

The Christian Guardian.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

VOLUME LV. No. 50.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1884

WHOLE No. 2875.

The Christian Guardian

WHICH ARE NOW INCORPORATED THE CANADIAN
CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, THE CHRISTIAN JOURNAL,
AND THE OBSERVER.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY

FROM THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO,
AT 2 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D., Editor.

REV. S. G. STONE, D.D., Associate Editor.

REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Book-Steward.

ROMANISM AND LIBERTY.

The objects of the Plenary Council can, in the nature of the case, be only partially disclosed, inasmuch as its resolutions must obtain papal sanction in order to be reckoned valid. Virtually the decisions of the Council are but recommendations until they are approved at Rome. Care, however, has been taken to explain that its purposes concern only the internal affairs of the Church, its order and its discipline. Very appropriately the bishops appointed to preach the opening sermons have taken occasion to give their impressions of the condition of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. Archbishop Ryan thus expresses himself: "I believe that she (the Church) never had a grander mission in all her history than she has to-day to the noble, generous, and fair-minded American people. We have grounds of hope that she will be a great conservative power in this young and promising republic, and that the Council that here represents her comes most opportunely in the order of God's providence to sustain it." Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota, presents the Church as the champion of civil liberty. As this is a new role for Rome, it may be well to cite his words: "I lose all patience when I hear prejudice still surviving to the extent to assert that the Catholic Church is not the friend of free institutions. Could her teachings be more explicit? Has her history belied these teachings? The soul, the life of a republic is an intense love of civil liberty. Has not the Church ever labored to create and strengthen this love? And again: 'Her work for liberty, for civilization, for progress, was culminating in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Protestantism appeared on the horizon, and the credit of a long and tedious work of ages has been awarded to the new religion. Protestantism did nothing for liberty.' It introduced into the world no new principle that favored liberty."

These are strong words. We concede, however, all sincerity to Bishop Ireland when he professes devotion to the American republic: we make no question of the loyalty of our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. But the question raised by these two prelates is a question of principles and of one fact of history. Appearing as the apologists for their Church, and wishing as far as possible to conciliate the American people, they claim for it what the facts of history positively deny. The sermons of these two bishops are strange reading when placed alongside of the Papal Syllabus of 1864. Civil liberty consists in the concession to every man of the right to embrace whatever religion he shall believe to be true. Article XV. of the Syllabus denies this right, and asserts virtually that every man must embrace the Roman Catholic faith. Civil liberty consists in the autonomy of the state. Article XXIV. of the Syllabus claims for the Church the use of external force, and of both a direct and indirect temporal power. Civil liberty consists in the supremacy of the state within its own sphere. Article XLII. of the Syllabus asserts the supremacy of ecclesiastical over civil law. Civil liberty consists in the right of the state to separate itself from the Church—meaning thereby the Roman Catholic—should not be separated from the state, or, in other words, the government of the United States ought to profess and maintain the Roman Catholic religion, which is to say, ought to be under the direction of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The denial by Bishop Ireland of all connection between Protestantism and civil liberty is, to put the matter mildly, a piece of extravagance. He can hardly expect Americans to accept such an astounding statement. The liberty which the Roman Catholic Church enjoys in the United States is the product of Protestantism—a liberty which the Church never conceded when possessed of political power. At the time of the Reformation the Church was crushing liberty, and but for the intervention of the reformers would have held the world in bondage until this day. Luther spoke the truth when he said that but for the revival of which he was the leader religion would have become extinct in Germany. Under the inspiration of New Testament Christianity Europe rose to a new life, which has recreated literature and reorganized political society. It is foreign to our purpose to enter into controversy on these points. The most superficial acquaintance with modern history is sufficient for the refutation of these episcopal perversions of plain matters of fact. But they are worth noticing, if only to show that in the pomp and ceremonial of the Plenary Council, the pro-

cessions of mitred bishops and abbots, the music and the incense, we have the same unchangeable Church of Rome whose one claim is that all society, political and religious, shall lie prostrate at her feet.—*Harper's Weekly.*

NO GROUND FOR DESPONDING.

Where the knowledge and the fear of God pervade largely a people, national morality will be as high as it is low where ignorance and unbelief prevail. The history of nations, and of our own nation (England) at different times, demonstrates this. I will quote, not from a theological book, but from Sir Erskine May's "Constitutional History of England," his description of the state of this country in the middle of last century. "Such was the state of society in the early years of the reign of George III., that the vices of the Government received little correction from public opinion. A corrupt system of government represented but too faithfully the prevalent corruption of society. Men of the highest rank openly rioted in drunkenness, gambling, and debauchery; the clergy were indifferent to religion; the middle classes were coarse, ignorant, and sensual; and the lower classes brutalized by neglect, poverty and evil examples. The tastes and habits of the age were low; its moral and intellectual standard was debased. All classes were wanting in refinement, and nearly all in education."

A few years before this Bishop Butler had penned that memorable advertisement prefixed to his "Analogy." "It is come, I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons, that Christianity is not so much as a subject of inquiry; but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious. And accordingly they treat it as if, in the present age, this were an agreed point among all people of discernment; and nothing remained but to set it up as a principal subject of mirth and ridicule, as it were, by way of reprisal for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world."

INTEREST IN MISSIONARY WORK.

Every now and then some one gives directions for exciting an interest in missionary work. One proposes that we study the geography of heathen countries, the dress, the language, manners, and the history of the people, anything that brings the heathen out from the obscurity of the distance and makes us realize that they are men and women like ourselves; another suggests that we should be bold in urging the claims of missions; another that we should put missionary work into everybody's hands. All these directions are good as far as they go, and so it might be said of a bridge that goes half way across a river and then stops. It is good as far as it goes, but because it does not go far enough it is good for nothing. There is one thing alone that will excite an interest in missionary work, and that is love to God.

In primary schools contain enough information with regard to the heathen to arouse the Christian world to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. To people who love the Lord, the simple statement that there are heathen in the world is enough.

Say to the father who has a father's heart, "Your child lies sleeping in your blazing house." Not another word is needed. You do not need to remind him of all that his child is to him; to dwell upon the horror of threatened death. Such talk would be foolishness to him if he heard it. Say to a Christian, "There are heathen in the world," and all the strength there is in him springs into activity. His own heart will paint the condition of the lost with a power that leaves no need of words.

People give their money and their efforts for the things that they love. Look at that Church member who is always ready to spend money for his own pleasure. He gratifies his tastes in his dress, his house, his surroundings, his education. He says that his heart is set upon these things. His false heart is set upon or he would not have them. He cares more for them than he cares for suffering humanity, than he cares for a pure life, than he cares for Christ. Even if he refuses to see in this life, an awful day will yet dawn upon him when he will confess the truth, but he will know also that heaven is lost.

If we wish to excite an interest in missionary work, let us labor to make men pure in heart, and all else will take care of itself.—*Maria Wooster, in The Gospel in All Lands.*

WHERE WHITTIER LIVES.

Mr. Whittier's dwelling in Amesbury is exceedingly simple and exquisitely neat, the exterior of a pale cream color, with many trees and shrubs about it, while within one room opens into another till you reach the study that should be haunted by the echoes of all sweet sounds, for here have been written the most of those verses full of the fitful music

Of winds that out of dreamland blow.
Here, in the proper season, the flames of a cheerful fire dance upon the brass and irons of the open hearth; in the centre of a wall hung with books; water-colors by Harry Fenn and Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter, together with interesting prints hang on the other walls, rivalled, it may be, by the window that looks down on a sunny little orchard, and by the glass-topped door through which you see the green dome of Powow Hill. What worthies have been entertained in this enticing place! Garrison and Phillips and Higginson and Watson and Emerson and Fields and Bayard Taylor and Alice and Phoebe Cary and Gail Hamilton and Anna Dickinson are only a few of the names that one first remembers, to say nothing of countless sweet souls unknown to any other roll of fame than heaven's, who have found the atmosphere there kindred to their own.

The people of Amesbury and of the adjoining villages and towns feel a peculiar ownership of their poet; there is scarcely a legend of all the country round which he has not woven into his song, and the neighborhood feel not only as if Whittier were their poet, but in some way the guardian spirit, the genius of the place. Perhaps in his stern and sweet life he has been so, even as much as his song. "There is no clasp to Mr. Whittier," once said a shopman of whom he had made a small purchase, and there is no doubt that the example would have been contagious if the independent spirit of the poet would ever have permitted it.

These Indian-summer days of the poet's life are spent not all in the places that know him of old. The greater part of the winter is passed in Boston; a share of the summer always goes to the White hills, of which he is passionately fond, and the remainder of the time finds him in the house of his cousins at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, still in his native county of Essex. There is a mansion, with its porches and porticoes and surrounding lawns and groves, which seems meet for a poet's home. It stands in spacious and secluded grounds, shadowed by mighty oaks, and with that woodland character which birds and squirrels and rabbits darting in the checkered sunshine, must always give.

It is the home of culture and refinement, too, and as full of beauty within as without. Here many of the later poems have been sent forth, and here fledglings have the unwarrantable impetuosity to intrude with their callow manuscripts, and here those pests of prominence, the autograph-seekers, send their requests by the thousands. But in the early fall the poet steals quietly back to Amesbury and there awaits election day, a period in which he religiously believes no man has a right to avoid his duty, and of which he still thinks as when he saw—

Along the street
The shadowy meet
Of destiny, whose hands conceal
The motive of fate
That shapes the state,
And make or mar the common weal.

What a life he has to look back upon as he sits with his fame about him—what storms and what delights, what struggle and what victory! With all the deep and wonderful humility of spirit that he bears before God and man, yet it is doubtful if he could find one day in it that he would change, so far as his own sets are concerned. It is certain that no one else could find it. In appearance, Mr. Whittier is as upright in bearing as ever. His eye is as black and burns with as keen a fire as when it flashed over the Concord mob, and sees beauty everywhere as freshly as when he cried with the "Voices of freedom" and sang the "Songs of labor;" and his smile is the same smile that has won the worship of men, and of women, too, for sixty years or over. Now, it is with a sort of tenderness that people speak and think of him whose walk will, perhaps, go but little further with their own; not that they deem such vitality, and power, and spirit can ever cease, but that they are warned of its apothecia, as it were, into loftier regions, where his earthly songs shall be turned to the music of the morning stars as they sing together.—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in the Critic.*

TEACHING LITERATURE.

I am afraid the custom of memorizing choice selections from standard writers has dropped somewhat into disuse in our schools, although it is one we can ill afford to dispense with, yielding as it does an opportunity for voice culture as well as storing the minds of the children with noble thoughts expressed in choicest language. We have the whole book world to choose from, and no teacher, be his literary judgment ever so poor, is likely to go far astray in presenting to his class the matter for memorizing. Give them selections suited to their capacity, and tell them the substance of the remainder of the article chosen; help them to find out when a thought is well expressed, show them that slang is never used by really good writers, teach them to detect anything like looseness of language in themselves or others, suggest the care that is exercised by writers in revising before sending their manuscript from them, thus, by inculcating patience in composition, help them to make the language of literature their own, so that all unconsciously they will adopt it for daily use. The Association will pardon a slight digression here, in order to give a practical illustration of what is meant. A week or two ago, on walking to school in the morning, one of our teachers noticed, as probably we all did, that hedges, fences, everything was covered with ice and the branches of the trees kept up a continuous rattle as they swayed in the wind. Her class had been reading, the day previous, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," a selection familiar to most boys and girls. One line in it, describing the condition of the wrecked vessel, runs thus, "the rattling shrouds all sheathed in ice," and by a very natural association of ideas the lines recurred to her repeatedly, as she walked. Just after opening exercises, the class was asked whether anyone had noticed anything peculiar on the way to school; more than a dozen answered, "The branches of the trees are all ice." "Well," said the teacher, "what then?" "They rattle when the wind blows." "Now," she continued, "they have been reminding me of one line in the 'Wreck of the Hesperus,' can any of you tell me which one?" After a few moments and without any further assistance, two hands went up, and the line was repeated, one boy adding, "it's the rattling trees all sheathed in ice" this morning. The teacher was surprised and pleased particularly at the voluntary adaptation of the words, and this perhaps helped to fix the incident in her memory. It is wonderful with what rapidity these little folk convert abstract notions into everyday realities, and how quickly they familiarize to themselves the names and works of writers until even the teacher feels as if they were personal friends in whom a hearty interest was taken.

Never take a book away from a boy, be it ever so worthless without suggesting, or, if possible, supplying him with a substitute, and do not think a few minutes at recess or noon wasted that is spent in calling him to you and showing him wherein the book is valueless. He will remember your criticisms long after you have forgotten them, and will probably judge the next book he reads by the standard you have set before him. There are some boys in the city who are carrying the names of several books by certain entertaining authors about with them written on a scrap of paper "so's we know what to ask for when any one wants to give us a book." Of course the paper will be destroyed, used as bullets for popguns, or rolled into wads to fire at any offending companion, but the impression will have been made and retained in after years. It is to be hoped, though, that the present possession of the lists, will not suggest the asking, or parents and friends may not grow enthusiastic over the device.

It is only in little ways like these, quietly interwoven in our daily school work, that we can direct to any extent the present and future course of reading our pupils may adopt. No arbitrary rule will effect the desired result, but we are wiser than to attempt any such plan. Steadily and persistently we must work on, filling up each nook and cranny in our boys' minds, leaving no vacant space where dust or refuse may find lodgment, so that when all the varied literature of the present day is open to them, they may find no place for useless or vicious matter.—*From Paper, by Miss Alice Freeman.*

THE SUN'S SUPPLY.

From an illustrated article on "The Sun's Energy," by S. P. Langley, in the *December Century*, we quote the following: "How is this heat maintained? Not by the miracle of a perpetual self-sustained flame, we may be sure. But, then, by what fuel is such a fire fed? There can be no question of simple burning, like that of coal in the grate, for there is no source of supply adequate to the demand. The State of Pennsylvania, for instance, is underlaid by one of the richest coal-fields of the world, capable of supplying the consumption of the whole country at its present rate for more than a thousand years to come. If the source of the solar heat (whatever that is) were withdrawn, and we were enabled to carry this coal there and shoot it into the solar furnace fast enough to keep up the known heat supply, so that the solar radiation would go on at just its actual rate, the time which this coal would last is easily calculable. It would not last days or hours, but the whole of these coal-beds would demonstrably be used up in rather less than one one-thousandth of a second! We find by a similar calculation that if the sun were itself one solid block of coal, it would have burned out to the last cinder in less time than man has certainly been on the earth. But during historic times there has as surely been no noticeable diminution of the sun's heat, for the olive and the vine grow just as they did three thousand years ago, and the hypothesis of an actual burning becomes untenable. It has been supposed by some that meteors striking the solar surface might generate heat by their impact, just as a cannon-ball fired against an armor-plate causes a flash of light, and a heat so sudden and intense as to partly melt the ball at the instant of concussion. This is probably a real source of heat-supply as far as it goes, but it cannot go very far; and, indeed, if our whole world should fall upon the solar surface like an immense projectile, gathering speed as it fell, and finally striking (as it would) with the force due to a rate of over three hundred miles a second, the heat developed would supply the sun for but little more than sixty years."

LEARNING IN THE PULPIT.

A good many who cried out against learning in the pulpit, never stopped to consider whether ignorance was any more acceptable to God.

Fifty years ago Dr. Archibald Alexander wrote as follows: "I know it to be a fact multitudes would walk ten miles to hear a black man who could not read a word, in preference to going to hear the best sermon within a few miles." Others want the learning, although it is beyond them, and have but little respect for the plain preaching of the Gospel.

The gifted Romaine was asked to display a little more learning in the pulpit. The first text after this request, he read in Hebrew, remarking: "I suppose scarcely any one in this congregation understands that." He then read in the Greek, and said, "There may be one or two that understand me now." He then read it in Latin, and said, "Possibly a few more may comprehend me, but the number is still very limited." Then he read it in English, and remarked: "There, now, you all understand me; which do you think is best? I hope always so to preach that the most ignorant person in the congregation may understand me." Even Robert Hall, the famous English divine, was once accosted in the following manner:—"Mr. Hall, this preaching won't do for us; it will only suit a congregation of old women."

It is related of Dr. Archibald Alexander, after he had reached the period of ripe scholarship and great power over his audience, that a man rose and left the church where he was preaching, because he delivered his message in a plain, simple manner. George Herbert, knowing this desire on the part of some of his congregation, preached a very learned sermon, and at its conclusion remarked: "I shall not often preach so learnedly, but shall henceforth strive to save your souls."

In dismissing a minister, it was put upon the record of the ecclesiastical body having jurisdiction in the case, "Rev. Mr. A., in our judgment, has given this church and congregation most fully equal to their digestive powers!"

Said a distinguished Bishop of the English Church, "It takes all our learning to make things plain." Plainness and simplicity are the fruit of learning. Faraday, when lecturing, said he "kept his eye on the dullest

student in the class, and when his face lighted up, he knew that the whole class understood, and that he could proceed." Those who stand highest in any Department of learning are those who can tell in the plainest, simplest language what theories they hold. Fullness, variety, plainness, are the result of learning, and are wonderfully attractive to the multitude. The learning that furnishes these, will give freshness and authority to pulpit utterance, and make the preacher a power in the community.

When the minister does his best to fill his pulpit, the people will come and fill the pews. Guthrie says: "Alas for the day when pulpits are proverbial for dullness, and the greatest of all professions has the smallest men to fill it."

And Baxter bears this testimony: "He is the able, skilful minister, that is best skilled in the art of instructing, convincing, persuading, and, consequently, of winning souls; and that is the best sermon that is best in these."

These utterances are equally worthy the consideration of the pulpit and the pews.—*Rev. Robert H. Williams.*

METHODIST BISHOPS' ADDRESS, 324.

Never was there a period more momentously interesting to our Church than the present. Do we as preachers feel the same child-like spirit which so eminently distinguished our first ministers? Do we come to the people in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace? It is not enough merely to preach the Gospel from a full heart, but to preach it, too, in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. And above all, do we insist on the present witness of the Spirit and entire sanctification through faith in Christ? Are we striving by faith and obedience to elevate our hearts and lives to the standard of Gospel holiness? or are we wishing to have the standard lowered to our unsanctified natures? In short, are we contented to have the doctrine of

CHRISTIAN HOLINESS
an article of our creed only, without becoming experimentally and practically acquainted with it? or are we pressing at it as the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus? If Methodists give up the doctrine of entire sanctification, or suffer it to become a dead letter, we are a fallen people. It is this that lays the axe at the root of the Antinomian tree in all its forms and degrees of growth; it is this that inflames and diffuses life, rouses to action, prompts to perseverance, and urges the soul forward to every holy exercise and every useful work. If the Methodists lose sight of this doctrine, they will fall by their own weight. Their success in gaining numbers will be the cause of their dissolution.

Holiness is the main cord that binds us together. Relax this, and you loosen the whole system. This will appear more evident if we call to mind the original design of Methodism. It was to raise up and preserve a holy people. This was the principal object which Mr. Wesley, who, under God, was the great founder of our order, had in view. To this end all the doctrines believed and preached by the Methodist tend. Whoever supposed, or who that is acquainted with the case can suppose it was designed, and in any of its parts, to secure the applause or popularity of the world, or a numerical increase of worldly or impenitent men? Are there any provisions made for the aggrandizement of our ministers, or the worldly-mindedness of our members? None whatever.

WILLIAM MCKENZIE,
ELIJAH HEDDING,
ENOCH GEORGE,
JOSHUA SOULE,
ROBERT R. ROBERTS,
Bishops of the M. E. Church.

God calls all men to his service. But multitudes refuse and serve Mammon instead. They are his willing servants. They voluntarily take his yoke upon them, and they serve him all their lives long with great fidelity. And, though they seem to realize it not, he is a hard master. There are few greater slaves than those that serve him, as they themselves would see and confess were they seriously to consider how he treats them.—*Christian at Work.*

Shall we, then, bemoan any darkness? Shall we not rather gird up our strength to encounter it, that we too from our side may break the passage for the light beyond? Who fights with the dark shall know the gentleness that makes man great—the dawning countenance of the God of hope.

The love of Christ is like the blue sky, into which you may see clearly, but the real vastness of which you cannot measure. It is like the sea, into whose bosom you can look a little way, but its depths are unfathomable.—*McCheyne.*

No work is done beneath the sun more needful, more important, more blessed, than this of the production, the dissemination, and propagation of Christian thought.—*Interior.*

Family Treasury.

THE UNCEASING MELODY.

BY HELEN CHAUNCEY.

Like some pink shell, that will not cease
Its murmur of the sea,
My heart sings on without release
This anthem full and free:
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

The music of the melody
Has floated down the years,
I soul-building harmony;
It elevates and cheers,
And, like the voice of Deity,
It dispels all fears.

Beyond the sounds of earthly strife,
Beyond the frown and sigh,
Beyond the world with discord rife,
It lifts the soul on high,
To find a calm and restful life,
By faith in Christ brought nigh.

There perfect peace surrounds the soul
Whose trust on God is stayed;
While pressing onward to the goal,
It hears, all undimmed,
The deep notes of the music roll
Through sunlight and through shade.

And this is why, without release,
My heart sings full and free
The anthem that will never cease
Through all eternity:
"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

—Parish Visitor.

THE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Now, young gentlemen, let me for a moment address you touching your success in life; and I hope the brevity of my remarks will increase the chance of their making a lodgment in your minds. Let me beg you, in the outset of your career, to dismiss from your minds all ideas of success by luck. There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one, that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen; things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up. There is one of the indispensable laws of matter, and things lie flat where they are until by some intelligent spirit (for nothing but spirit makes motion in this world) they are endowed with activity and life. Do not dream that some good luck is going to happen to you and give you fortune. Luck is an *esprit fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success. The great Napoleon, who believed in his destiny, followed it until he saw his star go down in the blackest night, when the Old Guard perished around him, and Waterloo was lost. A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

Young men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot wear spurs, young gentlemen. If you expect to make spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth the having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life, you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours—a part of yourself.

Again: In order to have any success in life, or any worthy success, you must resolve to carry into your work a fullness of knowledge—not merely a sufficiency, but more than a sufficiency. In this respect follow the rule of the machinist. If they want a machine to do the work of six horses, they give it nine-horse power, so that they may have a reserve of three. To carry on the business of life you must have surplus power. Be fit for more than the thing you are now doing. Let every one know that you have a reserve in yourself: that you have more power than you are now using. If you are not too large for the place you occupy, you are too small for it.—James A. Garfield.

AWAKING THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

After describing some of the sacred rites of the Hindoos, who, he said, were the most religious people in the world, the speaker said: "In our younger days we were interested with the story of the sleeping beauty, a princess who fell under a spell, and for a hundred years was locked in her palace; and the cobwebs grew, and the weeds sprang up, and there she lay until a certain hour struck, and the prince came and laid his hands upon her, and led her forth, his bride. Well, the princess lies over there beyond the seas, slumbering still; her head is pillowed on the mighty slopes of the Himalayas, jewelled with glaciers and hills of snow; and her arms, hold they not in the palms of her hands on the east a jewel, Calcutta; on the west a jewel, Bombay? And her bosom, is it not girdled as never was princess' bosom girdled before? Lahore, Delhi, Lucknow, Allahabad, Benares—a wondrous string, stretching east and west; and her feet, lie they not in the blue waters of the Indian Sea, bright with orient pearls and all the treasures of the deep? There the princess lies, and has lain for century after century; and the priests have swung their censers, and the warriors and diviners have used their arts and put forth their incantations, and she has slept almost the sleep of the dead, and some have mocked and jeered and scoffed when it has been said that she should rise again. They have said, 'She is dead; she is dead, and will never rise again.' But the Prince has come, and he has thrown open the gates of the prison, and see! where his feet touched the threshold there is a stain, and his blood; and see! where his hand rested upon the lintel there is a stain, and it is blood; and they jeer at him, some of them, still, and say, 'She is dead; she will not arise.' But he has uttered a word; he has cried: 'Give place; the maid is not dead, but sleepeth; and he has passed into the chamber, and stands by the princess that is worthy, and will be worthy still, of him; and as he touches her the thousand facets of the jewels—Delhi and Allahabad, Lahore, Benares, Lucknow, Calcutta, and Bombay—irradiate; and when he whispers to her, as he will soon, 'Damsel, I say unto thee, arise,' she shall arise and come forth, radiant in her beauty, as a bride decked in jewels for her

heavenly bridegroom. (Loud applause.) If you refuse to do your duty to India the time may come when over our portals will be written 'Ichabod,' and the glory of the Lord will be departed from us. Would to God, as the result of this meeting to night, some young women or men would say, 'Lord, here am I; I consecrate myself to thee for India, to live or die in thy service.' Now, a word on a practical point. I must mention our finances. The report shows that our income does not meet our expenditure. We want money, but we do not want your money. Last night, at our meeting at Brixton, some one who perhaps had no money put a ring into the plate, and if it had the blessing of consecration no doubt it will be worth money in the eyes of our heavenly Father; and those coins and bank notes, if they had the blessing of consecration upon them, will be returned, as our Saviour tells us, a hundred-fold in one way or another. It is a privilege, and also a duty, to give. We want money, and you have your share of it; it is the Lord's money, and nothing ought to keep you from giving him his own." (Applause.)—Rev. J. C. Fowler, Missionary to India, as reported in *Methodist Recorder*.

MACHINERY NOT POWER.

Never was the Church universal more thoroughly organized than now. The records of the numerous Assemblies, Conventions and Conferences, so recently held or still in session, reveal a vast amount of what we may call spiritual machinery, all in good order and working condition. All this is well, for without system and order all would be chaos and confusion, and no good results could be anticipated. Yet the more manifest is the machinery, and the more we are inclined to wonder at and admire it, the more we need to remember that machinery is not of itself power. Power belongeth unto God. Not more surely is every belt and shaft, every pulley and spindle of the mill idle and useless when the steam is shut off than is the machinery of the Church useless without the divine power. Long stretches of railroad traverse our great country. Thousands and tens of thousands of huge locomotives and cars are provided for the purposes of travel and commerce. Skilled engineers and laborers in other departments are sufficiently numerous to man all the roads. But without the one common source of power the machinery is so much dead material, and the men are practically no better than mummies. So it is with the Church of God, well organized and well officered as it is. Machinery and men are but channels, while the fountain of vital energy and saving power is God. Returning from the Assemblies of the saints, our delegates, ministerial and lay, will surely feel that no thought is more timely. It will be for their blessing, and for the welfare of the Church of Christ, that this sacred truth should come home to the heart—Power belongeth unto God. Failing to realize this, men and means will alike serve but as a vain show.—N. Y. Observer.

MODERN CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

In a Quebec letter to the *Montreal Witness* the writer says: The population of the parish of St. Mathieu, in the county of Rimouski, were thrown into a state of great excitement during several days last week by the painful uncertainty prevailing with regard to the fate of two children of a farmer named Dionne, aged respectively twelve and eight years, who had been sent into the bush near their father's residence to cut a few branches of cedar. Not returning home after an absence of five hours the children, it was concluded, had lost their way in the woods and the parents began a search for them, which they kept up without success until ten o'clock that night. Next morning thirty of their neighbors, with the cure of the parish at their head, turned out to continue the search, and in the afternoon fifty more took it up, but both parties failed to find any trace of the little wanderers. On the following morning four of the most experienced woodrangers and hunters of the place resumed the weary search, and about noon found their efforts rewarded with success. They came upon traces of the lost children, and a little later upon the two poor little creatures themselves, still full of life, but suffering terribly from hunger and cold. At the moment of their rescue the older of the two had placed his little brother in the hollow at the root of an old pine. It appears that, with the exception of the few hours they had lain down to sleep during the night on the cold ground, they had walked the whole time in the hope of extricating themselves from their perilous position. They had passed two days and two nights in the forest.

RELIGION IS HOLINESS.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker in the *Christian Chronicle* says:—
"Feeling is of just as much use in religion as steam is in an engine—if it drives the engine it is good; but if it does not, it is not good for anything but to fix and hiss and buzz. There are some people who seem to be like yard-engines that never go anywhere, but keep puffing and blowing, and hissing, and running up and down side-tracks, doing nothing, going nowhere. Feeling in religion is of no value at all if it does not propel us along the track of duty toward our final destination—God. Fine feelings, glorious feelings—we all have them after our measure, but fine feelings, quick responsive sensibilities—do you not know that they have been the occasion of the ruin of some of the greatest geniuses that God ever gave to the human race? Feeling is a miserably cheap substitute for duty. It takes more than being happy on Sunday in church to be religious."

"My friends, religion never stops short of holiness. It means that, first and last. Religion does not stop at feeling; religion does not stop at tradition, or at respectability, or at ecclesiasticism, or at painted windows, or at spacious cathedral aisles, or eloquent

preaching, or delicious music; religion means, always has meant, always must mean, the actual communion of the human soul with God in righteousness and holiness. And that kind of religion comes; it takes the best there is in a man to be religious in that way."

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

From an article on "Dublin City," by Professor Edward Dowden, in the *December Century*, we quote the following:—
"Through the mythical eyes of Joseph Barington we can see the fair itself unshorn of its splendors. Here are tents formed of long wattles in two rows, inclined together at the top; over which for covering are spread patchwork quilts, windowing sheets, rugs, blankets, old petticoats, secured by ropes of hay. A broom-head or well-worn brush, a watchman's discarded lantern, surmounted by variegated rags torn to ribbons, serve the purpose of the tavern's ivy bush; a rusty saucepan or old pot signifies that eating as well as drinking may be had. Down the middle what a day since had been doors and now are tables, rest on mounds of clay, and benches, swaying under the sitters when their equilibrium becomes uncertain, run along supported in like manner. When the liquor got the mastery of one convivial fellow," says Sir Jonah, "he would fall off, and the whole row generally followed his example; perhaps ten or even twenty shilleagh boys were seen on their backs kicking up their heels, some able to get up again, some lying quiet and easy, singing, roaring, laughing, or cursing; while others still on their legs were drinking and dancing and setting the whole tent in motion, till all began to long for open air, and a little wrestling, leaping, cundeling, or fighting upon the green grass. The tent was then cleared out and prepared for a new company. A delightful aroma, in itself nourishing, filled the June air—mingled turf, whiskey, steaming potatoes, Dublin Bay herrings, salt beef, and cabbage."

"At dusk a dozen fiddlers and pipers would stalk up, and a row of perhaps a hundred couple work away at their jig-steps 'till they actually fell off breathless." Matrons would bring the 'childer' to the paradise of cakes and simple toys, and these infatuate revellers would assist the musicians with pop-gun and drum and whistle. Under the summer moon young men and maidens would utter their vows and fix the day for going before Father Kearney, who declared that 'more marriages were celebrated in Dublin the week a ter Donnybrook Fair than in any two months during the rest of the year.'"

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

The following affecting incident is related by the *Herald and Presbyter*: "On Sabbath before last, after the morning service at the First Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, the Rev. A. B. Morey, pastor, invited any present, who desired conversation with him in regard to uniting with the Church, to tarry a few moments. An aged lady, of not less than eighty years, remained. She told the pastor that she had found Christ as a Saviour during the service that morning, and that she wished to confess him before men. She had not been attending any church nor leading a religious life, and desired to have a conversation with him and unburden to him her whole heart. He promised to call upon her at her home on the following Tuesday. The lady, residing with her son-in-law, on her return home told the family her new-found hope, and earnestly urged them all—her son-in-law, daughter and grandchildren—to come with her and lead a religious life. It was a matter of great surprise to the family. They had never heard any such talk before, and could not comprehend it. On Monday night she was taken ill, and by morning her spirit had passed to the life beyond the present. Then the family understood what was to them a mystery before, and were deeply impressed with the matter. On Tuesday morning Mr. Morey was surprised with a message to come and conduct the lady's funeral services. This incident illustrates the importance of pastors in their public ministrations always giving prominence to the pure and essential doctrines of the Gospel, so that any sinner provisionally led to hear them but during a single service, may not go away without an opportunity, as in this instance, to find Christ."

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS IN TARTARY.

Among the Kirghese the practice of polygamy obtains. Generally the eldest brother of a family has more than one wife. The first wife is mistress of the household, and is called *babiche*. To her are subject not only her husband's other wives, but also all the other females of the family. The head of the household will often send a portion of his herd several hundred miles away under the care of this wife, whilst he himself will either remain with his other wives about the grazing ground, or go and encamp somewhere by himself. In winter the family comes together again. The manifold circumstances connected with marriage among the Kirghese are somewhat formidable, and involve the payment of a *kalin* besides the giving of various presents. The affair is arranged as to its preliminaries by matchmakers, and the bridegroom after betrothal has sometimes to wait for a year or more until he can bring the remaining portion of the *kalin*. If during this period the betrothed girl should die her parents are bound to give instead their next daughter, or in default to return the *kalin* and pay also a fine of one or two horses and robes or furs. So also is it if the girl should refuse to marry, which she may do on account of the suitor's ill-health, or his poverty, or (in some localities) her personal dislike. Yet another custom is that if the bridegroom dies or refuse to marry the girl, his parents are bound to take her for their next son, paying a fine, usually a camel, in case of refusal. When the prescribed period of betrothal is at an end, bridegroom, dressed

and mounted at his best, goes with his friends to the ant or village of the bride, where the tent has been prepared for his reception. Throughout the ceremonies of betrothal the bride's brother has the right of pilfering from the bridegroom whatever he pleases; but now the bride's relations come and take as presents almost everything he has—his coat, hat, girdle, horse and saddle, saying each one that they are for the education of the bride—a seizure that is afterward repaid by the relations of the bridegroom on the visit to their ant or the relations of the bride.

RIDICULING AN INVENTOR.

An inventor must run the gauntlet of criticism and ridicule before he gains for his invention the confidence of the public. It is annoying to the inventor, but it is beneficial to the community, for it secures the survival of the fittest.
George Stephenson used to speak with indignation of how the "Parliament men" badgered and baffled him with their book-learning, when he proposed to build a railroad from Liverpool to Manchester.
"The smoke from the engine," said these book-learned men, "will kill all the birds, and the sparks will set fire to fields and houses. The passengers will be made seasick; the noise will frighten away the game, and thousands of coachmen and innkeepers will be thrown out of employment."
The fast mail-coaches were driven at the rate of ten miles an hour. When Stephenson asserted that his steam-coaches would attain to a much more rapid rate of speed, he was laughed at and hooted as a crack-brained enthusiast.
"You must not claim a speed of over fifteen miles an hour," said the nervous counsel of the promoters of the railroad to Stephenson, just as he was about to appear before a Parliamentary committee.

A member of the committee, opposed to the proposed railroad, thought he could make the simple-hearted engineer assert an absurdity that would kill the project.

"Well, Mr. Stephenson," he asked, "perhaps you could go seventeen miles an hour?"

"Yes."

"Perhaps twenty miles an hour?"

"Certainly."

"Twenty-five, I dare say. You do not think it impossible?"

"Not at all impossible."

"Dangerous, though?"

"Certainly not."

"Now tell me, Mr. Stephenson, will you say that you can go thirty miles an hour?"

"Certainly."

The fish was hooked to an absurdity, so every member of the committee thought, and they all leaped back in their chairs and roared with laughter.

Their sons now ride sixty miles in sixty minutes.—*Ex.*

EFFECTIVE FAMILY RELIGION.

Family religion requires the highest mutual confidence. The reading of the Bible, prayer in the morning or evening, attendance at church, cannot constitute family religion. The spirit of the parents must be devout; the children must know that both father and mother depend upon God for direction, and look to him for comfort. The accidental discovery of a parent at prayer makes a deeper impression upon a child's mind than a mouth of routine services.

The spirit in which religious subjects are referred to is more than the things that are said. The undertone is more important than the overtone. Not gloom, nor tasks, nor morbid conscientiousness, but simple, unaffected confidence in God and truth, a personal trust in Christ, and a love for each other which is the result of the love of all for Christ, and as a sincere spirit of goodwill to all at home, and of kindness in thought and expression to all who enter the home, or are mentioned there—these make the family religion, and make its Bible-reading, prayer, and church-going as natural as its social life. No child ever goes out from such a family to become an unbeliever or a scoffer. But from the pharisee, the stiff, the dead, the intolerant, whose religion is a yoke of forms without heart, few of the youth become religious.—N. Y. *Christian Advocate*.

THE FAMILY PURSE.

There are homes, Christian homes, where the mother and children are never stewards of money. All that is purchased for the home and for them as individuals is paid for by the husband and father when the bills come in at the end of the month. Think what a false principle is engendered! Such buyers seldom even ask the price of goods; they spend recklessly, without any sense of stewardship. There is scarcely a woman living who would not live more economically and give ten-fold more for the Lord's work were she instructed with money for so doing. There is not a child who should not be trained in the value and use and accountability of this gift. Try it, husbands and fathers. Let each member of the family be enabled to exercise the blessed privilege of giving. Let each one have the money in hand—an allowance, if that is the thing—and so prepare each one not only to meet the exigencies of life, but to learn early and always to discharge the solemn responsibility of stewards of the gifts of God.—*Chicago Advance*.

If a canoe be connected by a cord with a distant ship, one in the canoe may draw himself to the ship, if he cannot draw the ship to himself. So, as has been said, is it with prayer. If it do not bring God to man, it will man to God. And this is always well for man.—W. P. Breed.

A thankful spirit has always fresh matter for thankfulness. To praise God for the past is the sure way to secure mercies for the future. Prayer and praise live or die together.—*Romaine*.

Our Young Folk.

ONLY A SCRAP OF PAPER.

"Oh! mother. The days are so long! I wish I had something to read, while you are at work. I am sure the hours would glide more swiftly!" These words were spoken by a slight, pale girl, who lay with folded hands upon the lonely bed in the corner of a scantily furnished room.

By the window sat a care-worn woman, whose brown hair was already heavily threaded with silver, striving to make the most of the light of that dreary November day, as she wearily plied her needle.

They had once been blessed with every comfort. That seemed ages ago, when a loving hand had provided; but the husband and father had met, with reverses, quickly followed by death. Helen taught school in the village, until one day she fell upon the icy steps. Since then, the mother toiled for both.

"Yes, child, I wish you had a paper. It would be nice to hear you read. Yet I think they are only for the rich. We cannot have them, at least," and the mother sighed, while a hard look came into her face.

"Isn't there a scrap of paper that came around your work to-day?" Helen asked, as she raised herself upon her elbow.

"Yes, so there is, dear. Only a bit, yet it looks clean."

Helen took it eagerly, she read one little item after another—coming to the little poem entitled "Trust," beginning with "Build a little fence of trust." Lines with which nearly every one is familiar.

The voice of the girl trembled with pathos over the sweet words; to her they were a blessed reality. But the mother had grown hard and skeptical over the weariness of poverty.

"Read it again, Helen, dear. Some way I don't just understand, yet it sounds beautiful."

Once more the daughter read, with a prayer in her heart for a blessing. Then, for a time, silence reigned, broken at length by the mother, who said:

"I wish I could build that fence of trust, but some way, I've always been peering through the bars at the bitterness to come on the morrow."

"Dear mother, if you only could! God would help you! It's all the way I've endured the losses and disappointments."

Some way the dreary day took on a brighter tinge, seeming shorter than those preceding.

After Helen read in the little Testament that night, the mother whispered: "Pray that your mother may build the fence, darling!"

The soul of the girl seemed to soar to where a gleam of the glory beamed through, and when the mother arose, the hardness had died out, never again to return. As she kissed Helen good-night, she said:

"I think your mother has found the 'Trust,' dear. By God's help I'll strive to keep it. I'll always bless the day that torn bit of paper came to our home, I'm sure."

How insignificant the means, we think, God sometimes takes to perform such grand results. We finite creatures call them "infinitesimal," yet in Omnipotence the veriest seeming may have ends eternal.—*Grandmother's Children*.

THE STRANGE STORY OF FRITZ KORNER.

Little Fritz Korner was the son of a tailor in Brunswick, Germany, and very hard work he found it to sit still and sew long seams. In fact, he hated the business, and was so stupid that his father sent him to Bremen, and placed him under a master who was supposed to know how to teach dull boys the use of needle and shears.

The new master found Fritz idle and careless, and punished him so often and so cruelly that one day he ran away, and hid himself in the hold of a vessel. He had no thought of going to sea, but fancied that after a while he could creep out and make his way to some farmer's, where he might find work to do, and perhaps be kindly treated. He was very tired when he dived into the dark hold and curled himself up behind a barrel, and presently he fell asleep. When he awoke, the regular motion of the vessel and the splash of the waves told him that he was on a voyage.

Poor little frightened, hungry stowaway! Imagine how he felt. To add to his alarm, every few minutes somebody came by calling "Fritz! Fritz!" and at last, seeing nothing else to do, he crept up to the daylight, and said to a man standing near, "Here I am, sir."

"Indeed!" cried the man. "And who are you? and what brought you here?"

"I came aboard myself, sir," said Fritz.

The steward, whose name was Fritz, and who had been the person called, took his namesake to the captain.

This officer, being a bluff but kind-hearted sailor, told the little wail to make himself useful, as he was bound for the West Indies.

"When we arrive there," he said, "I'll send you back to Bremen."

War was going on at the time, and one morning the decks were cleared for a fight, and a sharp battle ensued between Fritz's ship and an English ship of the line. The Englishman won the victory, and took the *Jungfrau* as her prize. Fritz, with the rest, went on board the *Chanticleer*, and in due time was carried to Hull, where he was allowed to go ashore.

Free, but in rags, cold, forlorn, a stranger, knowing no English, he sat down on a doorstep and cried bitterly, when along came a party of officers on horseback, drums beating, colors flying. One of them dropped his whip. Fritz, who had stopped crying at the brave sight, sprang to pick it up and handed it to him. On this trifling act of

courtesy his fortune hung. The officer, taking in Fritz's position at a glance, sent him to the barracks, and introduced him to Kompter, the master of the band, and a countryman of Fritz.

The boy who could not learn tailoring turned out to have a perfect passion for music, and learned to play on various instruments so beautifully that a few years later, on the death of his friend Kompter, he became master of the band himself. A tall, straight, soldierly young man, with a fierce mustache and a pair of bright eyes, he did not look in the least like the Bremen stowaway when, one fine morning, the regiment to which he belonged was sent to Gibraltar.

Walking in the street one day, he saw two ladies in great peril from the attack of a ferocious dog. They proved to be the wife and daughter of a rich Spanish merchant, and the younger lady was very beautiful. Fritz gallantly put the dog to flight, and the ladies became his friends and admirers.

Just at this time a German regiment, defeated by the British at Minorca, volunteered to join the British service. An interpreter was needed, and who should be the only man who could fill the post but Fritz Korner.

Step by step promotion came to our hero after he had been made a commissioned officer in this German regiment. The Duke of Brunswick selected him to be his aide-de-camp. He was now so honorably placed that he dared offer his heart and hand to the lady he had rescued from the dog. She accepted him, and became his bride.

All this occurred about the period when Napoleon was fighting the allied armies of Europe; and at Waterloo behold Fritz Korner, the bravest of the brave, taking the command of his regiment when his chief, the duke, fell dangerously wounded! When the war was over and peace was declared, Fritz Korner, once a tailor's apprentice, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of his native Brunswick. He lived in honor for many years.—*Harper's Young People*.

READY.

Colonel Dash, who had been long in India and distinguished himself during the mutiny, was noted for his modesty and gentle manners. He was a Scotch Episcopalian, but though deeply religious, his retiring disposition made him a quiet, unobtrusive Christian, who seldom spoke on the subject of religion.

Being an ardent sportsman, he started alone in the month of February for ten days' shooting in the jungle. One night, when the air was still and the full moon shone in a cloudless sky, he sat outside of his tent to observe the strange shadows and weird gleam of the forest. His thoughts wandered over his past life, and then on to the future beyond the earth. So absorbed had he become that not till he shivered did he think of the jungle. With an aching head and limbs he sought his bed, and a day later returned, to his regiment with the deadly fever upon him.

When the fever was at its height, the surgeons met in consultation. It was of the most intense form, and they could do nothing to save him. Seeing their anxious looks, the sick officer asked if he was in danger and likely to die. On being told that there seemed to be no probability of his recovery, he said:

"Thank you! I feel that there is danger. I should prefer to live if it were God's will, that I might see again my dear ones in Scotland. But I have no fear of death. I wish to write a few lines to my wife; after that to see the chaplain and partake of the sacrament."

The letter was written and then the chaplain entered the room, prepared to administer to the dying man his last communion.

"I thank God," said he, taking the chaplain's hand, "for having given me pious parents, who taught me by precept and example so to live that, when the end came, I should not fear to die."

"I have prayed from my youth up to be enabled to live a Christian life, and for years have sought to govern my thoughts and my acts by the precepts and example of the Son of God, in whom is my hope and trust. I have looked always to the probability of sudden death, and now that it is near, I am ready."

So weak was the dying Christian soldier, that both the doctor and the chaplain were afraid to raise him up, and the broken bread was given to him as he lay in bed. But the dying man, when the chaplain was about to administer the cup to him, begged that he might be raised up.

"I would receive it reverently," he said. "Drink this in remembrance of that Christ, whom you have loved and who gave himself for you and for all men," said the chaplain.

He touched it reverently with his lips and passed away.—*Youth's Companion*.

SPEAK FOR CHRIST.

Speak for your Lord and Master. You tell me you are nervous. Never mind your nervousness. Try once. If you break down a half-dozen times, try again; you shall find your talents increase. It is wonderful how these break-downs do more good than our keeping on. Just deliver your soul of what is in it. Get your heart red-hot, and then, like some volcano that is heaving in its inner bowels, let the hot lava of your speech run streaming down. You need not care for the graces of oratory, nor for the refinement of eloquence, but speak what you do know; show them your Saviour's wounds, bid his sorrow speak to them, and it shall be marvellous how your stammering tongue shall be all the better instrument because it does stammer, for that God "hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, both God chooses, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are."—*Spurgeon*.

Professional Cards.

COATSWORTH & HODGINS,
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries,
CONVEYANCERS.
Offices, 10 York Chambers, No. 9 Taranaki St.
MONEY TO LOAN
E. COATSWORTH, JR. FRANK H. HODGINS.

You cannot smell a color or touch a taste, or see a sound, and just so you cannot reach the spiritual nature with temporal things. He who seeks to do this goes on a fool's errand. Yet "that which hath been, is now," and to this day thousands are again trying Solomon's experiment. Are you trying it?—*Sunday-school Times*.

Church, School, Fire-alarm, Pine-toned, low-priced, warranted. Catalogue with 1500 testimonials, prices, etc., sent free.
Blymyer-Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, O.
 No duty on Church Bells. csw-28509-

NO TASTE! NO SMELL! NO NAUSEA!

PUTTNER'S EMULSION
OF
GOOD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES

Largely prescribed by Physicians for Nervous Prostration, Wasting, and Lung Diseases, etc., etc.

Puttner's Emulsion has specially proved efficacious in cases of Weak and Debilitated Children, and in Women who are run down from Nursing, Family Cares, Overwork, etc., etc.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION is sold everywhere at 60 cents per Bottle.

GET THE BEST.
Oratorical! Dramatic! Pathetic! Humorous!
THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL NUMBER
Readings! Recitations! Dialogues! Tableaux!
Contains the latest and best productions of the Most Popular English and American Writers of the day, with some of the Choicest Selections of Standard Literature.
Sold by all Booksellers and Newsdealers, or will be sent, postpaid, upon receipt of price, 200 pages. Paper Binding, 30c.; Cloth, 50c.
Special Offer.—The full set of this series, 12 numbers, will be sent upon receipt of \$3.00.
CHARLES C. BHOEMAKER, Manager, 1416 and 1418 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

LOWNSBROUGH & CO.
22 KING STREET EAST,
Stocks, Bonds, Debentures Exchange. American Cy
etc., Bought and Sold. Correspondence solicited.
1893 6 2871-134


 LOST! 1000 of calls, returned.
 I. P. FRANK, 55 Pearl St., N. Y.

FREE BY RETURN MAIL, full description
 MOODY'S New Tailor System of Dress Cut-
 ting. PROF. MOODY, Toronto Ont. 

CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 10, 1884.

OUR
Premium for 1885.The GUARDIAN PREMIUM BOOK for
1885 isHONEST JOHN STALLBRASS
By J. JACKSON WRAY,Author of "NESTLETON MAGNA," and other popular
works.

It forms a beautiful 12mo. volume of 292 pages, bound in extra English cloth with ink and gold stamping, four full page illustrations, and will be similar in size to "Nestleton Magna," a book that was received with universal satisfaction.

This is a very entertaining and instructive story in Mr. Wray's best style. Every new or old subscriber to the Guardian who sends, or pays to his Minister, \$2.35—that is 35 cents in addition to the subscription price of the paper—will receive this interesting book post free, the selling price of which is \$1.20. We expect a vigorous and wide-spread canvass to increase the circulation of the Guardian this year. It should be taken by every family connected with our Church. Begin the canvass at once; in order to get the advantage of the offer of a free paper for the rest of this year.

We stop the press to say that the Rev. Dr. Rice is much worse to-day (Wednesday). We just learn that he is unconscious, and that his physicians feel that his condition is very critical and alarming. This news will awaken deep regret and sorrow throughout our whole Connection.

MR. MOODY IN TORONTO.

Mr. Moody's visit to Toronto, in connection with the Christian Convention last week, attracted more widespread interest than any similar event in the religious history of this city. He had never held services in Toronto, though he was here once, a good many years ago. He was, therefore, quite a stranger here, known only to comparatively few who had heard him in other places. Great excitement and anxiety to hear him prevailed in nearly all the congregations of the city. The distribution of tickets for each service, through the agency of the city pastors, only extended the interest more widely. The best efforts of the pastors were unable to meet the demand for tickets. By issuing tickets for each service, an effort was made, as far as possible, to give each person who desired an opportunity to attend one service. By this means the bulk of each congregation was not the same as at any former service. And yet, in spite of all these endeavors, great numbers were unable to secure tickets, and many who got tickets could not get in, because of the crowded state of the church. The gates were opened about an hour before the time of service; and yet long before that time there was a crowd waiting for admission. At every service the large Metropolitan Church was packed, immediately after the opening of the doors, and hundreds had to go away without being able to gain admittance. Every night Knox Presbyterian Church was crowded by an overflow meeting, though this was only a portion of those who could not get into the Metropolitan Church. No doubt much of this interest arose from curiosity to see and hear Mr. Moody; but it was a curiosity caused by the reports of his great success as an evangelist in other places. And it may have been here, as in other places, that some "who came to mock remained to pray."

All who had the privilege of attending the Convention must have been interested and profited. The vast congregations were serious and attentive. The singing was inspiring. The best of order prevailed. The evidences of deep feeling under the appeals of the preacher were frequent and gratifying. Mr. Moody himself spoke of the signs of hunger for the word, as very striking and encouraging. Many are asking, "What is the secret of Mr. Moody's success?" We may briefly attempt an answer. It is not to be found in special gifts of oratory, as ordinarily understood. His voice is not clear or ringing, but rather thick and husky. His enunciation is not distinct. He often clips his words off short, in his hurried utterance. His pronunciation of a good many words is not according to the best authorities in English. And yet he possesses qualities which, in spite of these defects, make him a powerful and impressive speaker, to whom learned and eloquent men listen with interest and profit. What are the elements of this power?

First of all, we would place his full consecration to his work, the fact that he lives in close communion with God, and labors for one object with single-hearted devotion. This brings all his gifts into full play in his work, and moves him with spiritual power. Others may be equally devoted to God, who for some cause are not equally useful, yet his intense devotion is the central element in his usefulness. His simplicity of style is also a powerful factor in his success. His manner of speaking is an earnest conversational style, thickly interspersed with colloquial forms of expression, and relieved by occasional bursts of emphatic utterance. Simple language alone may be mere namby-pamby talk, without power. But, when great truths and forcible arguments are stated in easy natural language, they are far more effective with most people than they would be if given in an elaborate style. Mr. Moody, no doubt, prepares carefully in his own way; but he is so natural that, in the best address he gives, it seems as if everything he said might have come into his mind after he got up to speak.

He is eminently direct and pointed. In every address he aims at a definite result; and every argument and illustration used contribute to that end. He preaches like a man that has a confident belief of the truth of what he is saying. He evidently speaks out of the fulness of personal conviction. You may question points in his theology; but you cannot doubt the sincerity of his faith. In this respect he reminds us of Spurgeon. There is always a mysterious power in the man whose sincerity of belief impresses those who hear him with the conviction that he means every word he utters. No art can make this impression. It is the effect of strong, living faith in the preacher. It comes from what a man is; not from what he appears to be.

He has, what nearly all popular speakers have had, a remarkable facility of illustrating his teaching, in a way that reveals considerable imagination and sarcastic humor. He does not, like Beecher, or Parker, display a poetic insight into the meaning of common things, and their power to illustrate spiritual truths. His illustrations are nearly all drawn from incidents that have come under his own observation in his evangelistic work, and from the Scripture narratives. Several of the incidents taken from his own experience in Sunday-school or evangelistic work were touching and full of pathos, appealing to the kindest human sympathies, and were told with much dramatic power and feeling. On Wednesday afternoon, the story of his going round with a dying Sunday-school teacher, praying and talking with the members of his unconverted class, made hundreds bow their heads and weep; indeed none seemed unmoved. The whole vast congregation was stirred with deep emotion.

The way in which he uses Scripture narratives to illustrate great truths of character and duty is perhaps his most characteristic gift. By the aid of imagination and a keen sense of humor, he fills up the outline given in Scripture with vivid life like touches, that make the whole scene intensely real and modern. Those who heard him describe in this way, the translation of Elijah, the story of the Good Samaritan, the healing of the blind man in John, and Joseph of Arimathea, will not soon forget the vivid pictures presented. The late Rev. W. O. Simpson, of England, and some other English preachers that we have heard, excelled in a similar way of using Bible incidents. In addition to all these, Mr. Moody possesses a strong, sagacious insight into human nature, which makes many of his home thrusts specially effective; because they are not random strokes; but the skillful unmasking of some well-known human weakness, in a way which comes home to every heart and conscience.

Mr. Moody's experience in evangelistic work has developed a confidence, tact, and decision in the conduct of such meetings, which greatly contribute to his success. The degree also in which music was enlisted, as an aid to devotion, was one of the most suggestive features of the Convention. Without in any way disparaging the value of Mr. Moody's gifts as a preacher, we do not hesitate to say that the services of last week would not have possessed the attraction and interest which they had for all, without the soul-stirring singing, which was one of their most striking characteristics. Not only was there a large trained choir, under a skillful leader, but the great majority of each vast audience were familiar with the tunes and sang them most effectively. When he several times asked the choir to be silent, and the people in the body of the church, or in one of the galleries to sing alone, it was wonderful to note the great volume of harmonious sound which rang out in response to these requests. On several occasions, though the choir and congregation had been singing for over half an hour before Mr. Moody came in, yet he called for hymn after hymn before beginning the regular service. Moody and Bankey have taught the Churches that there is a power in sacred song, that has not been fully used in our religious services. The Gospel may be sung as well as preached. Methodists have long known this. What is the effect of this Convention? In these immense congregations, it is not so easy to gather up the results; but at every service there were signs of deep impressions, and a good number professed to find peace through believing. Doubtless, many were deeply impressed who gave no sign. A large number of ministers from the country attended the services. At a special meeting of ministers and theological students, held on the last day, several hundred were present. No doubt these have all been stirred up by the intense zeal of this great evangelist, and will carry something of the sacred fire into their work in their different fields of labor.

THE REASON WHY.

Our good neighbor, the Canada Presbyterian, banteringly refers to the fact that the Methodists "love to think that Calvinism is being toned down," and that Presbyterians are becoming, in some respects, more like Methodists. Our conferees attempt to offset this by directing attention to the adoption by Methodists of the Presbyterian method of "calling" ministers. It thinks that Presbyterianism has better things than this which the Methodists might appropriate with advantage; and mentions the doctrines of Election and Final Perseverance among these "best things." We rise to explain. We do not know that Presbyterians have been specially charged with adopting Methodist usages. But it has often been remarked that nearly all the Protestant Churches have, in recent times, come nearer to the free religious methods of Methodism; as may be seen in the increase of hymn singing, revival services, conference meetings, and other things. Every living Church ought to be ready to take a leaf out of the book of other Churches, when it can do so with advantage.

As to what the newspapers name "calls," this is the application of a term used in other Churches to a somewhat different usage which exists among Methodists. The Presbyterian seems to think that the invita-

tion of ministers is a new departure, which supersedes the appointment of pastors by the Conference. Neither of these suppositions is correct. The custom of official boards requesting the Stationing Committee of the Conference to send a certain minister to be their pastor has been followed by most congregations in towns and cities for many years; though the practice is probably becoming more general. But the expression of a preference for a specified minister does not take the appointing power out of the hands of the Stationing Committee. In England, it is regarded as greatly aiding the Stationing Committee in its work. Some of our people, indeed, seem to think this is taking the appointments out of the Lord's hands; but the Lord can work as well through one set of men as through another.

The Presbyterian is in a generous mood. It asks: "Why not appropriate our doctrine of Election or Final Perseverance?" The proffered gift is "declined with thanks." As the Presbyterian asks the reason why we do not adopt the Calvinistic doctrines, it might not be courteous, if we did not give a frank reply. We will, therefore, answer this question in a few words:

We cannot accept Calvinistic Election; because the assumption that an unalterably fixed number of men and angels are by God's decree elected unto life, implies that an unchangeably fixed number are also, by the same decree, predestinated to eternal perdition. This dogma we regard as inconsistent with the goodness and justice of God, the freedom and responsibility of man, and the offers of life and salvation to all men. We will briefly explain what we mean. It is at variance with all our ideas of justice for God to consign to eternal perdition, for not believing on Christ, those who have been doomed to that perdition by his own decree, and whom he never effectually called or strengthened with gracious ability. Besides, if what elect sinners believe when they accept Christ is that their sins were imputed to Christ, and that he died as their substitute, it would, according to Calvinism, be believing a falsehood for reprobates to believe that Christ had so died for them.

If salvation is unconditional—if it in no sense depends on anything that man can do, but upon the decree of God, made without regard to anything which he foresaw in human character, then we fail to see how the perdition of the lost can be their own fault. If any portion of the race is shut out from electing love, and predestinated to perdition by a divine decree, it would be a mockery to send men to offer them a salvation which God had decreed they should never share; for the Confession of Faith says, he has "unchangeably ordained whatsoever comes to pass." These are some of our reasons for declining to appropriate Election. We are strengthened in this purpose by observing that our good Presbyterian brethren labor for the salvation of all men, as if the Calvinistic doctrines were not true—as if Christ died for all—as if salvation was conditional—as if there were no reprobates—and as if he that forsakes God will be cast off forever.

SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT.

There is a certain class of self-styled philanthropists who assume that the evangelistic methods of the Church are inadequate to the elevation and improvement of the social conditions of society generally. They charge upon the Church an indifference to the general laws of social life, such as sanitary considerations which, it is assumed, if applied, would do more towards the elevation of the masses than is done by the means which the Church employs and upon which skepticism casts its contempt. They lie under the mistaken notion that society can be elevated by some process which deals with conditions rather than character, forgetful of the fact that character makes conditions. Society is composed of individuals, and can be no better in the aggregate than the sum of the moral character of its individual members, and whatever influence elevates, reforms and purifies the individual, by so much elevates, reforms and purifies society, and adds so much to the moral force with which the whole mass may be leavened. He is not a close observer who has not learned that any community in which the force of evangelism is strong is under the best impulse to all that social advancement implies. Abundant illustration of this fact is found in the influence of vigorous missionary or evangelistic effort in those localities in large cities in which they have been organized. Invariably as they advance, vice and squalid poverty recede as though some invisible hand had swept and garnished the region round about them. With such poor aids to social improvement as secularism and its kindred isms offer, we must look in vain for the purification or elevation of social life among the masses of society. It is godliness alone that has promise of the best for the life that now is. That which purifies the springs of life, that transforms character, that implants in the human heart a new and Divine life, and that only, is the true remedy for social degradation. But it is not true that the Church while engaged for the reformation of the individual is neglectful of, or indifferent to the general weal. Nor is it philosophical to say that to impress a man with the necessity of saving his own soul is to stimulate selfishness. He who is brought to the recognition of his proper relation to the Divine Father, by the same experience comes into a recognition of human brotherhood. It is not from the lips of the Christian that the question comes, "Am I my brother's keeper?" If all that secularism has done throughout the world for the reformation of the degraded masses of humanity were summed up it would not equal what has been accomplished by any one of many of the great leaders in the Church of Christ. It is not much to pose a theory before the world as a panacea for human ills, but it is to the results that thoughtful men will look for proofs of its use-

fulness, and to those the disciples of Christ may challenge with the utmost confidence these modern propounders of quack nostrums.

THE MISSION OF METHODISM.

We have no doubt that Methodism has a divinely appointed mission to accomplish in the world. If the history of the planting of the early churches of the apostolic age gives proof of a divine origin and divine interposition, it cannot be denied that the origin and progress of Methodism furnish tokens of similar divine power and guidance. Like primitive Christianity, Methodism was destitute of all forms of earthly power and prestige, and was despised for its simplicity. As in primitive times, the influence exerted and the progress achieved were simply the results of the faithful preaching of the Gospel, accompanied by the converting and sanctifying power of the Spirit. We thank the God of all grace that those tokens of his power and presence have not departed from us—that the preached word is still quick and powerful—that it is still the power of God to the salvation of all who believe. To speak more of the numbers that have been enrolled under the banners of Methodism, the victories it has won among the heathen in different parts of the world, and the educational and Sunday-school work it has accomplished, does not fully embrace all that has been done. We must also take into account the influence that has been exerted upon other Churches. The great revival movement of the last century reached out and touched and quickened other Churches with a new life, so that the influence of Methodism has gone far beyond the Methodist organization and name. There can be no doubt, whether it be acknowledged or not, that Methodism has exercised a great moulding and softening influence upon the theology and religious thought of the Churches, as well as upon the experience and life of the people.

Is this mission of Methodism a temporary thing that has run its period, and is likely to pass away? We know it is sometimes said that, since other Churches are now giving more prominence to personal conversion and spiritual religion, Methodism as a separate organization is not needed, and that the best thing can do is to merge its existence in some of the older Churches, and disappear from sight. We have no sympathy whatever with any such sentiment as this. To countenance such an idea would be recreancy and disloyalty. It would be to abandon the trust that God has committed to our keeping. Never did the world need the labors of Methodism more than to-day. We have as a Church a testimony to bear for the universality of the Atonement and the fulness of the great salvation, that we cannot commit to any substitute. As long as men are ignorant and need light, guilty and needing forgiveness, dead in trespasses and sins, and needing renewing and sanctifying grace, Methodism has a mission to the world. The mission of Methodism can only terminate when its work is done; or when it becomes incompetent to do it. If Methodism becomes a mere formal and lifeless thing, without spiritual power, the sooner it passes away and makes room for something else the better. But as long as Methodism preaches the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and exemplifies by her saved hosts the power of grace, she will have a sacred work, a divine mission for this sinful world.

SPIRITUAL LIFE IN THE CHURCHES.

Among the topics discussed at the late Moody Convention in Toronto none were more important than that which stood first on the programme: "How to promote spiritual life in the Churches." That the committee thought it necessary to introduce such a topic is humiliating, for it implies a condition of spiritual declension or weakness which ordinary means appear inadequate to relieve, and if this be the true state of spiritual life in the Churches professing to represent the Saviour of men, and to be his organized agencies for their recovery from sin and their salvation through him, then indeed too much attention and thought cannot be given to the discovery of a remedy. The Churches are set as a light to the world, as the salt of the earth, and if they are without illuminating or seasoning power, or possess them only in the weakest degree they have by so much lost their right to bear the name of Christ. It is lamentable if they who are tossed on the ocean of that unrest which the world stands confessedly unable to relieve look in vain to the source from whence they have a right to expect help and aid—aid if, instead of the gleaming light which should direct to a safe harbor of refuge, they find only impenetrable darkness. There is a fearful responsibility resting upon those through whose neglect to keep the signal light burning, the train or ship freighted with human life is wrecked or lost. Without spiritual life and power a Church is not only useless as such but may be a positive injury to souls, for it may attract by other means those who otherwise might go when they would be surrounded by saving influences. But we are not prepared to accept any such extreme view of the spiritual condition of the great body of Churches for which we write. The encouraging intelligence of revivals which is found in our columns from week to week gives proof of a hopeful vitality, and is the pledge of still greater things; and yet we are by no means certain that the full measure of spiritual power which is possible is attained. If it were, it is scarcely probable that in so many of our congregations the percentage of unconverted hearers would be so large. If, therefore, it be true that any of our churches, or all of them, are not possessed of the degree of spiritual life which they ought to have, and must have, in order to the highest usefulness, it is of the utmost importance that persistent in-

quiry be made for the cause and cure. In the discussion of this question in the Convention, the opinion seemed pretty general that the cause lies mostly in a neglect of the study of the word of God, and of personal or individual effort for the conversion of souls. Too many professors of discipleship with Christ appear to think that they have only to observe a sort of general routine of duty, having regard mostly, if not exclusively, to their own enjoyment—a cause which must inevitably result in spiritual barrenness to themselves because so entirely out of harmony with the mind and life of the Lord Jesus who made fruit-bearing a test of discipleship. The most fruitful cause of spiritual dearth is, however, the intense craving after wealth for its own sake, which apparently pervades the very classes of society from whom the best service should come. Upon this point Mr. Moody expressed himself as follows: "We have lost spiritual life by being hand-in-glove with the world, believers unequally yoked with unbelievers. You cannot have power unless you lead a separated life. Christ died to redeem you from the world. I have heard people say, 'Christ left us in the world, we are not to live like hermits.' No, we are not to live like hermits. But the one thing Christ taught throughout his life on earth was, that the world was at war with him. The world is not to-day any more a friend to the Gospel of Jesus Christ than when he perished on the cross. Human nature has always been the same. The first man born of woman was a murderer. No man or woman is going to have spiritual power that is not separated from the world—that is unequally yoked with unbelievers. We used to have to preach to the Church to keep out of the world. Now the world has gone into the Church—moved right in, and taken possession, and that is the reason we have so little power. People say, 'Christ did not take us, only the world—we are in the world'; the ship is on the waters; that is all right, but when the water gets into the ship it's all wrong. And so when the world gets into God's people, it is all wrong."

THE ELM STREET REVIVAL.

We are pleased to be able to state that the revival in Elm Street Church, under the labors of the Rev. Thomas Harrison, has continued to increase in interest and power. Even during the excitement of the Moody Convention, the congregations were large, and the religious interest powerful. Night after night the communion railing was crowded by penitent seekers, nearly all of whom have been enabled to rejoice in God their Saviour. Last Sunday was a great day in that church. In the afternoon, 252 united with the Church. Over twenty new seekers came forward in the evening. Besides these, over 40 expressed their intention to join the Presbyterian and other Churches, and about 50 will unite with other Methodist churches in the city. This is one of the most extensive revivals that has ever been seen in Toronto, and the work gives no sign of declining in power. The meetings will be continued, at least, for another week, probably longer. While we should sympathize with all modes of Christian work which are owned of God, and should hold ourselves, like Wesley, free to adopt any method that is likely to increase our success in the Master's work, as a general rule, we believe it is best for Methodists to work on the old Methodist lines. We can regard with charity and liberality theological opinions which we do not accept, when those who teach them evince zeal for God and a true Christian spirit; yet we confess we feel a strong preference for an evangelist like Mr. Harrison, who preaches what we believe to be sound scriptural doctrine, especially at the present time, when so many evangelists are tainted with a Calvinistic Plymouthism.

This morning at 9.30, in Mount Vernon Place Church in Baltimore, U.S., there assembled the most general representation of the Methodism of America which has been held during its entire history. Nearly all denominations bearing the name "Methodist," in the United States and Canada, will have delegates in this Conference, representing nearly four million communicants. And if we allow three adherents to each communicant, they will represent nearly 15,000,000 of the population of North America. Let it be remembered that a century has not yet passed since John Wesley died, that during much of its history and in the widest area of its operations Methodism has made its growth by conquest, that unlike older denominations and those of a national character, it has not grown by hereditary preferences, but because of social consideration more particularly in the land of its birth it has continually suffered depletion, and none who are not hindered by prejudice can fail to see in its marvellous growth the hand of God. Doubtless, as the programme indicates, the proceedings will be full of interest. The Rev. Dr. Williams, of St. Catharines, and the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, of Princeton, are to represent our Church at the Centennial Conference at Baltimore. We published an outline of the proceedings in our last issue. The Conference opens on December 10th and closes on the 16th. On the second day, Rev. Dr. Gardiner opens the discussion on the educational and financial results of Methodism. On the fourth day, the Rev. Dr. Williams is to read a paper on "The Rise and Progress of Methodism." Dr. Williams is well qualified to deal with this subject upon which he wrote an able article some years ago which appeared in the *Methodist Quarterly Review* and attracted a good deal of attention both in Canada and the United States.

On Thursday morning last the Missionary Committee of Consultation and Finance of the late Methodist Church of Canada met at the Mission Rooms to wind up the business of last year. In the absence of Dr. Rice, Dr. Williams, the vice-president, presided. The business before the Committee was the re-

ception of the auditors' report and the closing up of last year's accounts. In the afternoon a similar Committee of the United Church met, Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, presiding. A number of special claims referred to this Committee by the Missionary Board were considered and adjusted. Among the more important references was one relating to the French Institute at Montreal, upon which this Committee advised that the General Secretary consult with the directors at Montreal with a view to making the best practical arrangements for the carrying on of that institution. The proposition adopted by the Missionary Board for the erection of new premises and referred to this Committee, was also considered, and a sub-committee was appointed to make further inquiries and to take such action as may be deemed advisable.

Roman Catholic questions still continue to embarrass the German Government. Last week, Prince Bismarck declared the re-introduction of Herr Windthorst's motion to repeal the law empowering the Government to expel or intern priests for illegally exercising their functions, after its recent rejection by the Bundesrath, was disrespectful to the Bundesrath. Moreover, he said the last two Prussian Ministers of Public Worship had not applied the law. The attitude taken by the Centre party impeded an understanding between Germany and Rome. Prussia would not consent to repeal the law, at least not for the Polish districts. The Government would only accept a prelate for the archbishopric of Posen who did not sympathize with the efforts to sever West Prussia and Upper Silesia from the Prussian State. The negotiations between Prussia and the Roman Curia since 1878 had been practically without result, although Prussia had granted various concessions. These negotiations were still pending, and the Government could afford to wait. It would only make further concession in case concessions were made by Rome with a view to the restoration of peace.

Dr. MacLagan, Bishop of Lichfield, has adopted a curious method of making up for the want of preaching ability in some of his clergy, especially the deacons. He directs that they should only preach one sermon a month of their own composition, and wished that that should be sent to him for examination on the Monday after it is preached. At other times, his lordship desires that they should read sermons from volumes which he recommends. The *Christian World* says: "There is not a little to be said for the Bishop's advice, but we pity the deacons. Few men could prepare a suitable sermon for ordinary Sunday use if they had the fear of a Bishop's criticisms ever in view. And if doctrine and theology have to pass muster with his ecclesiastical superior, it is not likely to favor the free expression of a young man's religious earnestness, or the utterance of the convictions of the mind. It is not likely to produce many Robertsons or Kingsleys; and it is the prolongation of the school-boy condition of existence."

In no part of the Orient are the indications of progress more clear and encouraging than in Japan. There, it is now said, "The Mikado has formally abolished the rank and title of a state priesthood, and now permits all sects to choose their own spiritual heads. This measure is regarded as preliminary to a declaration of complete freedom in matters of conscience, which would place Christianity on the same legal footing in Japan as Buddhism and Shintoism. Though Shintoism has long remained the official religion of the empire, Buddhism, after much persecution, was admitted twelve years ago to much the same status as its rival, but for the last seven years the State has interfered very little with the Church. While freeing the Church from Government rule, however, the Ministry warns priests strongly against fomenting religious disturbances and disputes, which will be quelled by law."

We are in the last month of the year, and yet there are a great many circuits from which not a new subscriber has been sent. Sometimes a brother tells us that he is on a bad circuit to get new subscribers. But we have noticed that more depends upon the man than the place. We often get a good list from a poor circuit, when the minister is zealous; while we get very few from a rich circuit if the pastor is not earnest in the work. Brethren, let us hear from you soon. We believe if the ministers would publicly appeal to their people, and show them the value of the GUARDIAN to the family and the Church; that we might have a large increase in our circulation. We ask for an earnest and united effort to extend the influence of this important Church agency.

We regret to announce the death of the wife of Rev. A. M. Phillips, B.D., of Galt. She was a daughter of William Coyne, Esq., of St. Thomas, a most amiable and estimable Christian lady, greatly beloved by all who knew her. Before the dew of her youth had passed away, she has been removed from the tender fellowship of sorrowing earthly friends to the communion of the glorified above. Bro. Phillips and the bereaved friends have our deep sympathy in their great sorrow.

Some time ago, at an Evangelical Alliance meeting, we were somewhat surprised to hear a leading Baptist minister denounce the present system of religious denominations, and strongly advocate the organic union of all the Churches in one body. Our surprise arose from the fact that no people give greater prominence to the points that are peculiar to them than the Baptists. It seems to us that when men who are strongly attached to their own Church system talk of organic union their main thought is that everyone will adopt their views. We are confirmed in this opinion by the following remarks in a recent issue of the *Canadian Baptist*:— "Baptists never can conscientiously unite with Pedobaptists, and never will. Until they find

The recent disturbances between the students and the faculty of King's College, Windsor, N.S., and the petition recently presented to the Board of Governors by the alumni requesting the dismissal of the entire teaching staff, have resulted in the governors deciding to act in accordance with the petition and reorganize the faculty throughout. King's, it may be mentioned, is the oldest college on this continent, with the exception of Harvard.

I can truthfully affirm that during a ministerial career of nearly thirty years, I never met with a Christian woman more humble, devoted, unobtrusive and useful than Mrs. Vaux. During the years to which I refer her whole life was spent in doing good. Seldom did I find my way to a home of suffering unaccompanied by our departed sister. Her testimony in the social means of grace was clear and unmistakable. Christ dwelt in her heart by faith—the hope of glory. To her he was a personal Saviour—a great reality. Her religion was cheerful. Her presence was a benediction. She rests from her labors and her works do follow her, and while we look up at the earth side of the cloud, which is dark, she looks down at the heaven side, which is all bright and radiant. W. J. HUNTER.

MISS McMULLEN.

The subject of this sketch was the only daughter of Hiram and Phoebe McMullen, and was born in Port Hope, Ont. 18th, 1865. She was eighteen years six months and twenty-five days when called by a loving Saviour to give an account of her short life time here.

She grew up an intelligent girl, beloved by all who knew her. She was of a lively and kind disposition, ever ready to lend a helping hand in time of need.

In 1882 she was converted to God under the labors of Rev. Mr. Hutton, of the M. E. Church at Madoc. She immediately connected herself with the M. E. Church, of which she remained a member until her death, which took place in June, 1894.

Her funeral services were conducted by the Rev. E. Howard, after which her remains were conveyed to the Front of Sidney burial ground. W. E. NORMAN.

WILLIAM MANSFIELD.

Father-in-law of the Rev. N. S. Burwash, was born in the State of New York on November 15th, 1810.

He was converted to God in early life, and from the time of his conversion was an exemplary Christian and a devoted member of the Methodist Church. In his own home, while strength permitted, he was faithful in attending to religious duties, careful in watching over the religious training of his children, and had the pleasure of seeing them almost all connected with the Church of his choice.

The larger part of his religious life was spent in the township of Godwin, where for a number of years he occupied the position of leader and steward, always taking a deep interest in the financial and spiritual welfare of the Church. About twelve years ago Father Mansfield moved to the village of Paisley, where the writer first met him. For many years he was a great sufferer, being confined to the house for weeks together. We had the privilege of visiting him frequently during the past two years, often finding him in great pain, but always patient and with unshaken confidence in God. During the last few days of his illness he manifested the truth of the passage, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." On the 28th day of October he passed calmly to the land of everlasting rest. J. E.

CHARLES W. FINKLE.

Son of Jacob Finkle, of Sidney, was born in 1851, and died August 15th, 1894, being thirty-three years of age.

Bro. Finkle was converted ten years previous to his death under the ministry of Rev. T. Cullen, at which time he had a clear assurance of the forgiveness of sin. About seven years later he found the blessing of sanctification. He was of a quiet, retiring disposition, shrinking from responsibility in the Church, thinking himself incapable, but his life was consistent with his profession, he was an every-day Christian, he loved to labor in the Sabbath-school, and was loved by his acquaintances. His illness (consumption) lasted about six months. He was not afraid of death. Although he was leaving a dear wife and three children, he calmly said, "The Lord's will be done." About fifteen minutes before he departed he had swooned, and on coming to found his wife in distress. He requested her to give him up and let him go, assuring her that "it is not hard to die," and he had just seen before two persons awaiting his arrival on the other shore, and he had dying grace. He then requested her to kiss him farewell, which she did. He then laid down and rested on the bosom of his God. Truly he fell asleep in Jesus. W. H. COOK.

MARY WILSON STEPHENSON.

At Cobourg, on the 11th of September, 1894, the happy face of this saint of God lay calm in death, for her spirit had gone from earth's pain to heaven's rest.

She was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1815, and came to Canada with her parents, Richard and Mary Wilson, in 1827. The family settled in the county of York. Here she married Joseph Stephenson, a veterinary surgeon, in 1838.

In 1864 Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson moved to Cobourg, which place has been their home ever since.

Mrs. Stephenson was connected with the Church of England until she was seventeen years of age. At that time she was brought into the light of salvation through the preaching and she with her father then joined the Wesleyan Methodist Church. From that till her death her spirit was meek, loving, trusting, and her life consistent. So long as she was able she faithfully attended the various means of grace. Her end, after long months of weakness, was very peaceful, and her latest testimony was of a hope full of immortality. She has left a track of light to guide her children and grand-children up to heaven. May God bless and comfort her sorrowing husband and family. F. H. W.

MARGARET IRWIN.

Sister Irwin was born in Castle Blaney, County Monaghan, Ireland, and died March 23rd, 1894, at her brother's residence, Mr. George Irwin, Osnabruck, Stormont County, Ontario. She came to Canada with her parents in 1831, and settled in Osnabruck, and in about six years afterwards she was soundly converted to God under the faithful labors of the Revs. Shaler and Goodson. There were no shadows or doubts about her conversion. Her title to heaven was clear and her heart filled with the joy of the Holy Ghost. At once she united with the Methodist Church, of which she remained a consistent member to the end of her natural life.

Our dear sister was much attached to the Church of her choice, always taking a lively interest in matters pertaining thereto. God honored her labors by using her as the instrument in the conversion of a number of her associates to himself. As one with whom she has since met beyond the river said, "I will have reason to thank God through all eternity that I ever got acquainted with Margaret Irwin." There was in her everyday life that sweetness and serenity of spirit which characterizes the life of that pure who walks with God, living the prayer, "Nearer, my God, to thee."

The writer visited her during her illness and found her able to exclaim, "The blood cleanseth from all sin;" "My God is reconciled." Sabbath morning, March the 23rd, found her at a Sabbath-day journey from her earthly home ere the day faded away into night, her happy soul passed from "the valley of the shadow of death to the brightness of eternal glory." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." JOHN WEBSTER.

NANCY HUGHES (West Winchester Circuit).

Nancy Melvin, wife of William S. Hughes, of the village of West Winchester, and daughter of Allen and Mary Melvin, of the township of Winchester, was born on the 21st April, 1851. When a little girl she united with the Methodist Church, under the ministry of the late Rev. John Howes. She was a constant attendant on the means of grace, but was not fully satisfied in reference to her experience until some years afterwards.

At a camp-meeting held on the old Winchester Circuit, under the superintendence of the late Rev. E. A. Ward, she experienced a rich baptism of the Holy Spirit. She could ever after look back to that time and feel that her heavenly Father had wonderfully blessed her. The ground once gained, was not lost; but she en-

deavored to obey the divine injunction, and grew in grace daily. Sister Hughes loved the means of grace, especially the prayer and class-meetings, and when health permitted was rarely absent. Her last illness was of a lingering character, and at times there were hopes that she might recover; nevertheless, she endeavored to set her house in order, and was able to say, "Thy will be done."

She bore her sufferings with patience and felt the sweetness of the promises. Though anxious to live for the sake of her husband and dear little boy, she trusted all in her heavenly Father's hands. Sister Hughes passed away to the blood-washed throne, May 21st, 1894, leaving a sorrowing husband and one little boy to mourn her loss. Com.

ROBERT GIBSON.

Was born on the 11th of June, 1853, in Mersea township, Essex county, Ont. He lost his life, while sailing in a yacht in the Straits of Mackinac, on the 5th of July last. Bro. Gibson left his home in the fall of 1883 to reside at St. Janace, northern Michigan, to improve his health and to better his circumstances.

He was converted to God in October, 1870, in special meetings held by the Revs. Fred. Smith and Wm. Sutton (M.E.), while teaching school on the ninth concession of Mersea. Subsequently joining the Methodist Church, he moved to Wheatley in the fall of 1878 and organized the first Sabbath-school of that body in that village. He was the efficient and popular superintendent of the school for five years, and under his able and fostering care the school greatly flourished. He also organized and conducted an efficient church choir. He filled the office of class-leader over a class of young people for nearly two years before leaving Wheatley.

He was highly esteemed for his social qualities, his zealous and judicious labors, and devoted and earnest Christian character. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in his new home in Michigan, and was being recognized there as an earnest Christian worker, when an unexpected and sudden death was a great blow to a large circle of friends and acquaintances in the township of Mersea. His widow, left with four young children, while sad over the thought of her husband's body still resting in its watery grave, yet rejoices in the assurance that he sleeps in Jesus awaiting in triumph a glorious resurrection. Wm. T. TURNER.

MRS. NATHAN CHOATE, (PORT HOPE). Daughter of the late Sampson Tukey, was born in the County of Cornwall, England, August 25th, 1823.

In 1832, she came with her parents to Port Hope, and shortly after they moved to the township of Dumfries. At the age of nineteen she joined the Bible Christian Church, of which her parents were members. Four years subsequently she and her parents united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church, of which she continued a consistent member till death. On the 20th of July, 1893, she was married to Mr. Nathan Choate, of Port Hope, and proved a faithful and loving companion for him and a kind and devoted mother to the children of Mr. Choate's former family. The uniform testimony of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance is that she possessed a rare combination of noble traits of character. The poor never appealed to her generous sympathies in both quality and price. Their Tears will always sustain their reputation in both quality and price. GEORGE SYER, Manager, P.S.—Orders by post will receive prompt attention. 3874-81.

Often has the writer rejoiced while listening to her earnest and thrilling exhortations at a meeting. May her mantle fall upon her survivors. One of them writes:

"She has only gone before. To welcome those she left behind; And she reaches the other shore. The best and loved we miss still find." J. SHAW.

Special Notice.

A DOUBLE PURPOSE. The popular remedy, Hagar's Yellow Oil, is used both internally and externally, for aches, pains, colds, cramps, rheumatism, deafness, and diseases of an inflammatory nature.

Marriage Licenses.

GEO. EAKIN, ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. Office—Court House, Adelaide Street East. House—138 Carlton Street, Toronto. 2605-1y

H. S. MARR, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Bachelors and Spouses. Licensed by the Government. Office—138 Carlton Street, Toronto. 2605-1y

Dry Goods.

LADIES LIVING OUT OF TOWN TO WILL SAVE MONEY BY ORDERING THEIR

Berlin Wools & Embroideries

DIRECT FROM THE IMPORTER.

NOTE OUR PRICES: BERLIN WOOLS, all colors, 12 1/2c. per oz. BERTLAND WOOLS, all colors, 12 1/2c. per oz. ANGLICAN WOOLS, all colors, 12 1/2c. per oz. WOOLLEN JAWA CANYAS, all colors, 12 1/2c. per yard. Every article reduced to the lowest price.

A TRIAL SOLICITED. Letter orders receive prompt attention. Write for Price-list and save 25 per cent.

HENRY DAVIS, DIRECT IMPORTER,

232 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. 2614-2603-181

A. B. FLINT, GIVING

10 PER CENT. OFF ALL HIS NEW STOCK

OF DRY GOODS

ON ACCOUNT OF HARD TIMES. STOCK MUST BE SOLD OUT

109 King-st. East, Toronto, 3rd Door East of Church Street. 2600-2605-1y

DRESS SHIRTS, GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

FIRST CLASS GOODS.

COOPER'S, - 109 Yonge Street. 2603-1y

S. TIDY & SON, FLORISTS, near 250

Wedding and Funeral orders, by mail or word, filled with all possible despatch. Telephone communication. 2503-13c.

Jewellery, etc.

Xmas Presents.

New Catalogue Now Ready.

FIFTY PER CENT. REDUCTION On Old Catalogue Prices.

\$25. GENUINE DIAMOND, SET IN SOLID 15 KT. GOLD. Diamond Size of Cut. Ring Made to Fit.

CHAS. STARK, 52 CHURCH STREET TORONTO, near KING, Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver Jeweller Diamonds, Silverware &c.

Send address for our 120-page Catalogue, containing over 200 illustrations of all the latest and most elegant designs. 2673-5c

Miscellaneous.

THE Old Reliable House, 141 YONGE-ST. FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY.

Silverware, Optical and Fancy Goods, SPECTACLES FOR EVERY EIGHT.

10 to 20 per cent. discount during Holidays. E. M. MORPHY, SON & CO. 2674-81.

TEA! TEA! TEA!

The MONTREAL TEA COMPANY have removed to their new premises, No. 370 SPADINA AVENUE, three floors South of College Street, west side, and would be glad to invite those who have added to their already well-known Tea Business (so long a specialty with them) a full line of fine GROCERIES and PAstry, which have been selected with great care in the best markets.

They are now prepared to supply their old customers and others who may give them a call, with First-Class Goods at low prices. Their Tears will always sustain their reputation in both quality and price. GEORGE SYER, Manager, P.S.—Orders by post will receive prompt attention. 3874-81.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, MANUFACTURER

CANADIAN AIR GAS MACHINE

For Lighting Mills, Factories, Private Residences, Churches, &c., &c.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND PRICE LIST. 145 Wellington Street West, Toronto. 2600-12c

CELEBRATED THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Awarded Silver Medals, Montreal and Toronto, 1883.

Centennial Bronze Medal, St. John, 1883.

THE COOK'S FRIEND is the best value in the market, contains no deleterious ingredients, and is thoroughly healthy and reliable.

CAUTION.—Observe the Trade Mark and name, "Cook's Friend," on every package. No deviation from the exact name is genuine. Buy it. Try it, and be convinced. 2607-1y

Holiday Present FOR A MAN!

Just get him a copy of "Shop-How to Build Them," a large and beautiful illustrated guide and directory, containing all the latest and most reliable information on the subject of building. It will place him in possession of the most valuable and complete information on the subject of building. Price only 25c. per copy. Send for a copy to the publisher, 25c. per copy. 2573-3c

COMPOUND OXYGEN For Blood Diseases, Incipient Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh of the Throat, and all chronic diseases. Call or send for circular. Trial treatment free. L. A. STACKHOUSE, 73 King Street West, Toronto. 2607-12c

LANDAUS, BUGGIES, PHAETONS, in stock and to order, at GUY'S STEAM CARRIAGE WORKS, 108 & 105 QUEEN STREET EAST & 108 RICHMOND STREET EAST, TORONTO. 2645

ART STAINED GLASS CHURCH & HOUSE DECORATION, 306-308-310-312-314-316-318-320-322-324-326-328-330-332-334-336-338-340-342-344-346-348-350-352-354-356-358-360-362-364-366-368-370-372-374-376-378-380-382-384-386-388-390-392-394-396-398-400-402-404-406-408-410-412-414-416-418-420-422-424-426-428-430-432-434-436-438-440-442-444-446-448-450-452-454-456-458-460-462-464-466-468-470-472-474-476-478-480-482-484-486-488-490-492-494-496-498-500-502-504-506-508-510-512-514-516-518-520-522-524-526-528-530-532-534-536-538-540-542-544-546-548-550-552-554-556-558-560-562-564-566-568-570-572-574-576-578-580-582-584-586-588-590-592-594-596-598-600-602-604-606-608-610-612-614-616-618-620-622-624-626-628-630-632-634-636-638-640-642-644-646-648-650-652-654-656-658-660-662-664-666-668-670-672-674-676-678-680-682-684-686-688-690-692-694-696-698-700-702-704-706-708-710-712-714-716-718-720-722-724-726-728-730-732-734-736-738-740-742-744-746-748-750-752-754-756-758-760-762-764-766-768-770-772-774-776-778-780-782-784-786-788-790-792-794-796-798-800-802-804-806-808-810-812-814-816-818-820-822-824-826-828-830-832-834-836-838-840-842-844-846-848-850-852-854-856-858-860-862-864-866-868-870-872-874-876-878-880-882-884-886-888-890-892-894-896-898-900-902-904-906-908-910-912-914-916-918-920-922-924-926-928-930-932-934-936-938-940-942-944-946-948-950-952-954-956-958-960-962-964-966-968-970-972-974-976-978-980-982-984-986-988-990-992-994-996-998-1000-1002-1004-1006-1008-1010-1012-1014-1016-1018-1020-1022-1024-1026-1028-1030-1032-1034-1036-1038-1040-1042-1044-1046-1048-1050-1052-1054-1056-1058-1060-1062-1064-1066-1068-1070-1072-1074-1076-1078-1080-1082-1084-1086-1088-1090-1092-1094-1096-1098-1100-1102-1104-1106-1108-1110-1112-1114-1116-1118-1120-1122-1124-1126-1128-1130-1132-1134-1136-1138-1140-1142-1144-1146-1148-1150-1152-1154-1156-1158-1160-1162-1164-1166-1168-1170-1172-1174-1176-1178-1180-1182-1184-1186-1188-1190-1192-1194-1196-1198-1200-1202-1204-1206-1208-1210-1212-1214-1216-1218-1220-1222-1224-1226-1228-1230-1232-1234-1236-1238-1240-1242-1244-1246-1248-1250-1252-1254-1256-1258-1260-1262-1264-1266-1268-1270-1272-1274-1276-1278-1280-1282-1284-1286-1288-1290-1292-1294-1296-1298-1300-1302-1304-1306-1308-1310-1312-1314-1316-1318-1320-1322-1324-1326-1328-1330-1332-1334-1336-1338-1340-1342-1344-1346-1348-1350-1352-1354-1356-1358-1360-1362-1364-1366-1368-1370-1372-1374-1376-1378-1380-1382-1384-1386-1388-1390-1392-1394-1396-1398-1400-1402-1404-1406-1408-1410-1412-1414-1416-1418-1420-1422-1424-1426-1428-1430-1432-1434-1436-1438-1440-1442-1444-1446-1448-1450-1452-1454-1456-1458-1460-1462-1464-1466-1468-1470-1472-1474-1476-1478-1480-1482-1484-1486-1488-1490-1492-1494-1496-1498-1500-1502-1504-1506-1508-1510-1512-1514-1516-1518-1520-1522-1524-1526-1528-1530-1532-1534-1536-1538-1540-1542-1544-1546-1548-1550-1552-1554-1556-1558-1560-1562-1564-1566-1568-1570-1572-1574-1576-1578-1580-1582-1584-1586-1588-1590-1592-1594-1596-1598-1600-1602-1604-1606-1608-1610-1612-1614-1616-1618-1620-1622-1624-1626-1628-1630-1632-1634-1636-1638-1640-1642-1644-1646-1648-1650-1652-1654-1656-1658-1660-1662-1664-1666-1668-1670-1672-1674-1676-1678-1680-1682-1684-1686-1688-1690-1692-1694-1696-1698-1700-1702-1704-1706-1708-1710-1712-1714-1716-1718-1720-1722-1724-1726-1728-1730-1732-1734-1736-1738-1740-1742-1744-1746-1748-1750-1752-1754-1756-1758-1760-1762-1764-1766-1768-1770-1772-1774-1776-1778-1780-1782-1784-1786-1788-1790-1792-1794-1796-1798-1800-1802-1804-1806-1808-1810-1812-1814-1816-1818-1820-1822-1824-1826-1828-1830-1832-1834-1836-1838-1840-1842-1844-1846-1848-1850-1852-1854-1856-1858-1860-1862-1864-1866-1868-1870-1872-1874-1876-1878-1880-1882-1884-1886-1888-1890-1892-1894-1896-1898-1900-1902-1904-1906-1908-1910-1912-1914-1916-1918-1920-1922-1924-1926-1928-1930-1932-1934-1936-1938-1940-1942-1944-1946-1948-1950-1952-1954-1956-1958-1960-1962-1964-1966-1968-1970-1972-1974-1976-1978-1980-1982-1984-1986-1988-1990-1992-1994-1996-1998-2000-2002-2004-2006-2008-2010-2012-2014-2016-2018-2020-2022-2024-2026-2028-2030-2032-2034-2036-2038-2040-2042-2044-2046-2048-2050-2052-2054-2056-2058-2060-2062-2064-2066-2068-2070-2072-2074-2076-2078-2080-2082-2084-2086-2088-2090-2092-2094-2096-2098-2100-2102-2104-2106-2108-2110-2112-2114-2116-2118-2120-2122-2124-2126-2128-2130-2132-2134-2136-2138-2140-2142-2144-2146-2148-2150-2152-2154-2156-2158-2160-2162-2164-2166-2168-2170-2172-2174-2176-2178-2180-2182-2184-2186-2188-2190-2192-2194-2196-2198-2200-2202-2204-2206-2208-2210-2212-2214-2216-2218-2220-2222-2224-2226-2228-2230-2232-2234-2236-2238-2240-2242-2244-2246-2248-2250-2252-2254-2256-2258-2260-2262-2264-2266-2268-2270-2272-2274-2276-2278-2280-2282-2284-2286-2288-2290-2292-2294-2296-2298-2300-2302-2304-2306-2308-2310-2312-2314-2316-2318-2320-2322-2324-2326-2328-2330-2332-2334-2336-2338-2340-2342-2344-2346-2348-2350-2352-2354-2356-2358-2360-2362-2364-2366-2368-2370-2372-2374-2376-2378-2380-2382-2384-2386-2388-2390-2392-2394-2396-2398-2400-2402-2404-2406-2408-2410-2412-2414-2416-2418-2420-2422-2424-2426-2428-2430-2432-2434-2436-2438-2440-2442-2444-2446-2448-2450-2452-2454-2456-2458-2460-2462-2464-2466-2468-2470-2472-2474-2476-2478-2480-2482-2484-2486-2488-2490-2492-2494-2496-2498-2500-2502-2504-2506-2508-2510-2512-2514-2516-2518-2520-2522-2524-2526-2528-2530-2532-2534-2536-2

KING ALFRED'S MOTTO.

BY D. W. L.

"What a curious room!" exclaimed Lily Thacher, as for the first time she stood behind the heavy curtains which guarded the entrance to her cousin Bela's "mugger"—a room which Lily had longed to explore during her week's visit to her uncle's house.

As Bela left her, telling her she might examine anything she chose, Lily looked around with great interest at the many quaint and curious things which her cousin had collected in this cozy retreat. As she was looking at a queer old German photograph on the wall, her eye was suddenly caught by something which seemed to her the most curious thing of them all—a frieze of golden letters on a dark ground, running all around the top of the wall. On looking more closely, she found them to be mottoes or proverbs, some of which were appropriate to the special articles of furniture over which they were placed. Over a large chest of drawers was the motto: "Order is heaven's first law;" over the work-table, "A stitch in time saves nine." But more than all others, Lily's attention was attracted by a motto which ran along the wall just opposite her cousin's easy chair and writing-table, where she spent most of her time—"Count that day lost in which thou hast done no good deed."

Just then Bela returned, and seeing Lily's gaze riveted on the frieze, she said: "Ah! you have discovered my pet motto; it was a favorite saying of good old King Alfred, and I try to let no day pass without acting on it, at least a little, or else it reproaches me when my eyes fall upon it. And I cannot tell you, Lily, how much happier my life has been under King Alfred's rule. Now that I have once begun to look out for chances to do good deeds, the days are not long enough to do half that I might."

A call to dinner here interrupted the conversation, nor was there any chance to resume it before Lily's departure for home on the following day; but the golden motto on the frieze refused to be forgotten, and during her journey on the cars, the words kept running through her head, keeping time with the jingling of the wheels in an odd way like this:

"Count that day
Lost in which
Thou hast done
No good deed."

Before reaching home she made up her mind to try and act out the motto for herself, and see if her cousin Bela's words were true.

Lily Thacher was a sweet-tempered girl of sixteen, always ready for a "good time," and a great favorite among her friends; but till now she had lived a careless, merry life, enjoying the good things which fell to her lot, and thinking little of looking out for the happiness of others, and yet she was not any more selfish than most healthy, hearty girls of her age, only thoughtless; for she had yet to learn the exquisite happiness of definitely seeking others' happiness, as well as her own.

The morning after her return home, she procured a piece of white cardboard about a foot square, printed on it, in large blue letters, the motto, and hung it by a blue ribbon at one side of her looking-glass.

"There!" said she, "I shall be sure to see it at least three times a day, anyhow! And now for to-day's 'good deed'—what shall it be? I must hunt up some poor woman to clothe, or some sick man to send flowers to."

Just then her mother's voice was heard calling: "Lily, will you help Hugh mend his kite? I know this is your last day of vacation, but I have all the week's mending to do, and haven't time to help him."

Lily ran down into the sitting-room, and patiently helped Hugh with his torn kite. She was then just about to run off to see the girls, whom she was wild to tell about her visit, when her heart suddenly smote her as she noticed how pale and tired her mother looked, bending over the great basket which held the week's mending. Something within her said, "Charity begins at home"—and she determined to try one little "good deed."

"Dear mamma," she said, "do let me just a little while, you look so tired. I will look after Hugh, and you will be so much fresher for the clothes afterwards."

Mrs. Thacher, after some coaxing, consented to lie down for a little while, for she slept little during the past night. Indeed, so tired was she that, in a few minutes, she was fast asleep.

Lily, in the meantime, had set Hugh to playing blocks, and had herself taken her mother's place by the basket. If there was one thing which Lily hated to do above all others it was to mend, but she resolved to surprise her mother with the sight of the empty basket; so, with a little sigh at the thought of the girls, she began distributing the clothes in various piles, mending all that needed it; and after an hour and a half of diligent work, she had the satisfaction of putting them all away in their respective bureau drawers.

She had hardly finished when Mrs. Thacher came from her room. Lily was a hundred times repaid for her self-sacrifice at the sight of her mother's mystified face as she spied the empty basket, and more than all, with the loving, tender kiss with which she rewarded Lily for the morning's work.

That night as Lily's eyes fell on the card on the bureau, and she thought how happy she had been all the afternoon, she said to herself, "King Alfred's right, after all; the day hasn't been quite lost."

The next day, during the school recess, Lily heard the girls say that old Miss Tibbitts was laid up with rheumatism again, and they wondered how she would get on without her niece, who had just gone away for a visit.

Lily thought of the "good deed" she was going to try for that day, and presently picked up courage to suggest that each of the half-dozen girls in her special "set" should go and read to Miss Tibbitts in turn every afternoon, and so make her less lonely. Now, Miss Tibbitts was not a favorite with the girls, and several laughed and politely declined the invitation; but three or four agreed with Lily to take turns in enlivening the poor old lady's dull days.

Lily went first, carrying with her a dish of lemon jelly and a bright book, both of which greatly cheered Miss Tibbitts. Each girl brought something when it fell to her turn to go—a bunch of flowers, a few oranges, or a bunch of grapes. At the end of a fortnight, when she was able to be around again, poor, cross, worried, lonely Miss Tibbitts seemed like a different person—so much good had these young girls' smiling faces done her. No one knows how kindly old persons enjoy little attentions from the young.

So the days passed, and though some Lily counted as lost, on many a night her sleep was the sweeter for having done more than one good deed in helping others.

One day it was a tedious, garrulous caller to whom Lily showed such polite forbearance in listening to the long story of her complaints and ailments, controlling her impatience, and so perseveringly turning her visitor's thoughts in a more hopeful and cheerful channel, that, when she at last rose to go, she exclaimed: "I've not enjoyed such a sunshiny hour for many a long day."

On another day, Lily, with her mother's permission, dived into a trunk of old clothes in a dark corner of the garret, and after an hour's mending and patching, produced several warm and new neat garments to give to a poor woman whose husband's death had left her suddenly destitute. Nor must be forgotten the two pairs of old boots on which she sewed more than two dozen buttons for the poor old woman's children; for next to darning stockings, Lily most abominated sewing on shoe buttons.

Another day she went to a book store and bought, with her two weeks' spending money, her favorite Sunday book—Dr. Miller's "Week-day Religion." She sent off the book by mail to an aunt in a Western home, who was tired out and dragged down by worrying household cares. Weeks afterward her aunt wrote: "You can't imagine what a help your little book has been to me. When I feel utterly discouraged, I look into it, and pluck up courage again. I have lent it to nearly a dozen people, and they all like it as much as I do."

Another day Lily collected from her friends all the old numbers of *St. Nicholas*, and other children's magazines, which she could find, and sent them off in a box by express to a poor school-teacher down South, who had a little lame brother, and little time or means to amuse him.

So Lily went on, trying every day to do something for some one else, and soon her companions noticed the difference in the thoughtful, jolly girl—now become so thoughtful for others' pleasure instead of her own, and more than ever loved by them all, for she was not one white less merry and companionable.

Bye-and-bye they discovered the old motto hanging in her room; they each wanted to copy it, and soon in all that little band of girls there was not one who did not feel the blessed truth of old King Alfred's motto (as some one has rhymed it):

"Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views by the hand
No worthy action done."

—N. Y. Observer.

Book-Store's Notice.

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE
FOR 1885.

Volumes XXI and XXII; 1,152 Pages, with over 200 Fine Engravings.

\$2.00 a Year; \$1.00 for Six Months.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C., EDITOR.

"The Canadian Church is to be heartily congratulated on its Magazine,"—*London Quarterly Review*.

"Abreast of the most popular literary Magazines. The articles are by scholarly men and good writers."—*St. Louis Methodist*.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

OUR ILLUSTRATED SERIAL

WILL BE

"The Cruise of H.M.S. 'Challenger'."

Voyages over many Seas. Scenes in many Lands.

This cruise, "the most important that ever sailed from any country," covered a period of three years and a half, and a distance of 69,000 miles.

In the January number will appear Part I. of above, together with "CANADIAN PICTURES," by the Marquis of Lorne.

MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME, with four fine engravings of Hawarden Castle and its surroundings.

"THE ICE PALACE AT MONTREAL," with numerous engravings of the Palace, Snow-shoeing, Tobogganing, etc.

"THE MIRACLE AT NAIN," by the late Dr. PUNSHON, beautifully illustrated.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

Among these will be the following:

"HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE."

"WANDERINGS IN SPAIN."

"SAUTERINGS IN ENGLAND."

"SCENES IN THE GERMAN PATRIOTISM."

"ON THE RHINE."

"ALPINE PICTURES."

"VENICE FROM A GONDOLA."

"WALKS ABOUT ROME."

"WALKS ABOUT LONDON."

"IN CLASSIC LANDS."

"MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS."

"STUDIES IN THE SOUTH."

"THROUGH THE VIRGINIAS."

"JAMAICA AND ITS PEOPLE."

"HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE BRITISH FOLK" (Several Papers).

"MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCESS ALICE."

"STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY." (With Portraits and other Illustrations.)

"A MISSIONARY BISHOP," etc.

And the above will all be handsomely, and some of them very copiously, illustrated.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Among these will be:—"OUTPOST METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND." A series of narrative sketches by the Rev. George Bond.

"CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINISTER OF METHODISM." A series of studies of Wesley's times, by the Rev. S. P. Dunn, of Annapolis, N. S.

"CHRISTIANITY AND SCRIPTURE." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

"WHAT TO READ." By the Rev. John L. Withrow, D.D., Boston, Mass.

"HALF HOURS IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM." By Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum. Also a paper on "WORRY," by Dr. Clark.

"IN A LEPER HOSPITAL." By Dr. E. Graham.

"AMONG THE ROCKIES." By Prof. Coleman, Ph.D.

"ON MUSIC." By F. H. Torrington, Esq.

"ST. ANSELM." By Rev. Prof. Badgley.

"MEMOIRS OF REV. DR. RICHIE." By the Rev. Dr. Lathern.

"REV. DR. DALLINGER'S FAMOUS LECTURE," etc., etc.

Principal Nelles will contribute a Paper on "PRACHINE," and the Rev. Dr. Sexton, the distinguished Scientist, one on "SCIENCE AND RELIGION."

The graphic "SKETCHES OF MISSION WORK AMONG THE LOWLY," by Helen Campbell and by the Riverside Visitor, have been very popular. Similar sketches will from time to time appear.

CONTRIBUTORS MAY ALSO BE EXPORTED FROM:—Revs. Dr. Rice, Dr. Carman, Dr. Williams, Dr. Jeffers, President Nelles, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Potts, B. A. Stafford, Dr. Barwash, Prof. Shaw, Dr. Jacques, Dr. Burns, Principal Austin, Hugh Johnston, B.D., Dr. Laing, James Aude, B.A., Percy H. Punshon, C. H. Paisley, and others.

LAY CONTRIBUTORS:—John Macdonald, Esq., the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education;

Professor Hannel, F.R.S.C., Prof. Coleman, Ph.D., Prof. T. Nelson Dale, His Honour Judge Dean, Prof. Robins, LL.D., J. J. McLaren, Q.C., D. Alison, Esq., LL.D., John Cameron, Esq., of the *Toronto Globe*; John Reade, Esq., F.R.S.C., of the *Montreal Gazette*; H. C. Kerr, M.A., and numerous other writers.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

Arrangements for this are not quite complete. It will probably be stirring tale of the early times in New England, when an English Colony, entitled "WITCHHART DAYS,"

describing the strange and thrilling events connected with the witchcraft delusion in Massachusetts Colony.

Such a varied and comprehensive announcement has never before been made in Canada. Some schools take from two to ten copies. Send for special rates to schools to Rev. Wm. Briggs, Methodist Publishing House Toronto.

MAGAZINE PREMIUM FOR 1885

is the most attractive ever offered. It is entitled "BITS FROM BLINKBONNY."

By JOHN STRATHKIRK.

It gives a vivid picture of life in a Scottish village and sketches of Scottish character, with a rare blending of humour and pathos. It describes also the famous Disruption of the Presbyterian Church, when Chalmers, Guthrie, Duff, and 470 evangelical ministers for conscience sake forsook hearth and home and the church of their fathers and went forth not knowing whither they went. The book is handsomely printed, bound and illustrated. It will provoke both smiles and tears. The publisher of the MAGAZINE has secured the right to reprint for the benefit of its subscribers this English copyright book, with all the illustrations of the English edition. The regular selling price is \$1.00. It will be sent POST FREE, as a premium to each subscriber to the MAGAZINE old or new, for the merely nominal sum of 40 cents, which is less than the cost price.

WM. BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King St. East,

TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,

Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Books at Methodist Book Rooms.

JUST PUBLISHED.

BIBLICAL DIFFICULTIES

DISPELLED.

Being an Answer to Queries Respecting so-called Discrepancies in Scripture.

Misunderstood and Misinterpreted Texts, etc., etc.

By Rev. Geo. Sexton, M.A., LL.D., etc.

12mo, Cloth, \$1.00.

HISTORY'S TESTIMONY TO CHRIST.

A Discourse preached in St. Augustine's Church, Clapham, England, 1871.

By the REV. GEO. SEXTON, M.A., LL.D., LL.D.

New and Revised Edition. Paper, 50c. net.

JUST READY.

A Canadian Novel,

"WILLIAM AND MARY,"

A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG, 1758.

By REV. DAVID HICKEY,

Parabrook, Nova Scotia.

12mo, cloth, 317 pages. Price \$1.

Usual discount to Ministers, Sunday Schools, and the Trade.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

JUST PUBLISHED!

STORM SIGNALS;

or Plain Words to the Unsaved.

By REV. E. H. DEWART, DD.

Price \$1.00 per Hundred.

This tract has been prepared to meet a special want. It should be in every Christian's hand, and in our work. It is well adapted for use in Evangelistic Services.

SOUL-WINNING

A Course of Four Lectures delivered under the auspices of the Theological Union of Victoria University, Cobourg, 1883, entitled respectively:

"Student," "Preacher," "Pastor" and "Soul-Winner."

By REV. H. F. BLAND.

With an INTRODUCTION by Rev. N. B. BURNHAM, S.T.D.

Price, paper, 80c.

Rev. Wm. Miller, the veteran Missionary, says:—

"Every page I have read with profound interest, and am now lending the book to others, hoping they may derive similar profit from its perusal."

Smiles and Tears;

OR,

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

With an Introduction by

REV. V. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.

Square 12mo, v. cloth, extra gilt, elegant binding.

Price, 50 cents.

D. L. WOODY'S WORKS.

TO THE WORK! TO THE WORK!

Exhortation to Christians. Tinted covers, 30c; cloth, 60c.

"CHARLES WESLEY, THE MINISTER OF METHODISM." A series of studies of Wesley's times, by the Rev. S. P. Dunn, of Annapolis, N. S.

"CHRISTIANITY AND SCRIPTURE." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

"WHAT TO READ." By the Rev. John L. Withrow, D.D., Boston, Mass.

"HALF HOURS IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM." By Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum. Also a paper on "WORRY," by Dr. Clark.

"IN A LEPER HOSPITAL." By Dr. E. Graham.

"AMONG THE ROCKIES." By Prof. Coleman, Ph.D.

"ON MUSIC." By F. H. Torrington, Esq.

"ST. ANSELM." By Rev. Prof. Badgley.

"MEMOIRS OF REV. DR. RICHIE." By the Rev. Dr. Lathern.

"REV. DR. DALLINGER'S FAMOUS LECTURE," etc., etc.

Principal Nelles will contribute a Paper on "PRACHINE," and the Rev. Dr. Sexton, the distinguished Scientist, one on "SCIENCE AND RELIGION."

The graphic "SKETCHES OF MISSION WORK AMONG THE LOWLY," by Helen Campbell and by the Riverside Visitor, have been very popular. Similar sketches will from time to time appear.

CONTRIBUTORS MAY ALSO BE EXPORTED FROM:—Revs. Dr. Rice, Dr. Carman, Dr. Williams, Dr. Jeffers, President Nelles, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Potts, B. A. Stafford, Dr. Barwash, Prof. Shaw, Dr. Jacques, Dr. Burns, Principal Austin, Hugh Johnston, B.D., Dr. Laing, James Aude, B.A., Percy H. Punshon, C. H. Paisley, and others.

LAY CONTRIBUTORS:—John Macdonald, Esq., the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education;

Professor Hannel, F.R.S.C., Prof. Coleman, Ph.D., Prof. T. Nelson Dale, His Honour Judge Dean, Prof. Robins, LL.D., J. J. McLaren, Q.C., D. Alison, Esq., LL.D., John Cameron, Esq., of the *Toronto Globe*; John Reade, Esq., F.R.S.C., of the *Montreal Gazette*; H. C. Kerr, M.A., and numerous other writers.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

Arrangements for this are not quite complete. It will probably be stirring tale of the early times in New England, when an English Colony, entitled "WITCHHART DAYS,"

describing the strange and thrilling events connected with the witchcraft delusion in Massachusetts Colony.

Such a varied and comprehensive announcement has never before been made in Canada. Some schools take from two to ten copies. Send for special rates to schools to Rev. Wm. Briggs, Methodist Publishing House Toronto.

MAGAZINE PREMIUM FOR 1885

is the most attractive ever offered. It is entitled "BITS FROM BLINKBONNY."

By JOHN STRATHKIRK.

It gives a vivid picture of life in a Scottish village and sketches of Scottish character, with a rare blending of humour and pathos. It describes also the famous Disruption of the Presbyterian Church, when Chalmers, Guthrie, Duff, and 470 evangelical ministers for conscience sake forsook hearth and home and the church of their fathers and went forth not knowing whither they went. The book is handsomely printed, bound and illustrated. It will provoke both smiles and tears. The publisher of the MAGAZINE has secured the right to reprint for the benefit of its subscribers this English copyright book, with all the illustrations of the English edition. The regular selling price is \$1.00. It will be sent POST FREE, as a premium to each subscriber to the MAGAZINE old or new, for the merely nominal sum of 40 cents, which is less than the cost price.

WM. BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King St. East,

TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,

Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Books at Methodist Book Rooms.

JUST PUBLISHED.

BIBLICAL DIFFICULTIES

DISPELLED.

Being an Answer to Queries Respecting so-called Discrepancies in Scripture.

Misunderstood and Misinterpreted Texts, etc., etc.

By Rev. Geo. Sexton, M.A., LL.D., etc.

12mo, Cloth, \$1.00.

HISTORY'S TESTIMONY TO CHRIST.

A Discourse preached in St. Augustine's Church, Clapham, England, 1871.

By the REV. GEO. SEXTON, M.A., LL.D., LL.D.

New and Revised Edition. Paper, 50c. net.

JUST READY.

A Canadian Novel,

"WILLIAM AND MARY,"

A TALE OF THE SIEGE OF LOUISBURG, 1758.

By REV. DAVID HICKEY,

Parabrook, Nova Scotia.

12mo, cloth, 317 pages. Price \$1.

Usual discount to Ministers, Sunday Schools, and the Trade.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

House and Farm.

MISTAKES OF FARMERS.

1. To think that any one can farm, that a man who has starved as a canvasser for a patent tooth, pick or had been unsuccessful as a carpenter, can jump into a business requiring high intelligence and persevering efforts, and, being utterly unfamiliar with details, be able to make money.

2. The idea that a large farm, half stock, and poorly cultivated, pays better than a few acres well and carefully tilled.

3. What is it but the worst kind of a mistake to pay hundreds of dollars for good farm machinery, and allow it for want of proper shelter to rot and become useless a year or so sooner than it should?

4. It is a mistake to let year after year pass by with no attempt to improve the quality of the farm stock. Blooded cattle pay. They make beef quicker, the cows give more and richer milk. Better blood in horses pays. A Norman or part Norman colt is a valuable piece of property.

5. To let foolish pride or narrow-minded prejudice prevent the adoption of new methods when they have been proved by practical men.

6. To get up after the sun, lean on fork handle, speculate for an hour or two upon what the weather is going to be, let the weeds get a good start and wonder then why farming don't pay.

7. To have a lot of unchopped wood wet or half-split wood at the pile, a lot of old harness hanging in the kitchen, and muddy tracks in the dining-room and expect to see the women folk good-natured.

8. To have a lot of half-fed, emaciated, lonesome-looking fowls, roosting dejectedly in some old cottonwood tree when a few good, healthy, Plymouth Rock or Brahma chickens properly housed, would make the poultry yard an honor instead of a disgrace.—*The Practical Farmer.*

BUTTER IN CROCKETS.

A correspondent who writes to the *Rural New Yorker* for an explanation of the unpleasant fact that butter made from Jersey cows last summer and packed carefully in five gallon crocks is now faded from its original golden yellow, and smells and tastes like tallow, receives some instruction which should be generally heeded. Other butter makers who have put their trust in jars and crocks have taken up this same lamentation, for, in truth these are the most unworthy of butter packers. If they are perfectly good, that is, covered with a vitreous coating, so thick and hard that the salt and acid fat of the butter will not eat through it, the content is safe. But the enamel is usually thin, and whenever it is cracked or eaten through, the butter is exposed to a porous clay surface. Clay is an excellent absorbent and deodorizer, and it will take away the flavor of the butter as readily as it will absorb offensive odors. It will soak up the olein like a sponge—and with the olein goes the color partly—leaving that portion next the clay bleached almost white. If any one will try the experiment of dropping a little oil upon the raw surface of a crock he will be surprised at the rapidity with which it vanishes, and he need not be surprised afterward if butter packed in a jar of this sort soon becomes pale and tasteless.

TOO MUCH SUGAR.

A mother often complains that her child is greatly troubled with sour stomach, but this case is no longer mysterious when the mother, to quiet the little one so that she can continue her account of the case, sets down before her a little dish of sugar, from which the child may help itself. Most mothers would give candy or a cookie instead, though some feed their children lumps of sugar from the bowl, believing that their children need sugar, and might better have it in that form than in any other. In any case of this kind there is a very frequent call for water.

Do you know how vinegar is made? You can get plenty of it by simply mixing sugar or molasses with water and keeping it warm. A sour taste in the mouth after eating sweets is of very common occurrence. It is the acid caused by the fermentation of the sugar left in the mouth with the saliva that causes the decay of children's teeth—this and the lack of bone-forming material in the daily food. Vinegar "eats" lime, as one can tell by leaving an egg in vinegar. Bits of sugar or candy left to ferment among the teeth destroy their enamel, as well as do pickles. The child that is fed on sweets naturally craves pickles as an antidote; but well-fed children are contented with plain, nourishing food if properly prepared and sufficiently varied. Many imagine that all children should have free access to both sugar and pickles in order to supply what they suppose to be natural cravings, and to prevent thefts of sugar from the family bowl. A mistaken policy.

HOME AND COMPANY MANNERS.—As those unaccustomed to wear elegant clothing often look stiff in a handsome suit, so those who are careless in their manners at the everyday table, are liable to betray it when they would act differently, visiting or entertaining company. A costly service of china and silver, with rare viands, cannot stand instead of easy politeness as a proof of gentility.

HOME DUTIES FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.—As change of occupation is the best rest for the young and healthy, those school children who have home duties that require active exercise are quite as apt to be bright and ready for their study hours as those who have spent the out-of-school time in mere amusement. Helping about the house is much better brain refreshment for boys as well as girls than devouring fiction or wasting time with unimproving, not to say injurious, society.

WORK OUT OF THE HOUSE.—From the greater expense of having work done out of the house should always be subtracted the greater quiet and increased comfort in the home. This, of course, affords better opportunity to do what is to be done there. The relief from the confusion attendant on having a large washing done and a dinner cooked for a family of six or eight in one room at the same time, which is necessary where there is no laundry, is no slight matter.

THE ROYAL COLLECTION OF MINIATURES AT WINDSOR.—The collection as it now exists owes its preservation to the wisdom of the late Prince Consort, who, seeing those priceless historical treasures scattered about on the walls of the different palaces, exposed to every kind of danger from damp, sunlight, or neglect, brought them all together and deposited them in the Royal Library, where both he and the Queen took the keenest interest and delight in arranging them in the order in the drawers of a cabinet specially constructed for their reception in the room where the other principal treasures of art are stored.

One peculiar interest therefore of this collection lies in the fact that in nearly every case these miniatures remain in the custody of the descendants of those for whom they were originally painted, and in this thus presenting an almost unbroken series of authentic portraits of the Royal Family from the time of Henry VIII. to the present day; for though photography has almost entirely obliterated and destroyed the art, and few now practice it, yet the Queen still remains its constant patron, and year by year portraits of members of the Royal Family and others of note and renown are added in their places to continue the long and storied line.

Of the general nature and scope of the collection, it may be noticed that naturally its chief importance consists in its series of English royal portraits. This is admirably supplemented by a large and increasing series of foreign sovereigns, after whom we find the nobles and famous men and women of this country and of others, arranged in classes according to dates. The number amounts to very nearly one thousand, and the whole collection forms one of the greatest as well as one of the most interesting of the treasures belonging to the Crown.—*The English Illustrated Magazine.*

Books at Methodist Book Rooms.

The BOOKS of the SEASON!

"ALDERSYDE,"

A BORDER STORY OF SEVENTEEN AGES.

By ANNIE S. SWAN.

12mo, cloth extra, with Six Original Illustrations. Price, \$1.25.

Authors have received the following Autograph Letter from Mr. Gladstone:—

"I think it beautiful as a work of art, and it must be the fault of a reader if he does not profit by the personal Miss Swan and Margaret will, I hope, long hold their places among the truly living literary characters of the age. I remain your very faithful and obedient, W. E. GLADSTONE."

"Jock Halliday,"

A Grassmarket Hero; or, Sketches of Life and Character in an Old City Parish.

By ROBERT F. HARDY.

Author of "Nanette's New Shoes, etc."

12mo, cloth gilt, with numerous illustrations. Price, 65 cents.

"The narrative is swift and glowing, it up with flashes of humor, a very sweet little story, a simple story of everyday life, naturally and pathetically told; fitted to do good service alike in connection with temperance and general instruction, and as a good stock of healthy mischief-making, but generous good nature about the tale, he is the very soul of tenderness to the little blind girl."

W. E. GLADSTONE.

1884. C. L. S. C. 1885

The following list of books comprise the required readings of the Chauvauque Literary and Scientific Circle for the ensuing year.

REQUIRED READINGS.

Beginner's Hand Book of Chemistry. By Prof. Appleton. 70

A Brief History of Greece (Not to be read by the classes of 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887)

Propagator Greek Course in English. By Dr. Wilkinson. (Not to be read by the classes of 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887)

College Greek Course. By Dr. Wilkinson. 1 10

Chauvauque Text Book No. 1. Greek History. By Dr. Vincent. (Not to be read by the classes of 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887)

Cyrus and Alexander. By Jacob Abbott. 60

The Art of Speech. Vol. 1. By Dr. Townsend. 60

The Character of Jesus. By Dr. Bushnell. 60

How to Help the Poor. By Mrs. James F. Fields. 25

Life of the Reformation. By Bishop Hurs. 50

FOR THE WHITE SLAVES.

Life of Michael Servetus. By J. H. Gladstone. 50

Excursions in Field and Forest. H. D. Thoreau. 1 50

Life and Her Children. This book is mailed post free on receipt of price.

The Clerical Library.

Five Volumes in crown 8vo., cloth, are now ready (each volume complete in itself).

PRICE, \$1.50 Per Volume.

JUST READY, THE NEW VOLUME, Anecdotes Illustrative of New Testament Texts.

ALSO, NOW READY, NEW EDITIONS OF

1. Outlines of Sermons on the New Testament.

2. Outlines of Sermons on the Old Testament.

3. Outlines of Sermons on Children.

4. Pulpit Prayers by Eminent Clergymen.

AUTHORIZED COLLEGE EDITION

LIFE

"CHINESE" GORDON, R.E., C.B.

With a Portrait on the Title Page.

By CHARLES H. ALLEN, F.R.G.S.

Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

Price 5 cents, post free.

Over 300,000 copies of this life of "Chinese" Gordon, by Mr. Allen, were sold in England in a very short time.

Elias Power, of Ease-in-Zion.

By REV. JOHN M. BAMFORD, author of "The Disciple among the Poor," etc., etc.

12mo, illustrated. Beautifully bound in cloth, extra gilt edges. Price 50 cents.

"A splendid Methodist story."—*Sword and Trowel.*

"A charming allegory, from a facile and gifted pen."—*Christian.*

"Exceedingly well told."—*Literary World.*

TEMPERANCE BOOKS.

JUST PUBLISHED, HISTORY

GREAT TEMPERANCE REFORMS

OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Exhibiting the Evils of Intemperance—The Methods of Recovery—The Woman's Crusade, and the Triumph of Reform. With numerous illustrations in steel and wood engraving.

By REV. JAMES SHAW.

Cloth, 527 pages, \$2.00.

AMMUNITION FOR THE "SCOTT ACT" CAMPAIGN.

The Old Vice and the New Chivalry.

By I. TEMPLETON-ARMSTRONG.

12mo., cloth, 178 pages, illustrated, 75c.

"This is one of the best temperance books it has been my privilege to read. The evils of intemperance are portrayed in vivid colors, and interest awakened and maintained by a copious supply of facts from antiquity and more recent times."—*Canadian Baptist.*

"It is written in a very lively and attractive style. The author understands the art of putting things."—*Canada Free-Press.*

THE TEMPERANCE BATTLE-FIELD; AND HOW TO GAIN THE DAY.

By REV. JAMES C. SEYMOUR.

Illustrated, cloth, 188 pages, 65 cents.

Send for our List of Temperance Literature. Just the thing for the Great Temperance Revival now spreading throughout the country.

MISSIONARY BOOKS.

PRIZE ESSAY ON MISSIONS.

THE

Heathen World:

ITS NEED OF THE GOSPEL, AND THE CHURCH'S OBLIGATION TO SUPPLY IT.

By REV. GEORGE PATTERSON, D.D.

Price, 12mo, cloth, 298 pages, 70c.

Deeply impressed with the condition of the Heathen World, of its need of the Gospel, and of the obligation of the Church of Christ to supply that need, a gentleman offered a prize of 100 guineas for the best Essay on this important subject. The competition was open to the Dominion of Canada and the Island of Newfoundland.

"The facts given are most startling; and, apart from the special object of the work, the facts and descriptions relating to the various heathen races, are most absorbing and valuable. The lesson of duty is impressed in a most earnest manner."—*World's Outlook.*

"It covers the ground fully, is exceedingly interesting and well written, and leaves the impression that the Committee did not err when it awarded the prize."—*Spectator, Hamilton.*

THE MACEDONIAN CRY.

A voice from the Lands of Brachma and Buddha, Africa and Isles of the Sea, and a Plea for Missions.

By REV. J. LATHERN, D.D.

12mo., cloth, 288 pp. Price 70c.

Usual discount to Ministers and the Trade.

"The appeals to the conscience and heart of the Church are eloquent and impressive statements of great truths."—*Christian Guardian.*

"Filled with facts and arguments, which will be found invaluable to preachers and platform speakers."—*Montreal Witness.*

Mr. Lathern's book is one of the signs of the times we live in."—*Observer.*

"He realizes with all the fervid imagination of the poet; he sketches with the skill of the painter; he speaks with the solemn emphasis of a teacher commissioned by God."—*Fredericton Witness.*

"No one who begins this volume will drop it because it is too dry."—*Toronto Mail.*

CANADIAN EDITION.

The Life of

ALEX. DUFF, D.D., LL.D.,

By GEORGE SMITH, C.J.E., LL.D.

Author of "The Life of John Wilson, D.D., F.R.S. Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Statistical Society, etc., with an Introduction by Wm. M. TAYLOR, D.D."

Two large octavo volumes, bound in cloth, with portraits by James.

Price \$3.00.

"We have no doubt whatever the reading of the life and labors of this enthusiastic missionary will increase the zeal and interest of every reader in missionary work; and especially in that branch of the work, the most interesting and the most important, the evangelizing of the heathen."—*Christian Guardian.*

Use discount to Ministers and Sunday-School Teachers and Agents supplied.

The Missionary Problem.

By JAMES CROIL.

Contains 225 pages, neatly printed and bound in cloth, and is accompanied by a fine Missionary Map of the World at inches by 18.

Price \$1.00.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto, or C. W. COATES, 3 Bligny Street, Montreal, Que.

HURST, HALIFAX, N.S.

Music Book Department.

Church Music Books.

METHODIST TUNE BOOK. Single 100 100

ANTHEM CHOIR. Single 100 100

SACRED HARMONY. Single 100 100

BRISTOL TUNE BOOK. Single 100 100

CHAPLAIN'S ANTHEMS. Single 100 100

HUNT'S CHOIR BOOK. Single 100 100

VILLAGE ANTHEMS. Single 100 100

GOSPEL PRAISE BOOK. Single 100 100

CANADIAN CHURCH HARMONY. Single 100 100

HYMN & TUNE BOOK. Single 100 100

CHRISTIAN ANTHEMS. Single 100 100

TEMPLE ANTHEMS. Single 100 100

CHORAL ANTHEMS. Single 100 100

GOSPEL PRAISE BOOK. Single 100 100

ROYAL ANTHEMS. Single 100 100

PALACE ANTHEMS. Single 100 100

CHOIR ANTHEMS. Single 100 100

Singing Schools, Conventions, etc.

MUSIC BOOKS.

SINGING LEADER. Single 100 100

DRILL MASTER. Single 100 100

SOVEREIGN. Single 100 100

VINEYARD OF SONGS. Single 100 100

SONG ECHO. Single 100 100

CHOICE. Single 100 100

Sabbath-School Music Books.

DOMINION HYMNAL, board covers. 00 60

SABBATH-SCHOOL WAVE, board covers. 00 50

... ORGANS. 00 50

SONGS OF DEEDING LOVE. 00 30

JOYFUL LAYS. 00 30

DOMINION HYMNAL (Harp and Organ). 00 30

SHINING STRAND. 00 30

ROYAL GEMS. 00 30

NEW SILVER SONG. 00 30

ROYAL DIADAM. 00 30

PURE GOLD. 00 30

WISDOM HARMONY. 00 30

GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG. 00 30

REDEMPTION'S PRAISE. 00 30

GEM OF GOSPEL SONG. 00 30

SPIRITUAL SONGS. 00 30

HEART AND VOICE. 00 30

SABBATH SCHOOL HARP. 00 30

JOY AND GLADNESS. 00 30

SONG EVANGELIST. 00 30

WISDOM HARMONY. 00 30

WREATH OF PRAISE. 00 30

ASSEMBLY HYMNAL. 00 30

JASPER AND GOLD. 00 30

WHITE ROSES. 00 30

PURE DELIGHT. 00 30

THE NEW SONG. 00 30

SUNSHINE. 00 30

BRIGHTEST AND BEST. 00 30

THE NEW SONG. 00 30

NEW JOY BELLS. 00 30

WAY OF LIFE. 00 30

WINNED HYMNS. 00 30

VOICE OF JOY. 00 30

CROWN OF LIFE. 00 30

SONGS AND SOLOS. Enlarged Paper. 00 40

SONGS OF LOVE AND MERCY. Paper. 00 30

JOY TO THE WORLD. Paper. 00 40

GOOD AS GOLD. Paper. 00 40

GOSPEL HYMNS & SACRED SONGS. Paper. 00 30

... 1, 2 & 3. Cloth. 00 10

GOSPEL HYMNS, 1, 2, 3 & 4. boards. 1 00

... No. 4. boards. 00 10

BRACON LIGHT. cloth. 00 25

TEMPERANCE JEWELS. 00 30

TEMPERANCE BUGLE. 00 30

SONG EVANGELIST. 00 30

CANADIAN MUSICAL FOUNTAIN. 00 30

Companion, or Words Only.

DOMINION HYMNAL, Paper. 00 70

... per hundred. 00 10

... Hup cloth. 00 10

DOMINION HYMNAL, Cloth, boards. 00 15