enforcement, J. E. Hodgson, Esq., M.A., Inspector of High Schools, says in his last report, dated Aug. 1st, 1893:

"Having on two occasions inspected the discipline of the House, both in the day and night time, I may state that I am satisfied with the strictness and punctuality of the enforcement of the regulations."

Books and Magazines

The Sanitarium for August contains two articles on Cholera, others on Typhus Fever, Ventilation, and the Topography, Climate and Mineral Springs of Virginia, besides much other valuable information relating both to health and disease. The American News Company, New York.

The King's Household of Bible Readers, is an organization having for its aim the promotion of systematic Bible reading. Organized about eight years ago, it now numbers thousands in its membership scattered over the whole continent, and in foreign lands. The only expense to members is fifty cents a year for a slip-book, payable in advance. The best testimony to the good it may accomplish, is the good, many testify to have got from it. Mrs. E. H. Bronson, Salem, New Jersey.

The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle is familiar to many of our readers. Its object is to furnish facilities for a regular and systematic course of reading in certain subjects, especially history, literature, and art. Each year is complete in itself, but the whole course extends over four years. It is calculated to be highly useful and instructive to all who can engage in it, and there are few of intelligent literary tastes who, with a little perseverance, could not. The secretaries for Canada are, Mr. J. H. Fryer, Galt; and Miss Jessie A. Munro, Thorold, Ont.

The Century for August is a specially interesting and beautiful number. A portrait of Bishop Phillips Brooks adorns the first page. Letters to His Nieces, forms a most interesting article. Fez, the Mecca of the Moors, with illustrations, opens up what is almost a new world to the general reader. "Cup Defenders, Old and New," is a chapter on yachts and yachting, which will at once attract the attention of those who love that sport. Famine in Eastern Russia, Japanese Art, An Artist's Letters from Japan, The Philosopher's Camp, make up, with other less noticeable articles, a strong number.

The Canadian Magazine Mid-Summer Number, for August, contains a varied bill of fare, which should be specially interesting to Canadians. The frontispiece, Parliament Square, Ottawa, is followed by an article on Sir John Thompson, the Premier. The illustrated articles are something about Hawaii, Upper Canada College, and (The Backsliding of Elder Pletus, a Shaker Story. Other articles are, Political Lessons from Cicero; A Canadian in New York, being a sketch of the career of Erastus Wiman; and Referendum and Plebiscite, by the Hon. G. W. Ross. In addition to these are several short articles, Scientific Notes and Notices of books. Ontario Publishing Co., Toronto.

Scribner's Magazine for August is, as usual, a fiction number, containing six short stories, five of them illustrated, and instalments of two short serials by Robert Grant and Harold Frederic. This idea of a fiction number was first realized in midsummer, 1889, and it has proved one of the most popular features of the magazine. This number is bright and specially beautiful. The House on the Hill-Top leads off, followed by the Newspaper Correspondent, the very illustrations of which tell a stirring and varied story. Types and People at the Fair arrest the attention. The Copperhead is continued. The Flight of Betsy Lane, and The Opinions of a Philosopher, are among the other leading articles. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

We acknowledge receipt of and return our thanks for the following, most of which we shall take occasion to refer to at a future day: Report of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners for Montreal, 1886-1889, from Rev. Dr. MacVicar, Montreal. Crime in Canada; a monograph, by George Johnson. Report of Canadian Archives, by George Brymner, Archivist, 1892. Report of the Minister of Education, Province of Ontario, 1892. The Assiniboine River and its Forks, by Rev. George Bryce, LL.D. Reports presented to the Fifth General Council of the Presbyterian Alliance. Census of Canada, Department of Agriculture; Bulletin No. 16. Report of the Canadian Presbyterian Missions in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, in Central India, for the year ending Feb. 26th, 1893.

The Homiletic Review for July comes to hand with a varied and interesting table of contents. "The Higher Criticism," finds sympathetic treatment at the hands of Rev. J. Westby Earnshaw, whose article is nevertheless discriminating and conservative. The Rev. James M. Campbell writes with conspicuous ability on "The Truths of Scripture Verified in Christian Experience." Dr. William Elliott Griffiths tells the story of Bartholomew de Glanville under the title, "A Fourteenth-Century Preacher's Companion." Prof. Hunt, of Princeton, gives a helpful paper on "Religious Books and Reading," and Dr. D. William Hayes Ward continues his series of contributions on "Light on Scriptural Texts from Recent Discoveries," with a brief account of "The Babylonian Creation Story." The Sermonic Section contains much material of interest to preachers. Other sections are of equal interest. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York.

The Jesuit on the Hovas: It is quite refreshing to find a Frenchman and a Jesuit, who knows things as they are at Antananarivo, taking intemperate politicians to task for their irritation and unfair treatment of the natives of Madagascar. Father Caussegne censures even the Foreign Ministers for their reckless inaccuracy. France has no protectorate, only diplomatic privileges among the Hovas, whom he describes as an intelligent and interesting people, not anxious for war, but vexed at the number of useless French functionaries quartered on them—really a fine race, certain to dominate in the future over the other tribes in the Island. The Hovas are, he says, Protestants; but the English and Norwegian missionaries live on civil terms with the Catholics. Father Caussegne urges that the soldiers at the French residency should be exchanged for artisans and teachers, and money spent on benevolent institutions; such would be "a premium against a war that can yield nothing but bitterness." These sane comments appear in the Paris correspondent of the Daily News. They afford a valuable counterblast to the wild talk in the French Parliament, and should afford some check to the double-faced policy which suppresses the priests in France, but uses them in her colonies for purposes of aggrandizement and oppression.

Choice Literature.

OUR ONLY DAY.

Were this our only day,
Did not our yesterdays and morrows give
To hope and memory their interplay,
How would we bear to live?

Not merely what we are,
But what we were and what we are to be,
Make up our life—the far days each a star,
The near days nebulae.

As once would love forget,
Its keen pursuits and coy delays of bliss,
And its delicious pangs of fond regret,
Were there no day but this.

And who, to win a friend,
Would to the secrets of his heart invite
A fellowship that would begin and end
Between a night and night?

Who, too, would pause to prate
Of insult, or remember slight or scorn,
Who would this night lie down to sleep
With hate,

Were there to be no morn?

Who would take heed to wrong,
To misery's complaint or pity's call,
The long wall of the weak against the
strong,

If this one day were all?

And what were wealth with shame,
The vanity of office, pride of caste,
The winy sparkle of the bubble fame,
If this day were the last?

Ay, what were all days worth,
Were there no looking backwards or be-
fore—

If every human life that drops to earth
Were lost for evermore?

But each day is a link
Of days that pass and never pass away:
For memory and hope—to live, to think—
Each is our only day.

—Harper's Magazine.

CARS OFF THE TRACK.

A temperance story by the Rev. E. A. Rand

"Press! 'Times!' Murder! Rum did it!"

A damp, chilling air was breathed by a sea wind over the city, and Jerry Tompkins, a newsboy, with a roll of papers under his arm, was busily crying the news: "Rum did it! Murder!"

A young man met Jerry now singing out: "Last edition! Latest news!"

"Say, Bub!"

At this challenge, Jerry looked up into the pleasant face of the young man. "Come in here, Bub!" he urged. Cold—ain't ye? Come in! Oysters, and a little something to go with it."

"A little something?" Jerry knew what it meant. One pane of the window near him exhibited a painted beer-mug, and there was a continual gush of painted foam over the brim.

Jerry looked at the young man.

"Thanks! But didn't I say, 'Rum did it?' In the paper, you know. Guess you don't sell papers."

"Not this way; but I'm in the paper business—periodicals, you know, and so on—and have a feeling for you. That ain't rum, though. It is beer."

"One is step to t'other, and I want to keep my head level, you know."

"Your head is high enough."

"If I took that"—here Jerry pointed at the painted froth—"my feet would get higher than my head some day, and I'd be a-lying in the gutter and a chap be a hollerin' about me, 'Rum did it!'"

It was an interesting scene, the ruddy-faced young man gesticulating and coaxing, the newsboy pointing to the window, and shaking his head.

At last the ruddy-faced young man said:

"I believe you're right. Reckon I won't go in myself. I want to keep my head level."

The next moment Jerry was crying: "Rum did it! Murder! Last edition! 'Times,' 'Press!'"

"Sonny, give me a paper!"

It was a cordial kind of voice addressing Jerry. The boy knew his customer.

"It's Radcliffe," Jerry said to himself. "He has something to do with the Central Air Line. Wish he'd give me a chance!"

Could Jerry's thoughts have been telegraphed by an invisible wire to Mr. Radcliffe's brain? He said the next moment:

"Jerry, if you want a chance to sell papers in the cars, you may have it. I heard what you said to that young man. I like your principles."

When Jerry returned to his home, he reported his reply to his folks.

"I snapped at that chance, I tell ye, quick as a snapping turtle! Said I, 'Yes—sir.' Radcliffe said I shall have a salary—so much a month—what is right, you know."

What a piping up of Radcliffe voices!

Our Jerry's goin' to have a salary! Our Jerry's goin' to have a salary!"

Such a big wind of prosperity it was that suddenly had blown into the Tompkins' "seven by nine" kitchen!

And when Jerry told about his declination of Bob Billings' offer, that aroused additional interest.

"We may be poor, but we are temperance, and we are going to rise," said Jerry's sister Sue, a pretty woman, with a crown of golden hair, and a dimple in each pink-tinted cheek.

"Yes, yes!" shouted in chorus all the young Tompkinses. "We're going to rise! We are temperance!"

Jerry's life on the rail was prosperous and uneventful until one day,—ah me, those days in the cars when something dreadful happens!

It was the noon express, and the cars were shooting along at a lively rate. Bob Billings, that young periodical dealer, was in the train that day. He was urged by a group of men in the smoking car to "take something."

"Here," said one that they called Janvrin, handing him a bottle with a very positive smell. "Help yourself! Not going to be stingy in this crowd."

"I—I—I"—stammered Bob, holding the flask irresolutely, and looking along the car aisle.

Why did he stammer? What did he see?

He saw a boy with papers hurrying down the aisle. The boy had eyed him all the time and kept shaking his head. "Don't believe I'd better!" said Bob to Janvrin.

Jerry was now at Bob's side.

"Bub, have some?" said Janvrin.

"No, I thank you," replied Jerry promptly.

"Why not, boy?"

"Like to keep my head on top."

The men all shouted, haw-hawed, called him "philosopher." "Solomon," "little owl," slapped one another on the shoulder as "good fellows," and then drained the flask.

It was half an hour later. The noon express had screamed its way through half a dozen villages, and was rattling towards another, when suddenly came a horrible thumping and jumping and bumping of the cars.

"Train left the track!" was the awful thought jarring through Jerry's brain.

Not much time for thought. Another moment there was an awful plunge somewhere, and down, down, down went the smoking car, baggage car, and a coach. Jerry shut his eyes, and his heart stopped beating for that moment. At the end of this avalanche plunge Jerry was conscious that he was lying on his back, trying to press something aside. It was a passenger's travelling bag that had fallen upon him. Then he began to work his way towards a patch of light ahead. Then he was smashing the glass of a car window. Then—but he heard a voice making an appeal for help.

"Oh, it is Bob's voice!" said Jerry.

Back he went.

"Here, Bob, here! This way!"

Bob could not see. A blow had blinded him. Jerry, though, seized him, pulled him along, and out of the broken car-window they crawled, just in time to escape the flames that had been kindled by a stove carelessly permitted to do the work of heating.

What a scene of ruin! Coach, smoking-car, baggage-car—all at the bottom of a high embankment, in a tumult of disentanglement, while, out of the chaos, people were crawling, begging help for themselves or for people still in the ruins. A rescue party had been organized, and

the wounded were carried to the village nigh at hand. The unharmed Jerry led Bob to an extemporized hospital. Who, though, was borne past?

"Janvrin!" thought Jerry. "Won't tell Bob. It's Janvrin, I know."

Yes, Janvrin, still sleeping, and never, alas! to awake.

Bob's blow was not a serious one. The wound in the forehead soon healed, and he could see again as clearly as ever.

"Mean to make one use of my eyesight," declared Bob.

"What's that?" asked Jerry.

"Mean to see my name, Jerry, under a stiff temperance pledge."

And one other thing Bob and Jerry both saw one day, looking above the door of a periodical store. There, on a newly lettered sign, shone this proud firm-name: "Billings and Tompkins."

And people do say that one other firm-name will be seen some day—not the least doubt in the world, so don't worry anybody. This will be the partnership: "Robert Billings and Susan Tompkins."

Won't the young Tompkinses all pipe in louder, sweeter, more jubilant chorus than ever: "We are a-goin' to rise! We are temperance!"—S. S. Times.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

Beneath the branches of a wide-spreading tree, on the left bank of a brook, was located "Post No. 4." Beyond it to the south is a mile or more of neutral ground—forest, field, and thicket, and the tents of a brigade look like tombstones as the moonlight of a summer's night falls upon them. A cavalry picket is stationed here and, as he relieves his comrade, he is told that all has been quiet along the front.

Watch the horse as the relief passes out of hearing and everything grows quiet. He knows the direction from which danger is to be apprehended. His ears are pointed towards the other bank, and eyes take in the movement of every bush and limb as stirred by the night breeze. A mile away, there are thousands of men quietly sleeping. One might listen for an hour and hear no sound or see no sign that the spectre of war was flitting about over these fields, which will be torn by shot and shell a few days hence.

The trooper peers into the gloom and listens and speculates on every sound. Battle lines will not move forward in the darkness, and a reconnoitring party would betray itself in time for him to give the alarm. Danger will come to him, if it comes at all, from the murderers and assassins of war—the guerillas and bushwhackers, who kill for plunder or revenge.

Hist! What was that? The horse throws up his head, and works his ears, but the trooper leans forward to pat him in a soothing way. Some animal stirring in a tree top not far away has dislodged a dead limb, or piece of bark. Now there comes a sound from the thicket on the left, and the horse turns his head and points his ears. Even a field mouse scampering over the dead leaves can be heard yards away on a quiet night.

Ah! Peer—listen—feel the horse tremble with excitement as a dry branch cracks in the thicket across the creek. Did human footsteps cause that sound? The horse stands with ears pointed, head lowered, and one forefoot almost off the ground. He is an old veteran. If it were otherwise, he would toss his head and paw the earth, and betray his location to anyone prowling near. A hundred nights of picket duty have taught him caution.

"Come, old boy, there's nothing to fear," whispers the trooper as he pats his neck. "We mustn't get excited about a 'coon or 'possum moving about. You and I have been in some tight places together, but we are all right here. Let's settle down to kill time until we are relieved."

A quarter of an hour goes by. The horse has not ceased to watch and listen. No cavalryman's horse on our post forgets the situation. Some will neither eat nor drink—none ever sleep. The trooper's eyes stare into the thickets, but in a vacant way. He listens, but he no longer separates the different sounds. A tree toad is uttering its peculiar plaint—crickets sing in the dry grass—afar off a whippoorwill is making night melodious. He does not sleep, but he thinks of home, and wife, and little ones.

Listen! There was a peculiar sound from the stony bed of the creek—the crunch of gravel under a footstep. The horse hears it, and points his ears, and his eyes grow larger. The trooper hears it, but it does not break his waking dream. The end of war: a nation of rejoicing and the bronzed-faced veterans marching from battlefields to fields of waving grain.

The horse is trembling with fear, and his breath comes faster. He hears the sound again and again. Something is creeping up the bed of the creek, whose high banks form an excellent shelter. Is the trooper asleep? Have those sounds no significance to the man who knows that on this front some one has been murdered almost nightly? The horse carefully turns his head to look back.

"So-ho! So-ho!" whispers the trooper as he caresses him, but he is still thinking of home and those who will welcome him.

The horse shrinks backward and utters a snort of alarm, and the trooper suddenly rouses himself. It is too late. As he straightens up in his stirrups there is a flash of fire in his face, followed by a report which will arouse a thousand men, and after a lurch or two, and a clutch at the saddle, he falls to the ground. The war is over for him. The horse wheels, and bounds away a few yards, but when the guard turns out and comes hurrying up, they find the animal standing almost over his dead master, with his frightened eyes watching the bank, and his ears strained to every sound.

"Ambushed and murdered," whispered the men as they gathered around the corpse. "The bushwhacker must have crept up the bed of the creek to shoot him, and it's a wonder his horse didn't give the alarm in time."—Our Dumb Animals, Boston.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

An extremely interesting discovery has just been made. The old church of St. Foy, at Schlestadt, in Alsace, dating from 1087, has been recently restored, and in the process the workmen came upon a block of mortar that seemed to contain the imprint of a human form. A cast was taken, and the emotion was great when it was perceived to be that of a woman. The features, calm, and of a refined expression, are perfectly defined, the breast covered with a knitted woolen vesture of a well-known stitch, and the texture of the hair perfectly moulded. The head is slightly inclined to the right shoulder, the neck and throat, with the shoulder blades standing out in relief, are perfect.

It was thought at first that it might be Hildegarde, the noted foundress of St. Foy, but probability points to it being her daughter, the well-beloved Adelaide, as she is called in a charter of 1094. The plague raged in Alsace in the eleventh century. Both Adelaide and her brother Conrad died, hence this evidently hasty and prophylactic inhumation. The lime evidently filtered through the sand, and hardened on the body, which left the mould that it has given us in microscopic detail, the features of the girl who, 800 years ago, was hurriedly, and doubtless with many tears, laid in her resting place. It is not a work of art, says Canon Dacheux, but of nature herself. The expression of a real being is there. We have before us the form and features of a woman of the eleventh century, perhaps more perfectly preserved than any of those which are preserved in the museum at Pompeii.

Missionary World.

JUNGLE TRIBES' MISSION.

Dr. D. G. Barkley submitted to the Irish Presbyterian Mission Board satisfactory credentials on behalf of Mr. John M'Neill, a member of the Wynd Free Church, Glasgow, who had been nominated by the committee of the Jungle Tribes' Mission as a candidate for an appointment to that department of the Foreign Mission. Mr. M'Neill, who had undergone a two years' training in the Glasgow Medical Institute, was present, and on the motion of the Rev. George MacFarland, seconded by Rev. Henry Montgomery, was unanimously appointed. Having attached his signature to the Westminster Confession of Faith, he was suitably addressed by the Chairman, and prayer was offered up by Rev. Dr. Williamson on behalf of the newly-appointed agent and his work.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN HUSS.

In a recent circular, Revs. A. W. Clark and J. S. Porter, well-known workers in Bohemia, say: "John Huss was born in Husinec, a small city of Bohemia, about 200 miles south of Prague. He was educated as a Romanist; but, influenced by the writings of our Wyclif, he turned from the traditions of the Roman Catholic Church to a study and proclamation of the Gospel. He became a martyr for the truth, but God's instrument for sowing the seed whereby Bohemia and Moravia 'lived unto God.' Of the 3,000,000 Protestants in Bohemia, by far the greater part suffered banishment or death; and Bohemia passed from the sunlight of the Gospel into spiritual darkness such as broods over Spain and Mexico. No Protestant church is within miles of the childhood home of the great reformer. More than this, it is a natural centre for work in the many adjacent cities and villages. A young man of experience and zeal is longing to begin the work. A national society owns and will preserve the house where Huss was born, but the Huss garden and barn adjoining has been secured by the Free Reformed Church. The legally organized society, 'Bethany,' will hold the title to this historic property. The work of changing the substantial old barn into a chapel with dwelling for preacher has already begun. Ultramontane influence to the contrary, the name of Huss is among those of Bohemian worthies in the new national museum. A monument is soon to be erected to his memory in the heart of old Prague. Such praise-worthy patriotism, however, will not help us with the work in hand. Men and women who love the God of Huss must be looked to for such aid. To put the barn and garden in proper condition will cost at least £340. Towards this sum we already have £100. Communications to the pastors named may be addressed: Prague Satebov, Bohemia."

A JAPANESE MISSIONARY AT WILLIAMSVILLE.

The Rev. Harper Coates, B.A., now labouring as a missionary in Tokio, Japan, has been visiting his earlier spheres of ministry, and is about to visit Vancouver, there to take to himself a wife, and with her to return to Tokio. On Sunday morning at the Williamsville Methodist church, he gave an address on his life in the ancient Asiatic Empire. From the standpoint of comfort Japan offers attractions far above the average of foreign mission fields. Modern civilization with all its conveniences for domestic comfort, has so far prevailed, that life beyond the Pacific involves the sacrifice of little which adds to comfort here. Railways and mails are well organized. The education of the country proceeds rapidly. English is taught everywhere, and the Imperial University at Tokio is attended by thousands of students. Throughout the Empire, one characteristic is conspicuous—general loyalty to the Emperor. The aversion to foreigners is becoming less, and Christianity is no longer under the care of the State. The evils of denominationalism

are reduced to a minimum by the oneness of spirit which pervades the various missionaries in that country. There is little, if any, encroachment on each other's territory. On the other hand, the great number of Buddhist sects enables the people to understand the variety and yet the unity which divides yet binds the different bodies of Christians. There is a growing desire on the part of native missionaries for a national church independent of foreign control. The progress of the last twenty years has been such as to render all prophecy as to the future most precarious. But in the opinion of Mr. Coates the time is not yet in sight when Japanese missions will be able to dispense with the aid of men and money from outside.

The Countess Duferin's Fund now amounts to £82,000 (\$410,000), and by means of it 103 well-qualified women physicians are kept at work among the women of India, and nearly 200 more are studying medicine in India, and yet others in England. Some 460,000 afflicted women received treatment last year.

Mary Rajanayakan, a converted Tamil girl, is now a student in the Medical College at Madras, India, fitting herself to work among her own sisters. She is a graduate of the Government Normal School at Madura, and has been a teacher in Miss Scudder's girls' boarding-school, where she was loved by all "for her beautiful Christian character." This may mean little to us, but how much it means in India!

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.

The late Madame Coillard may safely be ranked among the true heroines of missions. The Basuto Mission, in South Central Africa, constituted the field of her toil and endurance, and these words of hers stand for the spirit which marked her career from beginning to end: "I have come to Africa to do with you the Lord's work, whatever and wherever it may be; and remember that, when God calls you, you will never find me standing in the way of your duty."

The London Missionary Society has invested \$80,000 in a steamer for service among the groups of South Sea Islands. The maintenance of the steamer will cost \$7,500 a year. Evidently our missions must in some way be made participants of the benefits of steam communication. After the privileges recently enjoyed it will be intolerable to revert to the old style of semi-annual communication. Evidently the era of steam in missions has come, and our missions cannot form an exception for any long period.

Rev. Mr. Pearce writes to the London Chronicle of a station in New Guinea, named Tupuselei, where is only a South Sea Island teacher, but a man who has great influence over the people. There are 350 people in the village who are thoroughly Christianized. The schools as well as weekday and Sunday services, are well attended. The children, to the number of nearly 200, are orderly and diligent in their studies, and an examination of the place by five missionaries shows that the station is the best in New Guinea. It is a striking illustration of what a Christianized native can accomplish.

A tidal wave of blessing has swept over Alaska, and about 200 have been added to the Church there since last winter. A new station is needed at Kitchkan, also three new missionaries for S. E. Alaska. At Hoonah 69 have been baptized on profession of faith since Nov. 20, 76 have come out on the Lord's side, 35 children have been baptized and 25 have received Chris-

tian marriage. The continued interest of the monthly meetings depends on the efforts of individual members. What are you doing to add to the interest? Do you subscribe for the missionary magazine? Do you ask the Lord what special work He has for you to do?

The Convener of the Irish Presbyterian Mission Board (Rev. James Cargin) having made a very brief report of the work in connection with the mission, introduced to the Board the Rev. Robert Hamlin, of Perth, Western Australia, who gave a most interesting statement regarding mission work in that colony. Of a population of 2,500 Presbyterians, there were, he said, only about 1,000 in connection with their three congregations and two mission stations. To reach the remaining 1,500 they had neither the men nor the means. He made a strong appeal to the Board for help that their brethren in that land might have Church ordinances brought within their reach, and not be allowed to go back into practical heathenism. The Moderator thanked Mr. Hamlin for his address, to which the Board had listened with the greatest interest and satisfaction.

Captain Cameron, the explorer, in the course of an interview, expresses the strongest opinion as to the development which is awaiting Africa. He says: "It has a greater future than America, Australia or India. It is the richest of all, but, of course, everything depends on management. Take South Africa, for instance. It is very like Australia. Already the natives have begun nibbling at the idea of flocks and herds; but the curse out there is that of political mismanagement and the diversity of aims between the English, Dutch and Boer colonists and the Englishmen who became Africans. Years ago, I proposed chartered companies, but Lord Beaconsfield was afraid of the Radicals. We simply want concessions which will enable us to work the country. Ivory and India rubber, fibres, gums, every tropical and sub-tropical fruit are there in richest profusion. Indeed, I consider that in Africa will be the coffee and tea fields of the future; and there is really an admirable climate. The Europeans could bring up their children well there. The natives are very teachable. Even the hitherto wild tribes are already drilled into good police, engineers, riveters, etc. Take my word for it, Africa is the hope of the future, and will be the salvation of an overcrowded world."—African News.

A MANITOBAN EXPERIENCE.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM THE PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

A Sufferer for Years from Kidney Troubles and Dyspepsia Tells How He Found a Cure—His Advice to Others.

From the Brandon, Man., Times.

Recently, while a reporter of the Times was in Dr. Fleming and Sons drug establishment, a customer came in and asked for a package of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This incident turned the conversation to this now world-known remedy, and the reporter asked whether, within their own observation, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the remarkable remedy they are credited with being. The reply was given with no uncertain sound. "We have sold," said a member of the firm, "during the past year, more Pink Pills by far than any other proprietary medicine. The demand is largely increasing, and from what we hear, the results have been very beneficial to those using them. Indeed, if you call upon Mr. William Cooper, who resides on 13th street, you will probably get the particulars of a very interesting case."

The Times reporter felt that he would not only be giving his readers an interesting story, but might be the means of pointing out to some other sufferer the road to renewed health by securing the details of Mr. Cooper's case. With that end in view, he called upon Mr. Cooper, and on making known his errand, was

given a hearty welcome. "I have not the slightest objection," said Mr. Cooper, "to bearing public testimony to the great merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Indeed, I believe it a duty on the part of those who experience such benefit as I have done, to make known as widely as possible, the virtues of this most remarkable remedy. For many years I suffered intensely from kidney troubles, and dyspepsia, and only those who have been similarly afflicted, can understand how great a burden life is at times. I tried all, or nearly all the remedies said to be a cure for those troubles, but in no case did I get more than temporary relief, and when a recurrence of the trouble came, it seemed to be with greater intensity than before. I suffered so long that I despaired of ever being cured, and felt that even temporary relief was worth striving for. I was continually depressed in spirits, and sometimes could not help wishing myself dead. But now, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, all that is changed and despite my years, I feel as light-hearted as a school-boy. I was first induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through reading the accounts of the many marvellous cures that have appeared in the newspapers. I felt that if these wonderful pills had done so much for others, that there must be hope for me, and I was not disappointed. I had not taken them long before I felt a change for the better. It was not the feeling of temporary relief I had experienced before, my whole system seemed stronger and better. You may be sure, I continued the use of the Pink Pills, and the result is, I am to-day a well man. My troubles have entirely left me, and I have now much better health and strength than I have enjoyed for years before. You can, therefore, understand the feelings of gratitude I have for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I earnestly hope other sufferers will profit by my experience. I have recommended the Pink Pills to many others, and always with good results. I can tell you of one man whose body was covered with foul, mattery sores, who used Pink Pills and whose skin is now as clear and fresh as a child's. You may safely say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a great medicine, and that their virtues cannot be too widely known."

Mr. Cooper, whose statement is given above, is one of Brandon's most highly esteemed citizens, and his story may be implicitly relied upon by any under whose notice it may come.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of la grippe, influenza, and severe colds, diseases depending on humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men, effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work, or excesses of any nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is crying 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. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. 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.



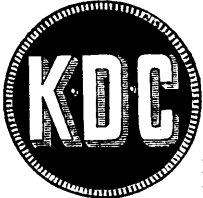
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Anything "just as good," or as sure to bring help, could be, and would be, sold in just that way.

This guaranteed medicine is an invigorating, restorative tonic, especially adapted to woman's needs and perfectly harmless in any condition of her system.

It builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures.

For periodical pains, bearing-down sensations, ulceration, inflammation—every thing that's known as a "female complaint," it's a remedy that's safe, certain, and proved.



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OBITUARY.

It is our sad duty to record the death of one who, though not extensively known here, was greatly endeared to all who had the privilege of her acquaintance. We refer to Mrs. M. McLennan, wife of the present pastor of Knox church, whose demise occurred at the home of her brother in Hancock, Mich., on Thursday, Aug. 3rd, at the age of 25 years. For the past year Mrs. McLennan has been in feeble health and at the time of her death was on a trip up the lakes with her husband. The cause of her death was consumption of the stomach. She was the youngest daughter of the late Isaac Jones, of Boston, Mass. To the bereaved husband the sympathy of the community is extended in this hour of affliction. The Board of Managers of Knox church at the last meeting passed the following resolution of condolence: Resolved that we, the Board of Managers of Knox church, on behalf of the said congregation, do hereby tender to our esteemed pastor, Rev. M. C. McLennan, our most heartfelt sympathy in the loss he has sustained through the removal from this world of his beloved partner in life; and we take advantage of this opportunity to express to him our continued devotion for him, and to express the hope that in the good providence of God he may long be spared to labour successfully in the Master's cause.—Leamington Post.

Ministers and Churches.

Joseph Ball has been elected an elder in Knox church, Calgary.

Rev. Dr. Cochrane and Mrs. Cochrane are visiting the World's Fair.

Rev. Mr. Peacock, of Hargrave, conducted the services on Sunday, 13th, at Elkhorn, Man.

Messrs. Jos. Broadley and Ives have been appointed elders of the Elkhorn Presbyterian church.

Rev. Mr. Atkinson, Berlin, preached in Knox church, Guelph, on the 20th inst. The pastors exchanged pulpits.

Rev. Mr. Fortune administered sacramental and baptismal services recently at Hargrave and Two Creeks, Man.

Rev. M. Lang, a Presbyterian missionary, who has done good work in the province and territories, was in Winnipeg last week.

Rev. Dr. MacNish, Cornwall, left on Tuesday, 15th, to join his family at that pleasant little summer resort, Beaconsfield, Que.

Rev. C. B. Pitblado preached at both services in Victoria hall, Winnipeg, on Sunday morning at 11, and evening at 7 o'clock, 20th inst.

Rev. Mr. Jordon, M.A., of Strathroy, occupied the pulpit in Knox church, Ottawa, at both services, Sabbath, 20th inst., and gave excellent discourses.

Rev. G. R. Maxwell, of Vancouver, is in receipt of a letter from Hon. Wilfred Laurier definitely accepting an invitation to deliver a literary lecture in Vancouver in connection with the opening of the First Presbyterian church.

Rev. Mr. McKechnie preached in Knox church, Regina, on Sunday, 13th inst. On Sunday, 20th inst., Rev. S. R. Brown conducted union services—in the morning in the Presbyterian, and in the evening in the Methodist church.

The Rev. Dr. Smith, of the First Presbyterian church, Port Hope, and the Rev. J. Hay, of Coburg, exchanged pulpits, Aug. 20th. Dr. Smith took charge of the pastor's Bible Class at 3.15, as well as conducted divine service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

At Douglas, Man., the Rev. Principal Grant, of Kingston, preached at the reopening of the Presbyterian church there. The pastor of this church is the Rev. A. Thompson, B.A., a Victoria graduate, and brother of Mr. Geo. Thompson, Division street, Coburg.

At a special meeting of the Presbytery of Guelph at Preston on Monday the 21st inst., (Rev. H. T. Thomas, M.A., was ordained to the ministry, and inducted into the pastoral charge of Doon and Preston. Dr. Dickson, Galt, presided. Dr. Torrance addressed the pastor and Mr. Smith the people.

The Rev. Kenneth McLennan, B. D., a graduate of Montreal Presbyterian College, spent Sunday, the 13th, at Niagara Falls, on a visit to Mr. Geo. H. Young. He left on Monday for Scotland to visit the old homestead for a few weeks, when he sails for Honan, China, to labor as a missionary for six years in that vast field.

Rev. Mr. Beattie, who has been supplying the Presbyterian pulpit at Mitchell during Mr. Tully's absence on vacation, left on Monday, 21st, for his home near Woodstock. Mr. Beattie is suffering from a lung trouble and is shortly going to South Carolina to take up a charge there and avoid the severity of the Canadian winters.

Principal Grant, of Queen's University, will deliver his last lecture for this season in Winnipeg on Tuesday evening, Aug. 29th, in St. Andrew's church. His subject will be, "Reminiscences of a Recent Voyage Around the World." Lieutenant-Governor Schultz will preside. This is said to be the best of Principal Grant's lectures.

Miss Edith Allan, delegate to the meeting of Christian Endeavour at Montreal, from the Presbyterian church, Waterdown, gave a very interesting account of the meeting in Knox church on Wednesday evening, 16th inst. Unfortunately rain came on and prevented a number from attending, but it is hoped she will repeat it at no distant date under more favorable circumstances.

Prof Hart, of Winnipeg, accompanied by Rev. W. Beattie, and R. Best, of Virden, visited the Pipestone Indian Reserve on Thursday, Aug. 10th, in the interests of the Indian Mission. The Professor expressed himself as highly satisfied with all that had been done by the Indian missionary, and said that the work reflected great credit on the Virden Christian Endeavour, who have been sustaining it.

Rev. A. McLean, of Hampton, P.E.I., who had been ill for only a few days, breathed his last on Monday, the 14th. He was pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of Tryon and Bonshaw for several years, previous to which he was minister of the Dundas charge. His sudden death will be a great regret to not a few and a deep loss to his widow and family, with whom we sincerely sympathize in their bereavement.

The Rev. A. J. Mowat presided at a special meeting of the Montreal Presbytery held at St. Lambert on the evening of the 15th inst., to induct the Rev. Murray Watson into the pastorate of the St. Lambert Presbyterian church. The Rev. Mr. Reed preached the induction sermon; the Rev. Mr. Mowat then addressed the minister and the Rev. Mr. McGillivray the congregation. After the services had been concluded, refreshments were served by the ladies of St. Lambert.

Owing to the inability of Mr. Mutchmor, of Ottawa, to attend the World's Sunday School Convention in St. Louis, which opens on Aug. 31st, Mr. Neill McKinnon will go as the Ottawa representative. Rev. Mr. Beatt, of Cumberland, will be a representative from this district. Mr. Mutchmor states that as soon as the warm weather is over, a meeting of Sunday School workers will be called to arrange for a convention for the district, to be held in Ottawa this fall.

In St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, on Sabbath evening, 20th inst., Rev. W. T. Herdridge preached a very impressive sermon from the words: "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." He dealt with the struggle which is going on in the world for wealth and position, the result of restless ambition, pointing out that with many, money is the chief and final goal and how few there are whose virtues keep pace with the increase of wealth.

The Rev. Prof. Campbell is still in Muskoka. As in previous years, he occupies himself during these summer months by conducting a series of mid-day Sunday services, which have been well attended. During the month of August the average attendance has been over one hundred, which is large for a rural resort. Among the congregation at different times were Sir Oliver Mowat, the Bishop of Toronto, Rev. E. Blend (Hamilton), Prof. Bell (Queen's University), Lord Bennett, Rev. Mr. Hodgins, Judge MacLennan, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Prof. Ellis (Toronto University), Prof. Goudray and Mr. Wm. Tytler, Guelph.

Elder John L. Gibson, of St. Andrew's church, London, having accepted a position in Detroit, met the Session of the above church a few days ago and received from them a substantial purse contributed by the Session and a few church friends in appreciation of his Christian character and usefulness in the church. Mr. Gibson was visibly moved by this expression of good will on the part of his brethren, and accepted it in a few suitable and well-chosen words. The Session and Church generally wish him God speed in his new position, and pray for his temporal and spiritual prosperity.

Mr. E. O. Eschoo lectured under the auspices of the Y.P.S.C.E., of St. John, N.B., Presbyterian church on Monday evening, the 14th inst., in the school room of the church. Mr. Eschoo is a native of Persia and appeared in the costume of his country. His subject was, the manners and customs of his people. Mr. E. is the son of a Nestorian clergyman, and is prosecuting his studies at Knox College, Toronto, with a view of returning to Persia next year as the missionary of its Alumni Association. A silver collection was taken up to assist Mr. Eschoo in prosecuting his studies. His address was intensely interesting.

A meeting of a sub-committee of the central executive of the Sunday School Association of Ontario, was held in Wesley Hall, London, Ontario, Friday, 18th inst. Ex-Mayor Spencer occupied the chair. Four out of the six members composing this subordinate body were present. These were, beside the presiding officer, Mr. J. C. Tebb, Mr. A. London, Parkhill, and Miss McLeod, London. Mr. Alfred Day, general secretary, was in attendance. The object of the meeting was the better organization of the districts of Lambton, Middlesex, and London city. Mr. A. London, Parkhill, was chosen president, and Mr. Fred Daly, London, secretary. There was a good gathering of the earnest Sabbath school workers of London in Wesley Hall at the evening meeting.

On the evening of August 7th a number of the friends of the Rev. G. Gilmour, pastor of the Bearbrook Presbyterian church, assembled with him at the residence of Mr. C. Armstrong. Games of various kinds and music were indulged in, thus adding interest and pleasure to the evening's entertainment. About 9 p.m. Rev. T. G. Burke, Methodist minister, called the people to order, and in a few appropriate words on behalf of the choir of the Pres-

byterian church, presented Mr. Gilmour with a beautifully enlarged crayon picture of himself. Mr. Gilmour was very much taken by surprise, and taking the floor delivered a speech which was marked for its expressions of gratitude for past success as well as thankfulness for the expression of kindness thus presented. After the people had partaken of the refreshments so bountifully served they went to their homes joyous because of the consciousness of being kind to one who well merits their kindness.

The Sabbath School Association of West Elgin, Kent and Essex, held their annual convention in the First Presbyterian church, Chatham, Monday afternoon, 21st inst., and evening. Alfred Day, Provincial Secretary of the Sabbath School Association, addressed those present, explaining the intention of the Provincial Committee to group the neighbouring counties in sub-committees to be composed of members of Provincial Committee residing in the county and the Executive Associations. The following representatives were chosen thus to act: Judge Hughes and Mr. W. H. Murch for St. Thomas; Rev. R. D. Hamilton, for Port Stanley; Rev. John Henderson, for Essex; and Messrs. H. F. Cumming, M. Houston and Warren Martin, for Kent. Moved and carried that Mr. Houston be chairman and Rev. John Henderson, secretary of this sub-committee. It was decided, that as the London, Lambton and Middlesex convention is held the second week in October, West Elgin, Kent and Essex should hold their Sunday School convention the first week of next October.

A pleasing incident took place after the prayer meeting in the North Ekfrid Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening, the 16th inst. The many friends of Miss Florence M. Campbell in the school section and congregation took this opportunity of expressing in a tangible form their appreciation of her work while among them. Although Miss Campbell was taught here only a little over a year, still during that short time she has endeared herself, not only to the pupils, but also to the parents in the section. As a teacher in the Sabbath school her work was very highly appreciated by all connected with the church. Miss Ethel Raney read an address, while Miss Annie Davis and Miss Bella Chisholm presented Miss Campbell with a beautiful set of jewelry. Miss Campbell was taken completely by surprise, but made a suitable reply in a few well-chosen terms, assuring her friends that she valued very highly this expression of their friendship and appreciation of her work. The meeting was brought to a close by singing the hymn "God be with you till we meet again." Miss Campbell leaves to take charge of Union school, No. 2, Tilbury and Raleigh.

On Sunday, the 13th inst., St. Paul's church (Presbyterian) was reopened at Rapid City, Man., Rev. P. Wright, B.D., of Portage la Prairie, conducting the services. The church has recently been moved to a central site in the town and has also been repaired and adorned with fresh paint, paper and furniture. The interior presents a beautiful appearance, the colour of ceiling, walls and woodwork har-

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Dr. M. H. Henry, New York, says: "When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me. As a beverage it possesses charms beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine."

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

monizing in such a way as to produce a pleasing effect. The Presbyterians have now an attractive church home, in which they may meet with comfort and satisfaction for many years to come. The services on Sunday were of a very enjoyable character, and were attended both morning and evening by large and attentive congregations, who listened with much interest and profit to the able and eloquent discussions of Mr. Wright. On the following Monday evening a social entertainment was given, when an excellent programme consisting of addresses, recitations and music, was rendered. The solos given by Mr. S. Lowes, of Brandon, were much appreciated. The pastor, Rev. W. L. H. Rowand and congregation are to be congratulated on the re-opening exercises, as well as on the beautiful appearance of the church, both of which bear evidence that harmony and the spirit of healthy progress exist in their organization.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

The Presbytery of Westminster met in West church, New Westminster, B.C., on the 18th inst., and inducted the Rev. G. Brown Greig into the pastoral charge of that congregation. The Moderator, Rev. J. M. McLeod, presided. Rev. E. B. Chestnut conducted devotional exercises and preached an able and appropriate sermon from Psalm 68, 18, on the ascension of Christ; after which Mr. Greig answered the usual questions, and was duly inducted by the Moderator and welcomed by the members of Presbytery. Very suitable and sympathetic addresses were then delivered by Rev. E. D. McLellan to the newly inducted pastor, and by Rev. A. Dunn, to the congregation, on their respective duties and privileges. West church is to be congratulated on the speedy and harmonious settlement of a pastor of Mr. Greig's ability and experience.

On Tuesday, 22nd inst., the Presbytery of Guelph met in the church at Waterloo to take Mr. John McNair, B.A., who has signified his acceptance of the call from the congregation in that place, on trial for ordination and induction. A certificate of licensure in favour of Mr. McNair by the Presbytery of London, having been produced, the Presbytery proceeded to his examination. These trials having been sustained, and the hour specified in the edict, which had been served on the congregation on the two preceding Sabbaths, was returned duly certified, and with no objector appearing. Mr. Thomas, who had been ordained and inducted at Preston on the previous day, preached. After the sermon, Mr. A. M. Hamilton, M.A., of Winterbourne, who had acted as Moderator of Session during the vacancy, gave a brief narrative of the steps in the call to Mr. McNair, and put to him the usual questions of the formula. Satisfactory answers having been given, he was, by solemn prayer, Dr. Torrance leading, ordained to the holy ministry and inducted to the pastoral charge of the congregation, with all the rights and privileges thereto pertaining. He then received the right hand of welcome by the brethren present, after which Mr. Smith addressed him, and Mr. McNair, the people, on their respective duties. Having signified his readiness to sign the formula when required, his name was added to the roll, and he took his seat as a member of the court. Mr. Hamilton was appointed to introduce him to the Kirk Session, which was instructed to meet on the rising of the Presbytery. The settlement at Waterloo is the sixth that has taken place in the bounds of the Presbytery of Guelph since the beginning of February. Two of these, Berlin and Chalmers church, Guelph, were by translocation from other charges, and four by ordination and induction, namely, Hespeler, Elora, Doon and Preston, and Waterloo. The only vacancy now in circumstances to call is the First Church, Eramosa. It is expected that Alma and Cummock will soon move in that direction. All the settlements have been harmonious and cordial. Each of the fields is interesting and affords rich opportunities of service. All those settled are well equipped for their work, and through the blessing of the Most High, will prove effective ministers of the Gospel.

On the 21st inst., the Presbytery of Guelph met in the church at Preston, to hear Mr. H. T. Thomas, M. A., undergo his trial for ordination to the holy ministry, and induction into the pastoral charge of the congregations of Doon and Preston. Mr. Thomas acquitted himself, in his examinations, in a highly satisfactory manner, and the Presbytery proceeded to his ordination and induction at two o'clock p. m., notice of which had been duly served upon the congregations at the two immediately preceding Sabbaths. At the afternoon service there was a good meeting. Rev. Mr. Horne, preached, Dr. Dickson, of Galt, who presided on the occasion, and acted as Moderator pro tem. of the Presbytery, gave a narrative of the steps to the call to Mr. Thomas,

put to him the questions usual at such times, and satisfactory answers having been given to these by him, he was by solemn prayer and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, ordained to the ministry, and inducted into the pastoral oversight of the congregations. Dr. Torrance then addressed him, and Mr. Smith the people on their respective duties. Among other business transacted, the following may be mentioned: A Committee on the State of Religion was appointed, with Dr. Dickson as Convener. Notice was read from the Presbytery of Orangeville that they had suspended, for cause shown, Mr. Stinson, from the exercises of the Christian ministry for one year, and from that of Regina, that the name of Dr. Jardine had been removed from the roll of ministers, in consequence of divergence of views from the documents of the Confession of Faith. A certificate of transference from the Presbytery of London, in favour of the Rev. Alex. MacKay, D. D., was received, and the name was ordered to be placed on the appendix to the roll, as a minister residing in the bounds. The clerk reported names of congregations still in arrears to the Presbytery Fund. The Presbytery adjourned to meet in the church at Waterloo, on the forenoon of the following day, to take Mr. John McNair, B. A., who had accepted a call from the congregation there, on trials for ordination, and to induct him to the pastoral charge should these prove satisfactory. The proceedings were closed with the benediction.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

Dear Sir.—In a very interesting article in your issue of Aug. 2nd, relating to St. Andrew's church, Niagara, signed "K." two mistakes occur which it may be well to correct. The first is, that while the congregation was organized in 1794, the grant of land was obtained in 1804, and the church was built in that year. Now, in the old record book, which contains much curious information covering one hundred years, we find it was decided that buildings be erected on lots 157, 158, 183, 184, the application to Land Board having been decided on at meeting, 4th Nov., but a different square had been previously applied for. In the account of seats let March, 1796, occurs the name of Col. Butler, of Butler's Rangers, as renting pew No. 4, for the sum of £7 10s., N.Y. currency. The size of timbers, windows, doors is given, and mention made of the schoolhouse. After the town was burnt, the congregation worshipped in the schoolhouse which was repaired, the present building being erected in 1831.

In 1820, there is an application to secure title to the block on which the church did stand. By reference to number of blocks, it is seen the church of 1794 stood exactly where present church stands. The agreement with Rev. John Dun, the first minister, is from 13th June, 1794. The second error is, that Rev. Thomas Green was the minister of church, and that he was reordained when he joined the Church of England. Now, while he was educated at Glasgow University, to be a Presbyterian minister, he was never ordained in that Church. He preached a few weeks in St. Andrew's by request of the people, but he soon joined the Church of England, becoming assistant of Rev. Robert Addison, and finally his successor. By giving place to these few lines you will much oblige, Yours truly,

JANET CARNOCHAN.

Niagara, Aug. 9th, 1893.

A COMMON PHRASE.

There are many sayings, slangy some of them—at any rate frequent—which slip glibly off our tongues with little or no thought as to their significance and the ideas they are capable of suggesting to those who hear them uttered. In this class we hear very often—far too often—the phrase "too much like work." It comes from the lips of the young and giddy as well as from those who are old enough to know better than to give expression to anything that has a tendency to encourage sloth and laziness, or the enervating and debilitating habit of inactivity, so fatal to success in life.

Are we to take this common utterance as a sign of the spirit of the times? We trust not, and yet what are we to think? A distaste for work is fairly stated, and people do not repeat sentiments like this without meaning something. Work should be enjoyable, congenial, natural, healthy; it should absorb a large proportion of the time of every human being who desires to be something better than a cumberer of the ground. But mistakes, fatal errors,

have been made, are being made daily and hourly in choosing work, or being persuaded or tormented into accepting work unsuitable to the individual. We see examples all about us—sad to behold—and wonder, when any special case attracts our attention and awakens our sympathy, whether this man sinned or his parents, that he should be bound for life to uncongenial employment. Immured it may be within office walls, chained, as it were, to a desk where the very soul of the man pants for water brooks, and the active out-of-door life possible in many avocations.

The life of a farmer under present advanced conditions should possess great attractions, but still we see no diminution of the influx of young men and women to the cities from the country. The more intellectual of the former swell the professional classes to so large an extent that it is becoming a problem how they are all to find honest livings; and the latter, with the bulk of the first mentioned who do not aspire to professions, crowd into offices as book-keepers, stenographers, etc., until there is a plethora of candidates for situations. A large proportion of the women also become "sales-ladies," and some few—not half enough—enter domestic service, which should be an honorable and respected employment.

Too great stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of choosing wisely when the time comes for a man or woman to decide how to make a living. Thoreau says, "the world is a cow that is hard to milk," and while this is perfectly true, is it not possible that not knowing how on the part of the milker, will stand very much in the way of his obtaining that which he desires? A hard milker can be made much worse by going about it in a wrong way. As the richest portion of the milking—called "stripping"—comes last of all, we may fairly conclude that the lesson for us is not to cease our efforts too soon or we will have to go without our cream. It is work, hard work, sure enough, to keep on, but then there is the reward, and labour sweetens life if only it be the right kind of labour.

It is a perverse condition of affairs which produces such sayings as the one under consideration. A little reflection will convince the most thoughtless that it is so, and that a remedy should be sought.

There are people in the world who like instead of milking the cow, to pat the poor creature and say "so bossy" while somebody else does the work.

When adopting a life avocation the taste and natural bent of the individual should be taken largely into consideration, but the condition of the ranks into which he proposes to enlist should not be overlooked. If they are already filled or overcrowded it would be better to seek some other opening unless the inclination is very determined.

A false notion prevails that it is more respectable to belong to one class of bread-winners than another. The cut of a man's coat and other articles of apparel do more towards furthering him in life than they have any right to. "A man's a man for a' that." When will the time come that people will not be judged—and many a time condemned by their clothes. Is it coming at all? Yes, we say. The world does move, thank the Lord, and we have left behind many things once apparently as firmly rooted as this vain show of clothes: There was a man once who was imprisoned for months as a punishment for kissing his wife in public in the city of Boston when meeting her after a long separation. The immorality of such a proceeding was not to be tolerated. It has been thus with many things which we now take no notice of, and circumstances which now arouse our indignation will in process of time undergo a similar change. The pleasure of work—to come back to the subject—should need no dragging forth to the light, for it should be apparent. It is only because of the lamentable mistakes that things are turned topsy-turvy and people need to be told that work is not hardship if chosen aright. We see how miserable most people are who have nothing to do. They are not one whit happier than those who earn their bread according to the primeval curse—by the sweat of their brows.

Idle people are a nuisance to those who work. Many who have nothing to do but go to their meals cannot do that without keeping others waiting. Work, rather than a curse, is a blessing. A favorite pursuit is the savior of many from grief and trouble that would otherwise break down the spirit. The trouble is—the same old trouble—that what would be the favorite pursuit is seldom the means of making a living—the thing most people work for. Any and every other consideration than the gratification to be obtained is allowed to weigh in a pot-boiling undertaking. Suppose for once that money-making is left out of the question, and a man decides to do what he likes best and can do best and feels to be his own business *par excellence*, will he not win success in the end? Is it not reasonable to suppose that if a sufficient number of young people had a fixed right idea about this that it would come straight and that all would be enabled to mind their own business with success, instead of dragging out a wretched existence trying to mind somebody else's, while somebody else is likely enough doing the round man in the square hole.

Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, causing distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently. It tones the stomach, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, banishes headache, and refreshes the mind.

Sick Headache

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced."

Heart-burn

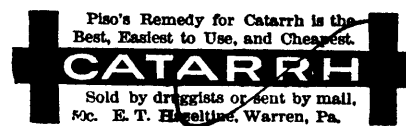
GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

Sour Stomach

It gives me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar



"Mind your own business" is the key-stone of the arch of an honest life. Find out early what your own business is, young people of Canada, and stick to it, even though difficulties perplex for awhile. Our young nation requires that every man—ay, and every woman—mind their own business and do their duty. Only so can we become great. Every patriotic individual should feel the obligation to become as perfect a citizen and subject as is possible. Let every man be a brick, and our wall will not be weak.

—CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS, in The Week.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.
NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES 25 CENTS.

MARRIAGES.

SCOTT—LIVINGSTON.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Brussels, on Tuesday 22nd Aug., by the Rev. John Ross, B.A., assisted by the Rev. W. Black, B.A., Maggie Helen, eldest daughter of the late John Livingston, to Rev. J. F. Scott, of Rodney.

SCOTT—MCINTOSH.—On Monday evening the 21st inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. John Ross, assisted by the Rev. W. McIntosh, Allandale, brother of the bride, Annie Jennette, second daughter of Robt. McIntosh, Esq., to Joseph David Scott, all of Ashfield.

C. H. Spurgeon: It is a remarkable fact that we do not read, in the New Testament, that any one of the twelve, except Judas, ever kissed Jesus. It seems as if the most impudent familiarity was very near akin to dastardly treachery. This sign of Judas was typical of the way in which Jesus is generally betrayed. When men intend to undermine the inspiration of the Scriptures, how do they begin their books? Why, always with a declaration that they wish to promote the truth of Christ: Christ's name is often slandered by those who make a loud profession of attachment to Him, and then sin foully as the chief of transgressors. There is the Judas-kiss first, and the betrayal afterwards. Thus Judas said, "Hail, Master;" and kissed him much (R. V. margin): betraying Him by the act that ought to have been the token of firmest friendship.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen,—For years I have been troubled with scrofulous sores upon my face. I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to effect a cure, without any result. I am happy to say one bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT entirely cured me, and I can heartily recommend it to all as the best medicine in the world.

RONALD MCINNES.

Bayfield, Ont.

Cottolene

A SHORTENING.

Down the street through the busy way
A lady passed on marketing day.
Who, pausing at a grocery store,
Stepped quickly in at the open door.
With bated breath and anxious mien
She queried: "have you COTTOLENE?"

The grocer, leaving off his work,
Interrogated every clerk;
But none up to that time had seen
An article called "COTTOLENE."

"What is it?" said he to the dame,
"That answers to this curious name.
What is it made of? What's its use?
My ignorance you'll please excuse."

"You're not the merchant for my dimes,
I see you're quite behind the times.
For COTTOLENE, I'd have you know,
Is now the thing that's all the go,
An article of high regard;
A healthful substitute for lard.
Its composition pure and clean;
For cooking give me COTTOLENE."

As from his store the lady fled,
The grocer gently scratched his head—
On his next order, first was seen,
"One dozen cases COTTOLENE."

Ask Your Grocer for it.

Made only by
N. K. FAIRBANK & CO.,
Wellington and Ann Streets,
MONTREAL.

COAL AND WOOD.



CONGER COAL CO., LIMITED
General Office, 6 King Street East

DALE'S BAKERY,
COR. QUEEN AND PORTLAND STS.,
TORONTO.

BEST QUALITY OF BREAD.
Brown Bread, White Bread.
Full weight, Moderate Price.
DELIVERED DAILY. TRY IT.

GILLETT'S

PURE
POWDERED 100%

LYE

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap
Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other
uses. A can equals 20 pounds of Sal Soda.
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
R. W. GILLETT, Toronto

CAMPBELL'S SKREI
FAMOUS
COD LIVER OIL
IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION
CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS,
WHOOPING COUGH,
PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS
AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

British and Foreign.

Lord Aberdeen's last public act before sailing for Canada will be the laying of the corner stone of the new Salvation Army barracks.

The income for the past year of the Irish Presbyterian Church has amounted to £245,489, an increase of £12,654. The adherents number 444,974.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, the eminent scientific temperance writer and worker, has been made a baronet by Mr. Gladstone. Nothing speaks more clearly of the advance of temperance sentiment in England than this recognition of the world's leading temperance scientist.

Relations between the English Presbyterian Church and the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists are becoming increasingly cordial. Ten evangelists have been appointed by the English Synod, being one for each Presbytery, except in the case of two small Presbyteries which have but one between them.

Evangelists are busily engaged in Chicago. Mr. Moody has been addressing enormous meetings of all sorts and conditions of men and women, in Forepaugh's great Circus. John Macneil has done and is still doing notable work. He preaches the Gospel with eloquence and fervor such as are seldom equalled.

English Presbyterians are seriously considering the proposal to remove the College from London to Cambridge. At Cambridge a valuable site has been virtually secured. The distinguished ladies who discovered the new Codex at Sinai are Cambridge Presbyterians, and offer a large amount to aid the change.

Dr. Cuyler tells the story of a little boy, the son of good Presbyterian parents, who was asked the question in the Catechism, "What is the chief end of man?" and answered it: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and annoy him forever." "There are too many men," says Dr. Cuyler, "who act as if that were their chief end."

Mr. D. L. Moody, the evangelist, in replying to a memorial from London ministers asking him to conduct a great mission in London this winter in conjunction with Mr. Sunkey, says that his home work has more claim upon his attention at present, but probably he will comply with the request should it be renewed in 1894.

The English Presbyterian Church is henceforth to send fraternal greetings to the Church of Scotland on the ground of common Presbyterianism—state connection being merely a local accident ought not to interfere with the communion of saints. An English Presbyterian minister was recently called to the Scottish parish of Cambusnethan.

Sir Samuel Lewis, who has just been raised by Queen Victoria to the dignity of a knight of the most distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George, is a full-blooded, coal-black negro, who, having taken his degree at the London University, is now a member of the legislative council of Sierra Leone. It is the first time that a British order of knighthood has ever been conferred upon an African.

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of such diseases as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia, if used according to directions. Thousands have tested it with the best results.

At a meeting of the Irish General Assembly's Missionary Directors, held lately in the Lecture-Hall of the Portrush Presbyterian church, the Moderator read a letter he had received from Canon Pope, D.D., of Lisbon, in reply to the letter of thanks from the Board to that gentleman, in connection with the humane and truly Christian services he had rendered in connection with the interment of the bodies of Mrs. Beatty and Dr. Mary MacGeorge, who were lost in the wreck of the Roumania.

All matters pertaining to the Great Columbian Exposition at Chicago, are bound to prove of interest to Canadians. Ask your Druggist for one of the "World's Fair" Albums just issued by the Proprietors of St. Jacob's Oil, the Great Pain Cure.

STRONG AND PROSPEROUS.

THE
SUN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF CANADA.

"For Years,"

Says CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."



At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S
Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Anent the Congress of Religions, to be held in Chicago, it may be stated that Catholics, Lutherans, Methodists, Congregationalists, Unitarians, Jews, the Christian Endeavor Societies, the Evangelical Alliance, and other religious bodies have found so much interest that they are expecting very large and enthusiastic meetings. Twenty other denominations will hold congresses in September. The popular interest is immense and growing. Out of a recent package of one thousand letters, the chairman found that seven hundred correspondents, mostly ministers, were expecting to be in Chicago in September.

The "Presbyterian Journal" has an item with regard to the statistics of church-going in Scotland showing that "between 1870 and 1891 the Established Church attendance has diminished 30 per cent, that of the Free Church 10 per cent, that of the United Presbyterian Church, nineteen per cent." In spite of these facts the membership of the Churches has been growing in the case of the Established and Free Churches, at a more rapid ratio than that of the population, and attention has been called to the strangeness of the fact that while the membership increases the attendance upon church services seems to be decreasing.

A PHILOSOPHICAL FAMILY.

Amelia has pimples, and sores in the head, From humors internal her nose has grown red; She's a boil on her neck that is big as a bell, But in other respects she is doing quite well.

And pa has dyspepsia, malaria and gout, His hands with salt-rheum are all broken out; He is prone to rheumatics that make his legs swell, But in other respects he is doing quite well.

And ma has night-sweats and a troublesome cough, That all of our doctors can't seem to drive off; She wakes every night and coughs quite a spell, But in other respects she is doing quite well.

There is nothing like philosophy to help one bear the ills of life, but in the case of this family what is most needed is a good supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It would cleanse Amelia's bad blood, cure pa's ailments, and check ma's cough. The "Golden Medical Discovery," by its action on the liver, cleanses the system of impurities. It cures humors, ulcers, boils, scrofula, salt-rheum, erysipelas, and all kinds of sores and swellings. The only guaranteed blood-purifier.

DRESS CUTTING.



THE NEW TAILOR SYSTEM.

The Leading System of the Day.

Drafts direct on material. Perfection in form and fit, easy to learn guaranteed. Inducements to agents. Send for illustrated circular.

J. & A. CARTER, PRACTICAL DRESSMAKERS.

379 Yonge St., Toronto.

Beware of models and machines.

PRESBYTERIAN LADIES' COLLEGE

TORONTO

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ELOCUTION, PHYSICAL CULTURE, ART AND MUSIC.

Applications now received for

Next Session, September 6

Calendars and Forms of Admission sent on Application.

T. M. MACINTYRE M.A., LL.B., Ph.D.

BRANFORD LADIES' COLLEGE

—AND—
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Commended by the General Assembly as an Institution unsurpassed for its religious influence, pleasant surroundings, home-like comforts and thorough culture. Largely patronized by the ministers of the church. The faculty consists chiefly of specialists trained in continental colleges and conservatories or in our own universities. Students prepared for matriculation in arts and for higher degrees in music. Specialists in pianoforte, voice culture, painting, French, German, elocution, stenography and typewriting have superior advantages at moderate cost. For new calendars address

WM. COCHRANE, D.D., Governor.

Session opens Sept. 6, '93.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID - BEEF

maintains its high standard as

A PERFECT BEEF FOOD

STAMINAL

IS A FOOD AND A TONIC COMBINED.

It contains the feeding qualities of Beef and Wheat and the tonic qualities of Hypophosphites in the form of a

PALATABLE BEEF TEA.

Milk Granules

Is the solids of pure Cow's Milk so treated that when dissolved in the requisite quantity of water it yields a product that is

The perfect equivalent of
MOTHER'S MILK.

As it may be interesting to see a copy of a preaching license of bygone days, says the Christian Commonwealth, we append the following:—

"Carnarvon to Wit.—These are to certify that William Hughes, a dissenting minister (from the Church of England), came before his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, for the said County of Carnarvon, at the General Quarter Sessions of the Peace held at Carnarvon, in and for the said county, on Friday, the seventeenth of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, and made and subscribed the declaration against Popery required by an Act of Parliament made in the nineteenth year of the reign of his present Majesty King George the Third, intitled, 'An Act for the further Relief of Protestants. Dissenting Ministers, and Schoolmasters.' In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand the day and year above written.—J. Hughes, Clerk of the Peace."



St. Jacobs Oil.

IT CONQUERS PAIN

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN

NEARLY TWO MILLION BOTTLES SOLD IN THE DOMINION IN TEN YEARS

REMEMBER THE PAIN KILLER

A SAFE, SPEEDY SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM & NEURALGIA

Ask your Druggist for it and take nothing else.

MORSE'S MELLITROPE TOILET SOAP

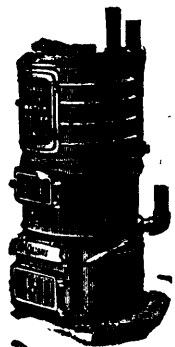
FRAGRANT, LASTING AND PURE

A PERFECT BOUQUET IN YOUR ROOM

JOHN TAYLOR & CO. MANUFACTURERS & PROPRIETORS

THE SPENCE

"DAISY" HOT WATER HEATER



Note attractive design.

Has the least number of Joints,

Is not Overrated,

Is still without an Equal

WARDEN KING & SON,

637 CRAIG ST.

MONTREAL

BRANCH, 110 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO.

MCCOLL'S OILS ARE THE BEST.

USE LARDINE MACHINE OIL, CHAMPION GOLD MEDAL OIL OF THE DOMINION.

MCCOLL'S CYLINDER OIL WILL

wear twice as long as any other make

The Finest High Grade Engine Oils are Manufactured by

MCCOLL BROS. & CO., TORONTO.

For sale by all leading dealers in the country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A factory at Anniston, Ala., is making the pipe for a 30-inch water main between Jerusalem and Joppa.

"I'm so nervous"—before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I'm so well"—after taking Hood's. Moral—"Be sure to get Hood's"

Apparatus which can be used for warming a building in winter and cooling it in summer, is being introduced into two immense Methodist churches, one in Pittsburgh, and the other in Allegheny, Penn.

MINING NEWS.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc. It is a sure cure.

Dr. Barus, an extensive experimenter, is strongly in favour of the thermo-electric method of measuring high temperatures. He believes the best couple is one made of platinum with an alloy of platinum and Iridium or rhodium.

VIGILANT CARE.

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of disease as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safe-guard.

Some one asks, How do you estimate an engine's horse-power? The answer is: Multiply the pressure per square inch by the square inch of area of the piston, and then multiply this result by the number of feet the piston travels in a minute. Finally divide by 33,000.

HISTORY OF 15 YEARS.

For fifteen years we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a family medicine for summer complaints and diarrhoea, and we never had anything to equal it. We highly recommend it.

Samuel Webb, Corbett, Ont.

The first man to run a locomotive with cast iron, instead of forged driving wheels, was Julius D. Petsch. This was in 1830. He was a practical machinist, and set the engine up himself. She was built at the West Point Foundry for service on the South Carolina road.

A PERFECT COOK.

A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks, and consequently indigestion is very prevalent. You can eat what you like and as much as you want after using Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural specific for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form.

Professor Sayce states that the term Sinai Peninsula, applied to the region between the Gulfs of Suez and Akaba, is a misnomer, all the evidence available proving that Mount Sinai really stands somewhere in the ranges of Mount Seir, the exact site being still unknown.

RHEUMATISM IN THE KNEES.

SIR,—About two years ago I took rheumatism in the knees, which became so bad that I could hardly go up or down stairs without help. All medicines failed until I was induced to try B. B. B. By the time I had taken the second bottle I was greatly relieved, and the third bottle completely removed the pain and stiffness.

Amos Becksted, Morrisburg, Ont.

The Encyclopedia Britannica is a fairly bulky compendium of human knowledge, but what shall be said of the Great Chinese Cyclopaedia, published in the reign of the Emperor Kanghe? It consists of 5,000 volumes. Only 100 copies were completed, of which the British Museum possesses one.

A BATTLE FOR BLOOD

Is what Hood's Sarsaparilla vigorously fights, and it is always victorious in expelling all the foul taints and giving the vital fluid the quality and quantity of perfect health. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all other troubles caused by impure blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c. Sent by mail on receipt of price by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

Among a party of pilgrims who arrived at the Troitzo-Sergievski Monastery in St. Petersburg recently was a hale and hearty man of 113 years of age. He had tramped a distance of some eighty-five miles, and showed no weariness, while many of his more youthful companions were much distressed by the journey. His age was properly attested by baptismal papers he carried with him.

Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies, the world lies down in a sepulchre of ages. But time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity—Bishop Heber.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."



Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

It is the best application for Bruises, Sprains, Cramps, Stiff Joints, Pain in the Chest, Back or Limbs.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing.

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

INTERNALLY.

From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

A CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS, DYSENTERY, DIARRHOEA, CHOLERA MORBUS

A half a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVER Fever and Ague Conquered.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

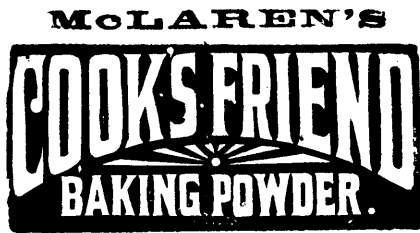
BE SURE TO GET "RADWAY'S."

AGENTS WANTED for our marvellous picture—the Illustrated Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments, which is a creation of genius, a masterpiece of art and an attractive household picture, beautifully executed in eight handsome colors; printed on heavy plate paper 16x22 inches. Sample copies sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Special terms.

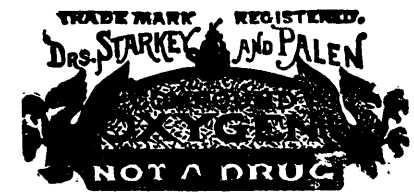
C. E. PARISH & CO., 59 Queen Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Miscellaneous.



McLaren's Cooks Friend Baking Powder. Retailed everywhere.



Compound Oxygen is frail humanity's friend.

It expands the lungs and gives greater power. It nourishes every part through the blood. It revitalizes every nerve and gives health.

CHURCH PIPE ORGANS.

We have added to our Piano business the manufacture of the above instruments...

Pianos

In addition to our regular stock, we are showing a number of new special styles, very attractive. Call and see them.

BELL PIPE ORGANS, ALL REED ORGANS, ARE PIANOS.

RECOMMENDED BY HIGHEST MUSICAL AUTHORITIES FOR TONE & DURABILITY.

BELL ORGAN & PIANO CO., LTD. GUELPH, ONT.

COMMUNION PLATE ALMS DISHES. CASTLE & SON MEMORIALS AND LEADED GLASS

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

ALGOMA.—At Manitowaning, on Sept. 26th, at 10 a.m. BRUCE.—At Paisley, on Sept. 12th, at 9 a.m. BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Oct. 3rd, at 10.30 a.m.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

4 TRIPS DAILY, CHICORA AND CIBOLA. Will leave Goddes' Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., and 4.15 p.m.

HAMILTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY

From Goddes' Wharf four trips each way daily. Leave Toronto 7.30 and 11 a.m., 2 and 5.15 p.m.

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS OF ALL KINDS FROM THE OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE OF JOSEPH McCausland & Son

WESTERN ASSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE AND MARINE. Capital and Assets over \$1,500,000.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Miscellaneous.

ONTARIO AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE Will Re-Open on October 2nd

Full courses of lectures, with practical instruction, on Agriculture, Live Stock, Dairying, Veterinary Science, Chemistry, Geology, Botany, Horticulture, English Literature and Composition, Arithmetic, Mensuration and Book-keeping.

Carr's Dyspepsia Cure. C. D. C.

For Indigestion and Dyspepsia a sure and genuine cure. On receipt of 50c., a box will be mailed to any address, postpaid.

SPECIALIST PILES. CAN BE CURED.

DR. W. L. SMITH, Specialist in Chronic and Malignant Diseases, offers a sure, certain, safe and painless cure for Hemorrhoids or Piles, Ulcer, etc.

ARTISTIC : DRESSMAKING

MRS. J.P. KELLOGG, 15 GREENVILLE ST. Ladies' Evening Gowns and Empire Effects a Specialty.

FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

Is excellent, its flavor, solubility, and wholesomeness leave nothing to be desired. ALFRED CRESPI, M.D.

Printing OF EVERY DESCRIPTION AT OFFICE OF THE Canada Presbyterian FAIR PRICES GOOD WORKMANSHIP ESTIMATES GIVEN

Presbyterian Printing & Publishing Co 5 JORDAN STREET TORONTO

Miscellaneous.

MORVYN HOUSE, 350 JARVIS ST., TORONTO. YOUNG LADIES' SCHOOL, For Resident and Day Pupils. MISS LAY, Principal.

A thorough English Course arranged with reference to UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION. Special advantages are given in Music, Art, French, German and Elocution.

SCHOOL WILL RE-OPEN SEPT. 12TH. MISS VEBALS' BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

English, Mathematics, Classics, Modern Languages, Art and Music. Pupils prepared for entrance to the Universities...

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING UNDERTAKER, 347 Yonge Street TELEPHONE 679.

H. STONE & SON, UNDERTAKERS, HAVE REMOVED TO 429 YONGE ST., COR. ANN ST. TELEPHONE NO. 931.

JOLLIFFE & TOVELL, UNDERTAKERS. 751 Queen St. West, Toronto. Telephone 1320. Open at Night

ELIAS ROGERS & COY



COAL. WOOD. LOWEST RATES

ROBERT HOME, MERCHANT TAILOR, 415 YONGE STREET, CORNER OF McALL STREET, TORONTO.

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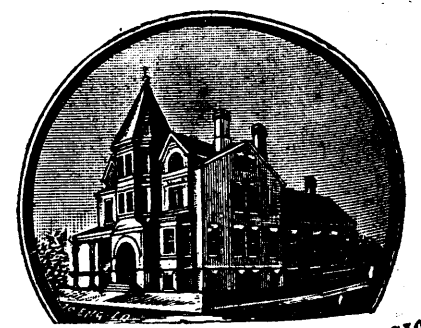
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