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## A Christmas Carol.

BY MRS. PATCHETT MARTIN.

[There is a legend to the effect that if an innocent young child should find himself alone in a church at midnight on Christmas Eve, he will see the chancel suddenly filled by the angelic host, and will hear their song of welcome to the Blessed Babe.]

Beneath a load of holly, through the snow  
A little lad toiled wearily along,  
Past homes with lamp and firelight all aglow,  
And gay with children's merriment and song.  
'Twas Christmas Eve—the church was full of light—  
He stood a moment at the open door  
To watch the workers, when a girl caught sight  
Of the bright-buried burden that he bore;

And soon the ruddy treasure wreathed the aisle,  
While silver glittered in the orphan's palm;  
Later—when silence filled the sacred pile,  
And the fair, white-robed world lay still and calm

Down came the angels at the midnight hour  
Into the chancel in a radiant throng;  
'Tis then that childhood's purity hath power  
To hear (the legend says) their Christmas song.

The waif forlorn who in the gloom had crept  
Into a corner, when the girlish band  
Closed up the church, and there had softly slept,  
Woke to the harmony of Heaven's own land.

And in the wondrous welcome of the strain,  
The little listener his woes forgot,  
The pangs of poverty, the piteous pain,  
The sorrow of his low and lonely lot.

The morrow morn revealed a moving sight,  
As streaming through the lofty, hallowed dome  
The sunlight fell across the features white,  
Of the dead child by angels taken home.

## Christmas Comes But Once a Year!

*For the Review.*

AND does it ever come aniss? Do we ever grow tired of Christmas, with the brightness and stir that it brings into our dull winter days, just at their dullest and shortest, with its family re-unions, gifts, and all the other gentle influences which it exercises on our hard work-a-day world? No! We can no more grow tired of Christmas than we can of spring! No healthy soul yet grew tired of the sweet monotony of the bursting buds and opening bloom, of the pure fragrance of the first violet, and the delicate aroma of the waking woods. And, like those vernal days—Christmas is a sort of moral and spiritual springtide, the hope and promise of the full power of that evangel of peace and good-will to many, which, proclaimed to the world nineteen centuries ago—is still so far from having attained its full maturity of power and blessing.

Yet, undoubtedly, there are moods and minds which are only too ready to realize the truth of some words of the good and wise Dr. Holland: "There is something very like mockery in the permanent youth of nature and its frictionless routine of change. We only, who are capable of observing and measuring the phenomena around us, are conscious of the wear and tear of life. We count our own heart-beat, and note their faltering rhythm, until they cease." And when recurring Christmas-tides bring with them inevitably the renewed

sense of locks in the circle of our life, and the pain "of remembering happier things," it is not strange that there should be for many, a shrinking from the associations that Christmas brings! Yet for this there is a balm in recognizing that the spirit which blesses Christmas is, after all, the only perennial, immortal power, of which we are conscious. "The Spirit of the Lord abideth forever," and so far as we enter into it, we not only abide forever, but have such a consciousness of it, for ourselves and for those we love, as bears us up above "the chances and changes of this mortal life." Thus, even for the mourner, if he will see it aright, Christmas has its message of comfort and cheer.

But *does* its Spirit "abide" in this distracted world? If the man of Nazareth returned to walk on earth as He did so many centuries ago, how far would He find the world governed by the spirit of His second great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?" How would He look upon the destructive and barbarous war now being waged between the two great heathen nations which should have been Christian long ago, if His Church had been true to her high mission, instead of wasting time and strength in petty bickerings at home? "If Christ came" to England or America how would He look upon all the class oppression, the undisguised hostility between capital and labor, employer and employed, the gross selfishness which has prevailed in these professedly Christian countries, until it has created on the one hand a heartless and self-indulgent plutocracy, surrounding itself with an extravagant luxury which saps the moral and spiritual as well as the physical life, and, on the other, a mass of grinding poverty and misery, in which men, with all the divine possibilities of humanity in them, become little better than beasts of burden? How would He look upon the crying sins of cruelty to helpless children,—to the still more helpless brute creation,—inflicted too often from both want of thought and want of heart. Even in our own Canada, as some of us know only too well, He would find, nay He *does* find, too many of these abuses which His eye surely marks, though His Church too often seems never to heed! For, after all, He does come; "the Judge does stand at the door, and see, and heart! But if the Church too often refuses to bestir herself against abuses, at least the work is taken up by outside organizations, working in the Spirit of the Lord, which is eternal!"

But in this "winter of our discontent," Christmas is at least a promise and an emblem of a better time, of that true Golden Age which lies before us, and not behind! A distinguished agnostic naturalist lately observed that the latter part of this century will be chiefly remarkable for the gradual waking up of the more privileged classes of society, to the hard and narrow lives, grinding and incessant toil, restricted

enjoyments, and urgent needs, physical, intellectual and moral of the great mass of their fellow-creatures. And it is not too much to say that this altruistic or philanthropic spirit has grown side by side with the nobler conception of Christmas-keeping, as a day, not of mere mirth and Jollity, or even of mere ceremonial observance, but, more especially, of "thinking on the things of others" of the expression in act of that "love which is the fulfilling of the law," and the every essence of Christianity, though it is so often left far in the shade behind creed and doctrine and ritual. And among the influences which have led up to this nobler conception of Christmas, we cannot but recognise that of Charles Dickens remarkable little book, "a Christmas Carol," which gave forth the true note of Christian altruism, and largely helped to inspire the great English public with a higher ideal and a higher love of Christmas.

Now this higher ideal has made for itself an assured footing, wherever the hearts of men beat true to its dominant note, in forest and wilderness as well as where the Christmas chimes ring merrily out from tower and steeple; even as the old familiar hymn, "Hark the herald angels sing" echoes all round the world, wherever the English tongue is spoken. Even Presbyterians have yielded to the blessed spirit of "Christmas present" though, once upon a time, they "took a scunner" at it, and very naturally too, when it was forced upon them at the point of the bayonet, by that "sanctified person, King James!" Yet none, even those who still frown at the Christmas commemorative service, so sweet and appropriate, take kindly enough to the Christmas turkey, the family gathering, the Christmas tree, or Christmas stocking, and all the little devices with by means of which we seek to give to the little ones happy associations with Christmas-day! But the best Christmas joy we can give them after all is the "joy of doing good," the happy learning of the lesson, divinely taught that "it is more blessed to give than to receive!" Some of the children who learned this lesson years ago have never forgotten it, but have been practising it ever since. Let not even the children be selfish in their Christmas pleasures! Let them be taught to look upon it as an opportunity of *giving* rather than of *getting*, of giving the little loving service, if they can give nothing else. And for us older ones, why cannot this blessedness of making others happy be continued all through the year? Why should we all have a spasmodic fit of doing good, every twenty fifth of December, and then forget the lesson all the rest of the year? Why is not the command to love our neighbor as ourselves, with all its practical results, just as binding on December twenty-sixth, or January twenty-fifth as on the day we call Christmas? Yet we cannot keep even Christmas truly, unless we have the Master's own spirit of giving, giving *ourselves* not less than our goods, which is of the very essence of the Christian life. And when that final judgment comes which shall tear off all disguises and show us to ourselves as we *are*, and not as we should like to *appear*, we shall see that it is only in this spirit and essence of following Christ in giving ourselves for others, that we can enter then "into the joy of our Lord," with ever increasing fulness into the spirit of "a happy Christmas!"—FIDELIS.

### An Advent Hymn.

The Christmas stars shine clear and bright  
As on the first glad Christmas night,  
But where are gleams of angel wings,  
Where the celestial choir that sings  
A carol to the listening earth,  
Glad tidings of the heavenly birth,  
With which the hosts celestial ring,  
And where is He, the new-born King?

He cometh still, as light of day  
O'er purple hill-tops far away!  
No sudden flash of dazzling light  
Darts through the shadows of the night;  
But even while our waiting eyes  
Are looking for the glad surprise,  
We find that, ere we know, the day  
Clear on the hills and valleys lay!

He comes, but not to outward sight,  
With herald angels robed in light,  
And choirs celestial ringing clear;  
Yet comes He still, in Christmas cheer,  
In loving thought, in kindly deed,  
In blessings shared with others' need  
In gentle dews of peace and love,  
That drop, in blessing from above!

In humble thoughts of penitence,  
In comfort known to inward sense,  
In consciousness of sin forgiven,  
In love, the earnest here of heaven;  
He comes, though not to outward ken,  
To reign a King in hearts of men,  
In all things pure and just and true,  
The Christ to-day is born anew!

And though in human form, no more,  
We see Him as He walked of yore,  
At even, on the hill side gray,  
Or in the city's crowded way,  
Still may we see Him, dim or clear,  
In every heart that holds Him dear;  
In every life that owns His way,  
The Life Eternal lives to-day!

Not only where the Minster towers  
Bear high their fretted marble flowers,  
In vaulted aisles, whose echoes long  
The chants of ages past prolong,  
But 'neath the humblest pine-roof reared,  
'Mid stumps of virgin forest cleared,  
The Babe who in the manger lay  
Is near to bless the Christmas Day!

Yet still His waiting Church below  
Looks onward to the brighter glow,  
When all the dim and scattered rays,  
United in one lambent blaze,  
Shall crown the holy brow that bore  
The crown of thorns and anguish sore,  
And His own ransomed earth shall ring  
With anthems to her conquering King!

FIDELIS.

### The Incarnation the True Type of Evolution.

In the truest sense of the term we may say that the Incarnation of the Christ was an evolution from humanity. He was born of a human mother and so was truly a man, yet he gave abundant evidence of being much more than a man. He came into the world with the mental and spiritual heritage that formed the portion of every Jewish child from its environment, minus the sinful tendency common to man, but He had also a wealth of moral and spiritual energy which lifted Him far above His own and all preceding generations. Like other men He had dominion over nature, but beyond that he showed a control of it altogether, without precedent in the history of mankind. In one way the scene had been all prepared by a long course of events for His appearing, but when He did appear He was greater than all the forecasts of Him, and greater than any climax to which they might be expected to lead up. He was all that by any of the known laws of heredity—the race might be counted on sooner or later to produce, that and something more of which it gave no real promise. The ultimate problem in His case is the ex-

planation of that something more which made Him what He was—the unique personage of all history.

In some respects the Christ stands alone and must always stand alone among the sons of men. And yet the very purpose for which He appeared at all was that He might reproduce His kind, and people the world with men and women like Himself. He is the second Adam, the head of a new race, who measurably approach Him even now and ultimately will share His dignity as a Son of God. He was meant to be the first born among many brethren. Had He remained alone His mission would have been a failure. The new man has acquired permanency and become a distinct species. So that by analogy at least the case is like that of every new species as these are supposed by the evolution theory to have come into the world. According to this, each new species rises by a longer or shorter step out of some other that preceded it. There is always the something more that makes it what it is. This analogy is instructive in the highest degree.

(1) We are not yet shut up to any existing form of the doctrine of evolution as the only theory of the origin of species. Many still have serious doubts about that on scientific grounds and the last word has by no means been spoken regarding it. But obviously there is no need for the Christian thinker as such to put himself in antagonism to the great mass of scientists on this question. Evolution may or may not be true as the universal law of all life. But what actually occurred according to the accepted Christian view in the case of Jesus of Nazareth as the Head of a new and more spiritual race of men, may possibly have been true in the case of the lower species that preceded his appearance in the order of time. What was worthy of God in the one case would be worthy of Him in the others if He chose to adopt it as His method.

(2) Assuming the theory of evolution for the time being as true in its main principle at least. The birth of the Christ is the only genuine instance of such development within the range of human observation. By the confession of evolutionists themselves there is no other. If we can understand this one therefore, it ought to have something to tell us as to the probable method of God's working in other cases as well.

(3) Within certain limits we can understand the origin of Christ. We can understand His antecedents in human history and can observe at intervals the finger posts of prophecy that point forward to Him. We can discern anticipations of Him, even efforts to realize the ideal of Him, which, like early blossoms, gave fair promise for a while but soon abortively perished. We can understand the environment out of which He sprang, and can recognize His fitness for the environment. We can perceive numberless circles of thought and activity that could not possibly intersect each other except at the very point where He stood. These help to locate Him. But they do not wholly explain Him. The something more still eludes us and remains a mystery.

Now in like manner none of the so-called theories of evolution explain, or even attempt to explain, how the essential characteristic of a new species begins. They take it for granted that each one does begin somehow in one or more individuals of an already existing species and then attempt to explain how it is preserved and perpetuated. The first appearance of any new organ or any new form of an old one, however manifestly it

may answer to a felt want is still an inexplicable mystery.

(4) The only explanation which theology has to give of the something more in Christ is the direct intervention of God. The virgin conceived by the power of the Holy Ghost, and beyond that we cannot go. This does not necessarily suggest parthensgenesis as the method everywhere, but it does suggest as the only possible explanation of new forms the direct intervention of divine power in a way not previously exercised.

(5) Even if we could discover fully and state the laws under which they appeared we should still only be dealing with God's power as the real force which executes these laws. Without God in the case, nothing whatever is possible as the outcome. With God in it anything may be the outcome that is worthy of Him, even God Himself as was the Christ. No chasm can be too wide to cross. He is not bound to take short steps except as He sees fit to do so. The inference is obvious. Evolution can become complete theory, covering the whole ground only by a frank recognition of God, that is, only by basing itself upon a distinctly theistic philosophy.

#### Christmas in Foreign Lands.

In Burgundy, carols are exceedingly popular. Indeed, not more cherished is the German's Christmas tree, with its glittering ornaments, and the Christ-child, or the Briton's red holly-berries, mystic mistletoe, blazing hearth-fire and plum-pudding, than are the ditties sung, all through Advent, until Christmas Eve, by the good folk of that province. Fireside gossip, mingles with the quaintly-worded praises of "the little Jesus." Bagpipes drone in the village streets. The strolling minstrel is always accounted a welcome addition to the neighborly hearthside gatherings, and when Christmas Eve is past, the piper makes the round of the houses, whence he fails not to issue with many a compliment, as well as some small coin, by way of reward for the playing of his high sounding tunes. Light refreshments are provided up to Christmas Eve; then, a big supper is furnished forth to as many as can assemble under one roof. Burning brands support the huge *Suche* or Yule log, which is believed, by the small fry of Burgundian humanity, to fetch in its wake a delectable shower of sugar-plums. Therefore, as these little people as quiet as their superabundance of vitality will permit—for they know that, if good, something nice will be found to reward them, in their slippers or wooden shoes, on the morrow.

On the score of noise and hilarity, the grown-up folk atone for all deficiencies of the youngsters. "Noel! Noel!" echoes and re-echoes everywhere until the midnight mass is said, to attend which the pious carry diminutive, party-colored tapers, amidst the jubilation of the chiming church bells.

In Sweden, when, at their brightest, the *aurora boreales* make scintillate their crimson falchions, which rend the golden sky curtain to let one see the purple fleets of cloudland pass in an enchanting procession before the silver stars, then do the peasants dance on the straw in honor of Yule-tide, and rustic damsels throw straws at the roof-timbers, to ascertain by the number of straws sticking thereon, how many grooms-men will stand beside their brides at the altar during the ensuing year. Songs and tales, and a great Yule-cake cheese-crowned, apple-wreathed, and set as the base for the three-branched Christmas candlestick, are all objects of importance at Swedish Yule-tide festivities. In a country not far from where "the two spirits of the globe, the magnetic and the electric," according to Michelet, do nightly hold carnival in the polar circle, the poor Icelanders are allowed, as a rare treat, to have bread to eat with their Christmas mutton and milk porridge.—H.C.

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## Christmas Greetings.

THE season for greetings has once again come, and the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW joins the chorus in wishing its readers a merry Christmas. It is the season of greetings and of gifts. Friend hails friend with good wishes and friendships are sealed with tangible tokens. From the prevailing custom there is much genuine pleasure derived, springing from the principle that it is blessed to give. Who gives to a worthy cause that does not experience the satisfaction of having done a good deed? So it is that Christmas with its presents softens the feelings, kindles the sympathies, and sheds good cheer and kindness abroad. The poor and needy are remembered by many in their Christmas lists. There are the charitable and benevolent institutions, the sufferers in the churches, and the destitute among the great unwashed. No man or woman ought to be considered too depraved to be touched by seasonable kindness. The record of the slums shows that the missions of mercy are fruitful of results at this season of the year. A Christmas dinner, a few things to enable the mother to gather the family around the board, will produce happiness, and will probably win an entrance for the higher concerns of the soul. Christmas gifts should be shared in not only by the friends of one's own circle, but, to some extent, by those who would otherwise have none.

To the church, Christmas Day marks an unspeakably solemn and important event. The birth of Christ is the great event in the history of the world, and while opinions will differ as to the manner of observing the day, it will be conceded as not too much to expect from Christians that their thankfulness to God for the great gift of His Son, should be given expression to publicly in the house of worship. But whether in church or in the home, it would be a most fitting duty that a solemn consecration of life to God should be made. He gave His Son for us, let us give our lives to Him. Then would be felt the full meaning of Christmas-tide, of its softening influence, of its vows and resolutions for Christ would be born not only for us but in us the hope

of glory. And the gifts, the kind words the greetings, would be sanctified, would be a source of blessing to ourselves and mayhap to others.

## Gustavus Adolphus.

The fame of this hero king will endure as long as the history of protestantism will be read. Few characters in history are as unique as his, the charm of his personality, the success of his arms, the wisdom of his reign, present to the mind elements of attractive interest, and his great services to the cause of liberty and of truth, usually identical, merit the admiration of the ages. It is three hundred years since he was born the date being December 9th 1594. The ter-centenary of his birth has been celebrated in Germany, Denmark, and in Norway and Sweden. These countries are specially interested as the scenes of his triumphs, but all the world share in its obligation to the successful champion of a cause which is wide world in its beneficent scope. His victorious campaign in Germany was a marvel of generalship and success. He faced the veteran and famous generals of the age, Tilley and Wallenstein, men of experience and ability and he defeated them and broke their armies in a series of engagements. Well educated and trained, he was a pious prince and an accomplished one. He was a fervent Lutheran, and his army was disciplined on a characteristic plan. His soldiers were God-fearing hymn singing earnest men, terrible in the onset, merciful and well-behaved off the field. He fell at Lutzen where the Germans erected a monument to commemorate his death and the victory of his arms, but a more fitting monument is the Gustavus Adolphus Society formed in 1832, the object of which is to promote Evangelical religion in countries where Roman Catholic is the prevailing form of religion. "It has built 2,000 churches 800 schools, and sustains 4,000 missions."

## Aged Ministers' Fund.

What thoughts are suggested by the very name. Aged heralds of the cross, men whose step was once elastic whose voice was once firm—whose faithful warning made our conscience speak—but they are old now feeble in voice as in step—almost forgotten for another generation arisen who know them not. Shall we neglect them? We all need cheer in these times of depression, who more than our old veterans to whom the grasshopper is becoming a burden—will it cheer them to know that the church is giving less than usual. Have you counted what deficit means to them? to know what it is to contemplate a threatened shortage in the fund? There are this year seventy six aged men who are more or less dependent on this fund. The average annuity is slightly over \$200 little enough sum but reduce it and you pinch men already within the grip of care—you add to the burden the weary anxiety of making ends meet when they cannot reach—then let not the church pursue a false economy here. There are some whose money is deposited for safety only to whom a rich return would come if they tested the promise He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord—Try it—you ask how much is required? about 10,360 from the congregational collections—\$17,350 altogether. A few congregations in the cities give away above the average in this as they do to other funds, but most are far beneath the minimum. Make an effort

this year to keep the fund up to the mark. It is useless to say if every one gave it would require but little, there are many who do not give—then do you give what you can and you will reap a rich reward.

#### The Late Premier.

The past week will be remembered in the annals of the country by the tragic, unexpected death of Canada's able premier, Sir John Thompson. The country was not prepared for the shock and although a few intimate friends knew that his health was in a precarious state even they did not suppose the end to be so near. His mission to Europe was two-fold, public business in London and including taking the oath as a member of the Privy Council, and a visit to Paris to consult eminent physicians. The result of the consultation was not cheering and he was hastening back to Canada for complete rest. He had just been sworn in to the Privy Council and had sat down to luncheon at Windsor Castle when he was cut down.

His death removes one of the ablest men who ever held high office in Canada, from the scene. His career was a striking illustration of merit succeeding against difficulties. He had few early advantages to begin with except good habits, method, unfailing industry and great powers of application—certainly most useful endowments, but within the reach of the average young man—but deceased used them well. What he had to do he did honestly, thoroughly, and to the utmost of his ability. Consequently he grew in experience and became useful. He mounted the ladder step by step in public life, from being an alderman of Halifax to a seat in the legislature, to be leader of his party, to be a distinguished advocate and judge and finally to be prime minister. There is certainly a lesson to be learned from his career. With the wisdom or otherwise of his general policy as prime minister a religious journal has little to do, but even his opponents own to his ability, his statesmanship, breadth of view, and creditable personal record. His force of character was much felt and his personality was the power which gave the public confidence to the administration of which he was the head. The loss of such a man will be great. No matter what party loses an able man, the loss is the country's and that of Sir John Thompson will be felt all the more that there are not many men of outstanding ability now at the head of affairs.

#### Hymnal Tunes.

The Tunes Committee announce that they will be pleased to consider the suggestions which "Presbyterian" furnishes in his letter which appeared in our last issue. In answer to the invitation that appeared in the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW Rev. Alex. McMillan Secretary of the Tunes Sub Committee received suggestions from such remote points as Halifax and Vancouver and these were carefully considered in going over the first part of the Hymnal portion of the new Book of Praise. Mr. McMillan and other members are in communication with conducting of Psalmody, and all suggestions that reach the Committee before it meets on 28th of next month, to review the remainder of the hymns and the selections from the Psalms will be welcomed and used by the Committee. Many of the old standard long, short and common metre tunes will appear in the new Hymnal portion, and where it can be done the original harmonies restored. The Tunes Committee represents

the city, town and country congregations; the wants of the ordinary congregations are kept steadily in view and the sympathetic co-operation of all interested is desired. It will be thus seen that the Committee is accessible to all interested and if advantage be not promptly taken of this open attitude no after blame will attach to the Committee.

#### Foreign Missions.

Christmas has come and in a few days we shall all be reviewing the year. In Foreign Mission work there has been steady progress, notwithstanding the unusual amount of interruption through sickness and the Eastern war. But the state of the funds is not hopeful and that is not a pleasant reflection at this season which reminds us of His Advent, who by so doing became poor that we might be rich. It is however encouraging to find that there is prevalent a feeling of humiliation and distress on account of this state of affairs. The ladies of the W.F.M.S. have set apart a special season for prayer in behalf of the *general* work—not their own department in particular. Our honored missionary Rev. J. Frazer Smith, M. D. now at home on account of sickness, has issued a very appropriate circular letter, especially addressed to the ministers of the Church, asking that a few minutes at noon of each of the first eight days of the year be set apart for waiting on the Lord that congregations may be moved in the light of Mal. iv : 8-12. He also clearly indicates the possibilities of the principle of giving a tenth were adopted. Surely very many will be found ready to co-operate in this cry for help, to Him who loves the work at home and abroad more than we ever can, and who has commanded us to pray the Lord of the Harvest that He would send forth laborers into the harvest. May we in answer to prayer not only maintain, but extend by sending out all candidates whose hearts have been moved to offer themselves for the foreign field.

#### Systematic Giving.

The pressure of hard times has brought the question of Church finances prominently into the pages of religious papers and before Presbyteries and conferences, on the other side of the line. The *New York Observer* contains the following practical paragraph by Helen A. Hawley, worth reproducing:—To be trained in the duty and privilege of giving is a need of the Sunday-school scholar. The average child has little idea of money, except as a means of buying enjoyment. Let him be trained to find some enjoyment outside of self.

A superintendent devised the following simple plan --that each teacher should canvass his class to see how much the individual members could give each week to some benevolent cause; then that each class should pledge weekly so many five-cent contributions. For instance, say a class had twelve members; of these, two could pledge five cents each, five could pledge two cents each, and the remaining five one cent each. With the teacher's five cents added, there would be six five cent pledges from this class for every Sunday. No one but the teacher was to know who gave five cents and who gave one cent, a stout envelope being passed around at the close of the lesson, the contributions quietly slipped in, and the whole handed to the treasurer, who was chosen from the class.

This plan was adopted by the school, and worked admirably. The poorest boy or girl felt as much pride

in "our class collection," as if able to give the whole amount. Was not he or she a partner in that benevolent firm? The gifts were gathered in at the end of the quarter, and that service was quite a gala affair. The class name, the class motto, and varied floral devices were conspicuous. The wise teacher made no distinction in the pupils. Quite as often a one cent boy as a five-cent one was the proud bearer of the class offering, and nobody the wiser.

Giving was a pleasure, and it soon became a habit. It is years since this plan was adopted, and that school has never forgotten the lesson. It has a handsome sum each year to be divided between the great home and foreign fields. Better than that even, its little people grow up taking thought of what they owe to God and their fellow men.

**Homes for Little Boys.** The last appeal of the Children's Aid Society of Toronto, for homes for boys brought to them a large number of applications. But the little boys of from one to seven years old have been entirely forgotten. The Society has some beautiful little fellows between these ages (and knows of some babies) for whom it wants adoption.

**Licentiated as Assistants.** The plan of appointing licentiated as temporary assistants in large congregations is becoming popular in Ireland. The practice has been long established in Scotland, but not until recently has it been introduced in the Emerald Isle. It has given great satisfaction, so far, and will likely be generally adopted.

**Sabbath Observance.** In Cincinnati recently the street railway employes were arrested for performing common labor on the Sabbath. Although the workmen were armed with permits from the mayor to work certain hours that day, yet the arrests were insisted upon and now the courts will decide upon the ability of the mayor to distinguish between works of necessity and those of convenience. In Brooklyn the sugar refineries are working on Sunday to the grief of the Christian community.

**Scottish Moderators.** The Moderators for the Established and Free Churches of Scotland are nominated by the Standing Commission of the General Assemblies, and the nominations are acquiesced in as a matter of course. For the coming Assemblies Hon. and Rev. Principal Miller, C.I.E., LL.D., of Madras has been unanimously nominated for the Free Church, and Rev. Dr. Donald MacLeod, Glasgow, of the Morven stock, for the Established Church. Dr. Miller was born at Thurso in 1838 and has spent over thirty years in India, the Christian College of Madras being his creation. His great services as an educationist were recognized not long ago by his being created by the Queen a Companion of the Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire. Rev. Donald MacLeod, D.D., of Park parish, Glasgow was born in his father's Manse at Campsie in 1831, he acted for a short time as assistant to his brother Norman, of the Barony, and was ordained to Lauder in 1858. Four years later he was translated to Linlithgow, and thence, in 1869 he went to Glasgow. In 1872 he became editor of *Good Words* in succession to his brother Norman, whose Life he wrote. For some years he has been convener of the Home Mission Committee, and he takes a deep interest in social questions.

### Current Comment.

Professing Christians talk more about "catholicity" and fellowship, and such like commendable things, in one hour than they really practise in five years.—*Herald and Presbyter*.

We are glad that the Cumberland Presbyterian Church has a high standard and a broad platform. A Cumberland Presbyterian who holds peculiar views in regard to the atonement, inspiration, the resurrection, creation, or future probation, is in no danger of being dragged up as a heretic and cast out of the ministry. No man need expect to depart from traditional teachings of the Church without encountering friendly opposition, but no man need fear to give his mind full scope in investigating and thinking for himself. Although we are a liberal people, we are not latitudinarian either in doctrine or practice. May the day never come when the Cumberland Presbyterian Church will not be broad enough to make room for men of original views, and may it never be petty enough to devote its energies to crushing out heresy, and hounding heretics out of its ministry.—*St. Louis Observer*.

Archbishop Corrigan is an Irish despot who is angry because he is losing power. He admonished Father Ducey not to attend the meetings of the Lexow committee. But that priest belongs to the liberal school. He roasts the prelate for defending Tammany, asks by what authority he ventures to forbid his attendance, and proposes to do as he pleases. Good for Ducey! As a counter irritant, Bishop McQuaid exhibited his sores by scoring Archbishop Ireland who defeated him for a regency. Ireland has been able to raise money since the election, which he could not get before.—*The North and North West*.

What we wish, however, specially to point out, is that the cry, Back to Christ! is not only unnecessary, but may lead to a wrong estimate of the teaching of the Apostles who came after Christ. Instead of leading theology Back to Christ, as this cry implies, it would be better far to seek to discover more fully the mind of Christ as taught by the inspired Apostles. This, we insist, is not to dishonor Christ, or to obscure him in any measure, for he, before his ascension, promised his disciples that the Holy Spirit would be given them to lead them into the truth. Hence, when the Apostles spoke and wrote by the Spirit, it was as if Christ himself was speaking and writing. Hence, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a Pauline or a Petrine Theology. It is all the Theology of Christ, who, as the true Prophet of the covenant, was revealing by his Spirit more fully the will of God in the great purposes of race, and far-reaching principles of the kingdom.—*Christian Observer*.

The congregation of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, entertained themselves on Thanksgiving eve by holding a mock trial of their pastor, Dr. Lyman Abbot. The jury was the church choir, and judge, counsel and witnesses were prominent lawyers and ladies. Amid great merriment Dr. Abbott, bound in red tape, was convicted of writing too much, and so violating the eight-hour law of persuading citizens of Brooklyn to vote against "ring" candidates, of pernicious activity in church affairs and of interfering with the Harvard College baseball and football teams. The jury was promptly ordered committed to Bloomingdale Asylum and Dr. Abbott was released from custody.—*The Central Presbyterian*.

If an evangelist accepts an invitation to labor in a community, some Christian people, "Now we are going to have a revival." The expectation of a revival is associated with the presence of a certain; faith attaches itself to his preaching and methods, and he is virtually looked upon as if he were a favorite of heaven. On the other hand, is a revival expected when the pastor begins a series of meetings? Why should a revival be expected in the one case and not in the other? There can be no doubt as to the answer. The power is of God, and all our sufficiency is of Him. "It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." If there were more wrestling Jacobs in the pews, times of refreshing would be more frequent.—*The Mid-Continent*.

## FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International S. S. Lesson.

LESSON XIV.—REVIEW.—DEC. 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever.”—Heb. xiii : 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus, Teacher and Healer.

INTRODUCTORY.—Six months in company with the Master, studying His life of unselfish love, lofty teaching, and tenderest sympathy, gives rise to the question, what effect has it produced on our lives? Are we more like Christ to-day? Less selfish, less easily irritated, more loving and generous and sympathetic? If so there have been six months of progress, and a brief review of the lessons we have learned will be helpful and inspiring to us as we begin another half year of following in the same holy footsteps.

CHRIST AS A TEACHER.—Let us briefly glance at some of the great lessons to be gleaned from the teachings of the Master during the past quarter. The first lesson opened our three months study, with a visit to Nazareth where we find the Master revealing Himself to His own townspeople as the promised Messiah. It is a pathetic picture that brings the lesson to a close. The patient, loving Christ pushed and hustled to the edge of the precipice by the rough and angry crowd. But see, they stand aside and He passes through their midst, leaving them amazed at their own inability to execute their purpose. Nazareth has rejected Christ, and only once again did He give them opportunity to repent. How is it with you? From Nazareth to the seashore at Capernaum is not a long distance, and we follow the Saviour there to find Him out on the bosom of the sea's blue waters helping Simon to fish. How many a heart has been won in just that way. Christian worker learn here the lesson, that with Paul and his Master, you must become all things to all men, if you would win souls. Don't talk to men from the mountain tops of Christian experience, but get down beside them and lead them from the fishing boat, or the counter, the merchant's desk or the kitchen stove to the feet of Christ. Still in Capernaum our next lesson shows us Jesus teaching in the synagogue with authority that amazed the people. Do you, as they wonder at that authority and cease at the wondering? or does His Word mean *all* to you? When He commands action are you ready for service? and when the word comes “Be still, my child,” are you glad to remain silent for His sake? It is one thing to be amazed at authority; it is another thing to acknowledge it in cheerful obedience. How many privileges has that city of Capernaum to be accountable for! Yet how much greater are ours, seeing the Christ is ever in our midst. Again in the fourth lesson He is in Capernaum, and the multitude throng the house and crowd the entrance, so that the sick of the palsy and his friends fear that they may not reach the great Physician as they approach the door. But their faith is equal to the difficulty, and down through the roof the helpless man is lowered right to the Saviour's feet. Never does anxious soul in faith approach the Master, that it does not receive more, abundantly more than it can ask or think. With the burden of sin lifted from his heart, and the strength of youth in his once feeble limbs, is it a wonder that at the words “take up thy bed and walk,” the healed one rose rejoicing and a praising multitude? From Capernaum Christ went on His second Galilean journey, and we must pass on in our review as we hear him explain the true intent of the Sabbath to the critical and hypocritical scribes, or summoning to discipleship the twelve chosen men. Some few miles from the sea coast the Horns of Hattin point heavenward, and seated on a plane at its base one summer afternoon the Great Teacher laid down the laws of the Kingdom of God, that moral code of love so incomparably beautiful. Again we travel back to Capernaum, where we find Him libelled by His enemies and misunderstood by His friends, proclaiming the doctrine of forgiveness, and calling to sweet relationship with Himself all who do the will of His Father. From grim and cheerless Machearus, where lies in durance vile the noble-hearted Baptist, came messengers seeking for their imprisoned leader some words of comfort and encouragement from Him whom he came to herald. True to those who are true to Him, the Master testifies in words of high encomium to His absent servant; and yet after all He says that you and I, members of the Kingdom, are greater than John. By the sea shore again Christ speaks to the people; but now the truth lies not on the surface for all to read; it is veiled in parable, that only those who seek sincerely may be able to find. The seed is the Word, what fruit bears it in your life? And now we are at the end. The twelve are gathered round Him, and with words of counsel exhortation, He commits to them the bearing of the message “the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.” Two and two they go forth and all Galilee re-ounds with the news, but it falls on unwilling ears and stimulates few to prepare to receive the King. How is it with you? Are you ready for the coming of the Prince of Peace, and establishment of His ceaseless reign? Is your life such that you can reply “amen,” to the beloved disciple's prayer “Come Lord Jesus, Come quickly.”

## Application and Illustration.

WHAT CAN I DO?

LESSON I.—Know my mission in life, and with Christ's strength accomplish it.

LESSON II.—Be willing, if need be, to forsake all for the better following of Christ.

LESSON III.—Recognize Christ's authority, by cheerfully obeying all His injunctions and commands.

LESSON IV.—Destroy all obstacles between myself and Christ. Come expecting much, receiving more.

LESSON V.—Spending Sabbath's in getting blessing from God and giving blessing to humanity.

LESSON VI.—Hear Christ calling me and take my stand among His chosen ones.

LESSON VII.—Make the law of love the law of my life; as an ambassador of heaven's King practice the customs of heaven's court.

LESSON VIII.—Realize my relationship to Christ, and live that the name I thus bear may be honored by my companions.

LESSON IX.—Live for the loving testimony of the Master, not the insincere and jealous approbation of the world.

LESSON X.—Be a Sower; take the Word for my seed. Be an honest harrower and bear fruit an hundred fold to the glory of God.

LESSON XI.—Preach as I go “The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand,” depending on the Divine provision for my care and safety when on a Divine commission.

LESSON XII.—By submitting myself to the reign of Christ in my heart now, hasten the time when He will reign over the whole world.

## ACROSTIC TITLES FOR FOURTH QUARTER.

CHRIST,

Telling of His Mission, Luke iv. 16-30.

Enlisting Followers, Luke v. 1-11.

Adjuring the Unclean Spirit, Mark i. 21-34.

Cleansing and Curing, Mark ii. 1-12.

Healing on the Sabbath, Mark ii. 23-28; iii. 1-5.

Electing the Twelve, Mark iii. 6-19.

Recounting the Laws of Love, Luke vi. 20-31.

Hated by the Scribes, Mark iii 22-35.

Exalting John, Luke vii. 24-35.

Admonishing by Parable, Luke viii. 4-15.

Leading the Twelve to Work, Matt. x. 5-11.

Expected to Return, Isa. ix. 2-7.

Review of the Quarter.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

## Daily Readings.

First Day—A year of temptation—Job i. 6-22.

Second Day—A year of sin—Job xlii. 1-6.

Third Day—A year of victory—Job xlii. 7-12.

Fourth Day—A year of failures—Josh. vii. 1-9.

Fifth Day—A year of successes—Josh vii. 25-35.

Sixth Day—A year of joy—Ps. cxlvii. 1-14.

Seventh Day—LOOKING BACKWARD—Ps. cxlv. 1-21.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC, Dec. 30.—“Looking backward,” cxlv. 1-21. Another year has sped on its way, and we stand upon the threshold of a new one looking backward over the path of the fleeting past with all its deviousness, fading away in the distance. Here and there in its course we may distinguish places where blessing and spiritual uplifting have been our experience, and scattered along its entire length the marks of many a disastrous fall where leaning on our own strength we have gone down before the onrush of temptation. But o'er it all, in wondrous continuity, stretches the love of God; forgiving, raising, strengthening, guiding, upholding, and we realize that if we have not made progress Godward it has been not through lack of His tender leading, but on account of our own self-willed waywardness. Paul says we must forget the things behind, and so we must in so far as they tend either to discourage us for the future, or induce idle contentedness with past accomplishment. But the lessons learned through failure and defeat, success and victory must be remembered and profited by.

## Some C. E. Literature.

“Ontario C. E. Union, Report of Sixth Annual Convention, published by the Endeavor Herald Co., should be in the hands of every Christian Endeavorer in the province. Besides the valuable statistical matter it contains, there are many practical addresses on C. E. topics that will be most helpful to all societies in doing efficient work for Christ. You are behind the times if you do not possess this book.

“Our Crowning Meeting,” by Amos R. Wells, of the *Golden Rule*, is one of the most beautiful and spiritually helpful bits of C. E. literature we have read for a long time. It deals with the consecration service in a way which must make it more sacred and helpful to all who read it. We have been blessed by this little pamphlet, and not only recommend but urge every society to secure copies of it at least for their officers. Send to the United Society, Boston.

This old sobbing world of ours is one year older than it was when the last Christmas carol was chanted. It has had another twelvemonth of experiments and of experience—of advancement on many lines of human research and acquisition. But it has not outgrown Jesus Christ. For Him it has discovered no substitute. The star of Bethlehem is the only star that never sets. Jesus Christ alone can satisfy all human necessities and the loftiest of human aspirations.

We greet thee, happy Day!  
O golden Day of “peace, good-will to men!”  
Brighten the darkness of our lonely way  
With light that shines and fadeth not again!



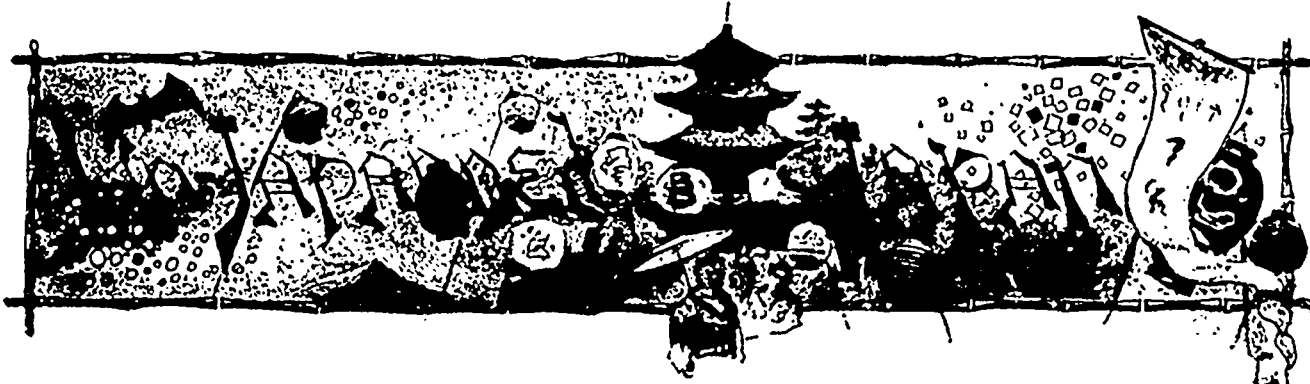
## Christmas Eve.

The snow is white  
On the roofs to-night ;  
The moon looks down with her silvery smile ;  
And the wind blows free  
Thro' bush and tree,  
And whistles along for mile on mile.  
And ah ! hark there ?  
On the midnight air,  
Comes the faintest tinkle of fairy bells.  
They are coming near,  
They are coming here,  
And their sweet sound swelling of joy foretells.

So still he smiles,  
And the time beguiles  
Concocting schemes our hearts to cheer ;  
He loves us all,  
And great and small  
Regret that he comes but once a year.

It is Santa Claus,  
And he cannot pause ;  
But down the chimney he quickly slides ;  
Each stocking fills,  
Till it almost spills,  
Then gayly chuckles, and off he glides.  
How happy he,  
The saint to be  
Of all the girls and all the boys !  
He hears his praise  
Thro' the holidays,  
As they eat their sweets, and break their toys.

Drake's Magazine.



A Land without Song of Birds or Perfume of Flowers.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

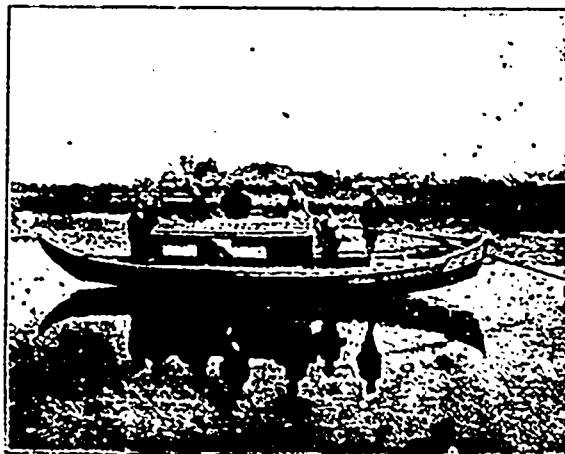
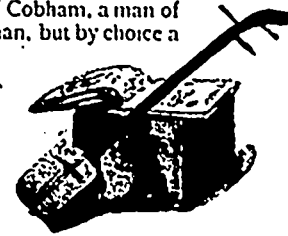


LUCKY it is for the hard-worked business men of Yokohama, the merchants, the shippers, and the "boys," or good fellows, of this ever lively port, that they have in their immediate neighborhood the glorious mountains where they can rest and reinvigorate themselves, and many a hillside hotel or cozy chalet to which they can retire when overdone with care or, what is still worse for them, the cherty duties of hospitality. For Yokohama, like Colombo, like Singapore, like Hong Kong, like Shanghai, like the hundred, and one halting places on our journey round the world, overflows with the milk, "and something stronger," of human kindness. The saloon bar and the "chit" system have much to answer for in the East. When men play dice for drinks and pay for them with a signed slip of paper, there is danger ahead for the weak and unwary. All through the week steamers are arriving and departing. There is no end to the welcoming and speeding of coming and departing guests. The glass of welcome and the stirrup cup are perpetually being filled and drained in the honor of a popular passenger. London itself, from Hammersmith to Highgate, knows no such hospitality or unselfish courtesy as the traveller finds whenever and wherever a ship touches port bound eastward or westward in these splendid days of travel. The accepted theory is that men do not drink rebellious liquor in the East. Don't believe it. They drink more than they do at home.

Yokohama, as you may guess, is a special centre for the amalgamation of nationalities. Here, in the corridors of the famous Grand Hotel, you find Englishmen from London, Anglo-Indians from Calcutta, tea planters from Ceylon, Australians from Sydney and Melbourne, residents from Honolulu and the lovely Sandwich Islands, Americans by the score, all being booked or rebooked by the P & O., by the Canadian Pacific, by the Pacific and the Occidental, all passing and repassing along the great ocean highway of the world. There is a time when even the sightseer becomes weary of the gayety of the great seaport of Japan, when he has seen all that can be seen of the charms and allurements of Madame Chrysanthemum, Mademoiselle Nectarine, and their grinning companions, when the shops have all been ransacked for costly stuffs and "kimonos," when old Japan and new Japan, their treasures and their toys,

have been purchased or broken, when our letters of introduction have been presented and duly honored, and when the visitor to these hospitable regions seems to sigh for the keen, sweet air of Myanoshita, the Rishi Mountain of Japan, with its sulphur springs and hissing craters, its snow covered mountains and endless forest walks, its torturous, heart-breaking ascents and consoling valleys. A time surely comes when the traveller sighs to be transported away over the saddle-back of hills to the magnificent view of the ten provinces that divide the peerless Fujiama from the warm plum-blossoming Atami by the sea, a lovely little village that reminds me of Ilfracombe or Lynton, seen at their best in a snowdrift of May bloom and the choicest flowers of spring.

At the well-known "Inn of Strange Meetings," on the wind swept bluff of Yokohama, I was lucky enough to meet and to gain the interest of one of the best of good fellows, a character in Japan, who is the guide, friend, and counsellor of the gay spirits and youth of this country. The son of a courageous old yeoman in Kent, who learned to ride and break a horse in the dear old Charles Dickens county of Cobham, a man of adventure and sport, in heart an Englishman, but by choice a naturalized "Jap," one of the bravest and most active mountaineers in all Japan, has elected to direct and manage a farmhouse hotel up in the mountains some three thousand feet above the level of the sea. This splendid specimen of English manhood, not yet in the prime of life, has had more adventures than Robinson Crusoe. He has hunted seals and otters in the Northern seas, he has been wrecked and left for lost on the Kamschatkan shores, he has meditated an expedition to succeed where Sir John Franklin and dozens of others have failed, he has been by turn sailor and sportsman, and now, any day, he may be seen racing down the precipitous mountain sides on a shaggy, sure-footed pony, or, swifter than any Swiss guide, climbing the highest hill with a pack of Gordon setters at his heels. Hoshino, as he now delights to be called, loves nothing better than to descend upon Yokohama and take home with him to his farmhouse hotel in the mountains all who want rest, a pure, peaceful life, and change both of air and scene.



SUMIDA RIVER, JAPAN.

Every traveller to Japan knows Myanoshita, its beautiful hotel and baths; they have travelled up to it by rail and tram and rickshaw, by turns, and they have been sent on the usual round of walks and climbs and picnics, but they may not be so familiar with Kaikatei at Kowakidani, a good steep mile above the fashionable hotels, or know anything of the delightful life at a primitive mountain hotel in Japan. I received a pressing invitation to visit Kaikatei, and,

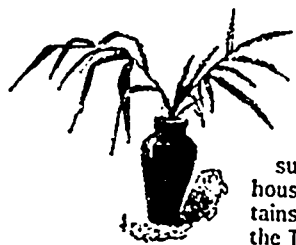


AN AINU FAMILY.

The Aborigines of Japan, unlike the Japanese proper in both appearance and language.

at the point where the train and tram stop, I found my hardy mountaineer accompanied by a charming companion, well-known to all the "boys" in Manchester waiting to show me the way to one of the cheeriest homes I have ever seen. The rickshaw was there, if I wanted it, but we who have loved the mountains all our lives, and have tramped them for more years than we care to acknowledge, are the last to give in and own that time has beaten us. It may test us severely on the precipitous ascent, but time will take a good lot of beating on the flat or the downward path; besides, there had been some training after all. One who has ascended the pyramids and walked up to Dambateni, in Ceylon, need not turn tail at the ascent from Ymoto to Kaikatei in Japan.

The frost was on the ground, the snow was on the passes; my friends were in walking trim, the setters and the spaniels were at their heels, so the rickshaw was sent to the shed, my traps were packed on to a coolie's back, and away we all trudged to the home among the hills. Up at Myanoshita came our first temptation. At the gate of the tea house opposite the mountain hotel stood the funny but inevitable little Japanese girls, bowing and smirking, their little pudgy hands stuck into the folds of their padded "kimonos," asking the "honorable" gentlemen to come in and rest and laugh and chaff with them, and take just one cup of their "honorable" tea. But the honest



Hoshiyo pressed us on and upward. Tea in a modern Japanese tea house in these days of civilization means, I fear, whiskey with or without water, and the Japanese matted floor has been turned into something very suspiciously like a saloon, or public house "bar," even in the innocent mountains. I assure you that the romance of the Japanese tea house is an absolute myth. Peach blossoms may surround it, but the almond-eyed maidens are employed here to tempt the traveller to drink and romp.

The Japanese Circe, as usual, beckoned in the wanderer, but he had the strength and courage to refuse with the virtue of the hero in "Excelsior!" As for me, I certainly did not answer with a sigh, for the "maiden breast" of modern Japan would be little "rest" for me, unless fashion, form and complexion alter very much. My greatest temptation was to resist an instant inspection of the shops of the mountain village where, as in Switzerland, they sell wonderful boxes and carved work and ingenious "dodges" in wood, and where might be possibly found some old piece of lacquer or a ginger jar with the hawthorn pattern. "But the shades of night were falling fast," it was bitterly cold, and Hoshino, the mountaineer, sounded the note of advance. He knows as well as anyone the temptations of Myanoshita and the tea houses in the immediate neighborhood, where the gold and silver fish are said to take sensational leaps out of the water at the command of beauty, whereas, I fear, it is only the hungry desire for bean bread!

I found at Kaikatei the most curious and cozy little hostelry I have ever come across in my many travels and adventures. A crowd of Japanese servant girls stood on the threshold welcome us. They bowed to the ground, they grinned, they chirped like sparrows, and in a few minutes they shuffled after us over the clean white boards, slipper-sloppety, always down at heel like Mrs Wragge, but ever anxious to be cheerful and obliging. I am literally taken possession of by O. Do-San, who on the stage would be cast for Audrey in "As You Like It" or Belinda in "Our Boys." She is a harmless but chronic grinner, uglier than any woman I have ever seen, but as playful as a kitten and as babbling as a baby. She dances with delight when she sees my dressing bag, and examines it with the curiosity of a child who plays with your watch and blows it open. She tries on the dressing suit, grinning all the time from ear to ear and uttering unearthly grunts. She toys with the scent bottles and looks into my face, and, for the hundredth time, bursts out

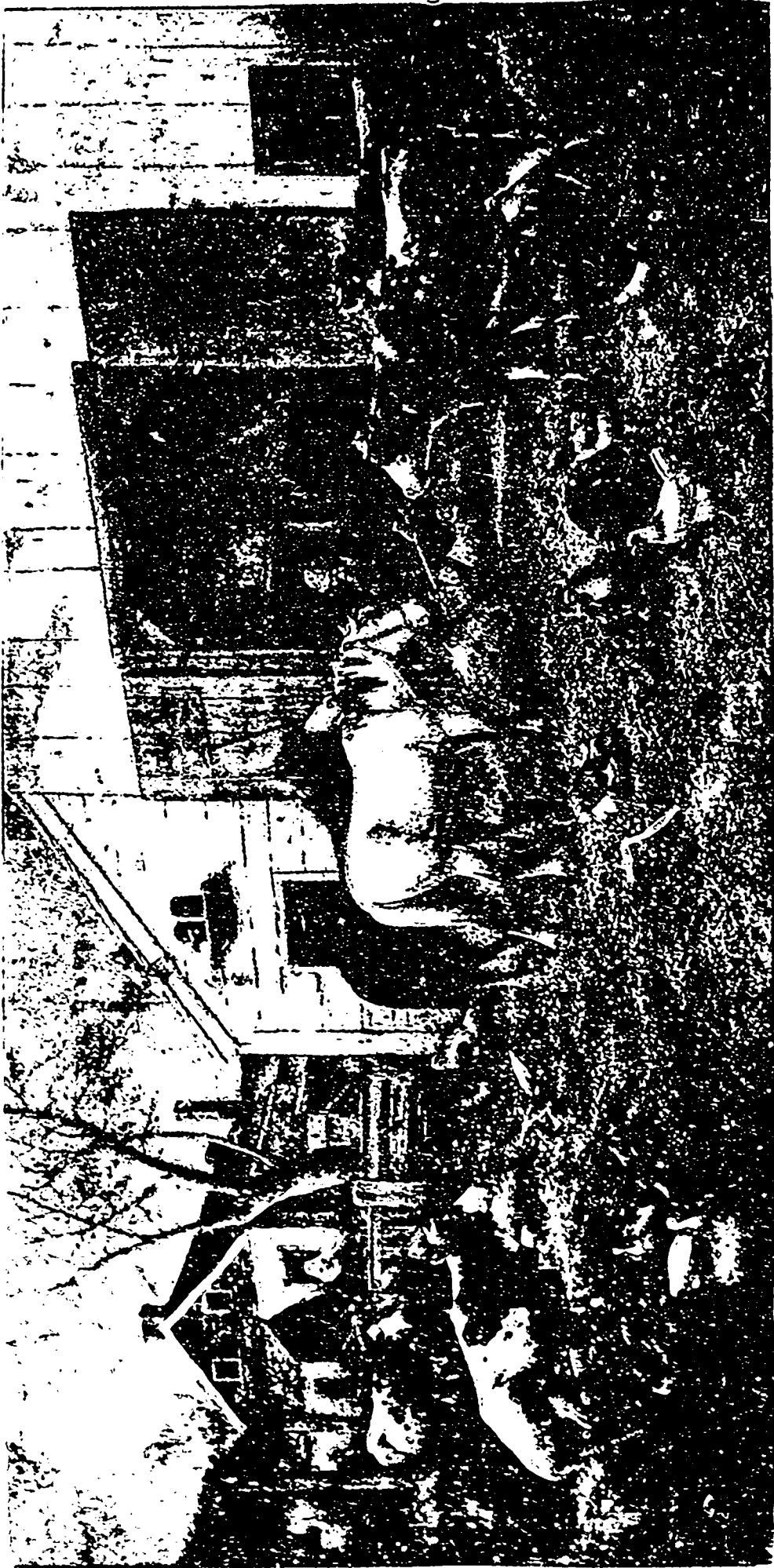


laughing. My room is a little box, protected alone from the keen mountain air by paper screens, adorned with Japanese devices, and warmed by a square box of charcoal stirred into lambent life by brass knitting needles. But no one could be quite cold, though the thermometer is below zero, with so cheery and honest a welcome! Besides, O Do-San announces that the "honorable" bath is ready. She shuffles along the clean white floor in advance of me, and in less than five minutes I am neck-deep in sulphur water that has bubbled into the bath scalding hot from the depths of the earth. Fancy a bath whose hot water comes into the tub so scalding from the earth that you can scarcely bear it! This steaming sulphurous water is the cure of Kaikatei, and could it spring anywhere in Europe, think what fortunes would be made? Gout would disappear as if by magic, and eczema would be unknown if we could transport this sulphurous, volcanic earth water of Japan to any quarter of England or Europe. The worst of it is that all this curing Bethesda, all this sulphurous deposit, all these healing waters are comparatively wasted. What cures might be effected, what good lives might be preserved, if the "Upper Hell" near Kowakidani in Japan or the defiant Geyser of Atami could be made into another and a far better Harrögate! The very earth refuses to contain its sulphurous breath and gulps it out as if to relieve itself incessantly each day at Atami; the restful village by the sea. Soothed, softened and refreshed we sit down to dinner, and an excellent one it is. The walk has done us good, the hot sulphur water has given the first quietus to "prickly heat," and, among many other good things, we are to have a new fish from the sea as small but sweeter than perch, and a slice of wild boar killed yesterday in the snow covered forests that crown the hills.

The life at our mountain hotel is very primitive, but none the less delightful. When the dinner is cleared away, nearly all the little Japanese maids assemble in the little sitting room and mix freely and merrily with the guests. It is like old times. Some of them play cards in the corner, others knit stockings and chatter to one another; one attends to the stove, another waits on the men who are playing "poker," whilst the most curious of all stands gaping with astonishment when a musician sits down to the piano, and here, thousands of miles from England and thousands of feet above the sea, gives us Mascagni's eternal intermezzo and Albert Chevalier's latest—or nearly latest—comic song. It sounds strange, indeed, to hear the legend of the old Kent road or the pathetic wail of "Liza" up here among Japanese girls in a mountain hotel in the land of the Mikado! Here I intended to stay a day, but here, in spite of myself, I rested a good week. There is so much to see and do. One day I was up in the hottest craters of these volcanic hills, the next scudding over the Hakone Lake with our patron in the bow ready to get a shot at the teal and wild fowl, on a third, almost up to my neck in a snowdrift, and on off days "sampling" the mountain tea houses and hearing the chatter of these bobbing and courtesying "little maids from school," who seem to interest and console the jaded and experienced traveller.



But there is much to be seen in Japan, and even our courteous host owns that it would not do to devote too much time to the Myanoshita district. He has done everything that a friend can do. He has guided us up mountain passes, helped us round rocky and icy corners, and been the pioneer in all our travels; but the news of the success of Kaikatei is spreading far and wide, and the hotel is being renewed, rebuilt and renovated for the summer months, when all weary Yokohama comes to the hills to breathe the fresh mountain air. So it is proposed that two of us, London and Manchester combined, shall start off on a lovely walk across the mountains from Kowakidani to Atami, for they tell us that the white plum blossoms are out and that the gorge is even now glorious with bloom. We take with us, in case of accident, a couple of "chairs" and a relay of athletic coolies to help us, if need be, up those snow covered slopes or across



CHRISTMAS IN AN OLD COUNTRY BARN YARD.



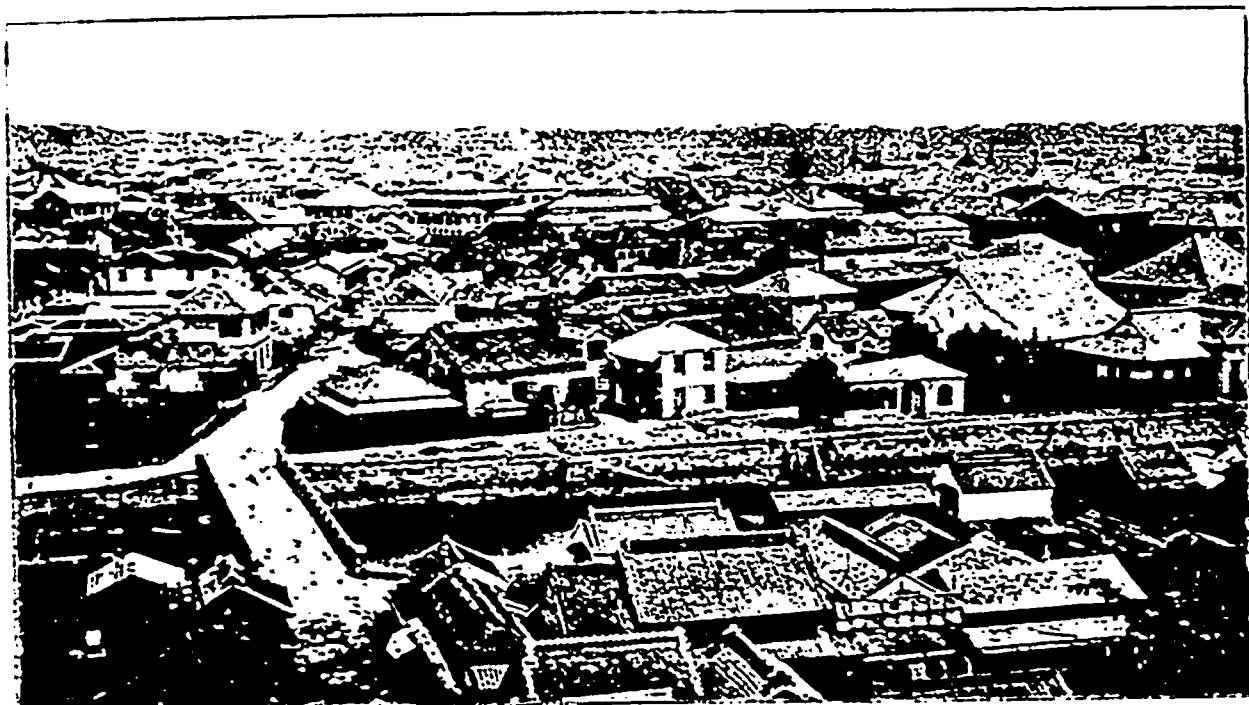
DECORATING FOR CHRISTMAS.

that wind swept plateau where the sharp bamboo spikes are driven into your face like rain of steel, and where you tread anxiously and carefully for miles over a plain studded with quills as erect as on the back of the "fretful porcupine." We pass Hakone and its lovely lake looking like a green palm leaf fallen from the forest and sparkling in the winter sun. Once more the Japanese girls beckon us to rest, and bow low to our "honorable" selves. We tiffin at the doorway of a mountain hotel, and the girls are as happy as children when my companion shows them some harmless conjuring tricks with a bit of string. We gaze at the Mikado's summer palace, erected at an enormous expense, on a fair green

promontory, but which he has never visited and probably never will, and then gradually we ascend to the finest mountain view in all Japan, the view of the ten provinces, a landscape of sea, mountain, valley and promontory which Switzerland itself can scarcely rival even at Lucerne or the Engadine. On the other side of the mountain, we come to a welcome

lilies under a protecting rock. The towers on that memorable morning sprang up in their full glory and abundance. At last, after weary search and waiting, my eyes beheld in full sunshine a Japanese orchard of pink and white bloom, with tiny daffodils in cozy corners, and the bluest of blue skies, without a cloud, at last I heard a rivulet rushing down the mountain side, but amidst acres of parched yellow grass. Hail, alas! in this Eastern semblance of spring, no perfect perfume of blossoms, no blue bells in the forest ways, and, though I listened till my ears ached, no song of birds.

As I wander in silence wondering at this imitation—for it is an imitation of an English spring—that poem by Browning keeps ringing in my ears, "Oh, to be in England now, that April's there" I ask myself repeatedly, Is this so much better than England after all? Is this much vaunted Japan to overtake old England where nature is concerned? Has the East a privilege of blossom? Why, I have seen more exquisite blossoms at Niagara than in countless miles of Japan. Is there one flower in the lap of Nature here that we could not find, scarcely in such stately profusion, but with a sweeter, purer, homelier, scent in the dear old fields and woods and memory gardens at the other end of the world? I recall the exquisite stillness, the everlasting sweetness, the daffodils and hawthorn



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

change. All the snow has disappeared. The cruel cutting wind has been barred out by the hills, and we find ourselves in a climate as warm and as genial as at Scilly in springtime when the golden daffodils are in bloom. It is infinitely delightful for it is so like home, but home with a difference. I can never get reconciled to the dingy black and grey cottages of Japan after the red roofs and golden thatch of old England. If we could only transport here to this dingy and untidy looking Japan our simple villages, our sweet smell of lavender and old world gardens, our stocks and early magnonette!

Atami is like an Eastern version of the bays and gorges and blossoming nooks of Somersetshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall. On many a morning I have wandered for hours in a glorious garden of white plum blossom, a miniature paradise of Japan scattered about with the everlasting tea houses, decorated alas! by the withered salaaming crane with her blackened teeth and the grinning dove chick of a girl. Here with delight I found the first violet of the year, pecked a branch of Easter palm or willow, and discovered a warm bed of Lent

bloom, and apple blossom of the Holy Vale in Scilly. I see in imagination a cherry orchard in bloom that any traveller by the railway may see between Strood and Faversham. I miss, for the first time for many a year, my pilgrimage from Gravesend to Gad's Hill, from Gad's Hill to Cobham, when the hawthorn is in bloom on every tree and bush and hedge in the loveliest of English parks. I shall not see this year a certain wood in a corner of the Kentish paradise where the blue bells look indeed like "the heaven up-breaking through the earth" and the sky blue undergrowth conquers the everlasting green of the fields. I am in Japan, the land of flowers, under the blossoms, in the sunshine, and in full view of the sea. I know that though I have come all these thousands of miles to see the flower fields of Mikado Land, I would rather see the first spring-day in England, with the scenes that are full of exquisite old memories, and the songs of birds that here are hushed or stifled. I am in Japan, not in England. It is springtime without perfume and a land of flowers destitute of song!



### A Christmas Song.

"Born this day" was the midnight song,  
That fell on the shepherds' ears:  
"Born this day" in yon silent town  
On which the clear eyed stars looked down:  
And the pean of endless years  
Floats on the wintry air along,  
As it bursts from the lips of the angel throng  
A calm to their needless fears.  
"Born this day"—oh, the wondrous word!  
"Born this day"—Jesus Christ, the Lord!

"Born a King"—such the wise men's word  
That fell on the ear of power.  
"Born a King"—and we follow the star  
That gleamed for us in the orient far  
And hath led us to this good hour.  
We seek him with longing that will not cease  
Till we find him, and hail him, Prince of  
Peace.  
Hail him Wonderful, Counsellor.  
"Born a King"—oh, the wondrous word!  
"Born a King"—Jesus Christ, the Lord!

"Born this day"—let us swell the strain  
Which came on the midnight clear.  
"Born a King"—let us own the sign,—  
The gleaming star of the Child divine,  
Our Redeemer from sin and fear.  
Let us hail him Saviour, in glad refrain,  
Let us hail him born as our King to reign  
And worship with heart sincere.  
"Born this day"—oh, the wondrous Word  
"Born a King"—Jesus Christ, the Lord.

The Interior

## Artie's Christmas Star.

December morning was very cold, and although Artie sought the sunniest place he could find by the ferry-house, the keen wind struck through his ragged garments, and made him shiver all over his small body to such an extent he could hardly call out: "Here's yer mornin' papers!" Throngs of people passed to and fro through the ferry-house gate, but so far Artie had very small sales; everybody seemed too cold or in too much of a hurry this bitter morning to stop to buy papers. The pennies were too few in his pocket for him to venture home yet, for he knew by sad experience unless he had a certain amount just what his greeting would be from the drunken father.

Poor little Artie! He was only eight years old, but he had sold papers ever since—it seemed to him—he could remember anything. With his earliest memories, too, were his father's kicks and curses; yet he was not entirely hardened to his life, nor yet had lost all memory of the dead mother, who, while she lived, had made the poor home a little less miserable.

"Here's yer mornin' papers!" sung out Artie, as well as his chattering teeth would allow, as a gentleman passed into the ferry-house. The gentleman paused, bought a paper, and, as he paid for it, also put a brightly colored card into Artie's rough red hand. The bright color struck the boy's eye, although, in his early-acquired shrewdness, he might wish the gift had been an extra penny. On a vivid blue sky was depicted a glowing star, and a group of men on camels were seen directing their way towards the star. Artie gazed on it half listlessly, then as all chance of selling more papers at this quarter seemed over for the day, the extreme cold urged the boy to leave the water side and seek some warmer locality. He hurried along the streets that were growing gay with Christmas preparation, looking in wistfully at saloons and restaurants, from whose doors warm, appetizing odors floated out, but Artie knew the waters of such places too well to venture in.

A pleasant faced lady noticed him, and said kindly, "Will you come in, little boy?"

"Is it warm in there?" asked Artie.

"Oh, yes; and I will give you a good seat."

So saying, she led Artie into a large, well-lighted warm hall, and finding him a seat near a stove, sat down beside him.

"That is nice," said Artie, warming his numb hands.

"It's awful cold this mornin', and when the wind gets inside a feller's clothes that's too big for him, like mine is, and flaps 'em about, kinder makes fans o' them, you see, its colder'n ever."

The children began to sing, and other exercises followed which Artie did not at all understand.

"What's it for?" he ventured to ask his new friend.

"Why, our mission class is getting ready for Christmas; you know why we keep Christmas, and are so happy then?"

"No'm. I dunno's I do. I never was no happier. Father's drink wusser at Christmas than other times—gets more to kinder. A feller give me a Christmas card just now, but I dunno what it means," and Artie held up his card.

"I'll tell you what it means," and in a sweet simple way, like one child talking to another, the lady told Artie the story of Bethlehem's manger, the child Jesus, and the wise men's search.

"I knowed them was camels, 'cause I seen 'em in shows—and they found him—that baby?"

"Yes, they found him. And oh, little boy, that baby is a King in glory now; but he don't forget how poor and plain his home was once, and he loves to help poor little ones like you."

"Does He? I wish he'd help me some; and say, does that there star—"

Somebody called the young lady, and she left him, smiling back and saying: "You must come again."

Artie felt disappointed not to hear more.

"I wanted to ask her if that star is shine yet, and showing of folks how to get to that Jesus as helps fellers like me—she said he did."

He dared not stay longer in the comfortable room: he must hurry out and dispose of the rest of his papers if he could.

The days went on; once or twice Artie slipped into the mission hall, but failed to see the lady, and ask the questions he so much wanted her to answer.

On one unlucky morning his father, loitering on the same street, happened to spy Artie coming out of the hall, and, with a heavy blow, forbade the boy to go there again—spending time indoors when he might be selling papers.

The weather continued bitterly cold, and poor Artie suffered not only from its keenness, but for the want of food; he never dared spend a penny, unless his father was too drunk to take notice of him when he came in, and demand the day's pittance.

On Christmas eve, after a most unsuccessful day, Artie ventured back to the miserable room which was all the home he knew. The boy looked wistfully into the skies above him, wondering where might be seen the star which led to Jesus. A mist of snow was in the air, and there was every prospect of the "white Christmas" so prized by those in sheltered homes and warm garments, but dreaded by the ill-fed and poorly clad.

Dick Mills was in one of his worst moods, having taken liquor enough to make him cross and unreasonable.

"Is this all? You've got more there!" he shouted, as Artie turned his small gains upon the rickety table.

"Every cent," said the child, edging near the door, for he saw there was a blow in readiness for him. "You've been a sitting around that ere place where I told yer to keep outer!" and Dick Mills staggered toward the boy, with an empty bottle in his hand. Artie darted through the door, down the dark stairs, out into the night.

He ran wildly on for some distance before he dared look back, but no one was following him. Artie sat down in a doorway to take breath and thought as to his course.

"I can't go back," half sobbed the boy. "I can't never go back: he'll kill me some day. Oh, if I just knowed where to go!"

He looked up in his despair, and saw in the fast darkening sky one brightly beaming star.

"Maybe that's the one as'll show me the way."

He stamped his cold feet to get a little more warmth, and drawing his torn jacket closer about him, started off, lifting his eyes now and again towards the star. On and on he went, poor little wanderer! Faster and faster fell the snow, the houses began to be farther apart, the city lights grew faint in the distance, but still the boy toiled on in the snow.

The last train had passed the little station at Blockton, and John Baker, after a close inspection of the depot buildings, took up his lantern, and turned towards the snug cottage a few rods away. The snow powdered his shaggy great coat and his equally shaggy beard, but he whistled a merry tune and strode on with long steps, for he knew that a cheery hearth and warm supper were waiting his coming. The rays of his lantern fell upon a small dark heap in the road. John Baker stooped down to examine it, and started, exclaiming aloud—"Bless my soul! if it ain't a boy!" He gathered up the limp little body and hurried to his home.

"Here mother," he said to the kindly faced mother who opened the door, "I've found a frozen little creetur outside, and we've got to work pretty brisk to bring him round."

"Well, well, the poor lost lamb! I never did, in all my life I never did!" said the good woman, all the while aiding her husband as they strove to restore poor Artie to consciousness.

"I—couldn't—get—no—further," he murmured.

"Yes, sonny, we know all about it. Don't you try to talk yet awhile," said John, soothingly.

"Just to listen to that!" said Mrs. Baker, wiping her eyes on her apron: "the poor child! Well, I never did—I really never did!"

"No, mother," said John, with his eyes twinkling, but also suspiciously moist. "I don't suppose you ever did, nor did I ever pick up a frozen little chap like this before."

The Christmas Eve waned away, and still John Baker and his wife watched beside the little wanderer so strangely brought to their home, and before the Christmas morning dawned upon the snowy earth they had the satisfaction of seeing the boy in a gentle, natural slumber. Mrs. Baker

tucked the blankets around him, and smoothed tenderly the thin hands, murmuring:

"The Lord only knows where the poor lost lamb came from. To think John should find him!"

When Artie opened his eyes on the Christmas morning he was bewildered so find himself in that bright, warm room in such a soft bed, with the kind looking man and woman looking down upon him. He remembered his flight, the long, weary walk, the bitter cold, the star he watched until somehow it seemed to go out suddenly somewhere in the snow. "Did the star stop here? Is this the place where Jesus will help a little feller?" he said weakly, but eagerly.

"The child is out of his head, John. What star, dearie?" asked Mrs. Baker, feeling first Artie's pulse, then his forehead.

"I think not, mother," said John. "Take a sip o' tea, sonny, and try and tell us what you mean."

"I s'pose I'll have to go now," said Artie, when able to walk a little, he stood looking on the snowy outside world.

"Not with two feet o' snow on the ground," said Mrs. Baker cheerily. "You'll eat your Christmas dinner with us, dearie."

"How would you like to stay all the time, Artie?" asked John Baker.

"Would you let me?" said the boy, looking eagerly at one and the other of the kind faces that smiled on him. "Won't I be in the way?"

"There's plenty of room, you don't take up much," said Mrs. Baker. "Anyway, I'd like to keep you until you pick up a little more flesh on your bones, for a thinner thing I never saw—I am sure I never did!"

So Artie stayed; and in the Christian home of John and Sarah Baker days of peace and childlike happiness came to the little street waif. He learned of the Saviour born in Bethlehem and gone back to heaven's glory, but you may be sure never a Christmas came around that he failed to remember the snowy, wretched night when the star led him to John Baker's home.—*Lucy Randolph Fleming, in Interior.*

#### A Surprise for Papa.

My little girl Sadie is five years old. She is very happy and busy getting a Christmas present ready for her papa. But I do not believe that one of the little boys or girls that read this can guess what it is going to be. So I will have to tell you. She is going to surprise him by having learned to read! She began twelve weeks ago. And just think! Her papa doesn't know that she can read one single word! One day he came right into the nursery where Sadie was reading her lesson! Oh, how quick she stopped, and stuck the book under her apron! Her little face got as red as a rose.

"Why, Sadie!" he said, "what is your face so flushed for?" Then he said to me, "Mamma, I'm afraid you've got the room too hot."

So I opened the door, and began to talk about something else, to make him forget about Sadie. In a few minutes he went out again. I guess that was the only time Sadie was ever glad to have her papa go away. She was so afraid he saw the book, that she could hardly keep from crying. But I told her I was almost sure he did not, and she was happy again.

She says when Christmas comes she is going to wrap her Reader in a nice piece of paper, and write on it, "Sadie's present to papa," and tie it to the tree. "He'll think it's a mistake when he takes the paper off," she says, "but I'll say, 'Please give the book to me, papa,' and then I'll just open and read, and read, and read, till he's so surprised he can't speak!"—*Little Men and Women.*

#### A Good Motto.

Two children once took this for their motto: "What would Jesus do?" When they were tempted to be cross or selfish, they would think of their motto question; when they wanted to disobey, this question would ask itself in their hearts. They listened, and so they always heard it, and they tried to obey what the Voice said. Do you think that they grew to be good children? Indeed they did; and so will all children who adopt this motto, and in every temptation ask themselves the question: "What would Jesus do?"

## MISSION FIELD.

### Foreign Mission.

There is a sect of the Roman Catholic Church called Penitentes whose religion consists of self-torture. Amongst other practices they set up two crosses about an eighth of a mile apart and carry a heavy cross from one to the other until they sink down in exhaustion. Another exercise is known as "Bearing the crown of thorns." A young man is chosen and on his back is bound a bunch of thorny cactus, another bearing a large wooden doll to represent the infant Jesus leads the procession. Then follows the man with the crown of thorns on his shoulders, and he is followed by a group of Penitentes. They go slowly from one cross to the other led by a weird strain of music played on a fife by one of their number. A company of old men, women and children follow and as soon as the music stops they fall on their knees and continue in that state with heads bent forward until the music begins again. When they reach the cross they circle around it and the young man with the cactus throws himself against the cross, with his back pressing the spines of the cactus into the flesh, until he sinks from exhaustion or loss of blood. At other times a man is tied to a cross for hours in imitation of the Saviour, thinking that if he can endure the pain he will be forgiven the sin of a lifetime. Sometimes they lash themselves with whips made of the leaves of the soap-weed, which are about a foot long and two or three inches wide and having a sharp point like a needle, the lash being so woven that the points are protruding from every part. All these things are done within a church called Christian! How much better the religion that teaches that "He bore our sins in His own body on the tree."—*Over Sea and Land.*

In New Mexico they have Christmas in the beginning of the summer holidays. How strange that would be to us who are accustomed to associate Christmas with the jingle of bells and Santa Claus in furs. Yet they have their Christmas trees, but sometimes in the garden in a summer eve when the air is laden with the perfume of roses.

When the Spaniards, led by Cortez, came to Mexico, about twenty-five years after Columbus landed on San Salvador, they found magnificent cities, in some cases built on piles in the lakes that they might be more easily defended, and having canals for streets. The King Montezuma lives in a palace so large that one Spaniard wrote that it took him three days to go through it, and it was so beautifully decorated with gold and silver and feather work and embroideries, that Cortez wrote to the King of Spain that no country in Europe had anything so handsome. King Montezuma changed his clothes four times a day and never put on the same garment a second time. He dined from silver and lacquered dishes which were given away when he had used them once, and when he ate he was served by four hundred nobles. Yet these people worshipped idols and often offered a thousand human sacrifices in a day, and as a part of their religion ate some of the human bodies slain. When they were conquered by the Spaniards they were compelled to become Roman Catholics, and while human sacrifices ceased they are even more ignorant and less prosperous than they were before.—*Over Sea and Land.*

Christmas reminds us of His coming who is the Light of the World. Poets and artists have vied in setting forth the beauty of mother and child. The Italian, Spaniard and German have found their ideals of beauty in their own land. No one country can fully express that ideal picture of Bethlehem. By and by when India and China and Africa are evangelized, when He will be the recognized King of the whole world, the sublimated beauty of all lands will be the best earthly representation of the Madonna and Child.

Twenty-five years ago a small gathering of only eight women assembled in the Tremont street Methodist Church, Boston and organized a W.F.M.S. In October of this year, there was in the same church a gathering of the representatives of 153,000 women, who have collected in this last year \$311,925.96, and have despatched 150 boxes of clothing to the mission fields. What a beautiful Christmas gift to lay at His feet whose work it is!

At the Parliament of Religions it was noted that the representatives of other faiths pointed to a golden age in the past, but christianity looks for her golden age in the future when Jesus shall reign.

A missionary reports that in October last he found people in China only sixty miles from Foo Chow who had an indistinct idea that China had trouble with some country, but did not know what country it was. If they want information they must go to the official headquarters and pay a little cash to be told anything. At first they are quite indifferent, and then when it comes home to them they are excited beyond all reason.

Japan consists of 3,850 islands, with a population of 40,000,000. It is said that a larger proportion of the population can read than in any other country in the world.

Dr. A. T. Pierson writes: "For a body of over 40,000,000 Protestant believers, with a total wealth of not less than \$20,000,000,000, to give of that vast sum only about \$12,000,000 annually

for foreign missions or less than one sixteenth of one cent is parsimony and penuriousness for which there can be no apology or extenuation."

Ramabai has now fifty pupils in her school for little widows at Poonah.

India. At present religions stand as follows in the number of adherents: Hindus, 207,000,000; Mohammedans, 57,000,000; Buddhists, 8,500,000; Christians, 2,250,000; Sikhs, nearly 2,000,000. The women of India are intensely religious and conservative. Hundreds of men are held back from confessing Christ by the influence of the female members of their families.—*Heathen Woman's Friend*.

It is estimated that in the year 1892 over 100,000 conversions took place in the Foreign Mission fields of all evangelical churches, which means 2,000 per week.

The Church Missionary Society, which has an income of \$1,300,000, had a deficit last year of \$60,000. They published an appeal last April and in thirteen days the debt was wiped out and \$20,000 over.

The population of the Fiji Islands is 123,000; of these 103,775 attend services of the Wesleyan churches, and about 10,000 are Catholics.

Of every six infants in the world one is born in India; of every six orphan girls one is wandering in India; of every six widows one is mourning in India.—*Woman's Work*.

The following proclamation issued by Count Oyama, the Japanese Minister of War as to the method of conducting the campaign and especially the treatment of the wounded is one of the best evidences of the results of Christian Missions, particularly when it is remembered that the first Christian Church of only eleven members was organized in 1872. The order appeared in the *Japan Mail*, Sept. 29th:—

Belligerent operations being properly confined to the military and naval forces actually engaged, and there being no reason whatever for enmity between individuals because their countries are at war, the common principles of humanity dictate that succor and rescue should be extended even to those of the enemy's forces who are disabled either by wounds or disease. In obedience to these principles, civilized nations in time of peace enter into conventions to mutually assist disabled persons in time of war, without distinction of friend or foe. This humane union is called the Geneva Convention, or more commonly the Red Cross Association. Japan became a party to it 1866 and her soldiers have already been instructed that they are bound to treat with kindness and helpfulness such of their enemies as may be disabled by wounds or disease. China not having joined any such convention it is possible that her soldiers, ignorant of these enlightened principles may subject diseased or wounded Japanese to merciless treatment. Against such contingencies the Japanese troops must be on their guard. But, at the same time they must never forget, that however cruel and vindictive the foe may show himself, he must nevertheless be treated in accordance with the acknowledged rules of civilization; his disabled must be succored and his captured kindly and considerately protected. It is not alone to those disabled by wounds or sickness that that merciful or gentle treatment should be extended. Similar treatment is also due to those who offer no resistance to our arms. Even the body of a dead enemy should be treated with respect. We cannot too much admire the course pursued by a certain Western country which in handing over an enemy's general complied with all the rites and ceremonies suitable to the rank of the captive. Japanese soldiers should always bear in mind the gracious benevolence of their august Sovereign, and should not be more anxious to display courage than charity. They have now an opportunity to afford practical proof of the value they attach to these principles."

### Mission Notes.

Eight hundred and sixty-one slaves have been set free by the British in Central Africa since July, 1891.

The Army Temperance Society of the British army in India has grown from 13,000 members in 1890 to over 22,000 members to-day.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine Baptists were baptized in Hungary last year. The number of Baptists in that country has doubled since 1891.

The Executive Committee of the American Missionary Association has decided that the next annual meeting will be held in Detroit, Mich., October 22-24, 1895.

There are about 400 missionary workers in South America, belonging to sixteen missionary societies. This includes men and women teachers and missionaries' wives.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society reports that for the past seven months the income has been \$61,349 in advance of that of last year, and that \$21,000 of this has been in contributions.

Rev. W. S. Porter of Waycross, Ga., will go to the foreign field early in the next year. The expenses will be paid by the Foreign Mission Committee, and his salary provided by Savannah Presbytery and the Independent church of that city.

In the year 1794 the Presbyterian Church was organized in Columbia, S. C., and the First Presbyterian Church of that city, on Nov. 9-11 celebrated the centennial anniversary of so important an event.

The Foreign Christian Missionary Society receipts for the year were \$73,258.16, a gain over the preceding year of \$15,903.15. The number of contributing churches was 1,806—an increase of 592 over the previous year.

The statistics of the Baptists in Sweden show 550 churches with 36,291 members, 37,254 Sunday school scholars, and 3,063 Sunday school teachers. The additions during the past year were 2,240, and nineteen new churches were organized.

It is estimated that the number of Jews in London is between 100,000 and 120,000. There are 15,964 Jewish children attending the London Board and Jewish Voluntary schools of the lower grades, so that the total number is probably not far from 20,000.

The Pope has instructed the Patriarchs of the Eastern churches in communion with Rome to maintain at the Vatican a resident bishop to assist in the plans for the development of the Roman Catholic clergy in the Orient and prepare for a union of the churches.

Here I am, Lord send me, send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough and savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort in the earth; send me even to death itself, if it be but in Thy service and to promote Thy kingdom.—DAVID BRAINERD.

In Canton Uri, Switzerland, it is provided that, "Any innkeeper who gives a customer so much to drink that he becomes unconscious or is incapable of walking, is under the obligation of supplying him with lodging for the night without any compensation, and shall moreover be punished."

Earnest support to Foreign Missions is usually accompanied by increased gifts to home work. A real interest in Foreign Missions stirs up the heart, enlarges the sympathies, fosters gratitude for our blessings in a Christian land, and the result is, increased liberality toward all God's work, whether at home or abroad.—*Missionary Herald*.

Mrs. Harry Guinness, in the November issue of *Regions Beyond* intimates the resolve to open, in connection with the East London Institute, a home for "wee bairns whose folks are far away." Again and again, request has been made for some such provision for the children of workers among the heathen; and at length the way seems open for compliance. Parents will make a payment in respect of each child, but there will be initial expenses, and while the home is small it will not be self-supporting.

### GIVE.

"Give as you would if an angel  
Awaited your gift at the door;  
Give as you would if to-morrow,  
Found you where waiting was o'er;  
Give as you would to the Master  
If you met His searching look;  
Give as you would of your substance,  
If His hand your offering took."

In 1836, not quite sixty years ago, a day school for girls was opened in Beirut, Syria, by Mrs. Sarah Huntington Smith, with a very few pupils, but now there are thirty-six day and boarding schools, with about seven thousand pupils, in that city. Lately a memorial column has been built in that city to indicate the growth of female education in Syria, and at the celebration connected with its completion, nine hundred Syrian Sunday school children assembled and addresses were made by Dr. Jessup and others. Protestant missions in that land are now in a position to make accelerated progress in the years to come.

Near Calcutta there is a school under heathen control, but illustrating remarkably the beginning of Hindoo thought and life with gospel influences. The school is taught by a Brahmin. Neither teacher nor scholars are outwardly Christians, yet a Christian visitor had an address presented to him by the school, in which "Our dear Lord Jesus Christ," was spoken of. The school has a banner for use on festival days, bearing the device "The Brahmanical School," and bearing beneath, the words, "Looking unto Jesus." The teacher has invited one of the Calcutta missionaries to come and address the pupils every Sunday, on which day this Brahmin patshala is turned into a veritable Sunday school.

In "China's Millions," the following incident is given, by Miss Kolkendbeck, of N.E. Si-Chuen: "We had a good time at the Hundred Temples Market, and at Wang's home. A man named Li-wan-uen came to us for medicine, and pressed us to visit his home. We did so, and he entertained us very hospitably. After dinner, while having a talk, he asked us how he was to worship God. I told him that the first thing would be to destroy his idols. 'How am I to do that?' he asked. 'Put them in the fire; they are only wood,' I answered. 'Shall I do it at once?' 'Certainly; the sooner the better.' So he immediately stood up on a stool, and got down his god. Our Christian coolie and servant spoke very nicely to him, encouraging him to trust only in God, and telling him their own experience on similar occasions. So the idol was chopped up and set fire to, as well as all idolatrous papers, etc. Then we sang a hymn and had prayer. The idol was destroyed in the presence, and with the full consent, of Li's wife, grown-up son, daughter in law, and other children, besides two married daughters who had returned upon a visit, and a good many neighbors—no one raising a dissenting voice."



## Church News.

### In Canada.

THE Women's Foreign Missionary Presbyterian Society will meet at Orangeville on Jan. 8th.

REV. ALEXANDER CURRIE, formerly of Bonanquet, is at present lying at Brandon Hospital ill with typhoid fever.

OWING to the illness of Rev. R. M. Craig, Rev. Dr. Wardrop has taken charge of the congregation at Fergus for six months.

THE Presbyterians of Duff's church, Largie, Presbytery of London, are drawing material for the erection of a new church in the spring.

REV. W. MEIKLE has moved from his former residence, 43 Oxford street, to 44 Robert street, where he will be glad to have his correspondents address him.

REV. CHAS. MCKAY, of Brookfield, N. S., has declined the call to Little River congregation. This is the fifth call Mr. McKay has had since he was licensed upwards of four years ago.

REV. DR. JAMES ROBERTSON, Supt. of Missions, was unanimously nominated by the Presbytery of Victoria for the Moderatorship of next General Assembly, at its last meeting.

REV. MR. GREENLEES has resigned the pastoral charge of New Mills, N. B. The people presented him with a purse of \$166 on the occasion of his retirement. Mr. Greenlees goes to St. Stephen, N. B.

REV. DR. JAMIESON of Bethel church, near Mull, has been the recipient of a complimentary address and a handsome black fur coat, and Mrs. Jamieson of a purse of money from their congregation.

REV. J. G. SMITH, formerly Presbyterian minister of Kingston, has entered suit against the Board of Management of the Temporalities Fund of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Rev. Mr. Smith was superannuated, and he claims \$1,000, his allowance for the past five years.

NEW CHURCH OPENED. The new Presbyterian church at Scotland, Co. Renfrew, was dedicated on Sunday last, Rev. A. H. Scott, of Perth, preaching in the morning and afternoon, and Rev. G. D. Bayne, of Pembroke, in the evening. Rev. Daniel Scott, brother of Rev. A. H. Scott, is in charge of the congregation.

THE Missionary Society of Knox church, Dutton, entertained their monthly subscribers at their last monthly meeting, the subject for the evening being "Systematic Giving." After the business was over, they retired to the infant class room, where a repast of good things was provided. This society, organized on the constitution of the General Assembly, is doing an excellent work.

THE Rev. J. M. Cameron, of Toronto, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Presbyterian congregations of Wick and Greenback. Mr. Cameron comes with very high recommendations from those with whom he is acquainted, and the congregations are anticipating with pleasure the prospect of soon having a settled pastor among them. The induction services will be held at Wick on the 17th inst.

REV. DR. FRASER, of Hamilton, delivered his popular lecture, "Egypt, how we reached it, and what we saw," in the Blackheath Presbyterian church, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 11, to a very appreciative audience. The lecture was a real treat. Seldom do the good people there get such a feast of good things. The Methodist choir from Hall's Corners furnished the music, which was also much enjoyed.

THE annual thank offering of the W. F. M. S. of South Westminister was held recently, a large number of ladies present showing much interest in mission work. Mrs. Currie, of Belmont, gave a short address on "The interest we as women should have in our heathen sisters." The musical part of the programme was conducted by the young ladies of the choir, after which

tea and cake was served to all present. All felt this was one of the best thank offering services in the history of the society. The offering was larger than usual.

SINCE the settlement of Rev. Neil Campbell in Oro six societies have been organized in the congregations for missionary work; two Y.P.S.C.E., who are to work for Home Missions, two W.F.M.S. and two Mission Bands. These societies are all doing good work, and will no doubt prove a blessing to the congregations.

THE Regina Indian Industrial School recently lost the services of two very efficient members of its staff. Mrs. Leckie as matron for two years, and Miss Lilly Russell as assistant matron, brought great devotion and ability into their work. On the eve of their departure for Fergus, they received a number of tangible tokens of the high esteem in which they were held both by their co-workers and by the Indian children.

AN item appeared in a recent issue to the effect that "owing to Rev. Mr. Caruthers, pastor of the Waterloo Presbyterian church, being strongly opposed to dancing and card-playing, he was forced to resign his pastorate, some of the members not liking his way of talking." This paragraph was communicated and accepted in good faith from our correspondent. But we are informed that the statement is inaccurate, and gladly intimate the same to our readers.

THE Eastern Home Mission Board, at its recent meeting, received reports from the various Presbyteries. Pictou Presbytery drew nothing from the Board funds last year, supplying all mission stations from its own resources. St. John Presbytery, owing to the work of Rev. Mr. Ross, the Presbytery home mission superintendent, while doing more and better work, asked the Board for \$500 less than formerly. \$12,000 will be needed by the Board next year.

THE new Presbyterian church at Snake River was opened with appropriate services on Sabbath, Dec. 2nd. The Rev. A. H. Scott, of Perth, brother of the pastor, officiated at the morning service and the Rev. Dr. Bayne, of Pembroke, preached at the evening service. The services were largely attended, especially in the evening. On Monday evening a social was held, when a very large crowd was present, hundreds being unable to gain admittance to the church. Excellent music was furnished by the choir and by the Rev. Alfred Fowler, of Winnipeg. Addresses were delivered by the Revs. M. D. M. Blakely, A. Fowler, R. MacNabb, A. H. Scott, D. J. Scott and Dr. Bayne. The speakers were loud in their praises of the beautiful church and of the energy, enterprise and liberality of the people. Special mention was made of the able and energetic efforts of the Rev. D. J. Scott, who is very popular with the people of Stafford, Osceola and Snake River. The proceeds of the opening services amounted to \$110.17.

THE new Presbyterian church known as St. Andrew's, at Oro Station, was dedicated to divine worship on the first Sabbath of December, when the Rev. Principal Caven, of Knox College, preached morning and evening to large and interested congregations. It is only two months since the cornerstone was laid, and the church, which is a credit to any congregation, is opened free from debt. The pastor, the Rev. Neil Campbell, is to be congratulated on the erection of this new church, which will no doubt prove a blessing to the village and neighborhood. On Monday evening a social entertainment was held in the church, which was too small for the numbers who came from near and far to enjoy the evening and offer their congratulations to the friends at Oro Station over the opening of their new church. The chair was occupied by Mr. Stephenson, from Barrie; and after singing part of the One Hundredth Psalm and prayer, congratulatory addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Moodie, McLeod and McIntosh, of Barrie, and others. The closing address was made by the pastor, Rev. Neil Campbell, who spoke of the great enthusiasm shown by the people, and that the building of the new church was under-

taken without even a hint from him. The total amount of receipts at the Sabbath services and the Monday evening meeting, was \$125.

THE annual thank offering meeting, Toronto Auxiliary, was held on Thursday, Dec. 6th, in the Y. M. C. A. Library. Mrs. Edward Blake presided and conducted the devotional exercises. Treasurers report a balance in hand of \$139.56. Miss Reed, by well-chosen selections from "French Protestantism of the Nineteenth Century," written by Louise Seymour Houghton, shewed how Paris and the French provinces have been changed by the work of the McAll mission. That work commenced so quietly and carried with so much judgment, nothing being said or done to antagonize the government, has reached and touched the people marvellously. Miss M. Carby read encouraging extracts from the French annual report. Miss McCracken rendered a sacred solo, "Over the Hills of Bethlehem," in a very acceptable manner. Mrs. Howitt gave an interesting Bible reading on Thanksgiving, Miss Smith, B. E., recited "The Tapestry Weavers," in her usual good style. The "Thank Offering" amounted to \$22.05. Miss Carby read the texts accompanying the money, and Mrs. Shortreed offered up the dedicatory prayer. The meeting was closed by singing the long metre Doxology.

THE ninth anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. Thos. Bennett and the farewell service in Taylor church, Montreal, occurred on the same day and were solemnized by special sermons. The pastor made several touching references in his sermons, as for instance: "I remember, nine years ago, I was invited to come here, in the midst of that foul plague that cast a tremor over everybody, that plague which swept away the beloved pastor of this church, the Rev. J. J. Casey, D.D.; a man whose pointed sermons remain still in the memory of some. I may say that by your church attendance and prayers no less than 390 have been drawn to Him. His word has been made good. And again: "This church, in which we are to-night holding our Sabbath farewell service, will be a witness as to divine goodness. As to whether we have rejected or accepted God's offers of mercy. A witness of how God can bless small things. Beginning, as this church did, by three ladies canvassing the east end in 1862, and forming a Presbyterian Sunday-school. In later years a morning Sunday-school was started elsewhere. These two uniting in later years, and being united as a church by the late Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Erskine church. Thirty-one persons partook of communion, the first time, and then the number dwindled down to thirteen. By some it was thought best to disband, but others more foresighted, said no, and, now, behold how the small one has grown." Special mention was made during the service of the Rev. J. J. Casey, Elder James Brown, and a body of earnest teachers, also of several gentlemen who have aided so much in the new church.

ONE of the most interesting and instructive missionary meetings ever held in Lucknow, was conducted there in the Presbyterian church, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 4th, when the celebrated Dr. Mackay, of Formosa, delivered a stirring address. The church, which seats comfortably 700, was packed, while hundreds (it is said) had to leave, being unable to get in so as to hear. The worthy missionary was accompanied by his Chinese student and preacher, Mr. Kai Kau, who appeared in his native costume; read a Psalm distinctly in English, and sang in Chinese and English. He is an intelligent looking man, and is evidently smart and very observant. The chair was occupied by the pastor, Rev. A. Mackay, while on the platform were the Revs. Fairbairn, of Dungannon; Grey, of Kinloss; McLennan, of South Kinloss; Mills, of the Methodist church, and Miles, of the English church. Lucknow, also Dr. Malcolm, a returned medical missionary from Honan. Dr. Mackay spoke for fully an hour and a half in an exceedingly interesting and at times in an intensely earnest manner, and was listened to with delight by the vast audience. His marvellous perseverance in preaching Christ, in the face of strong opposition and

bitter persecution, and his bravely standing to his post, especially in the midst of those exciting events during the French invasion, show that strength and grandeur faith in God gives to a man—how it makes one man stronger than an angry mob, stronger than an army of soldiers, yea, even stronger than the devils of hell and all the powers of darkness. His address threw a flood of light on those words in the 8th chap. of Rom., "If God be for us who can be against us." The address also, no doubt, caused many to feel humiliated on account of how little they do and suffer for the Lord Jesus, and stirred them up to seek to do more.—COM.

AN Ottawa contemporary pays the following well merited compliment to Rev. Jas. Ballantyne, B.A.:—In connection with the brilliant financial achievement that has just been accomplished by Knox church congregation, in clearing off within a few weeks, the total debt from their church property, amounting to \$15,000, a brief sketch of the pastor under whose ministry the removal of so great a debt has been accomplished will undoubtedly be read with interest. The present pastor of Knox church, Rev. Jas. Ballantyne, B.A., is perhaps least known of any of the Presbyterian clergymen of the city, having but recently taken up his residence in the capital, but he is rapidly reaching the front in the ranks. He is a man of genial disposition and sterling character. His amiable qualities are numerous; his friendship sincere. Sensationalism finds no place in Mr. Ballantyne's discourses. He preaches the Gospel in its simplicity and applies forcible and convicting arguments. His scholarly attainments and eloquence add much to the effectiveness of his preaching. Rev. Mr. Ballantyne was born in Stratford, Ont., thirty-seven years ago. He is a son of the Hon. Thos. Ballantyne, ex-speaker of the Ontario Legislature. He received his early education in the Galt Collegiate Institute, from which he matriculated into Toronto University where, after some years of study, he obtained the degree of B.A. Leaving Toronto University he took a course in theology in Knox College under the tuition of Rev. Prof. MacLaren, the second pastor of the congregation of which Rev. Mr. Ballantyne is now pastor. He then studied in the University at Edinburgh, Scotland, Rev. W. T. Herridge being a fellow student with him at Edinburgh. His education was completed in the German universities. His first ministerial charge was Knox church, London, Ont., where he did effective work for nearly ten years, resigning his charge there last June to accept the pastorate of Knox church in this city.

#### Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew.

THE last regular meeting of the Presbytery for 1894 was held in St. Andrew's church, Carleton Place. The requirements for the Home Mission and Augmentation Schemes presented to the Supreme Court committees of these departments of the Church's work were given as \$79,000 and \$31,000 respectively. The amounts for which the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew becomes responsible, are \$2,500 for Home Missions and \$1,400 for Augmentation. Rev. Mr. Ballantyne, of Ottawa, addressed the Presbytery in the interests of Augmentation, and Messrs. A. H. Scott and Currie, of Perth, were appointed to visit Oliver's Ferry and Port Elmsley congregations, with a view to that charge becoming self-sustaining. Matters sent down to Presbytery from the General Assembly in connection with the new book of praise were committed to Rev. A. H. Scott, D. Currie and C. H. Cooke, with the representative elders of their congregations to report to the February meeting. A remit on missionary services for one year by each new licentiate in the Church was sent for examination to the Home Mission committee; another on Jewish Missions to the Presbytery's Foreign Mission Committee. An invitation was extended to the Presbytery by St. Paul's church, Smith's Falls, to be present at its semi-centennial celebration on the second Sabbath of January and the following

Monday. Deputations were appointed in the interests of Sabbath Observance to wait upon the representatives in Parliament of Lanark and Renfrew, with instructions to report to Presbytery in February. The name of Zion church was sanctioned for the new edifice at Watson's Corners. The matter of organizing the Young People's Societies into a Presbyterial organization was recommended for further consideration to a committee that has had it in charge for a year.

#### Presbytery of Prince Edward Island.

THE Presbytery of Prince Edward Island met in the hall of the Presbyterian church, Summerside. The resignation of Mr. Wm. McC. Thompson of the pastoral charge of Bedeque was taken up. Mr. Thompson adhering to his resignation, the Presbytery agreed to accept the same, to take effect from this date. Rev. J. K. Fraser was appointed moderator of Presbytery. A call from the congregation of St. Stephen's church, St. Stephen, in the Presbytery of St. John, in favor of Mr. A. A. McKenzie of Brookfield, was laid on the table. A cordial and unanimous call from the congregations of West and Clyde Rivers, in favor of Rev. James Hawley, of St. James, in the Presbytery of St. John, was sustained as a regular Gospel call. Mr. Archibald was appointed convener of the Augmentation Committee, and Messrs. Spencer and Coffin were appointed to fill the vacancies thereon. The Augmentation Committee was appointed to visit the congregations of New London South, Belfast and Valleyfield in the interests of the scheme. The Home Mission Report, presented by Mr. T. C. James, was received and adopted. Mr. J. K. Fraser was appointed interim moderator of the session of Richmond Bay East. Mr. Wm. McLeod was, with his own consent and at the urgent request of the congregation, reappointed ordained missionary at West Cape for the period of one year. Mr. Archibald was appointed to examine the new Hymnal and to report at next quarterly meeting. Mr. Sutherland presented, on behalf of the Presbyterial Society of the W. F. M. S., an encouraging report of the work done, and on motion the report was received and gratification expressed at the success which has attended the labors of the Society.

#### Presbytery of Inverness.

THE Presbytery of Inverness met at Lake Ainslie for visitation and other business. The cause of Christ in that congregation is favourably progressing. The good pastor, Rev. A. Grant, expressed the regret that through age and infirmity, he was no longer able to discharge satisfactorily the duties of a settled minister. He accordingly laid his resignation upon the table of Presbytery. Decisive action will be taken in the matter at the next meeting of Presbytery. The reference from Skye Glen and vicinity in regard to the site of a proposed hall was disposed of after a long discussion. The Presbytery decided by an almost unanimous vote in favour of building at or near Mr. Wm. Smith's west avenue, at the same time sympathizing with those who would prefer another site. The clerk reported on behalf of the delegates who visited the Points of West Bay and St. Peter's with a view to a union that would strengthen the congregation of St. Peter's. The meeting at the Points was favorable to union; that at St. Peter's unfavorable. Middle River proposed to unite with Baddeck Forks to form a strong congregation. Baddeck Forks had not been heard from. The reports of catechists were adopted, and the H. M. Board asked to pay balances due. Mr. A. W. McKay was paid in full by the Margaree stations; Mr. McNeill by Middle River, and Mr. J. B. McKinnon by Baddeck Forks. The application of the Margaree stations for a grant of \$250 from the Augmentation Fund toward a settled pastor for the year beginning April 1st, 1895, was adopted, and the Augmentation Committee asked to grant the amount. The Presbytery unanimously agreed to recommend

the General Assembly at its next meeting to receive Rev. Wm. Peacock, of the Congregational Union of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, as a minister of the Presbyterian Church in Canada; and also agreed to ask the H. M. Board to employ Mr. Peacock in the meantime. Committees were appointed for 1894-95. The Augmentation allotment of \$300 was allocated as last year's. The Presbytery agreed to meet again for visitation and other business at Strathlorne, Jan. 15th, and at Mabou the following day.—D. McDONALD, Clerk.

#### Presbytery of Sydney.

SYDNEY Presbytery sent a deputation to St. Peter's, to counsel with the brethren there, in the interest of that small but spirited congregation, as also in the interest of augmentation scheme. The record of the past year was found to be all that could be desired. They had built a handsome and comfortable manse, a large portion of the sum expended for this purpose having been paid, and all the ordinary demands of salary etc., met with a liberal hand. It was found that when the time comes to enter upon new arrangements with Presbytery and Augmentation Committee St. Peter's will be able to diminish the grant now received to the satisfaction of the Church, year by year. Looking at a proposition to unite part of West Bay to St. Peter's, the deputation found that St. Peter's desires to have service every Sabbath and twice every Sabbath, and were unwilling to enter into any arrangement which would in any way involve the curtailment of these prized privileges. On the 23rd of Oct., another deputation was sent by Presbytery, but no change of views from the above was obtained. St. Peter's has confidence in its future, and the spirit to do for the present what can be reasonably expected of them. Should it prove to be true, what is now stated on reliable authority, that the Southern Railway from Hawkesbury to Louisburg is to be pushed through with all celerity, St. Peter's will at once spring into importance and be able to support the Gospel without calling for outside aid. Two days after the first deputation visited St. Peter's, to the great grief of the congregation, and disappointment of Presbytery, Mr. McLeod, after a pastorate there of sixteen months, saw it to be his duty to accept a call to Coldstream. So that St. Peter's is now vacant, since the 14th of Oct. At this sudden and unexpected withdrawal of their minister they are "perplexed but not in despair." Presbytery are glad to learn that the temporary services of the Rev. John Calder are already procured by the congregation of St. Peter's. When the Presbytery met at Sydney, Rev. A. M. McKenzie reported that he had preached in St. Peter's on the 21st Oct., and declared the pulpit vacant. Mr. McKenzie was appointed interim moderator of the vacant congregation. Arrangements were made by which the people of South Gut and Englishtown, will raise their present subscription for salary to \$550. The following is the scale of allocation on congregations in Sydney Presbytery, for Augmentation Fund. Glace Bay, \$60; Port Morien, \$56; St. Andrew's, Sydney, \$40; Sydney Mines, \$40; Falmouth St., Sydney, \$30; North Shore, \$25; Mira, \$35; Bridgeport, \$30; South Gut, \$25; Boularderie, \$25; North Sydney, \$26; Gabarus, \$25; Cape North, \$25; St. Peter's, \$25; Grand River, \$25; Loch Lomond, \$10; Leitch's Creek, \$10; Little Bras d'Or, \$10. Mr. McPhail was appointed to Pleasant Bay at the request of Rev. M. McLeod, for two months. Favorable reports were received from all the catechists, labouring within bounds of Presbytery. It is but justice to say of all that their work in their several fields was highly appreciated by both people and Presbytery. Mr. McLean was certified to Pine Hill, and also Mr. McIntosh, and Mr. McDonald, to Queen's University. Mr. McOdrum is attending Dalhousie. Next meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held in St. Matthew's, North Sydney, on the 19th December, at 11 o'clock.

## Literary Notes.

**BESIDE THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH.** By Ian Maclaren. Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto. The Fleming H. Revell Co. Price \$1.25.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOL, the versatile and learned editor of the *British Weekly* and of a number of other equally able and interesting periodicals, can boast of having discovered, and brought to light, in the pages of his publications, not a few whose names now adorn the records of the republic of letters. Among them will rank high the author of the book above cited. Ian Maclaren's sketches of Drumtochty were the most eagerly sought for of the contributions which appeared in the *British Weekly*, not even excepting the able theological or philosophical article which is to be invariably found for the benefit of preachers on the famous first page. The sketches are pictures of homely Scottish character, probably the neatest of the kind that have ever seen the light of printer's type. To say that they are admirable is too general a remark, and to go into detail would be to encroach on forbidden space, besides, they have had so wide a circulation in their serial form, that popular approval has already been stamped upon them. But a word or two about Ian Maclaren will be fitting. The man behind the nom de plume is Rev. John Watson, the talented and successful minister of Selton Park church, Liverpool. On both sides of his family he is of Highland blood, and after having completed his theological course he became assistant for a year at Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh. Then he "settled" at Logie Almond, where his uncle had been parish minister at the Disruption. Here, in as pretty a spot as there is in Scotland, combining the grandeur of Highland scenery with some of the softer traits of the Lowlands, he laid the scene of the Drumtochty sketches with which his name will live in literature. This is what Mr. Watson himself says of the place:—"The scenery of Drumtochty is the same as that of Logie Almond, but somewhat enlarged, as was necessary for the purpose of such a series. No real person, living or dead, has been introduced into the volume. My aim has been to depict characters which are true to life, but every one of them has been idealized beyond possibility of identification. In some cases my picture of what might have been is almost the contrary of what is. Neither have I attempted to exhaust all the characters or all the churches. It is the easiest thing in the world to overweight a story with detail, and so to lose the artistic perfection of the whole."

**THE CENTURY CYCLOPEDIA OF NAMES.** A pronouncing and etymological dictionary of names in geography, biography, mythology, history, ethnology, art, archaeology, fiction, etc. Edited by Benjamin E. Smith, M.A. New York: Century Co., Toronto: McAinch & Kilgour.

This is a work of colossal proportions. Like every great work undertaken by the Century Company, it is admirably done, and up to date. The scope is fairly set forth in the title page, but only the student, the literary worker can fully appreciate its real merit as a work of reference. It is the best help a writer or reader can have on his table. On almost every conceivable topic there are numberless books, but there is only one dictionary of proper names and that is the one just published and now under notice. Such a book has been a felt want for years and now that the attempt has been made to supply the want it is satisfactory to find that such exhaustiveness and excellence has been attained to. An example of its use may be given here. In reading Scribner's Magazine the other day, a short article by Brander Matthews was notable for the number of proper names it contained. The article was interesting and readable, but how much of its full import would be lost to the general reader without some such help as a dictionary of proper names may be learned from the following partial list culled from Mr. Matthews' article:—

City of Destruction, Fortunato Islands, Diederich Knickerbocker, Wandering Jew, Flying Dutchman, Hermani's Nanny, Maude Muller, No Man's Land, Xanadu, Bermoothes, Robinson Crusoe, Lilliput, Weissnichtwo, Styx, Acheron, Bohemia, Forest of Arden, Arcady, Fountain of Youth, Lethe, Don Sancho Panza, Don Quixote, Pegasus, Augean Stable, Sleeping Beauty, Happy Valley, John Gulliver, Phoenix, Sphinx, Utopia, Lemuel Gulliver, Pannocles, Ultima Thule, New Amsterdam, Rip Van Winkle, Ahasuerus, Hawthorne, Long Tom Coffin, Hester Prynne, Hosea Bigelow, Lyoness, Alph, New Atlantis, Broddingnag, Ulysses, Charon, Elysian Fields, Pluto, Alsatia, Una, El Dorado, Hesperides, Barataria, Rozinante, Ghent, Aix, Apollo, Parnassus, Delectable Mountains, Rasselas, Pope Joan, Herodotus, Chimaera, Laputa, Procrustean, Cyranote de Bergerac.

Every one of these names is concisely dealt with in the *Cyclopaedia*, in a manner superior, for reference purposes, to that of any other book. The wants of the general reader are especially met.

The important subjects include names of persons, persons of note, ancient and modern, divinities and mythological names, pseudonyms, characters in legend, fiction, poetry, and the drama, epithets and nicknames, names of dynasties, Roman families, etc., etc.; races and tribes of all countries, ancient and modern; modern geographical names; ancient names of places, rivers, etc., when important; names of imaginary places (in mythology, legend, poetry, etc.); popular names and epithets of places; names of notable streets, squares, parks, pleasure grounds; historical events; wars, battles, sieges, plots, treaties, conventions, concordats, leagues, councils, alliances, crusades, congresses, diets, parliaments, riots, rebellions, etc.; works of art; buildings and other structures; institutions; ancient schools of philosophy and art, political parties, libraries, universities, colleges and academies, notable clubs, orders of knighthood, etc.; books, including classical and other ancient works and a limited number of modern works,—novels, plays, operas, etc., and names of books of the Bible. Particular attention has been given to the Elizabethan dramatists and to English literature; stars and constellations, planets, asteroids, comets, etc.; noted animals and vessels.

Messrs. McAinch & Kilgour, Toronto, control the Ontario trade.

**MY LATTICE,** and other poems. By Frederick George Scott. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis.

This little book will be made welcome in the cultured homes of the Dominion and beyond, and will stand on its merits a comparison with the freshest and best of recent poetry. An extended notice we cannot here give, but to lovers of the elegant in verse and beautiful in thought this little volume will prove delightful reading. The following specimen has been selected for its brevity and beauty.

VAN ELSSEN.

God spake three times and saved Van Elsen's soul;

He spake by sickness first and made him whole;

Van Elsen heard him not,  
Or soon forgot.

God spake to him by wealth, the world out-poured

Its treasures at his feet, and called him Lord;

Van Elsen's heart grew fat  
And proud thereof.

God spake the third time when the great world smiled,

And in the sunshine slew his little child;

Van Elsen like a tree  
Fell hopelessly.

Then in the darkness came a voice which said;

"As thy heart bleedeth, so my heart hath bled.

As I have need of thee,  
Thou needest me."

That night Van Elsen kissed the baby feet,  
And, kneeling by the narrow winding sheet,  
Praised Him with fervent breath  
Who conquered death.

**THE NEW WOMANHOOD: A Solution of the Woman Question** By James C. Fernald. Introduction by Marion Harland. 12mo, cloth, 369 pp., \$1.25. New York, London, Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This not a controversial book, and all the more valuable that it is not. It is indeed a book before which controversy, almost of necessity, grows silent. The author's chief concern is not with the activities into which woman *may* enter, but with those into which she *must* enter; an attempt, as he says in his preface, "to establish certain general principles on which all will agree, to show how matters of practical interest are necessarily connected with those original facts of human nature, and to set clear above the surge of conflict some of those precious things which none of the combatants on either side would willingly let die." The first thing that strikes the reader is the evident enthusiasm with which Marion Harland, in his introduction, speaks of this "remarkable book;" but he will find that the author's own glowing enthusiasm in his theme, the saving common sense which never for an instant deserts him, and the almost inspired insight into the woman's life, justify the strongest words which Marion Harland uses.

**THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST; A Devotional history of Our Lord's Passion.** By James Stalker, M.A., D.D. Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co. Price \$1.50.

This is one of Dr. Stalker's best books. His *Life of Christ*, and *Life of St. Paul* give the reader of his books a foretaste of what is so admirably done here. The subject is of peculiar interest and in Dr. Stalker's hands receives fresh, attractive, and exhaustive treatment. The style is simple and direct. The narrative begins at the point where Jesus is taken, and proceeds with graphic power and detail through the various stages of the trial, the death scene, and burial. It does not deal with the resurrection. The character painting is vivid, strong in colour and individuality, and impressive. As set forth in the title, it is a devotional history of our Lord's Passion and the devotional interest is excited and maintained throughout. It ought to be widely read.

Fra Paolo Sarpi.

**THE VENETIANS** (London, under the heading "Mr. Gladstone on Fra Paolo Sarpi" publishes the following holograph letter which Mr. Gladstone sent to the Rev. Dr. Alexander Robertson, D.D., Venice, immediately on receiving a copy of the 2nd edition of his work on "Fra Paolo Sarpi, the greatest of the Venetians":—

"HAWARDEN CASTLE, Chester, Nov. 16, 1894.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for your very interesting work on Father Paul, which reached me to-day, and which I have at once commenced. I have a very strong sympathy with men of his way of thinking. It pleases me particularly to be reminded of Gibbon's weighty eulogy upon his history. Ever since I read it, I think over forty years ago, I have borne my feeble testimony by declaring that it came nearer to Thucydides than any historical work I have ever read. It pleases me much also to learn that a Sarpi literature has appeared lately at Venice. If you were so good as to send me the titles of any of the works at all worthy of their subject I would

order them; and I should further be glad if you would at any time thereafter come and see them in a library, with hostel attached, which I am engaged in founding here. I remain, yours very faithful,

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

A LOST IDEAL. By Annie Swan. Toronto: William Briggs.

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## Correspondence.

### An Explanation.

Editor PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

SIR,—My attention having been called by Rev. D. A. McRae, of Nanaimo, to the following paragraph in a letter which appeared in the REVIEW over my signature, more than a year ago, in which I stated "that Mr. McRae, while in Victoria as convener of the committee appointed to report on the formation of a new congregation, was in constant communication with those seeking to prevent its organization." I wish now to express my regret that I should have given currency to that statement, which Mr. McRae informs me was not true; and I trust that though so long a time has passed that in justice to Mr. McRae you will kindly insert this letter in your next issue.

Victoria, B.C. P. McF. McLEOD.

### Never Go Back on a Friend!

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO, CAN.

In the pathway of life,  
Mid its trials and strife,  
There's a motto to you I commend:  
In life's ups and its downs,  
In its crosses or crowns,  
You must never go back on a friend!

Though your friends may be few,  
Let them feel that in you  
And your word they can ever depend;  
To preserve your good name  
From contumely and shame  
You must scorn to go back on a friend!

There are times when you can't  
Keep engagements you want;  
Don't neglect explanations to send;  
Just as true as you live,  
They will freely forgive—  
And not say you went back on a friend!

Should a friend be in need  
Of advice or kind deed,  
Don't begrudge him your comfort to lend;  
He will bless you at last,  
When his troubles are past—  
In adversity stand by your friend!

Though the seas ebb and flow,  
Let your friends ever know,  
You are faithful and true to the end;  
Should misfortune betide,  
They will stand by your side,  
For you never went back on a friend!

There is one Friend above,  
Whom we all ought to love,  
Who is strong as a Tower to defend;  
Let His Word be your guide,  
And keep close by His side—  
Don't go back upon God as your Friend.

You should get a copy of the Third Edition of JOHN IMRIE'S POEMS containing about 400 pages, neatly bound in cloth and gold, which will be sent, post free, on receipt of one dollar. IMRIE, GRAHAM & Co., 31 Church Street, Toronto, Canada.

## National Credit.

THERE is a wide-spread mistaken notion as to what national credit means, and the tourist as he travels through a country and beholds the magnificent public buildings and palatial residences is apt to say, "surely the credit of this country stands high." Certainly its buildings play a somewhat conspicuous part, but are not the root of the matter. What was it that made French securities sell rapidly in the English market when Paris was in a state of seige? It was the strong national sentiment of her people, that sentiment being largely due to the fact that the people of France loved their country and had an interest in her, they being very largely owners of their own property. The loyalty or patriotism of the laborer, who owns his own home, valued at a few hundred dollars, is stronger and more lasting than that of the mere pleasure-seeker with millions of dollars to his credit in the bank, which might readily be transferred from one country to another; hence the necessity of building national sentiment by cultivating and encouraging the spirit of ownership among the masses of our people as far as their homes are concerned.

The excellent work in this direction done by building and loan companies cannot well be estimated. Thousands, we may almost say millions of freeholders in Britain to-day owe that dignified appellation to the fact that they were enabled through these companies to pay, on the instalment plan, for the home that otherwise they could never have hoped to possess. Speaking on this subject one might refer, as an illustration, to the York County Loan and Savings Company, with its head office in Confederation Life Buildings, Toronto. This Company has in a comparatively short period built up an exceedingly large business, with its operations extending throughout the entire Province, and is conducted on a plan that at the same time is satisfactory to the investor as well as the borrower. If the thoughtful parent would only secure the descriptive circulars of such a company and place them in the hands of their children causing them day by day, week by week, or month by month to save the money that otherwise is flitted away in needless expenditure, it would be much better for the rising generation. For particulars of their plan in brief we would refer our readers to page 487 in the current issue and suggests that they read it carefully.

## Toronto Retrograding.

FOLLOWING the financial depression that has been universal the world over, came the shrinkage in real estate values which particularly affected the speculative properties in large cities and which was very noticeable in Toronto. As a result many pessimists immediately prophesied the downfall of Ontario's capital, and that she had passed her zenith of prosperity and had commenced a downward movement. The expressions resulted in frightening many inexperienced people, while on the other hand it carried our little weight with the merchant princes of our city. As an illustration—when the cry was at its height S. F. McKinnon purchased a large down-town block and commenced the erection of magnificent warehouses, while the well-known firm of Robert Simpson made a gigantic purchase of land on Yonge and Queen streets which necessarily had a disturbing effect upon some of the neighboring properties, inasmuch as it was necessary for him to buy out some of them. Among these was the well-known and highly respected firm of Kent Bros., who for over a quarter of a century had conducted business upon the site which they sold to Simpson. Their action in this matter was spoken of by some as fortunate for the Kents, and that they were well rid of Toronto real estate and business. The founder of the firm of Kent Bros., Mr. B. Kent, took steps almost immediately to secure property one block south of the old stand, and at once commenced the planning and erecting of a palatial jewelry warehouse, which promises, when completed (particularly the interior thereof), to be the finest in British North America. Examination of the plans and personal inspection of the Birks' now store in Montreal,

warrants us in saying that the Kents will lead by long odds.

During the months that intervened, the Messrs. Kent were not idle, in the meantime forming partnership between Mr. B. Kent, founder of the old firm and the gentleman who was the sagacious buyer of the diamonds, precious stones and valuable watches for which the old firm were so much noted, and his son, Mr. H. B. Kent, who grew up as a practical jeweller under the direction of his father. The visiting of the markets in the old land and the careful selection of goods for their new store and the opening and occupying of temporary premises at the Yonge Street Arcade, almost opposite the new building, kept them more than occupied. We will not here mention the large and varied stock that they have at present on hand in the limited space afforded by these temporary premises, but refer more particularly to the new building which will in the course of a few weeks be open to the public.

On either side of the entrance there will be two large windows, the one to the north being specially used for rings, precious stones, etc., with a private office for the inspection and sale of these goods immediately in the rear. Down the centre of the store will be ranged a series of solid mahogany exhibition cases, of the style so popular in the large New York houses and which is much more convenient to the purchaser as one may be seated and comfortably examine the goods shown them by salesmen. On the south wall are a series of magnificent mahogany cases for the silverware, etc., large glass panels in front and the entire back being bevelled plate mirrors. The north wall commencing at the east will be a case similar to those upon the south wall for finer goods in sterling silver. Next to this will be the cash department, still further west a special steel vault, built under the direction of Mr. E. Kent, with an exterior finish of solid walnut and plate mirrors. Following still west are the lavatories and a private office. Immediately in the rear of all this is the spacious work shop, so that the entire business of the concern will be conducted upon one large floor. Attention is particularly directed to the sky-light which is made of a glass specially imported for this purpose and used for the first time in Canada. The effect of this glass is something marvellous, as it concentrates the rays of light and illuminates the store even more brightly than the light coming through the ordinary plate glass windows.

The newly organized firm of B. & H. B. Kent are to be congratulated upon this palatial establishment as are the citizens of Toronto for having such magnificent premises in their midst.

### "Rigby."

When falls the rain and winds are blowing  
I do not heed, I do not care,  
With a Rigby coat out I am going  
I'm dressed for weather, wet or fair,  
The rain may fall as from a fountain  
And turn the fields into a pool,  
The east winds whistle o'er the mountain,  
I wear Rigby, I'm no fool.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured Her.

BERLIN, Ont., Nov. 29, 1894.—James Kennedy, of this place, writing to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., makes the following statement: "Our little girl, six years old, had been feeling poorly for quite while, having yellow jaundice. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Vegetable Pills, and she seems all right now, and has a good appetite and sleeps well."

Hood's Pills cure sick headache, indigestion, etc.

### Canadian Almanac.

THIS old friend comes to us this year with a new overcoat, which is much more stylish and attractive than the sombre garments in which it made its former visits. This valuable publication is now an absolute necessity to Canadian business men, and it is a matter of wonder that it has not a larger circulation among the private homes of our people. Surely there are a few who could to advantage invest 25 cents in this very valuable annual publication.

## The Union Loan & Savings Co.

**BOTH HALF-YEARLY DIVIDEND.**

Notices hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum has been declared by the Directors of this Company, for the half-year ending the 31st instant, and that the same will be paid at the Company's Office, 28 and 30 Toronto street, on and after MONDAY, THE 7TH DAY OF JANUARY PROX. The transfer books will be closed from the 21st to the 31st instant, both inclusive.

By order,

W. MACLEAN,  
Managing Director.

Toronto, Dec. 5th, 1894.

## THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN CO. (LTD.)

**DIVIDEND No. 31.**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of **7 PERCENT PER ANNUM** has this day been declared on the paid-up capital stock of the company, for the half year ending 31st December, 1894, and that the same will be payable at the office of the company, No. 78 Church street, Toronto, on and after 2nd January prox.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 16th to 31st December inst., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

JAMES MASON,  
Manager.

Toronto, Dec. 13, 1894.

## Presbyterian S. S. Union.

### A LECTURE on "Formosa"

Illustrated by Lime-Light Views,  
will be given by

REV. DR. G. L. MACKAY, OF FORMOSA

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PRINCIPAL MACMURCHY, CHAS. ROBINSON,  
President. Secretary

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Professor Charles Fauvel, M.D.

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Professor Fauvel was born in 1830, at Amiens, and now resides in Paris. For his high attainments in his profession he has received almost every mark of distinction that could be conferred upon him by his country or his countrymen.

freres in medicine. These are his words, "Of all the tonics, none equal 'Vin Mariani.' I use it personally and for my family, and have prescribed it for more than twenty years with unvarying satisfaction to myself and patients." Vin Mariani is the only tonic-stimulant without any unpleasant reaction and which may be taken indefinitely. If you are tired, weak, nervous, irritable, if you feel a want of energy and have not a good appetite, just try "Vin Mariani. Surely a remedy recommended by thousands of eminent people the world over, is worth a single trial. Send stamp to Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Montreal, the Canadian agents, and receive, gratis, a beautiful little album containing the photographs of many celebrities who have testified to the excellence of "Vin Mariani."

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