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Contributors and Correspondents

[For the Presbyterians.]

HISTORY OF THOMAS AQUINAS.

T. T. J.

I would call the attention of students to this brief sketch of the life of one who triumphed over many difficulties, common to the lot of all who desire to rise in the world and carve a name high up on the temple walls of Fame.

His close application to study may be an incentive to many who trust more to the spur of the moment than to the patient labor of hours for success.

His disposition, which gave rise to the nickname of *dumb ox*, may encourage the slow of speech, and show the loquacious that it is not always the ready spoken who excel in understanding, for "a fool uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards."

On the other hand his carelessness about the constitution God had given him ought to be a warning to all not to trifle with the laws of health, so necessary for those of sedentary habits.

Students are so apt to forget everything but the work before them in their struggle for the mastery, that even before garlands of victory encircle their brows, disease has sapped the foundations of their constitutions and treacherously gnaws at their vitals. Thus many a sun in the morning of life, marking out its trackless path in a cloudless sky, has never reached the zenith of its glory,—but like a meteor's blaze has plunged into darkness never to rise again.

The house of Aquino, founded by a prince of Lombardy,—or as others say,—descended from the kings of Sicily and Aragon, has existed for more than ten centuries past. Landolph—the father of Thomas, as Count of Aquino and Lord of Loreto and Belesastro—was the nephew of the Emperor Frederic I., and therefore, the cousin of Henry VI. of Germany.

Theodora, his mother, was the daughter of the Count of Theate, and, belonging to the family of Caraccioli, was a descendant of the Tancred of Hauteville who conquered Apulia and Sicily.

Thomas was born in the year 1224, at Rocca Sicea, the castle of the family, situated near the city of Aquino in Campania, on the dividing line between the States of the Church and the Neapolitan territory. When he was only five years of age his father took him to the Abbey of Mount Cassino, which was then one of the usual places where the children of the Italian nobles were educated, and there he soon gave indications of great talents, as well as of that seriousness and abstraction of mind which characterized him in after life.

He remained there until he was ten years of age, when the Abbot sent word to his father that he was so far proficient in his studies as to be able to enter the University of Naples.

Before he went there, however, he came home for a few months, where he was a general favourite; for his even temper, modest manner, and pleasant disposition won the hearts of all with whom he associated.

His conversational powers, at the same time, were quite inferior to the majority of those around him, so much so that he spoke but little, and when called upon to express an opinion, did so in as concise and pointed a manner as possible.

The most of his time at home was employed in study, or in serious and profitable exercises, and his most delightful recreation was in giving alms to the deserving poor. He oftentimes denied himself of his own food for this purpose, and sought by many ingenious contrivances to relieve their miserable condition in such a way that they would not be offended at the gift, nor discover the giver.

It was not long before his father found out his secret deeds of charity, and, with a philanthropy well worthy of imitation, gave him liberty to take from the household supplies whatever he saw was necessary for the wants of those around him.

This license so benevolently given, he made good use of during his short but happy stay at Rocca Sicea, for "he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he," so that when he left there were many to invoke heaven's blessings on his head as a friend and benefactor of the poor.

As his visit was drawing to a close, fears began to trouble the mind of Theodora concerning her gifted son, and, actuated by a true mother's love, she trembled as she thought of his innocent character being exposed to all kinds of temptations at the University without the experience of many years or the counsel and advice of a guide home. How many fond mothers since her time have shared her fears in similar circumstances, and offered their prayers for the guidance and protection of loved ones no longer under their watchful care. She pleaded that his education be continued at home under a private tutor, where he would be safe from the snares of the world, and near those whose tender desires were for his highest good. Landolph, however, moulded of sterner stuff, having learned from observation and personal experience the great advantages accruing from mutual communion and even emulation in study, determined to send his youngest boy elsewhere.

To the University of Naples—which had been built by the Emperor Frederic II. in consequence of a quarrel with the city of Salerno in 1224—Thomas was accordingly sent, where a great number of students had gathered together because of an imperial

edict commanding them to come to this University, and forbidding their going to any other school of learning in Italy.

There,—as might have been expected,—with no religious influence cast around it, much licentiousness and immorality prevailed, causing Thomas oftentimes to sigh for the quiet retreats of Mount Cassino, so well suited to his studious habits and seclusive disposition.

He conducted himself, however, with the greatest propriety, and watched over his words and actions with the strictest vigilance and care. Only two of his teachers are recorded—Peter Martin, professor of rhetoric, and Peter of Hibernia, professor of philosophy; but these are sufficient to show us how privileged he was in being their pupil, for they were renowned men in their day for their learning and sagacity.

All this time the Order of the Dominicans was in a flourishing condition, both as regards its numbers and its influence. It had risen into notice about the beginning of this—the thirteenth century—by the teachings of Dominicus Guzman, a Spaniard of Calahorra, and a priest of Osma. He is one among those who have left their impress upon their own and succeeding times, and yet whose heads have been crowned with withered wreaths of poisoned Ivy, whose lives have caused great blotches on the pages of history, and to whom the world owes no debt of gratitude, for he was the founder and advocate of that diabolical tribunal, the Inquisition.

The general characteristics of this Order are as follows:—

1st. It was a *preaching* Order. The great design of their preaching, together with the use of the confessional, military power, and inquisitorial cruelty, was to multiply their converts and bring the erring back to the fold.

2nd. It was a *mendicant* Order. True, at first they adopted the canons of Augustine, with some restrictions, but afterwards becoming monks and choosing those of the Franciscans, they enjoined upon their members life-long poverty and contempt for all worldly possessions.

3rd. It was a *literary* Order. Although it had considerable influence as a missionary body, yet its greatest power was in its academic chair.

Subsequently the order was called that of the Jacobins or Jacobites, because the University of Paris gave it the College of St. James, located at that place.

In England the Dominicans were called Black Friars, on account of the sombre habit they wore, and the place where they first congregated in London still retains that descriptive title.

By the time that Thomas Aquinas was sent to the University of Naples, the Dominicans had overspread Italy under the patronage of the Pope, Innocent IV., and their own peculiar missionary zeal, so that on his arrival there his curiosity was at once aroused to investigate their doctrines and discipline.

He had frequent and evidently secret interviews with John of St. Julian, one of their leading advocates, and also attended many of his public addresses, so that he at last determined to consecrate himself wholly to that Order. This resolution he communicated to the Dominican brethren, who, as might have been expected highly approved of the step he had taken, because it was and had always been their endeavour to attract to their ranks promising young men—who would advocate the rights of the Order, and seek to extend its powers and practices. One of his tutors, from wise motives, immediately sent word to the Count of Aquino, who spared neither threats nor promises to defeat his son's designs, but all to no purpose. When Theodora was informed of it she remembered her fears and prayers for his safety, and her anguish and sorrow of heart knew no bounds. She immediately went to Naples to dissuade him from joining the Order, but failed in even seeing her erring boy. He had heard of her coming, and begged his superiors to remove him to some quiet retreat, so that he might not be defeated in his plans nor disturbed in his meditations.

In accordance with his desire, they were on the alert, and were only too glad to prevent an interview which might deprive them of their youthful novice. They lost no time in removing him, first to Terracina, thence to Anagni, and then to their convent St. Sabina, in Rome, intending soon afterwards to take him to Paris so that he might be out of the reach of his relatives altogether.

From Naples the fond mother followed him to Rome, but arrived too late to see her wayward son, who was by this time on his way to Paris. These efforts of the Dominicans to prevent Thomas from seeing his mother so enraged her that—as her last resort—she despatched a messenger to her two sons, Landolph and Reynold, now commanders in the army of the Emperor in Tuscany, adjuring them to follow and intercept him if they valued the love and blessing of their mother.

They at once started in pursuit, burning with resentment against the kidnappers of their youngest brother, and surprised them near a small town called Aquapendente, in Etruria, south-east of Florence, as they were resting at a wayside spring after the heat and fatigue of their journey. What they did to the Dominicans who acted as the escort of Thomas is not known, but they immediately endeavoured to strip the hated woolen garment that characterized the Order from his back, as a thing too detestable to be worn. He resisted all their efforts, however, so that at last they had to convey him as he was to their home at Rocca Sicea. On his arrival, his mother inquired the reasons that had led him to such strange and unfortunate conclusions, to which he replied that he was obeying a call from God.

This, nevertheless, was by no means satisfactory to her mind, for she argued that it could be no call, when he directly

opposed to the wishes of his parents and dearest friends. But to all her arguments, entreaties, and tears, he continued to turn a deaf ear, determined to be a Dominican even though it severed by so doing every tie that bound him to loved ones on earth. Her patience at last gave way at what she deemed his stubbornness, and determined to effect her purpose, she ordered him to be confined to a room within the castle, where none were permitted to see him except his two sisters. Her sons in the meantime had returned to the army in Tuscany. At first his sisters entreated him with lavish kindness and sisterly affection to recant, and become again the light of their home and the darling of their hopes, but, waiving all other subjects, he reasoned with them about spiritual matters, till by degrees they began to lead better lives themselves, as we shall afterwards see.

The Dominicans enjoying the favour of the Pope, complained to him of the conduct of the family in thus forcibly taking away one of their converts, but nothing was done to restore the captive to liberty, or enable him openly to profess that form of religion he had espoused. He passed the weary hours of his confinement in contemplation and prayer, until his sisters, moved with compassion and better feelings, perhaps, than any that had hitherto concerned their vain and worldly minds, brought him a Bible, Aristotle's Logic, and a digest of Theology, called the "Master of the Sentences," written by Peter of Lombardy.

He then commenced a commentary on Aristotle's "Book of Fallacies," but was soon interrupted by the return of his two brothers from the Tuscan army, who were greatly concerned about their brother, and who found the whole family plunged in the deepest distress on his account.

They immediately took the matter into their own hands, and accustomed to deal out mercy with the sword, they determined to force their seemingly self-willed brother to recant. For this purpose they removed him to an apartment in the tower of the castle where he could be more completely in their power, and tore his Dominican habit into pieces before his eyes as they bitterly reproached him for his ingratitude. Finding that this method, together with their dreadful threats, had not produced the desired effect, they resorted to another, which shows how little affection, to say nothing of fraternal regard they had for him. They brought one of the most insinuating and beautiful prostitutes to be found in that part of the country, and left her with him to ruin his character for ever. No one knows how great the struggle must have been to gain near his good resolutions might have failed him in the hour of his need, but suddenly recollecting himself, he became enraged at her presence, and snatching a burning stick from the hearth, drove her out of the apartment, beating her unmercifully as she fled.

After his deliverance he thanked God with a heart overflowing with gratitude for His preserving care; and so much was his mind impressed by this act of special providence, that the following might be shouted while he dreamed of angels being around him, thus causing the keeper to rush in to ascertain his troubles.

Joseph in Potiphar's house, and Thomas in his father's castle, are noble examples to show how the grace of God can triumph over the most sensual desires of man, and though the one left his outer cloak behind him as he fled, and the other had his habit torn to pieces before his eyes, yet in both cases they came out from their terrible temptations with their characters as unsoiled as that of the babe still unborn.

Thomas endured his imprisonment for about two years without a murmuring complaint, or an effort to escape from his persecutors. At the end of that time, when a remonstrance came from the Pope and the Emperor, the greater part of his family began to relent, and felt that their cause was lost. Under this impression his mother—although she had been at first the chief agent in his imprisonment—finding that all her endeavors were of no avail, not only listened to the remonstrance, but seems to have connived for a plan for his escape, which his sisters had invented.

In this way she, no doubt, preferred to make the concession, rather than openly giving him up to the Dominicans, for that would wear the appearance of being defeated by them, after her long resistance.

Her sons, however, still continued to persecute him with the same animosity that had characterized them from the beginning, and would as soon have seen him in his shroud as in that hateful garb worn by that Order.

The monks informed by some means of the proposed plan of escape, came to the castle in disguise on the night specified, and waited till the appointed time beneath the window of the tower through which their young disciple intended to make his escape. When the hour approached, his sisters lowered him in a basket—or, as others state he lowered himself—and, on reaching the ground he bade adieu to his home and loved ones, was received with open arms by the monks, and carried in triumph to Naples. This took place in the year 1244 when he was only about eighteen years of age. Next year he made an open confession of his faith, consecrating himself and all he possessed to his God, and looked upon that day as the happiest of his life.

After Thomas had left his home, and by his consecration had raised an insurmountable barrier to his return, the family still deplored his conduct, and anxious to win him back, renewed their petition to the Pope, who, desirous of dealing impartially between both parties, summoned them to appear before him at Rome for examination. This injunction left matters where he found them, and as Thomas was still determined to be a Dominican, they left off troubling him, so that he was allowed from

that time forward to pursue his studies in peace.

Although removed from his home he was not forgotten. His words proved like barbed arrows, and his actions as evidences of right and truth.

The inmates of Rocca Sicea no longer malign and persecuted, they became sincere and penitent.

The eldest sister lived as a nun, and died Abbess of the monastery of St. Mary's, at Capua, whilst the other, Theodora, married the Count of Marsico, and lived and died a pious and sincere woman, as did their mother also. Some time after the two brothers became converts of the faith and left the army, but through some cause or other, the Emperor burnt the family seat at Aquino in 1260 and put the youngest Reynolds to death. The rest of the family saved themselves by a voluntary banishment, but were restored in 1268 to their former possessions and favor with the Emperor.

(To be Continued.)

NOTES FROM EDINBURGH.

A brief sketch of a few of the "grandest sights" on the continent, though portrayed in the *colour de Ross* scores of times by many from Russell or Bayard Taylor, to the ordinary newspaper penny-a-liner, may be of some interest to some of your out-of-the-way readers. Since tastes differ so widely, what shall be selected amid so much that is deeply interesting to everyone,—young or old?

The matchless scenery of the Swiss or Italian lakes, the world familiar Alps, or the artistic beauties of the architecture, sculpture, or painting! or again, the not less attractive matters relating to social life, politics, religion, etc., in each country! Italy alone would fill a never-to-be-read volume. Our party entered it by Genoa tunnel, seven hours and a half in stark darkness. There are a few lights at intervals in the tunnel, which shot past like meteors, only rendering the darkness more hideous. An inventive *voyageur* strikes up a light, thus making the time appear not half so long or the place so well and dismal. The approach to the entrance, especially on the French side, abounds in startling grand and varied scenery. The long train hurls swiftly, threading its way amid rugged snow-capped peaks that pierce the clouds, near deep ravines, abyssal gorges, or across "yawning caverns." At times villages appear almost vertically below or above the train. In the first case, winter; in second, spring reigned just then. Perhaps a dozen shorter ones are passed before reaching the tunnel, the grandest success of modern engineering. One's sensations of wonder and delight, for many miles in the Alps region, are simply indescribable, only surpassed by the passage back over them.

Tunis is the first place of any size in Italy; it is a fine city, and has many objects of interest,—churches, castles, palaces, galleries, etc. Some of the last have over 600 pictures, mostly by the old masters. Some of their works are touchingly expressive, e.g., *Mary Magdalene*, by Rubens; *The Seven Sorrows of Mary*, by Giovanni; *The Holy Family*, by Vandyck; *The Entombment of Christ*, by Ferrari, etc. One is riveted to the spot in tearful ecstasy, as these speak as no orator can, to his eye, imagination, and heart, as well as to the aesthetic faculty. The "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" may fade and vanish, but the impressions of these and other great paintings (at Rome and Florence) are stereotyped in the innermost archives of the soul, never to be obliterated. The Alpine scenery overwhelms the spectator with wonder—these products of genius with *ecstasy-spell-bound*. A few days can be profitably spent seeing Genoa, with its harbor, fine bay, churches, immense house-like cemetery, built around a square of several acres, narrow streets, some only about six feet, and yet the houses very high; Columbus, and other monuments.

Pisa can be seen easily, as its leaning tower, ornate cathedral, baptistry, with its three-note echo, are quite close together. Here is seen a weird class of begging monks, draped in black, mask of the same color on their heads and faces, devil-like in their appearance generally, frightening children and ladies as they hold out their money-box, making signs without speaking, but glaring fiendishly all the while. By the way, a touch may again be given of the swarms of censurers, scolders, flabby, lazy-looking priests and monks seen everywhere as well as in Italy. In another sense one can sing, with Colenso, "Nightly I pitch my tent a day's march nearer Rome." It would be like presenting a hungry man without the real pabulum to merely name the countless ancient and modern wonders of this second Babylon without describing them, which in the briefest manner fills a 400 page guide book. Any of the following objects would occupy the longest letter. The Catacombs, or cities of the dead, with its 2,000,000 tenants; the enormous marble baths of Titus, Caracalla, and Diocletian; the labyrinthine palace of the Caesars; the vast and diverse objects collected and being still dug out of the remains of Imperial Rome; the 400 churches, basilicas, forums, etc. Among these the Sistine of the Vatican, where on the ceiling is M. Angelo's masterpiece, *The Last Judgment*. Another contains his best execution in statuary.

Moses a breathing statue, a work, superb, celestial, worthy of the clovelost of the 680 gods of pagan Rome. Another has the *Holy Steps*, believed by the dupes, who still go upon their knees, kissing each step and mumbling a form of prayer, to be the steps up which Christ went to Pilate's bar. This is the place where Luther, when ascending, stopped, exclaiming *The Just shall live by Faith*, and broke off abruptly. A picture of Mary, etc., inside a glass case, rewards the faithful at the top. Then there are the Vatican aqueducts, Mamertine prison, St. Paul's own lined house, pantheon, the numerous picture galleries, all intensely attractive or curious.

From the world famed Naples you go to Pompeii. In addition to the fine bay and other lovely scenery, Naples is the most lively place on this side yet seen; the stir and crowd on the streets surpassing London or Glasgow, and rivaling Broadway, New York. Population, 600,000. In a museum here are articles of every kind in use 2000 years ago—collected in vast quantities. In Pompeii itself you walk around with a unique feeling as you see streets, houses, ruins of chariot wheels in the stone pavement, temples, market stalls, in a word, *everything* as it stood the day it was sealed up, nearly twenty centuries ago!

Having garnered souvenirs, as elsewhere, our party start, hence the ascent of Vesuvius. This is a pretty exciting trip, quite as much so as crossing over the Alps. The tourist can ride on donkeys from here five miles to the base; and then a mile or more up the slope; then walk or be carried on a sort of stretcher by the natives. The upper part of the mountain is covered with loose lava, like peas, which slip from under your feet like coarse sand, only "more so." It is very steep, so that the path goes see-saw like a worm fence. Guides will also pull you along, giving you a rope to hold in the hand.

As you ascend, the view behind, toward the bay, Naples, etc., is simply sublime. The lava pebbles begin to feel quite warm under foot. After several hours hard tugging, pulling, resting, and lastly, trembling, as you look furtively behind, the cone or crater is reached. The sulphurous fumes of smoke when the wind blows towards you, almost suffocate. You look down into the seething, hissing caldron, fitly considered by one of the old Pagans as one of the entrances to the infernal regions. Like many other places it soon gets "too hot" for one. You start down; this is the most adventurous part of all. You take a beeline, unless where a precipice deflects your way. One steps about ten feet each pace, then the lava slides ten more, so that twenty feet is gained each stride. When several persons follow each other, the lava rushes down like a stream bearing you headlong with it, if you choose to let yourself go. Once at the bottom the general conclusion is, "well that will do me for my life, I'll not want to go up again anyhow." I must bid adieu for the present to Florence, Venice, and the lakes.

EDINBURGH.

Rev. Dr. Wallace has astonished and shocked the Christian public by giving up his professorial chair and pulpit, and becoming editor of the *Scotsman*. This paper has ever sneered at everything evangelical or religious. The *New York Herald* is modest compared with it. It is said £2000 a year was too clear a "call" to be discarded. The same thing is not unknown in Canada. A hitherto unknown Prof. Smith of Free Ch. College, Aberdeen, is getting a sort of Cheap John notoriety *a la McLeod* et al by broaching heretical views, against the Pentateuch. The Assembly Commission which will meet to-morrow here, is expected to deal with him. There are many unsound in their views (ministers) defending him.

Edinburgh, Aug. 8th, 1876.

Thoughts on the Future State and Character.

God has given a revelation to us, in which He is made known as the Supreme Being; no God beside Him, and His character as being righteous. Heaven, the more immediate locality of his abode, and the permanent home of his loyal creatures, as being a place of righteousness. He made His creatures upright after His own image. Though unrighteousness—sin—a part of his creatures, fallen angels and man, lost this righteousness, the fallen angels are reserved by the righteous governor in everlasting chains, under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day. Of his free grace He has made provision for restoring righteousness to all of the other part (man), who will accept of it as his gift. He sent His only son to re-establish righteousness by living, acting righteously, and by making atonement for the unrighteousness of man by suffering its penalty in His own person, and by begetting a long-ling for and assimilation to His righteousness by His spirit shed forth through Him. There is a time allotted (the present) for accepting this righteousness. Death removes man from the scene where this righteousness is attainable, so far as the present revelation makes known—and there is no intention of another and a better. After death comes the winding up scene of the present revelation—the judgment, when those who have accepted of the righteousness of the Lord, our righteousness, shall be declared to have a justified life. Those who have not accepted of the righteousness provided, but have been developing in rebellion and unrighteousness, shall be swept from God's loyal universe, to a place of confinement and punishment. Now we do not think that confinement and punishment will change the character of earthly men. Surely now is the accepted time, and the time for securing foundation for the hope which makes not ashamed.

Pastor and People.

One Thing Needful.

Many things are earnestly desired. Wealth, rank, fame, office, ease, amusement, and a long list of coveted possessions and enjoyments might be named. For those the wistful multitude sigh. For those the resolute toil and contend. And those the few whom the world esteems fortunate attain. Many are the objects of pursuit; but one thing is needful.

Strange to say, every possession which is not the most essential—but the only essential one, is that which is least desired and sought for by the mass of men. This would appear incredible did not our daily observation confirm the truth. Alas, our personal experience, as each of us examines his own heart, is sufficient to prove how inadequately we prize this inestimable boon and how feebly we strive to attain it. We are carried away by the quest for inferior things; we are often anxious and troubled lest we fail to secure them, or lest they slip from our eager grasp. And yet but one thing is needful.

It adds to the marvel that all other objects, even if attained, fail to satisfy the longings of an immortal spirit. Again and again the heart-sick searher after happiness grasps the coveted prize, only to find that it cannot impart the bliss he seeks. He resumes the search only again to find that he pursues a goal which, like the horizon, flies before him. Yet strangely he neglects the very treasure which would confer both present and perpetual and ever-increasing joy—the one thing needful.

For of all that the human heart can attain, this treasure either is or of necessity includes all that is indestructible. Other possessions perish with the using. This is imperishable. It is that good part which shall not be taken away. Infinite love has not only offered an inconceivable precious gift, but has guaranteed an eternal possession of it.

The most earnest and indefatigable searher for other objects may be and often is disappointed. He who truly seeks to obtain the greatest of all possessions never fails. Whosoever will, let him come. Ask, and ye shall receive. The promise is sure. We may rest upon it with unshaken faith. Let each one ask himself the solemn question—Is the one thing needful mine?

Pernicious Reading.

The Christian Weekly says truly that "the greatest peril of our times is that peril which threatens our youth from pernicious literature."

Says the Earl of Shaftesbury:—"No greater danger threatens us than that abundant, attractive, idolatrous, poisonous literature, of a sensational character, which is spreading over the whole surface of society."

Says the Contemporary Review:—"All the garbage that belongs to the history of crime and misery is raked together to produce a moral miasma throughout the land, in the shape of the most vulgar and brutal fiction."

The Newark Advertiser thus describes the character of fiction on which hundreds and thousands of children of America are feeding:—"The subject-matter of these papers is mainly cheap novels and romances, serially produced. They run at great length, in order that an interest once excited may be kept up for the benefit of the paper. We have counted as many as ten of these continued stories under way at the same time, but a new one is commenced weekly, or thereabouts, in order that the fresh stimulus of novelty may not be lost. The stories are written by men, and are very sorry to say, women, who are announced by an immense blow of trumpets as perfect prodigies, but whose prodigious talents are utterly unknown outside of the periodicals for which they write. The one end and aim of all is, for each to out-herd the others in working up the sensational. No respect is paid to the laws of possibility or even probability. Pirates and freebooters, brigands and murderers, love and hate, death and despair, are mingled, with as much ease as can be crowded into a hot, unwholesome stew, unsuited to any human beings, much less to those whose souls should be like the paper on which we write, and should be written on only with the tenderest care, and with words of gentleness and love."

One such sensational story paper, published in New York, has a circulation greater than that of all the religious weeklies in that city put together.

Two such papers nearly or quite equal, in their combined circulation, all the circulation of two religious papers of the United States.

What is done to counteract this? Are Christian parents suitably careful to keep in their households pure, healthful, attractive Christian literature? Do all who know and deplore the prevalent evil direct their influence, as they should, against it? Do they all receive into their own families, and seek to have circulated in their neighborhoods, a good religious paper? All can do something in this way; and it is one of the ways, and among the most effectual, of saving the rising generation from the demoralizing influence of the impure and sensational papers that abound.—United Presbyterian.

Costly Religion.

"And pray, let me hear what is the foundation of your religion?" asked a smart young revivalist of an old saint, who had grown wrinkled and hoary under the weight of years and trouble. "My son," replied the aged woman, "I have paid for my religion—not for my salvation, for Christ settled all that long ago; but my religion has cost me a good bit of trouble. It has been very expensive in many ways, inwardly and outward, I assure you. Now let me hear a little of what your religion has cost you, and then we shall be able to talk about the foundation." The young man said he would call another day, and wait for a more convenient season to go into all that. But she was a wise old woman, made wise unto salvation by divine teaching. A religion that costs nothing is worth nothing, and those who are brought up by some power into the school of grace know something of the cost.

My Lord, My Saviour, Come to Me.

A NEW HYMN, BY REV. WILLIAM COCHRAN, MIDDLEVILLE, KY.

Attr: English—From the "Standard."

My Lord, my Saviour, come to me! Thy mercy is my only plea! My soul from sin and Satan free—

The Son of God ere time began, And yet became the Son of Man, To heal the wound no other can—

Thou camest from the home above To let me know the Father's love, And their transgressions all forgive—

Thy life Thou gavest on the tree That so redeemed I should be, And reconciled unto Thee—

A wound was open'd in Thy side, In which I all my sins might hide; And that in Thee I might abide—

Thy blood alone the power contains To cleanse my soul from all its stains: That power shall last while life remains—

O, let Thy Spirit dwell in me, That He may show me things from Thee— In Thy light I shall clearly see—

Author of faith, my faith make strong, Fill heart with joy and lips with song; I'll cling to Thee my whole life long—

So, while I run my earthly race, Guide me by Thy heavenly grace; In glory, then, I'll see Thy face,

Whene'er my Lord, my Saviour comes!

One Woman's Sphere.

She makes no pretence to any brilliance. She never has written a piece for the poet's corner in the local newspaper. She has no ambition to vote or hold office, except the office which she has held in her native village for over half a score of years. She never attended a Woman's Rights Convention; and if she had any property of her own, she is not so imbued with the principles of the Revolution that she would refuse to pay taxes without representation. She has probably graduated somewhere at some time, but her only recognized diploma is her own class of infant scholars. She does not read Virgil for recreation; and any member of the senior class at Vassar could puzzle her with problems from Euclid. Her knowledge of political economy is confined to that which makes her queen in her own realm; this she knows as only they know whom experience teaches. There is one book, and only one, in moral philosophy which she has much studied; that is the Bible, and to it she holds with an old-fashioned faith and love that modern skepticism has done nothing to weaken.

She is not a society girl. She does not know how to waltz or polka; she was probably never inside a theatre, and never heard an opera; she has no skill in the valuable art of small talk; she cannot flirt a fair, nor toss her head; nor smile a false smile while the heart frowns with disgust. She is no "fisher of men," and counts no long line of captives waiting in her train. She has never married. That sphere which all the good books praise is not her sphere. She has neither husband nor children to care for, and neither to care for her. She is in a comfortable home, with competence and comfort secured to her by those who would take no other recompense than her unstinted love, and she might easily, and without reproach, join that quite too large body of women who have "nothing to do." But she would look at you with an amused and incredulous surprise if you were to tell her, in no spirit of flattery either, that she is quite the most useful and important member of the community.

Perhaps you would never tell her so. The lawyer, who is now in Congress playing at law-making, or the minister, who preaches with a fidelity which a noble life makes eloquent to a more than an admiring, a loving congregation, or the manufacturer, whose mills down in the valley feed a hundred families, would perhaps fill a larger place in your vision. But there are at least eighty little voters who would put her first in the village—and no one second. They are the eighty members of her Sabbath-school infant class. Last week she had them all under the trees in a summer picnic, and never a belle rejoiced in the glory of a midnight ball as she did in the delightfully unconscious glory of that afternoon party. They are hers by a triple right—as a teacher in the primary department of the common school, as leader in song and study in the infant department every Sabbath, and as a loving Christian friend through all the week. How many there are in the village, growing up to manhood and womanhood, who have received their first lessons from her lips and life! How many more there will be ere her work is done, if the good Father leaves her to complete it! For years make no impression on her; in the sympathies of childhood she has found the famous and long-sought Elixir of Life, and drinking daily of it, seems to endow herself with a marvellous immortality. And though every year her charge changes—every year new applicants come to take the place of graduates—she is unchanged, and the stream of life runs by her, instead of bearing her on its course, as it does most of us. Completed her work will be, however, by and by; and when it is, and she enters through the door which she has opened to so many hearts and lives, and goes up the shining way towards which she has directed so many little feet, no one will be more surprised than she to find, in the choral welcome of an outpouring host, the full meaning of the promise made to the faithful follower of the Lord—the promise of "an abundant entrance" into the heaven whose light is the Lamb, and whose glory is that of the full fruition of a self-sacrificing love.—Christian Union.

When one asked a learned physician how early the education of a child should begin, he replied:—"Twenty years before he is born. Good mothers make good children."

The Old Catholics.

This body of seceders from the Roman Catholic Church, to resuscitate, as their name implies, the earlier forms of Catholic doctrine and order, appear to be making some progress. It is also, year by year, showing more assimilation to genuine Protestantism.

It is now a well-organized body. Its third Synod has just been held at Bonn. There were present 81 priests and 76 delegates from Old Catholic communities. Dr. Von Schult read the report of the condition of the movement. There are now 85 communities in Prussia, 44 in Baden, 5 in Hesse, 3 in Birkendfeld, 81 in Bavaria, and one in Wurtemberg. The whole number of persons belonging to it is 17,208; in Bavaria, 10,110, in Hesse, 1,042, in Oldenburg, 240, in Wurtemberg, 228. The number of Old Catholic priests is in Germany 50. The rest of the meeting was devoted to the discussion of regulations regarding the ritual. Dr. Schult reported on the motions respecting celibacy. Many opinions were expressed, and it was agreed to pass over all motions on the subject to the order of the day. It was further agreed to leave it to the representatives to decide when the question should again be brought before the Synod. It was also decided that processions were no longer in accord with the spirit of the age, and that, therefore, no new ones should be introduced, and that any proposals to change those already in existence should be laid before the representatives.

A correspondent of the Guardian gives the following account of the Swiss Old Catholics, who number 78,890. These are actually enrolled members, and there is, outside them, a large body of "Liberal" Catholics, who repudiate the Vatican novelties, but are not so openly aggressive toward Papalism. The Canton of Berne contains the largest proportion of Old Catholics—22,000—and next to it comes Geneva, with 12,000. Only the northern and western cantons have been influenced by the movement, and in some there is but one town and congregation where any body of Old Catholics exists. Thus in Basel there is one congregation of 4,000 souls, in Zurich one of 8,000, and in the Canton of Neuchatel one, in the manufacturing town of Chaux-de-Fonds. Besides Berne and Geneva, the Cantons of Aargau and Solothurn (Soleure) are those in which the Old Catholic movement has been successful—successful, that is, comparatively; for the Ultramontanes claim to have as many followers in the Canton of Geneva alone as the Reformers have in the whole of Switzerland. Still, this Canton has eleven Old Catholic congregations, and in Geneva three rectors and four curates are at work. It is curious to note that, of these, one rector and all four curates are married, the example of Pere Hyacinthe being too strong for them, although they now hold aloof from his circumscribed work at Geneva. It is curious also to note that the title, "Eglise Chretienne Catholique," which was at first the badge of the Old Catholic body, is now handed over to the following of the eloquent Parisian orator, and the epithet, "Eglise Catholique Nationale" is adopted instead. When the Bishop for this growing Church is elected and consecrated, in the person of Professor Herzog, we may hope that a greater impetus will be given to the Reform movement, and greater accessions be made to the Old Catholic Church in Switzerland.—United Presbyterian.

Country Ministers.

Many people make the great blunder of supposing that our city pulpits monopolize the ministerial talent of the country. It is a very natural blunder, for people to make; and yet is a blunder, nevertheless. Every great city has its great men in all professions. But where it has one great man, it has scores of small ones. To one who has served ministerially in country and city churches, the error of the popular estimate is seen. We know of dozens of ministerial brothers, serving in country churches, many of them in small, out-of-the-way parishes, who, judged either by the standard of scholarship, or zeal, or of pulpit efficiency, are able to stand side by side with those who represent the highest average of talent in our city pulpits. Indeed, we do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, taking them man for man, the preachers in the country churches, so far as New England goes, will outrank on the average the preachers of the cities. A man must be very strong in his originality; he must be intensely personal in his characteristics, in order to resist those influences in city life which are calculated to level him downward, in the scale of personal power. In the country, a man can grow naturally. He furnishes the standard of judgment to his parish, in himself. His development is normal and not artificial. His study of character can be more thorough, and his knowledge of life, while less varied, less complex, less than, perhaps, can be more individualistic than it can be in the city. There is also a moral education possible to the preacher in a country parish that is not possible to one who conducts a great, swiftly-working metropolitan organization. He who can look out through his study window upon a wide landscape or a stretch of ocean, or who lives within sight of the solemn hills, who can retire at will from the noise of human activity into the sweet and suggestive solitude of nature—has possibilities of spiritual culture which are denied those who live amid the noise and rumble, and narrow prospect of our city streets, Meadows and forests, and the solemn ocean shores, the quiet of the night, and the peacefulness of undisturbed days, can teach one as neither books, nor statues of bronze, nor the sight of human faces can ever do. "I will lift mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my strength"—Golden Rule.

No man hath a velvet cross," was the apostle's assertion, years ago, and it is just as true now as then. Only He who gives us the cross, and He who bears it the cross knows its weight. God only knows the strength, and He only knows the strength, that is needful for every burden.

Froude on Scotchmen.

When the historian Froude was elected Rector of the University of St. Andrew's he delivered an inaugural address, as is customary on such occasions. The following extracts on John Knox and Scotchmen generally are interesting:—

"Many years ago, he said, when I first studied the history of the Reformation in Scotland, I read a story of a slave in a French galley who was one morning bending wearily over his oar. The day was breaking and rising out of the gray waters a line of cliffs was visible, and the white houses of a town and a church tower. The rower was a man unused to such service, worn with toil and watching, and likely, it was thought, to die. A companion touched him, pointed to the shore, and asked him if he knew it. 'Yes,' he answered, 'I know it well. I see the steeple of the place where God first opened my mouth in public to His glory; and I know that how weak soever I now appear, I shall not depart out of this life till my tongue glorify His name in the same place. Gentlemen, that town was St. Andrew's; that galley slave was John Knox; and we know that he did come back and did glorify God in this place and in others to some purpose.'"

In discoursing on the advantages enjoyed by his hearers as educated men to benefit the world, the orator spoke as follows:—"In the first place you are Scots; you are come of a fine stock, and much will be expected of you. If we except the Athenians and the Jews, no people so few in number have scored so deep a mark in the world's history as you have done; no people have a juster right to be proud of their blood. I suppose if any one of you were asked whether he would prefer to be the son of a Scotch peasant, or to be the heir of an Indian Rajah with twenty lacs of rupees, he would not hesitate about his answer. We should none of us object to the rupees, but I doubt if the Scot ever breathed who would have sold his birthright for them. Well, then, nobility creates obligations; all blood is noble here, and noble life should go along with it. It is not for nothing that you here and we in England come, both of us, of our respective races; we inherit honorable traditions and memories; we inherit qualities in our bone and blood which have been earned for us, no thanks to ourselves, by twenty generations of ancestors. Our fortunes are now linked together for good and evil, never more to be divided. But when we examine our several contributions to the common stock the account is more in your favor than ours."

"More than once," Mr. Froude continued, "you saved English Protestantism. You may have to save it again, for all that I know; at the rate at which our English, persons are running. You gave us the Stuart, but you helped us to get rid of them. Even now you are teaching us what, unless we saw it before our eyes, no Englishman would believe to be possible, that a member of Parliament can be elected without bribery. For shrewdness of head, thorough-going completeness, contempt of compromise and moral backbone, no set of people were started in life more generously provided. You did not make these things; it takes many generations to breed high qualities, either of mind or body. But you have them; they are a fine capital to commence business with, and they create large obligations. So much for what you bring with you into the world, and the other part of your equipment is only second to it—I mean your education."

Mr. Froude then passes a high eulogium on the Scottish parish schools originated by Knox, etc., etc.

Is Romanism on the Increase?

In answer to this question Ravenstein's Denominational Statistics makes the following statement:

"There are now nearly a million Roman Catholics in England and Wales, and these are divided according to their nationality, thus—English Roman Catholics, 179,000; foreigners, 52,000; Irish, 742,500. This is one side of the subject; now look at the other. In 1801 the population of Great Britain and Ireland was about fifteen millions and three quarters, of whom four millions and a quarter were Roman Catholics, or twenty-seven per cent. of the whole population. Now, the population is nearly thirty-one millions and a half, of whom a little more than five millions and a half are Roman Catholics, or only eighteen per cent. of the whole population. In other words, while the Roman Catholics have increased at the rate of twenty-eight per cent., the Protestants have increased at the rate of one hundred and twenty per cent. Protestantism has therefore been advancing nearly five times faster than Romanism since the beginning of the present century."

Knocking Around.

Dr. Dio Lewis having learned the minimum quantity of food on which life can be sustained, advises all young men to marry and settle down in life. His idea is that "until a man is married his life is lacking in that which best develops his manhood." He administers this rebuke to that class who are anxious to see the world before marrying; "Seeing the world as the young man does who has to earn his living as he goes, along amounts to very little. What he does see is nothing that helps him fight the battle of life more successfully. It only keeps him from habits which are in direct antagonism to a direct and happy and successful life, and when he gets through 'knocking about,' he has nothing to show for the misspent years save the habits, which he must overcome if he would make anything of himself. Do you call that gain, or loss? So, young man, take the advice of a man who has kept his eyes open for more years than you have lived, probably, and don't 'knock around.' If you think I have overdrawn the picture, look around you, and out of the men you know select those who have 'knocked around,' and see if they do not bear witness to the truth of every assertion I have made concerning the class they represent. Are they men you envy? I tell you, boys, 'knocking around' makes a man good for nothing else, and I tell you, boys, you have a desire to be good for something higher in life."

Random Readings.

Receive Christ into your heart, and He will receive you into His Kingdom.

Where there is much provision for the flesh, there is commonly little rest for the mind.

That which gives us occasion for sorrow should give us occasion for prayer.—Henry.

If we would have God to be careful of us, we must be careful of the things He has committed to our trust.

When we pervert the world, the flesh and the devil to enter the heart, everything that is good walks out.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Said one man to another, "If it wasn't Sunday, how much would you take for that lumber?" "If it wasn't Sunday, I'd tell you," was the proper reply.

A courtier riding with his sovereign amidst the acclamations and splendor of a triumphal procession, asked him, "What is wanting here?" And very emphatic was the reply, "Permanence."

If man would become innocent he must become obedient. Some individuals profess to give themselves to the Lord, but not to the brethren. We should spend for the brethren as well as for self.

The average length of human life certainly does not exceed forty years. In this time the first tenth is consumed in idle infancy, while ten hours a day throughout life are required for eating and sleeping.

Do you feel that you love Christ? "was asked of an aged and dying Christian. "Dearer than that," was the reply; "Christ loves me." Rest in Christ's love to you, rather than in your love to Him.

The name only of Christ does not make a Christian, but he must also possess the truth as it is in Christ, for many there be who walk in Christ's name, but few who walk in His truth.

If a minister has that love of study which would lead him to redeem the time, a country church is best. But there are few men who will study except under pressure. Rubbing against people keeps one alive.—Thornwell.

No man has a right to consider himself on the road to heaven—any further than he is rendering to God present obedience; and no man who is willing to turn with hearty repentance from his past transgressions need despair of forgiveness and salvation.

When a Christian man complains that he is full of doubts and fears, and has no joy in the Lord as he used to have, and no enjoyment in prayer or labor for Jesus; if you find out that he neglects all week-night service, never goes to prayer-meeting, reads anything rather than his Bible, and has no time for meditation, you need not inquire further into his spiritual malady.

O, what a blessing is Sunday! Interposed between the waves of worldly business like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan! There is nothing in which I would advise you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath holy. I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable.—Wilberforce.

O, ye Christians only know what floods of light Christ pours upon the Word for those who trust in Him alone for it, methinks there would be many more illuminated pulpits too! And if all knew the sweet effulgence shed forth upon the truly trustful soul in prayer, there would be fewer dark closets than there are.

Be ye then as friends to these friendless, Be ye their feet to these lame, To the weak ones whose sorrows are endless, Before they can give them a name, Who are branded with brands that they know not—

Even poverty, sickness, and shame. Greater, with angels to teach them, Their lives will be cared for, and bloom; For your kindness they cannot reach them, Only here for your love there is room; Let them know what it is to be cared for, Before they go down to the tomb.

"It is perhaps one of the evil tendencies of the age," says Dr. Charles Hodge, "to push religion out-of-doors; to allow her no home but the street or public assembly; to withhold from her all food except the excitement of loud professions and external manifestations. This is to destroy her power. It is to cut her off from the source of her strength, and to transform the meek and holy visitor from heaven into the noisy and bustling inhabitant of earth. It is so much easier to be religious outwardly than inwardly; to be active in church duties than to keep the heart with all diligence; that we are in danger of preferring the form of religion to its power."

Woman's work for Missions is constantly assuming new importance. At home, it proves to be one of the most powerful auxiliaries ever summoned to aid in awakening attention, arousing interest, and inducing contributions. In heathen lands, it has called into operation a vast system of agencies, before almost unknown, but which aids powerfully in helping to evangelize the natives, among whom it is employed. The Board of Foreign Missions of our church, reported that last year the Woman's Societies contributed not less than \$60,000 to aid on their work. The American Board reports, that in the first four years of their present financial year, over \$84,000 were contributed for their assistance. The labors of the ladies employed by the Societies in heathen lands are signally blessed. The jealousy between the sexes in nearly all the countries with a low grade of civilization, or rather the jealousy of the male owners of the zenana or harem, precludes the access of the regular minister of the Word. But the lady missionary finds a warm and ready welcome. She can teach a thousand home-arts, which will benefit and delight those whom she visits. They soon learn to honor and long for her civilization, refinement and religion. And so the Gospel operates; its silent leaven permeating among the inert, unexpecting, but Divinely prepared world, till the whole is leavened.

Our Young Folks.

The Arithmetic Lesson.

(CHILD STUDYING AT AN OPEN WINDOW.)

Two times 'leven are twenty-two;
Kitty, don't I wish 'twas you,
'Stead of me, had this to do?
Two times 'leven are twenty-two.
Three times 'leven are thirty-three;
Robin, in the apple tree,
I hear you, do you hear me?
Three times 'leven are thirty-three.
Four times 'leven are forty-four;
How the sunbeams speak the floor!
Four times 'leven are—what a bore!
Four times 'leven are forty-four.
Five times 'leven are fifty-five;
Swallows swallow! ekim and ditto,
Making all the air alive;
Five times 'leven are fifty-five.
Six times 'leven are sixty-six;
Tip, for shame, sit! Pretty chicks,
Don't you mind his noisy tricks;
Six times 'leven are sixty-six.
Seven times 'leven are seventy-seven;
There, now, Kitty, you can't even
Say the first—"once 'leven is 'leven;"
Seven times 'leven are seventy-seven.
Eight times 'leven are eighty-eight;
Some one's pulling at the gate;
Hark! it's Bessie, sure as fate!
Eight times 'leven are eighty-eight.
Nine times 'leven are ninety-nine;
Coming, Bessie! Ain't it fine?
That's the last one in the line!
Nine times 'leven are ninety-nine.

Rules for Table Etiquette.

- 1. Do not keep others waiting for you either at the beginning or close of the meal.
2. In passing your plate to be helped, retain the knife and fork.
3. When asked for your plate do not shove, but hand it.
4. When drinking do not look around.
5. Use your knife only for cutting food or spreading butter, etc., do not put it to your mouth, or to your lips.
6. If you find anything unpleasant in your food, put it aside as quietly as possible, without drawing the attention of others to it.
7. Do not open the lips, or make unnecessary noise in chewing.
8. Do not rest the elbows on the table.
9. Do not speak when the mouth is full.
10. Brush the table neatly before bringing on the desert.
11. Converse on pleasant subjects with those near you.
12. Never leave the table before others without asking the lady or gentleman who presides, to excuse you.—Boston Cultivator.

Out of Reach.

Jessie McDonald was hard at work at the wash-tub one day, when her little son Fergus, came rushing into the room, crying as if his heart would break.
"Daddy'll die up there," he sobbed; "they can't get him down."
"Die! up where!" exclaimed Jessie, wringing the soap off her hands and wiping them on her apron.
"O on the top of the factory chimney; the rope has slipped down, and they can't get up another, and the ladders are all too short."
Jessie flew out of the house and ran to the foot of the new factory chimney, round which a crowd of workmen were gathered in loud discussion. On the top of the chimney stood McDonald, far beyond the reach of help to all appearance. When the staging was taken down, he, the most skillful of the workmen, had been left to do some last bit of work. By a strange accident the rope by which he was to let himself down had slipped and fallen where it lay in a heap.
Jessie covered her eyes with her hands. "Lord help me!" she prayed from the depths of her anxious heart. A sudden thought came as an answer to her prayer. "Angus," she called, "unravel your stocking, man, and tie a bit of mortar to the yarn, and let it down to me."
Off came one of Angus' blue socks, knit of the best yarn, spun by Jessie herself. He raveled it out, tied on the mortar, and let it down to the ground.
Meanwhile Jessie had sent for a ball of stout twine. The end of the twine she tied to the end of the yarn.
"Now, draw the yarn up slowly," she said. Angus followed her directions; as the yarn went higher and higher, she let out more twine from the ball in her hands. What steady hands they were! no tangling of the twine or dropping of the ball. If she had been unravelling a clothes line, she could not have done it more quietly. At last Angus called out, "All right; I've got the twine; now what are you going to do."
"Die on the rope," exclaimed Jessie.
There was not a sound among the crowd; you could have heard a pin drop; as with breathless interest they watched Jessie at her work.
She tied the rope and the twine together as firmly as a sailor could have done. Eager eyes watched it ascend higher, higher, higher, until Angus called out, "All right; I've got the rope; stand firm under."
He secured the rope, came down hand over hand—ah! one can't tell about such a thing! The workmen cried like children, and pressed around Angus and Jessie with words of praise and affection. Then some one wiser than the rest said, "Let them go home alone." And in the little kitchen the husband, wife and child knelt and thanked God that their hearth was not made desolate!

POVERTY pinches, but not half so hard as vice. The one wounds to heal, the other leaves an ulcer.

A BEAUTIFUL custom prevails in the Ban de la Roche, the parish in which the devoted Oberlin spent fifty-nine years of self-denying labor. At the point in the Sunday service, when the Lord's Prayer is repeated by the congregation, the church bells are rung in order to notify the sick and others who are absent, and so enable them to share in this part of the worship.

Sabbath School Teacher.

Introductory Classes.

The meeting of superintendents and secretaries of Auxiliaries at the Sunday School Union on Tuesday last was so much an important subject, and was so well attended as to justify the length of our report. It was an earnest of considerable interest that no many representative workers came in obedience to an invitation to meet and talk over the desirability of establishing local introductory classes, and it was an evidence of progress made that no objections were urged against their formation.

At first the idea of a normal class may be somewhat formidable, and may seem to savour of an educational agency, much beyond the capacity of the ordinary senior scholar; but the subject only needs to be examined to prove how simple and how elastic such a class may be made. The first requisite is to find a man thoroughly impressed with the importance of raising the standard of teaching in Sunday Schools, thoroughly convinced that the present educational advantages of children imposes heavy responsibilities on all friends of the Sunday School. He need not be a trained teacher; he need not even be a teacher at all now; there are many men of culture in our churches who might be fully competent to conduct a class through the earlier stages of a normal course, and who would be able to call in the help of some well-disposed day-school teachers for instruction in the art of teaching and of managing a class. We feel that to a much larger extent than at present the co-operation of earnest, pious day-school teachers of both sexes might be secured for our normal classes during the week. And even if we were not able to secure from among them leaders of such classes, it would be scarcely possible to consult them as to any department of school management without gaining valuable information. To obtain indeed the services of a trained normal class teacher it might be necessary to remunerate him; and we do not know how money might be more profitably spent than in providing a course of lectures on the art of teaching. After such a course many might feel themselves encouraged to undertake the conduct of introductory classes.

Where individual schools are strong enough to start such classes, it would be well if they made them known and invited any from smaller schools to join them; of course where they were formed by auxiliaries of local Unions every effort would be made to secure a large attendance. But, as was said at the Conference, it is not necessary to have a large number as a nucleus; the conduct of the class is so simple and so inexpensive, that at considerable number as a minimum is not necessary, either for the sake of efficiency or on the ground of cost. With the Introductory Class Text Book, and such other works as the Sunday School Union recommends and supplies at half-price, we are quite sure such classes may be formed more simply and inexpensively than is generally supposed. We are not all W. H. Grosers, or B. P. Paeks, but most of us are able to follow out the ideas they have advanced; and as they have done so much in the way of direction and guidance we should at least make a determined effort to realize that which every earnest friend of Sunday Schools desires—an abundant supply of efficient and thoroughly equipped teachers.

A tract which the Committee has prepared, and which may be had gratis on application, Suggestions on the Formation and Management of Normal and Introductory Classes, will give much information, and confirm our remarks as to the facility with which such classes may be formed.—London S. S. Chronicle.

Wanted—Substitutes.

If teachers were polled whether their Sunday Schools should be closed during the summer months, as is frequently the case in America, an almost universal protest would be raised; and yet many of these teachers think nothing of leaving town without providing substitutes. Some schools, at this season of the year, are so denuded of teachers, that, so far as the officers and teachers who remain are concerned, it would be a more humane course to close altogether. We have heard of one school where the scholars, left without teachers, are sent home; and though we may not all be ready to adopt so summary a measure we have all felt the inconvenience of classes that have been so left. If teachers, when absent without providing substitutes, would reflect that their scholars are probably adding to the disorder and confusion of the school, or are else added to other classes already sufficiently filled this warm weather, they would leave no stone unturned to get their places supplied.

There are those, however, who do make every effort, but are unable to get substitutes. What are they to do? To forego their holiday? Clearly not. They can only give the superintendent ample notice of their intended absence, and of their inability to supply their places. And what is he to do? Often has he to make inroads on the senior classes, and interfere with them by removing the most helpful scholars, but who are nevertheless unprepared as teachers; or else he turns two or three shepherdless flocks into one huge fold, and attempts to teach them all himself.

But there is another course open to him, and one that should be recognized by the Church. He should be able to appear to various members, not habitual teachers, but who should be ready on an emergency to act as such. He may be able to ask some who can assist him, but it should not be left entirely as a matter of personal appeal on the part of the superintendent. It is the duty of the church to supply the school which is part of herself with all that is requisite for its conduct; and if, as a rule, the superintendent is able to manage with his ordinary staff, the church should be only too ready to assist in seasons of undue pressure. During the holiday season, for instance, the minister might announce from the pulpit the existence of

the school, and urge those who were able to offer their services to the superintendent. Probably one or two such announcements would suffice to place at the disposal of the necessary force; and the members thus assisting would be likely to become interested in the school.

It seems a poor return on that part of the church, that those who from Sunday to Sunday are doing her work should not, when occasion requires, be able to feel that their places would be cheerfully supplied.—London S. S. Chronicle.

CONCERNING the international lesson system, we on this side of the Atlantic are more interested in its extension than in its origin. What we are most anxious to hear is that its advantages are becoming universally recognized, and that the Church of England Sunday School Institute and the Wesleyan Sunday School Union see their way to its adoption. It is sometimes felt that a system of lessons drawn up for universal acceptance must prevent attention being given in the schools of doctrinal or denominational differences. To remove such an objection, we are glad to be able to quote the words of Dr. J. H. Vincent, one of the originators of the International Lessons, in his recent annual report to the Methodist Episcopal Church. He says:

"I have insisted upon the thorough indoctrination of our youth as Methodist Episcopal Christians. I have mingled freely with the Sunday School workers of other evangelical churches, have attended Union, State, and General Conventions, usually at the earnest solicitations of resident presiding elders and pastors of our own church, and from an unalterable conviction that the true way to spread Christian holiness through these lands is for each denomination to stand up boldly and pronounce unequivocally in favour of its honest convictions, and, at the same time, for all to come together as often as possible, that the true fraternity of believers may be promoted, the power of Protestant unity enhanced, and the spirit of true charity toward each other increased."

Surely this ought to satisfy the staunchest advocate of denominational teaching.—S. S. Chronicle.

The Sick Chamber.

Health and the sun have been always sung and praised. We will now celebrate sickness and shade. We will celebrate thee, bodily sickness, when thou layest thy hand on the head and heart of man, and sayest to the sufferings of his spirit, "Enough!" Thou art called on earth an evil; ah, how often art thou a good, healing balsam, under whose benign influence the soulrests after its hard struggle and its wild storms are still! More than once hast thou prevented suicide and preserved from madness. The terrible, the bitter words which desecrate the heart are by degrees obliterated during the feverish dreams of illness; the terrors which lately seemed so near us are drawn away into the distance; we forget, God be thanked, we forget; and when at last we awake with exhausted strength from the sick bed, our souls often awake as out of a long night into a new morning. So many things, during the illness of the body, conspire to soften the feelings; the still room, the mild twilight through the window-curtains, the low voices, and then, more than all, the kind words of those who surround us; their attention, their solicitude, perhaps a tear in their eyes; all this does us good, does us essential good. And when the wise Solomon enumerated all the good things which have their time upon the earth, he forgot to celebrate sickness among the rest.—Bremer's President's Daughter.

The First Europeans in Japan.

Europeans first set foot in Japan in 1542. They were three Portuguese sailors, who, in the language of the Jesuit fathers, "breathed into the Japanese atmosphere the first breath of Christianity." Missionaries soon followed, notable among whom was Francis Xavier, and in the course of half a century so numerous were the converts that one might fairly hope that in a few years the whole empire would be Christianized. But the Shogun Hidayoshi, who had learned of the Portuguese and Spanish conquests in India, grew suspicious of the new doctrines, and instituted a violent persecution of the Christians, which was continued by his successors. In 1627 it was alleged that the native Christians had entered into a conspiracy with the Portuguese government to overthrow the imperial throne. The whole sect was remorselessly crushed: all foreigners were expelled from the empire, excepting the Dutch, who had aided the Shogun, and who were allowed to keep up a trading establishment on the little island of Deshima, which they were not allowed to leave, and where they were in effect prisoners, only three vessels being allowed once a year to come to them from Holland. Weary must have been the watch of these exiled traders as they paced along the shore of their little prison, straining their eyes in gazing over the blue waters to catch the first glimpse of the white sails which were to bring them some tidings from the world without. From this time dates that system of jealous seclusion which for more than two centuries kept Japan a sealed book from the rest of the world. Yet during all this time the empire enjoyed profound tranquillity under the system of dual government, which had in effect been instituted as early as the twelfth century, but had been brought to perfection by Iyoyasu and his grandson Iyemitsu. The introduction of Christianity and its complete extermination form a thrilling episode, but, after all, only an episode, leaving behind it no trace of the history on Japan and its institutions.—A. E. GUERNEY, in Harper's Magazine for September.

Don't complain of the selfishness of the world. Deserve friends, and you will get them. It is a mistake to expect to receive welcome, hospitality, words of cheer, and help over rugged and difficult passes in life, in return for cold selfishness, which cares for nothing in the world but self. Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would have your own injured.—Gates.

What to do with the Newspapers.

If Daniel Webster said that he had never taken up a country newspaper and glanced it through without learning something worth knowing, he certainly put country editors under lasting obligations to him by the remark.

It requires no great array of argument to prove that ours is the newspaper age. "Every other thing" is a newspaper. Almost over four corners, of any pretensions to greatness whatever, has its printing-office. A village without a paper, now-a-days, is deemed scarcely worthy to have a post-office. And if such village stop short of two, the one to asperse and blackguard the other, it is almost a marvel. There are religious, political, literary, story, scientific, musical, and educational papers. Then there are papers local and papers general; independent and partisan papers; good and bad; learned and unlearned; pure and impure; great and small. Newspapers are the burden of our made; they glut the post-office boxes; they strew the sitting-room tables, gratefully to the disturbance of the good housewife's orderly nature. Newspapers are multiplying. Every little while the launching of a fresh one of some description is announced to the public, and every such announcement leads debating people to wonder that so many can be sustained, and to wonder how the new aspirant hopes to live. But it gets its way into favour with somebody. It holds what it gets by an adroit use of the "laws respecting newspapers," and gets what it can by hook and by crook, and in process of time, we are assured, it has reached a "paying circulation." There are monthlies and semi-monthlies, weeklies and semi-weeklies, dailies and semi-dailies.

Rev. William Fraser, LL.D., tells us what we cannot doubt is too true, when he says "The daily newspaper is making book study rarer than hitherto. It is felt in ten thousand instances to be distasteful and difficult. The subtle influence of the daily paper is telling on our thoughtfulness."

Lamarine certainly uttered a startling prophecy, and one that seems to approach fulfilment, when he said "Before this century shall have run out, journalism will be the whole press, the whole of human thought. Thought will not have had time to ripen—to accommodate itself into the form of a book. The book will arrive too late. The only book possible, soon, will be a newspaper."

Reflections of this kind are often suggested to thoughtful minds by the increase of periodicals, and the growth of that form of reading-taste to which they are adapted, and to which they cater.

That superficiality of knowledge, defective mental discipline, impatience of close application to difficult though important subjects, and a surfeiting of the mind with thin and unnutritious soups, rather than a healthful feeding of it on solid food, will be the result, no one can fail to foresee. But if the newspaper is destined to supplant the book, then let it become as nearly a substitute for the book as possible. Thus it must furnish nature and thorough discussions of weighty subjects. It must go beneath the surface, and lay open the roots of things. As Jacob must be like Esau to secure the blessing, so the paper must be like the book, prepare, by a process of mental chemistry, such concentrated and desiccated food as through the newspaper will be adapted to the multitude.

What the newspaper shall be in literary and moral qualities, depends on the people. The demand must give character to the supply. It is said that the publisher of one of our largest magazines, once remarked that were he to make a better or a worse magazine, he would lose a hundred thousand by the change. He had studied carefully the grade on which the largest demand would be found. To meet that demand was "business." Though the press ought to make the people, it is practically true that the people have, to a considerable extent, to make the press; for while it is in a measure educational, philanthropic, religious, it is also no small degree secular, and looks well to the best chance and largest profits.

Every family should have from one to a dozen newspapers. First, a good religious weekly is a necessity to every Christian household. It is like the morning dew to vegetation. Its influence is a potent, silent, constant, gentle influence, molding the character of each member of the home circle, beguiling with sunshine and entertainment many an hour, and producing a more intelligent and fine type of Christian life than could otherwise be attained. This paper should, other things being equal, be an exponent of the denominational interests and work of the denomination to which the person belongs. Do this as it may, a good religious paper should take rank No. 1 in any Christian's home. It is a sad fact that what should be, is found not to be, in many an instance.

A good religious paper is also a good news, literary, and political paper. But for ampler reading on these subjects, and all the specialties, there are plenty of journals of merit and unexceptional tone. To have a house well supplied with these, is a sign of intelligence and cultivation without which, in these days, any dwelling has only the most dreary and barren aspects of a home.

But what shall we do with the papers? Read them all, *verbatim et literatim*? This would, like eating through an entire bill of fare, be impossible. Some articles are to be glanced at, some to be sketched through, some to be read carefully, and a few in each paper to be not only read but clipped out and laid aside for the scrap-book.

The scrap-book is therefore a logical inference from the newspaper. It is a sort of savings bank, in which the accumulations of a careful reader may be deposited, where "noth cannot corrupt nor thieves break through and steal."

In making a scrap-book any person may become an editor and a compiler, at least, and this is not a very great remove from being an author. Next to the power to write, is the power to wisely discriminate as to that which others have written. By looking through a book which another has read and marked, or by inspecting a museum of selections which he has thrown into a

scrap-book, we may somewhat minutely read the person's character, though we have never seen him.

Economy of time is needful in the reading of the papers. This age has acquired the reputation of being a swift ago. Speed is an element of success. Time is money at a high rate of interest. "What thou doest, do quickly," is the precept which admits of constant application; this time of fast mail trains and telegraph in everything.

The best economy of time with a newspaper, is to take from it on the first reading all that is worth taking, so that it will never have to be looked up and scanned over a second time. Read that which requires but casual notice first; if it be of interest to the family, read it at once; then concentrate attention on that which is not to be retained *verbatim*, but by attention wrought into the general stock of knowledge, so as to be available over afterward, upon occasion. Let this be like the cash which one carries in his portmanteau for daily use. But that which is to be laid aside in the bank, for future use in meditation, in writing, sermon-making, speaking, cut out as you go along. Let the real value of the paper be indicated by the number of holes in it when you are done.

There is but one suggestion more to finish this article; which, by its length may forfeit a place in any scrap-book, if indeed it ever sees daylight on the printed page. This closing suggestion is that clippings should be rigidly classified. Mr. Moody tells us that he keeps a number of envelopes marked for scraps on certain subjects, and puts all selections into the envelopes marked, respectively, for them. Thus he is all the while preparing his sermons. In the scrap-book, let pages be marked, with as many distinct headings as there are subjects on which the selections are made, and place each scrap under its appropriate heading. Thus an almost countless literary treasure will be amassed, and in some emergency, when in haste you desire some choice thing you saw once in a newspaper, instead of worrying to no purpose, you escape the worry, and in a moment put your hand upon the very waif that meets your emergency. Many a time you will have occasion to say, "How glad I am that I have kept a scrap-book."—Selected.

THE JAPANESE.—The Japanese are a mixed race, formed mainly by the amalgamation of two distinct stocks; one of which, styled by Mr. Griffiths, the Yamato, from a province of that name in Central Hondu, came apparently from the south, and long before the Christian era, were in possession of the southern islands, from which they set out for the conquest of Hondu, which, with Zezo, was peopled by a race contemptuously styled *ebisu*, or "barbarians," who had descended from the north-east of Asia, and are identified with the Ainos, a remnant of which are still found unmixed in Zezo, and are occasionally to be met with in the capital. Mr. Griffiths gives a characteristic portrait of one of these. The complexion is a dark brown; the eyes not set obliquely; the nose low, with rounded lobes; the mouth large; the hair black and abundant, clipped short in front, but falling in abundant masses over the back and shoulders; the beard and mustaches unusually long and thick. They are emphatically a hairy race, the entire body of the males being sometimes covered with a fell of hair an inch long. The Ainos are the stock upon which the other races have been grafted, and whose language forms the basis of Japanese of to-day, compelling the numerous words which have been adopted from the Chinese to conform to its own laws of construction, somewhat as the Saxon masters the Latin element of the English language. "The Japanese vocabulary," says Dr. Hepburn, "has been greatly enlarged and enriched by the introduction of Chinese words, all taken from the written language, and not from the colloquial, which has never been spoken in Japan. So extensively have these words been introduced that for almost every native word the Japanese have an equivalent Chinese word. But in common usage the names of things, family relationships, and the words which express the wants, feelings, and concerns of everyday life, are for the most part native words, while the technical, philosophical, and scientific terms are Chinese."

The distinctive types of the two races are still apparent among the Japanese. In the upper classes we see the fine, long, oval face, with prominent, well-defined features, deeply sunk eye-sockets, oblique eyes, long, drooping elevated and arched eyebrows, high narrow forehead, round nose, but like mouth, and pointed chin; contrasting strongly with the round, flattened face, less oblique eyes almost level with the cheeks, and straight noses, expanded and turned up at the roots, which prevail among the agricultural and labouring classes.—A. E. GUERNEY, in Harper's Magazine for September.

If a refiner can from his gold, silver, iron and tin, bring each metal apart and pure by itself—though the flesh of man be mixed among a thousand worms, cannot God bring the flesh again by His power.—Love.

A SYRIAN convert to christianity was urged by his employer to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, "does not the Master say that if a man has an ox or an ass that falls into a pit on the Sabbath day he may pull it out?" "Yes," answered Hayhop, "but if the ass has a habit of falling into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should either fill up the pit or sell that ass."

If a reflective, aged man, were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain for fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits and reciting *verbatim* many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would lose the assurance of his identity under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name.—Foster.

British American Presbyterian,

102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

FOR TERMS, ETC., SEE EIGHTH PAGE. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Editor and Proprietor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters and articles intended for the next issue should be in the hands of the Editor not later than Tuesday morning. All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.

British American Presbyterian, FRIDAY, AUGUST 25, 1876.

INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE OF PULPITS.

It is neither our purpose nor desire to claim originality in writing upon an Exchange of Pulpits as between the clergymen of America and those of the Mother Country. The idea is so far from new that it is being carried out every year on a somewhat extensive scale.

The very mention of this subject brings up the names of many distinguished ministers whom we have cordially welcomed to our shores. The Rev. A. N. Somerville is a present and forcible example of what we mean, though this gentleman is not here in the character of an exchange.

Then how many men we would like to see in our midst, if but for a brief season. In the place of Guthrie, Candlish, Macleod, Eadie, and many others who have given distinction to the Scottish Pulpit, but who are no longer with us, there are the young lights, such as Black, Smith, MacMillan, of the Free Church; Caird, MacGregor, Lang, Wallace, the Macleods, Burns, of the Established Church; Cairns, Calderwood, McEwan, Harvey, and many others of the United Presbyterian Church; Cumming, Dykes, Frazer, Edmund, and a host of ministers besides in England, not to speak of many eminent divines in Ireland.

Several of these have already been with us, and we know what they are. Their memory is blessed. Let us hope to see with us again these and many other equally distinguished men, and we have no reason to fear that our people will ever grow weary of such a superior kind of Reciprocity Treaty.

But this is not exactly what we are aiming at. The ministers as a body in the mother country, and belonging to the several denominations that are usually considered as confederate, are superior men. They are as a rule faithful expounders of Scripture, active in every work of benevolence, and interested in everything that affects the welfare of the people.

such is the extent of our country, such is its annual increase, the prospect of future development is so great, that there is room for all good and true workers who may come over to help us. We perceive with pleasure that a church in Montreal has succeeded in thus obtaining a minister from England. It was in this way that Drs. Hall, Taylor, Ormiston, Inglis, and many others were secured by the New York and Brooklyn congregations.

We call attention to advertisement in another page, relating to the opening for a teacher for the Presbyterian Mission School, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. The salary is \$700 per annum, and free house.

We learn that the final meeting of the Accommodation Committee, in connection with the late General Assembly, was held lately in Dr. Reid's office. It was foreshadowed at one time, in consequence of the largeness of the Assembly and the length of time during which its sittings were continued, that the pecuniary liabilities of the Committee would be large, and accordingly the right was given to draw on the Assembly Fund up to \$600. It is pleasant to have to state that members of the Church in Toronto, who were unable to entertain in their homes delegates to the Assembly, put into the hands of the Committee so many and so considerable sums that the whole amount to be taken from the Assembly Fund does not exceed \$870.

OBITUARY.

In thus announcing the death of the dearly-beloved wife of the Rev. Isaac Campbell, at the early age of 23 years, there is a sadness to the writer as well as to the bereaved husband and relatives. It is always painful to chronicle the decease of loved ones, but this is more especially so when they are called away in the prime of youth, when everything promises fair for a long and useful life.

Through an illness of over two months she manifested the most lovely Christian disposition. Although fully persuaded that she was about to be called home, as she termed it, not a murmur was heard from her, and when she saw her end approaching, she cheerfully said: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." About two months ago she was taken ill with gastritis, which proved so obstinate that medical skill could not abate its effects.

Ministers and Churches.

THE congregation at Kirkwall, wishing to give tangible form to their sympathy for their esteemed pastor, Rev. Isaac Campbell, in his sore bereavement, forwarded to him at Peterborough a very kind and sympathizing letter, and on the next day a similar one containing a cheque on the bank for \$140.

At an adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of Manitoba, held on the 9th inst. in Knox Church, Winnipeg, Mr. J. S. Stewart was examined and ordained. He was licensed by the Presbytery about a year ago, and since that time has labored within the bounds of the Presbytery. At the ordination the Moderator, Prof. Hart, presided. Dr. Black preached and addressed the minister, and Mr. Robertson the congregation present.

Book Reviews.

AN OUTLINE OF THE HISTORICAL EVIDENCE OF THE TRUTH OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By Alexander Macknight, Professor of Theology, Halifax, Nova Scotia. A. & W. Mackinlay, Halifax, N. S.

We are not aware that the "Historical Evidence" has hitherto been presented to the public in a pamphlet of seventy-seven pages at the low price of twenty-five cents, post paid. In this way Professor Macknight's little work has taken possession of ground previously unoccupied; but brevity and cheapness are far from being its only recommendations. It is not by the omission of matter that brevity has been secured.

This is just the thought that floats through the mind of a candid reader as he follows the author's reasoning throughout the book, but especially in the last five chapters although an ordinary reader could never have expressed it in eighteen words. Belief in Christianity is reasonable; the unbeliever is more credulous than the believer; and, certainly, the infidel or the sceptic, who rises from the perusal of this little treatise, an infidel or a sceptic still, must cling to his own creed (whether that creed be positive or merely negative) with a blind faith which deprives him of all claim to be regarded as exercising free thought, and earns for him the name of fanatic and bigot, which he is so ready to hurl at others.

We quote two paragraphs from the first, or "introductory" chapter; one to show why the book appears on its present plan, and why it appears at all; and another to state the question to be discussed.

"However, the inductive fashion reigns, and we may as well submit to it, whether we altogether approve or not; just as a sensible man conforms to the head-gear of his contemporaries, though, had the question been an open one, he might have preferred a cocked hat for picturesqueness, or a tarboosh for comfort. This is one reason why the historical evidence of the truth of Christianity requires re-statement in our day. The old chronological method, beginning with the state of the world nineteen centuries ago, is distasteful to modern savants. The evidence must be presented in terms and after a method adapted to the scientific habits of the age.

"We begin, then, with affirming the existence of Christendom—a fact as incontrovertible as the existence of the coal measures or of the old red sandstone. And the question we propose for consideration is: How is that fact to be accounted for? What is the origin of the Christian religion? Is it from heaven or of men?"

In answering this question the author shows, by copious extracts from the Christian Fathers and from Pliny, "that Christianity is substantially the same religion as it was seventeen centuries ago;" and then he traces it "through the scanty remains of primitive antiquity to the time of its origin."

Hallucination, imposture, Our author disposes of these modes of solution, one by one, in a most satisfactory manner; shows that every one of them calls for "assumptions and explanations that are more incredible than revelation, or incarnation, or miracle;" demonstrates the absurdity of Volney; proves himself much more than a match for the shrewdness of Strauss; and exposes the silliness of Renan. Chapter XVI. treats of the possibility of miracles; XVII, the credibility of miracles; XVIII, The connection between Miracles and Doctrine; XIX, Conclusion.

We have no doubt that the very few typographical errors will be corrected in a new edition; and we would suggest that although paper covers are good enough for the flying literature of the day, which is merely read and thrown aside, such a book as this, in order to occupy the position for which it is otherwise well qualified as a *vade mecum* to the student of Divinity (professional or not) ought to be well and strongly bound.

ZION CHURCH PULPIT: Vol. 2, No. 7, July 1876.

These two Sermons of Dr. Cochrane's, entitled "Sentimental Religion," and "The Father's Love," are fully up to the standard. They are polished, plain, and evangelical. The monthly numbers of this publication are sold at 10 cents, and the yearly volume at one dollar. The publishers are Mr. Jno. Sutherland, Brantford, and Messrs. Adam Stevenson & Co., Toronto.

THE QUARTERLY: A PERIODICAL CONNECTED WITH THE HAMILTON COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. July, 1876.

As the work of a batch of editors and sub-editors, who are probably not far into their teens, this magazine is exceedingly creditable. The present number contains quite a variety of interesting matter. At present we have only time to notice a translation of a "Bear Story" from Victor Hugo. We do not know whether it is a good translation or not, because (without mentioning other reasons) we have not the original to compare it with; but it is an excellent English composition. Lawrence Sterne could not write better English; even when writing not the thoughts of another, but his own. We hope the youthful editors will go on and prosper. As a preparatory training for whatever sphere of intellectual effort they may afterwards enter upon, we do not know a better exercise.

Concert for Prayer.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN. Sir,—The following letter was recently addressed by one minister to another, and is now made public in the hope that its object may thereby be greatly furthered. All will acknowledge the need of such an outpouring of God's Spirit as is sought. The want of rain after the prolonged drought of the present season could not be more evident. May God give us a deeper sense of our great need, and lead us to put Him in remembrance of His promises, and cry mightily for their fulfilment, and "give him no rest" till it be obtained. Were this the manner of our prayers, the answer would soon come. And have we not already, for our encouragement, given to us gracious droppings in many parts of the field, which seem to foretoken a plentiful rain. Let our prayers unite to draw the blessing down. W. M. R.

MY DEAR SIR,—A few of the ministers of our Church have for some time joined together in a union for prayer. The hour of eight on Saturday evening has been fixed. Each one has agreed, at that hour, to set apart a portion of the whole of the hour between eight and nine, for prayer—of course private—for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the congregations, as well as ourselves, having on each Saturday evening a more special reference to the work of the following Sabbath.

The subject was mentioned during the sitting of Assembly, at one of the morning prayer-meetings in Bay St. Church, at which you were not present.

Do you approve? and are you willing to join? If so, will you be so kind as to communicate with any of your friends you think might be disposed to join too?

"If two of you shall agree on earth touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven."

Hoping you may feel free to unite, I am, my dear sir, Yours in the Lord, R—G—

On Singing.

In his Yale lecture, Dr. Taylor speaks as follows of congregational singing:

"Stick to the tunes that go well in the great congregation. Thus only can enthusiasm for singing be developed. I would always read the hymn appreciatively and distinctly, and then sing with the congregation. Do not allow the bringing up of notices at that time; singing should be disturbed no more than prayer. The last hymn should gather up into it all the inspiration of the occasion. If that drags, you may generally conclude that you have failed in your sermon."

Some of these are good suggestions, and among them that one relating to order and reverence during the singing is particularly valuable. With many persons the idea seems to prevail that singing is only engaged in for the purpose of filling up, and giving people an opportunity to get ready for the other services, or discreetly to get out of the house. It is a time for making fires, for fixing windows, for consultations, and for doing up all the spiritual chores and errands which are considered necessary as a preparation for what are regarded as the real services. The result of it all is that the singing loses its high character of devotion, and is degraded into a position of form and accompaniment in which there is but little spiritual pleasure and profit.

Presentation to Rev. J. A. G. Calder, Orono.

At a meeting held in the Presbyterian Church in this place on Wednesday evening, August 9th, the temperance people of the township of Clarke presented the Rev. J. A. G. Calder, who has resigned the pastorate of the church here, with a purse of \$250, and the following address which was read by J. R. Anderson, Esq., of Kendall. To the Rev. J. A. G. Calder:

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—The temperance people of Clarke having learned that you have resigned the pastorate of this church and are about to remove from this place, cannot allow you to go without conveying to you our sincere regret at your removal. We are not among those who believe that this age furnishes no moral heroes. The number of those who not from principle is not as great as it should be, and yet as opportunities present themselves, men, good and true, come forward and take the lead in great moral and social reforms, such as the one in which we have been engaged. In the face of opposition, and often at considerable personal sacrifice, they perseveringly pursue the course which their conscience approves. Your own action amongst us for some time past confirms us in the opinion that the moral heroes are not all dead. The martyr spirit still lives. Regardless of the opposition you have met, of the persecution you have endured, and of the base calumnies that have been uttered, you have continued to denounce as a great and growing evil the sale and use of intoxicating drinks, and have followed up that denunciation by active efforts to lessen the evil in every possible way. But if the martyr spirit still lives, the spirit of the persecutor lives also, and by your faithfulness you have brought down upon your head the hate and malice of disappointed office-seekers, and of those who desire to perpetuate the drinking customs of the day. True the form of persecution has changed. Fire and fagot and the stake, have made way for misrepresentation and falsehood and abuse that only the emissaries of Satan could employ to gain their ends. Notwithstanding all this you have not been turned aside, but have shown your heart to be fully in the work, neither allowing considerations of personal ease, worldly prospects, or ecclesiastical position to deter you in the prosecution of this work. As a watchman on the walls of Zion you have faithfully raised a warning voice against this evil. Publicly and privately you have used your influence to guide the erring, to strengthen and encourage the weak, and to lead all with whom you came in contact to live sober, virtuous, godly lives. We are here to-night, dear sir, to do honour to you on account of your faithfulness. We appreciate your manly conduct in the cause of right, and heartily thank you for the noble and aggressive stand you have taken. You have been a rallying point in the past, and we trust that your example will not be lost upon us who are left. May it live in our hearts, and prove an incentive to more determined action in the future. As a further proof of our thankfulness, and an outward sign of our appreciation of your labours, and sympathy with you in your trials, we would present you with this purse, not of great value in itself, but valuable as an expression of the esteem in which you are held by us. We trust soon to hear of your induction into a new field of labour, and we feel assured that the same faithfulness in commendation of right and denunciation of wrong will characterize your labours in the future as in the past. We trust that you with many of us may live to see the day when old King Alcohol will be driven from his last stronghold, and the iron heel of the law placed on the monster's neck, when we may be allowed to sing the song of victory on the last battle-field, the burden of whose chorus shall be "a world free from the thralldom of drink." It is the fervent prayer of our hearts that He who neither slumbers nor sleeps may watch over you and yours. May He continue to be your guide and counsellor, leading you in green pastures and by still waters, and when your pilgrimage on earth closes, may an entrance be ministered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—J. R. ANDERSON, on behalf of the temperance community.

Mr. Calder in reply to the address spoke for nearly an hour, and was listened to by the large audience with marked attention. He referred to the growth of temperance sentiment in the township as the result of the agitation during the past two years; to the number who had been induced to give up the use of liquor as a beverage, and the lessening of the number of places where liquor is sold; the number having been reduced more than one half during the past year. He spoke of the discouragements that had attended our efforts in the past, and of the encouraging signs of the present, and exhorted all to persevere in the work so well begun. Mr. Calder has been a fearless and unflinching advocate of total abstinence principles, and the leader of almost every movement against the enemy. He saw clearly the power Municipal Councilors could exercise either for good or ill on this question, and endeavoured to secure, with a good measure of success, a change in the composition of the Council Board. He has been most bitterly maligned by some who were affected by his efforts in this direction, and also by those engaged in the sale and use of intoxicating drinks. His many friends regret very much his removal from this locality. Addresses were also given by the Revs. Messrs. Miller and Horton, of Orono; Addison, of Newcastle; J. B. Fairbairn, Esq., of Bowmanville; and H. Bellamy of Brockville. Music by the Kendall choir.—Cox.

KINGDOM OF PEACE.—One of Caesar's captains solicited for him of the senators of Rome an extension of his government, but was denied. Grasping his sword, Caesar said, "Since you will not grant it to me, this shall give it to me." Pompey's answer to the citizens of Messana was, "What I do you prattle to us of your law that have swords by our sides?" Mohammed dissolved all argument by the sword; but the scepter of Christ's kingdom is not a sword of steel, but of the spirit.—Spencer.

Sermon on the Transfiguration.

(Continued.)

It is characteristic of Peter that he can speak at such a moment as this. James and John were of a different mould, and were too deeply impressed by the Transfiguration glory to think of uttering a single word. Thus was Peter all through his career—forward, impulsive, ever the first to break the silence with his tongue. Who was the foremost to confess that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God, without thinking on the full meaning of his words; which of the disciples rebuked the Master as he prophesied of His death at Jerusalem? Was it not Peter? and it was Peter, when Christ came to the disciples walking on the sea, who asked to be permitted to walk also. It was the same disciple who made the strongest protestation that he would follow Christ to the bitter end. It is true that St. Mark and St. Luke state that on the occasion of the Transfiguration scene Peter did not know what he said. He is, therefore, a fit type of all those who speak without thinking, who must always be talking, and who do not know what reverential silence means. And yet his words had surely some intention in them. What did he say? "Then answered Peter, and said unto Jesus, Lord, it is good for us to be here; if Thou wilt let us make here three tabernacles; one for Thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." He wanted an impossibility,—that this scene should last forever, that Christ should continue always in this Transfiguration glory, and there was the mistake that such glorified beings required for this purpose the ordinary dwellings of men, such as tents or tabernacles. The Transfiguration was not intended to last forever. It was a single event, given for the purpose of confirming the disciples' faith, and of strengthening the Lord Himself. It would have unfitted these disciples for taking part in the affairs of the world. As it was, it was an earnest of the glory that was reserved for Christ after his redemption work was finished. It was a revelation to these disciples of the majesty of Him whom they were permitted to serve, before he would come to the last act of his life's drama, and put off his divinity that he might stoop to shame and death. It was also an interpretation of that death which they would afterwards remember when their Lord had risen to His everlasting glory, of which the Transfiguration was a symbol and foretaste. To have stayed on the mount and been made spectators of a whole panorama of transfigurations, would have demanded an unworkable number of miracles which would have answered no real good purpose. Besides, there was selfishness in the request. Peter thought not of the disciples who were left behind. He did not reflect upon the wonderful hold Christ had on men's hearts, and upon the continued benefaction he was to the world's sufferers. He did not realize that Christ had a mission, and that mission was to be fulfilled not on the mountain tops, but on the lowly plains and the crowded thoroughfares where men dwell. He was the kind and good physician who must be amongst His patients. He was the teacher who must be surrounded by listeners. He came to this world not for the glorification of Peter, but for the salvation of sinners. Peter's latent thought was for himself, as it was all along, as it was when he desired to walk on the water, and when he too rashly vowed he would not deny his Master. There is a valuable lesson read to us here. When we are enjoying the calm and rest of our transfiguration mount, the holy Sabbath day, when our souls are borne upwards with the inspirations of God's house, when we feel that God's house is a banqueting chamber, and that "in this mountain the Lord of hosts makes a feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined," we are apt to say let us make here our tabernacles for a perpetual residence. We think how much better it would be to be exercised uninterruptedly with spiritual things. We would pray always. We would be always singing. It would be a constant communion of the saints. Men have tried this on a small scale, and as individuals, and have failed. Men have tried it on a large scale, and as communities, such as the monks, and have failed. If the Church could be made a perpetual dwelling-house, there would be no need of heaven. The services of God's house are intended for rest and refreshment, and to fit us for the practical duties of life. We must go down from the mount of ordinances to our homes and stores and factories, the mother to her routine cares, the child to his tasks, the husband to the sweat and toil of life. What a blessing indeed the Sabbath! but it would be without meaning were there not the six days of toil. What a happiness the Church, but it would pall upon our dull spiritual senses were we not obliged to earn our bread. We are to sing and pray that we may work all the better for it. And we have to remember that while we might be standing on the mount, what of our brothers and sisters toiling below. We must go out from the church that we may bring others in. We must leave our pews and do as Andrew did—bring his brother unto Christ. We must leave our home in the Church, and take our journey, that like the good Samaritan we may be in the way of doing good, of helping the feeble, soothing the suffering, and throwing our arms around the dying.

Lord said unto Moses, "I come unto thee in a thick cloud." The prophet Isaiah says, "The Lord rideth on a thick cloud. And the Saviour in referring to His second coming, declares that the Son of Man shall be seen coming in a cloud." God thus veiled himself, because no sinful man could look on His face and live. Behind that cloud all that was divine in Christ merged into the divinity of the Father, and they were one, as they had been from all eternity, and as they would continue to be, after the sacrifice of the cross was accomplished. It was a sight which these three witnesses could not have beheld and lived. It is the glorious spectacle which is reserved for God's children in heaven, when they shall be like God and see Him as He is. But while God cannot show Himself to fleshly creatures, He can make Himself heard. He spoke to Adam in paradise. He gave special directions to Abraham. He addressed Moses from the midst of the burning bush. He imparted to him the two tables of commandments. He broke the silence of the heavens at the baptism of our Lord, saying, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." In almost the same words God now addressed these disciples, adding "hear ye him," that is, listen to my son's instructions. Be obedient to His commandments. Follow Him. Be His witnesses. We may explain the voice of God speaking to men in either of two ways. Either, first, as God expressing Himself by means of articulate sound, or as God teaching us His thoughts through our consciousness. If the latter, the impression is so vivid to those who are accustomed to employ speech and language that we think it is a voice speaking to us. I am sure some of us have felt at times as though God were calling to us. In the silence of the night as we lie awake thinking of God, of heaven, and eternity, who has not felt as though some one were speaking. We are sometimes startled by apparent sounds which we afterwards are convinced were but the fancies of the mind. In reading the works of some well known preacher, I seem to hear his voice as a distinct aural sensation. Let the words of some well-known hymn come into your mind, and the tune to which it is sung will seem as the sounding in your ear. God is speaking to us every day, and some of us are so constituted that we cannot help thinking that we hear his voice. But while this is true, and while this theory does not in the least militate against the Scriptural statement that a voice was heard, it is obvious to remark that there is no well-known reason why God may not speak to men, as they speak to one another. He commands the lightning and thunder. He created the air by which sound is conducted. He constructed that most mysterious organ the ear, and adapted it to the atmosphere. He made the voice, and gave to it all its wonderful variety of tones. And can He not speak, who made His creatures speak? These words of the Father, "This is my beloved Son," gives meaning to the whole scene. It is a second declaration of the Sonship, and spoken to these three that in aftertimes they might be impressed by it, and that they might be able to interpret to others the meaning of his death. But for the voice the vision might have faded from their minds. The words fixed upon them the transfiguration scene. These words were instructive—revealing to them the mystery of the incarnation—preparing them for the reception of the Gospel of Christ, and giving them vantage ground as preachers of that Gospel.

But the immediate effect of the voice was that the disciples fell on their faces and were sore afraid. How true this is to human nature.—Men are more affected by sounds than by sights. Peter was silent enough now, though he was not restrained by reverence from breaking in upon the grandeur of the transfiguration scene by unseasonable words. He could not have spoken any more. They fell on their faces—surely a becoming attitude for humble and sinful men. They were sore afraid, because of an experience so unwonted. And yet they had stood beside Christ as he turned the water into wine, as he raised the dead, as he fed the multitudes, and had no fear. Long would they have lain on the ground had not Jesus come and touched them, and said, "Arise, and be not afraid." It is the same gentle companion that speaks now as spoke to them all the time. It is the same loving friend. It is He who strengthens and comforts them in the midst of their fears. It was He who rose up in the majesty of His strength and rebuked the winds of the sea. It was He who came walking down the boisterous wave, and saying "Be not afraid. It is I." It was He who promised them where two or three would be gathered together in His name, He would be with them. It was He who said, before He ascended up on high, "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world." And it is this Jesus who comes to us now in our sorrows, and says, "Arise, and be not afraid." Let us keep in mind that His promise is to be with us in all circumstances, and that in faith of this we, with the apostle Paul, may be able to say, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Thoughts, and maybe some of you have been looking up into other scenes, of which this Church and its services are emblematical—perhaps God has spoken to you from out of his cloud! And in a few moments more this congregation shall have parted—these sounds of music shall have fled away—the vision of the glorified beings who sing round the throne of God, will have gone—the ladder we have seen going up from this altar to the throne of Heaven, on which we beheld angels ascending and descending, will have disappeared, and well for us if, when we lift up our eyes, we see no man, save Jesus only. I never realized this feeling more than when I stood on the stage of the Academy of Music, at the great meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, and saw a thousand persons before me on the platform, and thousands more crowding that beautiful building from floor to ceiling. The sight to me was overwhelming. To listen to that vast multitude singing, "All hail the power of Jesus's name," to watch countless glistening eyes, and in the midst of silences that grew out of thoroughly earnest appeals to the conscience to the very beating of thousands of human hearts, to hear speaker after speaker extolling the Saviour's name, to observe and feel the assemblage as they bowed in prayer to God. All this, I felt was a transfiguration scene. But when all was over, I waited till the seats were emptied, till the speakers on the platform had gone, till the brilliant lights were lowered down to the very border land of darkness, and then these words came into my mind, "And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man save Jesus only."

hand, there is the large lecture hall, and on the other a flight of steps which lead at once to the middle floor; while underneath there are low, vault-like chambers, some of which are used as class-rooms for beginners. Facing the entrance, at the top of the steps, there is a large room suited for gallery exercises; and beyond this, on either hand, stretch long, wide corridors, with rows of open windows, all which the class-rooms for the school division range. On the upper floor, similar class-rooms are arranged for the college and higher school; and over the gallery stands an library, a noble, lofty room, lined with books, and ornamented by a few pictures, the chief being portraits of the missionaries who formerly taught here. It is spacious and airy, and wonderfully cool, though the indispensable punkah is nowhere to be seen except in the library. All the pupils are dressed in white, the young men generally being wrapped in fine soft muslin. There are no turbans and head gear, as in the other presbyteries. All have bare heads and close-cropped hair, like English lads; and most wear shoes and stockings. One thing very observable is the entire absence of all idolatrous marks on the forehead or persons of the pupils. Orthodox Hindus, as a rule, when they perform their morning ablutions, put on some mark on the forehead, arm, or breast in white paint or red, in lines or in dots, according to the ceremony they have been performing, or the god they worship. But not one of the lads I saw in the institution showed any such idolatrous sign; a most significant and encouraging fact.

Chautauqua Sunday School Assembly.

The interest with which the Assembly opened has not flagged in the least. A Centennial spirit has seemed to take possession of Christian minds represented here, demanding higher standards of teaching. The work is not confined to any narrow channel, nor is it bounded by sectarian limits. All unite in the conviction that the church of Christ must be awakened by the necessities of the hour, which strongly indicate that as Christian workers our highest education must be in the Holy Scriptures—the real foundation of all our national greatness.

"Dr. Duff's School."

A book about India* has just been published, which will be read, particularly at the present time, with the greatest interest. It consists of Sketches of Life and Travel, taken from her letters and journals, by Mrs. Murray Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell has an observant eye, and a heart in the right place; and her description of the country and people, and of the Christian work carried on in it, are most graphic and spirit-stirring. As a sample we give her account of a visit to what the natives call "Dr. Duff's school."

Dr. Duff's School.

"We started soon after nine, and drove through the narrow streets as fast as the numerous obstructions would allow. The strange and novel scenes in native life one constantly comes upon in these bazaars have always a fresh interest for me. The streets are sometimes ludicrously narrow, and in one of the narrowest we came to a dead halt behind a long train of bullock-carts laden with jute. The one in front having unluckily lost its wheel, it was capsize right across the road, and formed an impassable barrier to everything that followed. Here was a dilemma, and no doubt a salutary lesson of patience, if Dr. M. could just have spared the time, and was not so particular about being punctual. It was very difficult to watch the apathetic movements of the bullock-men, and to see how coolly they took the whole affair, as they leisurely tied up the broken machine, utterly regardless of our shouts of 'jaldi, jaldi' (quick, quick). At length our eyes managed to induce the weary little beasts to drag their loads to the side, and we got past, but with the loss of nearly half an hour.

* "In India." By Mrs. Murray Mitchell. London and Edinburgh: T. Nelson & Sons.

Choice Literature.

The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE BEGINNING OF AN END. "Dorothy," called Mr. Woodward, at the passage of the study door, "I want you."

"You are crying, Dorothy." He had been thinking of the future also, and building up air-castles just as Dorothy once had built them; but they fell with a crash when he felt the tears upon her cheeks.

through them. I should like to go to heaven," she thought; "it must be so beautiful there. I might just as well die. I'm sure I am of no use to any one."

into the Beauty's blue eyes, though she tried to hide them from her sister. "But I can't bear poverty, and I am not fit for it—it would kill me."

Scientific and Useful. TO BOIL EGGS. Pour boiling water over them till it rises an inch above the eggs. Cover close, and let them stand five minutes.

Enchantment.

The sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be;
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

The Baltimore Oriole.

Cecilia Calvert, second Baron of Baltimore, has a hold upon the recollections of mankind far surpassing that secured by any monument in the noble city which he founded, in the fact that the most charming bird that makes its summer home in the parks of that city bears his name.

Then as now the orioles were among the most beautiful and conspicuous of woodland birds. From their winter retreat under the tropics they return northward as the warm weather advances, arriving in Maryland during the latter part of April, and reaching Central New England by the middle of May.

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Tea Culture in India.

Within the past twenty or twenty-five years, the culture and manufacture of tea has assumed in India a position of great importance. It is indeed about fifty years since the first attempt was made at cultivating tea in India, but for many years little came of it, and India tea was unknown to the foreign markets.

Among the most noted Indian teas are those produced in the valley of Dehra Doon. Having occasion lately to visit our mission there, I accepted the invitation of a friend who is the manager of one of the largest plantations in the Doon, and drove out to his establishment to receive my invitation into the mysteries of tea manufacture.

The tea plant, left to itself, grows to a height of several feet, but for the purpose of tea production, is kept trimmed round to a round, compact bush, not more than three feet in height. There are several varieties of plants yielding tea of slightly different flavors; climate and soil, especially, also modify materially the flavor of the same variety.

All the leaves that are fit for any sort of tea, are plucked together, and immediately thrown into iron pans, over a slow fire, where they remain only until slightly wilted. They are then taken out, and rolled in handfuls over a table of stretched matting, which gives the leaves the twist which is necessary to keep their edges from breaking down into dust in the process of manufacture.

In a modest little plant found growing by the roadside, and known as Smart Weed, or Water Popper, reside medicinal properties of more than ordinary value. In Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smartweed, these wonderful properties are combined with other vegetable extracts of acknowledged virtues in such a manner as to make it a most efficacious remedy for Colic, Cramps, Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera and Colera Morbus.

It will not be necessary to detail the process of making black tea so minutely, except where it differs from the foregoing. On coming from the field, the leaf, if black tea is required, is wilted, not quickly over a fire, as in the case of green tea, but slowly in the sun; it is then rolled thoroughly like the green tea, and thrown into a vat where it is allowed to ferment very slightly for about two hours.

Until the present year the entire annual crop of the plantation we visited, amounting last year to 115,000 pounds of tea, was sold to Afghan merchants from Cabul, who buy for the Central Asian market. These are among the largest customers of the Indian tea market. This year, however, the entire crop is sold to a firm in London, who give from two to three shillings a pound for tea delivered in London.

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fully equals that of the same brand of the best China tea, and we have observed that few who have ever used the Luluau article, care again to use another.—Rev. S. H. Kellogg.

How a Bird Flies.

The most prominent fact about a bird is a faculty in which it differs from every other creature except the bat and insects,—its power of flying. For this purpose the bird's arm ends in only one long slender finger, instead of a full hand. To this are attached the quills and small feathers (coverts) on the upper side, which make up the wing. Observe how light all this is: in the first place, the bones are hollow, then the shafts of the feathers are hollow, and, finally, the feathers themselves are made of the most delicate filaments, interlocking and clinging to one another with little grasping hooks of microscopic fineness.

The leaves . . . Were for the Healing of the Nations.

In a modest little plant found growing by the roadside, and known as Smart Weed, or Water Popper, reside medicinal properties of more than ordinary value. In Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smartweed, these wonderful properties are combined with other vegetable extracts of acknowledged virtues in such a manner as to make it a most efficacious remedy for Colic, Cramps, Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera and Colera Morbus.

No saint can keep long looked up in his heart a strong desire to do good; it will show itself in action.

Special Notices.

A DOCTOR'S OPINION.

Messrs. Craddock & Co., 1082 Race Street, Philadelphia.

You will perhaps remember that I sent for three bottles of East India Hemp about ten years ago, when I had a severe cough, and every one thought I was fast going into consumption, especially as my physician told me I could never get well.

CHINA HALL

The undersigned begs to announce to his customers and the public that having returned from England and the Continent, after purchasing his summer and fall stock of Glass, China, and Earthenware, he is now showing the contents of 10 cases French China in Dinner, Breakfast, and Tea Sets, 30 cases English China Breakfast and Tea Sets, Dinner and Dessert Sets, and a large assortment of Bedroom Ware.

GLOVER HARRISON IMPORTER.

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Buy and sell Stocks, Debentures, &c. Most Impagos and Loans negotiated.

ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS, FOR THE CURE OF Hepatitis or Liver Complaint, DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

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.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine.

Address all orders to FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA.

P. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write their orders distinctly, and take note that Dr. C. McLane's, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. C. McLane's Vermifuge

It will be kept in every nursery. If you would have your children free from the icky, nervous, and nervous fits and worms, give them a few doses of McLANE'S VERMIFUGE, TO EXPEL THE WORMS.



EFFECTUALLY DESTROYS TICKS

penetrating to the vermin in all grades of development, exterminating them, and restoring and improving the growth and quality of the wool.

CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY.

LITTLEFIELD & CO., PROPRIETORS. CATARRH

Cannot be cured by snuffs, washes or local applications. It is a weakness of the constitution, developing itself in the nasal organs first, afterwards extending to the throat and lungs, ending generally in Consumption, if not checked by proper remedies.

NERVOUSNESS.

DR. CULERER'S Specific or French Remedy, for Nervous Debility, etc., attended with any of the following symptoms: Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Loss of Sleep, Fatigue, and Nervousness.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

CURE OF EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS, BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will do well to try Hance's Epileptic Pills, as they are the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 25th, 1857. Dear Sir, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills, as I was afflicted with Epilepsy in July, 1856, immediately after the death of my father, and he could give me no relief. I then consulted several physicians, who seemed to do but little good.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?

The answer will answer. The answer will answer. The answer will answer. The answer will answer. The answer will answer.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS, BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

MONROEVILLE, Texas, June 20th, 1857. Dear Sir, I have been afflicted with Epilepsy for thirteen years; I had several attacks of it, and it was very distressing to me.

STILL ANOTHER CURE.

Read the following testimonial from a respectable citizen of Grenada, Guiana, etc. Dear Sir, I take great pleasure in relating a case of Epilepsy, cured by Hance's Epileptic Pills.

J. BRUCE & CO. Artists and Photographers, 118 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

Operating done by Mr BRUCE, so well known as Chief Operator and Manager at Notman's for the past six years.

D'ARY'S Curative Galvanic Belts, Bands AND INSOLES.

are made on the most approved scientific principles, and will certainly cure all diseases of the sexual organs, nervous disorder,

D. S. KEITH & CO., LUMBERS, GAS & STEAM FITTERS BRASS FOUNDERS AND FINISHERS.

PETROLEUM GAS WORKS Engineers and Plumbers' Brass Work, etc.

CANADA STAINED GLASS WORKS, ESTABLISHED 1856.

DECALCOMANIE or TRANSFER PICTURES with look of the original, and beautiful art, sent post-paid for 10 cents.

WANTED.—Men and Women out of Work to be employed in the following inducements: Agents on the 6th column family and religious papers.

Extremes Meet.

If there are any individuals living on this world of ours who have made so little observation of human nature, as still to be ignorant that extremes are very apt to meet, as well in religion as in any thing else, another instance is just now being added to the long list that might have been quoted in support of the statement we advanced some time ago; and it must not be allowed to pass without a word or two of remark. It is, indeed, an instance of so glaring a character, that, notwithstanding the repeated instances which we have heretofore met with, of a somewhat similar nature, we were hardly prepared for anything quite so startling. We refer to the sympathy which is just now accorded by religious people—Christians—English and Canadian Christians—to the Mohammedan Turks in the atrocities they have committed, and are still committing, upon an unoffending Christian population—abominations and atrocities, we venture to say, that have found no parallel in countries professing to be civilized, for many a century past, and which were by no means equalled on the memorable night of the capture of Constantinople, on the 29th of May, in the year of grace, 1453. On that occasion, as our great historian remarks: "The wealth of Constantinople had been granted by the Sultan to his victorious troops; and the rapine of an hour is more productive than the industry of years;" deeds of barbarism were committed; outrage and assassination, attended by excessive cruelty, were resorted to; but these criminalities, while of less magnitude than those which have now been witnessed, were regarded as the privilege of the conquerors, while the great majority of recent sufferers were entirely innocent of indulging in what, to some nations of the earth, would be regarded as the luxury of insurrection. When first the English consuls remonstrated with the Turkish authorities, the rumors were said to be exaggerated; and when Mr. Disraeli was questioned on the subject in the House of Commons, the excuse of exaggeration was again repeated. But the most recent and reliable accounts show that the original reports were far below the truth in the number and extent, as well as in the savage abominations which the Moslem population committed upon the Christians. Nor, according to the same most recent and reliable accounts, is it true that the Christians began the atrocities, or that any Christians joined the Mohammedan standard, except a very small proportion of those who were in absolute want, and resorted to it for relief. The account taken to England by a traveller who says a Bulgarian showed him a number of heads of Turks, whom he boasted he had slain, may be dismissed, with the contempt it deserves, by those who know that the Bulgarians are notoriously plodding, sluggish, and absolutely incapable of being roused to avenge their wrongs, or to assert their rights, as Christians and as men. If it occurred at all, it must have been entirely exceptional.

And yet with these facts, and a multitude more of a similar character, the Ultramontane Romanists blame the Christians, and give their sympathy to Turkey. Of course they hate the Greek Church and every member of it, and rather than that more primitive form of Christianity should rise from the depression and degradation to which it has been subjected, and rather than see the Patriarch of the East ascend his ancient seat in the Temple of St. Sophia, and eclipse his brother of the West, the Bishop of Rome and his most ardent supporters would prefer to hold out the olive branch of peace to the successor of Mohammed, and rejoice in the continuance of a savage Moslem barbarism, on some of the finest and the loveliest tracts of the earth's surface. At Rome, the Pope and the Sultan appear to be on the best terms; and the Journal des Debats, commenting on the fact, remarks:—"The Court of Rome would rather treat with Mohammed than with Photius—with the Sultan than the Czar."

Being tolerably well aware of the fact that the morality of Rome, by her own confession, rises no higher than the principle that the end sanctifies the means, we are not so very much surprised to find the natural antipathy of the Romanist and the Mohammedan reduced to a minimum in the presence of the common foe—the Greek Christian—who simply as being a Christian, is foe to the Turk; and is foe to the Romanist, because he will not bow down to the Roman Pontiff; and also because in the renovation of the Turkish Empire the Faith of the East would again resuscitate, and still further diminish the authority of his own.

surely no one will have the hardihood to deny it. The periodical literature of the hour teems with the proofs of it; and the cause is not very difficult to find. The Eastern Church, though in several respects more thoroughly Protestant than our own, yet bears its unfinishing, its ineffaceable testimony to historical Christianity—to the necessary historical connection, that is, between the Church founded by Christ's own person when on earth, and the legitimate Christian Church of the present day. Or it may be because the Turk is an unmitigated Calvinist. But whatever may be the cause, the fact cannot be disputed.

We are glad, however, to find that the whole of the school to which we have referred, is not open to the strictures we have made. A very prominent member of that school, the Earl of Shaftsbury, in a speech he lately made on the subject, says that it is a serious question in his mind whether it is not a disgrace and a shame that we should continue any longer in alliance with such a power as Turkey. And this feeling is by no means confined to the Earl of Shaftsbury; we are rather inclined to think that the voice of the United British Empire will soon be heard, in unmistakable language, on the subject. We willingly quote a few sentences of the Earl's speech, as given in the Guardian. He says:—"I believe every word that was sent by 'our own correspondent,' of the Daily News, and I think you will see that the cautious language of the Blue-Book confirms every syllable of that correspondent. But, then, it is very sad to hear that all these excesses are spoken of by persons in authority as a war between savage races. It is all very well—though the Turk might say, 'Save me from my friends,' at the thought—to save his character at the expense of his civilization. I will leave that consideration to others; but I will come forward and say, Will you have this said as to the Bulgarian population? All that I have learned from books, all that I have seen in letters, all that has been told me by travellers, describes the Bulgarian population as an honest, quiet, industrious, agricultural race, and if there is any doubt about it, there is the testimony of the Blue-Book itself."

He further says:—"We are threatened with the extermination of a noble race; and I confess I think the time has come when all the powers of Europe should rise as one man, and in the name of common humanity, see that this shall not be permitted in their midst, and that Turkey has proved wholly unfit to have any authority over any portion of the human race." We entirely agree with the sentiments expressed by the Earl of Shaftsbury, so contrary to those of many others of the same school as himself—except that we think the time for the interference of Europe, on behalf of the oppressed Christians of both European and Asiatic Turkey, came long ago; and that it is to the eternal disgrace to the whole of Christian Europe, except Russia, Servia and Herzegovina, that that interference has not become an historical fact.—Dominion Churchman.

"I believe every word that was sent by 'our own correspondent,' of the Daily News, and I think you will see that the cautious language of the Blue-Book confirms every syllable of that correspondent. But, then, it is very sad to hear that all these excesses are spoken of by persons in authority as a war between savage races. It is all very well—though the Turk might say, 'Save me from my friends,' at the thought—to save his character at the expense of his civilization. I will leave that consideration to others; but I will come forward and say, Will you have this said as to the Bulgarian population? All that I have learned from books, all that I have seen in letters, all that has been told me by travellers, describes the Bulgarian population as an honest, quiet, industrious, agricultural race, and if there is any doubt about it, there is the testimony of the Blue-Book itself."

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES 25 CENTS. BIRTH. On 18th August, at the manse, East Gloucester, the wife of Rev. H. J. McDermid of a son. DEATH. At the manse, Kirkwall, on the 11th inst. F. A. STRATTON, beloved wife of Rev. Isaac Campbell, aged 23 years.

Official Announcements.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES. OWEN SOUND.—The next meeting of the Presbytery of Owen Sound will be held on the 3rd Tuesday of September, in Division Street Church, Owen Sound. At Cobourg on the 20th September, at 10 a.m. KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, on the second Tuesday of September, at 7.30 p.m. PARIS.—In Knox Church, Ayr, on Tuesday, 19th September, at 2 p.m. BARRIE.—At Barrie, on the last Tuesday of September, at 11 a.m. SAUGHERN.—Special meeting at Clifford, on the first Thursday of September, at 4 p.m. Regular meeting at Durham, on the third Tuesday of September, at 7 p.m. BRUCE.—In Knox Church, Kincardine, on the last Tuesday of September, at 4 p.m. MANITOBA.—At Winnipeg, on the 2nd Wednesday of October. CHATHAM.—In St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, on Tuesday, 20th September, at 11 a.m. HAMILTON.—In the Central Church, Hamilton, on the last Tuesday of September, at 11 o'clock, a.m. LONDON.—Next regular meeting will be held in First Presbyterian Church, London, on last Tuesday of September, at 2 p.m. TORONTO.—In the lecture room of Knox Church, Toronto, on the first Tuesday of September, at 11 a.m. BROCKVILLE.—In First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, on the 3rd Tuesday of September, at 2 o'clock p.m.

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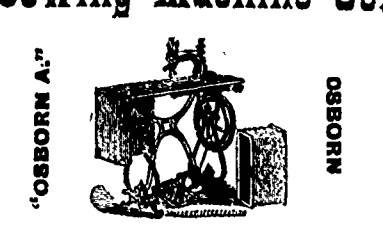
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