

# The Christian Guardian

## AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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### Literary and Religious.

#### Waiting.

"A little while and ye shall see me: and again a little while, and ye shall see me."

We cannot see thee, Lord. The darkness deepens; The way is long, and weary every mile; The stones are rough, the careless world is mocking; O Jesus! is this but a "little while"?

Art thou the Christ? and are there heavenly mansions Waiting for us, so covered with the dust Of earthly travel? or are we but dreamers? O Father! save us—help us still to trust.

The "little while" seems very long, dear Saviour. A long time not to see thy glorious face, Or hear thy voice, which bade us watch and listen Until the full fruition of thy grace.

Oh all the sorrow of this weary waiting! And oh the strength of every sinful will! Oh all the shame and agony of sinning! Oh the heart-breaking of this "little while"!

But there shall come at last the glorious morning, And with it joy. The beauty of thy smile Shall lighten all, and make the earthly journey Seem, with its sorrow, such a "little while!"

—HARLAN GARFIELD.

#### JOITINGS OF TRAVEL.

I have just been through one of the largest woolen mills in Yorkshire. It manufactures cloth-tweeds, pilots, chevots, reversibles, etc., and employs about a thousand hands. Ranges of stone buildings, some of them five stories high, and all fire-proof, paved yards and roadways, all enclosed, impress the visitor with the extent and solidity of the "works." Passing up a strong stone stair-case the "sorting-room" is reached. Large quantities of immense bales of Australian wool run through the extent of this long room. This wool is bought at the London wool sales; it is finer than our Canadian wool, and so is in greater request. The Prussian wool is finer again than the Australian. It seems there is no way of separating the "burs," which look to be just the same as our small Canadian burs—from the wool, except by hand-picking, &c., when they are found in the fleece in large quantities, which is the common condition of this staple in its raw state. After picking the wool is secured by an ingenious process in "and," then passed through wringing machines and dried. In other rooms "Mungo" and "Shoddy" were being prepared. "Mungo" is the product of old cloth comforters; "Shoddy" is made from old socks, comforters, flannel-shirts, etc. The grinding machines which do this work are technically known as "devils." It is a remarkable process. In some of the machines which I saw twenty-seven millions of teeth revolve in a minute. The old rags are converted into a product which looks almost like the finest down. This material is then mixed with the new wool in proper proportions, "willed," "scribbled," "carded," "condensed," when it is ready for spinning. I stood by two of the self-acting spinning "mules," each holding 480 spindles; and so perfect was the machinery that it required the oversight of only three persons to manage those 900 spindles. Yarn is spun so fine that an ounce of wool is sometimes made to produce 800 yards. In the weaving-shed there were 550 iron looms. They were not at work, but the clatter of the place was something deafening. The perfection of the machinery in an establishment like this can only be understood by careful and intelligent inspection. No description can do it justice. One driving wheel which I saw had a diameter of from 20 to 30 feet. The rooms were suffocatingly hot. This temperature is required in the manufacture of wool. Almost every day some of the poor girls are carried off fainting. But remuneration is so good in these factories that the girls prefer work in them to house-service. Some of these girls average four dollars a week the year round. Occasionally a few of them can make over six dollars a week.

The Railway Stations of England are very fine, with an air of solidity and security about them that impress a stranger. Stone platforms, stone roadways, stone or brick buildings, with iron, slate, or tiling, where we use wood. To cross the track, you generally pass either by a tunnel under it or by a bridge over it. Still many of the railroad arrangements seem barbarous enough to an American or a Canadian. The want of the check system for baggage is often a great annoyance to travellers. The babbling of the porters as the trains draw up to the platform, all shouting at once, and mixing up names utterly beyond the extrication of any one of them; the awkward appearance of a string of carriages with their doors wide open on the eve of departure, the officiousness of the army of porters, hurrying you into the carriages, sometimes breaking up your party and distributing it over several compartments; the violent slamming of the doors with the turning of the key on you, all this is an experience very like that of stroking one's hair the wrong way. But it is speedily forgiven as you pass so smoothly and quickly over the well-laid rails, with vistas of soft English scenery opening out to your view on either side. The Metropolitan railway system of London is something wonderful, and utterly defies description. To a stranger it is a great convenience, and often, too, a great inconvenience. You may reach your station, but the greater difficulty is before you then of reaching your train. Which platform does it leave, for there are several—above you, on a level with you, and perhaps below you, too, passages branching at all angles by which to reach the trains, flights of stairs to ascend and

descend, with landings between them, bridges and tunnels to be mastered gates guarded by uniformed officials who turn you back if your credentials are not perfect, the change of trains sometimes required in going a distance of but six or eight miles—all this is very trying to the uninitiated. Your refuge is in back streets; particularly if you have any baggage to carry. Despite the standing orders pretentiously placarded about the stations to the effect that railway servants are not allowed to receive gratuities, they are all on the look-out for them, and you have no alternative but to follow the prevailing custom and "tip" the porter if you wish his attentions. In the comfortable motion you experience in English railway travelling, I could not but notice the absence of those dislocating jerks from which we suffer so on our American roads. Why cannot the English "buffer" be introduced on this side of the Atlantic, to save both rolling-stock and passengers the wrenchings with which some of us are so reluctantly and painfully familiar?

Wishful to acquaint myself while in England, particularly with a view to its publication in the GUARDIAN, with the mission work now being carried on in the vicinity of the docks of Liverpool under the superintendence of that excellent man and faithful worker, the Rev. Chas. Garrett, I paid a special visit to that section of the town. Mr. Garrett was set apart for this work by the Wesleyan Conference of 1875. The headquarters of this interesting movement is at the old Pitt St. Chapel, which, at the time of my visit, was being remodelled for its somewhat new but most legitimate mission. Mr. Garrett takes down to the substratum of society to be found in this quarter of the town a gospel for the body as well as the soul. The curse of Liverpool is drink. And laboring men and artisans employed about the docks are peculiarly exposed to this temptation. With a stretch of some six miles or more of docks a man who works at one place to-day may be detailed to a point five miles distant to-morrow. This means that the working-man must be from home all day, sometimes requiring to leave before breakfast in order to be at his post by seven. The "publics" have reaped a harvest from this necessity. Mr. Garrett has sought to outflank the enemy. At his instance a number of "British Workmen's Public Houses" have been opened, conducted on Temperance principles. They are better known as "Cocoa Rooms." At these establishments, refreshments of the very best quality are furnished to customers at very low rates. A pint of first-class cocoa or coffee for a penny, a large bun for a penny, a sizeable and delicious buttered roll for twopenny, slice of cheese for a penny, etc. Already the thing is a success. Under the courteous guidance of Mr. J. W. Lloyd, of the Mt. Pleasant Wesleyan Society, I made a tour of inspection to the Duke St. "Cocoa Rooms," an establishment directly under the control of the Pitt St. Mission. The manager, Mr. H. George, who evidently partakes of Mr. Garrett's enthusiasm in working out this sensible and Christian scheme, gave us a thorough inside view of the house. The kitchen, store-room, bar, public-room, all passed under review. Cleanliness, business despatch, courtesy, comfort, were amongst the points of attraction for the working classes whom I found there. Men, women and children were partaking of the really appetising fare, provided for them without any compromise of their self-respect, for—let it be published far and wide—these establishments are already declaring satisfactory dividends. Mr. Garrett found a number of Christian men, and there are some noble workers amongst the Methodists of Liverpool, who placed capital at his disposal for this purpose, hardly expecting, I can well believe, to hear further from their investments. Instead of this, the gratifying statement was lately made at a public meeting that the profits of this one establishment on Duke St. were sufficient for the support of three missionaries on the ground, under Mr. Garrett's supervision. These premises were formerly known as the "Caledonian Hotel," one of the worst class of Liverpool public houses "every brick of which" Mr. Garrett says "was polluted with infamy." What a change! Now in these "Rooms" there is an evangelistic service every Sunday evening, a "Mothers' meeting" on Monday afternoon, a Temperance meeting at night, a Band of Hope meeting on Friday, etc. I regret to say that through oversight Mr. Garrett is at present laid aside. He was out of town seeking change of air and scene at the time of my visit to Pitt St. But his praise is abroad; and, what is more important, his record is on high. Said one of his associate workers, "His presence is like a sunbeam amongst us." Of further and fuller arrangements connected with these "Cocoa Rooms" there is no space to speak; the important part they are capable of serving in the social economies of the town may be judged from the remark made to me by a Christian worker well experienced in the ways of the place: "The working-man of Liverpool never dines at home except on Sunday." I am glad to report that there is a great deal of active benevolence abroad in this large seaport, as, indeed, there is need of it. For the cabmen there are several "Shelters" provided, together with a missionary, who labors amongst them, and lives in their affections and confidence. There is a "Sailors' Home,"—a truly magnificent charity, and Hospitals, Refuges, and other benevolent appliances past mention.

My impressions of the Moody and Sankey work in England, in the permanence of its results, were most favorable. I found the fruits of the movement everywhere. At a great gathering of Welsh people, in the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool, a young sailor who sat next to me spoke of the good he had derived from attending the services of the Evangelists in London. As well as I could understand his broken English, all the crew of his vessel had derived similar benefits through the same means. He told me they had just returned from a cruise to Norway, during which the captain had conducted a Sunday School amongst his men, and had kept up daily worship with them. The senior superintendent of the Brunswick Wesleyan S. S., in the same town, bore witness to the benefit resulting to his school from the visit of these good men, and the after they had passed on to other points in England. I was then visiting the section of the school premises used by the senior classes; "I have known," said this good man, "as many as thirty hopeful conversions at a single meeting in this room. On the same day I went to an afternoon service for carvers, held at the Victoria Hall, where the Moody and Sankey meetings were held. There were several hundreds present, and a good spirit abroad in the meeting. At nine o'clock that night I dropped in on an evangelistic meeting, sustained by the young men of the Brunswick Wesleyan Church, a meeting in connection with which these young men go out into the adjacent streets and invite passers-by into their room. The meeting was full of interest, and showed itself to be quite in the succession of the Moody and Sankey services."

As I was passing through one of the quiet rural villages of Lincolnshire, on a pleasant evening of midsummer, several young fellows were walking together enjoying the sweet notes of an accordion which one of them played. I recognized the music as from the Moody and Sankey collection. On the quays of Hull I heard the revival tunes whistled. The street Arabs of London use them; indeed, it is hard to say where they are not.

#### Necessity for Educated Mechanics.

A great want in this country is skilled labor—the educated mind guiding the trained hand. Until this want is supplied, notwithstanding all the appliances for wealth that we possess, we will fail in obtaining complete success. We have coal, iron, and other useful minerals in almost unlimited quantities, valuable water-power, a climate so varied that nearly all the products of the whole earth can be raised among us, and a population to use manufactures in large amounts; but this lack of educated artisans still continues, much to our inconvenience, and a drawback of our more rapid advancement. It is true that in many of our large manufacturing establishments there can be found highly-educated mechanics, and these are much prized by their employers, as they should be; but as a general rule, not many such are to be had, as the vast majority occupy a lower rank in their calling—they are mostly hewers of wood and drawers of water. There is no deficiency in brain power with us; it needs only development and direction. If the thousands of youth, who are now serving as apprentices, were put in the way of obtaining a thorough education, in a few years we would see our manufactures advanced to a position we little dreamed of, and the fear of a low tariff be deprived of its force, as we would have the world for our market and not our country a market for the world.

Look for a moment at our apprentices of the present day. Taken from school with a bare knowledge of the rudiments, they are, of course, put at the simplest kinds of work at first, and then are advanced according to their aptness presents itself, and they are found capable of producing work needing greater skill, until at length age and supposed experience make them full developed workmen. In many instances these mechanics who have real grit in them—the desire for knowledge—will use the brain with the hand, and by the aid of text-books, studied perhaps in hours taken from needed rest or when their fellows are frolicking, will acquire a large amount of information which will greatly aid in their work and be a source of real pleasure their life-long. If we had schools where these youths who desire to be thoroughly educated in their profession could acquire the requisite knowledge, a vast deal of labor and time would be saved them. What are supposed to be the higher branches of the arts have their technical schools, and it would be considered presumptuous for any one to work in these arts without having studied in one of the schools; and yet our manufacturers of iron, wool, cotton, silk, and wood, without the advantages of these schools, must advance more by chance and experiment than by actual knowledge.

In the manufacturing districts of Europe many of these schools are to be found, where young men can acquire a complete knowledge of any branch of manufactures they may wish to engage in. Lectures are given, with diagrams of every piece of machinery used and the manner of using them; and the course of training is so thorough that a graduate needs but a little actual practice to make him a skilled workman. We have seen copies of lectures, as above described, in the hands of foreign workmen, taken down by them at the time of their delivery, which for completeness of detail and accuracy, it would be difficult to excel. Such in-

formation gives an educated mechanic a broad, mental sweep; it frees him from narrowness and prejudice; he looks constantly for an improved condition in machinery, and is staggered at no results. His motto is "Excelsior." We are receiving a large number of these desirable workmen weekly, and their influence will, in time, be felt throughout all the manufacturing interests of this country. We have only to make it pleasant for them, and they will continue to come, not as adventurers, but to become solid and respectable citizens.

Our native mechanics have nothing to fear from contact with them; they are not the ill-paid, half-starved laborers of Europe, but men who command good wages, and would have their price here, standing on the dignity of their profession, and unwilling to perform good work without its equivalent. It is owing to this kind of technical education that European manufactures are so excellent. By the large population they can, indeed, have more to work upon separate portions of manufacture than we, and thus a workman can acquire, through long years, a certain kind of skill; but that is not the kind of skill necessary to make a complete workman which comes only through education.

What is there in the way of our having these schools? With our wealth and improved machinery to experiment on, and noble-hearted manufacturers, who sincerely desire the welfare and advancement of the manufacturing people, as well as to have our country first in every good thing, can we not move in this matter? A great field of usefulness is open to us as a manufacturing nation, and it may be well for us soon to take advantage of it.—N. J. Mechanic.

#### Revivalism.

The revivalism that seeks to dispense with the practised and trusted guides of the Church in the things of God, and resorts to new persons and new expedients, is very much to be distrusted. No army would think that its chances of success in battle were increased by the substitution of a subaltern for the commander-in-chief. The war in America made no headway on the northern side, so long as they changed their generals at the end of every contest. Scott, McClellan, Meade, and others succeeded one another with startling and damaging celerity, while the south held on to its indomitable and all but invincible Robert Lee; the marvelous successes of the south against tremendous odds attesting to the full policy of their tenacious fidelity. When Phœton in his wilfulness and temerity adventured to drive the coursers of the sun, the results were capsize, darkness, and the putting back of time. It is the responsibility of the wise heads and strong hearts and steady hands—the fathers and true Apostles of the Church, to take counsel with themselves and with God to the end that they may know how to employ the power of revivalism to the utmost, and still save it from the reproach to which it is incident. Any repression that conserves force and secures compactness is true extension. Discipline wins more battles than hardihood. The question as to whether a cause is popular or unpopular is an entirely subordinate one. The wise must still be guided by their wisdom, for the general interest, and not by the unwisdom of the unwary and the weak. When Dr. Clarke was in Dublin a revival broke out, the irregularities of which shocked him. He found it necessary to interfere, but he had to do this under an evil disadvantage, for already those who had more zeal than charity accused him of opposing the good work. Mr. Wesley, writing to him on this subject, said, "In the great revival in London my first difficulty was to bring into good temper those who opposed the work, and my next to check and regulate the extravagances of those who promoted it; but I followed one rule, 'You must either bend or break.' Meanwhile, while you act exactly right except to be blamed by both sides. See that no prayer-meetings continue later than nine o'clock. Beware of jealousy or judging one another. Never think a man is an enemy to the work because he reproves irregularities. Peace be with you."

Objection can nowhere lie against the revivalism which is the power of God unto salvation, and which carries its own proof. The counterfeits of this, full of false fire and braggart pretension, bristling with harsh judgment, and swollen with uncharity, discovers itself at every turn, and bears within itself the elements of its own impeachment and reprobation. No man can look back without prejudice upon the history of the Church and question the religious power of revivalism; and as for Methodism, it is the very hole of the pit from where it was dug. Her foremost men have been men of a clear purpose, and of concentrated power in this direction, and her times of prosperity have been times of revivalist influence and power. There has confessedly been occasional reaction; but by this same admission, looking as it does also another way, the reaction has been from an advanced position attained by extraordinary energy. Reaction is not special to vigorous religious progression, but is common to all movements that are made under strain, and carried to a higher point than usual. It is the reverse side of all uncommon effort, and lies rather in the nature of things than in any exceptional occasion or incident. The whole life of the world would become stagnant if men refused to move because retrogression must succeed advancement. Wisdom is still justified of her children.

When men work for gold they look for their reward, not in the rubbish that is washed away, but in the precious metal that remains. The good fruits of genuine revivalism are still to be found in all our Churches; and the men who are content to leave the question of their manliness an open one, the while they are doing the work of God after this manner, are something more than a mere historic memory; "they are the messengers of the Churches, and the glory of Christ" to-day. It does not seem to me to lie in the mouth of him who does even good garrison work to cast so much as the shadow of a doubt upon the manliness of their work who go without the camp, bearing the reproach of Christ. Just as reasonably might the savans who occupy the lecture-halls and salons of culture and civilization suggest doubts as to whether Livingstone, and Stanley, and Cameron, and Burton, and Vambrey were "manly" men: or the soft goods gentlemen of Toorak and St. Kilda decry the manliness of the dwellers at the Bogan river or the pioneers of Cooper's Creek. That is the truest manliness that sees what lies waiting to be done, and does it. "The only question," said John Wesley, "between me and those who are opposed to me, is whether men shall go to heaven by irregular means, or go regularly to the Devil." The answer which this man made by his work was very simple; but it contributed more than any other event of the time to the national safety and salvation of England, and has passed into indelible and most luminous history.—Melbourne Spectator.

#### The Evangelization of Italy.

The Rev. J. R. McDougall, of Florence, a minister of the Church of Scotland, has long been regarded by British Christians, on account of his experience, judgment, and prudence, as a very high authority on all the vexed questions involved in Italian evangelization. As Secretary of the Evangelization Committee of the Free Christian Church in Italy, his recently issued annual report furnishes, through the London Christian, the following interesting extracts:

##### CHANGES IN ITALY.

When I think of the great changes which have come over Italy during the last twenty years of my residence here, I often doubt my own identity. When I look back to the beginning of that period, when the Bible was a contraband article and God's people lay in prison—not for printing thousands of Testaments and scattering tens of thousands of religious publications all over the land, as we have been privileged to do for so many years, but simply for having and holding in their possession a copy of the Word of God, and reading it in the privacy of their own homes, along with a few friends, for their mutual edification; and when I compare that time with the present, when we enjoy as great freedom in all our operations as our friends do in London, Edinburgh, or New York, I am not wholly lost in amazement, but often question whether I am the same individual who received single copies of the Bible from Leghorn, kept them secreted all over my house, and handed them to the converts as they were asked for.

##### ITALIAN SKEPTICISM.

When Italy opened to the Gospel, many warned us that there would be seen an uprising of giant infidelity, as a reaction from Romanism. Strange to say, this did not immediately take place, though we were on the look-out for it. For five or seven years the Bible was as free and not a whisper was heard of organized or energetic skepticism. The hand of God had been so visible in the affairs of Italian unity and independence that even infidelity held its breath for a time. But alas! the works of Bevan and Strauss have done their work too well. One and another free-thinking society arose, the members of which bury their dead without intervention of priest or pastor. Blatant irreligion, in hybrid forms, covers the land. Men in exalted positions are not slow to utter forth their impieties. Doubtless there are members of our home legislatures who have no faith in the Unseen, but the tone of surrounding society prevents its expression. It is otherwise in the Italian Parliament. There men are not ashamed to rise in their places and avow the very thought of a living and personal God.

Indeed, it is this phase of things which fills the minds of experienced evangelists, particularly that of Gavazzi, with alarm for the future. For Popery there is no fear. It has lost all hold on the intelligence of the country. When challenged to discussion, the priests either best a timely retreat or are easily discomfited, even in the judgment of their adherents. But to meet the varied forms of rampant unbelief requires thoughtful preparation, and one of my most anxious employments of late has been to provide the very best works of Christian writers in Great Britain and America, so that our young men, preparing in the Roman College for the Gospel ministry, may be thoroughly equipped for the coming struggle with spiritualism, materialism, and every other form of modern doubt and error.

##### CLERICAL PERSECUTION.

Bologna is one of the centres of Ultramontanism, where priestly intrigue is rife and clerical persecution is widespread. It is even yet a costly thing to declare one's self an Evangelical in Italy. I know many cases at this hour in which it has led to a lifelong martyrdom. What Dr. Guthrie was in the habit of saying

with regard to strong drink may be said with equal reason of Popery. It has so worked itself into the web of social life, from the cradle to the grave, that it is no easy task to escape from its clutches. It catches up the convert in his person, or his trade, or his wife, or in a bigoted uncle or father or brother, and makes him experience the dread bitterness of its wrath. The poor converts are, therefore, oftentimes cast on their brethren in the faith; and the Churches, rightly I think, recognize that these members, persecuted for righteousness' sake, have a first claim upon their sympathy and liberality.

This has to be taken into account in judging what Italians do among themselves for the maintenance and extension of the Gospel. I think it right that foreign Christians, who look for more at their hands than has hitherto, at least, been forthcoming, should know this fact. Eighteen months ago the Church of Bologna did itself honor by supporting, out of the depths of its own poverty, an entire family gathered into the fold of Christ, and thereby cast upon the streets in utter destitution, and by not slacking its endeavors till the father, the son, and the two daughters were all engaged in remunerative employment, and the mother welcomed them all home from their toil in the evening with a joyous heart. In estimating the capacities and duties of Italian Christianity in the matter of self-support, it is right that this and other circumstances should be taken into consideration.

##### A NATIVE CHURCH THE BEST.

Before closing, I wish to say that this Free Christian Church in Italy is a great experiment. I knew it to be a bold, yet, a daring thing, yet, thanks to the growing intelligence and largeness of heart of the Church of Christ, it has been a signal success. The root idea is that it is a native Church. It is true that though a foreigner, I am on its Evangelization Committee; but after twenty years' residence I claim to be an Italian in this work, in sympathy, in experience, and in action. The Church of Christ has now been well-nigh a century out in the open field of missions, and yet it seems as if we were but experimenting and finding out the best plans of evangelization. And we are all gradually coming to the conviction, it seems to me, that a native work, with all its drawbacks and imperfections, though the slowest in the beginning, is the surest in the end. However useful we foreigners may be—and I trust that we are useful in a hundred different ways—yet, looking to the ingathering of a nation to the Christian fold, I imagine that we cannot even say that the work has been begun until God, through our efforts or otherwise, has raised up a native organized evangelistic agency. In short, there are no agents like the men of a country for bringing the truths of the Word of God to bear on the hearts and consciences of their fellow-countrymen.

##### Sabbath Observance in England.

At the recent meeting of the Lord's Day Committee of the British Wesleyan Conference, a very interesting report was presented. In England, it seems, there are five distinct organizations prominent in opposing the exclusively religious observance of the Christian Sabbath—the "Sunday League," the "Sunday Society," the "Sunday Lectures Society," the "Sunday Evenings for the People," and the "Sunday Shakespeare Society." The "Sunday League" had a platform wide enough to embrace atheists, secularists, and persons holding various forms of unbelief. The report proceeded to describe the systematic efforts made by these societies to promote indulgence in secular recreations and amusements on the Lord's Day. These efforts had not been altogether failures.

In Manchester, as well as in Brighton, the Aquarium was open for the public on the Sabbath. The Royal Aquarium and the Summer and Winter Gardens at Westminster had been open on the Sunday to followers of the institution, the Westminster managers following the example of the Zoological and Horticultural Societies of London. The Southport Aquarium was opened on like conditions. The evil of cheap excursion trains on Sunday was, in some directions, growing. It was estimated that, taking the general as well as the pleasure traffic—for goods and passengers—there were over six thousand trains running every Lord's Day, employing not less than one hundred thousand men. A successful effort had been made at the half-yearly meeting of the directors of the London, Chatham, and Dover line in August, 1874, to condemn the Sunday excursions to the French coast, and all trains organized by the "Sunday League." But that company still ran one cheap excursion train every Sunday last season to Margate and Ramsgate.

Standing out as one of the foulest blots upon the fame of Great Britain was its legalized Sunday liquor traffic. Amid much to depress with reference to this traffic, there were not lacking favorable signs. A resolution in favor of the entire closing of public-houses in Ireland on Sunday had been carried by a majority of fifty-seven in the House of Commons. More than a thousand petitions in favor of a bill to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in England on Sunday had been sent from Wesleyan congregations. In a canvass organized in different parts of England by the Manchester Central Sunday Closing Association, to ascertain the public opinion in reference to Sunday closing of public-houses, 479,766 votes had been given in favor of closing, and 63,847 against so doing. A wide-spread form of Sabbath toil, employing not fewer than 20,000 persons every Lord's Day, was that of the post-office. Efforts had been made to restrict these labors, and with a measure of success. The report closed by acknowledging the receipt of a legacy of five hundred dollars for the purposes of the Committee, from the late Mr. W. B. Johnson, of the Cliffe, Wyburnbury, Cheshire, and expressing a hope that the example thus set would be widely followed.

## The Family Treasury.

## Ten Years Ago.

BY REV. W. H. GANE.

Only ten years ago!  
How strangely short to me!  
Sweet as a burdened song,  
Of angel minstrelsy,  
That whisp'ers each night-fall  
The outlines of a dream  
That bears me far away  
To the Elysian stream.

Only ten years ago!  
Ten sunny-footed hours—  
Ten gold and silver webs—  
Ten coronets of flowers—  
Ten tears well crystallized—  
Ten sighs wove into song—  
Ten crimsons tinted dreams—  
So brief and yet so long.

Just ten years nearer home!  
Soon will the daylight fade  
Soon will our eyes grow dim,  
And the last song we've made  
Trembles in mute surprise  
On our lips, as when now,  
While heaven's delicious light  
Shall play upon our brow!  
London, Ont.

## The Clarendon Revival.

The public addresses of the lately converted are very remarkable—take the following as an example. A condensed view of the way of salvation, as seen, felt and told by a new convert at Clarendon revival meetings:—

"You all know me, I am Joe Sly. Eight days since I was one of the greatest sinners out of hell. I know nothing about dictionaries or doctors. I am unlearned, have had very little schooling, never read the Bible until eight days ago. At camp meeting I saw and felt I was a great sinner. They told me Jesus was a great Saviour. Yes, a greater Saviour than I was a sinner. God helped me, and I believed one leap of faith would bring wicked Joe right up to Jesus. So I asked God to help me, and with one leap—a leap for life—I left sin and guilt and in a moment landed in the arms of my blessed Jesus. Oh! how happy! more happiness in that moment than in all my life before. Joe was safe—in the arms of Jesus! His arms are still open; there is room for you, boys! Come, companions in sin, come away! there is room in the arms of Jesus for you all—you have your choice. Satan stands ready with open arms for you, and Jesus, too. The devil will carry you to hell—Jesus will carry you to heaven! Leap, leap, now! and Jesus will take you as he did me into His blessed arms! They say Joe Sly has not only got a six weeks' religion, but I know he has not got a six hours' religion, unless he hangs on to Christ! The people say I shall go back to the pleasures of the world. Oh, I only found the pleasures of the world at camp meeting eight days ago! Well, if I go away from them, I do hope I shall go back to them."

## Bottling a Sermon.

There they sat, "Ora and Otto," curled up on the hassocks in one of the front pews—one of the very first pews in the middle block—a position not in general favor; consequently they were beyond the range of any gaze which, if not actually offended by their untidiness, would, at least, have scrutinized them curiously and critically. Nobody saw them but the minister, who could only look and wonder at his old little hearers, then wait until the sermon was over for the purpose of speaking with them. It would not be difficult to guess how they got there. The honey bee, the brown wasp, and blue-bottle come to church in summer weather, when doors and windows stand wide open, just so these wails from the street strayed in.

There they sat, bare-headed, bare-footed, with dirty little hands folded in their laps, hair like brush-heaps, and eyes more like coal-bins than anything else under sun or earth.

The pastor soon discovered that, spite of the intense heat, the passing flash of lightning's wing, the thunder pulses throbbing in the distance, he had two hearers whose attention never wavered in the least.

Once the lights flared, then almost died out. Next, some one with squeaking boots left the place. Again, a hymn-book fell with a loud crash, yet those bundles of rags, with black sparks for eyes, neither lifted nor stirred. He was really sorry, this good, kind man, when the service over, he looked and they were gone—had vanished like two little bats that belonged to the darkness and loved it. He had not gone far, however, on his homeward journey, when a shadow within a shadow stirred, a thin, dirty little hand reached out and touched him.

"O, sir, please give me some for my sick mother."

"Give you what, child?"

"Wine and milk," replied the eager young voice. "We've nothing to buy them with, and the doctor wants her to have them. You said come without money, you know, and I'm here. Otto's brought the kettle, and I've got a bottle."

"That was my text this evening," remarked the minister to a friend who had joined him. "Come buy wine and milk, without money and without price." These children were my most attentive hearers. The girl, you perceive, has applied it to the one great need she is conscious of. What can I do?"

"We'll go with them to their home, and see what is required of us," replied the gentleman. "If this story is strictly true, neither kettle nor bottle shall remain empty."

Up a narrow court in the church's rear, they found a woman far advanced in consumption, who had evidently seen better days. Worse ones, too, because love of wealth and pleasure had led her down to the horrible pit, and into the miry clay the Bible tells us about. Her husband was in his grave; wealth and station had vanished like a dream, and now as the waters of the dark valley crept chillily about her feet, she looked and longed for an upward ray to pierce her spirit's gloom. The Rev. Mr. B., while ministering to her bodily needs, lost no time pointing her to the Sun of Righteousness; and as he talked, fear and agony faded out of the woman's face, and the light of a great hope dawned in her beautiful eyes. Those two little bundles of rags, Ora and Otto, sat curled up in one corner listening, just as they had listened from the pew, with hands folded

in their laps, lips apart, and a deep, dead shining in the orbs that never for an instant left the speaker's face. Ora met him on the stairs as he was going out.

"I know what it means now," she whispered. "Maybe I wouldn't if you'd brought the words without the wine and milk."

She stood on the step above him, a little girl upon whose head the years were light and few, a slight figure in rags and tatters; nevertheless, he saw at once that her heart had taken in the heavenly from earthly types, and was exceeding thankful.

A week later Ora and Otto were motherless, yet not alone. Kind friends took them in, kind hands ministered unto them; but neither ever forgot their first sermon, nor the kettle and bottle they brought to put it in.—*Madge Carol, in Christian Globe.*

## The Medical Family.

When New York was a wilderness, peopled by bears and wolves, a wool merchant, on a wharf in Florence, named De Medici, began to attract notice by the enormous sums which he made and spent as rapidly. He built magnificent ships—gondolas to float upon the blue Arno—princely palaces in which he held a royal state. He built palaces for the city, too, established schools in them where the sons of the nobles learned philosophy; furnished great libraries of rare manuscript. The greatest architects, sculptors, painters, and philosophers of the world worked for this wool-merchant gladly, he was so generous and friendly a patron. They gave him the name of the father of his country, and under his rule Florence became the most beautiful city in the world. But Cosimo de Medici was the father only of the rich and noble. The poor he trampled underfoot; they were of no more value to him than the swine in the stalls of Fiesole.

If we could keep these unfortunate wretches out of sight, the story of Cosimo, his sons and grandsons, would be splendid as a dream of enchantment. They awakened all Italy to new, wonderful industries. The great magicians in art, science, and song worked at their bidding. Gardens, churches, marvellous work in gold and silver, more marvellous pictures sprang into being; great poems were written, scholars from all countries thronged to Florence, and in the shadows of vast palaces were given place to pursue their studies in peace; the whole known world, in a word, flushed into a glory of beauty and grace under the rule of the Medici, as a tropical forest into flower beneath the summer sun. But the poor, remember, shared the fate of the creeping things in the forest. The only men who took any account of them were a few good, common-sense Christians headed by a monk named Savonarola, who went about with such gloomy foreboding faces in this sunshiny, beautiful city, that they were called "weepers."

Lorenzo, the grandson of Cosimo, was known as the magnificent; the poor were almost willing to be crushed to death by such a genial superb master. There was a little boy of eight employed as a page in the palace, of noble blood we may be sure, or the great Lorenzo would not have noticed, as he did, his fancy for moulding figures in clay. Walking one day in the garden the prince found the little fellow copying the figure of an old faun. He had altered the mouth to make it laugh. "Well done, Michael Angelo," he said, "but old men do not have such teeth as thou hast given thy faun. Close his mouth."

The boy bowed, but said nothing. The next day, Lorenzo, passing that way, found the faun still laughing, but with his teeth broken and decayed with age. The prince placed the boy at once in a gallery of sculpture, and employed the first masters of the age to teach him. Now Lorenzo is chiefly known in history as the patron of Michael Angelo. Lorenzo's son, who was made Cardinal at thirteen, and Pope at thirty-seven, was of the same age as the sculptor, and had known him as a boy; he was so anxious that he should finish the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, that he raised the money necessary by means which Luther protested against as unlawful, and out of this small discussion began and widened the great breach of the Reformation.

Another of this family was the Catharine of France who laughed and joked while seventy thousand of her subjects were slaughtered in one night.—*St. Nicholas for September.*

## Song.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Rolls the long breaker in splendor, and glances  
Leaping in light!  
Laughing and singing the swift ripple dances,  
Sparkling and bright;  
Up through the heaven the curlew is flying,  
Soaring so high!  
Sweetly his wild notes are ringing, and dying  
Lost in the sky.  
Gleets the sail to the south-wind careening,  
White-winged and brave;  
Bowling to breeze and to hollow, and leaning  
Low o'er the wave.  
Beautiful wind, with the touch of a lover  
Leading the hours,  
Helping the winter-worn world to recover  
All its lost flowers.  
Gladly I hear thy warm whisper of rapture,  
Sorrow is o'er!  
Earth all her music and bloom shall recapture,  
Happy once more!

—*Servitor for September.*

## Tired.

Tired of everything! Tired of hot weather; of the kitchen stove; of setting the table; of washing the dishes. Tired of doing the same things over and over again, seven days in the week! Tired of making custard pies and currant pies and cherry pies; of roasting and boiling and baking and brewing! Tired of the children's voices calling "Mother! Mother!" from the dooryard and the barn and the attic and the parlor, in every imaginable key, and in all sorts of moods! Tired of the baby's clinging arms about your neck, and of having him wake up and cry just when you fancied he was safe for a two hours' nap! Tired of the sewing! Tired, too, of being misunderstood and thought cross and unreasonable, when you are only nervous and worn out!

Yet how much worse it might all be. Suppose you were in the condition of that poor woman on the old canal-boat in the East River, whose little daughter starved to death the other

night. Died of starvation, they said at the inquest, as they looked at the attenuated limbs, and pale, pinched face. Suppose you were suffering with fever, or racked with rheumatism. Suppose Jim had fallen down and broken his leg instead of merely tearing his trousers. Suppose anything were to happen to the baby. Bless the darling! that thought wakes you to instant alarm and love.

But, tired woman, wherever you are, we send you a word of sympathy. It is hard to be burdened, and hard not to be crushed under burden. Try to cast them off on Him who is ever ready to help in every time of need.—*Christian at Work.*

## Paying Her Way.

What has my darling been doing to-day?  
To pay for her washing and mending?  
How can she manage to keep out of debt?  
For so much washing and mending?  
How can I wait till the years have flown,  
And the hands have grown larger and stronger?  
Who will be able to interest to pay  
If the debts must many years longer?

Dear little feet! How they fly to my side!  
White arms my neck are caressing.  
Sweetest of kisses are laid on my cheek,  
Fair head my shoulder is pressing.  
Nothing shall steal from my darling's due—  
From evil may angels defend her!  
The debt is discharged as fast as 'tis made,  
For love is a legal tender!

## The Power of a Voice.

A lady living near Boston, owned, some years ago, a horse of whom she was both fond and proud. He was not one of those styled "family horses," because they have neither spirit to prance nor strength to run away, and who, if left to themselves would never go at all. He was as fleet as a deer, and as sensitive as a bird. No one must pass him on the road, nor touch him with a whip, as if he could be outdone, or needed urging on to his duty. He was not a horse you would ask your grandmother to drive! And yet he had sound sense and good judgment; and sometimes he showed presence of mind and submission to circumstances which might have put to shame many with reasoning powers. He also manifested affection and gratitude for the kind treatment he received.

Once when his mistress was driving, they came to the foot of a hill down which a teamster was rushing with tremendous speed, keeping the middle of the road as if the driver thought there was nobody in the world too good to be run down by his plumb's wagon! The lady drew up her horse to the last inch of ground on her side; but in vain. On rushed the plumb, driving as recklessly as his nips bits from our pipes to replace them with whole feet of lead, colliding with and crushing the wheels of the phaeton, throwing the lady forward over the horse, and dashing a superfluous old man he had in his wagon, down the hill head foremost!

Brave Charlie cleared himself from the wreck, ran up the hill a few paces, and then turned back to see what had become of his mistress. She, not being seriously injured, rose up and called his name, when he turned round, walked deliberately back, and allowed himself to be led home.

Do you think that gay horse would have obeyed so meekly a harsh voice, associated with the memory of a whip? Never.

There came a time, not long after this, when the power of that same voice saved Charlie from a frightful death.

At the dead of night the bells began to ring for fire, and it was soon found that the large livery stable at which he was kept was in flames, and the horses frantic with terror and trying to break away from all control.

Charlie's owner was absent; but his mistress, who had such power over him, resolved to save him from the flames. Accompanied by a servant, she set off in the darkness for the scene of terror.

We need not describe the fury of the flames as they shot up against the black sky, and lighted the region with a lurid glare, nor yet the wild confusion among the men who were shouting to the horses that were neighing and stamping in their efforts to escape.

Among the foremost of these restless prancers was Charlie, who, having on neither bridle nor halter, defied all the efforts of the hostlers to hold him, and seemed bent on rushing back into the flames.

When his brave mistress reached the wild scene, she called out, "Charlie, Charlie!" in her usual gentle tone; when he at once grew quiet and looked eagerly about in the crowd for his friend.

He walked gently off in the direction of her voice; she came forward and laid her hand on his velvety nose, and with no other means of restraint led him off to a place of safety.

A musical voice is, doubtless, like personal beauty, a gift from heaven; but low and gentle tones can be cultivated and attuned to the spirit of love and peace within the heart.

We are so responsible for the influence of our voices, as for that of our words, on others; and should therefore study not only to say what is right, but also to say it pleasantly.

Those who have the care of children should train their voices, so as to banish all harsh and boisterous tones from the house, and they will then have

—*Muscle in the simplest words*

Of household love or toil.

## To Mothers.

O mothers! Are your boys all in the ark? Mothers, are your daughters all in the ark? If they are not, what are you living for? What is your aim in life? Is that the uppermost thought in your hearts at all hours—how can you get them into the ark? Are you in the ark yourselves? If you are not, why not come in to-day? Why not come in, and then try to bring them in? It seems to me that parents are asleep, and while we are asleep our children are wandering on down to death. We hear of their dying every day; we hear of their being suddenly taken away, snatched away unexpectedly, dying outside of the ark, while we parents sleep on, with our children exposed to the wrath and the judgment. If there seems to be a dark mountain between you and the ark, press through the mountain. Though it is a mountain, it is at the same time but the Devil's mountain, and the Devil's mountains are all

mountains of smoke and fog. Say to yourselves, "This day I must go into the ark; this day I will call my children in. I will not stay out and let them perish."—*D. L. Moody.*

## Finding a New World.

Many years ago a man stood on the shore of the sea, looking out over the waves, and waiting for three small vessels to be made ready for a voyage on which he was to enter. At last all was ready—the sails were unfurled, the anchors weighed; and those who had gone down to the harbor to see their friends and acquaintances depart, were left standing in prius, talking or gossiping about the men who had sailed away into unknown seas, under command of one whom the world called crazed.

He had been talking and writing for years about a way across the sea, which no one had ever yet tried to navigate; he had been from court to court, and from country to country, trying to get some king, or noble, or great man to give him the means to try himself; but no one had helped him. He had now at last found a gentle but powerful hand, which had royally given, and the voyage was actually commenced.

The sailors, seeing his confidence, started in good spirits; the wind was fair; their course a straight one. For days all went well. They landed at an island, lovely and fruitful, where they had heard were many beautiful things. Others had been there before them; some of their countrymen were living there; and it was like bidding good-bye to home again to set out on the wide-spread ocean, to go—they knew not where! The sailors would have turned back, but their leader was firm; and they sailed, as it seemed to them, out into space.

The weather changed; a storm arose. The small ships were tossed like toys on the surface of the troubled waters! The men were fearful, and the superstition in their hearts whispered that it was tempting God to try to find out more than their forefathers had known. Alone, on the deck of his vessel, the leader watched, hoped, and gave encouragement to the wretched men. He, only, saw the slightest ray of light in the darkness; he, only, hoped when all others despaired; he, only, had words of cheer when they gave up all; and fervently did he pray to go on but a short time longer on their course—to try the unknown waters but three days longer, and then, if land did not appear, they would turn and seek their distant home again, in disappointment and disgrace to him. The storm was over at last; the sea became smoother; but the line of the sea and the sky was still unbroken by the faintest sign of land. Hour after hour the leader stood gazing vainly, bearing such longing and hoping in his brave heart as few other human souls have felt; but all was unchanged.

The sudden and menacing looks of the sailors betrayed their determination to keep their resolution of turning back at the moment they had sworn to do so. The last day was almost ended, when, floating upon the waters, shone something more precious than cargoes of gold and silver, more valuable than diamonds—a little spray of green leaves. How feebly we realize the feelings which rushed into their hearts! how this little spray was the forerunner of the seaweed sea which surrounds the land so long sought; how, by their slackened motion, they knew of it before the morning dawned; and how, by the earliest ray of light, they saw the blessed land, blue in the distance, right ahead of them. In this way Columbus discovered a new world.

Children, you are like these vessels, sailing out on an unexplored sea. The ocean of your lives you must cross to reach heaven. You know of another world, and you have a guide book which will never deceive or mislead you. You will meet with pleasant islands where you may stop and rest; with storms which will almost overwhelm you; with unkindness, and, I fear, with unbelief. You may even meet with those who, like Columbus's sailors, will tell you there is no "other world"; but do not believe them. There was another continent, though foolish men said there was not, and there is a blessed heaven for us. We know it, though the world should deny it.

But think how happy you are in your sailing, and what hope and encouragement you have. How pleasantly your companions sail with you instead of distressing you with entreaties to turn back and reproaches for misleading them. Your "New World," though not yet in sight, is "very near to faith's illumined eye," and you can read descriptions of it in your great Guide-Book, that will make you long to see it more and more. Study the blessed book, shape your course by it, and you will reach "the land that is very far off."—*N. Y. Observer.*

## September.

O golden month! How high thy gold is heaped!  
Two yellow-brown leaves shine like bright cones strong  
On wanders; the chestnut's yellow pennons tongue  
To every wind its harvest challenge. Slept  
In yellow still its fields where wheat was reaped;  
And yellow still the corn sheaves stacked among  
The yellow gables, which from the earth have wrung  
Her utmost gold. To highest boughs hath leaped  
The purple grape—last thing to ripen—late  
By very reason of its precious cost.  
Oh, heart, remember vintage are lost  
If grapes do not for freezing night-dews wait;  
Think, while thou sun'st thyself in joy's estate,  
Mayhap thou canst not ripen without frost!—*Atlantic.*

## Gentleness of Character.

One of the early Christian teachers, who was born with a violent temper, became a model of gentleness as he grew older.

On one occasion he was assailed with a torrent of most furious words. The good teacher looked at the passionate man who thus addressed him with a tranquil eye, and did not reply by a single word. The furious man, enraged, spoke more bitterly than before. The Christian man preserved his patience.

When the fellow had at last retired, the Christian was asked how he could keep silence under such provocation. He replied:

"My tongue and I have made a compact, and we have agreed that while my heart is full of hot feeling my tongue shall not say a word. Could I teach this poor ignorant man better how to govern and restrain himself than by holding my tongue; and would his rage have been sooner appeased had I not kept silence? Ought we not to have compassion on an unfortunate person who is carried away by his passion?"

## For the Young Folk.

## The Five Loaves.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

What if the little Jewish lad,  
That summer day, had failed to go  
Down to the lake, because he had  
So small a store of loaves to show?

"The press is great," he might have said;  
"For food the thronging people call;  
I only have five loaves of bread,  
And what were they among them all?"

And back the mother's word might come,  
Her coaxing hand upon his hair;  
"Yet go; for they may comfort some  
Among the hungry children there."

So to the lake-side forth he went,  
Beating the scant supply he had;  
And Jesus, with an eye intent,  
Through all the crowds beheld the lad.

And saw the loaves and blest them; then  
Blessed his hand the marvel grew;  
He broke and blessed, and broke again;  
The loaves were neither small nor few!

For, as we know, it came to pass,  
That hungry thousands there were fed,  
While sitting on the fresa, green grass,  
From that one basketful of bread!

If from his home the lad that day,  
His five small loaves had failed to take,  
Would Christ have wrought—can any say,  
This miracle beside the lake?

## Sir Philip Sidney.

There lived, many years ago, in "Merrie England," a little boy named Philip. He was very rich, and God had given him a beautiful house to live in, and as many ponies as he liked, beside hosts of other beautiful things to keep him happy all his life.

I do not think that boy ought ever to have been unhappy. He never had to do anything he did not want; there were always as many servants to wait on him as he had fingers on each hand, and he only had to make known a wish when it was instantly gratified.

Now, you may think it was very strange that that little boy found it harder to be good than if he had been poor, and did not have so many people to wait on him, and such beautiful things to play with. I do not doubt he often used to wish he could get away from home and take a good stroll off in the woods alone, or perhaps, get some other boy like himself to go chesnutting with him, just as you do. It seemed very hard that he always had to take his servant with him, just as if he was such a little fellow he could not be trusted alone.

But you see it was very important for this boy to live to grow up, for when he got to be a man he was to go to the queen's palace and be one of her courtiers, and, if occasion ever offered, he might, perhaps, lead an army against the enemy, or do some act that would make all England pay homage to him.

Now, let us see what he did that made the people praise him so. In the first place, he made up his mind if he was going to be a subject of good Queen Bess, he would be one worth having or none at all. So he began to study and improve his mind, and by-and-bye he found he could compose poetry, and, now and then, he wrote a little prose, because, he said, if I give my whole life to play I can never serve the king faithfully, and I shall never win renown.

His greatest ambition was to make his companions and even his attendants respect him for his gentle ways and kindly replies. All through his life he kept on trying to overcome that evil spirit that would come into his heart, just as it does in yours, dear boys. He had the same Father in heaven to serve that each one has; and all the money that he owned, or the beautiful houses, could not make him generous and noble unless God's holy spirit came into his heart to help him.

Finally, when he grew up, he was sent to the palace where Queen Elizabeth lived, for she it was who then ruled England.

He wished very much he could go to war and win a name that would be sounded throughout the world; but the Queen chose to keep him by her side, fearing to lose a courtier so brilliant and important.

Here was another instance where he was forced to practise self-denial. He had all that money could buy but one thing, and that one thing was more to him than all his great riches. Can you guess what it was? He wished to be free to choose his own life, and not be forced to abide always by what the Queen ordered. Still he strove onward, looking beyond and shutting his heart against that little voice that would constantly remind him how hard his trial was.

But "it is a long lane that has no turning," and at last there came a day when the Queen was obliged to part with her favorite. Troubles had broken out with the Spanish, and every man who could bear arms was called upon to help put down the enemy, and among the number, Sir Philip Sidney. Proudly, he went forth into the Netherlands, determined that now his opportunity had at last come he would be no coward, but face his foe with courage and daring, come what might. No doubt he pictured to himself his victorious return, how grandly he would march home and lay his trophies at the Queen's feet, receiving from her praise and honor. But God does not always allow us to have what seems even within our grasp, and while Sir Philip was fighting, a ball was fired from a musket, which penetrated his thigh, shattering the bone and causing him to fall instantly.

There he lay, suffering agony, but no word of complaint was heard to issue from his lips.

His faithful followers carried him from the field, feeling, should the battle be won, they had lost a leader not to be replaced. For eighteen days he suffered, and, as the fever increased, he implored his nurses to give him water to cool his burning mouth; but so little was there to be had, many were obliged to go without. While he lay in his agony a man entered with a canteen filled with the coveted article. Instantly many hands were stretched to grasp the sweet draught, and as Sir Philip was about to raise the few remaining drops to his lips, he heard a faint whisper, "Water! water!" and, looking up, he beheld a wounded soldier dying, and pleading in faint tones for one more drink. No battle he could fight could cause him a greater sacrifice

than to take the canteen from his lips and hand it to his dying comrade. But he did, first praying for grace to conquer his selfishness, and then saying, "Friend, thy necessities are as yet greater than mine, drink." He handed it to the poor soldier and fell back exhausted upon his pillow.

Here was an act of heroism greater than if he had conquered the whole world. It cost that man a struggle that only God knew of; it was not an action that would make his name ring with glory; it was simply doing as he would be done by for the love of his Saviour. May we all follow his noble example; and let each one remember that the most heroic act one can perform is self-sacrifice for Christ Jesus' sake.—*N. Y. Observer.*

## The Fifth Commandment.

I suppose it very rarely, after their notion, for the "young misses" of Church Hill, as they like to be called, to talk to their mothers as they would to a chambermaid; only the chambermaid wouldn't endure such language. If the young misses (it is as well to call them so. The name fits them; for they are neither nice girls nor young ladies), if these misses have no respect for the fifth commandment or love for their mothers, I notice they have an exaggerated dread of being out of style.

Style, I think, stands with some people instead of taste, kindness, and conscience, as it is the only thing for which they have the slightest consideration. They would be aghast at their parents, if they knew what very bad style, indeed, it was, and that the children of the wealthiest and best families are trained to a strictness of respect for their parents which it would be very hard for the misses of Church Hill to learn.

Respect for one's father and mother, as well as to older persons generally, is the first point of high breeding all over the world. All the most polished nations, hold it so. The French, who give lessons on manners to other nations, will show an old woman more attention than they will the prettiest young one. The Chinese and Japanese, who are among the most polite people on the face of the globe, are devoted to their fathers and mothers, and the Turks everywhere pay the deepest respect to an old man. One does not hear the phrase "the old man" used, except as a title of honor. If you were a young princess or a countess, as you have often thought you would like to be, the first thing you would have to learn would be respect for others. You would not be allowed to keep the easy-chair when your mother, the queen, or your aunt, the countess, came into the room. No matter how tired you were or how interesting a book you were reading, you would have to rise, put aside what you were doing, and wait quietly till your august relative told you to be seated. If she wanted anything a yard away, and you let her rise from her chair and wait on herself, you would probably be sent away in disgrace, and kept until you learned better manners, more becoming a princess.

If you, Harry, were His Royal Highness of Saxony, and were to marry a queen, when old enough, you would have to improve on your present manners to a degree that would make you sick of life for a while. You would have to learn to pay attention to other people before yourself, to be pleasant when you didn't feel like it, to wait on ladies and be polite to old men, with great gray moustaches and not much to say, because they were high generals in the army or councillors of state. If you showed temper, to His Majesty, your father, you would, in all probability, be ordered under arrest, like a common soldier, to teach you to respect authority.

Every soldier, no matter what his rank, must learn to obey and to show respect. Every officer of government, every man of position in the world has to do the same. The only exceptions are people like the Shah and the Khedive of the East, who are of very little account in the world. They never care about manners, and never do anything they don't want to, if they can help it. The consequence is, they seldom have a good time for their own part, and they never allow others to enjoy themselves at all.—*Wide Awake.*

## Secrets.

The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the hearts of women at any age, the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is best and happiest. In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. Have no mysteries whatever. Tell those who are about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, I mean, of course. A little secretiveness has set many a scandal afloat; and much as is said about women who tell too much, they are much better off than women who tell too little. A man may be reticent and lie under no suspicion; not so a woman. The girl who frankly says to her mother: "I have been here. I met so and so. Such and such remarks were made, and this or that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If all was right, no fault will be found. If the mother knows out of her great experience that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition. It is when mothers discover that their girls are hiding things from them that they rebuke or scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right—just what is wrong yet. You can't be blamed for making little mistakes, but you will never do anything very wrong if from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

A million little diamonds  
Twinkled on the trees;  
And all the little maidens said:  
"A jewel, if you please!"  
But while they held their hands outstretched,  
To catch the diamonds o'er,  
A million little sunbeams came,  
And stole them all away.—*St. Nicholas.*

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All Communications intended for insertion in the Guardian should be addressed to the Rev. H. DEWART: and when enclosed in business letters to the Book-Steward, should be written on separate pieces of paper.

## Christian Guardian AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1876.

### ENGLAND AND THE TURKISH QUESTION.

The probable collapse of the Serbian rebellion produces a crisis rather than a settlement of the Eastern question. For it brings to the front the practical inquiry, what shall be the future relations between Turkey and those provinces, which her past cruelty and injustice drove into unsuccessful revolt and war?

The fendish barbarities practised upon the helpless women and children of Bulgaria place that question in a new light. For how can civilized Europe stand quietly by, and see the Christian populations of these subject principalities delivered over to the tender mercies of the exasperated Turks, who are likely to be more cruel and tyrannical than ever. Shall the chains of serfdom be more firmly riveted upon the crushed and baffled patriots? Or shall there be a more explicit recognition of their political autonomy? We believe the latter course will be adopted by the great powers. It is plain the Turkish Government cannot be trusted with unlimited power over communities of people, who have no rights that Turks are bound to respect. The full report of the special commissioner, which the London Daily News sent out to examine into the facts, unfolds a tale of horrible barbarity, which, in fendish and inhuman cruelty, stands unparalleled in the annals of crime. The wholesale butchery of thousands of helpless and innocent women and children in the town of Batik, and the exposure of their dead bodies, without burial, is sickening to read. A peaceful town, containing about eight or ten thousand people, was destroyed, and only a remnant of the people escaped. But the most shocking feature of all was the way in which hundreds of women and young girls were subjected to the vilest outrages, and then barbarously murdered, and left as food for the dogs. It is said that as those who killed the greatest number of infidels had the highest claims to Paradise, that there was a rivalry as to who would kill the most women and children. No wonder that these atrocities have stirred the indignation of all Christendom; or that the half apologetic style in which Mr. Disraeli spoke of the affair in the House of Commons has given great dissatisfaction. But there are hindrances. England is bound by the historic traditions of the past to protect Turkey. A large number of Turkish bonds are held in England, which would be valueless if Turkish credit was destroyed. In the Asiatic Colonies there are large numbers of Mahometans who are British subjects, and who might resent any action of England adverse to their co-religionists in Europe. There is also a jealousy of the growing power of Russia. All these causes help to account for the attitude of England. About the breaking out of hostilities a large British fleet was sent to Besika Bay, though avowedly to overawe Constantinople, is said to have been taken by the Turks as an encouragement and a pledge of practical sympathy in their bloody work. Whatever may be the opinion of the English cabinet, there is a feeling making itself felt in England against Turkey, and unfavorable to the do-nothing policy of the government, which cannot easily be put down.

The interference of Russia, to aid and protect Serbia, would be a small evil compared with the Bulgarian atrocities. There is no mistaking the direction in which English feeling and conviction are drifting. The Times, which seldom fails to comprehend the popular sentiment, in a leading article, says:—"It is fallacy to say Turkey is an independent member of the European system. The right of the neutral Powers to intervene in her affairs was long ago established. We have not morally alone, but as the matter of international law, the right to see that justice is done the Porte's Christian subjects."

A letter from Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, calling upon the people as a nation to subscribe for the relief of the Bulgarians, contains the following sentence:—"Come what may—and I do not see anything is likely, or even possible to come, which can endanger the position of England—it seems impossible, if we are to have any regard for our honor or our good name, that we should any longer throw, or even allow it to be supposed we throw, the shield of the protection of England over a power which, relying on that protection, has done deeds which have startled and shocked the conscience of the whole civilized world."

At a large meeting held in Rochdale, to protest against the Turkish atrocities, a letter from John Bright was read, in which he says:—"It is now understood throughout the world that England is the main, if not the one supporter, of Turkish rule in Europe. Had it acted with Russia and other powers, it is almost certain that the Serbian war would not have occurred."

A telegram last week brings word that a pamphlet by Mr. Gladstone, entitled "Bulgarian Horrors, and the Question of the East," has been issued. It is urged, in pleading for the termination of the war:—"First, to put an end to anarchy, misrule, plundering, and murdering, which still desolate Bulgaria; second, to make effectual provision against its recurrence by excluding the Ottoman Government from the administrative control, not only in Bosnia and Herzegovina, but above all in Bulgaria; third, to redeem by these measures the

honor of the British name, which in the deplorable event of the year has been more gravely compromised than I have known at any former period." Mr. Gladstone says he is still desirous to see the territorial integrity of Turkey upheld, though that desire should not be treated as paramount to still higher objects of policy. As an old servant of the Crown and State he entreats his countrymen to require and insist that the Government, which has been working in one direction, shall work in the other, and shall apply all its vigor to concur with the other States of Europe in obtaining the extinction of the Turkish Executive's power in Bulgaria.

These are gratifying signs, that the English people regard humanity and justice as of more importance than a union with the most corrupt government in Europe. The sooner Turkey, as a European power, is hurled down from the position she has so shamefully dishonored the better. Even so moderate a journal as the London Watchman says:—"The intelligence and integrity of the European Powers are cast into painful shadow, if they require a tottering piece of worthless Mohammedanism to keep them in order. The Christian populations must be delivered from the lust and oppression of the Turks, and if the autonomy of the Turkish Empire is inconsistent with such deliverance, the Turkish Empire must fall."

### CLERICAL INTERFERENCE IN POLITICAL ELECTIONS.

Whether rightly or wrongly, Roman Catholic priests have often been charged with undue interference in political elections; and with being guilty of threatening the spiritual terrors, which the Church claims to wield, against those who vote for the candidates whom the priests and the Church oppose. It is alleged that this course was actually pursued in the Charlevoix election, in the Province of Quebec. A couple of weeks ago, the Globe, of this city, had an article on the subject, in which it replied to those who severely condemned the priests for interfering and threatening the electors with spiritual penalties. The line of argument was substantially this: That if a Protestant, whether minister or a layman, was at liberty to tell an elector that by voting for a certain candidate, he would endanger or lose his soul, there is no reason why a Roman Catholic priest should not have liberty to express a similar opinion, which is really all that is meant by threatening spiritual penalties. In either case, if electors are so weak or credulous as to be influenced by such threats, that is their misfortune, with which the law cannot interfere. Neither, it is maintained, can the law make any distinction between the right of clergymen and laymen to express an opinion of this kind. A layman must be punished for threatening spiritual penalties, just the same as a clergyman, if a law inflicting punishments for such threats is to be enacted.

This line of argument, which struck us on reading it as confounding things which widely differ, has called forth a sensible letter in the Globe of last Thursday, signed "A Minister of the Gospel," which agrees with some parts of the Globe's article; but strongly condemns its reasoning in defending the right of the priest to threaten electors who vote for certain candidates with spiritual penalties. This correspondent of the Globe, while admitting that because of the existence of an intense political partisanship it is unwise and injudicious for ministers of religion to mingle actively in political contests, yet maintains that it is the right and obligation of ministers to recognize and discharge the duties of political citizenship.

On this point he forcibly says:—"I quite agree with you in saying every clergyman is a citizen and possesses all the rights and privileges of citizenship. I would go further, and say that if he is an elector, unless he conscientiously uses his franchise he fails in his duty to the Commonwealth, and it is the duty of every citizen who has a vote to cast that vote for the best interests of the State. And I have neither respect for, nor patience with that sickly sentimentalism that would debar ministers of religion from casting their vote to further the best interests of the State."

But with regard to the Globe's singular doctrine that the expression of a condemnatory opinion, by a layman, respecting the morality of an elector's vote, is as proper an object of legal punishment, as the threat of a spiritual penalty by a priest, "A Minister of the Gospel" says:

"Everyone knows that such a threat in the mouth of a Roman Catholic priest is altogether a different thing from the same threat in the mouth of a layman. If a voter was brought into the polls and compelled by mere brute force to vote for a particular candidate against his wishes, those exercising that brute force could be made amenable to the law of the land, and justly. Now, if the threat of excommunication, or even the threat of temporal penalties, by a Roman Catholic priest, has a force with the loyal subjects of the Roman Catholic Church as powerful in effecting the priest's will as the lower force above supposed. It is a lash in his hand by which he can drive 'the faithful' up to the polls and compel them to vote as he directs. He need not be the polling booth to witness their conduct, he can extract from themselves at the confessional all that they do there." And in view of the peculiar power that the confessional gives the priest over the conscience of the devout Roman Catholic, he argues that "we need a law on our statute books which will inflict severe penalty on any religious teacher, of whatever denomination, who may be found guilty of threatening spiritual pains and penalties against electors for the use of their franchise."

In the same issue we find a leading editorial, in reply to this communication. From several things asserted and assumed in this article we are compelled to dissent. It is little more than an expansion of the arguments of the previous article, and appears to us to misapprehend the real point at issue. We will give a brief summary of its main points. It is maintained that as the Roman Catholic religion, like every other tolerated in the country, is only a matter of opinion, freely and conscientiously held by those who embrace it, any law interfering with the carrying out of these religious convictions would prevent liberty of action on the part of the ministers and laymen of all the Churches. Any law that would prohibit Roman Catholic priests from threatening spiritual penalties against recalcitrant electors must, to be impartial, also prohibit laymen and Protestant ministers from using moral and religious considerations as a reason for urging any one to vote for

any person or party. As this power of the priest depends upon the credulous faith of the people, there is no remedy for the evil but to enlighten the people. It is also maintained that, owing to inherent difficulties, such a law could not be practically executed. This proposal to punish the priests for threatening to inflict penalties, which Protestants deem unreal, is represented as analogous to the burning of witches, for the supposed exercise of imaginary powers of mischief; and the threats of the priests are deemed similar to the declaration of an old Scotch minister, that some ill-fortune befel all his enemies. These are the main points.

We are not concerned here to argue whether such a legal prohibition of priestly threats could be effectively executed or not. That may be left an open question. The difficulty of enforcing such a law does not disprove the gravity of the evil complained of, nor show that it does not demand legal redress. But we cannot admit that such priestly threats are nothing more than what the Globe represents them to be; or that a law prohibiting such interference with the political liberty of electors would be fairly open to the objections which our contemporary urges against it. In short, we cannot accept the views of the Globe on this matter, nor the arguments by which they are sustained.

When the Globe broadly insinuates that similar religious threats to those alleged to be made by Roman Catholic priests in the case mentioned, are made use of by Protestant ministers and laymen, as a means of inducing electors to vote for certain candidates, the main difference being that the Roman Catholics believe and are influenced by them, but that Protestants do not heed them—we maintain that serious injustice is done to Protestant ministers and laymen by such a representation. Is there any ground for the allegation that such tactics and methods are commonly used by Protestants in election times? We do not believe it. Such an allegation has the appearance of being made to create an imaginary questionable course of action for Protestants, in order to offset the well-attested interference and threats of certain R. C. priests at elections. When, or where, have Protestant ministers or laymen used threats of expulsion from the Church, or from heaven, as a means to deter an elector from voting for one candidate, or to induce him to vote for another? We have some personal knowledge of the bitter denunciation, hard names, and threats of bad consequences, which political opponents can hurl at an independent Protestant, who votes for a Roman Catholic candidate; but we never heard in any such case, even from the bitterest Protestant partisan, the threat of expulsion from the Church or from heaven; or anything having such meaning.

But, even if this questionable allegation were true, and the expression of opinion respecting the evil religious consequences of voting for certain candidates, were a common Protestant method of electioneering, still this would be a wholly different thing from what is complained of in the case of threats by Roman priests. The two things are too widely different to allow of any valid argument being based upon their supposed similarity. The thing complained of in the case of the Roman priests is not at all as the Globe alleges, the mere expression of an opinion, as to the moral consequences of voting for a certain person or party. (1) It is the threat of the infliction of an explicit penalty and deprivation of privilege on the elector, by ecclesiastics who claim to have, and are believed by many to have, the right and power to inflict these penalties. It is, therefore, a personal punitive act on the part of the priest, when he withholds the sacraments that are deemed necessary to salvation. (2) The priestly act also differs from the mere expression of opinion by a Protestant, in that it does really interfere with the independence and liberty of choice of Roman Catholic electors, whereas no one will pretend that such a result follows the expression of Protestant opinion. (3) Apart from spiritual penalties, ecclesiastical censure, from clergymen who claim to possess the keys of heaven, brings upon the object of it, real temporal loss and disadvantage, socially and in business, such as may naturally deter an elector from voting in a way which exposes him to such serious disadvantages. Yet, the Globe's whole argument is based upon the assumption that these two things, so evidently different, are practically identical.

The argument, that because the spiritual penalty may be unreal, and the influence of threats to inflict it depends upon the opinion or belief of the people, therefore, the matter does not fitly come within the province of civil law, seems to us weak and inconclusive. The question is not whether the spiritual penalty threatened is real or imaginary; but whether such threats and censure are a real interference with the freedom of elections. And on that point there is no room for doubt. The object of an election is to secure the free verdict of the people, respecting the public men and public political questions that are before the country. Anything that prevents the electors expressing their real opinion by their votes, frustrates the object for which an election is held; for in all such cases the judgment of the people is not obtained. But it cannot be disputed that, to an elector who believes in the spiritual and ecclesiastical power which the Church of Rome claims for her clergy, the threat of ecclesiastical censure and spiritual penalties has as real a potency to interfere with the freedom and independence of his vote as a bribe, or a threat of bodily injury. Besides, as we have seen, the maledictions of the clergy expose the objects of them to real disadvantages, such as would influence the vote of those who had no faith in the spiritual power of the priests, as well as of those who had. In these cases of priestly interference, as in the law against bribery, it is not so much the interests of the electors, as those of the State, that require legal protection. A constituency where a majority of the people can be influenced, in voting, by such priestly threats, will exercise no check on the most flagrant corruption, or the worst legislation. If it were not merely a matter of opinion, if every body believed that the priestly spiritual penalty was a fact as real as the infliction of bodily injury, in that case scarcely any one would deny that the priest should be amenable to law for the exercise of this power to injure others, in such a way as to

prevent the freedom of elections. But the interference with the freedom of elections is now as real, with those who believe in his power, as it would be in the case supposed. When a swindler tells a credulous person a plausible story, or when a false and damaging slander about any one is circulated, it might be said, that if nobody believed the falsehoods, they would injure nobody. This is true; but it does not prevent the law from protecting those who are injured by such falsehoods being believed, by themselves or others.

The threat, that if a law be enacted to prevent the priests from threatening with excommunication those who vote against their candidates, it must embrace all Protestant ministers and laymen, who use religious considerations as a motive to induce any electors to vote in any particular way, will be regarded by most people as much more ridiculous than alarming. It is virtually saying, that if a class of persons, who claim the power and disposition to do a certain mischievous thing, be hindered from doing it, another class of persons, that never claimed the power and never had the disposition to do any such thing, must also be prevented from doing something else which is wholly different in its character and consequences. By all means, if there be any minister, layman, or which, who has the power over any electors which the priest has over Roman Catholic believers, and is disposed to exercise that power to prevent the freedom of such electors, as the priests do, let all such people be legally restrained from doing so. But where are such Protestants to be found? We know of none such in Canada, and we deem their existence mythical.

The plea that a law which would prevent the priests from anathematizing those who repudiated their political views, would interfere with liberty of conscience, will not bear examination. Every man has a right to carry out his religious convictions, so far as he does not impinge upon the rights and interests of others, but no further. No one has a right to plead liberty of conscience, in order to enjoy the liberty of inflicting injury upon either individuals or communities. No man is bound to govern himself by another's conscience. Nor are our legislative bodies bound to govern themselves, in their legislation for the general good of the country, by the Roman Catholic conscience, as the Globe's reasoning seems to imply. It certainly is a surprising thing to see the Globe pleading the sacred rights of conscience, on behalf of those Roman Catholic priests, who desire to enjoy the pious luxury of cursing the independent members of their flocks with the orthodox churchly maledictions. In discussing this question, we must remember that the purity and freedom of our political elections are essential to all true national progress. If such priestly interference and control, as the Globe apologizes for, and seeks to shield from legal condemnation, prevailed generally, it would corrupt and pervert the fountain of our laws, and make our parliaments the tools of a corrupt and retrograde Church, which has been ever ready to sacrifice all other interests to her own selfish aggrandizement.

### SOMETHING ABOUT OUR CHURCH PAPER.

Year after year the newspaper is increasing in influence. The religious journal has now come to occupy a very prominent place among the agencies of Christian work. The peculiar activity and rapidity of movement, which distinguish the times in which we live, seem to demand something fresh, brief, and throbbing with current life. People cannot wait for the heavy volume or lengthy review article, however excellent. And too many, unhappily, have neither the time nor the disposition to read them, when they are published. The religious newspaper is not confined to any narrow sphere. It is as broad as Christian life. There is nothing that concerns Christians, in all their relations to God and to their fellow-men, but is a legitimate theme for discussion in the religious press. At a time when the press is becoming the great educating power, in all civilized countries, it would be a fatal mistake for the Christian Church to underestimate its value, or fail to wield it powerfully in the cause of Christian truth. The fathers of Methodism sagaciously recognized the importance of using the press, in prosecuting Christian work. At an early period in our Methodist history, the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN was launched on the tide of public opinion. For nearly fifty years it has "warred a good warfare," never during that long period taking any course on living questions, which forfeited its claim to the loyal and hearty support of the Methodist Church, and the Christian public of Canada. Its past services alone have earned for it a claim to continued and increasing support. But we would be sorry to have no other claim to public favor than an historical one. People whose only claim to respect is what their grand-fathers did, do not count for much. It is generally admitted that the history of the paper has not been unmarked by signs of growth, progress and improvement. And we mean to keep abreast with the demands of the times. We want the GUARDIAN to do a greater work in the future than it has done in the past. But we cannot attain to the usefulness which we desire for our paper, without the earnest, practical co-operation of our friends throughout the country.

To increase the number of our subscribers, proportionately increases the influence of the GUARDIAN. Double the number of its readers, and you double its usefulness. We have no paid agents abroad, on whom to depend. Our whole dependence for gaining new subscribers is upon the ministers, and subscribers who feel interest enough to try and induce others to subscribe. It is no private speculation to make money; though it costs a heavy outlay to publish such a paper. An increase in the number of our subscribers also increases our ability to improve the paper. The Book-Steward and Editor recently sent, to all the Chairmen of Districts, a circular-letter requesting them to bring this matter before the brethren at the Financial District Meetings, in order to devise some way of having every circuit thoroughly and systematically canvassed for new subscribers. We sincerely hope the matter will receive the attention that its importance demands.

Nobody can do this work so effectively as the ministers, if they will only take hold of it in good earnest. But, where this is impossible, can they not at each appointment enlist the interest of some good brother or sister—the sisters are just as competent for this as the brethren—who shall engage to visit all the families in that neighborhood, that do not take the paper, and would be at all likely to do so if asked? It is not too much to ask this from our ministerial brethren. In any circuit where the minister does not feel interest enough to say a good word for the paper, we cannot expect much to be done. Any minister that does not take an interest in extending the circulation of the paper stands in his own light. Far from interfering with local contributions to other objects, no money brings larger returns in the form of liberality, than the subscription money paid for the GUARDIAN. We have many subscribers who read the GUARDIAN with interest, and think well of it, but who never put forth any effort to persuade others to subscribe for it. This ought not so to be. Men of Israel, help! We work faithfully to make an instructive and interesting family paper, that will present something to interest young and old, ministers and people, and all classes of Christian workers. We are thankful for many kindly, appreciative expressions of approval, from some of our most intelligent readers. We candidly think no person can impartially scan the contents of each issue, without being impressed with the variety and excellence of the reading matter presented. WILL OUR FRIENDS SHOW THEIR APPRECIATION OF OUR WORK BY AN EARNEST AND GENERAL EFFORT TO SEND IN A LARGE NUMBER OF NEW SUBSCRIBERS? WE ASK TO HEAR SOME REPORT ON THIS MATTER FROM EVERY CIRCUIT.

### MINISTERS AND BOYS.

Some people may wonder why these two words are put in conjunction. Well, why should they not be? Were not all the ministers boys once? And is not the material out of which shall come the ministers of the future to be found among the boys? "But," says somebody, "ministers have not much to do with boys." All the worse for the ministers and the boys, if this be true. But we hope it is not true. The boys are a very important part of the population. They may be a little noisy and restless just now. But that should not exclude them from sympathy and interest. They are like green apples, which should not be judged prematurely. Have patience, and they will ripen in due time. Marvellous capacities are coiled up in the heads and hearts of the boys. Those who discover, and aid in directing and developing these immature powers not only render important service to the boys, but also to the world that needs their services. Of course, this applies to girls as well as boys. We were very much impressed by a suggestion about boys, recently addressed to ministers, in the N. Y. Independent. It was to this effect: That as ministers in country towns are largely brought into contact with public schools and their pupils, they have a great opportunity of discovering boys of superior natural talents, and of helping them to get an education, that will develop their mental powers. Money and brains seldom stick together for two generations. But wealth is commonly essential to secure the advantages of superior education. As a consequence, we have a good many second or third-rate boys, who receive first-rate educational advantages, and are consequently thrust into first-class positions. And we have many first-rate intellects, which are denied the mental nourishment necessary for their full growth, and are left to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Ministers of the gospel can do a great deal towards remedying this state of things. In their pastoral rounds, they may often discover some gifted young creature, whose own parents are not capable of appreciating the promise of intellectual superiority which he evinces; and who, perhaps, are unable to afford the help which he requires. A minister may do a great deal in such a case, simply by wise advice, to prevent such a boy's talents being lost to the community. If he cannot help him financially, he probably knows some one who can. With the increase of wealth and educational institutions amongst us, it can hardly be possible that, if the case of any poor young lad of unquestionable intellectual promise were fully made known nothing could be done to help him. We have many beautiful instances—like that of Robert Burnard, who watched over and helped young Kitto, the son of a drunken stone-mason—in which ministers and others, though unknown to fame themselves, have been the instruments of making known to the world "some gem of purest ray serene." Many a minister has, in a few years after leaving a circuit, had a pleasant surprise in hearing that some quiet boy, of whom he had perhaps taken little notice, had entered the ministry. Keep a sharp look out for such boys. Do not depreciate superior natural gifts. God has generally selected such men for great positions.

We want sanctified genius to bear the standards of the Church. A great deal may be done to secure this, by discovering such gifted natures early, and directing their energies into the right track. As discoverers, when they find a new island, plant the standard of their country upon it, and claim it for their sovereign; so ministers, when they discover a richly endowed young mind, should claim it for the service of Christ our King. We trust these brief hints may quicken the energy of some of our ministerial brethren in this good work. Bring the best brains to where they can be of the greatest use. We conclude these remarks with an extract from the article in the Independent, which suggested them: "It is a prime duty of our clergy, as representatives of education, to search out in the public schools every quick, active, and industrious mind, and, by personal influence with the child and its parents, see to it that boys and girls of promise secure the training by which they will be benefited. There is scarce any town so small but what there can be found in its schools children of very bright parts, who will, if the opportunity is granted them, take a high rank as scholars, or in the professions, or in a large business; but who, if left to the untrained will of their parents, become only unsuccessful farmers or foremen in a manufactory, and whose highest distinction will be to represent their town one

winter in the State legislature. Our learned professions are so crowded with ordinary men—men whose abilities are not above the average of their clients or patients or parishioners—that no better service can be done by the man who would keep their standard high than to provide the men who shall make worthy recruits."

### DEATH OF MRS. JOHN G. BOWES.

It is our painful duty to record the sudden death (probably from heart disease), of Mrs. Annie Bowes, widow of the late John G. Bowes, Esq. who for many years occupied a prominent position in public life in this city. Mrs. Bowes had never fully recovered from an attack of paralysis which occurred about five years ago; but she had been out to church last Sunday, and was in her usual health moving about the house last Friday afternoon, when, without any premonitory serious symptoms, she sank down and expired. As an intimate and beloved friend, her sudden death affects us with a painful sense of personal loss. She was a beautiful example of unobtrusive Christian womanhood—a kind and sympathetic neighbor—an affectionate, prudent, and devoted wife—a wise, watchful, and loving mother—a consistent and devout Christian, who, according to her ability and opportunity, was "ready to every good work." Her sudden removal has fallen with crushing effect upon her children, by whom she was revered and loved with the tenderest filial affection. But she has left them the precious and inspiring legacy of a pure and godly life. May they have grace to follow her as she followed Christ!

The shafts of death have been recent of late in the circle of our personal Methodist friends in Toronto. A few days ago the estimable wife of our friend, Alderman Downey, was stricken down almost as suddenly as Mrs. Bowes. Mrs. Downey's death, from its suddenness, fell very severely upon our bereaved brother and his family. But she had long known, as her life and hope, Him who is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Quite recently the death of Mr. Charles Moore was mentioned in these columns. Since then we have been called to mingle our tears of sympathy with those of the family of our esteemed friend, Mr. Henry Graham, of this city, in the loss of a beloved daughter, who was the light of their household. We regret to say that Bro. Graham himself is in very feeble health, which makes the stroke all the heavier. May God graciously comfort and sustain all these bereaved friends in their sore sorrow and affliction.

### WESLEYAN MISSIONS IN INDIA.

Many of our readers have read the Rev. W. Arthur's interesting book on the "Mission to Mysore," and to such persons the present state of the work in that country must be a matter of special interest. The last number of the "Wesleyan Missionary Notices" contains a very interesting letter from the Rev. C. H. Hocken, Wesleyan missionary in the city of Mysore, the chief town of that province. One fact which he mentions is of peculiar interest, namely, that the whole of the Mysore country, with the exception of Bangalore and one or two outposts, is committed to the charge of the Wesleyans. Mr. Hocken justly thinks this should cause that part of the work to receive special attention from the Committee at home. He says: "My firm and deepening conviction is that, as Burmah was specially given to that Church of which Dr. Judson was the pioneer, as Tinnevely is laid upon the conscience of the Church of England, as the countries under the Western Ghats have been the peculiar charge of the Basle Mission, as Madagascar is the glory of the London Mission, and as Fiji was entrusted to us in former times; so is this beautiful province committed to the Methodist Church to-day. This thought never seemed to have weighed with our people at home; but I should like to fasten it on their hearts. We have not yet risen equal to the occasion. I am a Christian as well as a Methodist, and as a Christian I say, if we are not prepared to take up the whole of Mysore, let us invite other Societies to come to our help; for never did a people need the Gospel more than these. But I am not so disloyal to Methodism, and I have more faith in her resources than to think she is not willing to accept the duty which God has plainly laid upon her." We are surprised, however, to find that there were more English Wesleyan missionaries in the Mysore country sixteen years ago, than at present. Then there were fifteen, now there are only ten. And two of these are employed in educational work. We are not informed by Mr. Hocken how many native preachers are engaged in the work, to make up this deficiency. The whole population of the province is about five millions and a half. So that if these ten ministers were all engaged in pastoral work, each one would have over half a million under his pastoral charge. A glimpse at this state of things, in one small section of India, may enable us to comprehend in some degree the vastness of the fields of heathendom, that are by their need appealing to the churches.

### TECUMSEH.

A movement is now in progress to erect a monument to the great Shawnee Chief, whose remains were recently discovered near Thamesville. A brave, generous man, and a valiant warrior, who rendered signal service to the British in the wars of 1812-13, it seems a wonder that his memory was not honored in some public way before. Perhaps one great reason was the difficulty of identifying the place where his body was deposited. There are so many versions of his death and burial that it is no easy matter to decide which is the correct one. It is now generally conceded, though, that he was killed by Col. Johnston, the commander of the Kentucky riflemen. An Indian, of fierce and commanding manner, was observed by the Colonel standing by a large walnut tree, in the act of throwing a tomahawk at him, when he instantly levelled his pistol at the Indian, who dropped down dead. This is now generally accepted as the most reliable ac-

count of his death. What became of Tecumseh's body is almost uncertain. A horrible story has found currency, and even credence, in many quarters, that his body was taken and flayed by the Kentuckians. But tradition states that it was carried off during the fight, and that it was not buried on the battle-field. An old Indian named Pleasant, who served as a captain under Tecumseh, and one of the last of the native race in Canada who had seen him, always denied that Tecumseh's body had been flayed. However, it is an established fact that the bodies of a number of Indians were submitted to that indignity. Although there is some doubt thrown upon the identity of the remains which have been found, still there are the strongest reasons for believing that the veritable remains of the warrior have been recovered. It is stated that one Jacob Jamieson, who fought with Tecumseh, and claimed to know the place of his burial, had made a diagram of the farm which contained the grave for the purpose of enabling him to find the exact spot which he was in the habit of frequenting. This diagram having been obtained, by the aid of a compass, the exact spot indicated by it was located, and, on digging there, the remains were found some two feet and a half below the surface. Tecumseh was a firm friend of the British, and did much for this country, and it is to be hoped that his remains will receive due honor. The intention is to place them beside those of Gen. Brock.

We have received from Dawson Brothers, Montreal, their Canadian copyright edition of *Daniel Deronda*, by George Eliot, complete in one volume. We have noticed this remarkable work as it came out in monthly instalments. Its author is, beyond question, the greatest living writer of fiction—in many respects the greatest of any age. This last work shows no sign of the decline or failure of which some hasty critics complain. It presents nearly all the strong characteristic points of her best works. In *Daniel Deronda*, we have profound and subtle insight into human nature, with corresponding analytic power in portraying it—a wonderful capacity of unveiling the hidden springs of external action—a rich treasury of philosophic wisdom, crystallized into sentences of rare power to clothe her thoughts in language so strong and clear, that you forget its wondrous fitness and beauty of character, and the same absence of a recognition of deep religious conviction, as a source of strength or consolation, that marks nearly all her works since "Adam Bede."

The well-wishers of English Wesleyan Methodism are generally gratified at the evidence of its recognition of the need of adaptation to the demands of the times given by the recent adoption of the principle of Lay Representation in the Conference. The Nashville *Christian Advocate*, referring to this event, says: "We heartily congratulate our British brethren on this result. They have reached it slowly, calmly, judiciously—without any pressure from the laity, with but a small minority of the ministry against it, without jeopardizing any legal interests, or impugning upon any divinely-ordained prerogative of the pastorate of the Church. We shall be disappointed if this great movement—the greatest in the British Connexion since the Act of Pacification—will not lead to other modifications of their system, which to others, though perhaps not to them, seem imperatively demanded. But with such leaders as Punshon, Arthur, and Rigg, who are sagacious to discover what Israel ought to do, and God overhead to direct them, they will hardly 'miss their providential way.' The blessing of heaven crown all their plans with full success!"

We have received a circular, announcing that the Thirtieth Provincial Convention of the Sabbath School Association of Canada will be held in the Bridge Street Methodist Church, Belleville, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the 10th, 11th and 12th of October next. A hearty invitation is extended to pastors and other ordained ministers of Evangelical Churches to be present; also, to every Sabbath School of fifty scholars, or under that number, to send one delegate, and an additional delegate for every fifty scholars above that number; but not in any case to exceed four teachers from any school. Deputations from kindred associations in the other British Provinces, and from the United States, will be gladly welcomed. We are certain that nothing will be wanting on the part of the Local Committee or the citizens of Belleville, to make the occasion in every respect pleasant and profitable. The Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., of Philadelphia, has promised to preach to the Mass Meeting of S. scholars. Dr. Newton excels as a writer of books for youth, and is eminently "the children's preacher." Prof. Sherwin, of New Jersey, has been engaged to conduct the singing. Besides these, others from the United States are expected. The names of Canadians on the programme give assurance that their appointed work will be well done. Satisfactory arrangements have been made with most of the railways for reduced fares.

There is little change in the Serbian campaign. Tachernayoff's prospects are brighter than they were a week ago. The Turks evidently wish to pass Alexinatz and take Deligrad by a flank movement, but that purpose has been checked by the advance of Horvathovich, and it is clear they will still have to fight a decisive battle. There are no signs of the warlike spirit abating in Serbia. Though the accounts of some Turkish outrages are unhappily too well established to be doubted, a fair idea of the proceedings of the Turkish force is not to be gathered from the fearful tales so carefully collected. An English gentleman who passed through the Serbian district, lately visited by the Turks, reports that he had many opportunities of talking with people whose homes had been altogether in the hands of the enemy, and he met with not a single case of gross outrage.

CORRECTION.—We are requested to state that the amount credited to Montreal Centre, in the Minutes of Conference, for the Missionary Fund, is entirely erroneous. The correct amount is \$5,084.58.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

**Election of an Old Catholic Bishop.**  
Abbe Michaud, in the *Independent*, gives an interesting account of the election of a bishop over the old Catholics of Switzerland, at the late Synod. The choice was restricted to thirteen priests of Swiss nationality. M. Herzog, curé of Berne, and Professor in the University, received one hundred and seventeen. As eighty was a majority, he was declared elected. Contrary to expectation, he refused absolutely the episcopal dignity. On hearing this formal refusal, the assembly was deeply moved and saddened. The bells rung out joyfully, bearing the good news to the mountain echoes, and as their notes were borne back they were contradicted by M. Herzog. His motives were that he felt too weak to bear such a responsibility, that the burden surpassed his strength; that he had taken too active a part in the strife of factions to be a man "pleasing to all," as a bishop ought to be, etc. The aged tribune of the anti-papal republic, Keller of Aargau, president, not of the Synod, but of the Synodal Council, advanced, with bowed head, to the middle of the assembly, and there, with the admirable eloquence which is characteristic of him, took up one after another all the arguments of the bishop-elect, and showed that the grounds of his refusal rather were reasons why he should accept. His chief rival seconded this appeal. Telegrams came from all the cantons urging him to accept. At night, a deputation which consisted of nearly the whole population of the city of Olten, came to his lodgings. Dr. Munzinger acted as spokesman; and in the course of an eloquent address portrayed the National Catholic Church as a ship tossed by the waves and assailed by furious tempests. He pointed out the rocks upon which she might be dashed and the perils encompassing the steersman. Here was sacrifice, not felicitations. In view of the tempest which threatened to destroy his friends, Herzog's heart could no longer hold out, and he exclaimed: "Friends, you believe that you are in peril. That is enough. Here I am! If I can die at the post of honor, I am at your service!" "Such," says M. Michaud, "is the history of this election—an election worthy of the early ages of the Christian Church."

**Preaching and Pastoral Work.**  
Every really successful minister must be both preacher and pastor. We should never speak of one of these in a way to disparage the other. Every true minister of Christ should magnify his office as a herald of glad tidings—an expounder of the unsearchable riches of Christ. But he must also keep in constant remembrance that he is an under-shepherd, who is to feed the flock of Christ and watch over their souls as one that must give an account. There is an intimate relationship between these two branches of a minister's work. He that is effective in the pulpit will have influence in the homes of his people. And he that enters sympathetically into the struggles and difficulties of the people will speak with unction and point from the pulpit. The London *Methodist* recently pertinently said:—If Methodism is to hold her own and make inroads on the kingdom of Satan, her ministers must be preachers, not lecturers; pastors, not literates. There are other ways of preaching the Gospel besides the usual weekly sermons. There are the streets, the open squares, mission rooms, sick chambers, and the homes of the people. We must not neglect to "sow beside all waters." It is a lamentable fact that in the metropolis and other large places there are Methodist chapels, situated in the midst of dense populations not half filled. The minister probably lives a mile away, and only goes down to preach when he is "planned," leaving to the tract distributor or visitor of the sick, the entire work of going into the highways and byways to look after the lost. Then the character of the preaching must be carefully guarded. Time was when a sinner could hardly sit under a Methodist sermon. The stirring appeals to his conscience, the portrayal of the Redeemer's love, the awful consequences of neglecting salvation, were rolled upon his ear until in an agony he cried out, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Preachers who deal thus with their congregations are sometimes now called "old-fashioned." But one such sermon is worth a hundred of those made up of plagiarized poetical scraps. If our young ministers would succeed they must be natural, and not imitators.

**Welsh Calvinistic Methodists in India.**  
We were under the impression that the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists confined themselves to England in their work. This is not the case, however. They, too, have caught the missionary spirit of the age. The *Lucknow Witness* has the following: Evidently one of the most interesting and flourishing missions in India is that carried on in Assam by the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. Twenty-five years have passed since the first missionary entered this field, and although the staff of laborers has continued small (never exceeding four or five) and as yet no native brethren have been ordained, still the work done has yielded, and is yielding, much fruit. The mission now confines its labors to the aborigines among the Khassi and Jaintia hills, the field at Sylhet among the Bengalis having been abandoned in 1872. There are two very noticeable features of this mission—one the attention given to education; the other the lack of dependence on the mission on the part of the converts. The mission now has 78 day and night schools, attended by 1,843 pupils, of whom 388 are girls. Government makes an annual grant of Rs. 5,000 for these schools, all of which are under the care of, and controlled by, the missionaries. Government appoints a deputy inspector to visit them, and one of the missionaries is appointed secretary to the schools, and serves as the medium of communication between the Government and the mission. There is also a normal school for training teachers, of which one of the missionaries is appointed head master by Government, which also pays his salary. Compared with such grants in this part of India at least, our Assam brethren may congratulate themselves on being thus favorably and kindly treated by Government. Connected with the mission are 1,526 native Christians, of whom 848 are com-

municants, and not one of whom receives any support from the mission. We fancy in this respect the Assam mission may well be held up as a pattern. It is said that a good number of these Christians fill Government offices in different parts of the hills. There are 1,374 scholars in Sunday Schools.

**Cannibalism Still in Fiji.**  
There have been serious troubles recently in Fiji, caused by an outbreak of the still unsundered barbarism which lingers there. The Government has been compelled to sentence about thirty of these barbarians to death, to deter others from a repetition of their outrages, as well as to punish the guilty. It was a kind of social war, rather than a rebellion, against Governmental authority. The event proves that mere external contact with civilization will not change the nature and habits of savages. The London *Standard*, speaking of the affair, says: "Not many years ago all Fiji was cannibal, but the Wesleyans sent missionaries there, and of the 150,000 natives 130,000 have adopted at least so much Christianity as is inconsistent with anthropophagical habits. According to the evidence of their converts the Fijians must have been among the most inveterate cannibals on the face of the globe. It was the way of the more distinguished among these people to deposit stones in a line, one for every victim eaten, and it is related of a certain native that he had got as far as his fifty-eighth stone, when the light of truth dawned upon him, and the growing series was suddenly closed. Another native had accumulated as many as 172 stones and it was doubted whether these represented the full number of his victims, there being reason to believe that some stones had been removed. It appears that some time after the work of evangelization had been carried on at various parts of the coast with considerable success, the interior remained still untouched, so that the mountainous regions in the centre remained the home of the old barbarism, and a source of danger to the more civilized natives nearer the sea. Sir Wilfred Lawson, expressed the danger to be apprehended in a speech, which he delivered in the House of Commons in August, 1874. 'There seems,' he said, 'to be some fear lest those 20,000 should come down from the mountains and eat up the 130,000 Methodists.' This is pretty much what has been attempted, and has led to military expeditions, followed by executions."

**China at the Centennial.**  
The Chinese department in the Philadelphia Exhibition is by all odds the most striking in the building. It is so because of its extreme grandness and oddity. It is enclosed by a pavilion, placed side by side with Japan; neighbors at home, they are the same here. The entrances come fully up to the mark of the tasteful style of architecture, being a copy of the portal of a Celestial pagoda, and having all that curious gingerbread ornamentation for which the Chinese are so remarkable. The carving is of great merit, especially that of the hideous curled-up dragons forming the corner pieces. Every demon, fairy, or rawhead-and-bloody-bones ever dreamed of seems to be here represented. The structure is of various kinds of hardwood which grows in China. On the facade is the inscription, "Ta-Shing-Lo," which means the Chinese Empire. Within the pavilion is a pagoda, or joss-house—an exact imitation of such buildings in China. The display of exhibits is extremely original and effective. The show-cases as well as the pavilion are in the Chinese style of architecture, the whole place wearing a decidedly quaint appearance. Lacquered ware and rich carvings are prominent features, especially the former. Many of the old-looking show cases groan with rich silks of delicate shades of color, and here and there rise tall towers of the pagoda style. At the rear of the section is a brilliant little structure of carved and gilded wood-work and scarlet silk, with panels representing scenes from Chinese life. The very earliest as well as latest forms of pottery are exhibited in great profusion. There is one very beautiful and venerable specimen of green glaze, which is said to be nine hundred years old. It is believed that not another like it can be found in all China.

**PERSONAL.**  
—Becher lectures in Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto, Sep. 25.  
—Rev. Wesley Casson has just returned from the Old Country much benefited by his trip.  
—Lieutenant Cameron, the African explorer, has been made a commander in the British navy.  
—Tycho Brahe, the famous Danish astronomer, has just been honored with a statue monument at Copenhagen.  
—Mr. Gow, M.P. for South Wellington, has resigned his seat to accept the office of Sheriff of the County.  
—Mr. George Smith, the Assyrian explorer, is dead. Deceased, it will be remembered, headed the *Daily Telegraph* expedition for searching the ruins of Nineveh. He had charge of the Assyrian Department in the British Museum.  
—Lord Lytton had a narrow escape recently. While riding to Mushobra, his horse shied and fell over the "khub." Fortunately the precipice was not very steep, but the viceroi rolled about 100 feet down, though he escaped unhurt.  
—The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. Henry Niebel, for many years a successful missionary of the Scotch Presbyterian Church in the Samoan Islands. In the year 1844 he established the Samoan Missionary Seminary, which has sent out 600 native agents to do Christian work.  
—Dr. Fallows, the new Reformed Episcopal Church Bishop, has had letters from fifteen to twenty towns in Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri, all pleading for the establishment of the Reformed Episcopal Church in their limits.  
—Spurgeon's wife, though a sufferer from an incurable disease, busies herself in raising a "Book Fund," to help poor ministers whose libraries are scantily supplied. The fund thus far amounts to about a thousand pounds. Ministers are relieved from this fund to the extent of from one pound to ten, according to their needs.  
—Dr. A. M. Ross, the Canadian ornithologist, has received from King Victor Emmanuel, the decoration of the "Royal Order of the Crown of Italy," and from the King of Portugal the "Ancient and Noble Order of Christ" of the kingdom of Portugal. These are high compliments to a Canadian scientist.

BRIEF CHURCH ITEMS.

The St. Thomas Camp-meeting has been very successful. A full notice of it is in type, but is unavoidably crowded out this week.

The Clarendon Centre Methodist Church, on the occasion of the Quarterly Meeting, was crowded in every part. Large numbers could not gain admittance.

On Sunday, September 17th, the anniversary sermon will be preached in the Methodist church, Mohr's Corners, township of Fitzroy, by Rev. James Elliott, at 3 o'clock p.m.

On the evening of the 18th ult. the ladies of the Charleston congregation met at their minister's residence, and cordially welcomed, on their arrival, the family of their new pastor, Rev. I. Gold, and entertained them with an excellent tea.

The Fingal congregation gave their new minister, Rev. G. Ferguson, and his family a very cordial reception, by making an entertainment for them at the parsonage the evening of their arrival.

A fine new Methodist church has just been completed in Sackville, N.B. The size of the building is 81 x 47 feet, and it will seat 800 persons comfortably. The cost, including furnishing and organ, will be about \$13,000.

The new Methodist church at Granby, P.Q., will be dedicated to the worship of God on Thursday, the 21st inst. Rev. James Roy, of Montreal, will preach the opening sermon at half-past 10 a.m., after which the ceremony of dedication will be conducted by Rev. J. E. Richardson, assisted by others.

The Methodist Church in Epsom, having recently undergone extensive repairs, will be reopened on the 17th inst., when sermons will be preached as follows: Rev. A. Browning, at 11 a.m.; Rev. E. R. Young, at half-past 2 p.m.; and Rev. N. Hill, at half-past 5 p.m.

A few Sabbath evenings since, at the close of the public service in Preston, Hesper Circuit, 35 persons, who had completed the term of their probation, were received into full connexion. At the first Quarterly Meeting in August, the ordinance of Baptism was administered to four adults; and since the returns were made to the last Conference 16 persons have united with the Church.

The Methodist church at Park Hill, having recently undergone a thorough renovation, was reopened a week ago last Sabbath. Rev. W. R. Parker, M.A., of London, preached in the morning and evening, and Rev. G. Jackson in the afternoon. An excellent pipe organ has also been placed in the church. The debt, incurred for these recent improvements, has been nearly all provided for.

The Dominion Church, Ottawa, is fast approaching completion, and will be dedicated in October. The Presidents of the Montreal and Toronto Conferences, Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn Tabernacle, Dr. Ives, of Auburn, N.Y., and the Revs. Wm. Hall, M.A., L. Gatz and S. J. Hunter will take part in the opening services, which will be continued over three Sabbaths. Full particulars will be given in due time.

Rev. G. R. Sanderson, President of the London Conference, assisted by the Rev. John Wakefield, Chairman of the Chatham District, will conduct the services in connection with the opening of the new church in the village of Wheatley, to-morrow, at 11 o'clock. The opening services will be continued next Sabbath, when Rev. W. C. Watson, M.A., of Kingsville, will preach in the morning, and Rev. J. P. Lewis, of Windsor, in the evening.

Sunday School anniversary sermons were preached in the Yonge Street Methodist Church (Yorkville North) on Sunday, 3rd inst., in the morning by Rev. J. Potts; in the evening, to the children, by the pastor, Rev. W. L. Rutledge. The congregations were large, and services very impressive. There was an open session in the afternoon. Last Friday evening a most successful anniversary meeting was held. The chair was taken by Jno. Macdonald, Esq., M.P., and very interesting and profitable addresses were delivered by Revs. John Potts, Jno. MacCarroll, W. L. Rutledge, and by the chairman. The singing of the children, at all the services, added greatly to the success of the meetings.

The spacious and beautiful church, just completed in the town of Whitby, was dedicated last Thursday afternoon by Rev. Dr. Wood, assisted by Revs. John Potts and W. H. Laird. Its extreme length is 120 x 78 feet, including vestry, &c. The eastern tower is 90 feet in height, and the north-western tower rises to a height of 163 feet. The church proper is in the form of a square, 75 feet each way, seated as an amphitheatre, with raised pews, and having a seating capacity of 800. It is said to be capable of holding 1,000 persons. The entire cost of the building will be between twenty-seven and twenty-eight thousand dollars, some thirteen thousand of which have been raised already. A new organ is being built in Montreal for the church, at a cost of \$2,500.

**LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.**—Rev. H. F. Bland writes:—It has occurred to me that the watering-places of the Lower St. Lawrence might, during the summer season, with a little arrangement, be systematically supplied with Methodist services. Murray Bay, Tadoussac, Cacouna, Bic, Rimouski, increasingly attractive as places of healthy resort, are very inadequately provided for. One has an Episcopal service, and another a Presbyterian and Episcopal—that is all—and yet most, if not all, these places are visited, in their summer rambles, by Methodist ministers. Would it not be practicable for, say, the Chairman of the Quebec District to arrange a series of services for the places named, if the brethren who intend to visit them would reasonably notify him? Rimouski would be glad to have them, and is prepared, to a certain extent, to respond financially. Metis is well supplied throughout the year. The Methodist Church in this rising watering-place is new and very commodious. Mrs. James Patton, of Montreal, has done admirable service in collecting funds in Montreal, Quebec, and from friends in Ontario and Ireland for this object. During a recent visit I was much pleased with the appearance of the church, the influence which Methodism wields, as well as with the salubrity and attractions of the place.

We regret to announce the death, on September 7th, 1876, at the family residence, Carrying Place, Murray, Isabella Hodgins, the beloved wife of J. L. Biggar, Esq., M.P., in the fifty-second year of her age. He died in peace. She was an excellent Christian woman, beloved and esteemed by a very large circle of friends.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Indian Government has given a grant of 12,000 rupees to the fund for a Roman Catholic Cathedral at Allahabad.

The Religious Book Society of London has sold 2,000,000 copies of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* within a few years.

The Evangelical Society of Germany is now holding a series of popular Christian meetings in the towns in the northern part of the Empire.

The Established Church, Scotland, has sent a missionary to the Jews at Beyrout, Syria. D. O. Manassak, of Hamilton, Scotland, has been appointed \$10,000 for the conversion of the Jews.

The proposed Protestant cathedral in New York city, to cost \$2,000,000, is not abandoned, but only postponed. It is hoped that a site will be selected within a few weeks, and named at the next Diocesan Convention.

The Church Missionary Society proposes to appoint qualified natives from the interior of Africa, for Christian labor among the 50,000 Mohammedan traders who yearly visit Sierra Leone and Lagos on the coast.

The Presbyterian missionaries in India, representing in all eleven branches of the Presbyterian Church, have decided to form a "Presbyterian Alliance." The project has been under consideration for some time. The functions of the Alliance will be advisory only. It will meet once in three years.

Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, has addressed a letter to the people of the United States, in which he denies that the Catholics have any disposition to interfere with the public school system. He says, further, that "no doubt justice and equality would entitle the Catholic people of this country to exemption from taxation for the support of other schools, or to a share of the public school funds in proportion to the number of pupils in the schools; but even this we are disposed to waive in your favor."

Sir Arthur Gordon, the first governor of the Fiji Islands, recently said, in an address at Sidney, with regard to the Wesleyan Missions among the Fijians:—"I find that the thoroughness of the work done exceeds my expectations, and the work has been conducted with a largeness of view and liberality of spirit which, I must confess, I hardly ventured to anticipate." It is well to put the testimony of so competent an observer over against the charges of sea-captains and others, alleging the worthlessness of the South Sea missions.

It was admitted recently in the House of Lords that the practice of "confession" was spreading in the Church of England, also that a great number of Roman Catholic works, which did not bear on their face any distinctive characteristics of that faith, were circulated from house to house, and that many young people bought them. The Nonconformists lay the blame in each case at the doors of the Establishment. Separate Church from State, say they, and if abuses then creep into the former the whole nation will not have to shoulder them.

The Bishop of Western New York, Dr. Coxe, recently presided at a meeting in Buffalo, held to consider the question of "Deaconesses and the Restoration of the Primitive Diaconate" in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Bishop thought "there ought to be two deacons in every parish, to look out the sick and poor persons, assist the priest in divine service, and do other works of a like nature," and that "a corps of women set apart by the Church" was needed "for instructing the young and ministering in various ways to the afflicted."

The Municipal Council of Paris has issued an order to the effect "that all religious propaganda, and especially Catholic and clerical propaganda, is legally prohibited in the schools," and that, therefore, the "public authorities are called upon to interdict rigorously in the communal schools all religious practices, and every sort of religious propaganda sought to be introduced, either by the functionaries of the administration or the ministers of religion." A motion was made and referred, that the Council should cause to be printed in the Councils of Public Instruction.

There is in India a community of Jews called Beni-Israel. Their ancestors settled in India 900 or 1,000 years ago. They wear the costume, use the language, and conform to the social habits and manners of the Hindus, but preserve the Jewish religion. They strictly observe the Sabbath, abstain from unclean fish or flesh, and observe the great feasts. Few of them are well versed in the Hebrew, but they have several books in the Marathi. There is little intercourse with the Jews, chiefly owing to the difference in costume and language, and there are but seldom inter-marriages.

The Vatican organ, the *Voce della Verita*, by way of stimulating subscriptions for Catholic schools and publications, gives a list of the twelve Churches and six schools in Italy in connection with Protestantism at Rome. Commenting on these "painful statistics" and on the flood of Protestant tracts distributed, it says:—"Certainly they will never, as you say, make a Roman a Lutheran, a Calvinist a Waldensian, an Anglican a Methodist or a Baptist, but they will make him bad enough—they will make him an infidel, for an Italian who is no longer a Catholic is an infidel. And when we have a sceptical Rome with these ardent passions and this increasing poverty, it will be a fine Rome and a fine prospect for you niggards. Keep your money, but remember that the fire will not respect your coffers."

The "Public Worship Regulation Act" of England is not likely to remain a dead letter. In the case of "Serjeant and others against Dale," the rector of St. Peter's Vestast in London, judgment was given against the rector, with costs. The charges were that he "unlawfully used in his service lighted candles, vestments, and berretts; that he stood in the middle of the west side of the table, with his back to the people, during the prayer of consecration; that he knelt and bowed during the prayer; used water bread and the mixed chalice; that the elements were unduly elevated; that the sign of the cross was made in the air as the wafers were handed to the communicants; that the *Agnus Dei* was sung; that an acolyte held a cross on a pole while a curate read the Gospel held by another boy, and concluded by kissing the book." Lord Penzance has given judgment against the vicar of St. James, Hatcham, also accused of illegal practices. On some points of this case an appeal was taken to the Queen in Council.

CURRENT NEWS.

—It is expected that the Quebec Legislature will be opened early in November.  
—A society has been formed in England for "united prayer for the protection of animals from cruelty."  
—The Bessemer anti-seasick vessel for crossing the English channel is a failure, and has been sold to be broken up.

—The new railroad between Osaka and Kioto, in Japan, thirty miles long, was opened last month, and is now in operation.  
—The Japanese have arranged for an international exposition, to take place shortly after that of France has closed.

—Political disturbances are taking place in the Columbian Republic, and the disruption of the country is apprehended.  
—A despatch from Quebec says it has been decided in Rome that the Professors of Laval University may engage in politics if they think proper to do so.

—Princeton College received last year gifts to the amount of \$300,000, making one million and a half received since Dr. McCosh has been connected with the institution.  
—The hard times are felt severely in the smaller German towns, and it is estimated that 200,000 Germans have of late gone into France after work.

—M. Foyet-Quertier is organizing a French company, with a capital of 33,000,000 francs, for working a direct telegraph line from Paris to New York, by St. Pierre or Torbay.  
—The *Scottish American Journal* says the harvest prospects in England appear not to be very encouraging. It is almost certain that the yield of wheat will be below the average.

—The Victorians toned down their ultimatum address before the Governor-General would receive it. The Maitland people deny that they have any sympathy with the Icelanders' talk of secession.  
—A French doctor claims that life during the act of drowning remains longest in the intestines, and that by heroic treatment they may be so stimulated that the heart will resume its action.

—There is a scarcity of hops in England, affording promise of better prices for this season's crop. In England, Germany, and Belgium the deficiency is very great, being fully one-half the aggregate product of these countries last year.

—In five States the law of hanging has now been abolished. These are, with the dates of their abolition, as follows: Michigan, 1846; Rhode Island, 1852; Wisconsin, 1853; Iowa, 1872; Maine, 1878.

—The English press is greatly interested in the shipment of beef packed in ice chests from New York to Liverpool. If the experiment succeeds, American beef can be placed in the English market at a price 25 per cent. below the current rate.

—Her Majesty's Government has caused to be dispatched from the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich 2,000 pounds weight of stores, marked with the Red Cross of Geneva, for the old of the sick and wounded at the seat of war.

—A man named Alfred Johnson left Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 18th of June, in a small bark 20 feet long, and arrived in Liverpool on the 21st of August, having crossed the Atlantic alone in two months and three days. He estimates the run during the voyage averaged 70 miles a day.  
—A lifeboat, recently tried in London, is eighty feet long, weighs two tons, and righted itself immediately when capsized into the water. Eighteen men could not upset it, and the inventor claims that it will keep 200 persons above water.

—Earl Russell says there is an urgent necessity for an autumn session. The barbarities, the outrages, and the cruelties which prevail in the Province of Turkey, he thinks, demand an alliance of the several Powers of Europe to combine in one firm and resolute treaty against Turkish tyranny in Europe.

—Advices received from Japan intimate that the crop of first-class teas will be smaller than was expected, and will command full opening prices, while medium and common are selling at lower rates. The second crop leaf, which is just in, will not be equal in flavor and strength to the corresponding crop last year.

—Preparations are already making in England for celebrating, on the 1st of April, 1878, the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of William Harvey. The great physician and discoverer of the blood's circulation was born at Folkstone on All Fool's Day, 1578. Earl Derby is the Chairman of the Committee.

—A sanguinary massacre has been perpetrated by an insurgent chief in Abyssinia, who, after an engagement in which he defeated the Abyssinian general, put to death 1,500 men, women, and children belonging to the surrounding villages. Fifteen of the villages were burned. One of the victims is a Swedish missionary and another is an English subject.

—The London *Observer* is responsible for the rumor that the Speaker's attention having been called to shortcomings in the reports of the Parliamentary debates furnished by the London press, the House of Commons will next session employ its own stenographers. Hitherto the press has often been praised by members for its wonderful accuracy.

—A special to the London *Standard* from Madeira says intelligence has been received there of an outbreak of hostilities on the west coast of Africa. The British expedition, consisting of three ships under Commander Bruce, ascended the river Niger and had a conflict with the natives. Several villages were burned and a number of Englishmen wounded.

—The Grand Trunk crop reports have been completed. A general deduction from a summary of the reports is that failure in certain crops is apparently to so large an extent counterbalanced by a bounteous supply in others, that, on the whole, especially if the remainder of the season be favorable, the year will not prove one of much, if at all, less than average prosperity to the agriculturist.  
—It is proposed to organize in New York city a cheap cab company with a capital of \$1,000,000, similar to those now in operation in London, Paris, Berlin, and many other European cities. The cabs will be large enough to accommodate four persons inside, with room for baggage on top. They will ply at the rate of 50 cents per hour for trips not exceeding an hour. Stands are to be assigned throughout the city, and cabs will be stationed at them night and day.

—Australian news state that the Victorian Ministry will not ratify the agreement which the late Ministry entered into with Bishop Egnation, for the introduction into the northern territory of some 40,000 Menomonic. They think this agreement most injudicious, but they will, nevertheless, concur with the enthusiastic prelate, with the view of getting him to introduce two or three ship-loads of his fellow-religionists, or, say 1,200 altogether, as a first experiment.

laid by nails is extremely offensive to the worms, while it is not only harmless but beneficial to the foliage and fruit of the tree.

### THE WORLD'S POPULATION.

The latest estimate of the number of people in the world, and their division into religions, may be tabulated :

Protestants.....	89,000,000
Roman Catholics.....	170,000,000
Greek Church.....	76,000,000
Jews.....	5,000,000
Mohammedans.....	160,000,000
Heathen.....	788,000,000

## Health and Disease.

### Rules for the Preservation of the Eyesight.

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.  
Never read by twilight.  
Never sleep so that on waking the eyes shall open on the light of the window. This habit is especially injurious.  
Never use the eyes by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.  
Never read or sew directly. It is best to have the light from above, or obliquely, or over the left shoulder.  
Too much light is harmful as well as too little; it creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight.  
The moment you are sensible of an effort to distinguish, or are instinctively inclined to rub the eyes, that moment cease to use them.  
If the eyes are glued together on waking, do not forcibly open them, but apply warm water with the finger, and afterward wash the eyes, and in tepid water.  
Smoked colored glasses, which reduce the glare of sunlight, should be worn in exposed walks or sojourns upon the seashore.

### Food for the Nerves.

The mind and the body are closely united, and can only act by the same laws; whether action proceeds from the nervous centres and is invisible, or from the muscular system, and is visible—it is action produced by force generated within. The German Professor Helmholtz has lately brought the calculations of the force that has to be expended within our comprehension, and if such a force has to be maintained, it can only be done by nourishment of food. Food consists not only of organic, vegetable, and animal matter, but also of air and water, and, therefore, a change of air is often invigorating to the nervous system. Our ideas of the mind's work are still very confused, for all nervous action is produced by exertion or waste of force. Grief is nervous exertion; joy is nervous exertion; dependency is nervous exertion; every thought is nervous exertion, and all this exertion wants maintaining and feeding. Whenever exhaustion appears, or so-called nervous disorders, it is nothing else but the consequence of want of nourishment. Grief makes a greater claim on the nervous centres than joy, and it is exceedingly wrong to avoid food in grief. Dependency is nothing but the result of incomplete nutrition of the nerves, which give way under outward pressure; it is only necessary to be judicious and give good nourishment to depending persons, such as will invigorate and prove of tonic value, and the nervous system will return to its natural elasticity. Dependency exhausts the nervous system greatly, for all thought is action, and depending thought wastes more force than joyous thought. Nervous diseases are the consequences of continued waste of nervous action and incomplete nutrition, and require nothing but judicious dietetic treatment. All nervous disorders and so-called lunacy can be greatly effected by diet; healthy and judicious food moulds the character and nourishes the brain.

### The Cure of Sickness Without Alcohol.

For very many years Simon Nicolls, M.D., the medical officer of the Longford Poor-law Union, has refrained from prescribing alcoholic stimulants for any of the patients under his care. The result has been satisfactory, even beyond all that was anticipated. The death rate is now so small that it not alone compares favorably with the death rate under the old regime, but Dr. Nicolls' hospital has taken and long held the palm from all other public hospitals in Ireland. The medical profession has often expressed amazement at the official reports from the Longford, London especially, as to the successful treatment of fever therein. The cause of this success is with honest pride referred to by Dr. Nicolls in the last of the valuable reports which he has issued from his hospital, and which we append for perusal by our medical friends and the general public.

The following report, dated 29th December, 1875, was read upon that day at the meeting of the guardians of the Longford Union:—  
I beg to submit to you the subjoined report of the Fever Hospital. In the early part of the year fever was not so prevalent as in the latter, therefore the number of cases treated were comparatively few and unimportant; however, during the last seven months fever has been more general and malignant. By all accounts, the mortality in the town and neighborhood has been unusually high. From the 27th May, 1875, to this date, there were 41 cases of fever admitted to hospital; they were generally of a bad type, and many complicated with pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs), and not a few followed by measles, scarlatina, and diphtheria, which diseases also prevailed in this locality. The following satisfactory results I attribute to my non-alcoholic treatment:—Number of cases, 41; recovered, 35; died, 2; convalescent, 4-11. I am, your very obedient servant—S. Nicolls, M.D., in Alliance News.

Health Journal of Health thus sums up some of the uses of salt:—"It will cure sick-head-ache, make cream freeze, make butter come, take ink stains out of cloth of any kind, kill worms, make the ground cool, and it is more congenial to celery, cabbage, etc. It will ease the itching pain caused by irritating skin diseases, cure hives, itch, etc. It will produce vomiting or stop it, as you like, and many other things too numerous to mention. All pure salt will do this, to a certain degree, but sea-salt is the most effectual in its action."

It has been said, "If there were never so fair a garden planted and left without a fence, its herbs and plants would soon be rooted up; so it is in the Church whose discipline is wanting."

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet very miserable.

## The Righteous Dead.

ELLEN MILLER.  
The beloved wife of Wm. Miller, of Adelaide, departed this life on the 18th July, in the 50th year of her age.  
Sister Miller was born in Nottingham, England, on the 26th November, 1826, and, with her parents, emigrated to this country in 1832, settling in the same township in which she died. Having had the instructions of a devotedly pious mother, she was early taught to fear God, and in her sixteenth year gave her heart fully to the Lord, and became a member of the Methodist Church, and, to use the words of her husband, was the life and soul of the class and prayer-meeting from the time of her conversion till she was taken ill. Her long acquaintance with many in her neighborhood only the more firmly attached her to them as a neighbor and friend. Her afflictions, which lasted about seven weeks, were most severe, yet her patience, and often smiling face, preached to her passers her power of God to save and comfort the afflicted. This powerful and beautiful providence of God was improved at 11 o'clock a.m. by the Rev. Mr. Lawrence (Proctor), from Rev. vii., from the 13th verse to the end; and at 6.30 p.m. by her pastor, Rev. Geo. C. Madden, from Matt. xxv. 21. Both services were largely attended.  
G. C. M.

ADAM TOLMIE.  
The subject of this brief sketch was born in Normandale, June 25th, 1842.  
The son of pious parents, Adam was early trained in the fear of the Lord. In the days of boyhood, and until he reached his seventeenth year, he evinced signs of more than usual intellectual power, but the morning sun became eclipsed, a bright touch of the hand of death, and the inscrutable providence of God, young Adam became the subject of apoplectic fits; and these continued with more or less frequency, to afflict him, through nearly seventeen years, when the Master was pleased to call the sufferer to His rest above.  
Adam was converted to God in the year 1871, while the Rev. John F. German was in charge of the (St. Williams) Circuit.  
Two useful servants of God—Mr. and Mrs. Secord—under the direction of the pastor, were made the promoters of a blessed revival in Normandale, and Adam was among the converts. He immediately joined the Church, and afflicted as he was, went in and out among God's people with much acceptance. As far as his health permitted, he was regular in his attendance upon all the means of grace, was very prompt and steadfast in bearing the cross, and to the end exercised an influence in behalf of the religion he professed. Meek, patient, and amiable, no one was more beloved in the little village of Normandale than Adam Tolmie.

On Wednesday evening, April 26th, 1876, the frail remnant that had been saved to and from the storm of affliction for nearly seventeen years, fell under the final blast, but his freed and happy spirit, borne on angel wings, entered safely into the "Land that hath no storm."  
He was buried in the Normandale Cemetery, on the shores of Lake Erie, on April 28th. A concourse of sincere mourners were addressed by the writer from Luke vi. 14. JAMES WHITING.

MRS. JACOB WOOD.  
Sister Wood was the youngest daughter of William and Margaret Lauder. She was born in Rockburghshire, Scotland, in the year 1823, and died at her residence in Amesburgh, May 12th, 1876, at the age of 48 years and 5 months. Being blessed with pious parents, Euphemia, early in life, became the subject of religious impressions; and, at a special word of grace conducted by Rev. Cyrus Allison, she was brought, after a season of godly sorrow for sin, to experience the pardoning mercy of God. Shortly after her conversion she united with the W. M. Church, of which she remained a consistent member until the Master called her home to swell His praises in the Church triumphant. During her short acquaintance we found her daily life such as became the Gospel. Unusually retired in her disposition, it was somewhat difficult to find out the lights and shadows of her inner life, still she always seemed to be feasting on the rich things of God. About two years and a half before her death, her health began seriously to decline, and, as the disease progressed, her confidence in God became more unshaken, so that the longer she was kept in the furnace, the more clearly did she reflect the image of the Great Refiner himself. During the last six months of her stay on earth she was deprived of the power of language. Unable thus to utter her complaints, or tell of her sorrows, no one rightly knew the intensity of her sufferings, and yet the slight motion of the lips, the action of the transport upon the features, and the large tear in the eye, evidenced most clearly that she possessed within the "lively hope" of those who trust in Jesus.  
Her remains were conveyed to the Union School House, where the funeral service was conducted by the writer, assisted by the Rev. J. E. Howell, A. A., after which we laid her to rest in the Union burying-ground to await the resurrection of the just on the last great day. May the Lord sustain the kind and sorrowing husband!  
"Oh, may we triumph so,  
When all our warfare's past,  
And crying, 'Under our feet at last.'"  
F. McAMMOND, B.A.

JOHN HOLLAND.  
Who died on the 20th of August, 1876, was born in the township of North Vermont, on the 16th of July, 1808, and moved to Canada, with the rest of his family, in 1819, settling in St. Lawrence where they remained a short time, after which they removed to East Bolton, and thence to South Bolton in 1817, where he continued till called away by death.  
His father, Richard Holland, was one of the first settlers of Bolton; and John, being the eldest boy, had, early in life, to help bear the burden incident to making a home and a living in the bush. This, too, deprived him of the advantages of education, to a great extent.  
He was married to Clementina Dyer, who survives him, on the 18th of December, 1832, soon after which they commenced the trials and hardships of life on the farm, then entirely new, now occupied by his eldest son, Isaiah.  
From this time Mr. Holland met with an accident, while felling a tree, which broke his leg, making him a cripple for life, and rendering him unfit for farm labor. However, by uncommon energy and perseverance, he succeeded in providing for his family, and in giving the children a fair start in life, in education and property.  
As a man of business he was scrupulously honest, though shrewd and prescient. This trait of character is unanimously accorded him by his neighbors.  
His health of body and mind was considerably impaired a few years ago by an extraordinary family affliction, which accounts for the eccentricities of the latter part of his life.  
His religious life commenced early; but he did not connect himself with any religious society till about 1838, when he joined the Methodists, which his parents belonged to, his mother, especially, being a deeply pious woman. To this branch of the Church of Christ he became much attached, always lending a helping hand to carry on its interests. His home was ever open to lodge and entertain the messengers of the Cross. He was faithful in the discharge of his religious duties, as the family altar, in the house of God, and elsewhere. His faith in God and His Word was strong. The Unseen was a reality to him, and the Scriptures a truth. To confess his Master was a pleasure.  
Though the summons of death came unexpectedly, his last words were expressive of his reconciliation to God. His sickness was only about twenty hours.  
May his children, who are all in the way to heaven I trust, follow the many good traits of their father's character, and wherein he made mistakes may they take warning.  
The funeral, through the indisposition of the Rev. Mr. Holmes, was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Sanderson, who preached from Ps. xxviii. 7.  
F. D.

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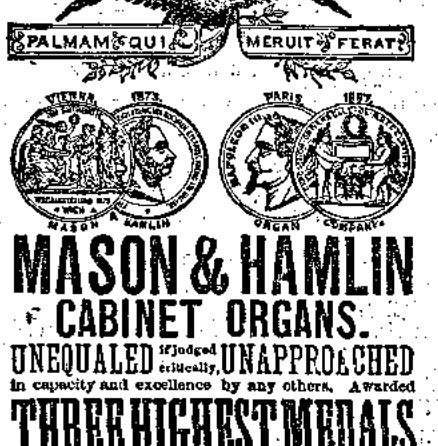
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