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Contributors and Correspondents.

DIARY IN THE EAST.

NABLONA (ASCENT—SUD-CHERIM)—SAMARIA—ETC.

At the end of the pretty plain is the resting place where most travellers stop to rest. There, at the bottom of a steep cliff, a little dripping fountain supplies water for the refreshment of man and beast, and spreads a carpet of verdure over a level plot at the foot of the rocks. The name of the place is Aiu Haramiyah, "Robbers' fountain," is said to be well deserved. It is a lonely spot, and many a deed of violence has been committed in the neighborhood. And yet what a sweet spot it is. The rocks were clothed with maiden-hair ferns, and bright flowers peeped out in rich clusters. The fields near were dotted with anemones of every variety of color, and the banks hanging with the large white flowers of a sweet-scented climber. But pleasant as it was, I could not linger long, but must hasten onwards. Passing out of the glen we soon came to more open valleys. We had passed the boundary of Benjamin, had left the hill country of Judea behind, and were in the portion of Ephraim where the hills are lower and divided by wider valleys than any in Judaea. Passing from one of these which run north and south into another at almost right angles with it, we passed close to the village of Sinjil, a most quaint looking place on the slope of the hill above the road. Before us was a long ridge running east and west, bounding the valley in which we were. Across the western extremity of this ridge, the road to Nablon passes by a track worn often some feet deep in the soft rock. It is here that travellers who desire to visit the site of Shiloh turn aside and cross the ridge a good deal further to eastward. There is no proper track to mark the way, which is easy to miss, and not altogether safe to take without a considerable party, so I could not attempt it. The ruins are considerable, but almost level with the ground, so that but for the name Seilun still clinging to the place, and the distinct topographical marks given it in Scripture, it would have been impossible to know that this now desolate hillside was once the spot chosen for the gathering place of Israel, when they came up to worship before the tabernacle of the Lord in Shiloh. Is it indeed "desolate, without an inhabitant." Crossing the ridge of which I have spoken, and going down a deep descent on the other side, I came to my second resting place at the ruined Khan, of Subban. It lies in a rich valley; a plentiful supply of good water flowing from a spring close to the Khan, makes it a good bathing place. The village of Jubban lies on the hillside, about a quarter of an hour from the Khan. The women of the village were coming and going, washing their clothes at the fountain, and carrying water home for their households.

I had been rather anxious about the state of this valley, it being the softest, deepest swamp between Jerusalem and Nablon, so it was very satisfactory to find that I should have no hindrance here. Not that the road was pleasant. The feet of horses and camels had sunk deep holes in the soft mire which the hot sun had now dried hard. It made me think of what a field worked by a deep steam plough would be, were it afterwards left to bake under a scorching sun, but I was thankful that I found it in its baked, not in its pulpy state. Winding up and down open valleys, with a few trees here and there, and an occasional village perched on a commanding situation, we came to the last hill which I had to surmount on my way to Nablon. At the top of it a most delightful surprise awaited me. I had forgotten that from there I could get my first view of Mount Hermon. When, on looking north over the wide plain of Moreh, now called Et-Mukhla, to the hills that bound it some seven miles off, I saw towering over these hills a pure white cone. I at first thought it must be a cloud. But gradually I became convinced that it was a solid reality, that it was the peak of Hermon, still retaining its wistly clothing of spotless snow, so pure, so white that it then reminded me of the dome of Mount Blanc, as seen from some directions. To the left of the valley on which I was looking down, was another hill equally interesting from association, though far less lofty than Hermon. This was Gerizim, and beyond it, jutting out into the plain, the last beyond of Ebal were visible. They seemed so near that I thought I was close to Nablon, which lay between them, was hidden by Mount Gerizim. But I soon found out my mistake when I descended to the plain. A track kept along the edge of the plain by the eastern skirts of Gerizim, passing several populous villages, whose inhabitants were busy in their fields. One of these villages was one of the prettiest spots I ever saw.

Nestled into a nook high up towards the summit of Gerizim, and surrounded by almond trees now in full blossom, it looked a delightful retreat; but if its inhabitants were like the women I saw beside the road just underneath the village, it would not be a pleasant place to live in. As I rode quietly past them they scowled on me with true Moslem hatred of a Christian, and one woman, with the slightest provocation, took up a stone and flung it at me. I did not touch me, and barely struck my horse without wincing. Mustapha was very angry, and broke forth in a torrent of language which I have no doubt was far from complimentary. I was very glad to get past without any further molestation. The plain seemed to lengthen out, as plains will do when one has to measure their length with a rather wearied horse under one. At last the path slanted upwards, round a shoulder of Gerizim, and suddenly I came in view of the narrow valley running east and west between Ebal and Gerizim, in which Nablon lies. All my fatigue was forgotten in the sight. It would be counted a beautiful spot in any country, and had it no associations. In Palestine, now so denuded of trees, the rich foliage and abundance of blossoming fruit trees, along with the memories that hang round the place, made the prospect simply entrancing. At the very entrance of the valley I passed a spot of spots, but without knowing it. Jacob's Well is there, but I saw it another day.

From it to Nablon there is about half an hour's ride. First, on approaching the town, we passed a large barracks of Turkish soldiers, then rode by a little stream, and through a grove of olive trees to the walled and thickly built city. The position of Gerizim and Ebal, each side, at once struck me, as so completely answering to the history of the giving of the blessings and cursings, before the assembled thousands of Israel. There are two recesses in the sides of the two hills, exactly opposite one another, which widen out the valley, and seem to mark the very spot where the vast multitude might be gathered. The hills are terraced and cultivated, and as I passed along a boy shouting down from one of the terraces to another in the valley far below him, gave me an idea of how the sound of a voice could be heard from side to side of the valley.

When we reached one of the gates of the town, I found that my guide did not know the house of Mr. F., where I was going. He made inquiries, and a man, acting as a guide, led me to a place which, from some word that was dropped, I found was the abode of the Latin priest. But soon another came forward, and taking charge of us led us along through the narrow, dirty lanes, some of them like tunnels, from houses built over them, to the right place. There dismounting, and passing up a dirty-entry, and up some steep steps, I came out into a tiny court, on which the four rooms of Mr. F.'s house all opened separately. There a warm welcome from his kind wife awaited me. They were greatly distressed that no one had been out on the road to meet me, as is the hospitable fashion among Europeans in Palestine. I had been expected the day before, and had I then arrived would have found an escort awaiting me at least an hour's ride from Nablon. It was well that I had not attempted visiting them earlier in the season. The rain had soaked through their flat roofs in such a way that only one of their rooms had been barely habitable, and in it the missionary, his wife, and child had been obliged to sleep, cook, eat, and study, besides receiving the numerous visitors who, at any time, walk in, and leaving their shoes at the door, sit down and make themselves quite at home.

I was much struck with Mr. F.'s patience with these visitors. He would not repulse them, because by thus living familiarly among them, interested in all their cares, concerned about all their concerns, he found an opportunity for influencing them aright. He is, indeed, a true pastor, and father of his flock, who, in their ignorance, need "line upon line, and precept upon precept."

It was Saturday evening when I arrived in Nablon. The next morning before 8 a.m., I accompanied Mr. F. to the school-room, which is at present used as a church. The room was pretty well filled with a congregation, most of whom were men. The service being partly from the English prayer-book, translated into Arabic, I could join (in heart) in prayer with them. The sermon was attentively listened to; of course I could get no good of it, as it was in Arabic. A Baptist missionary in Nablon who, though a native, speaks English, occasionally has an English service when there are many travellers in Nablon, but there were none on this Sunday.

Nablon is a very trying field to a Christian missionary. The Mahomedans are so bigoted. Mrs. F. said she went as little as possible out of the house, she found the remarks made as she passed along the streets so very painful. As we went to church she asked me to put my veil down, as she always wears hers, in order to provoke as little as possible of abusive comment on European women and their mode of dress.

From the terrace of the mission house there is a fine view over the city with its flat roofs and minarets closely packed together, and nearly filling the level space between the steep sides of Ebal and Gerizim. My plan had been to stay about five days at Nablon, thus having time to see Samaria, Gerizim, Jacob's Well, etc., in a leisurely manner. But alas! Monday, March 13th, and most of the days of the week, there were such torrents of rain that it was quite impossible to carry out my plans, and I found myself a complete prisoner in Nablon, unable either to return

to Jerusalem, or to communicate with my friends there. The roads again became impassable for some days; there was no post, so that during my twelve days' absence from my friends, they never heard one word from me. I had only one brief note which Mr. G. got a stray traveller to convey to me. It was a strange way of getting a little experience of the state of the country, being thus cut off from all intercourse with friends at only some forty miles distance, by a few days of rain. But that was my only discomfort. The walls of my room got soaked with wet; the window frames being only stuck on against the wall, not inserted into it, let cold and rain in abundantly, so that my time was passed between mopping up the water, and sitting squatted on my bed trying to keep my feet warm under my riding skirt. My hosts made a vain endeavor to get a stove to put into my room; such a thing was not to be had in all Nablon. All they could do was to supply me with an open pan of burning charcoal, or wood embers. There was too much smoke coming in by door and windows for any danger of suffocation, but the fumes made my head ache. How the poor people of Nablon suffered during the weather, I could in some degree imagine, for hardly a house has even glass in their windows, and their miserable thin clothing, alas! but ill-adapted to keep out the unusual cold, and fuel was very dear. Many a poor creature came begging to the mission house, and none were sent away without, at least, a cone or sent away without the F's themselves have a very small income indeed, and live in the simplest manner.

On Monday Mr. F. took me as far as the house of the Samaritan High Priest, who is quite a friend of his. There I was taken into a large room in which three or four generations of the family were squatting on mats and cushions on the floor. All was beautifully clean. I felt quite ashamed to go in with my muddy boots from the filthy streets. The old mother, who looked quite in her dotage, was rouching over a chafing dish of hotcha-coal; they all seemed very attentive to her. The High Priest himself was not at home, only his sons. After sitting a little, and answering some questions put to me through Mr. F.'s interpretation, they took me across a court planted with orange trees, to the synagogue. As I could not be admitted across the threshold with my boots on, they brought out the famous old Pontouch to the door for my inspection. The Samaritans declare that this roll of the law was written 8,500 years ago, by Abishua, the son of Pinchas. This is nonsense; but it is certainly very ancient, some think even older than any Hebrew MSS. now extant. It is a most interesting relic, with its queer old character, and its patched parchment rolled on two silver rods, with highly ornamented tops. Its silver cylindrical case is elaborately ornamented in the Venetian style, and is supposed to be of the fourteenth or fifteenth century. The Samaritans venerate this MSS. in the highest degree. It is wrapped in rich silk coverings, carefully kept in a sanctuary. It was much interested by the appearance of the Samaritan family. The men, and even the women, look so much more intelligent than the ordinary natives. The High Priest himself is, from all accounts, a most superior man. One of his daughters is also so well educated, that she was considered capable of teaching a girl's school, which some Quaker travellers wished to establish among the Samaritans. Unfortunately the whole plan came to nothing. Those who were to supply the funds, knowing the high character of the chief priest, entrusted the money for paying a mistress to him, when it at once became a subject of dispute among members of his family, less worthy than himself, who wished to take the lion's share of the profit, and leave almost nothing to the actual teacher. Thus the whole plan came to nothing. The body of Samaritans is small, only between one and two hundred, and, instead of multiplying, they see a to decrease in numbers.

(To be Continued.)

The Guibord Case—Public and Personal Excommunication.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—A few days after the restoration of the couple referred to in my last, a long article on the subject appeared in the columns of the local paper *La Voix des Goffs*. I had the honour of receiving a copy from the office of publication. The article was evidently from the pen of a member of the priesthood, no doubt the Vicar General himself, who was the real editor. After giving a very minute account of the excommunication and restoration, the writer took me up. He represented me as one who helped that wretched couple to commit a most abominable action by contracting an incestuous marriage, and grossly outraged the honest feelings of a religious people. He expressed the hope that I would be punished for what I had done, that all might see that the law in favour of Roman Catholics is not a dead letter. In terms equally complimentary, he referred to me in one or two following statements of facts, though I did not expect it to appear. It did, however, appear accompanied with a few remarks of a rather childish nature, among other things, the editor said that the couple declared before witnesses that I would not marry them till they promised to become Protestants for three months—a thing which I had too much respect for my office, and for Protestantism, to think for a moment of doing. He was not enough of a gentleman to give me credit for hav-

ing acted in the best of faith. I sent him a second letter, in which I reviewed a few of his arguments. This, also, was inserted with comments, even more childish than the former ones. I sent a third, in which, besides replying to other arguments, I told him about the priest having recommended the couple to come to me. It was not inserted. The editor, a hertie than he at first supposed, said no more on the subject.

A few weeks after, the couple having managed to get twenty dollars, obtained a dispensation from the Bishop, who had now returned from Rome, after helping to make the Pope infallible. They then went to the North Shore, among the Indians, where they were again married. Of course, it was a successor of the apostles who tied the knot this time. The priest disliked to do so, but he durst not disregard a dispensation from a bishop. Now they are basking in the smiles of their church. Twenty dollars have changed an incestuous marriage into a most proper one—an act worthy of a most bitter curse into one worthy of a rich blessing. Well may Rome say "money is great," as the Mahometan says of Allah.

I have no doubt that there was an understanding beforehand between the priests and the couple regarding the programme of proceedings from the excommunication to the restoration. I look on the whole affair as a piece of acting, designed to secure the faithful into submission to priestly rule. This opportunity of teaching them such a lesson, was too good to let slip.

M. Doure says that the excommunication of which I am speaking, was according to the rules of ecclesiastical law I differ from him. He says himself, that according to that law, excommunication to be valid, must not only be public and personal, but, also, be pronounced after denunciations. Now, I fully believe that when that couple came to me, they did so in accordance with the recommendation of their spiritual guide, and, therefore, without denunciations.

Guibord was not excommunicated by name, as Louis Ottot and Caroline Lavior were. Consequently, his excommunication was not valid. Of course, for the same reason, the excommunication of all who should knowingly harbour, or openly acknowledge them, was also invalid.

In reply to a letter from me, Bishop Langevin endeavours to defend his granting that couple a dispensation. He says that no power can set aside divine laws; but those which she has made, the church can, for good and sufficient reasons set aside. Of course, dollars and cents, are with her good and sufficient reasons. The Bishops evidently wish me to believe that the prohibition of marriage between a man and his deceased wife's sister's daughter is only one of the second kind of laws. But, according to Rome, it is one of the first, for she teaches that such a marriage is forbidden by implication in the Book of Leviticus. There are a few syllogisms relating to the subject founded, let it be remembered, on Rome's own teachings.

(1) A divine prohibition is a divine law. Marriage between uncle and niece by affinity is divinely prohibited.

Therefore such prohibition is a divine law.

(2) To set aside a divine prohibition, is to set aside a divine law.

Bishop Langevin, by the dispensation referred to, set aside a divine law.

Therefore, he set aside a divine law.

(3) No power has a right to set aside a divine law.

Bishop Langevin, by said dispensation, set aside a divine law.

Therefore, he did what he had no right to do.

(4) To set aside a divine law is great impiety.

Bishop Langevin, as above stated, did so. Therefore he was guilty of great impiety.

Bishop Bourget desires all under his charge to pray to the Father of all Mercies that these events may turn to the advantage of religion. The Guibord case will do so, but in a sense very different from that in which the Bishop uses the words. This I as firmly believe as I do that the Bible is the word of God. Christ is Head over all things to the Church. The case referred to will open the eyes of many intelligent Romanists, and many nominal Protestants, and confirm many zealous Protestants.

The Bishop says that the riot at the Roman Catholic Cemetery was "little more than a mere popular protest in favour of the reverence due to the dead who have slept in the Lord, and subject to the sacred laws of His Church." M. Desjardins is certainly very charitable, when he looks on all buried in the consecrated part of the Cemetery, as having fallen asleep in Christ, and on a band of drunken, swearing, and cursing, and church-robbing, Sabbath-breaking scoundrels as defenders of the faith. Yet, while he would readily allow the remains of any of the latter to be laid in "holy ground," he will not do so to those of an excellent moral character, and in all respects a "good Catholic" except in daring to think for himself on a certain matter. For the last reason, they must be treated as those of a suicide or hanged criminal.

I remain, Yours truly,
T. FARWICK.

The Resurrection.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

The translators have given this title to another Old Testament passage, Job xix. 25, 26, of which they say, "he believeth the resurrection," and in accordance with this supposed belief it has been incorporated in the burial service, and is repeated at almost every funeral. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall

stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." In this passage the following words "that" "day" "though" "worms" "body" are in italics to show they were added by the translators to complete the sense as they understood it. And in the margin it is stated the words "in my flesh" should be "out of" or "without" my flesh. Thus corrected it would read, "For I know my Redeemer liveth, and shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and after my skin destroy this—yet without my flesh shall I see God"—and would seem to point not to a resurrection of the body but of the spirit. It is an expression of strong faith in God, repeating in other words what he had said before, "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." His former friends and neighbours had turned against him in his adversity. His comforters, or rather his accusers, looked on him as a sinner, and tried to bring him to repentance, promising if he would only humbly himself and confess his sins, on account of which God had afflicted him, the afflictions would be removed and all would still be well with him. But he spurned their counsel, vehemently protested his innocence, and maintained his righteousness. "Till I die I will not remove my integrity from me. My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go. My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live." Bidden had just set before him the fate to which he thought he was drifting. "Destruction shall be ready at his side. It shall devour the strength of his skin. His remembrance shall perish from the earth. He shall be driven from light into darkness, and chased out of the world." But Job could say as Paul did long after. "None of these things move me." They could not shake his confidence in God, and his own consciousness of right doing. And now he exclaims: "Mark my words, and oh that they were written! Oh that they were printed in a book; that they were given for an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever. I know that God will clear me—that he will vindicate my character and my name of mine adversaries; if not in my life, after I am dead and gone. Destruction may devour the strength of my skin and bring me to the king of terrors. Yet without my flesh shall I see God. He will plead my cause and vindicate my name and memory over the ashes that cover me." That this is the probable meaning of the passage, and that it has no reference to the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, appears moreover from several other passages in the book which seem to teach the opposite doctrine. Job vii. 9. "As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." Acts xiv. 14, the question distinctly comes up, "If a man die shall he live again?" The answer to which is found in verses 10, 11, 12, 20. "But man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down and shall not rise: the heavens be no more, they shall not awake nor be raised out of their sleep. Thou provokest for ever against him and he passeth: thou changest his countenance and sendest him away." And it is worthy of notice that when Job appeals to God, and he answers him out of the whirlwind, no allusion is made to the doctrine of future retribution as necessary to correct the anomalies of the present life, and Job is declared to have spoken the thing that is right. LAYMAN.

We are receiving communications with request to publish "the whole just as it is." Now there are very few articles that we can use in that way. This paper is not as big as all out doors, and the editor must pick and choose according to his judgment. It often happens that part of an article is timely and "in our line," while the rest is either useless or less valuable than something else. We have had about twenty years' practice in cutting "the best passages" out of college orations, and we expect that the very finest points in our correspondents' letters will perish under our remorseless pencil. We mean to be fair and just in the use of material, but please keep anything you have that is too precious to be submitted to our judgment for such use as we may think best.—*Methodist*.

ONE of the best things a young man can be indulged in is a taste. It will save him from the *ennui* which might drive him to gambling or undesirable company. Few boys with a real love for some science or art ever come to unchaste harm. The intelligence developed in a child who collects specimens of stones or birds' nests, learns to cultivate a garden, or to carve a piece of wood, will help him a better man of business, or help him in a profession, as the case may be. A few hyacinth bulbs to nurse, a few cases of water, some flowers to arrange, will give a feeling of home, even to a dingy London lodging; but the love of flowers, like many other things, must be learnt in childhood. Tastes are not, as a rule, exorbitantly expensive; they are certainly very much cheaper than vices. A very moderate percentage of an income judiciously laid out, will soon secure an excellent library. It is surprising how small a sum will suffice for the purchase of every standard work worth having. The most famous private libraries cost their owners nothing in comparison with the price of a few race horses. Pictures judiciously selected are not an extravagance to those who can afford them. Any collection made with knowledge and love of the subject is almost sure to be worth at least what it cost. The time occupied in collecting it in many instances rescued from being employed in idleness or frivolity.—*Saturday Review*.

Pastor and People.

Through Phoenicia.

BY REV. JAS. GANERON.

A PERPLEXING PROBLEM—ITS SOLUTION—THE PROOF—ALEXANDER'S CAUSEWAY—NEW TYRE—THE DAY OF REST.

It was towards evening as we drew near the city of Tyre. It would never be expected that this sandy neck of land, that leads out into the sea, where we see these ruined walls, was originally formed by the hand of man. Yet so it is. When Alexander the Great laid Palestine and Syria at his feet, there stood out still in defiance the city of Tyre, built on an island, some little distance from the shore. To get possession of the Island City, which could in his rear be a dangerous enemy, commanding the great sea when came his supplies, Alexander built a causeway, to connect the mainland with the island. In this way he took Tyre, and the bridge by which he passed over his army and warlike engines has become that sandy road, built up by the waves and sand into an isthmus fully half-a-mile wide.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

The island, the site of new Tyre, is about a mile long, and much less than that in width. The question has not yet been settled as to whether the Tyre of the time of David and Solomon, and the Tyre of the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel, was on this island or on the mainland. After examining the locality, and reading a great part of what has been written on the subject, it seems to me that the preponderance of evidence points to this conclusion that ancient Tyre was on the mainland; but that its holy places and citadel were on the island that guarded the mouth of the harbour.

ITS SOLUTION.

It would seem necessary to conclude that ancient Tyre was on the mainland:—1. From the necessities of its commerce. There is no city of antiquity, if we except Athens and Rome, in regard to which we have such a full account as Ezekiel has given of Tyre, in that chapter of unrivalled description, the twenty-seventh of his book. It would occupy nearly one of our pages to enumerate the articles of traffic that found a market in Tyre, and an outlet thence to the markets of Egypt and the west. Is it at all likely that a city with such a trade should be situated on a small island.—2. From the character of its water works. In our last chapter, mention was made of our visit to the "fountains of Tyre," about four miles south of the island, on the shore. Now if the city was on the island, and if it received its supply of water from those wonderful reservoirs on the mainland, it could have been the easiest thing in the world for a besieging army to capture the island-city, by cutting off its supply of water. It is clear that the city for which these magnificent reservoirs, the most wonderful of the kind in the East, were constructed, could not have been on the island, but on the coast.—3. From its name. The word Tyre is derived from the Hebrew word Tzor, which means a rock. But what kind of rock? It is not the kind of rock that we see in the low-lying island of modern Tyre; but exactly the kind of rock that we see raising its proud front over the sea, some miles south of the island, and known to sailors as the White Cape. That is the kind of rock that the Hebrew Tzor means. "They embrace the rock for shelter."—Job xxi-8. "The mountain of the Lord, the rock of Israel."—Isaiah xxx. 29. "He is the rock."—Deut. xxxii. 4 In all these, and in many other cases, the word means a high, elevated rock, to which men go up for protection. We might go farther, indeed, and say it means a ridge, high and sharp, for the word Tzor is used of the edge of a knife or sword. There is no doubt it is the same old Hebrew root that we find in our own word "Scur," (another form of Tyre is Sarra, which meets us in Plautus and Virgil,) in such epithets as the "Scur of Egg," which Professor Jamieson says rises to a great height. "Viewed sideways," H. ph. Miller says, "the Scuir resembles a tall, massy tower, 470 feet in height, perched on the apex of a pyramid, like a statue on a pedestal. That is, we should imagine, how the White Cape looks to a sailor approaching from the west. The White Cape is, therefore, the "fortified Scuir" of Joshua. "Then the coast turneth to Ramah, to the strong city Tyre (i. e., the fortified Scuir)."—Joshua xix. 29.—4. From the statement of Strabo, who three hundred years after its destruction by Alexander, tells us (xvi. 2) that ancient Tyre stood four miles south of the island city, i. e., betw. the fountains and the Scuir. In that very plain, an hour-and-a-half south of the fountains, Irby and Mangles mention "the rubbish of an ancient city."

From these and similar arguments, we are strongly of opinion that the Tyre of the Old Testament was on the mainland; that it arose, like Edinburgh under its rock, under the protection of the Scuir; hence its name, Tzoro or Sarra; that at last it extended eight miles along the coast; that the island in the mouth of the bay became its sacred place and its citadel, the site of its famous temple and of its castle; and that when the magnificent city fell, all that remained of Tyre took refuge on the island, and has been content since to be there "cribbed, cabined, and confuted."

THE THEORY EXPLAINS THE LEADING FACTS.

This theory gives consistency to history and Scripture, in all their references to Tyre. In this theory we see explained: 1. How the city could grow to such vast proportions. There could never have been a great city on the island, nor room for a great fleet in its harbours; but the scene assumes the grandeur becoming the days of Tyre's glory, when we place her on that bay which, not unlike the bay of Naples, sweeps from the foot of the cape to a point opposite the island, when we cover that coast with groves and vineyards, like Eden, the garden of the Lord (Ezekiel xxviii. 13); when we adorn it with palaces, the "perfection of beauty" (xxvii. 4); when we surround the city with walls and towers, and

All this vast bay—her harbour—with forests of masts xxvii. 9), such as we see in the harbours of our own great trading ports. In this theory we see explained (2) the strange riddle that Tyre was destroyed, and yet that Tyre flourished. The prophet Ezekiel tells us plainly that Nebuchadnezzar would destroy Tyre. And yet the same prophet tells us (ch. xxix. 18), "Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, caused his army to serve a great service against Tyrus; every head was made bald, and every shoulder was peeled; yet he had no wages, nor his army for Tyrus for the service that he served against it; therefore, thus saith the Lord God, Behold I will give the land of Egypt unto Nebuchadnezzar . . . and it shall be wages for his army." That Nebuchadnezzar took Tyre, and yet did not take it, is explained by the fact, that though he took the city on the mainland, never again to raise its head, yet he could not, for want of a fleet, take the stronghold on the rock, which work remained to be done by Alexander the Great, who did it by building the causeway to which we have already referred.

ALEXANDER'S CAUSEWAY.

It was no doubt in building this causeway that the words of the prophet received their full and final accomplishment; for, let the reader mark well, that the prophecy in chapter xxvii., from verse 3rd to verse 6th, is general, covering about three hundred years. "I will cause many nations to come against you." That includes the Chaldeans and the Grecians; both the siege of Nebuchadnezzar and that of Alexander. "They shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers." That is Nebuchadnezzar's work. "I will also scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock; it shall be for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." That is Alexander's work. "For a spreading of nets." How? Some, foolishly, have said, by the shore sinking and the sea advancing. There has been nothing of the kind. Others say, by fishermen carrying their nets inland. No. Quintus Curtius tells us, without ever dreaming of Scripture, how this remarkable Scripture has been fulfilled. He tells how Alexander fought with the sea in constructing the mound from the shore, and how the sea washed away in the night all the work of the day, till the iron-willed Macedonian behought him of the ruins of old Tyre, that had lain there for three hundred years. The words of the historian are these: "A great quarry of stones lay ready to his hands, in the ruins of ancient Tyre." ("Magna vis saxorum ad manum erat, Tyro veteri praebente.") The ruins of old Tyre, buried beneath the water, gave the material and means to conquer new Tyre. "Her stones, and her timber, and her dust," were sunk in that causeway, which is now a place to spread nets on. How awful, in its literalness, has been the fulfilment of the prophecy. "I will scrape her dust from her; thou shalt be sought for, yet thou shalt never be found again." We should think not. Men have brought back to light the ruins of Pompeii, of Nineveh, of Ephesus, and recently even of Troy, but who will bring up from the bottom of the sea the ruins of Tyre? When the matter is so impressively simple, and so grandly literal, it is a pity that travellers and writers on prophecy have sought for the fulfilment of the words "It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea" on the island and in its ruins, to which the words never referred.

NEW TYRE.

New Tyre, on the island, which did not come within the scope of the prophecy, became an important city; rose and fell, and rose again, like many other cities. In the time of our Saviour it was a flourishing town, and being only thirty miles distant from Nazareth, may have been visited by him before he began his public ministry. Once during his ministry he visited at least the neighbourhood, and walked probably over this causeway, on which he might have seen fishermen drying their nets, and where he buried the city, whose idolatrous religion ruined the ten tribes, and came very near being the ruin of the southern kingdom also. Might there not, therefore, be a deep and reasonable root of aversion in the objections Christ made to help a woman belonging to a race so deeply debased, and so wickedly concerned in the ruin of God's chosen people? It was not that he pretended to refuse the woman, but he spoke what he felt. The Phoenicians had degraded themselves below the level of "dogs." Their city, like the cities of the plain, was so abominable, that it must, like those cities, be buried in the depths of the sea. But her strong faith carried the day against that awful record of guilt, and brought from the lips of Christ the exclamation, "O woman, great is thy faith."

So much of our time has been spent in trying to clear up the unfortunate confusion into which writers have fallen with regard to new and old Tyre, that little can be said now as to our visit.

THE DAY OF REST.

Having ridden through the streets of the little town, a place of some two thousand people, we passed out to the western side, (where there are no walls,) and found our tents pitched on an open space looking out over the Mediterranean, which lay like a sea of molten silver beneath the beams of the moon. Here we passed the Sabbath, for our company, (consisting of Americans, among whom was one of the Astors, of New York, and some gentlemen from Australia,) had agreed to cease travelling always on the Sabbath, which was a sweet boon to our animals and their drivers. There was then no Protestant church in Tyre, so we gathered into the tent of the American party, and there we all joined in worship, reading as the lesson for the day those chapters in Isaiah and Ezekiel to which reference has been already made. The day was calm, the sky was clear, and the sea lay motionless. From the door of the tent we could see the Lebanon range, with Hermon in the background; the White Cape closing in the view to the south, while the country above Sidon met the eye in the north. A respectable woman, calling herself a Protestant, sought us out. Her boy had been with the American missionaries, and she was exceedingly

anxious to talk with us about spiritual things. Her heart seemed drawn to us because we were Protestants. We were rained by her and her boy of the Christian Church that Paul unexpectedly found in this very place. "We landed at Tyre," Luke says, "for the ship was to unlade her burden; and finding disciples, we tarried there seven days; . . . and when we had accomplished those days, we departed and went our way; and they all brought us on our way, with wives and children, till we were out of the city, and we kneeled down on the shore and prayed."—Acts xxi. 4, 5, 6. Tyre early became a Christian bishopric; and the fourth century Jerome speaks of Tyre as the most noble and beautiful city of Phoenicia, and as still trading with all the world. Here, again, we find fulfilled the words of the prophet Isaiah, which, in the light of the distinction drawn above between the two Tyres, are quite in harmony with the threatenings which were so literally fulfilled on old Tyre. "And it shall come to pass after the end of seventy years that the Lord will visit Tyre; and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord." Is there a fulfilment of these words, in still a higher and more literal sense, yet in the future? Will Tyre again rise to glory, in connection with Christianity in the East? Or may not these words refer to that nation which now occupies towards the western world the place Tyre occupied in ancient times? If Rome is modern Babylon, and heir to its vices and punishment, why may not Britain be modern Tyre, and heir to this promise? Whether this be so or not, it should, without doubt, be the supreme desire of every Tyre, i. e., of every commercial people, to realize the condition foretold of Tyre: "Her merchandise and her hire shall be holiness to the Lord: it shall not be treasured nor laid up; for her merchandise shall be for them that dwell before the Lord to eat sufficiently, and for durable clothing."—C. nadian Christian Monthly.

Mr. Moody's Brother.

The following story which Mr. Moody told at one of his great meetings in London at the Haymarket Theatre, shows how he uses anecdotes for illustration, which he often introduced with wonderful effect:

The first thing I can remember in my life was the death of my father. He died suddenly one beautiful day in June. He fell dead upon the floor, and it gave me so shock that I never forgot it. The next thing I can remember was the sickness of my mother, and the third thing was my eldest brother becoming a prodigal. I well remember how that mother mourned over that boy—how she used to send us off to the post office a mile and a half from where we lived to see if there was not a letter from him, and how we used to come back day after day bringing the sad tidings, "No letter." I remember how we sat round the old family fireside and talked about our father—how he looked and what he used to do. Mother would tell us what he said, and we would sit there as long as she would talk about him; but if anybody mentioned that eldest brother all would be hushed, for the tears used to flow down my mother's face at the mention of his name, and sometimes I would see her turn away to wipe her eyes while she was busy at work; and sometimes she would say "O that I could hear that he was dead! It would be such a relief. I do not know but what he may be in want in some foreign land."

The house in which we lived was on a hill, and when the wind used to blow mother used to be more sad. She would say, "Perhaps he is on the ocean, and there may be a gale. He may be exposed to fierce winds to-night." Many a time I woke up past midnight, and listening, I have heard her pray: "O God, save my boy! O God bring back my boy!" Year after year the mother pleaded to God for the boy, and on Thanksgiving Day, when the nation gives thanks to the Almighty, it is a customary thing for the families in the United States to gather round their boards, and as we used to do so, mother always placed one vacant chair for her absent boy. "Perhaps," she said, "he will come back to-day, and we used to go and watch at the window and see if he was coming."

Long years passed away, and the hair that was once so black began to turn gray, and the step that was once so firm began to tremble. I could see that her trouble was bringing her down to an untimely grave. She was indeed just going down to the grave with a broken heart—such was the love and pity with which her heart used to yearn over the boy. I often thought she loved him more than all the rest of us. The other children grew up and passed away from that village. Her two youngest children were sitting by her side one day, and there was a stranger seen outside the house, and without going upon the piazza he stood looking in upon that mother that he had not seen for years, and when the mother saw him she did not know him; but when she saw the tears trickling over the long black beard that had grown in the interval—in those tears she recognized her long lost boy. She sprang to the window. She said, "O, my son, is it possible you have come back? Come in, come in." But there he stood, and he said, "No, mother, I will never cross your threshold until you forgive me."

Young men, do you think that mother forgave that boy? Ah! there was not anything in her heart that she wanted to do so much all those long years. She had forgiven him all along, and had not anything to forgive now. She ran to the door, she met him upon the threshold, and threw her loving arms round his neck; she pressed him to her bosom and wept over him. She would not hear a word of self-reproach from him; she was only too glad to have him back. When the news reached me in a distant city, I can't tell you how my heart leaped within me for joy; but the joy that it gave us as a family, is nothing to the joy that will be in heaven to-night if you will only come to Christ.

If we were but realizing this truth, beloved—"we are Christ's"—we should never be downcast any more.

The Land of the Leal.

The following lines, almost unappreciated in pathos and Christian feeling, were formerly attributed to the Scottish poet, Robert Burns, but they are now admitted to have been the production of Lady Nairne:

Th' wearin' awa', Jean,
Like know when it is thair, Jean;
Ea wearin' awa', Jean,
To the land o' the leal.
Thair's nae sorrow there, Jean,
Thair's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the land o' the leal.
Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was bathed and fair, Jean,
And we grudged her naught sair
To the land o' the leal.
Then dey that tearfu' ee, Jean,
My soul lings to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on ye
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
Thair's nae care in yon vale, Jean,
We'll meet and aye be faim
In the land o' the leal.

The Argument of Prayer.

A frequent and favorite contributor reports the true story of a layman who is now preaching Christ in the Eastern States, and who recently related these facts before a large audience. It is a touching and remarkable testimony to the efficacy of prayer when prompted by a heart in accord with the Holy Spirit: "I am nearing the sunset," said the venerable speaker. "A long life has been passed, and as I look back upon the route over which I have travelled, I can say it has been a land of deserts and of pits, a land of drought and of the shadow of death which has brought to me a thirst which only the water of life could quench. My childhood was spent in a prayerless home, my manhood was given to the study of these books which were the principal ones in my father's library, as far back as I can remember. Of a studious nature, I read them carefully, and sought to satisfy the demand of the soul in the reasonings of Tom Paine, Voltaire, and Rousseau. They did not satisfy. Later I studied A. J. Davis, and in Spiritualism found only a temporary relief. Compe and Darwin were favorite authors, and their arguments were perfectly familiar to me. I read the Bible only to misinterpret its truths and to pervert its teachings; was ever ready to dispute with Christians, and prided myself on my power to puzzle them with my atheistical doctrines. One evening a neighbor, a devout Christian woman, came in, and I at once beset her with my favorite topic, seeking to undermine her faith and trust. She made but little reply, and after a few moments surprised me with the singular remark, 'Father L., hadn't you better pray?' and before I was aware of it, I was on my knees, listening to a most wondrous prayer. She seemed to be before the open door of heaven, leading me, a wayworn pilgrim, to its very gates. She prayed as the birds sing, and with holy earnestness asked that light might flash into my darkened soul. Rising, she quickly bade me good night and left. Then the Holy Spirit took possession of my heart. The Christian boldness united to a womanly modesty and simplicity, the peaceful joy which irradiated her countenance, compelled me to ask, What is the cause of such serene joy?"

"I had seen Christians die in triumphant peace, and the question came up, What gives them this trust, and what sustains them in an hour when they stand on the confines of the other life? That night I prayed and no light came to me. I read the Bible, but it was a sealed book. My scepticism and infidelity were so dark and dreary, and the long wasted, worse than useless life, stood out in such appalling contrast with the life of my little friend, who seemed to live in an atmosphere of joy and song, that again I prayed and begged for light, and at last my prayers were answered, and for a year I have rejoiced in Christ as my Saviour, my Redeemer. My wife has become a Christian, and joy and sunshine, and prayer and peace, are abiding guests in my home." Such is the testimony of the old patriarch who for the past year has been actively engaged in service for his new found king.—Advance.

Life and Doctrine.

The only way to conserve orthodoxy is to nourish spiritual power. Living faith in, and earnest zeal for Christ, will always ensure sound theology. Love for a person, rather than faith in a creed, is the vital idea of the Gospel. When we accept of Christ as Saviour, to pardon sin, renew the soul, impart life, comfort in sorrow, keep from sin, save with a great salvation, we cannot go very wrong in doctrinal belief. To keep the church doctrinally pure, we need only keep up strong faith and ardent love towards the person of our Lord and Saviour. So long as there is health at this point, there will be health everywhere, but whenever enthusiasm for Christ abates, the whole theological system is jeopardized. The cure for prevailing scepticism, is personal love for Jesus. If by any means the perplexed can be induced to drop their reasoning and go to living; cease speculating and seek full salvation; consecrate themselves to Christ, and make it their chief desire to draw life to their souls, awaken personal love and enthusiasm for the Lord, and eagerness to enjoy the fullness of his saving grace, they will be relieved from doubts, become sound in doctrine, enter into a great peace, and marvel at their former troubles, and rejoice in believing "the record God has given of his Son."

The doctrine of election is never introduced to narrow the door—the door of Gospel grace is open night and day; and the motto ever remains, though Satan has ever tried to erase it: "Whosoever will, let him enter." Election never was intended to stand between the sinner and the sinner's Saviour.

Random Readings.

It requires great light to discern darkness.

PREVENTION of sin is one of the greatest mercies God can vouchsafe.

A wise man will make more opportunity than he finds.

RESERVES in confession mark confession—none serves in obedience nor obedience.

THERE is such a thing as a neglected precept finding a man out on his dying bed—wasted hours!

How many discoveries of God there are in an hour of trial that are never made out of that hour?

The hardest speech made against free grace are by those who know nothing of the plague of sin.

WHEN God speaks of rewarding virtue, it is with overlasting life-like happiness; it needs nought but perpetuity.

The severest restrictions of religion cannot be deemed intolerable, since they are not commensurate with its rewards.

CONTENT is a kind of gangrene, which, if it seizes one part of a character, corrupts all the rest by degrees.—Dr. Johnson.

Those who outlive their income by splendor in dress, etc., resemble a town on fire, which shines by that which destroys it.

DEEP shines of our state by nature would keep us from halving the glory between man, and the sovereignty of God's grace.

I AM the Lord God's, and His alone. How can I mingle with the clouds of the valley, and mix myself up with the potshards of the earth?

WHAT is a proverb but the experience and observation of several ages, gathered and summed up into one expression?—Dr. South.

The best style is like glass which is not seen itself, but which shows everything beyond it. As in dress so in style. That is best which attracts least not.

It is a great thing to have a vivid apprehension of what we do believe, to have the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for.

WHEN the Father gave a people to His Son, He gave them individually; and when He gave an Advocate to His people, He gave Him as an individual advocate.

We want the flowers—He says, The frost. We want the sunshine—He says, The winter first. The evening and the morning were the first day—the evening first—I believe it.

Or all those who have reached the heights of speculative science, not all are entitled to the commendation bestowed on Sir William Jones—that he was "learned without pride; and not too wise to pray."

Who can keep but Thyself?—with a thief within ever ready to open the door! "Holy Father, keep through Thy name"—it is as if he had said—who can keep but Thyself, with so much inward echo to the evil without?

God is called the Father, not in condescension to our understandings, because a human father's love is the best image human creatures can have of Him, but because He is the eternal Father, and the love of the Father and the Son is the root and bond of all creation.

WHATSOEVER is in the Scripture, believe me, is high and Divine; there is verily truth, and a doctrine most fit for the refreshing and renewing of men's minds, and truly so tempered, that every one may draw from thence that which is sufficient for him, if he come to draw with a devout and pious mind, as true religion requireth.—St. Augustine.

It might seem incredible, if it were not established by the experience of all ages, that those who differ most from the opinions of their fellow-men are most confident of the truth of their own. But it commonly requires a conceit of the superiority of a man's own judgment, to make him espouse very singular notions; and when he has once embraced them, they are endeared to him by the hostility of those whom he contemns as the prejudicial vulgar.—Sir James Macintosh.

He is nailed to the cross of shame and glory. A wretched thief, hanging over the mouth of hell, turns to him his dying eyes—his white furrowed face becomes stiffened with a look of intoneness of desire—dry lips part and quiver, "Lord," he cries, "remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Did Christ answer, "I cannot leave you now—I am in pain; besides it is too late—too late!" Oh, no! but He turned upon him a look in which love and sorrow shone together, and said, "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise"—keeping his promise, "I will in no wise cast out."—Cheerful Words.

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." Carnal men seek their relief under trouble from carnal things. Some try what relief the rules of philosophy can yield them, supposing a neat sentence of Seneca may be as good a remedy as a text of David or Paul! but, alas! it will not do; submission from fatal necessity will never ease the afflicted mind, as Christian resignation will do. It is not the cruciating, but regaining of the affections, that composes a burdened and distracted soul. One word of God will signify more to our peace than all the famed and admired precepts of men. Flavel.

If it were true that there is no God, what evidence can the atheist have that he himself shall not exist? Whatever was the cause of his existence here, may be the cause of his existence hereafter. Or if there is no cause, he may exist without a cause in another state, as well as in this. And if his corrupt heart and abominable works make him so unhappy here, that he had rather be annihilated than run the hazard of a future existence, what hindereth him from being happy forever? The man, then, is a fool that wishes there were no God; hoping thus to be secure from future misery; for admitting there were no God, still he may exist hereafter as well as here; and if he does exist his corrupt heart and vices may render him miserable eternally, as well as for the present.

Our Young Folks.

What I Love Best.

I love the blue sky,
Where pretty birds fly.
And morning's bright beauty as well;
I love the fresh air,
That blows with cool care,
And many more things I could tell.

I love the warm sun,
And busy bee's hum,
And walks up the grassy green hills,
I love the fair flowers,
And sunshining showers,
And water that comes from the rills.

I love the tall trees
That wave in the breeze,
And daisies and buttercups, too;
I love open day,
And beautiful May,
And all that light brings to my view.

But something beside,
Quite close to my side,
More lovely and precious I call;
'Tis darling Mamma,
And dear good Papa,
I love, and I love more than all.

But oh! there is One
More bright than the sun—
More passing far than the rest;
'Tis Jesus who shed
His blood in my stead,
Oh! should I not love Him the best?
—Children's Friend.

It Shall Come Right.

"You are not going to beat me, that is plain. I have made up my mind; so you had better give in."

If any one had been standing outside the door of the room in which Edward North was accustomed to study his evening lessons, he might easily have imagined that the boy was contending with an adversary of no mean size and strength. There was a spic of determination in his tone, too, which said very plainly that his enemy, whatever might be his pretensions, was certainly not going to have it all his own way.

It is true the listener might not form a high opinion of the courage of Edward, if he had left the door imagining that the sweet girlish voice which immediately said, "Edward, my dear, remember your promise," belonged to the adversary in question. Still loss would he have thought that the younger voice yet, which promptly added, "Yes, Edward, I am a witness," could have belonged to the foe to whom he was using such strong and resolute words.

It would have gladdened many a teacher's heart, if on the evening in question, he had possessed our privilege, and had opened the door, and walked in to catch a glimpse of the three speakers. It was the hour before bed-time, and, according to the invariable custom of Edward North and his two sisters, Eliza and Mabel, this period was spent in preparing the lessons of the next day. Eliza at her side of the table was busily engaged in finishing her exercise, and as it was a somewhat difficult task, before commencing she had made Edward promise he would not speak a single word until she had come to the end of it. Mabel, on a little stool, was earnestly counting her spelling lesson, and following every syllable with the pencil she held in her hand. Edward stood with knitted brows, now tapping his forehead with his finger, and now looking resolutely at a sum on the slate he was resting on a high stool. The "answer" in the book from which he had taken the question said one thing, and his working said another. He had gone over the sum two or three times, but had failed to see any error; yet as he had never found his tutor in a fault, he could but arrive at the conclusion that the mistake was his.

"It shall come all right," he exclaimed. "That is a brave determination, Edward," said Eliza, pausing in her writing, and looking at him with a smile, she added, "I have to thank you for having said it more than once."

"What do you mean, Eliza?" asked Edward; "I feared I was interrupting you by my growling instead of helping you."

"The 'growling,' as you call it was of course unpleasant, because it reminded me somewhat of our little dog Snap when the flies are on his nose, and he cannot catch them."

Edward laughed at this curious illustration, and then asked what he had done to merit the thanks of his sister.

"To-morrow, you know, is our 'theme' day, as it is called at school, when we older girls have to take in, as much as will go on a sheet of note paper, an original composition, an essay, you know."

"Yes, I know," replied Edward, "but what can my sum possibly have to do with that?"

"It was not the sum, Edward, but what you said that came to my help just in the nick of time. What do you think I have written about, sir?" asked Eliza, laughing.

"That is more than I can tell."

"Conquering difficulties," Edward, is the subject, and as you stood up there saying, in quite a terrific voice, 'It shall come right, it gave me a hint that soon helped me to fill a page.'"

"I wish I could conquer my difficulty," returned Edward, in a somewhat rueful tone; "but I am glad at any rate, Eliza, that I have helped you. How do you deal with difficulties—with a sum that will not come right?"

"By saying, 'It shall come right,' and by keeping at it without any fuss until it does."

"Well, that is capital, Eliza," said Edward, once more throwing a bright look at his unfinished sum, "and that is what I will do!" and once more he energetically applied himself to the task which had already given him so much trouble. Silence once more reigned in the "schoolroom," the room in which they usually worked on an evening was called, when the parents of the children, without being seen by them, looked in upon the pleasing picture which the three presented as they thus sat peacefully and busily at work. They thought of the time when the "evening

hour" was always one of trouble, more or less annoying, because the little ones having nothing to do generally got into mischief. Now, however, the time went pleasantly by until it was three to "kiss, and say good-night." As mother said, the Louise did not appear like the same place since the children had gone to school, and had "evening lessons," as they themselves had called the hour which they spent in preparing for next day's work. And the best of it was that they had plenty of time for play as well, and their games were all the more lively, because they felt they had a right to play when work was done.

Mr. and Mrs. North were gently turning away from the door when a loud shout from Edward caused them to look in once more.

"Hurrah, Eliza, hurrah!" "What has made you so triumphant, sir?" she asked.

"Hurrah, Eliza!" her brother cried again; "it has come out right."

"I am very glad," she answered; "and I think it was because you said, 'It shall come right.' So now that our difficulties are conquered, suppose we have our usual bit of fun."

Mr. and Mrs. North were too wise to take any part in this little scene beyond looking on; but that it was most pleasant to them to see their children so happy in their school life may be readily imagined. The only allusion made to the incident of the evening was when their father wished them good-night.

"I think," he said with a smile, "children who conquer difficulties will always sleep well, and have really a good-night."—British Juvenile.

Don't Halt.

It is the first step that costs. When the Israelites came up to the Red Sea, the command of God was, "Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward." But how? The Jewish leader might well cry out we have no fleet to bear us over. Go forward! But Lord we cannot ford the gulf before us. Go forward! Wouldst thou have us, Lord, to perish in the billows? Still the same answer comes, "Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward." The command is peremptory. It admits of no delay. And just as soon as Israel goes forth in obedience to Jehovah's voice, let the waves part asunder, and the mighty cavalcade marches through, dry shod! Unhesitating obedience to God always ensures a blessing.

Here is a lesson for halting inquirers. To you comes the command of God, "Go forward." Death is behind you. Hell followeth hard after you. There is no salvation in retreat. Heaven lies before you, not behind. No man ever saved his soul by relapsing into indifference. If you give up you are lost.

1. Perhaps you say, "I have prayed many times already, and no blessing has yet come." Will you cease to pray then? Will that bring an answer? As well might a voyager to London, when one hundred miles from port, put about his helm, and steer back to New York; he is almost there; why does the foolish man retreat? How many a soul has quit praying when the door of mercy was just about opening. Go forward.

2. Another is kept back by fear of ridicule. He cannot stand a laugh. There is a sneer waiting for him at his father's table, or a cutting sarcasm in his counting room. He wavers before it. He winces under the slightest word, and imagines terrible things in store for himself. Go forward; the sea will open unto you, and so will many a heart, to cheer you on. You will inspire respect in the very quarters from which you now expect opposition. He is a weakling who is pushed back with a straw.

3. A third person complains, "I am in the dark; I cannot see my way." Then go forward, and get out of the dark. The determination to do your duty will be attended by a luminous discernment of the path of duty. God will show you the way; only go forward, looking for the cross.

4. Unbelief draws back a fourth. There is only one way to conquer doubt. It is to believe. Then, instead of halting and shivering in an agony of indecision, take a bold, decisive step. End the torturing uncertainty by going forward, "looking to Jesus."

The only way to do a thing is to do it. God gives strength to the obedient. He has no promise for cowards, or double-minded, vacillating doubters. He bestows grace on those who try to do their duty. His grace is all-sufficient for you. The deepest sea of difficulties will divide its waters for your advancing footsteps just so soon as you determine to obey that voice which says to you, "Go forward!" The moment of ruin to Lot's wife was the moment in which she halted. A steady pushing-on towards Zoar would have saved her life. As soon as an awakened soul stops to parley with temptation, or to cavil at some Bible doctrine, or for any other reason, the Spirit of God is grieved. The great majority of unconverted persons in our congregations have—at some time in their lives—been up to serious convictions, and halted. Death will not halt. Time halts not on instant. Dear friend, if you halt one step this side of Jesus, you must perish outside of heaven's gate. Don't halt! or else the same bell which now rings for you a glad invitation will toll the knell of your lost soul.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

I hold very stern opinions with regard to Christian men who have fallen into gross sin; I rejoice that they may be truly converted, and may be with mingled hope and caution, received into the church; but I question, gravely question, whether a man who has grossly sinned should be very readily restored to the pulpit. Caesar's wife must be beyond suspicion, and there must be no ugly rumours to ministerial inconsistency in the past, or the hope of usefulness will be slender. My belief is that we should be very slow to help back to the pulpit, even who, having been once tried, have proved themselves to have too little grace to stand the crucial test of ministerial life.—Spurgeon.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XLII.

October 17 } MANY MANSIONS. { John xiv 17.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 2, 8. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—John xvii, 24; Acts vii, 50-60.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With v. 1, read 1 Peter i. 8; with v. 2, Pa. xxiii. 6; with v. 3, read Col. iii. 4; with v. 4, compare John xii. 32; with v. 5, compare John xi. 16; with v. 6, read Acts iv. 13, and Heb. x. 10-22; with v. 7, read John i. 14; with the whole passage compare Rom. x. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.—Heb. xi. 16.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Heaven is prepared for disciples.

Everything connected with this lesson tends to deepen our interest. It is part of the last interview with the disciples. It was after the supper, and in view of the cross. It was spoken to cheer and comfort the depressed disciples. It is singularly plain, and direct from the heart of Jesus to the heart of the twelve, and of all other disciples. It shows, with amazing clearness, how Christ stands to the Father, to the Holy Ghost, to his people, to the world to come. This discourse, ending with the prayer of John xvii., has been called the "Holy of holies in the evangelical temple." Like the Twenty-third Psalm it has comforted numberless saints. The two lines of thought opened up are—Troubled disciples: Heavenly comfort for them.

I. TROUBLED DISCIPLES (v. 1). They were troubled by the intimations in the chapter before, that one should be a traitor (vs. 18, 21); by the uncertainty as to the man (vs. 23, 29); by the evident anxiety of Jesus (v. 21); by the thought of his leaving them, no matter how; by the fear for their own future in life as his followers, and at death; and by the startling announcement to Peter (v. 28).

Believers have corresponding causes for trouble. It may be well to see how. They are troubled by fear of falling (Ps. lxxiii. 2); by the assaults of enemies (Ps. xxxi. 4); by fear of their own deceitful hearts (Ps. xix. 12); by the errors of professors (Phil. iii. 18); by the badness of men (Pa. vii. 1-3); by apprehensions as to their own future (Ps. xxvii. 9-18); by the fear of death and its consequences (Heb. ii. 14, 15). Of course it is easy to say they ought not to be troubled by these things. Faith ought to triumph over them; but our concern is not with what ought to be, but with what is, and what the Scripture assumes will be, because the earthly life is one thing and the heavenly is another. See John xvi. 33; Rev. vii. 14.

From all these there is one way of relief (Ps. xxxiii. 7; xli. 1; lxi. 1, 2). It is better to be in trouble with disciples, than out of it with God's enemies (Ps. xxxvii. 53, 37, 38).

II. THE COMFORT FOR THE TROUBLED (vs. 1, 2-7). It is comforting that the Lord Jesus knows these troubles—earth troubles; that he notices them, that he speaks to the troubled regarding them. If any real comfort can be had it is from him; and as he is not visibly here, now, the comfort must come to us from his words made clear and memorable by the Holy Ghost (vs. 18, 26). Hence the first step to the troubled is—faith in Jesus. (v. 1), "Ye believe in God," that is assumed. Many who own God's existence and character deem that enough. They have to go farther; so have we. Jesus is one with the Father whom we already confess; but we need a Saviour, an atonement, a pardon, a title of life, because we are sinners. The disciples were to be tested speedily, hence the need of believing in Jesus. When Peter is lifted up, Jesus casts him down (John xii. 33). When the disciples are cast down he lifts them up.

They would be homeless and friendless at the departure of Jesus, but the comfort is "in my Father's house" etc. (see Ps. xxxiii. 14). It was his also; they would be welcome to it. As in the temple with its many homes round about for the priests, there is room enough above for the holy priesthood. If it had not been so, he would have told them. He would not have called them to follow him, if there had not been a home at last, a father's house and perfect rest.

The "mansions" are not (as the word now implies), splendid residences, but abiding-places; homes, as contrasted with the pilgrim state here (Heb. xiii. 14). There is a place in which God's glory is revealed, in which the saints are, in which Enoch and Elijah dwell, roomy enough for the great multitude (Rev. vii. 9). Where this is, no man can confidently say, in our system, or elsewhere. The starry worlds are vast, and out of all proportion to the earth, which is great to us, and perhaps interesting to all the rest, as the one wandering sheep after which the shepherd-owner has gone. Nor need we inquire so much where as who. How shall we get into the way to it? Nothing is to be argued as to degrees of bliss from these words. Our Lord is not dealing with that question at all.

It is prepared, not as an empty house is furnished for a family, but as Egypt was prepared for Joseph's brethren. The king was made their friend, and the inhabitants were reconciled before-hand to their coming. Study Gen. xli. 81-84; xliii. 1-6. Compare with his "I am going" (Heb. ix. 12). See the "fore-runner" (Heb. vi. 20).

They were troubled at his going away; but he would "come again" (v. 3), as surely as he went away. This phrase does not shut out death, which for practical purposes is the end of the world to a believer; but neither does it shut out the second coming, when the bodies of the saints will be raised up (Phil. i. 23), and how really Christ comes for dying saints, Scripture (Ps. xxiii. 4) and their experience prove. At the last day the believer's nature is perfected by his body being raised up (1 Cor. xv. 42). The presence of Jesus he assumes will be a great joy to them. Can he assume that of us? "Where am I" etc.

Have we such deep personal love to Jesus Christ that the most joyous prospect that could be offered us is to be with him? How do we enjoy his day, his word, his table? Are we happier in fellowship with him than in gaiety and earthly pleasure? "Examine your own selves."

Multitudes like Thomas speculate as to the place, etc., when the main question to which the Master confines our attention is the way. For hear Thomas, generally slow at perceiving truth, in reply to our Lord's word (v. 4), partly interrogatory and partly reminding them of former words.

V. 5, "We do not know the place, and of course, cannot know the way." A mere human teacher would have followed the order of Thomas' words and set about explaining the place. Not so Jesus. He holds the disciples to the one main thing.

V. 6, "I am the way," and he goes farther than the question, "I am the truth; farther yet, 'I am the life;' farther yet, I am so exclusively. 'No man cometh' etc. I am not one of several ways. He is not one of several instructors, science, morality, philosophy being other among which men may choose. He is not one of several life-givers; work, penance, culture, being others through which men may reach the many mansions. He who would come to the Father must come through him. He is the way; they are out of the way who are not in him. He is the truth: not to be in him is to be in fatal error. He is the life; out of him we are dead in trespasses and sins. He is not a guide only, or an enlightener, or a quickening force. He is all these and more than all these. He is the way and he takes us into himself. He is the truth and life, and 'he is in us and we in him'; so we know and come to the Father. For his aim all along was to reveal this about himself, that he stood for a Father showed the Father. Hence,

V. 7, "If ye, etc., 'if ye had caught the real meaning of my words and truly known me, ye should have known the Father whom I reveal.' They thought too much of a present Messiah, by him self, for his own sake and as they were affected; but it would be different by and by—'from henceforth' when they should receive the Holy Ghost. See Acts ii. and iv. 27.

From this we may learn—

(a) How slow we are to receive the truth. There is a good deal of Thomas' dullness in us.

(b) How patient Jesus is in teaching it.

(c) How essential it is that we know him. We are to be not deists but Christians (Phil. iii. 18).

(d) How considerate Jesus is! He knows our troubles—our heart troubles.

(e) How perfect his consolations are—advised, plain, tender, and sympathetic.

(f) How glorious a future is before believers—a home, a Father's house—ready, eternal, introduced to it by Jesus.

(g) If he prepares it for us, how eagerly we should prepare for it.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The interest of this part of Scripture—where uttered—to whom—the feelings of the disciples—how produced—the troubles of saints now—their sources—the remedy for them—what ought to be—what is—the words of Jesus—the disciples present attainment—their duty in the future—their home—the main question regarding it—how prepared—meaning of the coming again—our Lord's assumption as to our feeling—Thomas's question—the reply—its meaning—and the lessons of the whole to us.

Go, Because it Rains.

"I suppose that you won't go to Sabbath school to-day, Lucy," said a mother one stormy Sabbath, setting herself to some reading after breakfast.

"Please let me go to-day, mamma; I want to go because it rains."

"Why, Lucy, that is my excuse for staying at home. How can you make it a reason for going?"

"Our teacher always says, mamma, in all weather, although she lives so far away. She is often obliged to hire a carriage to bring her; and she told the class that one Sabbath, when she went through the storm and did not find even one scholar, she was so discouraged that she couldn't help crying. She asked us, too, if we did not go to our day-schools when it rained harder; and she said, while we must always do as our parents thought best, perhaps if we asked them pleasantly to let us go, and were willing to wear our thick boots and waterproofs, they would be willing, if we were well. Please let me go to-day, mamma; you know if it rains ever so much worse to-morrow, I shall go to school to keep my place in my class."

"Well, I am willing, my dear, if you wear your school suit; go and get ready." But when the mother heard Lucy singing softly in the nursery, as she dressed herself to go out,

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free?"

she could no longer take interest in her book. When her husband, who was a lawyer, came in soon after from his library, she said, smiling:

"Our Lucy is going to Sabbath school especially because it rains, that her teacher may be encouraged by the presence of at least one pupil. What say you to going to church ourselves for the same reason, if we do not for a better?"

"I'm agreed, my love. I was just thinking I could never plead a cause to a vacant court-room, and that our minister must find it hard work to preach to empty pews."

I would first see what sin deserves from the wrath of an offended God, and next, what it shall never have, because of atoning blood.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word (by whom light, as well as immortality, was brought into the world) which did not expand the intellect while it purified the heart—which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and passions.—Coleridge

Miscellaneous.

THE PROCKSILL Mining Company, N. Y. has failed, liabilities \$1,500,000.

NORTH AMERICA has now communication with Europe by five Cables.

THE FRENCH inundation subscriptions amount to twenty-four millions of francs.

THE GILBERT scholar-ship has been won by J. G. Selarman, of Prince Edward Island.

WHEN AGASSIZ was pressed to cover a letter for pay, he replied:—"I cannot afford to waste my time for money."

TWO LADIES have been arrested as vagrants in Derby, England, for soliciting subscriptions for a charity.

THE ROMAN Hierarchy in Ireland have held a synod at which the education of the young received special attention.

THE PRINCE of Wales will embark on the Scapa of India, at Brindisi, a seaport in Southern Italy.

THE LONDON Times states that Britain will have to import forty or fifty million bushels of wheat.

LAST YEAR in London 13,070 doors and 6,000 windows were found by the police unfastened at night.

BOTH TURKISH and Serbian troops are concentrating on the Bosnian and Servian frontier.

THE new iron Blackfriars Bridge, London is now open for foot passengers. It will be fully completed in a few days.

A COLLIERY disaster has taken place at Donnington wood, Shropshire, eleven persons having perished from poisonous gases.

IT is expected that \$25,000 will be raised for Captain Webb, as a testimonial for having swum across the Straits of Dover.

A FEARFUL cyclone in Texas has caused so great a flood as to submerge the town of Indianola entirely. One hundred and fifty lives are reported lost.

THE ORATION of Esther was produced in St. Catharines a few evenings since, when the execution of Haman was performed to the delight of the audience.

IN BELLEFONTAINE, Ohio, one Schell, murdered a young lady after an attempt to outrage. A mob of three hundred people took the murderer from prison and hung him.

ANOTHER swimming feat is announced. Miss Emily Parker, a few months older than Miss Beckwith, swam from London Bridge to Blackwall, seven miles, in an hour and a half, and was not exhausted.

THE POPE held a consistory on the 17th inst., and announced that seven new cardinals had received the hat. He also conferred the title of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva on Cardinal McCloskey.

THE RECEIPTS at the gates of the Provincial Exhibition last week were about \$10,000, against \$19,194 at Toronto last year, \$15,950 at London in 1873, \$12,563 at Hamilton in 1872, and \$6,056 at Kingston in 1871.

THE BUFFALOES caught last year in the "Great Lone Land" furnished 100,000 robes. One quarter of them were sold in Benton, the great centre of the trade; 10,000 found their way to Winnipeg; the rest passed through Montreal in bond.

THE POPE'S demands on Spain are an illustration of the ultimate aims of the Ultramontane party which is troubling the world at present. Complete suppression of liberty of worship, exclusive control of education, and extermination of heretics.

MAN has the power of imitating almost every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also four hundred and thirty-four muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3,840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of one hour.

IN WILSON'S "Abode of Snow" is an account of the universal prayer of the Lama religion, and which is offered up oftener than any other, not excepting the Pater Noster. It consists of four words—"Om man padme huan"—the literal translation of which is, Om—God; man—the jewel; padme—in the lotus; huan—That's so. "These primitive six syllables," says Koepen, in his work on the Lama Hierarchy and the Church, "which the Lamas repeat, form, of all the prayers on the earth, the prayer that is most frequently repeated, written, printed, and conveniently offered up by mechanical means. They constitute the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words that the stammering child learns, and are the last sighs of the dying. The traveller murmurs them upon his journey; the herdsmen by his flock; the wife in her daily work; the monk in all stages of contemplation; and they are the cries of conflict and triumph. One meets with them everywhere, wherever the Lama Church has established itself—on flags, rocks, trees, walls, stone monuments, utensils, strips of paper, human skulls, skeletons, and so forth. They are, according to the meaning of the believer, the essence of all religion, of all wisdom and revelation; they are the way of salvation and the entrance to holiness."

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Subscriptions may commence at any time, and are payable strictly in advance.

The numbers for March and April are now before us, and were a neat and attractive appearance, especially the April issue.

The paper is good, and supplies a great desideratum among the young. Rev. Wm. Ross Kirkhill.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, P.O. Drawer 244, Toronto, Ont.

British American Presbyterian.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1875.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We must remind many of our subscribers of the fact, which they may have overlooked, that their payments to the PRESBYTERIAN are considerably in arrears.

KNOX COLLEGE.

Owing to our having to go to press on Wednesday, we are not able to give in this issue a report of the proceedings at the opening of new Knox College.

We congratulate the Presbyterians of the Province on the successful issue of this enterprise, and take, at the same time, some credit to ourselves from the fact that the first discussions about the necessity and importance of such a building, took place in our columns.

"CONFOUNDING OF ESTATES."

The Italian proverb that "Truth is the daughter of time" (La verita o figlia del tempo) receives a striking illustration in the rise, progress and issue thus far of the Guibord case.

It is more than eighteen hundred years ago since the Schoolmen and Papists of their day—the Pharisees—sought to entangle the blessed Redeemer by propounding a question in regard to the very point debated so hotly to-day in this Dominion—the question, viz: as to the true relationship of Church and State.

There are three leading systems that take their origin from this difficult and long-disputed point.

1. The system commonly called FRANKISH, from Frankish, its great modern defender, maintains that in all modern communities the supreme authority in all matters, civil and spiritual, resides in the civil magistrate.

2. The system commonly called POPISH,

from the official name of the head of the Romish Church, maintains on the contrary that the supreme authority in all matters, civil and spiritual, resides in the Pope.

3. There is, however, a third system to which it is difficult to give a specific name, which maintains that the State and the Church are distinctly separate from, and broadly independent of, one another.

Granting that Church and State are mutually independent, the question arises what is the character of this relationship of independence. (1). IS IT ISOLATION? A kingdom in this world and another kingdom in the moon would necessarily occupy a position of a mutual independence amounting to isolation.

The relation of independence should not therefore be isolation nor abnegation, but full and hearty RECOGNITION. The relation of independence between Britain and the United States is not that of isolation nor abnegation, but national recognition.

There is no need, no possibility indeed of collision between them unless the one intrude into the other's domains. The only way effectually and permanently to guard against such intrusions, together with all their attendant evils, is for each to recognize the entire independence of the other.

In accordance, therefore, with this kind of relationship, it belongs to the Church to settle fully and finally all questions that concern the soul, the conscience, the Creator, and the world to come.

It belongs, on the other hand to the State to settle fully and finally all questions as to life, liberty, and property. If the Church, presuming on its divine authority, touches the life, the liberty or the property of its members, they have a right to appeal to the State for civil protection, and the magistrate has a right to interfere and to adjudicate on all such civil questions.

to be patient and paternal towards the French Bishops and the French people in their blinded and bigotted opposition to the decision of the Privy Council; but it would be nothing short of treason against society for the State to place itself in matters purely civil at this critical juncture under the heel of Rome.

THE LIMIT OF CIVIL AUTHORITY.

The discussion of the Guibord case provoked by Archbishop Lynch, has gradually widened into one much more extensive and indefinitely more important. The most arrogant claims of the Church of Rome in her palmy days are put forward by Dr. Lynch in her name, and on her behalf, and we are called upon to believe that the State has nothing to do but to receive the definition which the Church of Rome gives of its authority, and meekly to confine itself within the limits which the Pope may assign to civil rule.

WILLARD TRACT REPOSITORY.

An Association has been formed in Toronto for the circulation of tracts and books for the promotion of Scriptural Holiness.

All earnest Christians are in harmony with this object, and although there may be difference of opinion about the view of some of the writers for the Willard Repository, the subject itself is of such vital interest to Christians, that the earnest and prayerful study of such works, and others of kindred character, is fitted to raise us to a higher place of Christian devotedness.

The writings of Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia, Pearsall, Smith, Spurgeon, etc., appear on the list.

Praying that may be the means of leading to greater devotedness on the part of many, we present the circular sent to us:

TORONTO WILLARD TRACT REPOSITORY.—We beg to call the attention of the Churches of Canada to a new field of effort and usefulness. Times of spiritual life and refreshing are passing over the Churches.

ed life, has been the creation of a new literature. The press has been made the help-meet of the spirit. Tracts, books, volumes, treating specially of the higher privileges of believers, of the life of faith, (or trust) of the power and peace of holiness, have been rapidly multiplied.

Ministers and Churches.

SOME time after Mr. E. Mullan resigned his charge in Spencerville, that the two congregations might unite, a deputation on behalf of the ladies of the united charge of Spencerville and Mainsville, met at Mr. Stitt's, and presented him with a beautiful gold watch and the following address: Mr. E. Mullan, Rev. Sir, "It is with feeling of pleasure and regret, that we meet this evening to present you with a token of our esteem of pleasure, because of the many benefits we have derived from your faithful ministrations since you came into our midst; you have been unflinching in the service of God, teaching us how to walk in the paths of light, and of regret because you are about to leave for another field of labor.

THE church at Burnstown, under the pastoral care of the Rev. G. Bremner, was re-opened for public worship, after being temporarily closed in consequence of repairs. The church is now handsomely finished. A commodious porch, newly-roofed and clapboarded, painted outside and inside, the seats and wainscoting beautifully painted and grained.

ORDINATION AND INDUCTION OF REV. G. BRUCE.—Tuesday, the 28th ult., was a good day for our Presbyterial friends. A session of the St. Catharines' Presbytery, presided by the Rev. J. O. Smith, moderator, was held in the forenoon in the First Presbyterian Church.

Amongst those present were the Revs. Laing, of Dundas; Little, of Hamilton; McGuire, of Jarvis; Fraser, of Thorold; Fisher, of Watertown; Black, of Caledonia, and others whose names we did not get. Before this body the Rev. Geo. Bruce, the newly elected pastor of the said Church appeared, and stood a very satisfactory examination on the various points in theology which are held by that denomination.

disciplinary and doctrinal questions put, which were answered most satisfactorily by Mr. Bruce. The ordination service, consisting of laying on of hands by the clergymen present was then performed, and was a remarkably solemn occasion. A most earnest and heartfelt prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Burson, the moderator. The next thing on the programme was an address to the newly ordained minister by the Rev. Mr. Laing, of Dundas. This was certainly a most excellent address, abounding with the most valuable advice.

Counsel Asked:—A Question in Christian Ethics.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN. SIR,—What ought a church to have done, and what ought it now to do in the following circumstances?

In the County of South Ontario and Township of Pickering, stands a church, erected more than twenty years ago, on a lot purchased from Mr. D., now deceased, and whose name has a place on the honourable roll of those who have founded bursaries for students of Knox College.

Several years after the erection of the Church, Mr. W. had his farm surveyed, when it was found that the division line fell somewhere about eight feet inside the Church lot. Mr. W. moved the fence to the new line, entirely cutting off the eastern gate and carriage way, to the great inconvenience of those who drive to that place of worship. All this was done without leave asked or notice given.

all along whispered by I on such conduct) but years have rolled by and the Church gate, cut off by rude rusty rails, still leads into Mr. L.'s field, and is used by him without a thank ye or a blush. What ought the Church to have done? More especially, what ought the Church now to do? Will you or some of your correspondents be kind enough to say?

Sept. 30th 1875. PAX ET JUSTITIA.

George Muller, of Bristol.

This distinguished servant of God is pre-eminently a man of faith and prayer. As such he has been owned of God to do a great work as a philanthropist and a preacher of the Gospel. Perhaps the greatest of all the fruits of his life has been the influence of his example upon others. Thousands have been instructed, encouraged, and emboldened by it, and dozens have been led to emulate it, some even to surpass it in some respects. His career is not yet ended. Though now in the evening of life, he does not withhold his hand from sowing the good seed. Though of exceedingly delicate constitution, with many of the infirmities of age upon him, he has now at seventy, in obedience to his Master's call, gone forth upon a preaching tour through England and Scotland. Already there are evidences of his labours being blessed to many, especially in the edification of believers. The lessons of his ripe experience are felt to be of great value. This is peculiarly so regarding

PRAYER.

One who heard him recently in Mildmay, London, says: "It is here that most of us feel by comparison how little we know of real prayer. It is intensely humbling to sit at his feet and listen to his experience upon this subject. During the four noonday addresses at Mildmay, he expounded the teaching of the Bible on prayer, and illustrated it from his own experience. He puts it in this way—

1. Prayer must be according to the will of God.
2. It must be offered in the name of Jesus.
3. It must be mixed with faith.
4. It must be persevered in till the answer comes. And he declared most emphatically that when these conditions are complied with, he had never known

A SINGLE INSTANCE OF FAILURE.

He had had not only hundreds and thousands, but literally *tons* of thousands of answers to prayer. When he began to pray about his Orphan Home, forty years ago, he asked for a house, and for £1,000. He never doubted the £1,000 would come, yet he had to wait eighteen months before the last of it was received. Since then he has received more than £650,000 in answer to prayer.

FREEDOM FROM CARE.

One day what is called the "higher Christian life" was touched upon. In speaking on Phil. iv. 6—"Be careful for nothing," etc. Mr. Muller insisted, with unusual emphasis, that the child of God should not have a single care about anything. Not even the poor woman who has a drunken husband should have a single anxiety about him. Everything should be taken to the Lord, and left there. If we begin to carry our own burdens, the Lord would add to them. If we had a pound weight of prayer, and carried it ourselves, the Lord would make it ten pounds, and go on increasing the weight till it crushed us, and overwhelmed by our trouble, we should be obliged, at least, to cast it upon him.

Surely if any man has a right to be burdened, he has. The care of 2,000 orphan children in itself is a marvellous thing, but in addition to these, he has responsibilities connected with 10,000 children, in forty or fifty schools which he sustains. Then he circulates over three million of tracts a year, besides a very large number of Bibles and Testaments. Nor does his care end with home missions, but there are numerous missionaries abroad who are partially, or entirely, maintained through his instrumentality. Yet, amid all this, he comes upon the platform with a countenance full of peace and joy, and declares he is so happy in the Lord that he has been constrained to leave home in his old age to declare this happiness to his beloved brethren and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ, wherever the Lord shall open the way. Coupled with all this there is deep humbleness of mind. In his public prayers he frequently asks the Lord to bless his word spoken by these sinful mortal lips, and in his preaching he calls himself again and again "a poor miserable sinner." This is a paradox, but one full of deep meaning to those of us who are younger in the divine life. Whether it be right to use such a prayer or no, there rises to our lips spontaneously, "Lord, increase our faith."

W. M. R. Sept. 28th, 1875.

Congregational Union.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—Your type-setter, doubtless owing to my bad and illegible penmanship, made a sad mess of my letter that appeared in your issue of last week. I need not ask you, however, to reprint it in an amended form, for even with all the blunders that disfigured it, its general drift was apparent.

Yours truly, P. C.

The trial of the eighty-one ton gun has taken place at Woolwich Arsenal. A shot of 1,250 lbs. was fired with 190 lbs. of powder. It penetrated fifty feet in the sand, and the recoil was thirty-two feet. The experiment was successful.

DURING the late great storm in England, an immense amount of damage was done. At Manchester a large mill was prostrated by the gale, and the falling walls crushed into the adjoining building, causing great destruction of property. Nearly every building in Liverpool suffered injury. Eight of the crew of the *Southard*, with the pilot, were drowned by the capsizing of a life boat.

Presbytery of Brockville.

The Presbytery held its last regular meeting in St. John's Church, Brockville, on the 21st and 22nd of September last. Dr. Bain Moderator. There were ten ministers and three elders present. Messrs. Chesnut, McKenzie and Findlay, ministers without charge, were invited to sit as corresponding members. The committee appointed to prepare a minute on the resignation of Mr. Mullan of his charge at Spencerville, submitted the following, which was adopted and ordered to be recorded, viz.—"In accepting the resignation of the Rev. E. Mullan, the Presbytery feel it incumbent upon them to express and place on record the high appreciation of the self-denying and disinterested spirit that prompted him to tender the same to this court. In parting with him they desire further to record their high regard for him as an earnest, faithful and devoted minister of the Gospel of Christ. They trust that he may soon by the Divine will find a suitable field of labor, where he may again manifest the same zeal and diligence in the Master's service that he showed while laboring within the bounds of this Presbytery, they would tender to him their best wishes for the temporal and spiritual welfare of himself and family and commend him to the Great Keeper of Israel, and to the Christian sympathy, confidence, and esteem of those among whom by Divine Providence his lot may be cast." In the matter of the expenses of the Presbytery, it was agreed to assess the congregations *pro rata* according to the number of members on the Communication Roll of each congregation, and the various congregations were enjoined to remit the amount of their rate to James Hall, Esq., Brockville, who had been appointed treasurer to the Presbytery—the rate to be five cents per member. The deputations that had been appointed to visit Kitley, Lombardy Corner's and Oliver's Ferry reported their diligence, and the anxiety of the people in those places for supply of ordinances after the Presbyterian form. It was agreed to obtain if possible the services of an ordained missionary to labor in those places for a term of years, and through the *Church Record* to advertise for some one to undertake the work. There was laid on the table of the Presbytery a call from the congregation of Dalhousie and North Sherbrooke, addressed to the Rev. Robt. McKenzie, formerly of South Gower and Mountain. The call was accompanied with a promise of stipend to the amount of \$450, with a manse and globe, and with a petition to the Assembly's Home Mission Committee for supplement to the amount of \$150. The call was sustained, and on being put into McKenzie's hands he signified his acceptance of the same, whereupon the Presbytery appointed his induction to take place on the 10th of Oct. next. Mr. Burns to preach and preside, Mr. Mylne to address the minister, and Mr. Cochran the congregation. There was laid on the table a call from the newly united congregations of Edwardsburg and Iroquois in favour of Mr. William McKibbin, B.A., with a promise of \$300 as stipend, and asking supplement to the amount of \$250 in the meantime. This call was also sustained and application made as desired. Mr. McKibbin, being present, accepted the call, and trials for ordination were prescribed to him, and his ordination appointed to take place at Edwardsburg on the 7th of Oct. next. Mr. Leishman to preach and preside, Mr. Haastie to address the minister, and Mr. Porteous the people. A case of complaint against one of the Sessions, occupied a considerable part of the time of the Presbytery. It was finally agreed to appoint a commission of Presbytery to visit the place on an early day and endeavour, if possible, to arrange the difficulty. Morrisburg was received as a congregation with a certified roll of thirty-six members. It was agreed that as soon as the organization was complete by the ordination of elders, it should be placed on the list of vacancies and have leave to call a minister. A full and valuable report of the Home Mission work of the Presbytery for the past three months was submitted by Mr. Brown, the Convener of the Presbytery's Home Mission Committee, from which it appeared that during the past quarter with one single exception all the vacancies and mission stations had been regularly supplied. These comprised nine vacant congregations and five mission stations. In this connection the Presbytery revised its list of grants and resolved to apply to the General Assembly's Committee on Home Missions for a sum of about \$1,600, to enable them to carry on the work within the bounds for the next year. Mr. Burns was appointed to declare the charge of the 1st Presbyterian Church, Brockville, vacant on Sabbath the 10th Oct.; the supply of the pulpit was left in the hands of the session in conjunction with the Convener of the Presbytery's Home Mission, who was also appointed *interim* Moderator of the session. A committee consisting of Messrs. Hastie and McGillivray, ministers; with Mr. Froeland, Elder, was appointed to prepare a minute ament the death of Rev. Mr. Traver. Messrs. Hastie and Rowat were deputed to visit Dunbar, in connection with some misunderstanding about the supply; and to arrange concerning the prospective union of that place with the Colquhoun Settlement, lately transferred from the Presbytery of Glengarry, and which was received by the Presbytery subject to the sanction of the General Assembly. The Rev. Mr. Lochead, Sen., being about to remove to Almonte, his name was transferred to the Presbytery of Ottawa as requested. In the matter of Session Records it was resolved that one fourth part of the whole number of records be produced for examination at such regular meeting of Presbytery, and that the Clerk be instructed to arrange the order, and intimate to the several Sessions when their Records shall be called for. A committee was appointed to prepare a scheme of Missionary Meetings, and submit the same at next meeting of Presbytery. Notices of motion ament Elders, Commissions and Standing Committee to examine students, were laid on the table, as were also several other matters arising out of the minutes of last General Assembly. The next regular meeting was appointed to be held in Brockville, and within the 1st

Presbyterian Church there, on the 1st Tuesday of November, at 3 p.m., and the Presbytery adjourned to meet at Edwardsburg on the 7th Oct., at 11 a.m., for the trials and ordination of Mr. McKibbin.—JOHN CROMBIE, *Pres. Clerk*.

Presbytery of Owen Sound.

This Presbytery held its quarterly meeting in Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on Tuesday, September 21st. A large amount of business was transacted, of which the following are the principal items. The Presbytery proceeded to consider the resignation of Mr. Morrison of that part of his pastoral charge known as Kilsyth congregation, and after parties were heard, agreed to receive said resignation, and relieved Mr. Morrison from that part of his charge, effect to be given to this resolution from the first day of October prox., and the Presbytery appoint Mr. Somerville to preach at Kilsyth, and declare the Church vacant on the 2nd Sabbath of October. And further the Presbytery would recommend to the congregation of Knox Church, Owen Sound, that as they are to be favored with the whole of Mr. Morrison's services hereafter, they should see to it that he be no loser in the matter of salary. The Presbytery instructed the clerk to forward a copy of this resolution to the congregation of Kilsyth. Mr. Morrison, as Convener of the deputation appointed at last ordinary meeting to visit the mission stations of Wiarton, etc., with a view to gather information as to their condition, reported that owing to sickness in his family he was unable to discharge the duties entrusted to him, and asked to be relieved of the Convener's office. He was relieved accordingly, and Mr. Whinister appointed in his place. The deputation thus remodelled was reappointed with instructions to report at next meeting. Mr. Cameron, Convener of the deputation appointed to visit the pastoral charge of North Keppel and Sarawak, ament arrears of stipend, reported that owing to the absence of the pastor from home they were unable to visit said charge. The deputation was continued in office. The petition of Griersville congregation praying for union with Thornbury congregation was then entered upon. After certified commissioners were heard, and reasoning on the part of the Court, the following decision was arrived at: "That, seeing Thornbury and those congregations associated with it are opposed to the petition, the prayer thereof be not granted. At a later stage in the proceedings of the Presbytery, Mr. Cameron submitted the following resolution in the case of the above named congregation: "The Presbytery feeling for the Griersville congregation in their repeated failure to obtain connection with another congregation to enable them to sustain ordinances, commend them to the sympathy of the Meaford congregation and session, with a view to solve arrangement by which their pastor, by the help of a student in the summer months, might take Griersville under his pastoral care." It was moved in amendment by Mr. Dewar, and duly seconded: "That the Presbytery take charge of the above named congregation, and use all diligence to make a permanent settlement for them." On the vote being taken the motion was declared carried, and the Court decided accordingly. From this decision Mr. Dewar dissented. Mr. Stevenson, Convener of the committee appointed to receive and audit the books of the Treasurer of the late Presbytery of Owen Sound, reported that they had examined the same, and found the accounts carefully and correctly kept. The books were then handed over to Mr. Rodgers, the present Treasurer. Mr. McNaughton brought forward the overture, of which he gave notice at last meeting, ament H. M. work, and is as follows: "That Presbyteries be required to examine the condition of all destitute congregations within their bounds, both financially and otherwise; and that only such congregations as have furnished satisfactory evidence that they are prepared and desirous of proceeding immediately to call ministers, shall be placed on the Probationer's list of vacancies. That all that are not found so prepared shall be placed on the list of Home Mission stations. (2). That Presbyteries use all diligence to have all the mission stations within their bounds under the charge of missionaries who shall be employed by the year or half year. (3). These missionaries may be either ordained ministers, probationers, or students. (4). That the vacancies on the probationer's list be kept exclusively for probationers, and that the word probationer be understood in its proper ecclesiastical sense. (5). That the quarterly meeting of Presbyteries be held long enough before the meeting of the Home Mission committee to give Presbyteries an opportunity of revising their lists of vacancies, and that they shall be required to so revise those lists quarterly, and see to it that no congregation is allowed to remain on it which does not come up to the above requirements." Consideration of the above overture was deferred until the next ordinary meeting. Mr. McKee, ordained missionary in Parry Sound, gave in a verbal report of his labours there. He was authorized to organize congregations, ordain elders, and dispense the Lord's Supper. The following committee, viz.: Messrs. Morrison, Convener, Cameron, McNaughton and Somerville, were appointed to arrange for missionary meetings throughout the bounds during the winter, and report at next meeting. Mr. Wrigley, a candidate for the ministry, presented a petition praying the Presbytery to obtain permission from the General Assembly to allow him to carry on his literary studies under the care of the Presbytery. The prayer of the petition was ament to, and accordingly Messrs. Whinister and Somerville were appointed to draw up a memorial setting forth the facts of the case to be presented to the Assembly, and support the same before the Assembly at its next meeting. A circular letter from the Presbytery of Guelph was read, stating that said Presbytery intend to apply to the General Assembly for leave to receive the Rev. W. F. Clarke, formerly a minister of the Congregational Church as a minister of this Church. The next meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held in Knox Church, Owen Sound, on the third Tuesday of December, at 10 a.m.

Presbytery of Barrie.

This Presbytery met at Barrie, on Tuesday, 28th Sept. Present sixteen ministers, nine elders, and a large number of persons interested in the proceedings. The resignation of the charge of Alliston, Barrie Church, and Angus, by Mr. Robert Knowles, was accepted, and the following resolution passed:—"This Presbytery in taking leave of their co-Presbyter, Rev. R. Knowles, embraces the opportunity of expressing their high appreciation of his zeal, devotedness to his work and energy as a labourer in the Lord's Vineyard. They part with him with regret, and hope that the Lord may soon provide him with a suitable field in some other portion of our church." The congregations of Cookstown, Angus, and Alliston having petitioned for changes in their connections, and delegates from the congregations which would be affected by the proposed changes having been heard, it was agreed to take no action in the meantime in the matter. A committee consisting of Messrs. Cleland (Moderator), and Rodgers, ministers, and Messrs. M. W. Wainie and McKee, elders, was appointed to visit the congregations interested, in order to ascertain their wishes more fully, and to report. The name of Mr. Robert Scott, ordained missionary in Pometangushene, was added to the roll, and it was agreed to ask the sanction of the General Assembly for this action. A petition from the mission station of Huntsville Muskoka, for aid in erecting a church, was referred to the Presbytery's Home Mission Committee. Mr. Gray reported that he had organized the congregations of North Mara and Longford, presided at an election of elders and deacons for the congregation, and at a subsequent meeting, ordained and inducted the same. The Presbytery appointed Mr. Gray Moderator of the session of North Mara and Longford, continued his authority to moderate in a call when requested, and agreed to apply for supplement of one hundred and fifty dollars from the central fund. A call from Guthrie Church, Oro, signed by forty-eight members and fifty-eight adherents, in favor of Mr. J. J. Cochran, Probationer, was sustained. The congregation promise to pay four hundred and fifty dollars, and to make the stipend \$600, applied for supplemental grant of one hundred and fifty dollars, which the Presbytery agreed to recommend to the Assembly's Home Mission Committee. A considerable portion of time was devoted to missionary business. A view of operations in the numerous stations in the bounds was presented by the Convener of the Home Mission Committee. It was agreed to ask from the Central committee the sum of \$823.50 for the last six months, and to recommend several applications for grants to congregations and stations. Owing to the extent of the mission field in this Presbytery, and the increasing number of congregations and stations, the applications to the Central committee are necessarily heavy, but they would require to be doubled or tripled (it is ventured to say), in order to an efficient and successful occupation of the field.—ROBT. MOODIE, *Pres. Clerk*.

Presbytery of Lindsay.

An adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of Lindsay was held at Woodville on the 14th inst. Rev. A. Currie, Moderator, in the chair. After devotional exercises the minutes of last meeting were read and sustained. Rev. R. H. Warden, of Toronto, being present, was invited to sit and deliberate. Rev. J. L. Murray reported his having preached in St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay, on the 5th inst., and having declared the pulpit vacant. The Presbytery of Peterboro' having refused their consent to the transfer of Rev. Mr. Lochead, of Fenslon Falls, to the Presbytery of Lindsay, it became necessary to appoint another Moderator over the Lindsay session. On motion made and seconded, Rev. A. Currie, of Sonya, was appointed to moderate in a call when expedient. No further action was taken with regard to the call given by Cambray and Fenelon to the Rev. Mr. McDougall, of Cow Bay Mines, Cape Breton, as no reply came to hand from the Sydney Presbytery relative to it. The clerk was instructed to correspond with the Barrie Presbytery with a view to the recognition of North Mara, and associated stations as part of the Presbytery of Lindsay. The Rev. J. L. Murray reported that on the 6th inst. he presided at a joint-meeting of the Kirkfield and Victoriaville stations, at which a unanimous desire was expressed by the members and adherents present that they should be created into a vacant congregation. Kirkfield promises \$300 per annum, and Victoriaville \$150 on condition of having a pastor settled among them. The Presbytery rejoiced to learn the unanimity and generosity of these stations, and at once decided to grant their request. The name of the Kirkfield and Victoriaville congregations was ordered to be added to the list of vacant congregations of the Presbytery to be reported to the distributing committee accordingly. The Rev. J. T. Paul was appointed to disperse the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at Cambray on the 3rd of Oct. The Rev. J. Campbell reported that he presided at a meeting of the Carden stations, in which he found the people unanimous in favor of being placed under the pastoral care of Rev. J. T. Paul, of Balsore. Mr. Paul signified his willingness to assume this additional pastoral oversight, and the Presbytery declared Carden a part of his charge.—J. L. MURRAY, *Pres. Clerk*.

Presbytery of Chatham.

This Presbytery met in Bothwell on the 27th and 28th September. Rev. J. Rannie, Moderator. The following were some of the items of business transacted: Mr. A. Allison, on examination, was received as a student catechist. Mr. Walker resigned the Moderatorship of the Dover Session, and Mr. A. Currie was appointed in his stead. Mr. E. H. Sowers, for three years a Probationer of the Primitive Methodist Church, was certified to the Board of Examiners of Knox College. A petition from several parties in Chatham Township, praying to be erected into a preaching station in connection with Dover, was considered. After hearing parties the Presby-

tery resolved to grant the prayer of the petition. From this finding Mr. J. Rannie dissented, and complained to the Synod of Hamilton and London. Messrs. Gray and Becket were appointed to answer Mr. Rannie's reasons of dissent. A lengthened report was received from Messrs. Warden and Rannie, the Committee who recently visited St. Anne, Illinois. The report was received, the action of the committee sustained, and Messrs. Warden, Rannie, and Walker were appointed a committee to watch over the interests of the Church there, and to take such action as they deem necessary in the conduct of the law suit pending ament the property. Messrs. Gray and Waddell were instructed to arrange for the holding of missionary meetings in the bounds. Messrs. Rannie, Warden, and K. Urquhart, were appointed to allocate the Presbytery Fund among the congregations in the Presbytery. Mrs. Walker and Rannie were instructed to visit Corktown with a view to strengthen the mission there. The Clerk was instructed to call upon each minister of the Presbytery for a Sabbath service if required during the ensuing quarter in the mission fields within the bounds. The trials of Mr. D. L. McKenzie were sustained, and he was ordained, and inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Bothwell. The attendance at the ordination service was large, and Mr. McKenzie received a warm welcome from the people. Mr. Warden gave notice that at next meeting he would move for a re-consideration of the finding of the court, ament the petition from the Chatham township. The Presbytery adjourned to meet in Wellington Street Church, Chatham, on Tuesday 28th December, at 11 a.m.—ROBT. H. WARDEN, *Pres. Clerk*.

Presbytery of Hamilton.

A meeting of this Presbytery was held in St. Catharines, on the 28th September, when Mr. George Bruce was ordained and inducted into the pastoral care of the first congregation of that town. Mr. Bruce has been successfully engaged for three years past as missionary at Newmarket and Aurora, and has proved himself an efficient labourer. The congregation over which he has been ordained was received about a year ago from the American Church. It contains many valuable and earnest men and women in its membership, who will be a great help to the young pastor. The rapidly increased town also offers a most favourable sphere for devoted and earnest pastoral and evangelistic work. Everything betokens a happy settlement, and the prospects of a useful pastorate before Mr. Bruce are most encouraging.

IN FLORIDA a judge of the African persuasion has sentenced his wife to three months' imprisonment for stealing one of his shirts.

The hanging of Schell by Lynch Law for the murder of Alice Laughlin, is now condemned, as it is doubted whether the law of Schell's wife.

THE EXCAVATIONS at Nimven are to be resumed shortly by Mr. Smith of the British Museum. His new book on the "Chaldean account of Genesis" is in the press.

A CONFIDENTIAL notification has been made by the British Government to Berlin, stating that the policy with regard to Turkey has undergone no change, and that she protests against dismemberment.

ONE be one the secret places of the earth are being explored, and all traditions regarding them are being exploded. Africa with its mysterious river and mountains is being as accurately mapped out as if it were merely one of our outlying counties. In a short time we shall know all about the North Pole and the country surrounding it; and now a traveller comes forward who tells us that Sahara is not such a desert as was generally supposed. The great Desert of Sahara has from time immemorial been made do duty in speeches and essays to express something "utterably desolate." The oasis in the desert was always a neat thing when appropriately introduced on a public occasion. But all these metaphors and images must now be given up. M. Paul Soleillet, in a lecture at the *Salle de Conférences*, in Paris, has proposed a railway between Algeria and Senegal *via* Timbuctoo, maintaining that if it were built valuable merchandise from America destined for Southern and Eastern Europe would adopt that route, and thus restore to the Mediterranean the importance necessary to the influence of the Latin race. He has explored part of the desert never before trodden by Europeans; and he "declares it a mistake to imagine the Sahara a long, continuous track of sand. He found along a great part of the way fertile soil, producing both an African and European flora, including cereals, which are in gardens, but have to contend with a dry climate. At one point, however, he and his four companions had to dismount to make a track for their animals, and at another the plain was covered by stones of different colors, one tint succeeding another. He believes the dunes are not formed by the action of the wind, but are rocks decomposed by atmospheric agencies. This is shown by their variety of height and form, and by the undoubted durability for at least several centuries of at least one of these dunes. He was struck in traversing these sandy regions with the colors of certain stars, which had the same tints to the naked eye as they present through a telescope." Sahara is then no longer a desert, and our maps and notions must all be revised.—*Nation*.

Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. D. KENN, AUTHOR OF "TRED," "ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

The passenger boat from Calais to Dover was making its way over a sea which for once was comparatively smooth, so that the deck of the steamer did not present quite such a scene of desponding human misery as is generally produced by the transit across the channel. One unfortunate Frenchman there was evidently far more comfortable, who kept plaintively asking those around him if they could yet "see do half-way," and two or three Italians, who are proverbially bad sailors, went on continually making significant grimaces, expressive of their intense dislike to the capricious element to which they had trusted themselves; but most of the English on board seemed quite to enjoy the passage. It was high summer, in the year 1869, and the sky was blue and cloudless, while the light breeze, that only raised a few little dancing waves on the surface of the water, was full of exhilarating freshness, which seemed to have improved the spirits of many who were seated in groups, talking and laughing, or leaning over the side of the vessel conversing together. All, however, with one single exception, had their looks turned in the direction of the coast towards which they were going, watching for the first shimmer of the white cliffs over the deep blue sea, and eagerly discussing in how many minutes they might hope to set foot on the English shore. The one exception was a very striking looking man, who was leaning with folded arms on the opposite rail, fixing an intent almost impassioned gaze upon the coast of France, which was rapidly receding from his view. Any one who had ever seen Louis, Comte de L'Isle, in his youth, would have recognized his son in the beautifully moulded features of his noble face, and in the stately bearing, which marked the descendant of one of the proudest lines of the old noblesse. But aristocratic-looking and dignified as he was, the great charm of Bertrand Lisle's countenance was in the sunny brightness of his expression, and the frank winning smile which often hovered on his lips. He looked, what in truth he was, a man at peace with all the world and with himself. His life had been happy, and singularly free from temptation and error, his profession was one which suited him well, he enjoyed the cultivated society of the diplomatic circles to which he belonged, and, as yet, no tempest of passionate feeling had ever been roused in his heart, to disturb its freedom and serenity. His appearance was very attractive. He had bright blue eyes, clear and candid, that met every look with a fearless gaze; a broad open forehead, over which the thick masses of his brown hair were always falling in rebellious disorder; and there was a peculiar sweetness of expression in the curve of the lips, which he still adored as being the highest type of earthly goodness.

Notwithstanding his likeness to his father, Bertrand Lisle was essentially English in manners and appearance; by education and habits, in thought and feeling, he belonged absolutely to his adopted country. He had never spent more than a few hours in France throughout his life; and he would often say, with a rather uneasy smile, that he even spoke French with a truly British accent. England was very dear to him as his home and the native land of his dead mother, and it would have cost him a bitter pang had he been told that he must spend his days in any other part of the world, and yet the gaze which he was even now fixing on the fast-fading shores of sunny France might have disclosed, if read aright, that which was the master-passion of his soul. There is in most lives some secret thought or sentiment which is held too sacred to be ever exposed to the scrutiny or comments of others, and there were many reasons, besides this natural reticence, which had kept Bertrand Lisle rigidly silent to all on the subject that, up to the present time, had always lain nearest his heart. Look at him now as he stands, with just such a look riveted on the vanishing coast-line as men are wont to fix on a beloved face when death is stealing away its animation and brightness, and none could doubt that intense patriotism bound him with invisible chains to the native land of his race, and that all the vicissitudes of that beautiful and unfortunate country found a response in his loyal heart, which was none the less fervent that it was outwardly unspoken. Many causes combined to keep him silent on this subject, which was to him as sacred as it was mournful. He entirely agreed with his father in political opinions, and was as little hopeful as the old man himself of ever seeing him whom they deemed the rightful king placed on the throne of France, while he shared with him the conviction that a voluntary exile was the only righteous course which remained to them under the circumstance. Yet he felt that if he ever spoke of this theme, it would not be possible to spare his father the pain of discovering that all his efforts to make a thorough Englishman of his son had not eradicated that imperishable love of country which glows in the breast of every true man, and it would not have been easy either to explain to him, or to anyone, the conflicting emotions which swayed him in this matter; for, deep and tender as was his devotion to France, he truly loved England as his home, to which he was attached by many a life-long tie, and by his connection with the Reformed Church of the country in which he had been brought up by his mother. The fact, of which he was aware, that the ancient estates of the family were all entirely lost to them, prevented him from having the slightest desire actually to live in France, and yet, on the rare occasions when he passed through on his way to or from the Continent, it never failed to exercise a charm over him which filled him with agitation half sweet half sorrowful.

Bertrand continued now to watch the distant coast with the same intent and

wistful gaze, so long as it was even indistinctly visible, but when at length the last faint line of the shore disappeared below the horizon, he seemed to make an effort to shake himself free of the influence that so strongly possessed him, and, turning round, he sat down on a seat, and let his eyes follow the gaze of those around him—towards the well-known outline of the English coast, which was rapidly becoming visible. Then his thought flew on to the home and the father towards whom he was hastening, and his bright pleasant face took an expression of sadness which was rare to it. There was a deep and tender attachment between the father and son, which had never been marred by so much as a word of dissension, and the perfect confidence they had always given to each other had been a great source of happiness to both. Bertrand knew well that all this was about to have an end, and his disposition was naturally so gay and buoyant that it was always his involuntary impulse to seek a refuge at once from painful thoughts whenever they assailed him. He turned his mind straightway now, therefore, to that which had been an unending source of peace and brightness to him from the days of his earliest recollections, and the image rose before him of Mary Trevelyan, in her stillness and grace, with her sweet pure face, and her dark eyes so full of depths of feeling, to which the delicate lips, in their habitual silence, never give expression, and a sense of consolation and calm stole into his troubled heart with the very remembrance of that dear presence, which ever shed an abiding light upon his home.

Mr. Lisle had been right when he told Mary that Bertrand loved her; he did love her, with an earnest enduring affection, which had grown up with him from childhood, and which he perhaps scarcely recognized in its real strength, because it was so completely a part of himself, and so entirely without exaggeration or passion. It had never occurred to him to speak of it to her, because she simply seemed a portion of his existence, without whom it would fail of the best elements of its enjoyment. The idea of marriage with her had perhaps taken no definite form in his mind, because they had never been separated long enough to make him feel any urgent wish to bind her more closely to him, and he never could have dreamt of removing her for so much as a day from his father, to whom she was more absolutely essential even than to himself; but he never for a moment supposed that his life could go on without her; and when he looked into the future she was always by his side, sharing all his burdens till their weight became almost unendurable. He had never thought of asking her if she loved him, any more than he dreamt of telling her of his affection in so many words. Her peculiar quietude of manner had perhaps held him back unconsciously, but he knew that her silent care had been round him in well nigh every instant, that his wishes were interpreted and fulfilled without a question, and that every roughness had been smoothed from his path which with her tender solicitude. The thought of seeing her again, after a year's absence, drew the sting from all the pain with which he anticipated his approaching bereavement, and when at length the steamer reached Dover he was the first to spring on shore and hurry on to take his place in the tram for London.

Bertrand was not aware that his father's danger was so imminent as it really was, for the invalid had grown rapidly worse since Mary had written to summon him home, so it was without any immediate pressure of anxiety that he arrived, late at night, at the little country station near Mr. Lisle's house, and having left his luggage to be brought on in the morning, he walked quietly away through the starlit fields which led by a short cut to his father's door.

It was nearly midnight when Bertrand reached the villa, and he rang very gently lest he should disturb the invalid, whom he trusted might be reposing in slumber. Somewhat to his surprise, however, the door was opened so quickly that it almost seemed that some one had been waiting behind it to admit him, and his eyes fell at once on the familiar face of an individual known in the house as Nurse Parry, with whom his very earliest recollections were connected. She had taken charge of Mary Trevelyan from the day when the poor little infant had been left motherless within a few hours of her birth; but Mrs Parry was both in education and position much above the rank of a servant—she was the widow of a missionary who had died in Madeira, and she had been on her way home to England when Mary was born on board the vessel in which she was sailing, and it was a mere sentiment of compassion which had prompted her to take the forlorn orphan into her care until some ordinary nurse could be procured at the close of the voyage; but long before that time the good woman had become so much attached to the poor little babe, which really owed its life to her tenderness, that she could not make up her mind to part with it, and as she was herself childless, and very much straightened in means, she very willingly acceded to the wish of the Lisles that she should continue to take charge of Mary, and make her home with them for the rest of her life; although she was not by any means their equal in birth, she was quite enough of a gentlewoman to make her a suitable associate for Mary, and she was such a perfectly simple unostentatious person, that she preferred taking rank with the housekeeper in social arrangement. She had proved a most valuable friend to them all, however, and Bertrand welcomed with cordial pleasure the first sight of her comely countenance, with the shrewd black eyes—looking all the blacker for the contrast with the grey hair and widow's white cap—and the wide good humoured mouth, which expanded into a smile the moment her eyes lit on Bertrand, despite the fact that there were traces of tears on her cheeks.

He flung his arms round her neck, and kissed her heartily, while she exclaimed, "My dear boy, how glad I am to see you! I have been waiting; this last half hour to open the door!"

"But how did you know I was coming to-night, nurse? I sent no letter."
"I know it in a very strange and mysterious way," she answered, lowering her voice; "come in and I will tell you;" and shutting the outer door, she drew him into the sitting-room.

(To be Continued.)

A New African Christian Colony.

The motive of Dr. Livingstone's life was the opening up of Africa to that civilization which is the fruit of Christianity, and the consequent abolition of the slave trade which has cast a blight for ages over a land which nature, in so many ways, well watered expanses has done so much to bless. If, as he approached the close of his days on earth, the missionary traveller was asked what monument he would desire his countrymen to erect to his memory, he would probably say in his intelligent epigrammatic style, "Complete my work." When the Scotch missionary societies met to determine upon a Livingstone memorial, they resolved to found a settlement in the heart of Africa. The name chosen for the new settlement is Livingstone, and its site is to be on Cape Maclear, a promontory which divides the southern extremity of Lake N'Yassa into two estuaries. This promontory has some serviceable harbors for small craft, which will be launched on the waters of the lake by the colonists. It has very obvious facilities for defence in case of an attack by land. The soil and exposure are all that can be desired. The inhabitants have been very friendly to Livingstone, and will no doubt be so also to the people of the township named after him. Near this point to the southward is one of the great routes of the slave trade, and to this great traffic the colony will from the very first present a most formidable obstruction. Every effort will be made, from the outset, to conciliate the native chiefs, and inspire in them a feeling of confidence in their new neighbors, and a just impression that the object of the settlement is for their good and the good of the whole country. With the co-operation of the native chiefs there is not the slightest doubt that the horrors of the slave trade in the countries lying to the west of Lake N'Yassa will be at once abated. The land for the proposed township will be bought; everything affecting relations with the natives will be conducted in the strictest and most honourable manner.

The missionary colony, as this new expedition for the Christianization and civilization of Africa may be called, sailed some time since in the *Walmer Castle*. The pioneers are under the leadership of Mr. Edward Young, who was one of the assistants of Dr. Livingstone when he was conducting his exploration of the Zambesi, and who also proved the falsity of the report spread by the faithless Johanna men, of the death of the brave man they so heartlessly abandoned. The colonists embrace a missionary, a doctor, carpenters, engineers, and others who will be of practical assistance in establishing the township. The necessary articles and implements useful for the work intended to be done. Two boats are included in the equipment, designed for river navigation, and they will be found exceedingly useful in forming connections with the coast. One of them is a steam launch, in sections capable of easy union. She is called the "Hala," and will ply between Livingstone and the cataracts on the river Shire. Nothing seems to have been omitted which will serve to make the enterprise a success so far as man's experience may indicate, and doubtless many prayers are being presented that the blessings of heaven may rest upon the great enterprise.

When Mr. Young has established the settlement, and effected between it and the coast a tolerably reliable means of communication, his work ceases. This, of course, implies making Livingstone a commercial centre, to which the products of the country will be drawn, and a more legitimate and profitable source of revenue opened up to the chiefs, instead of the demoralizing and cursed trade in human beings. When signs of success appear, more missionaries and more European settlers will go out. Those who have read the journals of Livingstone, will fully appreciate the adaptability of this missionary settlement system to the wants of Africa. It is teaching by direct instruction and example. It brings side by side the methods, manners, and industries of civilized life, and the religion which originated most of them, and ennobled the others. The experiment seems to be directed from above. What may be achieved by it may place this pioneer scheme in the history of the future on a par with the grand central events in the story of human effort.

Speaking the Truth from the Heart.

There are some people who fear the displeasure of their fellow-creatures so much, that it is hardly true perhaps of such persons, that they exercise any choice in many matters. Their one aim is to avoid blame; they will give up their right, their opinion, their everything, in short, to avoid censure or ridicule, or even an inquiring look from some persons, while with others we shall find them bold, positive, overbearing, and very selfish. It is obvious that such self-abnegation has no real good in it, and proceeds merely from a slavish spirit. If the fear of God restrained every assertion of opinion in one room or company, it would do so in another. The timidity that is real and natural may indeed disappear in the society of the gentle or the familiar, but if it is genuine it is not replaced by a bold disregard of courtesy anywhere. Such characters as these are cowardly, and therefore easily led, especially to evil; but they are also so very vain that they cannot bear to be thought submissive, and therefore assert themselves, as it were, with needless energy, when they are with those who are younger, gentler, or more moderate than themselves. It is certainly not from such dispositions that anything of noble firmness is to be expected, and it is gentle firmness alone that can well and thoroughly resist temptations to do wrong because others do—without giving offence, and without self-exaltation.—*Lady Charlotte Maria Peppys.*

Stimulants.

By THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX."

Most children have an instinctive dislike to alcohol in any shape, unless, indeed, there be a hereditary predisposition toward it—of all predispositions the most fatal. Any one who knows the strong pureness of a constitution which has received from two or three temperate generations an absolute indifference to stimulants, can hardly overvalue the blessing it is to a child, boy or girl, to bring it up from babyhood in the firm faith that wine, beer, and spirits are only medicines, not drinks, that when you are thirsty, be you man, woman, or child, the right and natural beverage for you is water, and only water. If you require it, if you have been so corrupted by the evil influence of your youth or the luxurious taste of your after-years that you "cannot drink water," either there is something radically diseased in your constitution, or you will soon bring yourself to that condition. Long before you are middle-aged you will have no lack of "often infirmities."

"To drink no wine nor strong drink," to be absolutely independent of the need of it, or the temptation to it—any young man or woman brought up on this principle has not only a defence against many moral evils, but physical strength always in reserve to fall back upon accidental sickness, and the certain feebleness of old age call for that resource, which I do not deny is at times a most valuable one. But the advice I would give to the young and healthy is this: Save yourself from all spirituous drinks, as drinks, as long as ever you can, even as you would resist using a crutch as long as you had your own two legs to walk upon. If you like wine—well, say honestly you take it because you like it, that you prefer indulging your palate at the expense of your health; but never delude yourself, or suffer others to delude you, that alcohol is a necessity any more than stays or orthopedic instruments, or strong medicinal poisons, or other sad helps which nature and science provide to sustain us in our slow but sure decay.

Still, to retard that decay as much as possible, to keep up to the last limit the intellectual and physical vigor, which is such a blessing not only to ourselves but to those about us, this is the religion of the body, too often lost sight of, but which I for one count it no heathenism both to believe in and to preach: a religion, not a superstition; the reverence and care for the physical temple of the divine human soul, without in the least sinking to that luxurious Greek philosophy which considered the body only as worth regarding.—*Sermons out of Church.*

An Affecting Scene.

The many freaks of physical infirmity show nothing stranger than instantaneous blindness or deafness or their immediate cure. But cases of the kind are well authenticated. The following is told in a recent issue of the *Presbyterian* under a remarkable and touching story of a little boy, the son of a gentleman in an adjoining county. His age is twelve or thirteen. He is an interesting and promising lad. One day during the past winter he failed to rise in the morning as early as usual. At length his father went into a room where he lay, and asked him why he did not get up. He said it seemed dark yet, and he was waiting for daylight. His father retired; but the boy not making his appearance for some time, he returned and said a second time:

"My son, why don't you get up?"

"Father, is it daylight?" he asked.

"Yes, long ago."

"Then, father," the little fellow said, "I am blind."

And so it was. His sight was gone.

In a short time his father took him to Nashville, to get the benefit of the medical profession there; but none of the physicians could do anything for him, and happily made no experiments on his eyes. Some ladies in a family of his father's acquaintance sought to cheer him in his affliction, and one night proposed to take him to the opera, that he might hear the music and singing. He went and was delighted.

In the course of the performance all at once he leaped up, threw his arms around his father's neck, and screamed with ecstasy—

"O father! I can see!"

His sight had instantly returned. And since then he has retained it in full vigor, except that under excitement there is sometimes a transient dimness of vision. The case is one of a remarkable and singular character.

Fruitless Reading.

Nine-tenths of the reading done, is probably, simply to pass time, or procure a pleasant excitement for unoccupied hours. Few who read do it with any definite purpose of increasing their stock of knowledge or ideas, and few, therefore, accomplish any useful purpose by reading. On the contrary, it becomes to them a kind of dissipation, the reaction from the interest of which leaves them more dull and unsatisfied than before. We blame the effects of the reading of novels upon writers, when really they are more chargeable upon novel readers. Few stories but possess some motive worth tracing, some character with points of interest, if we read it carefully, and with the intention of finding out what there is in it deserving of praise or blame. But the army of story readers stop for nothing till they get to the end of the volume, and know nothing in regard to what they have read, except that all the troubles came to a happy termination, and the hero and the heroine were married at last. Descriptions of natural scenery, details of individual character, the careful working out of results from the incidents and individualities grouped together—all these are "skipped," overlooked, never thought of; in fact the book itself is forgotten, or at least, no clear idea of its features is retained, after forty-eight hours have passed.

Such reading as this is worse than useless—it wastes valuable time, and furnishes the brain with nothing in return. If a book

is not worth reading with care, if it adds nothing to our store of knowledge, if it supplies no food for thought or discussion, it is not worth reading at all. Indeed this is a very good test to apply to a book, and one which, if it could be properly applied by the class of readers who would be the most benefited by it, would reduce their stock of literature to a very low ebb.

Reading is like food taken into the stomach; it is not the amount consumed, but the quantity appropriated and turned into good blood by the activity forces of the organism which tells the story of the benefit derived from it.

Books should be read slowly, a little at a time, thought over and talked over. If they will not stand this process, throw them aside as worthless, and put your time and energies into something better. Read history, poetry or philosophy with some intelligent friend if possible; if not, alone, and write out your notes or comments as you go along. Very soon you will find yourself in possession of a mass of facts and ideas which will make you an interesting companion to those with whom you have to converse. You will lose self-consciousness in the larger domain of thought, and embarrassment by being occupied in things beside yourself. Instead of being morally confused and bewildered by the absurdities and exaggerated sentiment of fiction, you will begin to see how wonderfully every, from the largest to the smallest particle, works in accordance with natural law, and that our in-harmony proceeds from within more than from without.

We must really read, and read that which is worth reading, if we would know.—*Hearth and Home.*

Use Made of a Pack of Cards.

The Rev. Dr. S. J. Wilson writes from Chester, Eng., to the *Presbyterian Banner*:

"Concerning a house in Bridge Street, Chester, in his history of Chester, tells the following: 'In the year 1558, Dr. Cole, Dean of St. Paul's, came to Chester on his way to Ireland, entrusted with a commission from Queen Mary for prosecuting the Protestants in that part of the kingdom. The commissioner stopped one night in this house on his way, then a noted inn, called the Blue Posts, and kept by a Mrs. Mottershed, where he was visited by the mayor, to whom, in the course of conversation, he communicated his errand, taking out a leather box from his cloak bag, and saying in a tone of exultation, 'Here is what will lash the heretics of Ireland.' This announcement was overheard by the landlady, who had a brother in Dublin, and whilst the commissioner was complimenting his worship down stairs, the good woman opened the box and taking out the commission placed in its stead a pack of cards, with the *knave of clubs* uppermost. The unsuspecting doctor packed up the box again, and with its far different contents proceeded on his journey. On his arrival at the Castle of Dublin, the precious box was presented to the Lord Deputy and the privy Council, who, on opening it found, in place of the commission, the pack of cards, prefaced with the significant *knave of clubs*. The surprise of the assembly was of course great, and the doctor's perhaps, the greatest of all. He was not slack in his protestations that this was not the commission he had received, and was entirely ignorant how it had disappeared. 'Let us have another commission,' said the Deputy, and forthwith the amazed and chagrined commissioner returned to the court for the purpose, but before he could return to Ireland, Queen Mary (Bloody Mary) died, and Elizabeth, her successor, rewarded Mrs. Mottershed with a pension of forty pounds sterling a year during her life.' This is the only instance I have ever heard of in which Providence had used a pack of cards for good. My observation of cards on ship-board and elsewhere would lead me to suppose that the *knave of clubs* is uppermost in every pack."

Social Birds.

It is wonderful how the birds love the companionship of men. Even the Indian recognizes this liking, and puts up his gourd shell for the purple martin; and the coloured man of the South in like manner sets up a calabash, while in our villages are seen martin houses, often evincing taste in their construction. But the American swallows formerly kept aloof from men, and in the far west the martin still, as of old, builds in hollow trees. Some of our migratory birds are seen with us in the winter. This is explained, I think, by the agricultural habits of men. Wherever agriculture flourishes, so will insects, and the birds of the husbandman are thus attractive to the birds who come thither with their sweet voices and good deeds. Now this fact does, I think, in time greatly modify the migration impulse. The bluebird is a frequent visitor of our gardens in winter, though not in large numbers. He now finds his food in the larvae of those insects which are the pests of the farm; and it is pleasant to watch him peeping around palings and under ledges and rails for this food.—*Selected.*

One-Staffed Barrels.

By means of an ingenious process, lately devised, a barrel can now be made consisting of but one stave. This it appears is accomplished by turning a steamed log, of the length of a barrel, against a sharp knife of the requisite length, and thus cutting it into a continuous sheet of wood of the thickness of a barrel stave. Enough of this ribbon of wood is then cut off for the circumference of a barrel, and crozed or chamfered by suitable machinery. To give the barrel the proper shape, slits are cut in two ends by a gang of saws, and the heads are thus brought to the requisite size as compared with the bilge. The usual number of hoops are put on, and the barrel thus made is said to be equally as strong as those manufactured in the ordinary way, the principal saving being in the amount of time and labour involved in the process, the cost of material being about the same in either case.—*Selected.*

Scientific and Useful.

FOOD AS A MEDICINE.

Dr. Hall relates the case of a man who was cured of his biliousness by going without his supper and drinking freely of lemonade. Every morning, says the doctor, this patient arose with a wonderful sense of rest and refreshment, and feeling as though the blood had been literally washed, cleansed, and cooled by the lemonade and fast. His theory is that food can be used as a remedy for many diseases successfully. As an example, he cures spitting of blood by the use of salt; epilepsy by watermelon; kidney affection by celery; poison, olive or sweet oil; erysipelas, pimpled cranberries applied to the part affected; hydrophobia, onions, etc. So the way to keep in good health is really to know what to eat—not to know what medicine to take.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

A few weeks ago some respectable, cleanly, healthful English ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner together in a private residence surrounded by a model neighbourhood. A few days later nearly every member of this same dinner party was suffering from scarlet fever. How they took it no one knew; it has been suggested that the disease was communicated by the cream, or by the tablecloth, the latter having been cleaned at a laundry. The case is not the only one of its kind; similar though not perhaps so violent outbreaks of disease have taken place in many circles, and no one has been able to trace the infection to its source.

HOW TO MAKE LEMONADE.

Plain home-made lemonade can be made very cheaply, when lemons are not too dear. The great secret is to use boiling water, and pour it on the pulp of, say three lemons, with a small piece of peel, but not too much, as it will render the lemonade bitter. Add white sugar to taste—of course, children like it sweeter than others. Let it get cold and then strain it. Care should be taken that all the pips are removed from the pulp before the boiling water is added. A great improvement to this kind of lemonade is the addition of a little diluted sulphuric acid, about thirty drops to a quart.

FOR SMOKERS.

Another danger to the tobacco smoker has been discovered. Nicotine, hydrogen, sulphide, and cyanogen had all been detected in the smoke of tobacco, but without effect. Now comes Dr. Krause, of Annaberg, with a note in Dingler's Polytechnic Journal, in which he says he has discovered carbonic oxide in this smoke—a thing thus far entirely overlooked. The quantity of this and of carbonic acid vary, of course, with the kind of cigars, the filling of the pipe, etc.; and the way the person smokes, too—whether with strong or weak draws—influences the products, by affecting the combustion. Dr. Krause describes his method of experiment, and gives a table for various cigars and modes of smoking. It appears from some twelve experiments that the quantity of carbonic oxide varied between 5.2 and 18.8 volumes in 100 of smoke; average 9.3. As the smoker never gives out all the smoke, but must take a portion of it into his lungs, a certain amount of carbonic oxide poisoning is thus inevitable. The more awkward the smoker, says Dr. Krause, the more rapidly will the action of the carbonic oxide make itself felt; hence the evil effects of early studies in smoking, the results of which are commonly ascribed to nicotine alone.

DYSPEPSIA.

The most universal cause of dyspepsia is eating too often, too fast, and too much. The general rules should be: 1. Eat thrice a day. 2. Not an atom between meals. 3. Nothing after two o'clock but a piece of cold bread and butter and one cup of hot drink. 4. Spend half an hour at least in taking each meal. 5. Cut up all meats and hard food in pea-sized pieces. 6. Never eat enough to cause the slightest uncomfortable sensation afterward. 7. Never work or study hard within half an hour of eating. The most universal and infallible indication that a person is becoming dyspeptic is some uncomfortable sensation coming on uniformly after each meal, whether that be in the stomach, throat, or anywhere else. The formation of wind in the stomach, indicated by eructation, belching, or otherwise, demonstrates that dyspepsia is fixing itself in the system. Then there is only one course to pursue, and that is infallible; eat less and less at each meal, until no wind is generated, and no other uncomfortable sensation is experienced in any part of the body. No medicine ever cured confirmed dyspepsia; eating plain food regularly, and living out of doors industriously, will cure most cases.—Dr. Hall's Journal.

INSANITY IN MEN AND WOMEN.

We have not had the pleasure of seeing the annual report of Dr. Choate, of the State Lunatic Hospital, at Taunton, Mass., but he is reported as saying in it, "that the excess of insane women over insane men is becoming more and more marked. He does not attribute it to any greater liability to the disease among women, but to the fact that more insane men die. More women sink into hopeless insanity. Men are made insane by physical causes, while women succumb to subtle moral influences, not easily reached by hospital treatment; and not very well understood by the profession." We believe that the records of institutions for the insane, when taken in the aggregate, will show that there is more insanity in men than in women; that the duration of men is generally of shorter duration—more of them die, or are cured—than that of women, whose insanity is more apt to settle down into melancholia and imbecility. Thus while men pass through institutions for the insane, either to the grave, or back into society again, women accumulate in lunatic asylums, and records, if not carefully studied, tend to give the impression that there is more insanity in the female than in the male sex, while, in reality, the contrary is the fact.—Medical and Surgical Reporter.

THERE is small chance of the truth at the goal, where there is not child-like humility at the starting-post.

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PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

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CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS, BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS. Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Falling Fits. The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE. PHILADELPHIA, June 28th, 1857. SEYMOUR HANCE, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: Being your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1853. Immediately my physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician; he was cupped and bled several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be, or whatever he occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so very bad, that I lost all confidence in my self. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1855, I commenced the use of your Pills, and had my first fit in a few days. The last one was April 6th, 1855, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think your Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 53 North Third St., Philadelphia. W. WILLIAM ELDER.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY? The subjoined will answer. GREYLAND, Miss., June 30—SERRIN S. HANCE.—Dear Sir: You will be pleased to hear that I send you two boxes of your Epileptic Pills. I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I was for a long time in the possession of your Pills, which he took according to directions. He has never had a fit since. I was very much pleased that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly every day. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance have I ever had a chance of hearing from their effect, but they have failed to cure. Yours, etc. C. H. GUY, Greysland, Talabusha County, Miss.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS, BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS. MONTGOMERY, Texas, June 20th, 1857. To SERRIN S. HANCE.—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits of Epilepsy, for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals of two to four weeks, and often times several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions the patient's pulse had appeared totally deranged, in which state he would continue for a day or two after the fits ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physician, but without success. He had fits nearly every day. I sent him a box of your Pills, which he took according to directions. He had his first fit in a few days, and he has never had another since. He is now a healthy man, and he has had a chance of hearing from their effect, but they have failed to cure. Yours, etc. C. H. GUY, Greysland, Talabusha County, Miss.

STILL ANOTHER CURE. Read the following testimonial from a respectable citizen of Grenada, Mississippi. SERRIN S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in relating a case of Epilepsy, or Fits, cured by your Epileptic Pills. My brother, J. J. Lyon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He has first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two attacks at one attack at first, but as he grew older they occurred more frequently. He had fits nearly every day, and they had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him, body and mind. His mind had suffered severely, and he was unable to do any kind of work. He had been cured of those fits. He has enjoyed the health for the last year or more. His mind has also returned to its original brightness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of curing others who are afflicted with them. Yours, respectfully, etc. W. F. LIZOR.

JAMES SHIELDS & CO., IMPORTERS OF

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Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation, which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard, and to those who have never used it we can confidently say, that it is the only reliable and perfected preparation to restore GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken; the scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean; it removes all eruptions and dandruff, and by its tonic properties prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair glands. By its use the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair that splendid glossy appearance so much admired by all. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Mass., says, "the constituents are pure and carefully selected for excellent quality, and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes." We publish a treatise on the hair, which we send free by mail upon application, which contains commendatory notices from clergymen, physicians, the press, and others. We have made the study of the hair and its diseases a specialty for years, and know that we make the most effective preparation for the restoration and the preservation of the hair, extant, and so acknowledged by the best Medical and Chemical Authority.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine. Price one Dollar Per Bottle. R. P. HALL & CO., Proprietors, LABORATORY, NASHUA, N. H.

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For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth. This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.

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Table with columns for various produce items like Wheat, Flour, and other goods, with prices listed.

Official Announcements.

ARRANGEMENT OF PRESBYTERIES IN QUEBEC AND ONTARIO, AND APPOINTMENT OF MEETINGS

THE next view of these will meet in Quebec on the 2nd Sunday of October, at 11 a.m.

TO LICENTIATES OF THE

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Wanted, a Licentiate, or Minister without charge for settling in the town of Brantford.

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COLE DE NEIGES, QUEBEC.

ON SEPTEMBER SEEN, 1916.

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Horses, Cows, Calves, Sheep

AND PIGS,

with great saving of time and money.

IT GIVES STRENGTH and LIFE to Horses even during hard work.

COWS FED WITH IT produce more MILK and BUTTER, at the same time increase in flesh, and for stock-raising the effect is marvellous.

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Domestic Hardware,

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PURE GRAPE WINE,

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